

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: **Author Choice**

(Discuss words and phrases that capture the reader’s interest and imagination and how these contribute to meaning).

Read chapter 12: **Mrs Twit Comes Ballooning Down** and chapter 13: **Mr Twit Gets a Horrid Shock**.

Check that you know the meaning of these words from the chapter:

billowed	bundle	petticoats
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Answer these questions in your head:

Was Mr Twit sad or worried that his wife had disappeared into the sky? Why?

Were Mr and Mrs Twit pleased to see each other when she came back down safely? Why?



Activity:

Roald Dahl is famous for using very lively words which make his books interesting and funny- he even makes up his own words sometimes to sound funny. He uses alliteration a lot (same sounds at start of words).

In chapter 13 **Mr Twit Gets a Horrid Shock**, he does this. Write down at least 4 lively phrases that use made-up words or alliteration to sound funny. Tell me what affect the words have on you as a reader.

Example:

Author’s words	Effect on reader
grizzly grunion	Grunion is a made up word but it makes me think of an onion that is round and smelly and makes your eyes cry- not a nice vegetable. Grizzly makes me think of a bad-tempered bear.
Gaped, gasped, gurgled	



Year 3 Reading

Steppingstone activity



Day 3

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Focus: Author Choice



Read with an adult, chapter 12 **Mrs Twit Comes Ballooning Down** and chapter 13: **Mr Twit Gets a Horrid Shock**.



Talk and think about what happened.

Think about what could happen next.

Think about the funny words in the chapters.



Task:

1. Draw a picture of The Twits in this part of the story
2. Label the picture with some of these funny words from the chapters.

Example:



You grizzly grunion, rotten turnip, filthy old frumpet.

Mrs Twit Comes Ballooning Down

Mrs Twit may have been ugly and she may have been beastly, but she was not stupid.

High up there in the sky, she had a bright idea. 'If I can get rid of some of these balloons,' she said to herself, 'I will stop going up and start to come down.'



She began biting through the strings that held the balloons to her wrists and arms and neck and hair. Each time she bit through a string and let the balloon float away, the upward pull got less and her rate of climb slowed down.

When she had bitten through twenty strings, she stopped going up altogether. She stayed still in the air.

She bit through one more string.

Very, very slowly, she began to float downwards.

It was a calm day. There was no wind at all. And because of this, Mrs Twit had gone absolutely straight up. She now began to come absolutely straight down.

As she floated gently down, Mrs Twit's petticoat billowed out like a parachute, showing her long knickers. It was a grand sight on a glorious day, and thousands of birds came flying in from miles around to stare at this extraordinary old woman in the sky.



Mr Twit Gets a Horrid Shock

Mr Twit, who thought he had seen his ugly wife for the last time, was sitting in the garden celebrating with a mug of beer.

Silently, Mrs Twit came floating down. When she was about the height of the house above Mr Twit, she suddenly called out at the top of her voice, 'Here I come, you grizzly old grunion! You rotten old turnip! You filthy old frumpet!'

Mr Twit jumped as though he'd been stung by a giant wasp. He dropped his beer. He looked up. He gaped. He gasped. He gurgled. A few choking sounds came out of his mouth. '*Ughhhhhhhhh!*' he said. '*Arghhhhhhhhh!* *Ouchhhhhhhhh!*'



'I'll get you for this!' shouted Mrs Twit. She was floating down right on top of him. She was purple with rage and slashing the air with her long walking-stick which she had somehow managed to hang on to all the time. 'I'll swish you to a swizzle!' she shouted. 'I'll swash you to a swizzle! I'll gnash you to a gnozzle! I'll gnosh you to a gnazzle!' And before Mr Twit had time to run away, this bundle of balloons and petticoats and fiery fury landed right on top of him, lashing out with the stick and cracking him all over his body.

