

Text: The Twits Roald Dahl

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

Year 3 Reading

(Day 1)

Focus: **Predict**



Read chapter 22: **Muggle-Wump has an idea.**

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

dollop	mention	hoisted	gnome
--------	---------	---------	-------

Think about what The Twits have done to the birds and monkeys.

Think about what you predict the birds and monkeys are going to do to the Twits based on events in this chapter.

Think about what might be fair to give them 'a taste of their own medicine' (get what they deserve).

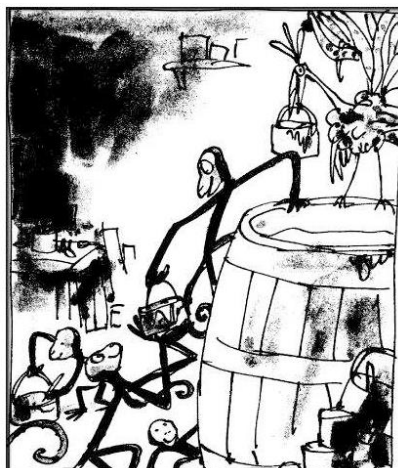
Activity:

Fill out a table like the one below.

Record the events in the book- you can use a bullet-point list and draw pictures if you wish.

Think about the preparations the creatures are making, and what that makes you think they are planning to do to the Twits before they escape.

What Twits have done to the birds	What Twits have done to monkeys	What the creatures might do to Twits





Steppingstone activity

Day 1

Text: The Twits Roald Dahl

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

Focus: Predict

Read with an adult chapter 22: **Muggle-Wump has an idea.**



Talk and think about what happened.

Think about what could happen next.

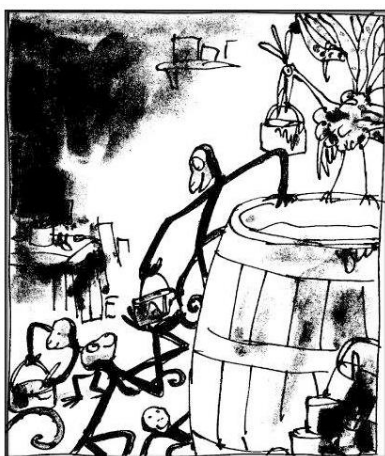


Task:

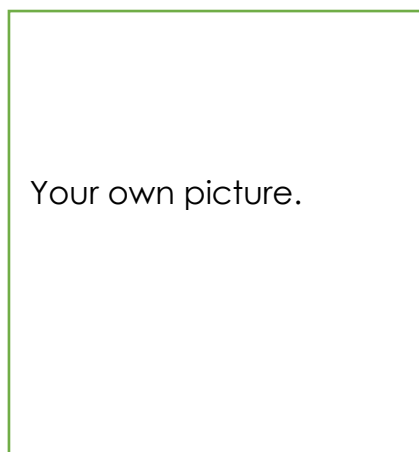
1. Look at the images and sentences- they show you what happened.
2. Draw a picture to show me what you think will happen next.
3. Write a sentence under your picture.



The monkeys got the key.



They got the glue from the shed.



Your own picture.

Your own sentence.

Muggle-Wump Has an Idea

As soon as Mr and Mrs Twit had disappeared down the road, the monkeys all flipped back on to their feet the right way up. 'Quick, get the key!' Muggle-Wump called out to the Roly-Poly Bird, who was still sitting on the roof of the house.

'What key?' shouted the Roly-Poly Bird.

'The key to the door of our cage,' cried Muggle-Wump. 'It's hanging on a nail in the workshed. That's where he always puts it.'



The Roly-Poly Bird flew down and came back with the key in his beak. Muggle-Wump reached a hand through the bars of the cage and took the key. He put it in the lock and turned it. The door opened. All four monkeys leapt out together.

'We are free!' cried the two little ones. 'Where shall we go, Dad? Where shall we hide?'

'Don't get excited,' said Muggle-Wump. 'Calm down, everybody. Before we escape from this beastly place we have one very important thing to do.'

'What?' they asked him.

'We're going to turn those terrible Twits UPSIDE DOWN!'

'We're going to *what*?' they cried. 'You must be joking, Dad!'

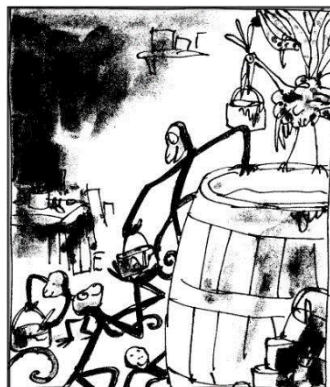
'I'm not joking,' Muggle-Wump said. 'We're going to turn both Mr and Mrs Twit UPSIDE DOWN with their legs in the air!'

'Don't be ridiculous,' the Roly-Poly Bird said. 'How can we possibly turn those two maggoty old monsters upside down?'

'We can, we can!' cried Muggle-Wump. 'We are going to make them stand on their heads for hours and hours! Perhaps for ever! Let *them* see what it feels like for a change!'

'How?' said the Roly-Poly Bird. 'Just tell me how.'

Muggle-Wump laid his head on one side and a tiny twinkling little smile touched the corners of his mouth. 'Now and again,' he said, 'but not very often, I have a brilliant idea. This is one of them. Follow me, my friends, follow me.' He scampered off towards the house and the three other monkeys and the Roly-Poly Bird went after him.



‘Buckets and paint-brushes!’ cried Muggle-Wump. ‘That’s what we want next! There are plenty in the workshed! Hurry up, everyone! Get a bucket and a paint-brush!’

Inside Mr Twit’s workshed there was an enormous barrel of HUGTIGHT sticky glue, the stuff he used for catching birds. ‘Fill your buckets!’ Muggle-Wump ordered. ‘We are now going into the big house!’

Mrs Twit had hidden the key to the front door under the mat and Muggle-Wump had seen her doing it, so it was easy for them to get in. In they went, all four monkeys, with their buckets of sticky glue. Then came the Roly-Poly Bird flying in after them, with a bucket in his beak and a brush in his claw.

