

Year 3 Writing

Lesson 3

LO: To avoid repetition in writing

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



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

Roald Dahl is a popular children’s author because of his lively and interesting use of language. He is very good at using LOTS of interesting words. Think about the wide range of words he uses.

Task.

Pretend to be Roald Dahl helping me improve my writing.

Find the weak, repetitive words in my writing and think about something more powerful you could use instead.

Copy my story, but change my repetitive words for something more powerful, interesting and exciting. Try to use pronouns (he, she, it, they etc.) or conjunctions instead of repeating the same nouns.

Mr Twit was a bad man. Mr Twit lived in a bad house with his bad wife, Mrs Twit. Mr Twit was bad to Mrs Twit and Mrs Twit was just as bad to Mr Twit. They were not a very kind, nice pair of people, in fact Mr and Mrs Twit were a couple of bad, not nice people.

Mr and Mrs Twit kept a cage of monkeys in the Twit’s horrible garden. The cage was a horrible cage and the monkeys who were locked up in the horrible cage were sad. The horrible cage was too small to keep a whole family of monkeys in and the monkey family did not like the horrible cage.

The only good thing about the monkey cage being in the garden was that the monkeys could talk to the birds that flew into the garden every day. One day, a very nice bird flew into the garden and landed on the monkey cage. The bird was the Roly-Poly bird and the nice bird had come from Africa. The nice bird had nice feathers that looked colourful with bright colours, but best of all, the bird could speak the African language that the monkey family could speak.

Success Criteria:

1. Read my boring, repetitive story.
2. Think about the words you could change to make it more interesting.
3. Copy the same story with your improved word choices.
4. All the spellings and punctuation I have provided are correct.

Example

Mr Twit was a **fearful, foolish frump**. He lived in a **horrendous hovel** with his **awful** wife, Mrs Twit. Mr Twit was **mean and horrible** to Mrs Twit, and **she** was just as **unpleasant** to **him**.

Extra challenge (optional):

Try to copy the author’s style: include alliteration, exaggeration and even find some of his made-up words to use in your own story.





Steppingstone activity

Lesson 3

LO: To use lots of words

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

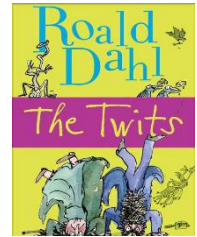
Make sure you have shared chapters 20 and 21: **Still No Bird Pie for Mr Twit** and **Mr Twit Goes Off to Buy Guns**.

When you keep writing the same words it makes your writing very boring.

Task:

Copy my sentences.

Change the red words so they are not all the same, and really boring.



Mr Twit is **bad**.

Mrs Twit is **bad**.

Mr and Mrs Twit are **bad** together.

Example:

Mr Twit is **mean and nasty**.

Mrs Twit is **horrible**.

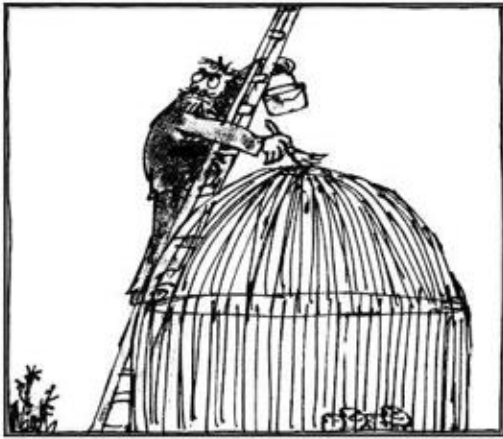
They are **disgusting** together.

Success Criteria:

1. Read the sentences.
2. Change the red words.
3. Copy your new sentences.
4. You can draw pictures.

Extra Challenge:

Make up an extra sentence of your own that uses powerful words.



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.



