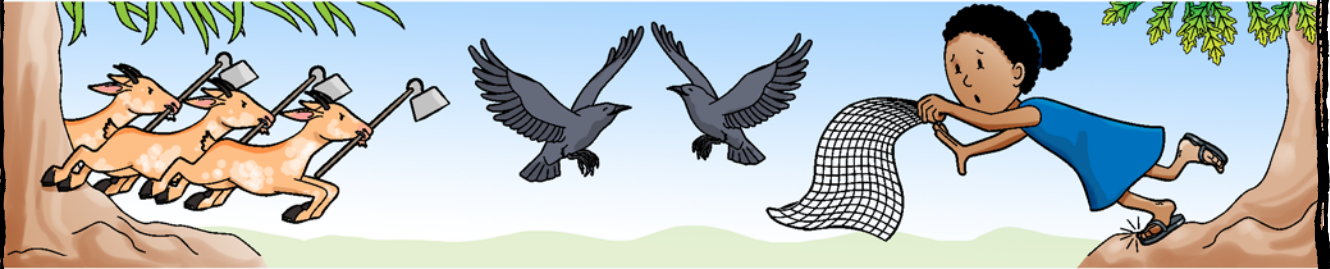


# Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows



Written by Vic Moors • Illustrated by Signe Nordin

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## Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows

*A Reading A-Z Decodable Book • Word Count: 267*



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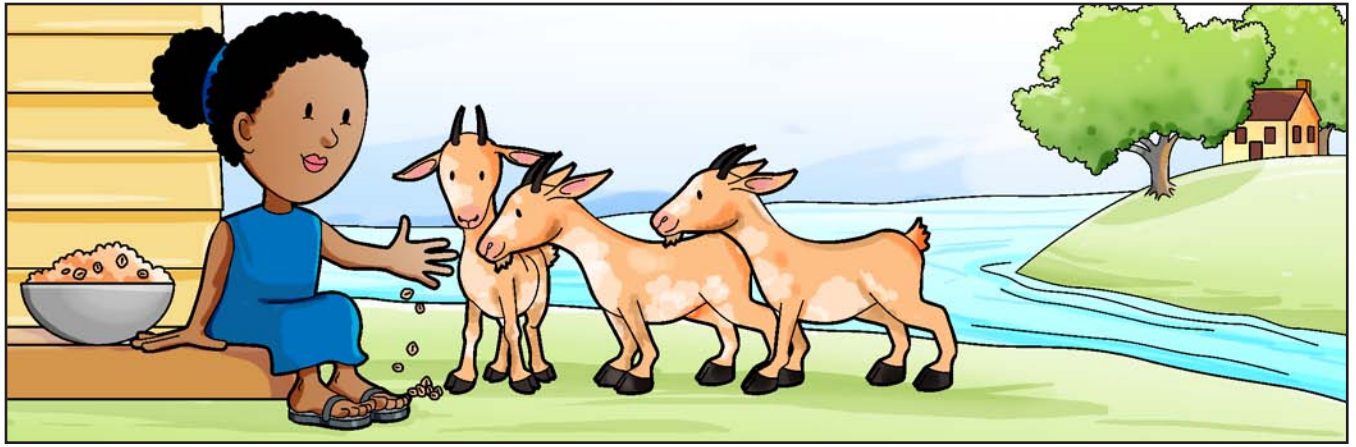


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Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows  
Decodable Book 57  
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ELEMENTS USED IN THIS BOOK	
<b>New phonic element</b>	long /o/ digraph: oa, oe, ow
<b>Words with new phonics element</b>	boat, coast, crow, foe, float, goat, groan, grow, Joan, moan, Moe, oat, old, oak, road, roam, row, rowboat, slow, toad, toast, throw
<b>Reviewed phonic elements</b>	vowel digraphs, consonant digraphs
<b>Story words</b>	began, chasing, fact
<b>New high-frequency words</b>	know, two
<b>Special considerations</b>	inflectional endings -ed, -er, -ing, -s, -ly; plural ending -s; possessive 's; two-syllable decodable words



Joan lived near the coast by the sea.  
 She raised lots of goats.  
 She liked to grow oats for them.  
 The goats liked to eat oats.

Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows • Long /o/ Digraph

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Moe lived down the coast from Joan.  
 Moe did not like goats.  
 Moe liked crows.  
 Moe's crows also ate oats.





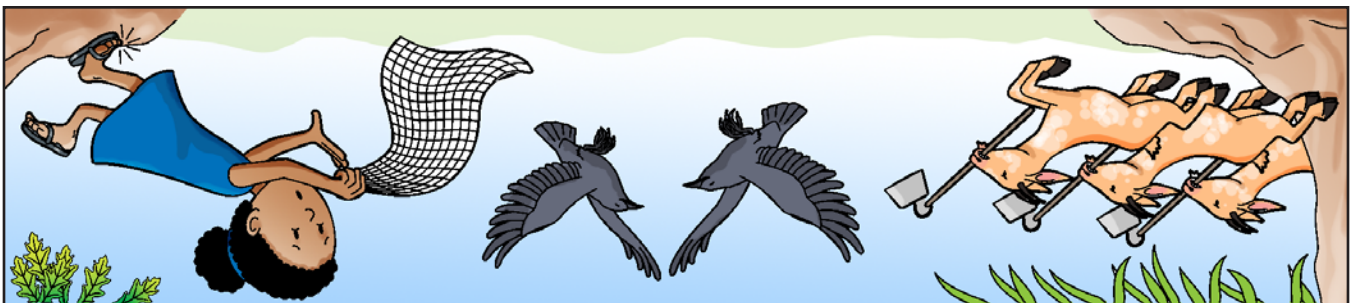
Moe's crows would fly to Joan's farm  
to eat her oats.  
Joan moaned and groaned to Moe  
about his crows.

Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows • Long /o/ Digraph

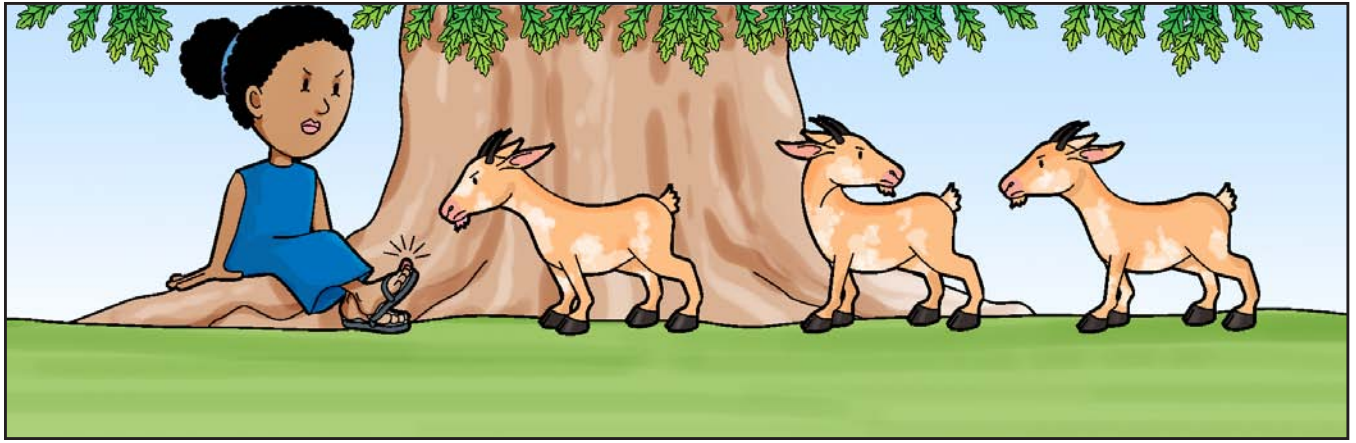
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One day Joan waited by an oak tree  
with a net to throw over the crows.  
The goats chased the crows with hoes.  
But the goats were too slow  
to catch the crows.







Joan sat down and made a new plan.  
She will take the goats to Moe's.  
The goats will eat the grain he grows.

"I'll show the old toad a trick or two," said Joan.

When the sun went down, Joan loaded  
her goats into a rowboat.  
They floated down the coast to Moe's.  
"Moe will be sleeping," said Joan.  
"He will not know we are there."



Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows • Long /o/ Digraph

Joan's goats got out of the boat.  
 They went up the road to Moe's field.  
 The goats roamed all over the field  
 eating all of Moe's crops.



Then, Joan loaded her goats into the boat.  
She rowed slowly back home.  
When Joan got home she began to feel bad.  
“Moe is my friend,” she thought.  
“He is not my foe.”  
  
She called Moe and asked him  
to come to her place.

“This must stop!” Joan told Moe.  
“We must get along.”  
They sat and spoke about things.  
They ate oats and toast.  
“Being friends is better than  
being foes,” they both said.

