

# Hatch, Egg, Hatch!

This story was written for young children. Read it carefully and talk about it.

Mother Hen had laid an egg. It was large and beautiful, but she had no idea how to hatch it.

'Maybe if I talked to my egg, it would hatch,' she said.

'Hello beautiful!' she chirped. 'Come out and meet your mother!' Mother Hen talked to her egg for three days but nothing happened.

'Maybe if I fed my egg, it would hatch,' said Mother Hen.

So she cooked a delicious little pan of spaghetti and she poured it all over the egg. Mother Hen cooked for her egg for three days. But nothing happened.

'Maybe if I warmed my egg a little it would hatch,' said Mother Hen. So she knitted a lovely woolly jacket and draped it over the egg. Mother Hen knitted another jacket on the second day and yet another jacket on the third day. But still nothing happened.



'Maybe if I rocked my egg gently, it would hatch,' said Mother Hen. So she made a cradle out of bits of straw and daisies and she put her egg in it and rocked the cradle for three whole days. But still the egg did not hatch.

Poor Mother Hen was growing desperate. 'Oh dear,' she sobbed. 'My baby won't hatch and it won't grow if it won't hatch. What am I to do?' Then she thought a bit harder. 'Maybe if I planted it in the ground, it would grow.' So Mother Hen dug a hole, buried the egg in it and began to water it. She watered it for three days. But still the egg did not hatch.

Poor Mother Hen! She had tried everything. She picked up her egg and went indoors. 'My poor baby,' she clucked. 'If you don't hatch I shall never see you. We shall never know each other. Goodbye!'

Mother Hen was so tired by now that she put her egg on the bed and rested on it. She closed her eyes and fell fast asleep. She slept for three whole days. On the third day, the egg cracked and out popped the baby chick. 'Hello mother!' said Baby Chick. Mother Hen was so surprised!

'Hello beautiful!' she clucked. 'Welcome home!'



Hatch, Egg, Hatch! by Shen Rocio

## Examine 'Hatch, Egg, Hatch!'

Read 'Hatch, Egg, Hatch!' and answer the following.

1 Write a sentence to tell what the story is about.

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2 Who is the main character?

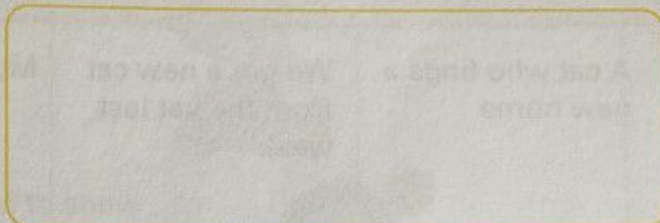
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3 In the box below, draw her as you imagine her. On the lines, write three words to describe her.

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4 In your opinion, where does the story take place?

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5 What problem does Mother Hen have?

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6 Make a list of the ways in which she tries to solve her problem.

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7 How does she finally solve her problem?

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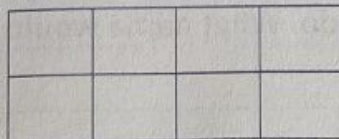
8 Write down any clues you find in the story which tell you it was written for very young children.

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9 This story is taken from a picture book. In your copy, retell the story in eight pictures. You can do this by dividing two pages of your copy into four boxes like this:



## Mr Twit

Read this description of a very famous character and talk about it.

Mr Twit was one of these very hairy-faced men. The whole of his face, except for his forehead, his eyes and his nose, was covered with thick hair. The stuff even sprouted in revolting tufts out of his forehead and ear-holes.

Mr Twit felt that his hairiness made him look terrifically wise and grand. But in truth he was neither of these things. Mr Twit was a twit. He was born a twit. And now at the age of sixty, he was a bigger twit than ever.

The hair on Mr Twit's face didn't grow smooth and matted as it does on most hairy-faced men. It grew in spikes that stuck out straight like the bristles of a nailbrush.

And how often did Mr Twit wash this bristly nailbrushy face of his? The answer is NEVER, not even on Sundays. He hadn't washed it for years.

As you know, an ordinary unhairy face like yours or mine simply gets a bit smudgy if it is not washed often enough, and there's nothing so awful about that.

But a hairy face is a different matter. Things cling to hairs, especially food. Things like gravy go right in among the hairs and stay there. Watch carefully next time you see a hairy man eating his lunch and you will notice that even if he opens his mouth very wide, it is impossible for him to get a spoonful of beef-stew or ice-cream and chocolate sauce into it without leaving some of it on the hairs.

Mr Twit didn't even bother to open his mouth wide when he ate. As a result (and because he never washed) there were always hundreds of bits of old breakfasts and lunches and suppers sticking to the hairs around his face.

Extract from *The Twits* by Roald Dahl



# Examine the Character

Read 'Mr Twit' and answer the following.

- 1 Write four facts about Mr Twit that you learn from the passage.

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- 2 Draw a portrait of Mr Twit as you imagine him and write five words or phrases to describe him in the boxes below.

**Portrait**

**Describing words**

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- 3 Write about two of Mr Twit's most disgusting habits.

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- 4 Imagine you had to interview Mr Twit. Write three questions that you would like to ask him.

Q. \_\_\_\_\_

Q. \_\_\_\_\_

Q. \_\_\_\_\_

- 5 Invent and draw a nasty character of your own. Give him/her a name. Describe your character's bad habits.

**Portrait of** \_\_\_\_\_

**Describing words**

**Habits**

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