

Text: The Twits Roald Dahl

We are basing our reading skills on the book **The Twits by Roald Dahl** as it is a simple, accessible text and there is a good chance you will have a copy of the book at home. Here is a link to you can follow to open a free PDF version of the book online: <http://www.stonehome.net.au/4red/TwitsHTML/index.htm> . I will include a screen shot of the relevant pages at the end of the activities in case you have trouble following the link.

Year 3 Reading

(Day 2)

Focus: Explain words

(Check that the book makes sense to them and exploring the meaning of words in context).

1. Read chapter 4 (Mrs Twit) and chapter 5 (The Glass Eye).
2. Write a sentence to summarise what happened in this part of the narrative (story).
3. Can you see a similarity with the Enormous Crocodile – another story by the same author? Write a sentence to explain.

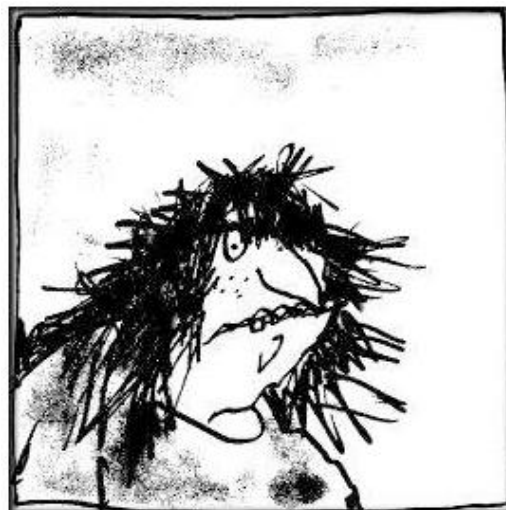
Find these words in the text and explain their meanings in the context used. If you have a dictionary (or can look it up online) check what some of the definitions are:

Words in Chapter 4	Words in Chapter 5
fearful ugliness	froth
double chin	plotting
shine out	wombat
	cackled
	hag

Example:

Fearful ugliness: Mrs Twit looks so horrible it makes her seem ugly enough to scare you if you saw her.

You can draw a picture to go with your written response if you wish.





Steppingstone activity

Day 2

Focus: Explain words

(Check that the book makes sense to them and exploring the meaning of words in context).

1. Read with an adult chapter 4 (Mrs Twit) and chapter 5 (The Glass Eye).
2. Think about the words that are used to describe Mrs Twit.
3. Draw a picture of what you think she looks like.
4. How do you know Mrs Twit is not nice?
5. Think and talk about what has made her get ugly.

Choose a sentence that describes something horrible about Mrs Twit and read or listen to it carefully.

Write a list of at least 5 words that describe what is horrible about Mrs Twit.



Mrs Twit

Mrs Twit was no better than her husband.

She did not, of course, have a hairy face. It was a pity she didn't because that at any rate would have hidden some of her fearful ugliness.

Take a look at her.



Have you ever seen a woman with an uglier face than that? I doubt it.

But the funny thing is that Mrs Twit wasn't born ugly. She'd had quite a nice face when she was young. The ugliness had grown upon her year by year as she got older.

Why would that happen? I'll tell you why.

If a person has ugly thoughts, it begins to show on the face. And when that person has ugly thoughts every day, every week, every year, the face gets uglier and uglier until it gets so ugly you can hardly bear to look at it.



A person who has good thoughts cannot ever be ugly. You can have a wonky nose and a crooked mouth and a double chin and stick-out teeth, but if you have good thoughts they will shine out of your face like sunbeams and you will always look lovely.



Nothing shone out of Mrs Twit's face.

In her right hand she carried a walking-stick. She used to tell people that this was because she had warts growing on the sole of her left foot and walking was painful. But the real reason she carried a stick was so that she could hit things with it, things like dogs and cats and small children.

And then there was the glass eye. Mrs Twit had a glass eye that was always looking the other way.



The Glass Eye

You can play a lot of tricks with a glass eye because you can take it out and pop it back in again any time you like. You can bet your life Mrs Twit knew all the tricks.

One morning she took out her glass eye and dropped it into Mr Twit's mug of beer when he wasn't looking.

Mr Twit sat there drinking the beer slowly. The froth made a white ring on the hairs around his mouth. He wiped the white froth on to his sleeve and wiped his sleeve on his trousers.

'You're plotting something,' Mrs Twit said, keeping her back turned so he wouldn't see that she had taken out her glass eye. 'Whenever you go all quiet like that I know very well you're plotting something.'

Mrs Twit was right. Mr Twit was plotting away like mad. He was trying to think up a really nasty trick he could play on his wife that day.



'You'd better be careful,' Mrs Twit said, 'because when I see you starting to plot, I watch you like a wombat.'

'Oh, do shut up, you old hag,' Mr Twit said. He went on drinking his beer, and his evil mind kept working away on the latest horrid trick he was going to play on the old woman.

Suddenly, as Mr Twit tipped the last drop of beer down his throat, he caught sight of Mrs Twit's awful glass eye staring up at him from the bottom of the mug. It made him jump.

'I told you I was watching you,' cackled Mrs Twit. 'I've got eyes everywhere so you'd better be careful.'

