

MACQLIT SESSIONS

Book G

Term Two Weeks 1-5



Teacher: Mrs Sam Whitehead.

Students: Hezekiah, Aimee, Jackuis and Gabriella.

Zoom time: Monday to Friday 9:25 – 9:55

(Please make sure you are logged on and ready to start on time)

trudge

badge

fridge

budge

edge

barge

darkness

cage

ridge

dodge

beg

cringe

page

splodge

lounge

twinge

ledge

brown

age

twig

fudge

merge

wedge

stew

range

hedgehog

badger

disgorge

college

challenge

fidget

partridge

teenage

budget

dislodge

judgement

fledgeling

enlarge

gadget

rampage

diverge

outrage

divulge

smidgen

dodgem

Putting it all together: Story B

Circus Act: Chapter 1

"Drum roll, please," cried the circus ringmaster from the stage.

A cage rolled out from the wings with three lions inside. Two clowns on stage dodged the cage as it advanced and a hush fell over the crowd gathered under the big top. Rick, Tom and Mark didn't budge. They were glued to their seats.

Then an acrobat's swing lowered from the roof. A boy balanced on the swing as the lions were **released**. They prowled around the stage, making the people in the front row **cringe** as they approached.

The boy pumped himself higher and higher on his swing over the lions. He flipped and turned, spinning through the air, always just catching his swing in time. And with each swing low, his feet would graze the lions' manes. They **snarled**, but the boy never flinched.

At the end of his act, the boy hung upside down from his swing and made a soft crooning sound. As he swung back and forth, the lions responded to his call. Two of them lined up underneath the boy. The third lion, the largest, leaped up onto the other lions' backs. Then the boy flipped one last time off his swing and landed on the largest lion's back! The crowd gasped as the lion jumped down and the boy rode with him to the edge of the stage for a moment.

Rick froze. He felt like the boy and the lion were gazing right at him. Then the boy pulled on the lion's mane and they swayed backstage. Clapping erupted around Rick on all sides.

"That was so cool!" said Rick, jumping out of his seat. "I wish I could ride a lion. That boy was our age. We could do it!"

"No way," said Tom. "Are you crazy? Did you see their teeth? Man, you are nuts, Rick!"

"Come on, guys, let's go ride the dodgem cars for now," said Mark. "I've got us three tickets."

"Dodgem cars, awesome, Mark!" Tom and Rick cried, and they ran out of the big top tent to see the rides.

bridge

tinge

wedge

faint

ridge

large

dredge

judge

hinge

print

stage

sludge

gruff

grudge

midge

sulk

hedge

bulge

lodge

surge

pledge

prince

fringe

rage

smudge

hedgehog

badger

disgorge

college

challenge

fidget

partridge

teenage

budget

dislodge

judgement

fledgeling

enlarge

gadget

rampage

diverge

outrage

divulge

smidgen

dodgem

Putting it all together: Story B

Circus Act: Chapter 2

Rick, Tom and Mark ran from the big top across a bridge leading to the dodgem cars. Rick **barged** around the rink, smashing Tom and Mark's cars heaps of times. Tom and Mark smashed him back. It was loads of fun.

When their time was up, Mark said, "I can smell fudge. Should we get some?"

"Okay," said Rick and Tom.

They sprinted over to the fudge stand, passing a line of wacky mirrors on the way.

"Ha, ha, look at you! You're a beanpole!" said Tom to Mark.

"Well, you're as small as a midge!" said Mark to Tom.

"This one makes your tummy bulge right out," said Tom.

"Let me try," said Mark to Tom.

They were so busy looking at themselves they didn't see Rick wasn't there...

"Hey, that's strange. Where's Rick?" asked Mark. They looked over to the fudge stand, but Rick wasn't in line there. The crowds around them had **surged** onto the narrow path. Then they turned around and saw a hole in the hedge behind them. Did Rick go through there?

They peeked through the hedge and saw the circus caravans and the animal cages on the other side. A few clowns and acrobats strolled past. And then they saw Rick, in front of the lions. He had his hand on the hinge of the cage door and there was no lock...

Oh no. "RICK!" shouted Tom and Mark together, **charging** through the hedge. "Don't open the cage!"

Rick turned, surprised. "Open the cage? Why would I do that? I was just arranging a lion riding class with Victor here."

Victor, the boy from the circus show, was in the cage feeding the lions.

“You can come too if you like,” he said with a slight accent, as he stroked the largest lion’s back. “It will be a challenge, but it is safe with our lions if you do as I say. Meet me here after the show tonight.”

“Wow!” said all three boys. This day at the circus was turning out to be a real adventure!

Questions

1. What did the boys do at the circus?
2. What did the wacky mirrors do?
3. Why didn’t Tom and Mark see where Rick went? What does **surged** mean?
4. Where was Rick?
5. What did Tom and Mark think Rick was doing by the lion cage?
6. Why did they **charge** through the hedge? What does **charge** mean?
7. What was Rick really doing by the lion cage?
8. Discuss the use of animals for entertainment.

fair

chair

rare

aware

stare

air

snare

bare

tar

pair

ledge

fairy

hair

stairs

flare

ware

lair

tire

care

haul

share

car

glare

dairy

mare

airport

fanfare

airbags

unfair

prepare

armchair

bareback

stairwell

affair

software

debonair

nightmares

hairbrush

caretaker

farewell

hardware

despairing

airfare

upstairs

beware

Putting it all together: Story B

Tricky Twins: Chapter 1

Claire and Vicky were twins. **Identical** twins. They had the same fair hair, the same pointy nose and the same freckles on their cheeks. Their voices sounded the same and they laughed the same way. And they did everything as a pair.

On the farm where they lived, they rose together, fed the chickens together and **prepared** their bags for the day together. Then they went to school together, came home together, helped to milk the dairy cows together and went to bed in the room they shared together.

Yes, they did everything as a pair. Almost everything. The only thing they couldn't agree on was riding horses.

"It's so much fun!" exclaimed Claire as she rode out across the farm each afternoon on the mare she liked best. But Vicky was scared. She did not want to try, and that was that.

One morning, Claire had a plan. She said to Vicky, "What if I were you for the day? And you were me? Wouldn't it be funny?" Vicky giggled. The twins ran downstairs.

"Morning Claire," said Mum, as she placed a bowl of steaming hot porridge in front of Claire.

"I'm Vicky," said Claire.

Her mother stared at Claire, then said, "I must be tired. Sorry, Vicky." Claire and Vicky winked at each other as their mother turned to dish out another bowl of porridge.

"There you go, Claire," she said, handing the second bowl to Vicky.

"Thanks, Mum," said Vicky, being careful not to smile.

Then their dad came in. "Morning Claire, morning Vicky," he said.

"I'm Claire," said Vicky.

Her father stared hard at Vicky. “Oh, Claire, sorry.” He grabbed some toast from the counter and strode towards the door. “Right, girls, I’m off. I have a fence to repair on the far side of the farm. See you after school.”

Had the pair tricked their parents? They didn’t **dare** to ask. It looked like it was going to be a fun day.

Questions

1. In what ways are Vicky and Claire the same?
2. What do you think they put in their school bags when they **prepared** them? What does **prepared** mean?
3. In what way are Vicky and Claire different?
4. Which horse does Claire ride each afternoon?
5. What did Vicky and Claire decide to do?
6. Who did they trick first?
7. What did they not **dare** to do? What does **dare** mean?
8. Why do you think it might be a fun day for them?

care

blare

shade

hairy

unfair

fraud

stare

dare

scare

despair

spare

affair

hair

impair

star

lair

car

repair

fare

careless

rare

beware

square

bore

chair

bridge

tinge

wedge

faint

ridge

large

dredge

judge

hinge

print

stage

sludge

gruff

grudge

midge

sulk

hedge

bulge

lodge

surge

pledge

prince

fringe

rage

smudge

Putting it all together: Story A

Tricky Twins: Chapter 2

The twins had a lot of fun at school that day. Nobody could tell the girls apart. When they got home, their mother called out to Vicky, "Claire, could you ride out to tell your father it's time for tea, please?"

"Ummm, I'll go," said Claire.

"Vicky, don't be silly," said their mother. "Claire will go." And she rushed Claire inside with her, leaving Vicky on her own in the yard.

Vicky felt a wave of **despair**. She made her way to the barn where Claire's mare seemed to **glare** at her. But she had to do this. She took a big gulp of air and swung up onto the mare.

The mare trotted out of the barn. "I'm riding!" thought Vicky.

"Vicky!" said her dad when she got there. "You did it!"

"I really did, Dad!" said Vicky, who forgot to tell him she was Claire.

"I knew you could," said Dad. "Your mother and I were **aware** of your game today. We played along to try to get you riding and it worked!" He winked at her.

Vicky smiled. "Next time, I might even go bareback," she said, winking back.

catch

pitch

stretch

fetch

clutch

notch

belch

latch

Dutch

sash

wink

fetch

ranch

unzip

blotch

sketch

glare

starch

witch

darkness

satchel

dispatch

hatchet

clutching

kitchen

Putting it all together: Story B

Basil's Mistake: Chapter 1

Basil the rabbit **twitched** his nose back and forth. He could smell something strange. He hopped a bit further up the switchback path he was on, stretching out his ears to catch any odd sounds. No sounds, but there was that smell again. He scratched his chin with a thoughtful paw. What was it?

He went on, jumping over a deep ditch and onto a flat patch of green grass at the top of the rise. And then he saw it. The thatch roof of a little cabin with smoke curling up into the air.

Smoke! That was the smell! Basil had only smelled smoke one time before when he was little.

What was it his mum and dad had said then? Ah, yes. "Leave smoke alone. Smoke means fire, and fire always means people." Then they had all hopped a long way out of their way to avoid the worrying smell.

But he was a grown-up rabbit now, he thought to himself. He'd quite like to see some of these people, after all, and see what all the fuss was about. What harm could he come to?

He hopped down the slope and up to the door of the cabin. The latch was loose, and Basil nosed the door open. He found himself in the kitchen. Something was **simmering** in a large pot over a fire. And there was a bunch of carrots sitting on a low stool by the pot. Basil's nose twitched again. A bunch of carrots would make a fine lunch right about now.

He hopped onto the stool and munched on a plump, orange carrot. It was perfectly sweet and crunchy. Just then footsteps sounded outside. Basil jumped off the stool, kicking over a matchbox in his hurry.

The matches spilled out of the box and into the flames. There was a huge bang as the flames leaped up, catching the legs of the stool. The fire quickly moved to the chairs and curtains in the kitchen, and then the door. Basil **cowered** on the stone floor. He was trapped! What was he to do?

ditch	march	coach	matchstick	backless
itchy	despair	latch	bare	winch
stretch	patch	stair	perch	botch
care	twitch	leach	sketch	scratch
lunch	etch	dodge	untold	kitchen

Putting it all together: Story A

Basil's Mistake: Chapter 2

Outside the flaming kitchen a child was **wailing**. Inside, Basil was stretched out on the stone floor, frozen to the spot. He gave himself up for lost.

Suddenly, a small mouse appeared in front of him.

"Quick! Down here!" said the mouse, disappearing down a hole under the sink.

The mouse's plan had one hitch. The hole was mouse-sized. But Basil had no choice. He scratched at the dirt at the edge of the stone floor until he was underground.

"You can dig this way," squeaked the mouse. "You should come out at the hill." Digging that far sounded **far-fetched** to Basil, but the heat from the kitchen was reaching into the hole now. He had to get away from the fire.

Dirt flew behind him as he tunnelled down in the pitch black. At long last, he dug up again and twitched his nose in the air.

Three little rabbits were there, playing a game of hopscotch. "Look, sir," they said to Basil. "Those silly people set fire to their farmhouse."

Basil nodded **gravely** as he limped away. "Actually, this silly rabbit had a narrow escape," he thought to himself, red-faced.

dodge	fair	catch	unsafe	page
rescue	rich	stare	edge	despair
hutch	dare	cement	pitch	twinge
lair	which	budget	mare	spout
blotch	likeness	hairy	gadget	rare

ledge

dare

winch

batch

stair

crutch

urge

unfair

itchy

square

sage

ridge

careless

belch

despair

share

patch

fairness

wedge

impair

munch

lair

dodge

mare

charge

unstitch

disband

perch

cage

hutch

