

Year 3 Writing

Lesson 3

LO: To use rich and varied language to create impact

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



Read chapter 12: **Mrs Twit Comes Ballooning Down** and chapter 13: **Mr Twit Gets a Horrid Shock**.

Roald Dahl uses powerful words to make his books funny and interesting to children. He even makes up his own words sometimes that sound a bit like other words e.g. grizzly old **grunion** and filthy old **frumpet**.

Remind yourself: what is alliteration? It is two or more words that are deliberately chosen because they start with the same sound. It makes them sound silly or funny, on purpose.

Task 1.

Make up lively phrases to describe at least 5 things from the book. They can include **exaggeration**, **alliteration** and even **made-up words** if you are feeling adventurous. Choose who, or what, you want to describe from the book. If you find this hard, copy the author's words and try to include one extra word of your own.

<u>Noun</u>	<u>My descriptive phrase</u>
Mrs Twit	The grim, grisly old grouch (<i>my own words</i>)
Mr Twit	Rotten, old, terrible turnip (<i>author's words plus an extra word of my own</i>)



Task 2

Write 5 sentences that use the lively, descriptive phrases you recorded.

Example:

Mrs Twit thought that she was married to a rotten, old, terrible turnip and she really hated him sometimes.

Success Criteria:

- 1. Think which nouns can be described.**
- 2. Think of a funny, lively way you can describe these nouns- you might need to copy ideas from the book.**
- 3. Try to include some alliteration.**
- 4. Check that your descriptions make sense and other people will understand them.**

Extra Challenge

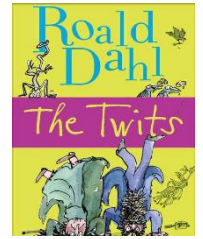
Copy Roald Dahl and try to include some made up words of your own. You will need to choose a word you already know and change it slightly if you want others to understand it.



Steppingstone activity

Lesson 3

LO: To use interesting words



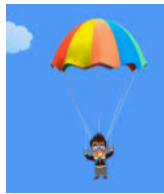
The Twits by Roald Dahl <http://www.stonehome.net.au/4red/TwitsHTML/index.htm> .

Make sure you have read chapter 12: **Mrs Twit Comes Ballooning Down** and chapter 13: **Mr Twit Gets a Horrid Shock**

Vocab check:



rage = anger



parachute



petticoat

Task:

Ask someone to help you read the descriptions:

Mrs Twit was purple with rage.

Mrs Twit's petticoat billowed out like a parachute.

Copy these powerful descriptions that the author uses.

Draw a picture to match the words.



Example:



Mrs Twit's petticoat billowed out like a parachute.

Success Criteria:

1. Read the two descriptions.
2. Copy them.
3. Think what they describe.
4. Draw what you think they describe.

Extra challenge:

Find another description the author uses, copy it and draw a picture to show me.

Mrs Twit Comes Ballooning Down

Mrs Twit may have been ugly and she may have been beastly, but she was not stupid.

High up there in the sky, she had a bright idea. 'If I can get rid of some of these balloons,' she said to herself, 'I will stop going up and start to come down.'



She began biting through the strings that held the balloons to her wrists and arms and neck and hair. Each time she bit through a string and let the balloon float away, the upward pull got less and her rate of climb slowed down.

When she had bitten through twenty strings, she stopped going up altogether. She stayed still in the air.

She bit through one more string.

Very, very slowly, she began to float downwards.

It was a calm day. There was no wind at all. And because of this, Mrs Twit had gone absolutely straight up. She now began to come absolutely straight down.

As she floated gently down, Mrs Twit's petticoat billowed out like a parachute, showing her long knickers. It was a grand sight on a glorious day, and thousands of birds came flying in from miles around to stare at this extraordinary old woman in the sky.



Mr Twit Gets a Horrid Shock

Mr Twit, who thought he had seen his ugly wife for the last time, was sitting in the garden celebrating with a mug of beer.

Silently, Mrs Twit came floating down. When she was about the height of the house above Mr Twit, she suddenly called out at the top of her voice, 'Here I come, you grizzly old grunion! You rotten old turnip! You filthy old frumpet!'

Mr Twit jumped as though he'd been stung by a giant wasp. He dropped his beer. He looked up. He gaped. He gasped. He gurgled. A few choking sounds came out of his mouth. '*Ughhhhhhhhh!*' he said. '*Arghhhhhhhhh!* *Ouchhhhhhhhh!*'



'I'll get you for this!' shouted Mrs Twit. She was floating down right on top of him. She was purple with rage and slashing the air with her long walking-stick which she had somehow managed to hang on to all the time. 'I'll swish you to a swizzle!' she shouted. 'I'll swash you to a swizzle! I'll gnash you to a gnuzzle! I'll gnosh you to a gnuzzle!' And before Mr Twit had time to run away, this bundle of balloons and petticoats and fiery fury landed right on top of him, lashing out with the stick and cracking him all over his body.

