

Text: The Twits Roald Dahl

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

Year 3 Reading

(Day 2)

Focus: **Inference**

Read chapter 10: **Mrs Twit gets a stretching** and chapter 11: **Mrs Twit goes ballooning up.**

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

intending	ghastly	ghoulish
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Answer these questions in your head:

Is Mr Twit trying to help his wife? Why?

What made Mr Twit change his mind and decide to cut the string holding Mrs Twit to the ground?



Activity:

Find these words in the chapters you just read. Mr Twit's real meaning is very different to what he tells his wife. Write what you think he really means when he says these words:

Mr Twit's words	Mr Twit's real meaning
"To take you to <i>the moon!</i> " exclaimed Mr Twit. "What a ghastly thought! We wouldn't want anything like that to happen, oh dear me no!"	
"Very well, my angel," said Mr Twit, and with a ghoulish grin on his lips he knelt down at her feet.	
" <i>What</i> a pretty sight!" he said to himself.	





Steppingstone activity

Day 1

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Focus: Inference



Read with an adult, chapter 10: **Mrs Twit gets a stretching** and chapter 11: **Mrs Twit goes ballooning up.**



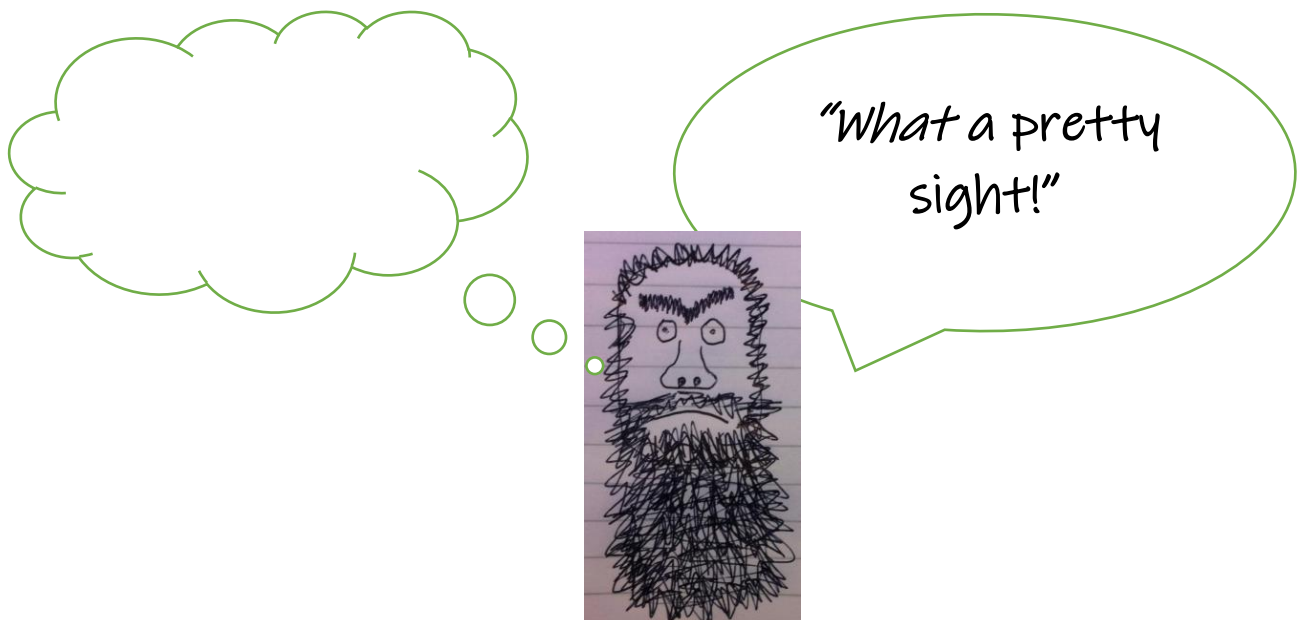
Talk and think about what happened.
Think about what could happen next.

Task:



1. Draw a picture of Mr Twit with a thought bubble .
2. Write what he's really thinking when he says these words:
Mr Twit stood below looking up. **'What a pretty sight!'** he said to himself.

Example:



Mrs Twit Gets a Stretching

Mr Twit led Mrs Twit outdoors where he had everything ready for the great stretching.

He had one hundred balloons and lots of string.

He had a gas cylinder for filling the balloons.

He had fixed an iron ring into the ground.

'Stand here,' he said, pointing to the iron ring. He then tied Mrs Twit's ankles to the iron ring.

When that was done, he began filling the balloons with gas. Each balloon was on a long string and when it was filled with gas it pulled on its string, trying to go up and up. Mr Twit tied the ends of the strings to the top half of Mrs Twit's body. Some he tied round her neck, some under her arms, some to her wrists and some even to her hair.

Soon there were fifty coloured balloons floating in the air above Mrs Twit's head.

'Can you feel them stretching you?' asked Mr Twit.

'I can! I can!' cried Mrs Twit. 'They're stretching me like mad.'

He put on another ten balloons. The upward pull became very strong.



Mrs Twit was quite helpless now. With her feet tied to the ground and her arms pulled upwards by the balloons, she was unable to move. She was a prisoner, and Mr Twit had intended to go away and leave her like that for a couple of days and nights to teach her a lesson. In fact, he was just about to leave when Mrs Twit opened her big mouth and said something silly.

‘Are you sure my feet are tied properly to the ground?’ she gasped. ‘If those strings around my ankles break, it’ll be goodbye for me!’

And that’s what gave Mr Twit his second nasty idea.

Mrs Twit Goes Ballooning Up

‘There’s enough pull here to take me to the moon!’ Mrs Twit cried out.

‘To take you to *the moon!*’ exclaimed Mr Twit. ‘What a ghastly thought! We wouldn’t want anything like that to happen, oh dear me no!’

‘We most certainly wouldn’t!’ cried Mrs Twit. ‘Put some more string around my ankles quickly! I want to feel absolutely safe!’

‘Very well, my angel,’ said Mr Twit, and with a ghoulish grin on his lips he knelt down at her feet. He took a knife from his pocket and with one quick slash he cut through the strings holding Mrs Twit’s ankles to the iron ring.



She went up like a rocket.

‘Help!’ she screamed. ‘Save me!’

But there was no saving her now. In a few seconds she was high up in the blue sky and climbing fast.

Mr Twit stood below looking up. ‘*What* a pretty sight!’ he said to himself. ‘How lovely all those balloons look in the sky! And what a marvellous bit of luck for me! At last the old hag is lost and gone for ever.’

