

Text: The Twits Roald Dahl

The Twits by Roald Dahl http://ebooks.rahnuma.org/children/Stories/Roald.Dahl/Roald.Dahl_The-Twits.pdf

Year 3 Reading

(Day 4)

Focus: **Retrieval**

Read chapters 26 and 27: **The Ravens Swoop Over** and **The Twits are turned upside down**



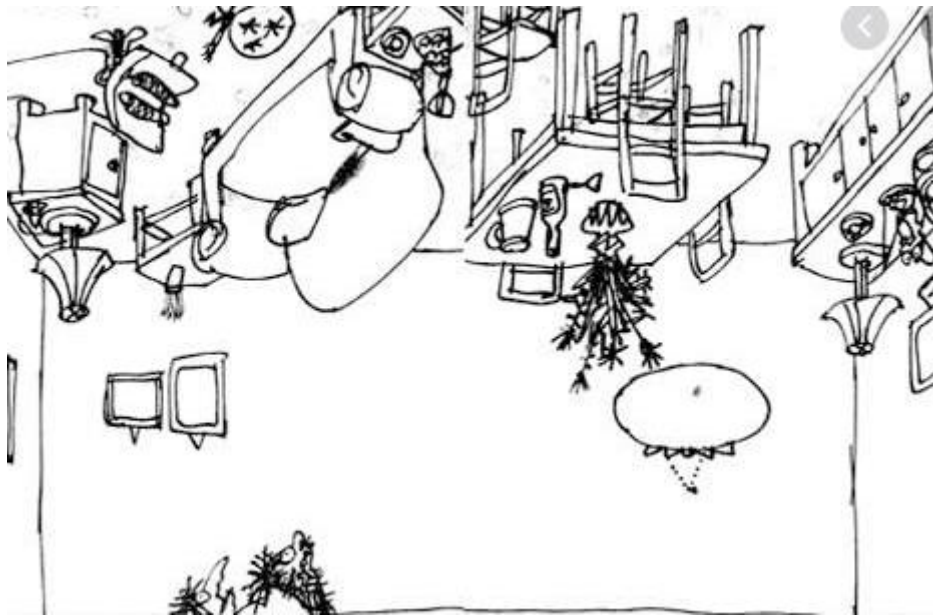
Check that you know the meaning of these words from the chapter:

swooping	streak	ornaments	giddy	glimpse
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Activity:

Find and copy a sentence or phrase from the text that tells you these things:

1. The creatures only just had enough time before the Twits returned.
2. The ravens flew quickly.
3. The Twits were surprised at the state of the living room.



Year 3 Reading

Steppingstone activity



Day 4

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The Twits by Roald Dahl

Focus: Retrieval

Read with an adult chapters 26 and 27: **The Ravens Swoop Over** and **The Twits are turned upside down**



Talk and think about what happened.

Think about what could happen next.



Task:

1. Look at the picture of the upside-down room.
2. Talk and think about what the Twits think has happened.
3. Draw the Twits in the upside-down room and write a speech bubble to explain what they think.



Example





The Ravens Swoop Over

They had only just finished the job when the Roly-Poly Bird came swooping in, screaming, 'They're coming back! They're coming back!'

Quickly, the birds flew back on to the roof of the house. The monkeys rushed into their cage and stood upside down one on top of the other. A moment later, Mr and Mrs Twit came marching into the garden, each carrying a fearsome-looking gun.

'I'm glad to see those monkeys are still upside down,' said Mr Twit.

'They're too stupid to do anything else,' said Mrs Twit. 'Hey, look at all those cheeky birds still up there on the roof! Let's go inside and load our lovely new guns and then it'll *bebang bang bang* and Bird Pie for supper.'

Just as Mr and Mrs Twit were about to enter the house, two black ravens swooped low over their heads. Each bird carried a paint-brush in its claw and each paint-brush was smeared with sticky glue. As the ravens whizzed over, they brushed a streak of sticky glue on to the tops of Mr and Mrs Twit's heads. They did it with the lightest touch but even so the Twits both felt it.

'What was *that*?' cried Mrs Twit. 'Some beastly bird has dropped his dirty droppings on my head!'

'On mine too!' shouted Mr Twit. 'I felt it! I felt it!'

'Don't touch it!' cried Mrs Twit. 'You'll get it all over your hands! Come inside and we'll wash it off at the sink!'

'The filthy dirty brutes,' yelled Mr Twit. 'I'll bet they did it on purpose! Just wait till I've loaded up my gun!'

Mrs Twit got the key from under the doormat (where Muggle-Wump had carefully replaced it) and into the house they went.

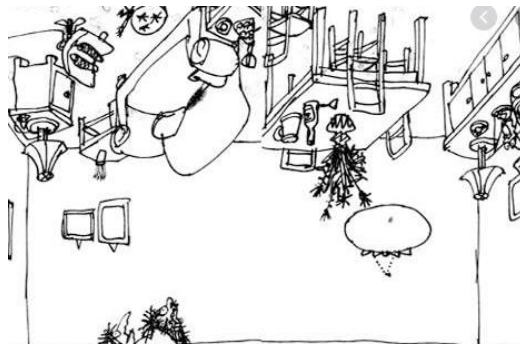


The Twits Are Turned Upside Down

'What's this?' gasped Mr Twit as they entered the living-room.

'What's happened?' screamed Mrs Twit.

They stood in the middle of the room, looking up. All the furniture, the big table, the chairs, the sofa, the lamps, the little side tables, the cabinet with bottles of beer in it, the ornaments, the electric fire, the carpet, everything was stuck upside down to the ceiling. The pictures were upside down on the walls.



And the floor they were standing on was absolutely bare. What's more, it had been painted white to look like the ceiling.

'Look!' screamed Mrs Twit. 'That's the floor! The floor's up there! This is the ceiling! We are standing on the ceiling!'

'We're upside down!' gasped Mr Twit. 'We must be upside down. We are standing on the ceiling looking down at the floor!'

'Oh help!' screamed Mrs Twit. 'Help help help! I'm beginning to feel giddy!'

'So am I! So am I!' cried Mr Twit. 'I don't like this one little bit!'

'We're upside down and all the blood's going to my head!' screamed Mrs Twit. 'If we don't do something quickly, I shall die, I know I will!'

'I've got it!' cried Mr Twit. 'I know what we'll do! We'll stand on our heads, then anyway we'll be the right way up!'

So they stood on their heads, and of course, the moment the tops of their heads touched the floor, the sticky glue that the ravens had brushed on a few moments before did its job. They were stuck. They were pinned down, cemented, glued, fixed to the floorboards.

Through a crack in the door the monkeys watched. They'd jumped right out of their cage the moment the Twits had gone inside. And the Roly-Poly Bird watched. And all the other birds flew in and out to catch a glimpse of this extraordinary sight.

