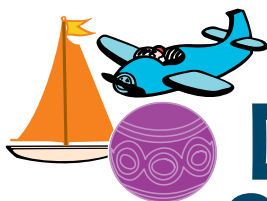


# Going Places

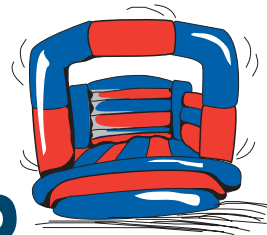


Year 3  
2003



# DUCKTOWN SCHOOL FAIR

RIVER STREET DUCKTOWN



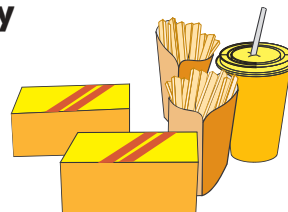
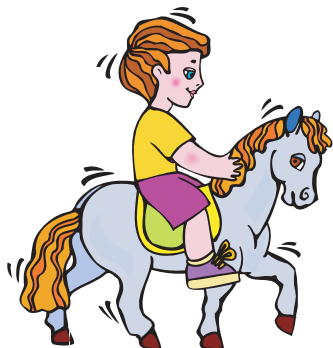
**FUN** for the whole family

## ATTRACTIONS

- ★ Food and Drink
- ★ Jumping Castle
- ★ Used toys and books  
In the school library
- ★ Baby Animal Display
- ★ Climbing Wall  
Only for children older than 7 years
- ★ Pony Rides

Tickets \$1 each

Ducktown School  
Saturday and Sunday  
10 am to 5 pm



# Hector the Rat

Hector the Rat was a disgrace to his family. He was clean. He worked hard. He was kind.

Hector's mother, father, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents were all ashamed of Hector. They said rats should be dirty, low-down and mean.

They gave him a final warning.

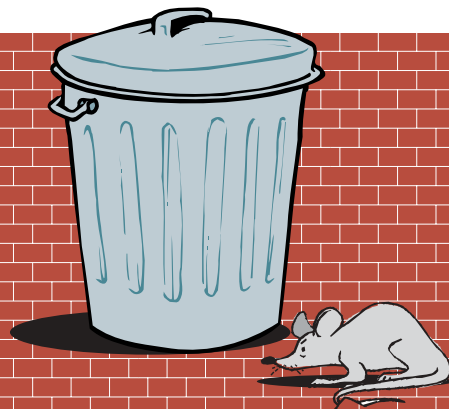
Unless Hector began to behave badly at once, he would be thrown out of the family sewer, never to return.

Hector tried to be dirty, low-down and mean, **but it was hopeless.**

When his brothers and sisters went scavenging in dustbins for food, Hector tidied up after them.

When his father bit strangers in the street, Hector apologised to them and bandaged their wounds.

When his mother ordered him to dirty his room, Hector cleaned it from top to bottom.



# A Lizard's Day



# Bronson

The garden changed a lot after Bronson moved in. The previous owners were keen gardeners, but now it **looked like a rubbish tip**. Bits of chewed-up plastic were all over the place and most of the plants were wrecked. The front lawn used to be perfect. But now it had a track of bare ground along the fence where Bronson ran up and down barking at the people passing by.

Hannah used to grab my hand as we passed Bronson's house on the way to school each morning. Mum was always saying, "John, don't forget to look after Hannah." It made me feel important comforting my little sister. But, to tell the truth, I felt better holding *her* hand too.







# The ‘*Something*’

The *something* launched itself at Victor’s head. Quince darted forward and Victor ducked, so the *something* missed and smacked straight into the trunk of the tree next to him.

It bounced off and fell to the ground and sat there, wailing.

**“Oh, cumquats and castor oil!”** it said. “I’ll never get it right.”

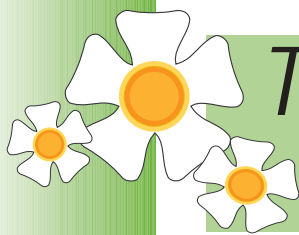
It wasn’t very big, now that Victor had time to look at it more closely, but it had fairly large talons on its feet and wicked-looking clawed hands. It was furry – an orangey fur like the lichens on the trees; and it had a small pointed head like a bat’s and large ears like a bat’s and leathery sort of wings like a bat’s ...

“Are you a bat?” Victor asked.

“What do I look like?” the creature asked right back.

“You look like a bat,” Victor said. “A big orange bat.”

“Top marks. Go to the head of the class.”



# *The Day Grandma Came to Stay*



Ever since Aunty Nina's letter came last week our house has been in a real mess.



Dad's got cans of paint and bits of wood all over the place, and Mum sits up all night sewing hundreds of little white daisies that she's going to stick together for a bedspread.



With all the fuss that's going on you'd think the Queen was coming to stay with us. But it's nothing as exciting as that — it's just that my Grandma is coming over from Italy. Aunty Nina says she needs a holiday.



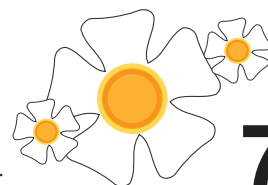
Mum and Dad hardly talk to me any more. They just scream grumpy things like, "Don't put your hands on that wall, Lucy, the paint's still wet", or "Keep out of the way, you'll get your fingers sawn off!"



If I was covered all over with measles spots they wouldn't notice. I thought of dyeing my hair green and making it stick out in spikes like a Dracoid from planet Zepha, but they'd be too busy even to look. So I might as well be a ghost, because ghosts don't eat dinner or need to have their spelling heard, or have to write out 50 times, "I must not play with skeletons in Maths class." (My friend Mrs Timmings gave me the skeleton. She's got all sorts of fantastic stuff in her shop across the road.)



This extract is from *The Day Grandma Came to Stay* by Diana Kidd.



# Year 3 – Writing

This task will take 35 minutes.

**“I wish I could ...”**

You may wish to travel, be famous or  
even turn into something else.

*or*

Your story could be about somebody else  
and what they wish for.

