

Text: The Twits Roald Dahl

The Twits by Roald Dahl <http://www.stonehome.net.au/4red/TwitsHTML/index.htm> .

Year 3 Reading

(Day 3)

Focus: **Inference**

Read chapter 6: **The Frog**

Write a short sentence to explain what happened in this part of the story.

Answer these questions in full sentences:



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| 1. Why did Mr Twit say there was a skillywiggler in the room? |
| 2. What do you think a skillywiggler is? |
| 3. What was Mr Twit's pretend reason for pouring water on his wife, and what do you think was the real reason? |
| 4. What do you feel about what happened to Mrs Twit? Give reasons why. |

Example:

I think Mr Twit says there is a skillywiggler in the room because he wants to scare Mrs Twit and the author wants to show how mean he is, and how silly his wife is.



Year 3 Reading

Steppingstone activity



Day 3

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Focus: Inference



1. Read with an adult chapter 6: The Frog.



2. Talk and think about what happened.

3. Write a short sentence to explain why Mr Twit put a frog in the bed and why he said it was a Skillwiggler.

4. Draw a picture of Mrs Twit getting scared of the frog.

Example:

I think Mr Twit put the frog in the bed because....

He said it was a frog because he wanted to.....



The Frog

To pay her back for the glass eye in his beer, Mr Twit decided he would put a frog in Mrs Twit's bed.

He caught a big one down by the pond and carried it back secretly in a box.

That night, when Mrs Twit was in the bathroom getting ready for bed, Mr Twit slipped the frog between her sheets. Then he got into his own bed and waited for the fun to begin.

Mrs Twit came back and climbed into her bed and put out the light. She lay there in the dark scratching her tummy. Her tummy was itching. Dirty old hags like her always have itchy tummies.

Then all at once she felt something cold and slimy crawling over her feet. She screamed.

'What's the matter with you?' Mr Twit said.

'Help!' screamed Mrs Twit, bouncing about. 'There's something in my bed!'

'I'll bet it's that Giant Skillywiggler I saw on the floor just now,' Mr Twit said.

Mr Twit got out of bed and fetched a jug of cold water. He poured the water over Mrs Twit's head to revive her. The frog crawled up from under the sheets to get near the water. It started jumping about on the pillow. Frogs love water. This one was having a good time.



When Mrs Twit came to, the frog had just jumped on to her face. This is not a nice thing to happen to anyone in bed at night. She screamed again.



'By golly it *is* a Giant Skillywiggler!' Mr Twit said. 'It'll bite off your nose.'

Mrs Twit leapt out of bed and flew downstairs and spent the night on the sofa. The frog went to sleep on her pillow.

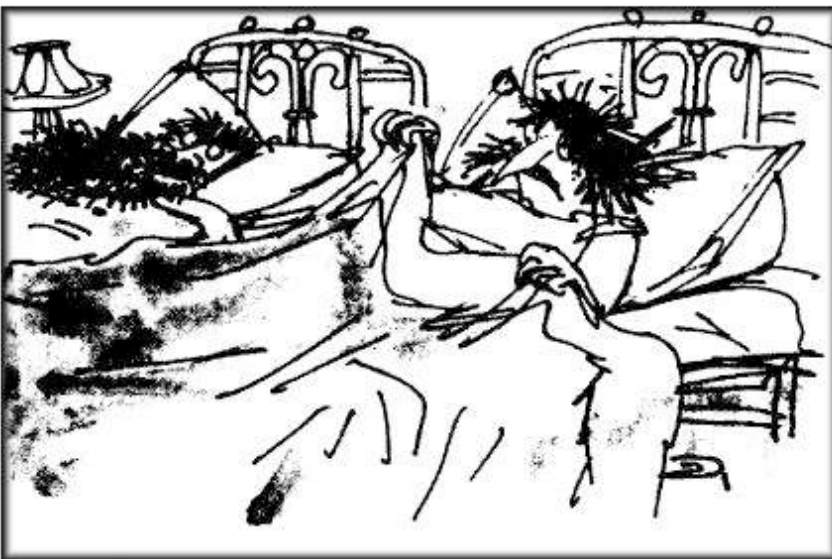


'That *what?*' screamed Mrs Twit.

'I tried to kill it but it got away,' Mr Twit said. 'It's got teeth like screwdrivers!'

'Help!' screamed Mrs Twit. 'Save me! It's all over my feet!'

'It'll bite off your toes,' said Mr Twit.



Mrs Twit fainted.

