

## **Mrs Waggie (Last) Stage 3 Week 6 Term 3 2021**

Copyright: The School Magazine, Blast Off Issue 7, 2019. A poem by Jenny Blackford , illustrated by Heidi Cooper Smith. **Read the poem**

### **A Hairy Tank**

A wombat is a hairy tank

designed to bulldoze country gardens.

I'll devour your yellow roses,

belch, then beg a thousand pardons.

Bulbs are yummy in my tummy:

bluebells, lilies and the rest.

Jonquils make my insides tranquil.

tulip bulbs are far the best.

Human walls can't hold me back.

Wood is crunchy, bricks fall over.

Wire fencing's no defence.

Excuse me while I munch your clover!

## Activity 1: Monday 16<sup>th</sup> August

Using just the right word is a powerful way to communicate. Write 5 of your new words from the poem on the lines below. Use a dictionary to find a word similar to its meaning. **eg tranquil - quiet**

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## Activity 2: Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup> August

Read the poem, 'A Hairy Tank' by Jenny Blackford

Select an animal you would like to write a poem about, and write down its characteristics (what it looks like), think of an inanimate object to compare it to e.g. a snake can be compared to a garden hose, an elephant to a bus, a horse to a table, an owl like a computer, a Labrador like a doorstep, a cat like a mirror , what is does that makes it special.

The goal is to write a poem. Start writing .....

### Activity 3: Wednesday 18th Aug

Reflection

Read your poem aloud to an adult and explain to them how it is a story about your animal.

### Activity 4: Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> August

Write down some characteristics of your chosen animal. This time write a description using adjectives about the animal of your choice.

Use the plan: For example: A cat! It is .....

- a hunter
- slinky
- clever
- shiny
- small (or big depending on if it is hunting you!)
- furry
- cuddly
- playful

Your animal \_\_\_\_\_

It is:

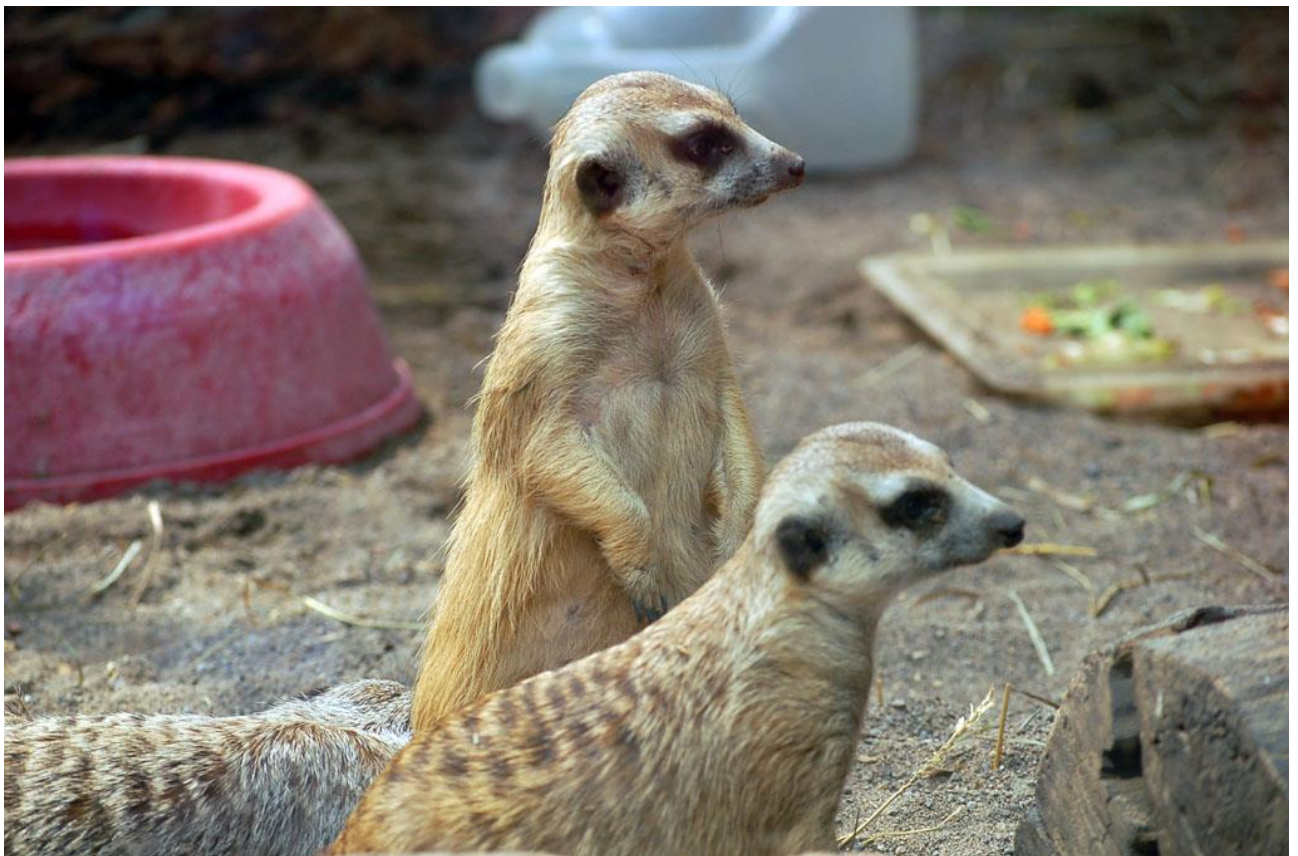
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## Mrs Waggie (LasT) Stage 3 Week 7 Term 3 2021

### **Activity 1: Monday 23<sup>rd</sup> Aug.**

Look carefully at the image below. What words could you use to describe it really well?

1. Without letting them see it, describe the image to an adult. Try to use great words to create a clear picture in his /her mind of this image.
2. Show the image to the adult and ask him/her to describe it in detail.
3. See if you can combine your description with your and his/her description to create a great picture in your head.



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## Activity 3: Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> Aug

### Jumbled Narrative

Place the jumbled narrative text, 'A Picnic for the Tortoise Family' from The School Magazine, in the correct order, looking at **orientation (setting, time, characters)**, **Complication (problem)** and **Resolution (how the problem is solved)**.

**Number the paragraphs or (if you can highlight the parts of the narrative in 3 different colours.)**

1. Orientation
2. Complication and
3. Resolution.

#### **A Picnic for the Tortoise Family from The School Magazine**

**English folktale retold by Karen Jameyson**

Baby Tortoise went to find a blanket to go on the ground. Father and Mother Tortoise took the picnic hamper out. Then they filled it with all their goodies: lemonade, strawberries, grapes, hard-boiled eggs, sandwiches, carrots, cheese, bread and tinned applesauce. They added some carrot cake and chocolate brownies too. After about three months, they were finally ready to go.

Off they went. They walked. They walked. They walked some more. (Did I mention that tortoises aren't too quick?) They kept walking. After about a year, they needed a break and stopped under a shady old tree.

Once they were rested, they set off again and walked and walked and walked.

Finally, in a few years, they got to the pretty little park and put the hamper down.

ONCE upon a time Mother Tortoise, Father Tortoise and Baby Tortoise decided to have themselves a lovely picnic. Now tortoises are not known for speed, so it took them some time to plan where to have the picnic. But finally, they decided on a pretty little park, even though it was quite a way away. Then they organised the things they needed to take along.

As they'd said, Mother and Father waited. They waited a month. They waited a year. They waited three years!

'My goodness, my tummy is rumbling,' said Mother Tortoise. 'But I know we promised to wait.'

So they waited some more. After five years, Father Tortoise said, 'I wonder if he decided to have a snack at home before coming back? Well, we're hungry too. Perhaps we can have just a few strawberries while we wait.'

'Yes,' agreed Mother Tortoise. 'Surely a few strawberries won't matter.'

So they reached for the strawberries. But just as they were about to pop a few in their mouths, they heard a familiar voice.

'I knew you wouldn't wait for me!' It was Baby Tortoise, who'd been hiding behind a rock all that time. 'Just as well I didn't go back to get those plates!'

'Whew!' said Father. 'All that walking has made me very hungry.'

'Well, it won't be long now,' Mother Tortoise told him.

'We'll just get these delicious things unpacked.'

So, they took everything out and put it all on the picnic blanket. Did I say everything? Well, almost everything. Unfortunately, they'd forgotten to bring the plates.

'Oh dear!' exclaimed Mother Tortoise. 'Well, Baby Tortoise, you'll just have to go fetch them for us. We can't enjoy our picnic without plates.'

'But I don't want to go back all the way!' whined Baby Tortoise. 'You'll eat everything before I get back!'



## Activity 4: Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> Aug

Read the extract from Riptides by Kirsten Alexander, Penguin (2020)

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

Friday 6 December 1974

Charlie

I wake when Abby shouts. She reaches across me and grabs the steering wheel. A car horn brays. White beams flare at us then pitch to the right. For an instant, a rump of blue metal shines in our headlights. I elbow my sister out of the way and take the wheel, leaning back hard so I don't slam my head into it.

Abby flattens her hands against the dashboard as I brake and strain to control our sideways skid. She screams my name. We sling to one side of the narrow dirt road and the other car slings the opposite way, like wrong ends of magnets made to meet. We slide to an angled stop, pointing into scrappy bushland.

Dust swirls in front of our headlights, the only movement in a frozen moment. My window is open, but I don't hear a sound from the surrounding bush, the cicadas and creaky eucalypts dumbstruck. Abby and I stare through the windscreen at the dust, panting, coughing. Neither of us moves until the CD ejects with a clunk, having played its silent end, giving way to static.

Abby hits the off button, fumbles to get out of the car and walks through the settling dust. I don't follow her straight away. I'm clocking what just happened.

**Focus: Verbs – Underline or highlight as many verbs as you can find after reading the passage.**