

TH pronunciation

Minimal pairs: Voiceless

TH

thinker, tinker, sinker
thing, ting, sing
thong, tongue, song
thick, tick, sick
thank, tank, sank
math, Matt, mass
path, pat, pass
myth, mitt, miss
fourth, fort, force
theme, team, seem
thought, taught, sought
faith, fate, face

Minimal pairs: Voiced TH

than, Dan, zan
that, dat, zat
the, de, ze
this, dis, zis
though, dough, zough
those, doze, zose
father, fodder, fuzzer
mother, mudder, muzzer
other, odder, ozzer
weather, wedder, whezzer
another, an udder, anozzer
clothing, clodding, closing

TH Reading Paragraphs

Exercises generously created and distributed by *Home Speech Home*.

Turning Thirty

Thelma's birthday was on Thursday and she couldn't decide how to celebrate. She was turning thirty and wanted this birthday to be special.

One idea she had was going to a steak house. A thick juicy steak would be part of a perfect meal for her birthday. Going to the spa and getting a massage would be therapeutic. Of course, that can be expensive, so if necessary she could just take a warm bubble bath.

Something she really wanted to do was sit outside and eat popcorn during a thunderstorm, but she couldn't control the weather, so she would keep that as a backup plan. She had always wanted to visit South America too, but would have to save her money for a trip like that. Thelma thought about a short trip she could take and remembered the zoo was close by.

"The zoo had pythons, panthers, and a new mammoth exhibit, and those would be fun to see," she thought. All of this thinking was taking her strength. Thelma only had three hours of sleep last night because she had been up reading a case study for her ethics class. A moth had flown in her house and distracted her while reading. The distraction had kept her up later than she planned.

Thelma thought for a minute and decided that she would take a nap. "Everything will fall into place on Thursday," she thought, "As long as I know what I want to do, everything will work out." She closed her

eyes, her breath softened, and she fell asleep on her couch.

I am an Artist

It was time for the art show. My art was on display over by the back door. It was bigger than all the others so it had to be in back. Otherwise, you couldn't see the others' artwork. That was okay though because I loved my art.

It had feathers all over it. They were painted larger than life and each had its own pattern. There were many colors from gold to silver to fuchsia to violet. The patterns ranged from dots to stripes to stars to crazy splatters. Some looked smooth. Others looked rough. They all looked good together. I could never tell which one of them was my favorite. All that I knew was every time I looked at that beautiful painting, I couldn't breathe.

My father, mother, and brother said so too. I knew these were the days that were going to make me who I am. I am an artist!

