

## Miss Flossie's Stories Homophone Challenge #1

My dear friend, Miss Flossie, loves to write stories for her grandchildren. But she always gets mixed up when it comes to homophones! Can you help her? Find **15** incorrect homophones.

### Tea Time

Randy Rabbit had sent an invitation to Bradley Bear and Robin Raccoon inviting them to come to his house for cake and tea. They will be here at for o'clock, he thought. Randy's house was clean, there were fresh flowers on the table, and the tea was made. All that was left to do was to see that the carrot muffins were made.

Randy got out all the ingredients and began to read the directions. First he had to grate the carrots into a bowl. Next he added two cups of flour. After that Randy stirred in some eggs. Randy added the rest of the ingredients, spooned the batter into muffin cups, and popped them in the oven.

"There," he said dusting off his hands. "Only an hour till my guests will be here." Randy placed the flowers in a vase in the center of the table. He placed his bunny sugar bowl to the left of the flowers and his bunny milk pitcher to the right of the flowers.

Suddenly the oven timer buzzed. Hurrying into the kitchen, Randy opened the oven door. The delicious smell of fresh-baked muffins filled the kitchen. Carefully Randy arranged the muffins on a tray and carried it to the table. Bringing in a pitcher of ice-cold tea, he placed it on the table. Stepping back he looked at the table.

"Perfect!" he whispered with a happy smile.

Just then the doorbell rang. The wait was over; time for the party to begin!

## Miss Flossie's Stories Homophone Challenge #2

My dear friend, Miss Flossie, loves to write stories for her grandchildren. But she always gets mixed up when it comes to homophones! Can you help her? Find **25** incorrect homophones.

### Rainbow of Blossoms

“Just won more,” Kelsey muttered allowed. “I have ate, but I need one more to beet Ava.”

Kelsey and her cousin Ava liked two compete with each other. Everything was a race to sea who could do one more, who could do it faster, who could go farther. Today Aunt Skylar asked the girls to pick sum wildflowers. They were instructed to find the biggest, prettiest flowers they could. Kelsey decided that the sent of the flower was important too. Nun of those stinky white Daisies for Kelsey!

Kelsey glanced across the meadow to sea how Ava was doing.

“Nine!” yelled Ava. “I’ve found nine different kinds of flowers.”

With knew determination, Kelsey bent to pick the pretty white Queen Anne’s Lace growing among the tall grass. Placing the long stem in the crook of her arm, she stopped to look at what she had collected so far. Pail yellow Buttercups, dark yellow Brown-Eyed Susans with their brown centers, purple Coneflowers, orange Trumpet Vines, and red Poppies created a rainbow of colors. Kelsey buried her nose in the white Honeysuckle and drew a deep breath of the sweet sent. She had also picked purple Clover.

Kelsey reached for a dark pink Milkweed flour but stopped just in time. Aunt Skylar had said to never pick those. The Monarch butterflies needed the Milkweeds four energy to fly all the way two Mexico.

Kelsey raised her eyes to stare across the meadow. Suddenly she spied the vine of Roses growing up the fence that ran along the edge of the field. She wasted no time and ran like a hare to the fence. Careful of the many thorns she plucked a branch of the dark pink flowers. It was plain to see that no one would notice them missing as the fence was covered in blossoms.

She only needed one more to have more than Ava! Glancing up Kelsey saw that Ava was walking along the edge of the road as she headed back to Aunt Skylar's house. Kelsey sighed heavily. She just didn't see any kinds of flowers that she didn't already have.

Suddenly she let out a laugh. Of course, she needed to add a pair of Sunflowers! And she knew just where to find them.

## Miss Flossie's Stories Homophone Challenge #3

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### Going on a Bear Hunt

Ten year old Bryce and his five year old sister, Harper, were bored. With the pandemic going on they had to stay home all the time. No school, no going to the park, no eating out.

“I’m bored,” whined Bryce. “I’m tired of being stuck at home all the time.”

“Me to!” cried Harper who liked to do, and say, everything her brother did.

“No need to whine,” smiled Mother. “Let’s go on a bear hunt.”

Bryce scowled at his mother. Harper’s eyes got big and round.

“A bear hunt?” asked Bryce. “For real?”

“Yes,” said Mother. “Everybody get your shoes on. We’re going on a bear hunt!”

Bryce and Harper scrambled to get their shoes on as Mother put baby Mark in his stroller. Bryce remembered last year when the family had gone camping. They had heard a noise in their campsite in the middle of the night. Peeking out of the tent Dad had whispered that a bear was getting into their food cooler. Just then Baxter, their dog, had begun to bark. The bear dropped their cooler and turned to flee into the woods. It had all been pretty scary as Bryce remembered it. He wasn’t sure that he wanted to go out and LOOK for a bear. He certainly didn’t want to meet one face to face!

Once they got outside Mother said, “First we’re going to look for a real bear.”

“A red bear?” Bryce questioned.

“Oh, oh!” Harper cried out. She was pointing excitedly at a red teddy bear in the window of the neighbor’s house. “And there’s his friend the dear.” Looking closer, Bryce could see a toy deer propped next to the bear in the window.

“Sew, now, who can spy a purple bear?” asked Mother as she continued walking down the rode.

“Purple bird.” said baby Mark, pointing, as a bird flu overhead. Of course it didn’t sound like ‘purple bird’ but Mother new what he meant. They all laughed.

“I here a bird singing,” said Harper. “I think it’s inn that tree.”

“Eye don’t know about a bird, but I sea a purple bear,” cried Bryce pointing to a purple teddy bear sitting in the crook of the tree. “I wonder if he’s been up there all knight? It’s a good thing it didn’t reign last night.”

Everyone turned to stair. “He has a long tale,” said Harper.

Bryce burst out laughing. “That’s not a bear tail,” he laughed. “It’s a squirrel’s tail.” Just then the squirrel popped out from behind the teddy bear and scampered up the tree.

“Look,” cried Harper, “there’s a yellow bear riding a horse. The bear is holding the horse’s main so he won’t fall off.” The baby pointed to the horse yard ornament and began to squeal.

“I see a green bear over they’re and it’s having some tee with its friend, the blew bear,” Bryce noted. This is fun, he thought. Better than sitting in front of yet another computer game. “Let’s go see if we can find an orange bear,” he called as he hurried down the street.

“Buy bear,” called Harper as she raced after her brother.

## Miss Flossie's Stories

### Homophone Challenge #4

My dear friend, Miss Flossie, loves to write stories for her grandchildren. But she always gets mixed up when it comes to homophones! Can you help her? Find **29** incorrect homophones.

#### Catching a Whopper

Jacob through his fishing line into the lake. Now to be patient, he thought. Dad had always taught him to sit quietly and not talk while waiting for a fish to bite. Fishing with Dad has always been hour special time together, Jacob thought. Just father and sun.

Jacob let his eyes wander to the trees at the edge of the lake. Was that a bare he saw behind the trees? He squinted his eyes to sea better. It was two hard to see in the bright sunlight. Jacob shifted slightly for a better look. The boat rocked gently with the motion.

Suddenly a loud splash startled Jacob. The bear seemed to here the sound too and began to flea farther into the woods and out of sight. Jacob felt a strong pull on his fishing line. He blue the hare out of his eyes as he grabbed his fishing rod with both hands and began to hall in the line.

“I no this is knot a whale,” he muttered out loud, “but it sure must way a ton!” Pulling with all his might, Jacob’s arms began to ache. He let out a loud grown as the sweat began to run into his eyes. As he pulled, the line suddenly slipped under the boat’s or. Jacob realized that the fish, or whatever it was on his line, had swum under the boat.

“This fish must be made of led,” Jacob cried! He was ready to give up.

“But I don’t want to waist all this effort!” With one more mighty tug Jacob pulled the fish to the top of the water. He could see the pail red color of the fish’s scales as he began to toe the fish closer to the boat.

“Wood you look at that?” he exclaimed. “Eye caught a whopper! That is won big fish!”

After getting the fish into his boat, Jacob rowed toward shore. He had maid up his mind. He would not here of throwing this fish back! He was sure that he had one the fishing contest. He couldn't weight for the judge to right down the weight of the fish on his card. He would show it to his dad and tell him, “Your the best fishing teacher in the world!”