Lesson 58: Silent Letters

Phonics Rule: Anytime K comes before N, the K is silent.



<u>Silent K</u>

know	knight	knowledge	knit
knot	knapsack	knap	knead
knee	kneel	knell	knelt
knew	knick-knack	knife	knives
knob	knock	knoll	knuckle
kneecap	knockout	knack	

Note these synonyms (they sound the exactly the same, but are different words):

A "nit" is an egg of head lice insects. To "knit" is to create an article made out of yarn. (The "silent k" allows you to see the difference in the words.)

"Not" is a negative word, as in I am not angry. A "knot" is a fastening made by tying two things together. (The "silent k" shows the difference.) "No" is a negative word.

To "know" is to be sure about something; to have the facts about something.

The "night" is when the moon and stars shine. A "knight" is a warrior who is given a military rank of honor.

To "need" is to require something.

To "knead" bread is to press and squeeze the dough before baking.

Phonics Rule: Most of the "Silent B" words come after the letter "M", as in "comb", although there are a few words where it comes before a "T."

<u>Silent B</u>

comb	lamb	limb	climb
bomb	numb	succumb	dumb
dumbbell	dumbfound	plumb	thumb
plumber	womb	tomb	jamb
crumb	crumbly		
debt	doubt	subtle	

Silent H as in Honest

honest	honor	hour	exhaust
honesty	heir	heiress	ghost
heirloom	herb	exhibit	ghetto
rhythm	rhythmic	rhyme	ghoul
school	chemical	chemistry	chaos
hi-tech	technician	architect	echo
anchor	chord	character	ache
Pharaoh	stomach	mechanic	what
where	when	why	while
white	annihilate	scheme	which

Silent U as in Guard

guard	guess	guest	guilty
guitar	guild	guise	disguise
tongue	dialogue	monologue	boutique
critique	physique	antique	vogue
rogue	mosque	mosquito	biscuit
intrigue	Monique	colleague	league
vague	baguette	fatigue	conquer
conqueror	build	building	brogue
plague	morgue	guerilla	prologue
epilogue	catalogue	lemon meringu	e
pedagogue		synagogue	

Silent W as in Wrote

wrote	write	written	wreck
wring	wren	wrapper	wrestle
writhe	wry	wrap	wrinkle
wriggle	wrath	wrought	wrench
wretched	wrist	wracked	wrangler
wrap-up	wreak	wreath	wroth
wreckage	wrecker	wrong	wring
wrung	wristwatch	writ	own
sword	answer	two	
shadow	narrow	willow	borrow
burrow	yarrow	sorrow	snow
tomorrow	sparrow	window	meadow

<u>Silent P</u>

Psalm	psaltry	psychology
pseudonym	pneumonia	psyche
psychedelic	psychiatry	psychiatrist
psychological	pterodactyl	

<u>Silent L</u>

Walk Calk talk stalk chalk yolk balk folk

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Balm Calm	qualm folklore	alms talkative	palm sidewalk
<u>Silent S</u> Illinois	Iroquois		
<u>Silent G</u>			

paradigm

Psalm 139 (King James Version)

To the chief musician. A psalm of David.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

² Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

³Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

⁴ For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

⁵ Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

⁶ Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

⁷ Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?



⁸ If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

⁹ If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

¹⁰ Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

¹¹ If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

¹² Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. ¹³ For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

¹⁴ I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.



¹⁵ My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

¹⁶ Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

¹⁷ How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

¹⁸ If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.



¹⁹ Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

²⁰ For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

²¹ Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

²² I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

²³ Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

²⁴ And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.