

**Year 3 Writing**

**Lesson 4**

**LO: To use inverted commas to punctuate direct speech**

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

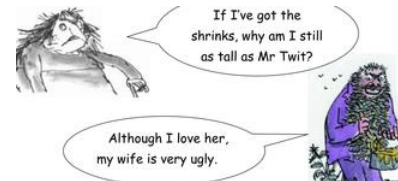


Read chapters 26 and 27: **The Ravens Swoop Over** and **The Twits are turned upside down**

Look carefully at how the author has punctuated direct speech in the book.

Today we will re-cap rules for punctuating direct speech in story writing.

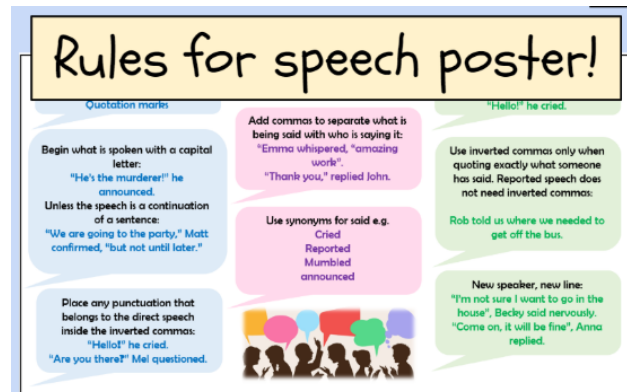
<b>Rules that need to be included:</b>
Write the actual words spoken
Separate direct speech with a comma
Enclose the spoken words with inverted commas (speech marks)
Start direct speech with a capital letter
Include end punctuation before closing speech mark
Start a new line for a new speaker



Create an instructional poster on how to punctuate direct speech that gives clear rules for children to follow.

Give examples of words the Twits say on your poster.

**Example**



**Success Criteria:**

1. Look at examples of **direct speech** in the book.
2. Think about the **rules** for punctuating correctly.
3. Think of how to **explain** the rules.
4. Choose **effective visual layout**.
5. **Give examples** of what book characters say.



**Steppingstone activity**

**Lesson 4**

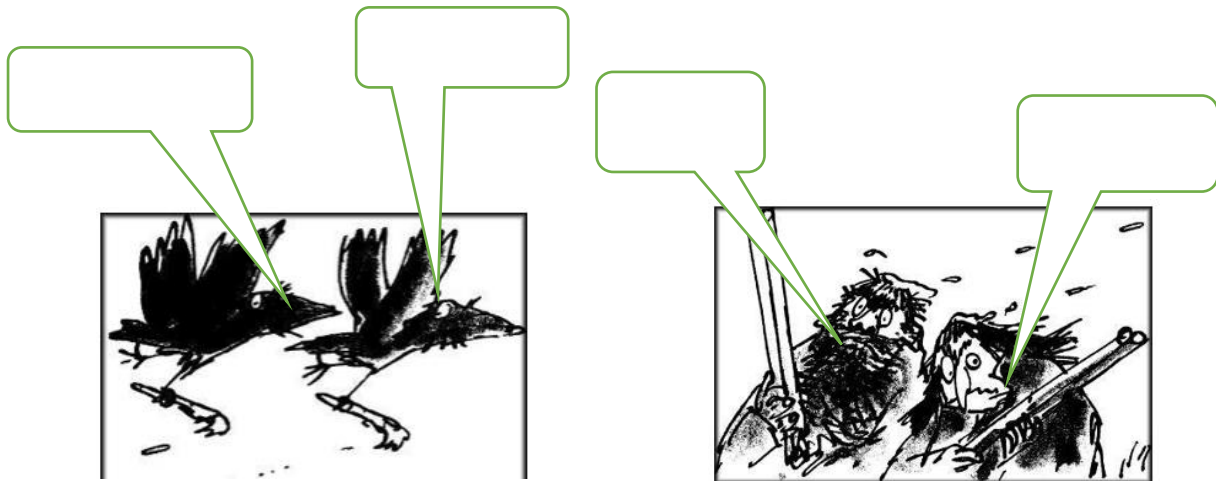
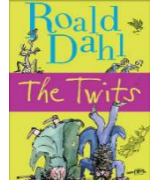
**LO: To write what characters say.**

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

Make sure you have shared chapters 26 and 27: **The Ravens Swoop Over** and **The Twits are turned upside down**

**Task:**

Write what the characters say in speech bubbles.



**Success Criteria:**

1. <b>Say the words</b> you think the characters would say.
2. Write what each character says in its speech bubble.
3. Check the <b>full-stops and capital letters</b> .
4. You can draw pictures.

**Extra Challenge:**

Put speech marks at the beginning and end of what the characters say.



## 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 be *bang 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.

