

Text: The Twits Roald Dahl

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

Year 3 Reading

(Day 4)

Focus: **Predict**

Read chapter 7: **Wormy Spaghetti**



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

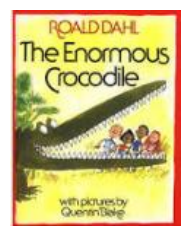
sprinkled	bitter	shovelling	distinctly
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Answer these questions in your head:

What has happened in this chapter?

What has happened so far in the book?

How are some of the events similar to events in The Enormous Crocodile?






Activity:

Draw a simple story map with two branches to show two different things that you predict could happen next. Try not to look at the story to find out, as it will make it harder for you to make your own predictions once you have seen it.

Example:

You can create your own layout- this is just a suggestion.

<p>Mrs Twit played a nasty trick and put a glass eyeball in her husband's beer mug.</p> 	<p>Mr Twit got revenge by scaring Mrs twit with a frog in her bed.</p> 	<p>Mrs Twit punished Mr Twit back by giving him worms in his spaghetti.</p> 	<p>Prediction 1:</p> <hr/> <p>Prediction 2:</p>
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Steppingstone activity

Day 4

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Focus: Predict



1. Read with an adult, chapter 7: **Wormy Spaghetti.**



2. Talk and think about what happened.



3. Think about what could happen next.

4. Draw a picture and write a sentence to explain what you guess will happen next.

Example:

I think Mr Twit will..... because.....



The Wormy Spaghetti

The next day, to pay Mr Twit back for the frog trick, Mrs Twit sneaked out into the garden and dug up some worms. She chose big long ones and put them in a tin and carried the tin back to the house under her apron.



At one o'clock, she cooked spaghetti for lunch and she mixed the worms in with the spaghetti, but only on her husband's plate. The worms didn't show because everything was covered with tomato sauce and sprinkled with cheese.

'Hey, my spaghetti's moving!' cried Mr Twit, poking around in it with his fork.

'It's a new kind,' Mrs Twit said, taking a mouthful from her own plate which of course had no worms. 'It's called Squiggly Spaghetti. It's delicious. Eat it up while it's nice and hot.'

Mr Twit started eating, Twitsing the long tomato-covered strings around his fork and shovelling them into his mouth. Soon there was tomato sauce all over his hairy chin.

'It's not as good as the ordinary kind,' he said, talking with his mouth full. 'It's too squishy'

'I find it very tasty' Mrs Twit said. She was watching him from the other end of the table. It gave her great pleasure to watch him eating worms.

'I find it rather bitter,' Mr Twit said. 'It's got a distinctly bitter flavour. Buy the other kind next time.'



Mrs Twit waited until Mr Twit had eaten the whole plateful. Then she said, ‘You want to know why your spaghetti was squishy?’

Mr Twit wiped the tomato sauce from his beard with a corner of the tablecloth. ‘Why?’ he said.

‘And why it had a nasty bitter taste?’

‘Why?’ he said.

‘Because it was *worms!*’ cried Mrs Twit, clapping her hands and stamping her feet on the floor and rocking with horrible laughter.

