

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**



Read chapters 20 and 21: **Still No Bird Pie for Mr Twit** and **Mr Twit Goes Off to Buy Guns**.

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

crouched	swooped	perched	hooting	overbalance
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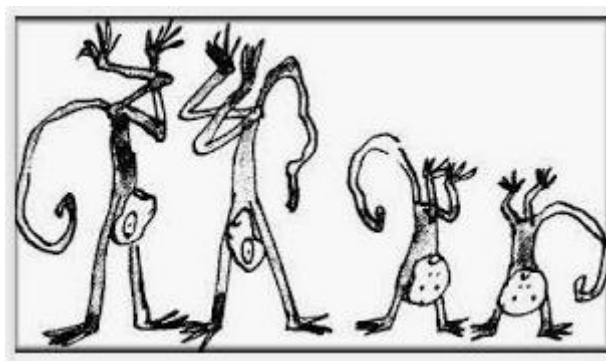
Activity:

The author has written in an unusual way - by explaining or describing things which are not exactly true, and this can be hard to understand the meaning if you have not heard the phrase before.

Example: You need to **pull your socks up**.....means try harder and do better. It does not mean your socks are falling down! It is a commonly used phrase so we recognise it and understand what it means.

Task: Explain what is meant by these words:

Phrase	Real meaning
I'll wipe that silly laugh off your beaks!	
I'll wring your necks	
have you bubbling in the pot	
'Attention!' he barked	
keep his voice down	
....feel Mrs Twit's stick across your backsides!	





Steppingstone activity

Day 3

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Focus: Author choice

Read with an adult chapters 20 and 21: **Still No Bird Pie for Mr Twit** and **Mr Twit Goes Off to Buy Guns**.



Talk and think about what happened.

Think about what could happen next.



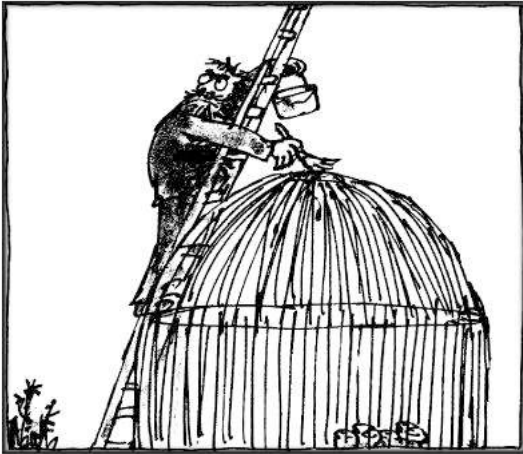
Task:



1. Draw a picture of the birds sitting on the cage.
2. Write 3 speech bubbles to show me what the birds might say about Mr Twit.

Example:

You can't catch us with your glue.



Still No Bird Pie for Mr Twit

Mr Twit wasn't going to wait another week for his Bird Pie supper. He loved Bird Pie. It was his favourite meal. So that very same day, he went after the birds again. This time he smeared all the top bars of the monkey cage with sticky glue, as well as the branches of The Big Dead Tree. 'Now I'll get you,' he said, 'whichever one you sit on!'

The monkeys crouched inside the cage watching all this, and later on, when the Roly-Poly Bird came swooping in for an evening chat, they shouted out, 'Don't land on our cage, Roly-Poly Bird! It's covered in sticky glue! So is the tree!'

And that evening, as the sun went down and all the birds came in again to roost, the Roly-Poly Bird flew round and round the monkey cage and The Big Dead Tree, singing out his warning,

'There's sticky stuff now on the cage *and* the tree!
 If you land on either, you'll never get free!
 So fly away! Fly away! Stay up high!
 Or you'll finish up tomorrow in a hot Bird Pie!'



Mr and Mrs Twit Go Off to Buy Guns

The next morning when Mr Twit came out with his huge basket, not a single bird was sitting on either the monkey cage or The Big Dead Tree. They were all perched happily on the roof of Mr Twit's house. The Roly-Poly Bird was up there as well, and the monkeys were in the cage and the whole lot of them were hooting with laughter at Mr Twit.

'I'll wipe that silly laugh off your beaks!' Mr Twit screamed at the birds. 'I'll get you next time, you filthy feathery frumps! I'll wring your necks, the whole lot of you, and have you bubbling in the pot for Bird Pie before this day is out!'

'How are you going to do that?' asked Mrs Twit, who had come outside to see what all the noise was about. 'I won't have you smearing sticky glue all over the roof of our house!'

Mr Twit got very excited. 'I've got a great idea!' he cried. He didn't bother to keep his voice down because he didn't think the monkeys could understand. 'We'll both go into town right away and we'll buy a gun each!' he shouted. 'How's that?'

‘Brilliant!’ cried Mrs Twit, grinning and showing her long yellow teeth. ‘We’ll buy those big shotguns that spray out fifty bullets or more with each bang!’

‘Exactly,’ said Mr Twit. ‘Lock up the house while I go and make sure the monkeys are safely shut away.’

Mr Twit went over to the monkey cage. ‘Attention!’ he barked in his fearsome monkey-trainer’s voice. ‘Upside down all of you and jump to it! One on top of the other! Quick! Get on with it or you’ll feel Mrs Twit’s stick across your backsides!’

Obediently, the poor monkeys stood on their hands and clambered one on top of the other, with Muggle-Wump at the bottom and the smallest child at the very top.

‘Now stay there till we come back!’ Mr Twit ordered. ‘Don’t you dare to move! And don’t overbalance! When we return in two or three hours’ time, I shall expect to find you all in exactly the same position as you are now! You understand?’

With that, Mr Twit marched away. Mrs Twit went with him. And the monkeys were left alone with the birds.

