

Timed Repeated Read



The duckchick

Mama hen had a problem.

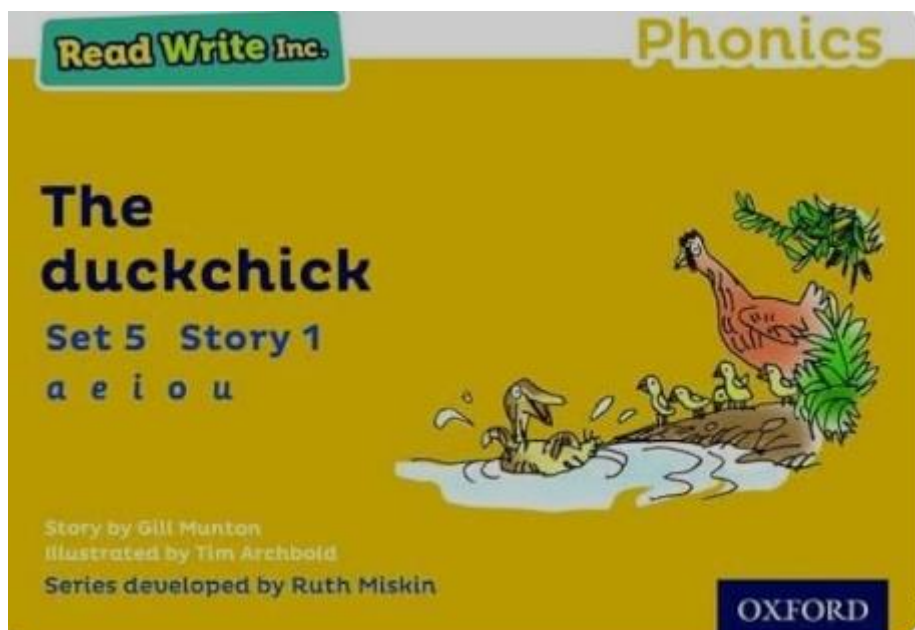
Things began to go wrong in the spring, when she was sitting in her nest on her six eggs.

Egg 6 was very big.

Mama hen sat on it a lot, and went “Cluck” at it, but she felt a bit upset that it was so big.

Eggs 1 – 5 began to hatch.

The soft, fluffy chicks (Sam and Chip and Dan and Ben and Mag) pecked and pecked at the shells until they went crack.



Timed Repeated Read

Off sick



9 o'clock

I am off sick. I am still in bed. I am not going to school.

Sam had to go in, haha! I am not well at all.

It's my tum. I want to be sick, and I'm much too hot.

Mum said, I'll ring Miss Flint and tell her you are ill.

I said, OK.

12 o'clock

I must just rest in bed, Mum said.

I said, OK. I felt much too ill to get up.

You can have an egg for lunch, Mum said, and a glass of milk.



Timed Repeated Read

Tom Thumb



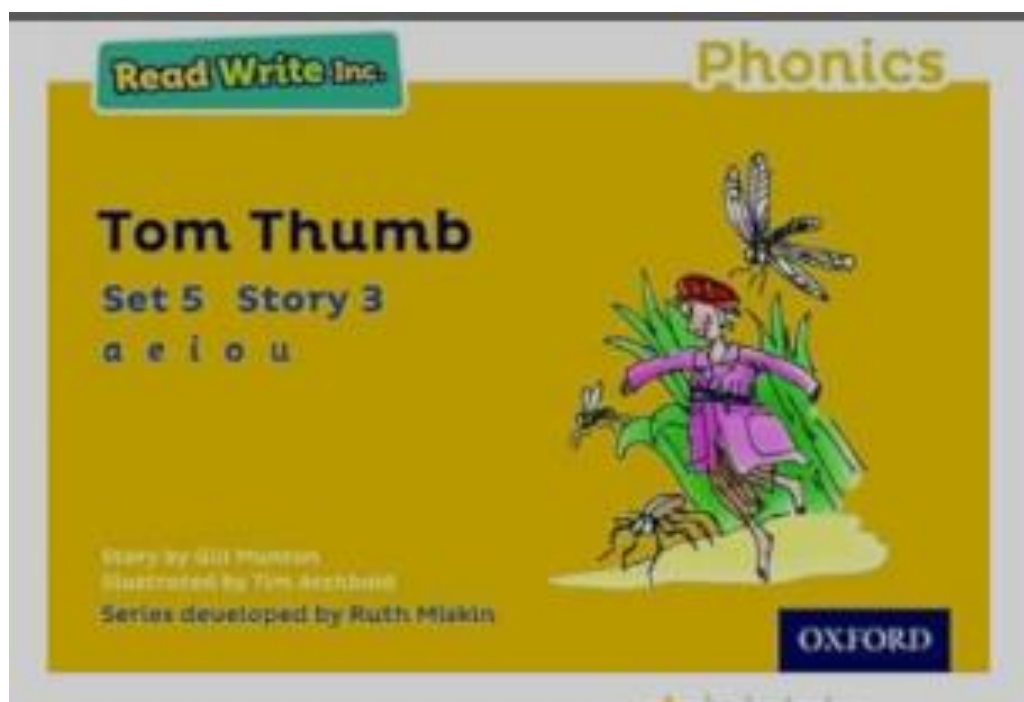
Tom Thumb was small. In fact, he was no bigger than a man's thumb.

His bed was a matchbox and his bath was an eggcup.

His cap was a button, his belt an elastic band, and his jacket was lent to him by a doll.

He skipped with the insects, and he chatted to the finches and the frogs.

It was when Tom Thumb was visiting the frogs that things went badly wrong.



Timed Repeated Read

The gingerbread man

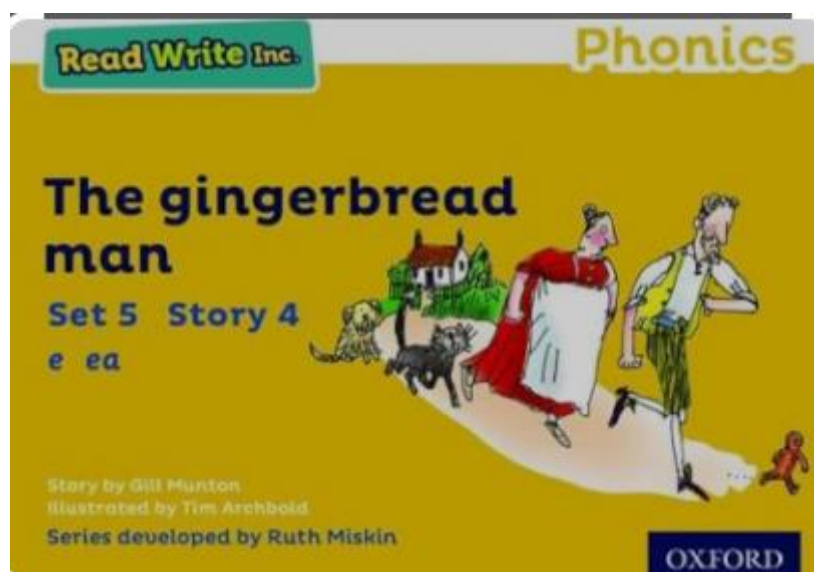


Hands, legs, a head... six currants for buttons... and the last gingerbread man was finished!

Ann put down the bag of currants. Her husband Seth pushed the tin of gingerbread men into the hot oven. That was when the last gingerbread man... winked!

“I think I will get them out of the oven,” said Seth at six o’clock.

He pulled the tin out, sniffed, and bit off a bit of leg. “Well, I have got to test them,” he said. “Mmmm! Fresh and crisp! Not bad!”



Timed Repeated Read

Robin Hood



“I am going hunting,” Robin said to his Merry Men. “I will not be long.”

He stepped on to the wooden bridge which crossed the fast running brook.

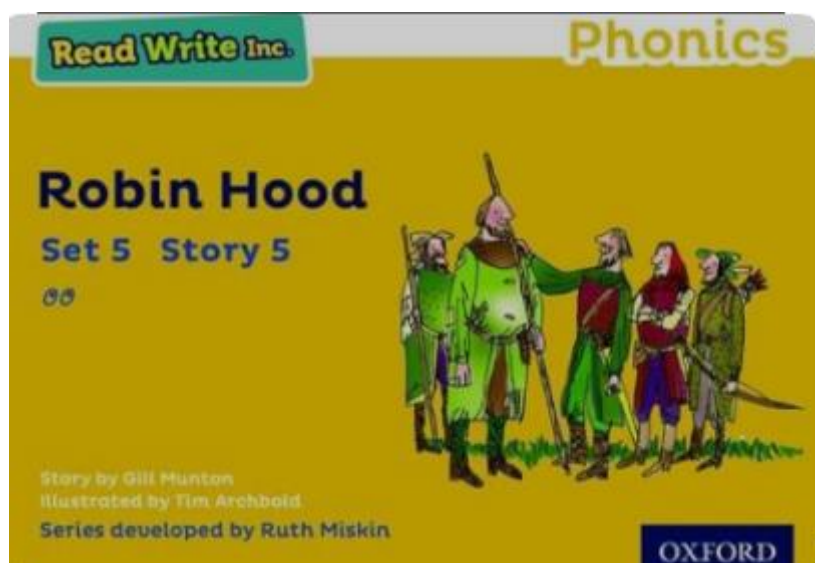
On the bridge he met a man, tall, and strong looking. (This was John Little.)

Both men stood very still. Then Robin said, “Let me get past, will you?”

“I will not,” grunted John.

“Then I will shoot an arrow at your chest!”

Robin took an arrow from his belt.



Timed Repeated Read



Lost

Lost last Sunday:

Very plump, playful black cat called Catkin.

Will you check your sheds?

If you find her, contact Kay West at 24 Clayton Villas.

Thank you so much for looking, Kay West.

3rd May

To Kay West

I've got a cat in my shed. I think it may be Catkin! She's sitting in a box of hay, and she looks as if she wants to stay in it! I will be in at six o'clock today if you want to visit.



Timed Repeated Read

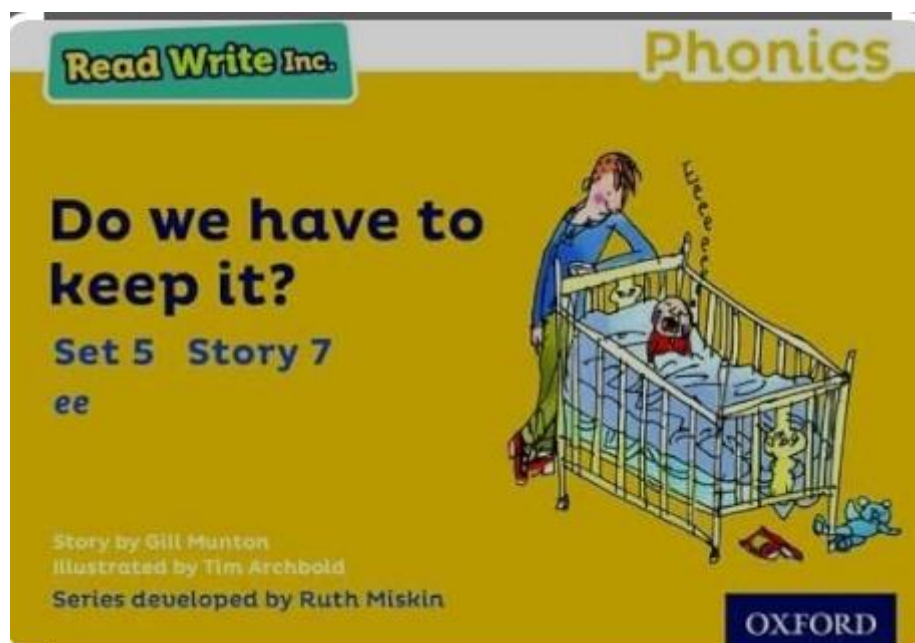
Do we have to keep it?



I am Dan Reed. I'm almost ten, and I live at fifteen, Fleetwood Street. And I've got... a baby! Well, Mum and Dad have. And I'm not feeling very happy. I did tell Mum that I wanted a stick insect, but no, she went and got a baby. And no, it cannot go back to the shop.

The baby! It looks very funny. You want to see it!

Mum sits on the settee, and sticks the baby on her knee.



Timed Repeated Read

Danny and the bump-a-lump



Midnight. Bright moonlight. There was a thing under my bed ... aaaargh! Help!

I flung back the sheet and went to find Mum, she was sitting on the settee, watching “The Highjack” on TV.

Mum: Danny! Back to bed, right away!

Me: But I’ve got a thing under my bed.

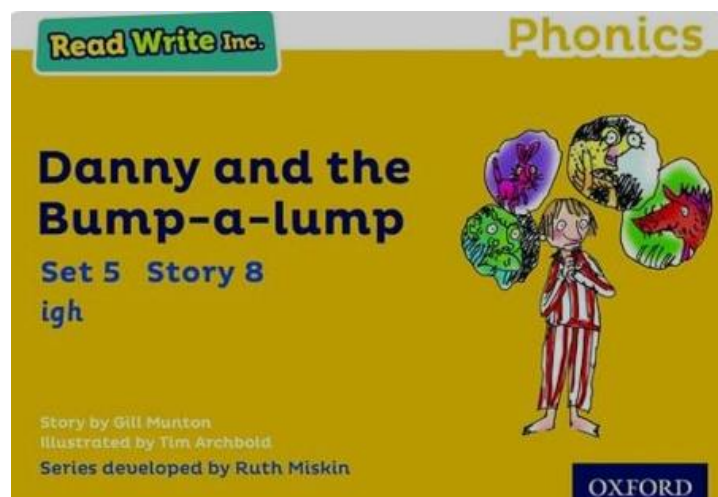
Mum: What is it?

Me: It’s a Bump-a-lump.

Mum: What’s a Bump-a-lump?

Me: Just a Bump-a-lump.

Mum: Is it there in the daylight, or just in the night?



Timed Repeated Read

Grow your own radishes



Did you know that you can grow your very own crop of radishes in just three weeks?

You must sow the seeds in spring. If you want lots of fresh radishes, sow a batch of seeds every three weeks.

Let me show you the best way to grow your own radishes!

You will need:

- A packet of radish seeds
- A shallow plant pot or a window box
- A bag of potting compost
- Some sand
- A black bin bag



Timed Repeated Read



The foolish witch

Hansel and Gretel were lost in the wood. Sobbing, they set off along a narrow path below the tall trees.

Soon, Hansel called, “Look, Gretel! A log cabin!” But the walls were not logs – they were gooey toffee! The windows were not glass, but sweets!

Hansel and Gretel began to munch on bits of cabin. “Mmm! The roof is the **best bit!**” said Gretel, scooping up the crumbs.

But just then, a head popped out of the bathroom window. A tall black hat, a spotty chin, a long, yellow tooth... It was a witch!

