

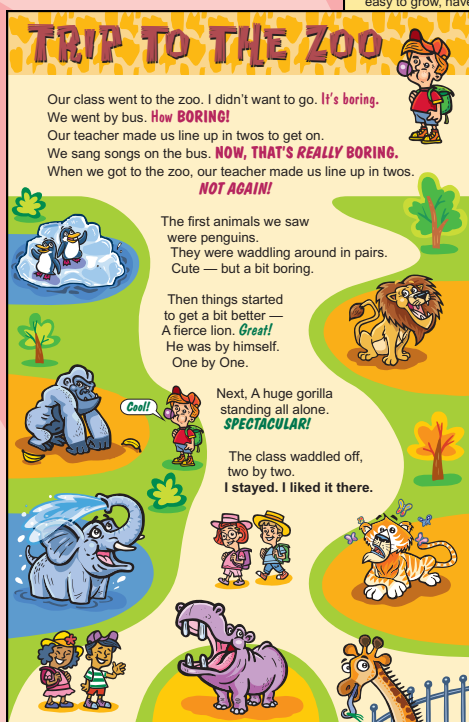
3mag

2009 Year 3 — Literacy preparation

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TRIP TO THE ZOO



Our class went to the zoo. I didn't want to go. **It's boring.**
We went by bus. **How BORING!**
Our teacher made us line up in twos to get on.
We sang songs on the bus. **NOW, THAT'S REALLY BORING.**
When we got to the zoo, our teacher made us line up in twos.
NOT AGAIN!

The first animals we saw were penguins.
They were waddling around in pairs.
Cute — but a bit boring.

Then things started to get a bit better —
A fierce lion. **Great!**
He was by himself.
One by One.

Next, A huge gorilla standing all alone.
SPECTACULAR!

The class waddled off, two by two.
I stayed. I liked it there.

Growing nasturtiums

Nasturtium plants come from Peru. They are easy to grow, have very pretty flowers and Nasturtiums actually flower quite a lot.

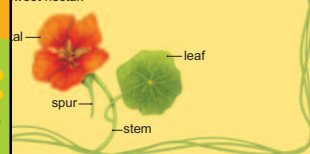
Choose a place in the garden where you can get a lot of sun and water. Nasturtiums like to grow in the soil over. This will stop the soil from getting dry when you water it later.

Put the nasturtium seeds and cover them with soil. Water the soil lightly with grass clippings. Push the seeds in well.


Make sure that the soil doesn't dry out. In less than three weeks, your nasturtium seedlings will come up and grow quickly.

Nasturtiums have a peppery taste and can be used in salads. They are usually yellow, orange or red. The flowers can be used in salads and they have their own taste.

Use the leaves to end off the flower spur (see the picture) and eat the sweet nectar.



The excitement of being Ernest



The first thing that struck you about Ernest was his colour.

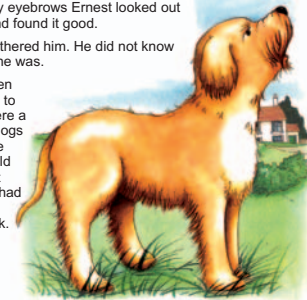
If you had to put a name to it, you would say "honey" — not that pale wax honey that needs a knife to get it out of a jar, but the darker, richer, runny stuff that drips all over the tablecloth if you don't wind the spoon round it properly.

The colour of Ernest's coat, and the second thing about Ernest that was so remarkable was the amount of coat he carried. His body, legs, tail, all had their fair share of that shaggy hair. But it was Ernest's face that was his glory. His fine beard and mustaches framed by shortish hair.

Ernest's shaggy eyebrows Ernest looked out of the window and found it good.

Ernest wasn't bothered him. He did not know that he was a dog.

Ernest had been a dog for a long time, to be sure, but he was a dog who had never asked for anything.



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He was by himself.

One by One.



Cool!



Next, A huge gorilla standing all alone.

SPECTACULAR!

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I stayed. I liked it there.



Growing nasturtiums

Nasturtium plants come from Peru. They are easy to grow, have very pretty flowers and you can eat them! Nasturtiums actually flower best if you don't fertilise them much.

What to do:

Step 1: Choose a place in the garden where you want your nasturtiums to grow.

Step 2: Dig the soil over. This will stop the soil from getting muddy when you water it later.

Step 3: Plant the nasturtium seeds and cover them with soil.

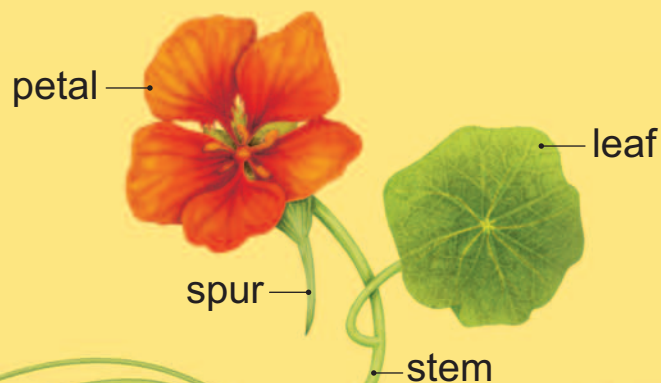
Step 4: Cover the soil lightly with grass clippings.

Step 5: Water the seeds in well.

Make sure each day that the soil doesn't dry out. In less than three weeks your nasturtium seedlings will come up and grow quickly.

Nasturtium leaves have a peppery taste and can be used in salads. The flower petals are usually yellow, orange or red. The flowers can also be eaten in salads and they have their own taste.

If you pinch the very end off the flower spur (see the picture) you can taste the sweet nectar.



The excitement of being Ernest



The first thing that struck you about Ernest was his colour.

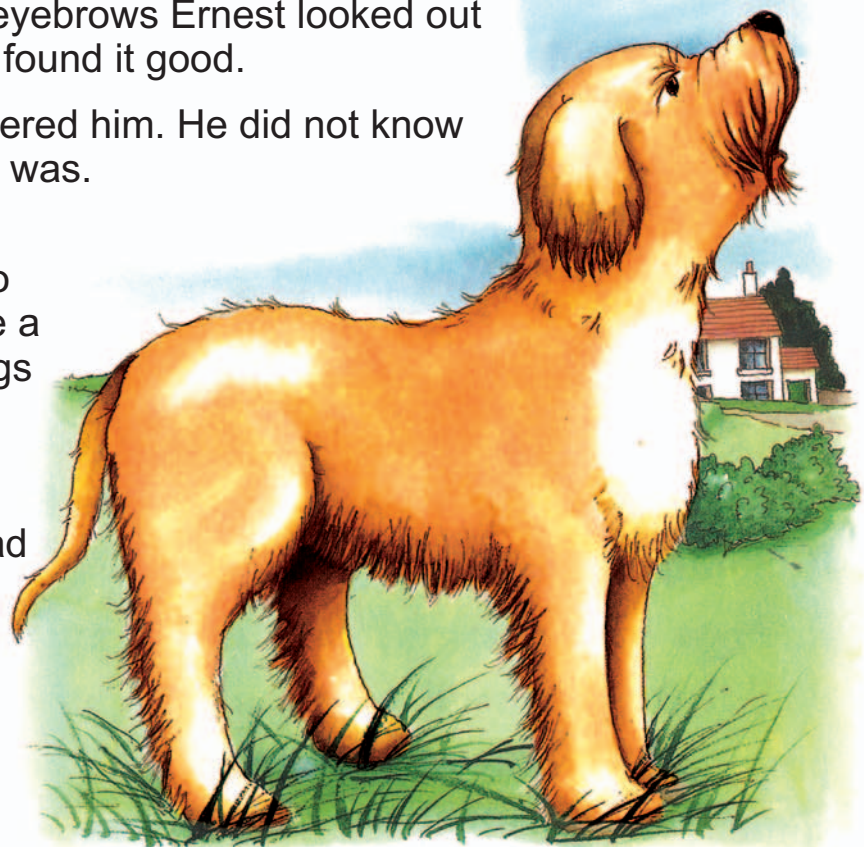
If you had to put a name to it, you would say “honey” — not that pale wax honey that needs a knife to get it out of a jar, but the darker, richer, runny stuff that drips all over the tablecloth if you don’t wind the spoon round it properly.

That was the colour of Ernest’s coat, and the second thing about him that was remarkable was the amount of coat he carried. He was very hairy. Body, legs, tail, all had their fair share of that runny-honey-coloured hair. But it was Ernest’s face that was his fortune, with its fine beard and moustaches framed by shortish droopy ears.

From under bushy eyebrows Ernest looked out upon the world and found it good.

Only one thing bothered him. He did not know what kind of dog he was.

It should have been simple, of course, to find out. There were a number of other dogs living in the village who probably could have told him, but somehow Ernest had never plucked up the courage to ask.



Dick King-Smith