

FOUNDATION LITERACY IV

BACK TO BASICS

An Educational Revolution

Aart Bark

FOUNDATION LITERACY 4

A. BARK, The 3R's The Professional Way
Cattai, 2756

ISBN 0 949384 36 4
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READING FLUENCY THROUGH

Word families in Rhyme and Rhythm

Systematic revision of all Sound Patterns

Systematic revision of all English one-beat words (over 4000)

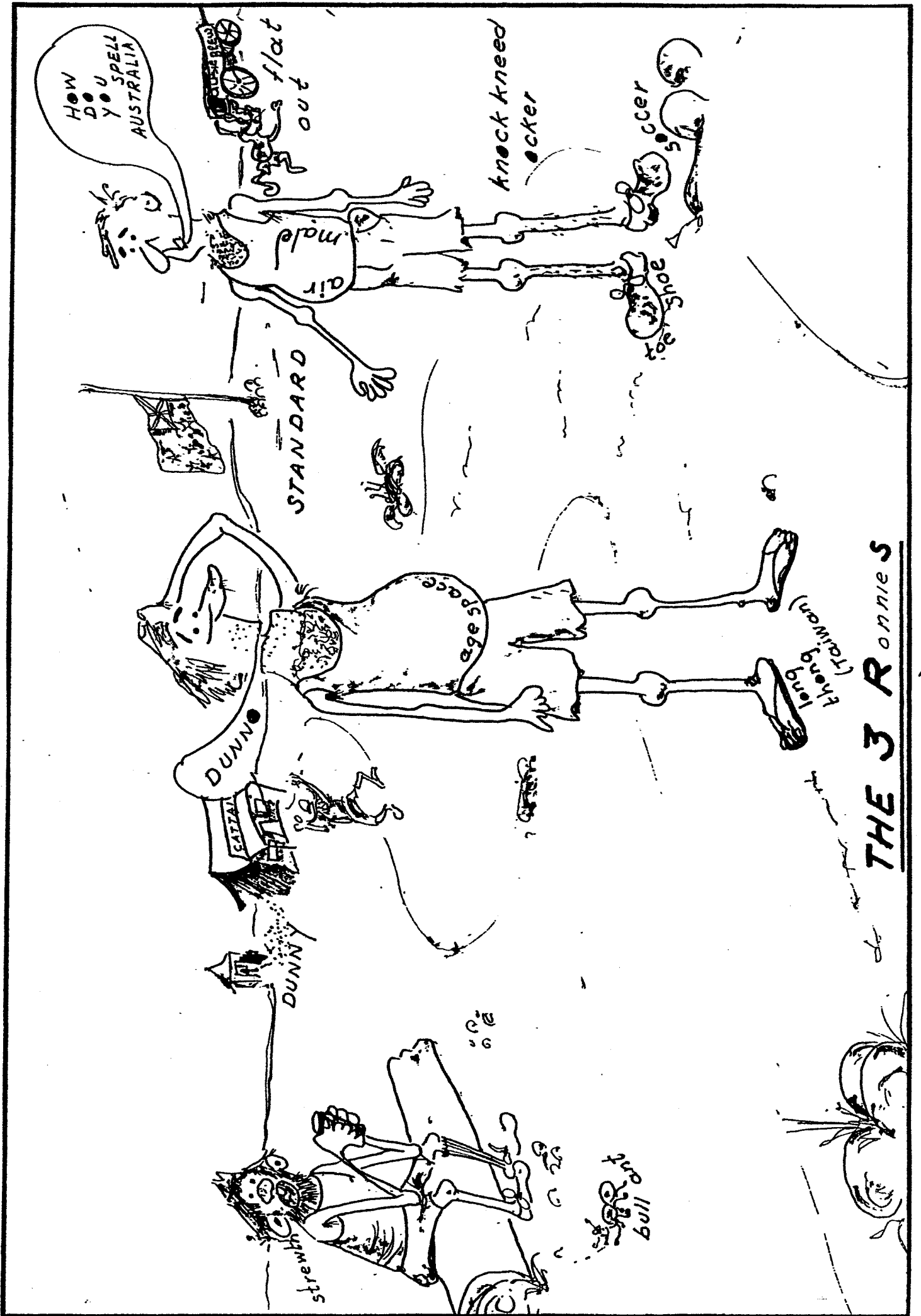
INCIDENTAL SPELLING

ATTENTION AND CONCENTRATION THROUGH

Precision Handwriting

Dictation

MEMORY TRAINING



THE 3 RONNIES

**Professional
Memory training**

1. Interest and therefore memory may be greatly improved through attention, concentration (attention to detail), observation (conscious concentration), evocation (the recall in the mind of any stimulus), understanding, classification, association, revision and repetition. Exercises in all books are based on this knowledge.

2. The collection, the retention and the recollection of data:

- Eyes only retain an image for half a second.
- People may react to a sound 4 seconds after hearing it.
- The new experience must be processed within 30 seconds, otherwise it goes in one eye(ear) and out the other!

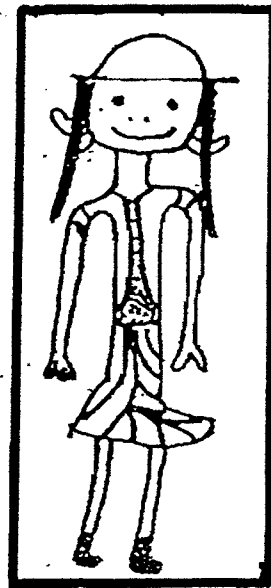
CODE NAMES

The **wordfamilies** in
phonic approach
come under **15 code**
names

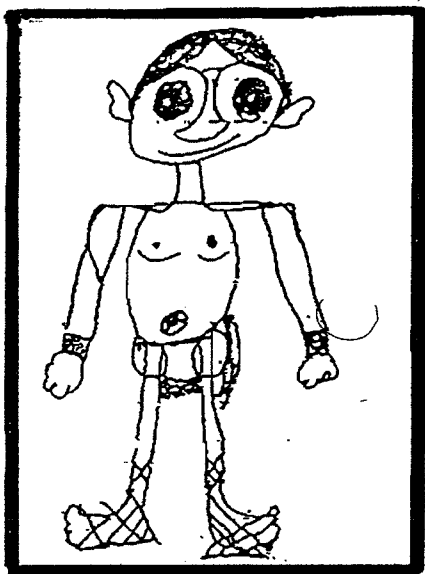
each of which contains one
particular **vowel phoneme**.

To facilitate memorising the
order of the codenames,
they have been subdivided
into **6 groups**, thus forming
the nicknames of the
vowel children

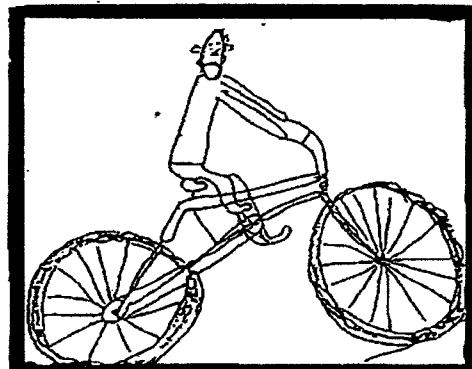
1. SUN TAN TOM



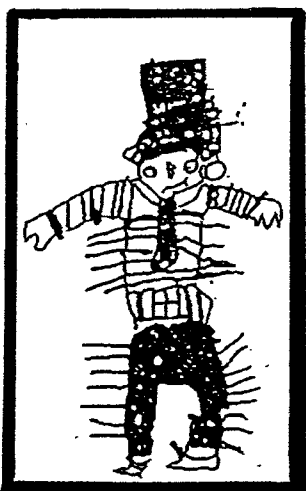
2. SKINNY PENNY



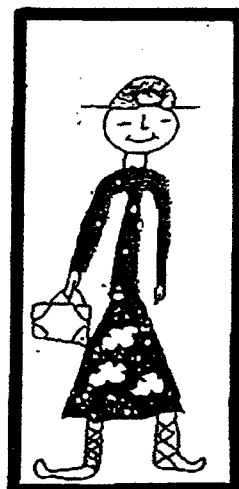
3. PALE PETER



4. TINY TONY

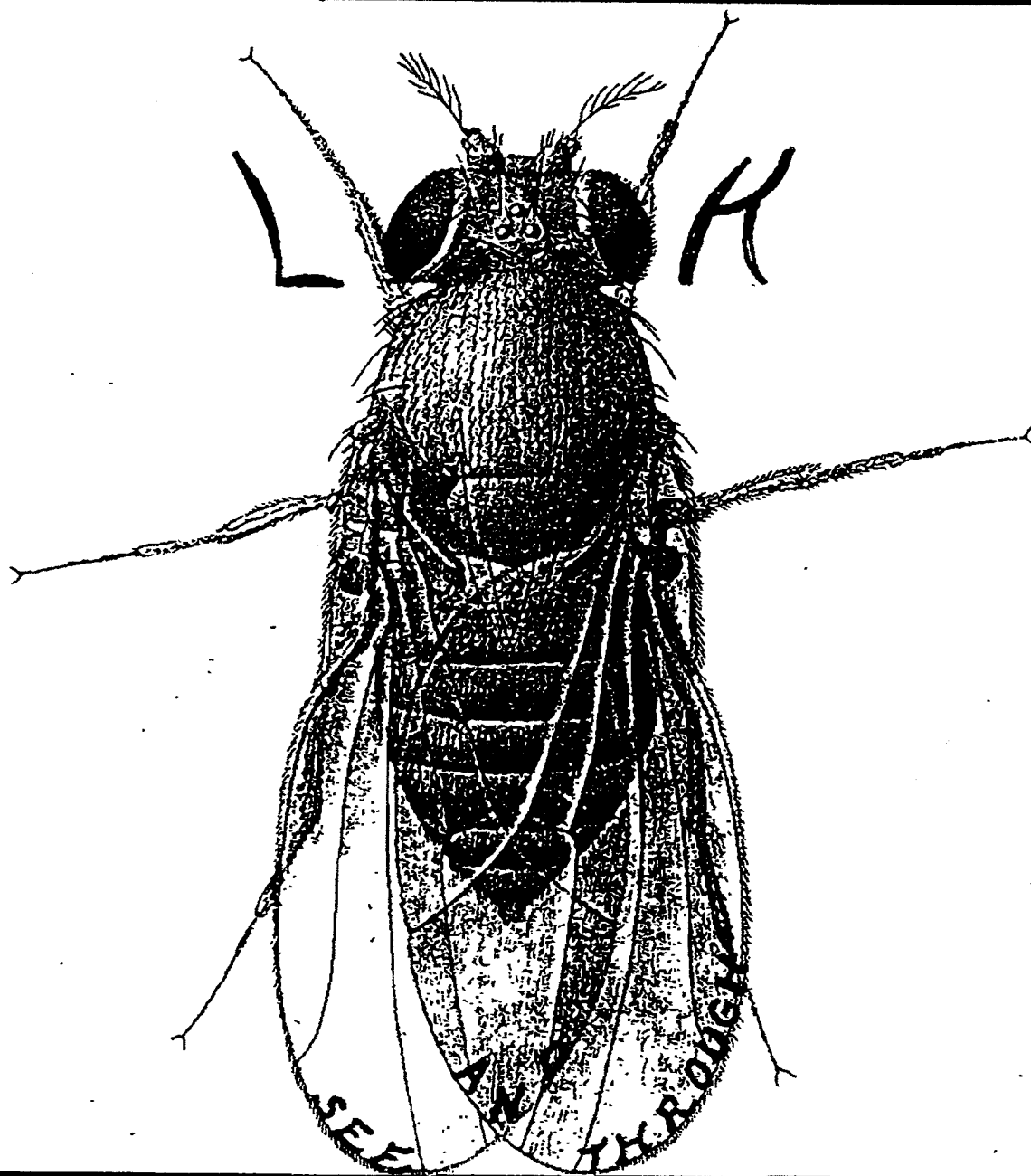


5. BOY SCOUT PAUL



6. SMART GIRL SUE

**It's by hearing that you will
learn to speak. It's by hearing
and speaking that you will best
learn to read.**



Reminder

Indefinite article

[ə]

muttering
vowel

not **A** [ei],

although all schools teach it!
it's almost impossible to change.

How on earth can you learn to read fluently if you use **A** instead of **a**:

"The bug dug **A** hole in **A** rug to give another bug **A** hug."

"Can I have **A**, eh, hamburger please?"

The Sentences

At this stage, students will have acquired quite a skill in talking and comprehending. The new skill of decoding (mechanical reading) is learnt first and then immediately combined with the above skills. The sentences have therefore been written with that in mind. The building up of an appropriate vocabulary should not be left to chance. In this book, the most frequently used words (word count) are included. (Modified Language Experience Approach).

The brain cannot absorb pure data; it becomes information only when seen through the spectacles of an idea. (Edward de Bono). This information has to be processed within 30 seconds. The brain is capable of making 10 new connections per second. It means that words must lead to language. In this case, to the language the student its already used to.

Do not go back to baby talk: Dan has a van.

Don't demolish the house when you only want to build an extension.

Talking about babies: How can they possibly learn to say, "Banana" if you keep saying, "Nana"? And what About "Breckie" instead of "Breakfast"?

READING: CREATIVE CURE

**LITERACY: THE ABILITY TO READ AND WRITE
THE ABILITY TO USE LANGUAGE PROFICIENTLY.**

READING is learnt by READING.

READING WITHOUT FLUENCY IS NOT READING

PROSODIC READING

FLUENCY in reading is trainable and improves overall reading skills.

THE SIMPLEST METHOD IS ALWAYS THE BEST: MODELLING and MEMORY READING.

1. Depending on the student's word span, the teacher reads a phrase or a whole sentence with **theatrical enthusiasm.**

The material in the books that make up the **foundation literacy series** eminently lends itself to this sort of treatment because of its readability and its coherence; after all, **exaggeration, rhyme, rhythm and visualisation** are the most powerful tools used in professional memory training.

2. The student imitates the teacher (echo reading) from memory, with or without peripheral or incidental reading from the corner of the eye so to speak.
A whole class can read in chorus (Choral reading). Apart from giving students the opportunity to legitimately exercise their vocal cords, it is more beneficial than allowing them to engage in fruitless small talk.
3. A whole paragraph, a whole passage or a whole page may be treated this way, always aiming at **increasing the word span.**
4. The student should only be asked to read it by himself when he can fluently imitate what was read to him. No nagging, no "sounding out".
5. In case the student still baulks at a particular word, the teacher must act as a prompter; no more, no less.
6. **Practice makes perfect:** Remarkable results may be obtained by **breaking through the "sound barrier"**. For that to happen, the student must read the rhymes without hearing the words; up to 1400 words per minute.
7. Two stand-by methods may be helpful:
 - ◆ **Neurological impress method** based on the learning-to-ride-a-bike principle. The teacher begins by reading slightly ahead and louder than the student; he "drags" him along, but he must know when to let go altogether or to change to "shadowing" the student for a while.
 - ◆ **The chopstick method:** In this case, the chopstick "drags" the student along. Since it is not human, the chopstick can exercise power **without causing resentment** because it would be silly to argue with a chopstick. When it stops, the student knows that he has misread a word, (a, the, for, from, house, horse, hopping, hoping, offend, etc.) in most cases the result of "skim reading", because some weak-willed teachers don't want to "discourage" the student; **play now, pay later.**

PLEASE NOTE

- The mini-stories in **Phonic-Approach** are written with most words-often unknown-of a particular **Word Family** to improve **Reading Fluency**.
- Because of this restriction, they are **not** examples of good creative writing.
- They have to be read as fast as possible.
- **Comprehension** is not the issue because there already exists a wealth of good books designed for that purpose.
- However, the gist of the story is usually summed up by a **Proverb** instead of a title.



Sun-word stories

The chubby cub was always playing in the shrub, so he always looked like a grub, that's why his mother always gave him a rub and a scrub in the tub between the pub and the club.

Mr Suds lost his duds, so he dropped a whole bucket full of buds and spuds. When the bull was full of the buds and the spuds for the stud, he fell down into the mud with a thud to chew his cud.

Every day, Mrs Bluff used to give her floor and her door a buff with a muff to get rid of a scuff. One day, she was all in a huff and out of puff when she slipped on some slippery stuff.

Sun-word stories

After the bug dug a hole in the rug to give another bug a hug, he went over to his friend the slug who was going to lug a plug around a huge mug and a huge jug.

The truck with the buck and the duck had no luck because they struck the ruck of trucks that got stuck in the sucking guck and muck.

After the lull, the bulb-eyed gull culled the dull, null-eyed fish left behind in the hull on the mull.

Sun-word stories

Yum Yum hurt his gum in a scrum while he tried to hum with all the other kids in the slum. He looked so glum that his mum bought him a drum. Now dumb Yum Yum has a numb thumb.

My very own camel used a sumpoil pump to pump up the humps on his rump. Now he can almost jump over the sumpoil dump of plump John Trump.

Mary Pun, a stunning nun with the hot cross bun on her head undone, had a fun run in the sun until she tripped over the web a funnelweb spider beside her had spun.

Sun-word stories

Don't try to hunt the runt near the back of the blunt-nosed punt; it will jump off and grunt.

I have a hunch that the bunch of you want a crunchy bun to munch on for brunch as well as warm punch for lunch.

Miss Lunge took her balloon for a plunge. She clung to the string she had strung. She hung and she swung... until she got stung by six fleas that sprung up from the cow dung.

Sun-word stories

The punk got his head shrunk when he sunk it right into some gunk that stunk. Then he decided to dunk his chunk of bread into the tea he drunk before putting on the junk in the trunk under his bunk.

Don't speak to the man at the wheel

This week, Gus took us plus his lovely wife in his busy bus. Thus we had a good day. Anything else? Yup!

Busdriver Gus broke his crus. When we went up to see the Melbourne Cup, our pup yapped at the scup flushed as left over supper from a ship's scupper underneath the tub of a pile driver coming down from the upper.

Sun-word stories

Cleanliness is next to godliness

The lass from Yass happened to miss the bus, so she took her ass to Sunday Mass. The priest was cross and made a fuss when the ass made a mess under the church truss.

Hunger is the best sauce

Each day, Mrs Husk works till dusk before eating her rusk. She plays on a tusk of a musk with the other people who busk.

Unjust

“Disgusting!” said Justin. “You must not trust an August gust. Look at my crust; it’s full of rust-coloured dust.”

Sun-word stories

Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families.

“Hush,” said Miss Mushroom to her thrush when she heard the flush. She rushed down the runner of plush and blushed once she saw the lush slush.

Unwanted guest

The door of the hut didn't properly shut, so Mr Glut tied a string of gut between the bolt and the nut, but when his billygoat wanted to come in, he cut it with his scut.

Double Dutch

Duchess Such and Such doesn't earn very much. She lives not in a castle, but in a hutch. She cuts the scutch with an old clutch. It wouldn't surprise me if she were Dutch.

Sun-word stories

No answer is also an answer

When the thief was led before the judge, the constable gave him a nudge; not to bludge, but only to point out that he shouldn't be eating his fudge. However, the man didn't budge nor did he grudge; he just trudged off to the drudge and the smudge of the hard labour in the sludge.

Landslide

The clouds bulged, scudding through the sky above the gulf, above the tuff of the bluff.

A dull buzz! Mr Dunce of the ponyclub, with eyes as sharp as the cusps of the moon, saw the mud with the treestumps slump down the hill.

The truck took the brunt of the thrust. Mr Dunce took his foot off the clutch and flung himself outside, thus saving his life. The truck cracked like a crunchy rusk! Mr Dunce shut his eyes and put the medical benefit fund plugs in his ears. He landed in the tufts of rushes next to some thrushes shunning the fuss. He felt drunk and looked glum. His truck was just like the woodpulp mulch culture with dockleaves for his lungeing paddock.

Dictation sentences

1. The chubby cub was always playing in the shrub between the pub and club.

2. Mr Suds lost his duds, his buds and his spuds.

3. Mrs Bluff gives her floor and her door a buff with a muff to get rid of a scuff.

4. A bug dug a hole in the rug to give another bug a hug.

5. The truck with the buck and the duck got stuck in the muck.

6. After the lull, the gull culled the fish left behind in the hull on the mull.

7. Yum Yum hurt his gum in a scrum when he tried to hum with all the other kids in the slum.

8. The camel pumped up the humps on her rump to jump over the sumpoil dump.

9. Mary Pun, the stunning nun, had a funrun in the sun.

10. Miss Lunge took her balloon for a plunge.

11. The punk got his head shrunk.

12. Don't try to hunt the runt; it will grunt.

13. I have a hunch that the bunch of you want warm punch for lunch.

14. The lass from Yass missed the bus, so she took her ass to Sunday Mass.

15. Mrs Husk the busker works till dusk.

Tan-word stories

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth

Nigel Nab gave the drab looking crab a jab, so the crab gave him a stab in the flab of his slab. Then Nigel Nab ran off to grab a cab to go to the lab of doctor Scab to get a dab with a tab.

Virtue is its own reward

The lad was sad that he had no money to buy a pad. He was glad he asked his dad. He knew that his dad wouldn't be mad, because the lad had never been bad.

Never look a gifthorse in the mouth

Micheal Mag was a dag who liked to brag. One day, he bought his wife a bag. She looked at the tag and started to nag, so he picked up his swag and hopped onto his stag.

Tan-word stories

Flack!

Mack and Jack have a knack of riding black packhacks bare back on the track at the back of the shack. For lack of a rack, the tack is on a stack of sacks with snacks for the hacks. No smacks or whacks for slack hacks, but the whip from the hip goes crack and the hooves go clackety clack.

Necessity is the mother of invention

Baby Sam ate his yam with jam and his clam with ham. When he couldn't cram in the last gram, he gave it to the ram that happened to swam in the dam. However, he came too close, so he asked a lady who went past in a tram: "Please mam, could you slam the brakes of my pram and change my cam, it's a sham." The lady jumped off the tram and said. "Here I am!"

Tan-word stories

The worse luck now, the better another time

When it got damp, the tramp picked up his lamp and went up the ramp to set up camp near the clamp of stamps he wanted to revamp for his scamps. When he began to tamp the sand with his vamp, he got cramp, the old champ.

Better be a fool than a knave

During a fire ban, a man with a pan of bran and his nan from the same clan, carying a can bigger than the pan, ran along the Harbour Bridge span behind a tan van. Afterwards, they needed a fan and a brainscan.

Tan-word stories

You cannot burn the candle at both ends

Bill Bland played with the brass band in the sand in front of the grandstand in Arnhem Land. He blew so hard that he split his gland.

Many hands make light work

Pamela Pang stopped singing the song she sang when she had a prang. She heard the bang, she heard the clang. Then out she sprang and quickly rang the boss of the o-rang-u-tan gang who likes to hang by his fang.

Once bitten, twice shy

Frank the Yank used to spank his son with a plank when the boy drank the petrol out of his tank or fired a blank as a prank to hold up the bank.

Tan-word stories

There is no pleasure without pain

The chap undid his strap with a snap, gave his dog a scrap to stop her yap, put the map on his lap, but when he tried to unwrap the flap of his cap to have a nap, he caught his arm in a trap.

Trash

Harry Hash didn't feel like paying cash for the take-away mash that gave him a rash. There was a clash. I saw him lash out and bash the face of Garry Gash against the dash. I saw lights flash. I saw the smash. I heard the crash. The only thing left was ash.

Tan-word stories

**Better the devil you know than
the devil you don't know**

Splat! The bat spat at the rat through a hole in the slat of the vat, but the bat missed the rat and hit the hat of grandpa who had a chat with the fat cat that sat on the flat mat waiting for a pat and a sprat instead of catching the rat, the brat!

If you want peace, prepare for war
The fox pushed the latch on the hatch in the hatchery to snatch a chook about to scratch a new patch before going back to her batch of eggs. Unfortunately, her legs were no match for the catch.

Tan-word stories

Prang

John Champ, the district's vet and minister, dressed in his alb, was standing under the apse of his church. The sun lit up the asp on his badge. He was sad; he had lost a valve of the alto sax of his jazzclub. He scratched his scalp; the talclike dandruff fell down on his bast thongs.

He picked up the stick in front of his thongs. The ants under it picked up the dandruff-like eggs and ran off with them. John was rapt with wonder. The frillneck stopped, frills up. "Thank God for the ants", he said.

"I shall have to act like them and not just stand here like the frillneck; that will not solve my problems."

He grabbed some snacks and went to Yass. Next problem! Guess what!

He had a flat in the middle of the bridge. He took off the flange of the muffler with a

spanner and used it as a sprag to check the wheel of his car.

Next problem! Guess what! No spare!

Next problem! Guess what!

A man smashed into his car!

While John scratched his scalp, and while the talc-like dandruff fell down on his bast thongs, the man slapped him on the back because he left him stranded.

John picked up the stick in front of his bast thongs and knocked the man off the bridge. Splat! The man swam and swam...

The ants under the stick picked up the dandruff-like eggs and ran off with them.

The frillneck stopped, frills up. John was rapt with wonder "Thank God for the ants", he said. "I shall have to act like them and not stand here like the frillneck; that will not solve my problems."

So, while the man was still swimming, he quickly took the man's spare wheel and off he went.

Tan-word stories

Once a month on Monday

Mr Rabbit has a habit of going from Mascot to Paris in his flying habitat “The rapid batman.” The lavish cabins have dandruff-coloured pillows and piped jazz. Mr Rabbit likes to fly over arid Arabia where saplings cannot grow in the sand which the Arabs have to buy by the handbag or by the sandbag.

One day, he was having a crabdish with radish, catmint and crabfish. As he picked up his napkin, a bandit came in to grab his crabfishdish.

Mr Rabbit, an adult baptist batsman, started to brandish his bat at the crabfishdish bandit to banish him, but when he spotted the anvil neck and the devilish face with eyes of a preying, praying mantis, he slavishly gave in, because he didn't want to forever vanish from his parish!

Dictation sentences

- 1. Nigel Nab gave the drab looking crab a jab.**
- 2. The lad was sad that he couldn't add the numbers on his pad, so he asked for help in an ad.**
- 3. Michael Mag was a bit of a dag who liked to brag.**
- 4. Mack and Jack ride black hacks bare back.**
- 5. Baby Sam gave his ham to the ram in the dam.**
- 6. When it got damp, the tramp went up the ramp.**
- 7. A man and his nan ran behind a tan van.**
- 8. Bill Bland played with the brass band in the sand.**
- 9. Pamela Pang stopped singing the song she sang.**
- 10. Frank the Yank used to spank his son with a plank.**
- 11. The chap undid his strap with a snap.**
- 12. Harry Hash didn't feel like paying cash for the mash.**
- 13. The bat spat at the fat rat that sat on the flat mat.**
- 14. The fox wanted to catch the chook on the batch.**

Tom-word stories

It is no use crying over spilt milk

Bob lost his job selling corn on the cob. Someone dobbed him in, because he used to lob a gob of butter to any snob in the mob that tried to rob him of a cob. Now he sobs with a throbb.

Care killed a cat

Mrs Modbod bought grass by the sod for her new Cape Cod. Her neighbour called her neighing horse to get some broadbeans in the pod. The old sod who had just been shod came up with a nod and a plod while he trod on more than one sod. Mrs Modbod shouted, "Oh my God" and gave him a prod with a rod.

Tom-word stories

Polite

**Don't scoff at the toff when he likes to doff-
that is take off- the soft hat he found on the
ground in the loft of the hut on the croft.**

Better bend than break

**The jolly golliwog put on his tog-one shoe
and one clog-to take his pet pig Hog and
his pet dog Flog for a jog. When he
couldn't even see his own feet in the fog
and the smog, he had an egg-nog on the log
in the bog.**

If you sing before breakfast, you will cry before night

**Mrs Peacock, dressed in one white and
one blue sock, her best frock and her red
smock, got out at six o'clock to round up
the stock. Guess what! The stockhorse hurt
his dock, hock and fetlock on an old crock
on the rock chock-a-block with a flock of
mockingbirds in shock.**

Tom-word stories

Every why has a wherefore

The ox was sniffing at the box; in it was a fox with chickenpox, watching a doll loll on the grass while trying to solve the riddle about the six-volt battery, the brass golfball and the one about the comp between John Olm and John Mc Font who romp and stomp while they chomp.

Make hay while the sun shines

Tom, the Pom from Telecom who invented the atombomb, had gone to buy a scone while the sun shone. Although his hair was blond, he looked like James Bond. He was fond of swimming in the pond.

Tom-word stories

All day long, Mr and Mrs Strong play ping-pong with a left and a right thong while singing a song and giving a dong with a tong on a gong hanging from a prong in front of the throng.

United we stand, united we fall

When the toy soldiers started to stonk the building underneath goose Gonk, she came down with a clonk and a honk. She looked cronk as if she had been drinking a cask of plonk.

When his hopcrop and his mopshop were a flop, Simon Sop blew his top and kicked a silent cop while hanging by a strop to lop and chop a treetop. Since the chainsaw didn't stop, the ten feet drop put an end to Simon Sop.

Tom-word stories

Sister Floss and her holy boss both sat down on the moss to gloss the holy cross.

Jotting down ot-words

A hot, snotty tot with lots of blot-like botspots and polka dots, shot through a slot in his cot, not to cool off on his pot, but to trot off to the next plot where he got stuck between a clot and his old cot left to rot.

Each time Robin Goblin had a scotch, she made a notch. She kept it up until her eyes began to blotch. When she left the skilodge, she couldn't help but bodge her old dodge.

The moth fell from the cloth into the froth of the broth.

Tom-word stories

Tomcat in combat

End of the frost; the six strong oxen are sloshing in the melting mud of the oblong croft belonging to Don Quickshot. An extrotter and a honking goose are waiting for a titbit. The logfire in the skilodge is on; the smoke and the mist mix to make a thick smog. The bronze lamp is on. A little girl with blond hair is eating her Scotch frothy broth from a Scotch conch. Her talking doll, dressed in a red frock, asks if she likes the froth on the broth. The little girl nods her head. The fat wombat-like tomcat is not only watching the moth that fell off the cloth into the broth, but also the lambchops! A toss up... Not much profit in a moth dissolved in the broth! He opts for the chops! The tomcat's throbbing stomach ache prompts him to hop onto the hot stove; the girl had left it on!

Dictation sentences

1. Bob lost his job selling corn on the cob.

2. Mrs Modbod bought grass by the sod.

3. Don't scoff at the toff; he might fall off the loft.

4. The jolly golliwog put on his tog to go for a jog.

5. Mrs Peacock, dressed in a red frock and only one sock, got up at 6 o'clock.

6. All day long, Mr and Mrs Strong play ping-pong.

7. Simon Sop made a flop of his mopshop.

8. Sister Floss and her holy boss put a new gloss on the holy cross.

9. The snotty tot had lots of botspots.

10. Robin Goblin had a scotch before going to the skilodge in her old dodge.

Skinny-word stories

When baby Glib told a fib, he fell from the jib of his crib, broke his rib and lost his bib.

Billy the kid hid behind the lid in a bid to get rid of a midget. When he started to fidget, he did a skid and slid across the width of the lid amidst some other midgets.

The gift of foresight

If Mr Thrift had not cut short his fifth shift in the swift skilift, he and his dog Sniff would have had to sift their way through the snowdrift across the cliff. They wouldn't have been able to hear their midnight riff.

Skinny-word stories

Last year, little Miss Fig had to quickly rig her open pig-drawn gig because she had to dance the jig for all the children on board the brig. It was a pity that she never saw the city. As soon as she had gone, the pig wanted to dig for a swig, and little Miss Fig, who was smaller than a sprig and thinner than a twig, lost her wig that was too big.

Carol Quickstick keeps a thick chick that is always in good nick and never ever sick. She was the first Australian woman able to teach a chick the trick of laying eggs under the table in the stable, between a brick and saltlick.

Skinny-word stories

Bill Thrill, the silly dill, is still very ill. Early last night, at about eight o'clock, he went out to drill a hole in the windowsill of the sawmill high up on the hill near the rill. He worked till he caught a chill in the rain, but I believe that he will soon be better again.

Sammy Silk talks with a lilt when he wears a kilt or drinks his milk. He walks on a stilt to pick flowers that wilt in the silt or to tilt buckets filled to the hilt.

Prim Miss Vim looks as slim and trim as the rim of a shim. Her eyes filled to the brim with glim for Jim never really swim in tears.



Skinny-word stories

When one leg of the shrimp began to crimp, the imp couldn't but swim with a limp, so from then on, he had to scrape and scrimp.

Teona Fin is as thin as a pin; thinner than her twin sister Sin. She can sit in a tin without making a din or hurting her shin. She can ever spin the tin with a grin on her chin. If she had a race with the wind, she would win.

Everyone to his taste

Since the prince didn't like the quince mince, he had to wince and leave to have a mouth rinse.

Skinny-word stories

Pretty Wing Ming likes to sing and cling to her swing in spring. One day, she heard the doorbell ring. When the thing on a string made an incredible ding, she knew it was Ping Nettle sting, so she decided to fling herself off the swing to see what Ping would bring. Now, pretty Wing Ming walks with her arm in a sling.

Every night, Polly Pink would slink in a different mink near the brink of the local ice-rink. Boys would whistle and wink. Her eyes would blink. They would think she'd like a drink and maybe clink to make a link. However, then their great hopes would shrink and sink because all of a sudden, Polly Pink would jink.

Skinny-word stories

The wife of Zip Snip bought a lemon squash during a trip on a ship, gave the waiter a tip and took hold of the glass with a firm grip. Just as she was about to dip her lip into the nip to have a sip, she thought she ought to first flip away a thrip together with a pip. However, the drip of the drop on the pip made her slip on the slippery dip, chip her hip and rip her scrip.

Three years ago, Chris Bliss tried to kiss a Swiss Miss whose name was Shirley Criss. She stopped this with a hiss and said; “No risk,” and took off on her brisk horse Frisk.

Skinny-word stories

Wendy Wisp speaks with a crisp lisp when she gets herself into a twist by looking at her shopping list in the mist while eating a handful of grist. When she has the very strong wish to finish a dishful of fish, you should hear her swish!

Last week, little twit Nitwit was hit by the lamp she had lit. Since she was a bit unfit, she needed to sit a bit near the sandpit to listen to some music and to eat her banana split. Unfortunately, she was not sure of how to finish it because of the flit of grit that came through a slit of the bridge over the spit.

Skinny-word stories

Which witch?

The rich witch from Ipswich looks like an ostrich eating a sandwich.

She has a broomstick with a real lightswitch to find her way through the pitchdark ditch when she gives her petbitch a hitch to go to the Vet for a stitch to get rid of her twitch or to ask for some stuff to cure her itch.

Mrs Ridge lives in an old fridge near the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

One day, she had a binge. She bought some dye to tinge her fringe together with a fringedoor hinge. When she came down our street, we saw her cringe because she had caught her foot in a springe. We heard her whine and whinge because of the twinge.

Skinny-word stories

Slippery dip

Mr Shrimp lived in a house on stilts along Scrimp river. He was a potter. Underneath the house, he had his workshop. Next to the house on the left where it was bricked in, there was a kiln. On the right of it was a block of land with six quinces, strictly for his own use. Unfortunately, the six little imps of the blacksmith filched the fruit now and then because their mother was not as alert as the other mothers in the district and because she had to also look after the six little imps of her sick brother-in-law, a Swiss silkscreen printer on a strict diet.

Before putting a dish in the kiln. Mr Shrimp would take two liver-coloured slivers of clay, pinch the ends and stick them on to form the handles. After

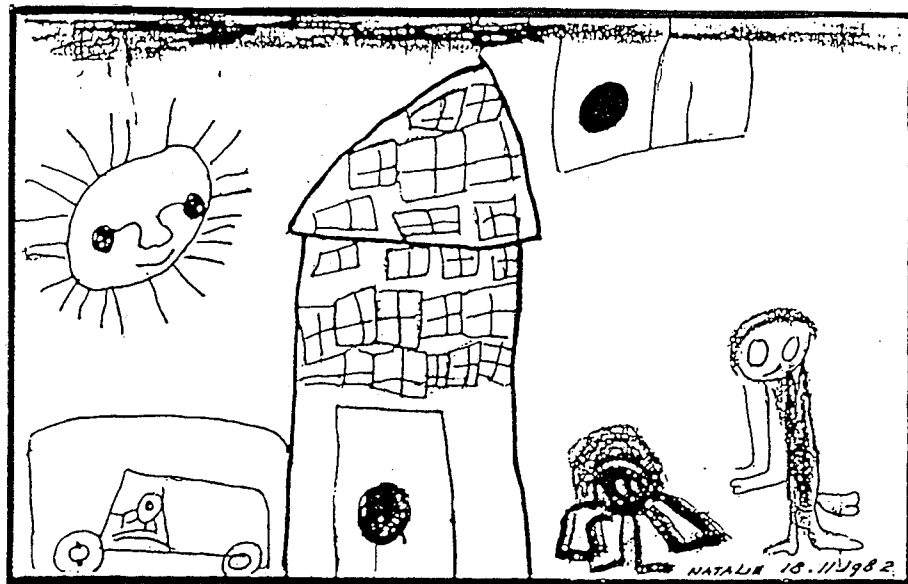
switching on the gasfire, he would get stuck in the tilth of his quincepatch. After the firing, he would paint a gild edge on the dish and a shrimp on the bottom.

He was not a glib salesman but still, rich people liked to buy the expensive dishes stacked along the plinth of his giftshop. One day, on his birthday as a matter of fact, Mr Shrimp spotted the six little imps filching his quinces again, because the sounds of their sniffy noses and their shrill voices was drifting his way in the brisk wind. "This is it", he said. With a swift sprint and a thick stick, he intended to fix the six in a bid to get rid of them once and for all. But on his trip to the backdoor, he tripped over a wingnut on the floor and skidded on a thin film of a bilgelike water and clay mix spilt from the sink which was filled to the brim; he used it to rinse his tools.

He tried to grab the handle of the fridge, but lost his grip and hit his chin on the bin under the window sill at the end of the slippery dip and then bit his lip!

He twisted his hand and split his thin leg with the sound of a crisp twig.

The six little imps could hear him whinge because he would have to have a foot with a thin hinge and from then on, Mr Shrimp would walk with a limp. I think that if he starts up his potter's wheel again-his fifth!- he will not kick the thing with so much vim to make it spin!



Dictation sentences

1. Since Prince Mince didn't like our sour quince, he had to wince and rinse his mouth.

2. Fred Flint had a sprint to buy some mint. On the way back, he tripped over his own footprint.

3. When the finch used a winch to haul up the chinch, it was a cinch.

4. Pretty Wing Ming likes to sing and cling to her swing in spring.

5. Every night, Polly Pink would slink in a different mink near the brink of the ice-rink.

6. The wife of Zip Snip bought a lemon squash during a trip on a ship.

7. Chris Bliss tried to kiss Swiss Miss Criss, but she stopped this with a hiss.

8. Wendy Wisp speaks with a crisp lisp when she gets herself into a twist by looking at her shopping list in the mist.

9. Little Twit Nitwit was hit by the lamp she had lit, so she went to sit a bit in the sandpit.

10. Which Witch? The rich witch from Ipswich who looks like an ostrich eating a sandwich.

11. Mrs Ridge lives in a fridge near the bridge.

Penny-word stories

Hereditary

When Ted Homestead was fed, he was led to his bed in the shed where he was born and bred. One day, he decided to wed so he fled. He sped and he sped until his nose was red, because it bled. He took the shred of an old spiderweb and, ever so deft, the man that had never committed a theft, wore the weft from right to left to stop the cleft so that he didn't have to heft his head.

Jacques the peg

“I beg your pardon Mr Peg,” said the Cleg when her egg fell from the keg onto his extra leg.

Penny-word stories

Barking dogs seldom bite

“All hands on deck!” roared captain Check. “If I see one single speck, I’ll break your neck with a sneck.”

Water is a boon in the desert, but the drowing man curses it.

Mr Dwell grows flowers in the dell that sell very well because of their smell. He advertises them by means of a bell or an enormous yell that makes his mouth swell and all the snails go back in their shell. You can tell when there is a dry spell. Last year, when the water level fell, he raised hell at the bottom of the well.

Penny-word stories

The eye is bigger than the belly.

The Welshman held a diploma in welding, so one day, he made one hundred shoes for his gelding.

Then he was hungry. After letting the butter melt and eating the smelt, he felt the welt of his pelt belt, but when he loosened it, he had to try hard to squelch a belch.

On September the twelfth, his sister Miss Elf, opened a shop with a help yourself shelf; it would help if her Welsh terrier didn't yelp. Some customers hem when they buy flowers, and she tempts to stem them.

Curtesy costs nothing

When she heard the big Ben, Ken's hen, the one with the wen, rushed straight from the pen into the lower den of the ten men, then the ten men rushed into the fen in the glen.

Penny-word stories

Make the best of a bad bargain

Miss Mend always wore hats that didn't blend with the suits of her friend; they would offend, tend to send him around the bend or rend his heart, although she had to depend on him for the money she could spend, so in the end, she had to either vend the old ones or suspend asking him for a lend!

There's a black sheep in every flock

Miss Dent couldn't pay the rent during Lent, so she went out to buy a tent with the money her mother had sent. Although this was her tenth tent, she put it again too close to a fish and chips vent, because her mind was bent. At length, she lost her strength because of the stench, and when the waste in a trench was about to drench her own French fries on the bench, she had to clench them with a wrench.

Penny-word stories

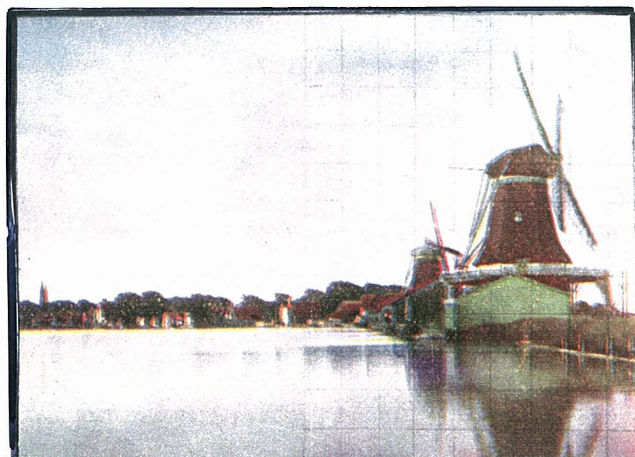
One cannot put back the clock

Samuel Pep, headmaster of the local prep, hastened his step when he heard that his wife wept. She had crept out of bed while she slept. When he turned on the light, she had been swept into the depth of the night.

Yes, sir!

When Tess Watercress showed the local press how she and her falcon played chess, his jess, made up of a tress, was tied, more or less, to her dress.

Although he was under stress, I guess, he didn't make a mess; God bless...



Penny-word stories

Lest we forget

Beyond the cross on the crest, men that used to jest, men that went from South to North, from East to West. Men that fought with zest a human pest, men that did their best to protect the nest of the rest, men that stood the test, until they went down without medals on their chest: fresh blood and flesh under greenish mesh.

Crocodile tears

I bet the member of the jet-set I met won't get his daughter's pet to the vet just yet, so he'll let him fret under a net out in the wet.

He is rich that has few wants

Christopher Pledge sat down on his old sledge beneath the wedge of the ledge at the end of the hedge to watch a mother bird fledge her young one on the dredge.

Penny-word stories

Stretching a dry point

Fletch Fletcher made a sketch and an etch of the ketch at a stretch on a stretcher.

Good fences make good neighbours

Miss Sophie Flense felt so tense in a forest so dense, that it makes sense that she burnt 10 cents worth of incense. Whence did she come? From over the fence; hence she should pay a sixpence.

Stonehenge

The holy sect used the depth of an underground cave as their dwelling. There was one vent and only one exit which led to the stonehenge above. The henge was built of massive blocks put in a circle. The holy gatherings were held there. There were twelve men in the holy sect: seven were Dutch, three were

French, the tenth and the twelfth were Welshmen who played holy songs on a magnetic clarinet. Yes, sir! Since they lived in the Iron Age, they used it as a prehistoric vacuumcleaner as well. The members of the holy sect left the spiderwebs where they were in order to catch the insects, especially the kind of frenzied friend that tempts to get stuck into the fleshy parts of arms and legs when given a chance.

They slept in sledges which, in winter, were pulled along by a pack of dogs in order to transport more blocks for the henge.

In summer, one of the dogs had to spend his days sitting at one end of the dwelling; he used to yelp and fret.

Nevertheless, he kept a check on the contents of the holy chest with holy belongings, because of the many thefts in the district. He would tear anyone to

shreds, except his boss. Even the other eleven members of the sect had to remember to stay clear. Yet one of them came so near that he saw with awe the flawless draw of the awl-like claw, the paw, the jaw; he saw the sawblade; he nearly heard the gnaw...gnaw... and after that... he would have been no more than raw meat or coleslaw in the craw...awful!

The twelve men were blessed with a good health. Their strength was incredible.

Hanging from their hairy chest, their hairy arms were like sledheammers with which they could squelch a crocodile! They lived on beansprouts and eagle eggs which they kept in a crock on the shelf next to the well. They had flexible hemp belts and sandals. One day, when they were out, the rain came pelting down the exit; the

floodwater stood chest high; holy chest, I mean. They came back drenched; with each step, their sandals went “squelch”. They still had to clean up the mess and fix up their sketch books. I guess!



Dictation sentences

- 1. Ted was fed and then led to his bed in the shed where he was born and bred.**
- 2. A hard-boiled egg fell from a keg onto Mr Peg's leg.**
- 3. "All hands on deck!" roared captain Check.**
- 4. Mr Dwell grows flowers in the dell. They sell well because of their smell.**
- 5. A Welshman held a diploma in welding so one day, he made new shoes for his gelding.**
- 6. Ten men rushed into the fen in the glen.**
- 7. Miss Mend would always wear hats that formed a blend with the suits of her friend.**
- 8. Miss Dent couldn't pay the rent for her expensive tent.**
- 9. Samuel Pep's wife wept and crept out of bed while she slept.**
- 10. Miss Watercress likes to play chess with her friend Tess.**
- 11. Before going West, the men had a rest on the crest of the hill.**
- 12. I bet her pet has to go to the Vet.**
- 13. The sledge ran into the hedge.**
- 14. Fletch Fletcher made a sketch of his ketch**

Pale-word stories

He travels faster who travels alone

One day in May, splay-footed Ray Fray would have liked to slay Gay Fay on their way to Byron Bay with a load of chickens and bales of hay.

Although Gay heard Ray say “Nay”, she kept on using her hair-spray. The tray of the dray began to play up and sway, because the donkey began to jaywalk and bray. They couldn’t but pray that the chooks wouldn’t stray, but would continue to lay in order to pay their way.

Deeds, not words

Benjamin Splade, a salesman in the building trade, armed with a sawblade and a spade, bade his wife farewell and started to wade through the floodwaters in the shade of the glade to look for jade before the light would fade.

Pale-word stories

Better safe than sorry

They had to lock up the old sage in an old cage when it came to the stage that he would engage in a rage if he couldn't turn his page, if he hit his thumb with a swage or wouldn't accept a lower wage because of his age.

Everything comes to him who waits

Each time sir Francis Drake would fake to sleep through an earthquake under his house built near the lake, his next door neighbour, Mrs Blake, would wake him up, for his own sake, with a snake, a rake or a handbrake, although sometimes, her own life was at stake. So she had the bright idea, instead, to bake him a cornflake cake and, in order to slake his thirst first, to make him an early morning takeaway milkshake.

Pale-word stories

Sea chanty (tall tale)

Hale and hearty Jonah haled the male whale over the wale of his boat. He put it up for sale in Moss Vale where he would soon grow kale and dwale in the swale as well as build a large-scale shanty of shale, clay and bales of hay. Unfortunately, a gale sparked off a bale. Jonah turned pale when it was too hard to inhale. Fortunately he put out the flaming bale with stale ale and Devondale.

You couldn't blame the dame

The tame, but fiery dame came galloping into the hall of fame which had her name written in a golden frame underneath the fiery flame of the Olympic game. Wouldn't it be a shame if the same dame became lame?

Pale-word stories

Plane crash

Zany Jane and Shane the Dane almost went insane when their plane hit the vane of a crane in the sugarcane. Just when their hopes began to wane, they saw a mare down the lane near the fane. They jumped through the pane and grabbed its mane.

Variety is the spice of life

When the ape saw himself gape at the sour grape on our new video tape, he was having such a shock that he rolled off the rock of the cape and broke his nape. Now he is so out of shape that he can't even scratch or scrape in between the folds of his drape.

Pale-word stories

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder

When the Ace got first place in the race, he took off his helmet in order to be kissed by a beauty queen called Grace. After she had done the one pace to cover the space between her and her lover's embrace, there wasn't a trace left of her face and her white lace!

Haste makes waste

In all her haste, Miss Chaste dropped her number one toothpaste. What a waste! That's why she was late for the applecase chase around the outside of the office at the helicopter company airbase.

Pale-word stories

Fate

Kate Spate and her mate from the Sunshine State were a bit in a state. One night, they made a date to rollerskate. Afterwards, they sat down on a slate crate to have a party with a plate of delicious rollnut date. Since Kate used to hate coming home late, she rushed so much that she fell through the grate in front of the gate.

A bully is always a coward

The slave went into the cave where he gave his master a shave. When a wave filled most of the cave up to the nave, turning the cave into a grave, the master began to rant and rave and crave for a slave brave enough to save his life and stave off the wave.

Pale-word stories

Stampede

Amazing! The cows stopped to graze and looked in a daze, with that certain laze, at the reddish haze, but when they saw the craze of the blaze braze and raze, they panicked as if trapped in a maze

Spraying the grapes

At the age of eighteen, crazy Jane and crazy Shane gave away a brave display in their spray-planes, tracing hair-raising loops in the air above the crowd at the fairy-floss stand owned by the boss of the fair. It was their way of saying farewell. They had sold their wasteland by the lake to him because their cows never had a blade of grass to graze on, so the eighteen-year olds were not making money any longer by making milkshakes for the eighteen

neighing horses of their neighbours. Eventually they were on the way to their new place in Hay. They were taking a spade and a rake to tend the grapevines which, they said, were not doing so well at that stage, despite the fact that crazy Shane had paid a lot of money for them. He was not blaming the salesman, but rather the delay in the May rains. It would be such a shame if they were to lose the grapes.

It was getting late, so crazy Jane thought that it would be quite safe to have a race to make up for the delay. Crazy Shane said “Okay”, but their haste went to waste.

They were taking too much risk despite the sudden change in the weather. A real gale started up. Strangely enough, instead of scaling down their speed, they went faster and faster. Their wings touched! The planes were shaking;

**down they went, faster and faster!
Crazy Shane and crazy Jane made a
crashlanding...**

**The propeller blades first hit a crate,
then a bale of hay which went up in
flames, while the planes went down,
scraping the ground, thus ripping up
the grapevines instead of spraying
them.**

**Their land looked as if it had been hit
by an earthquake, so in the end, crazy
Shane and crazy Jane didn't need the
spade and the rake, except, perhaps, to
catch a snake.**



Dictation sentences

- 1. One day in May, Ray Fray and Gay Fay went to Byron Bay with bales of hay.**
- 2. Mr Splade, armed with a sawblade and a spade, made his way through the glade.**
- 3. They had to lock up the old sage in an old cage when he went through a stage of rage.**
- 4. Mr Drake would fake to sleep through an earthquake, so Mrs Blake would wake him with a rake or a snake for his own sake.**
- 5. Hale and hearty Jonah put his whale up for sale in Moss Vale.**
- 6. The tame dame came into the hall of fame.**
- 7. Jane and Shane went insane when their plane hit the vane of a sugarcane crane.**
- 8. The ape saw himself gape at the sour grapes on our videotape.**
- 9. When Grace kissed the ace who came first in the race, she got a black face.**
- 10. In her haste, she dropped the paste. Such waste!**
- 11. Kate Spate had a date to rollerskate.**
- 12. The slave gave him a shave in the cave.**
- 13. They saw the craze of the fiery blaze.**

Peter-word stories

Spending spree

Wee Mr Lee paid his fee and got three golfballs free. Gee! With glee, he put up his tee in the lee of a tree.

Unfortunately, he didn't see the wee bee under his knee that geed him up to flee back to Taree.

According to the local creed

As soon as this breed of steed is freed, the speed of its greed to feed on weed-and reed seed, regardless of its need, will, indeed, make its nose bleed.

Green sleeves

Last week, Zorba the Greek, sleek, red cheeks(not meek) had a peek along Athens creek to seek a spot to grow a kind of leek that won't reek, and to raise cattle for beef on the reef.

Peter-word stories

Fishing trip(excuse the pun)

Sir Robert Peel wound the wheel of his reel when he could feel a big eel underneath the steel keel of his boat. As he started to kneel and peel the skin off the eel, he caught one heel in the hem of his coat; the boat heeled and he reeled with his creel into the moat, the silly goat.

Ween and weep

A girl of seventeen who weened she was the local beauty queen, used to preen herself with Mr Sheen; that's how keen she had been to be seen on the screen. When she came thirteen, she was green with envy, so to vent her spleen, she brought down the screen with a ball-peen, between one and one fifteen in the canteen

It always seems to teem with rain when she deems it necessary to see me.

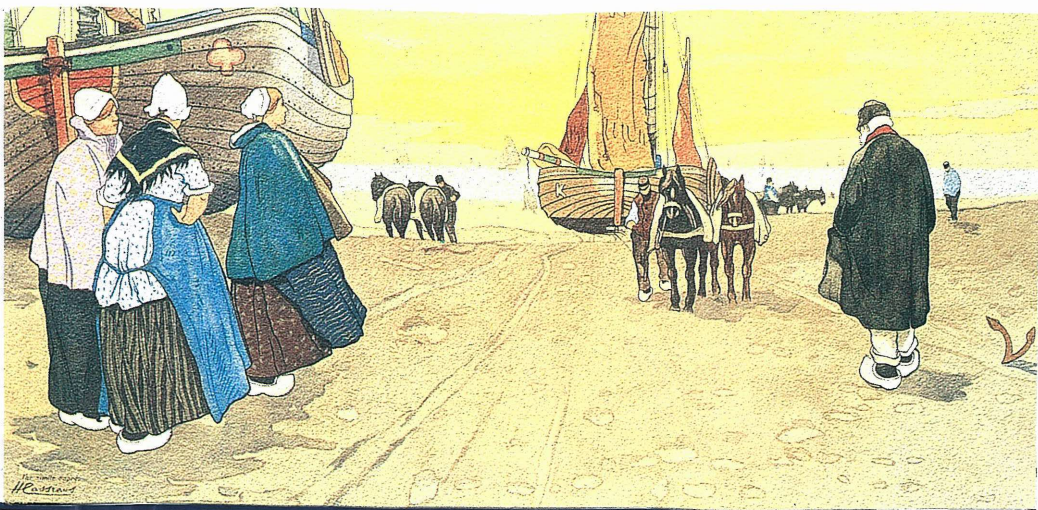
Peter-word stories

Prevention is better than cure

Have a peep to see the sweeper-jeep creep up the steep hill, with a beep and a bleep. If it didn't sweep, water would not seep into the deep and the sheep we keep would weep.

The sheet of eet words

Discreet, bare feet, I walk the street. No one to meet. No one to greet. No budgie to tweet. Just chewing sweet sugar beet, splashed by the sleet of the fleet of beetles going past, fast!



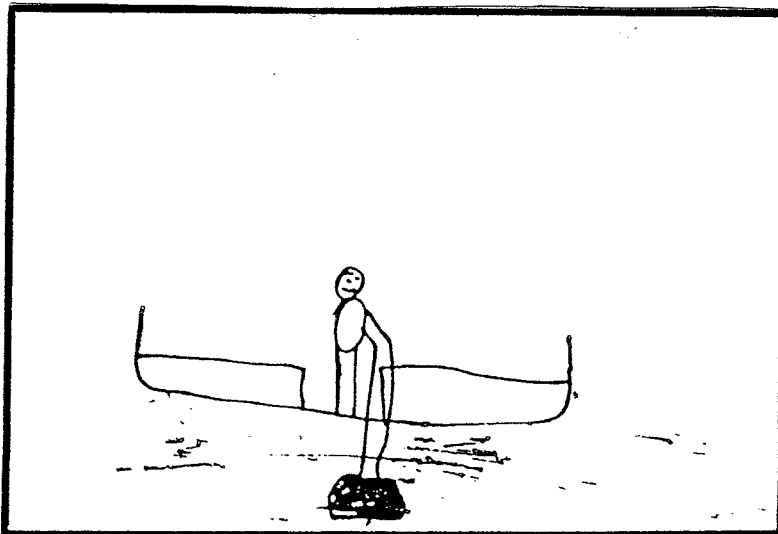
Peter-word stories

Barking dogs seldom bite; indeed, but...

Last week, the three of us, he, she and me, were keen to be free. We liked to feel the speed of our 4-wheel-drive jeep increase down the steep hills. That night, we would sleep at Mr Green's place; he breeds beef cattle and sheep on the reef where they feed on the weeds. He also keeps bees among the trees. On the way, we caught eels in the deep creek we crossed. When we arrived, we could see the dog sweeping down to greet us. As we came creeping up, he seemed to screen us first, because he felt the need to show his teeth; three feet away! His eyes looked like cold steel; he didn't bark! Would we ever meet Mr Green?

Dictation sentences

1. Wee Mr Lee paid his fee and got three golfballs free.
2. The speed of this breed of steed exceeds our need.
3. Zorba the Greek had a peek along Athens Creek to see if he could find a spot to grow leeks.
4. Sir Robert Peel wound up the wheel of his reel to grab an eel.
5. A girl of seventeen weened that she was the local beauty queen.
6. It seems to always teem with rain in Taree.
7. The jeep drove down the steep hill and collided with fifteen sheep.
8. Pete walked with bare feet down our street in search for beetles.



Tiny-word stories

The leopard cannot change his spots

Why do I still work in the pig sty of sly Mr Scry? I am spry, I never cry when the troughs run dry. Often he comes by to try and spy or to pry into my life to find out why I am shy. Last night, he dropped out of the sky to check whether there was a fly in the plywood sty!

Wedlock is padlock

Although the scribe of the Vibes tribe liked to jibe, he couldn't bribe his wife to live a life without strife. Last month, quarrels were rife. Yesterday afternoon, she even attacked him with a knife.

There is a time to speak and a time to be silent

The bride loved the glide of the ride, but when she made her first stride, in a dress too wide, she had to hide her pride.

The groom's remark was snide: "Why does it slide to one side?"

Tiny-word stories

Experience is the teacher of fools

Mike was on strike, so he went for a hike on his bike. Although he wanted to fish for pike, he first used a spike to bore a hole in the dike. Then he put his fishfinger in it to see what it was like.

He's bad news

Fred Freestyle is vile. His file is between one mile and the length of the Nile. It would form a pile up to the highest rooftop. He is as bitter as bile. If he needs to smile, he uses a spile. When he dies, he'll have to wait a fair while to pass through St Peter's turn stile!

Tiny-word stories

Rhyme

Clime Chime and one of his brothers paid their last dime to have a full glass of lime covered with ice cold rime, while their mother and their eight other brothers eagerly watched the grime and the slime surrounding the bloodthirsty criminal's crime mime shown in prime time.

He who makes no mistakes makes nothing

Peter Pine, a fine friend of mine, stayed nine years in year nine, because he could never remember which line belonged to the sine. He always forgot to let the sun shine on his grapevine, so he could never dine with his own wine, because it tasted like brine. One day, he went into the shrine of a wild swine. He tried to catch it with some twine, but he hurt his spine on a tine.

Tiny-word stories

Hoist your sail when the wind is fair

Snipe Mc Stipe would gripe when someone tried to swipe his pipe, eat his ripe tripe or wipe the windows with his pink pyjamas and the white stripe.

When the cat is away, the mice will play

It's so nice to have a cold slice of rice with spice and ice; twice or perhaps thrice, without having to pay the price. It's also nice to throw dice, play with mice or to squash lice in a vice.

Where there's a will there's a way

When William White took a bite, he met a mite. Since neither of them could read or write, they decided to fly a kite before the sun would smite on next door's holy site, in spite of the priest trying to cite the holy baptism rite.

Tiny-word stories

The remedy may be worse than the disease

If lively Clive wants to stay alive, it would be wise for him to drive down town in his brown gown between sunrise and five to thrive to father Chive. He'd better promise to strive never ever to dive or jive again over his brandnew first prize, life size hive, so that the bees can thrive and provide honey for the knives of the wives.



Some are wise and some are otherwise

My uncle was like a king-size chief of the Wagga Wagga tribe; he was wise, but always in strife with his wife. One day, she attacked him with a knife, because she didn't like him to ride his bike and hide in the country side to sit and write or to have a bite, once, twice or even thrice, of his nice riceslice, in spite of the low prices of the slices. He could avoid her crime in time. He looked at her for a while with a smile, sitting on the top tile of the pile, smoking his pipe with stripes, waiting for the grapes to get ripe, hoping that it would stay fine, that the sun would shine until he could taste his white wine. It remained dry because of the blue sky, but he had to try and strike at every fly that came by. Why? To stop the kids from crying when they would go for a drive after five.

Dictation sentences

- 1. I worked in the pigsty of sly Mr Scry.**
- 2. The scribe of the Maraylya tribe never accepts a bribe.**
- 3. That's why he is always in strife with his wife who likes to live an expensive life.**
- 4. The bride enjoyed the ride while sitting beside the pride of her life.**
- 5. Mike was on strike, so he went for a hike on his bike.**
- 6. Fred Freestyle can lift a pile of tiles while he smiles.**
- 7. I like to drink a glass of lime covered with rime.**
- 8. Peter Pine is a good friend of mine, he grows grapevines to produce wine.**
- 9. Mr Snipe wears pyjamas with red and white stripes.**
- 10. It's nice to once or twice have a cold slice of rice with icecream.**
- 11. Bill White can't read or write.**
- 12. Clive likes to drive around his beehive between four o'clock and five.**

Tony-word stories

Jumbo jet

Lo and behold! “Oh no!” shouted the pro co-pilot, when Freddo the Frog hopped to and fro his radio. “Go!” and so it did. Ho, ho, ho!

Joe’s woe

Joe’s sloe eyed roe and Joe’s sloe eyed doe both slipped on an icefloe before they tripped over the hoe of Joe’s foe, which was even sharper than Joe’s froe, so they both cut their toe with a throe!

S.O.S

The Australian astronaut lost his earlobe and his bathrobe when his ace of space probe was one thousand-and-two nautical miles above our globe. He strode through his flying abode to send a message in Morse code, but his lode changed the mode when it rode through a node.

Tony-word stories

A friend in need is a friend indeed

The first bloke woke and decided to stoke the fire with coke. When he ran short of coke, he broke an old yoke and a wagon wheel spoke. The second bloke, by way of a joke, tried to poke his nose into the smoke. The first bloke heard him choke, but when he rushed to the rescue, he had a stroke.

All roads lead to Rome

A mole on the dole walked the whole way to the North Pole on a shoe without sole.

In Rome, he met a garden gnome who had made his home opposite St Peter's dome to sit and read the holy tome, while listening to his metronome.

Tony-word stories

Doubt: believe it or not

I was told that Ross the boss would scold the old gold digger if he couldn't fold and hold a hot bullion of gold until it was cold or sold!

In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king

Lone King Clone was prone to speaking in a drone tone over his bone coloured phone while sitting on his portable hone stone throne and eating a cone and a scone in a one-hour parking zone.

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst

Although the Pope had the scope to convert the dope, he still couldn't cope, because the dope began to mope and lope down the slope to grope for a rope and end His hope.

Tony-word stories

Politics

Tim Tote wrote this note by rote and I quote: “I was close to needing a dose of antidote after casting my vote.

By Jove!

Jove drove into the clove grove near Lane Cove where he loved to rove in the poncho he wove, while his cloves throve. Jove strove to cook without an oven or a stove.

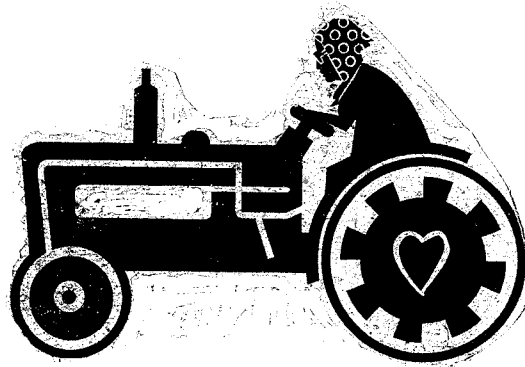
Prose

Rose chose to pay through the nose and pose as a garden hose, one of those that automatically close. Here she goes!

Tony-word stories

Below zero

Don't gloze over it! After eating her yeastless wheatbix with peaches and pears and her meat with real peas and beans for breakfast, Jean Brownbread, the deadhead, left her homestead to go and do some work, but she decided, instead, to doze off on her dozer. During this break, she nearly froze to death.



A soft answer turneth away wrath

Jove was an adventurous cove who drove into a grove in that part of the globe where it is always cold; close to Joe, an old gold digger, a nice bloke who always woke early to have a smoke; that's why he was always broke and that's not a joke. He spent his whole dole on tobacco, even when his toe poked through a hole in his sole. One day, he had even sold all his clothes and his stove, so he had to stay home. He nearly froze to death. His nose was like a dripping hose that wouldn't close. He wanted to ring Jove, but his whale bone phone was as dead as a stone. His only hope was to drop a rope down the slope. He wrote a message in Morse code and folded it. "I hope all goes well," he murmured. However Jove's answer read: "No go!"

Boy-word stories

Boys will be boys

Roy, a coy boy from Troy, enjoyed eating lemon flavoured soya beans while floating around in a brightly coloured lifebuoy. He bought his favourite toy in Woy Woy.

“While your parents toil the soil, avoid spilling boiling oil or leaving foil on the electric stove; it will spoil the coil, Jove,” said Mr Birchgrove.

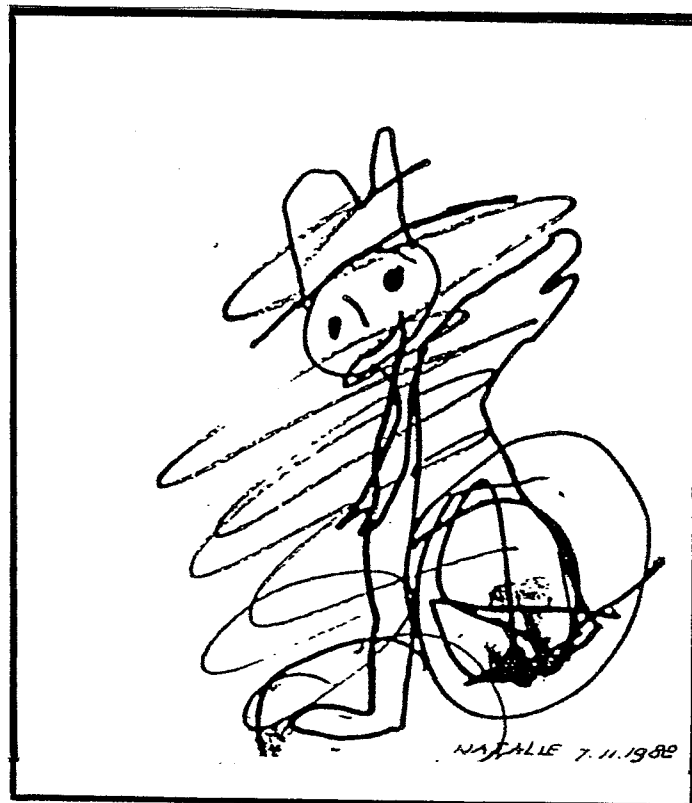
When Bill Butcher was on the point of going home, he tossed a coin and found that he ought to join the other butchers to do some overtime. After drinking his son’s lemon and lime, his nose was still a bit out of joint, so when he got ready to foin his knife into a sirloin, he missed and stabbed his groin.

Boy-word stories

He that cannot obey cannot command

The carpenter had no choice but to listen to his master's voice and hoist the moist joist and put the rafter after.

He's adroit at playing quoits. However, as soon as he hears the slightest noise, he assumes an indignant poise.



Scout-word stories

How is it possible that both the cow and the sow have a thick eyebrow? During the drought, they were hit by a bough that fell on the farmer's plough.

This proud, but foul loudmouth from the South can shout rain out of a shroud of clouds, especially in front of large crowds. If it's not too crowded, he bows.



Scout-word stories

Let sleeping dogs lie

**Dogs howl and growl; owls and fowl
prowl.**

**The clown of renown went downtown in
his brown nightgown because he had
lost his crown. When he came to the
river, he frowned, jumped in and
drowned.**

**I found the greyhound bound on the
ground behind the mound, so I took it
to the pound, unwound the rope and left
it in the lounge to scrounge around
without making a sound.**

**Auntie Ounce walks with a bounce and
a jounce when she starts to flounce
about while the sky turns grey, or when
her tomcat is ready to pounce and
trounce it's prey.**

Scout-word stories

Before leaving the country, the viscount mounted his mount to stroll down the Blue Mountains. When they were thirsty, they stopped at one of the countless Prospect County Council's fountains.

Mr Grouse groused when his spouse used souse to douse the house to get rid of one lousy louse and one lousy mouse.

When a lout with a troutlike snout shouted at a fairly stout scout, the latter routed him out with a teapot spout and one Brussels sprout.

Although it takes one hour for our milk to turn sour, we can still make pancakes after mixing it with flour, provided it is not full of peevish weevils, because then the taste would undoubtedly be dubious.

Scout-word stories

“Ouch! Don’t touch,” said Gary Grouch. “You’ll have to vouch for my safety and allow me to slouch on your couch or crouch like a joey in its mother’s pouch.”

Although he was a bit drowsy, she roused her spouse’s anger when she bought an expensive blouse, because she had told him that she would only browse.



Paul-word stories

Despite his enormous thorax, Thor, from his high tor in Norway, didn't use a cor Anglais nor did he stammer or use a rammer for a hammer.

When the poor man opened the door of his room on the moor, the roof hit the floor.

**He that fights and runs away
may live to fight another day**

Simon Snore, with hair the colour of iron ore, began to pore over some old books about folklore of yore in order to find plant species that spore. As time wore, the books started to bore him more and more.

Suddenly, a bull, chased by a toreador along the foreshore, tore into his sports store, ready to gore to the core poor Simon Snore. However, he swore that he would never score a sore, so he tore up some floorboards and hid under the floor.

Paul-word stories

Boatsman Hoar always has a hoarse throat because he always seems to roar like a boar. He can row a boat with one oar over waves that soar.

When I opened my drawer, I stood in awe and dropped my jaw. Only an artist could flawlessly draw what I saw: a big, lawless rat gnawing at my straw hat as if it were coleslaw. Fortunately, my Siamese cat, called Bernard Shaw, immediately exposed the claws of her paws in order to eat the rat in the raw.

Cows can absorb forb, but not in orbit.

Paul-word stories

Our landlord bought an old Ford and drove to Norway to see a fjord. When he arrived, he swapped it for an old guitar in order to strum a chord. When all the strings broke, he used his vocal cords and smashed it with his sword.

Necessity knows no law

Colin Cork from New York was a bit short, so he gave pork to his stork with a pitchfork.

A horde of mice was shipped abroad. When they had eaten the hoard in the cupboard, they jumped overboard.

Maud tries to sell a gaudy gaud as if it were a piece of real jewellery made of silver and gold. Unfortunately stupid Maud denies it's fraud.

Paul-word stories

Gorgeous George makes horse shoes in his forge near Galston Gorge.

When a dwarf and his wife were fishing from the wharf, their children were sharpening the knives for the wives of some other dwarves. Afterwards, one little dwarf used a magnet to pick up the swarf.

**There is no peace for the wicked
Mortimer Morgue is a morbid ogre, so his warden, Wally Wardrobe, wants him to be a warder in a psychiatric ward.**

Henry Hawk is a gawk; he squawks when he can't read his torque wrench while hitting it against his work bench.

If you're here, I'll pour your tea at four.

Paul-word stories

If you want to calk Jack climbing the beanstalk onto a blackboard, you can use chalk, but not while you walk and talk.

Amy had to caulk the cracks in her yacht with a filler, but when she saw an auk swoop down, she baulked because she thought it was a killer.

United we stand, divided we fall

Leonardo, Leonard for short, had nocturnal eyes like an owl and spoke with a drawl.

One day, his mate Claus forgot to engage the ratchet pawl in the yawl with which they used to trawl.

When Leonard tried to stop the winch with his sjawl, he broke his finger and bawled. Since he then wouldn't be able to properly write, but only scrawl, there followed a brawl. In the end, neither of them could even sprawl, let alone crawl.

Paul-word stories

Paul Caul and Saul Maul went to Gaul to catch rats with their haul of wauling cats.

**It is the unexpected that
always happens**

I can vividly recall the day when we were all enthralled to see a sudden squall lift a medicine ball from the floor of a Scout hall. In it's fall, it fell first on a tall wall before finally smashing a small fruit stall in the mall.

If you keep on scalding your scalp, you might get bald.

Paul did a faulty summer sault in the vault.

Paul-word stories

It was a pity that the girl from Salt Lake City came to a sudden halt to drink her malted vanilla during a waltz with a gorilla. She dropped her false teeth and spilt the lot on her smalt coloured dress, a gift from a guerilla in Manila.

**There are tricks in every trade
Normally, Norman, the formal foreman, performs well above the norm, even during a thunderstorm.**

The warmth of the warm climate attracted a swarm of bees that provided honey for the primitive primate.

Paul-word stories

I has to be borne in mind that you shouldn't give corn to a newborn baby. That you should at least hold a sheep by one horn if you want to have it shorn. That a thorn has torn and worn many a dress, that a newly elected mayor must not be sworn in under stress, and that he shouldn't treat his opponents with scorn, I guess.

**You cannot make a crab walk straight
Alex Awn is a pawnbroker who only eats fish but not the spawn. His shop without awning is only open from dusk till dawn, so during the day, he does nothing but yawn. More often than not, he falls asleep on the lawn, in the stable of his fawn, or behind the prawn coloured curtains when they're drawn. Since he has more brawn than brain, he can carry a whole oaktree to have it sawn with a chain.**

Paul-word stories

Shaun Faun remains undaunted despite the fact that he is haunted by the idea that, one day, he will be too gaunt to run the gauntlet, because, already, everybody taunts him over his obsession to flaunt and vaunt his expensive jaunts.

Rain before seven, fine before eleven

Warning: Don't mourn your loved ones from Melbourne too early in the morning.

A staunch supporter of space travel forgot to fasten his seatbelt, so he hurt his haunch and his paunch when the satellite left its flaunch.

Paul-word stories

Theo Thorp is a member of the Australian diplomatic corps. He suffers from jaundice, so he looks like a corpse, especially when he wears his taupe coloured coat that reaches up to his throat.

Jeremy Gorse has a mind that became somewhat warped after the Boer War. He tried to teach his horse Morse code while he rode.

The famous tenor temporarily lost his source of income due to an undue hoarse throat.

His voice was so coarse that he couldn't sing a single note, so he was forced to follow a course of treatment that included swallowing lots of tomato sauce.

Paul-word stories

Mortimer, Mort for short, manages a well-known, sporty beach resort in Newport.

He walks around in the shortest possible shorts while sucking on liquorice all sorts with rice, which makes him snort.

June and Julie played noughts and crosses while eating fairy flosses on someone's tennis court. Now they're waiting in front of the Court House, as quiet as a mouse or a louse.

Practise what you preach

I thought you ought to have brought the sought after, wrought iron bicycle you bought for your mother, but instead, you fought with your brother.

Paul-word stories

Wenceslas Wart thwarted the plan to steal the quarter horse and the quartz watch of his nan.

The naughty thieves looked rather taut when they were caught. Since their venture was fraught with peril, it taught them not to be as evil as the devil.

The porch of Tony Torch faces North. When he fell asleep while basking in the sun, he practically scorched his nose, his legs, his toes and so forth.

On the fourth of February, George Gauze had only done one short swath when his new mower paused, because he hadn't read the clause to use 2 stroke instead of diet coke.

Smart-word stories

No man is infallible

A Russian tsar(za:) wanted to buy vodka by the jar in Zanzibar. While he was looking at the stars, his car went too far and left the tar.

It got charred and marred by scratches that looked like scars.

Ma and Pa bought a second hand spa from a sha. Ah!

The barber of Seville wears proffesional garb. When it was torn by a barb on some barbed wire, he asked his wife Barbara to mend it before going to bed, but she threw it in the garbage bin instead.

Smart-word stories

Larry Lard is a security guard in a car yard. Since nobody can enter without credit card, his job is not hard.

A rich man's joke is always funny

The staff put a scarf around the neck of the giraffe's calf to feed it half a bucket of chaff. When they all started to laugh, a photographer took a photograph.

Sergeant Sarge is in charge of a large army barge.

Before an aircraft is fitted with a liferaft fore and aft, a safety inspector checks the draft.

Smart-word stories

Two draughtsman were playing draughts while enjoying a cold glass of draught beer. Suddenly, a strong draught, stronger than a draught horse, lifted the draught board which finally landed on an aircraft ready to go abroad.

If you want to draw an arc in the Antarctic, you'll have to first melt the ice on the compasses.

There is safty in numbers

When Noah's ark was about to park on the beach of Sark, it was accompanied by a stark naked shark. First, a sky lark spotted it before dogs began to bark. Captain Quark yelled. "hark, take your mark, spark!" Immediately, the shark disappeared into the dark.

Smart-word stories

When the clerk had finished his clerical duty, he left for Prague to put a plaque on the grave of the Beast and the Beauty.

Mary Marlin cut down her gnarled tree to get some firewood. Unfortunately, it fell on her old labrador; it snarled and then it was no more.

The charming charwoman was harmed on a mushroom farm. She went to hospital with a broken arm.

Melissa Almond and her friend Belinda Balm stayed calm and made no qualms about singing psalms under the palms. Amen.

Smart-word stories

Barney gave his wife a pile of socks to darn before spinning yarns in his barn near the tarn.

During a dinner in France, we occasionally glanced at the T.V. when it showed circus horses prance and dance as if in trance, as if activated by remote control. As soon as they were given the chance to stand still, for instance, they assumed a beautiful stance mounted by horsemen with a lance.

Blanch was hit by a heavy branch on her ranch. The blood that was oozing out of a large wound was difficult to stanch.

Smart-word stories

Circumstances alter cases

If Grant can't stop this weird plant from slanting, I shan't even try. Instead, I'll chant enchanting sea chanties in my shanty until my throat runs dry, because my aunt and uncle aren't here to ask me why.

Tommy Tarp plays harp, but only tunes with one sharp. One day, he fell from a steep scarp into a river. He then decided to catch carp although he started to shiver.

Everyone in our class was without bus-pass, so our teacher of music, Miss Glass, let us join her brass band during a farce in the playground where the grass is sparse.

Smart-word stories

It's a difficult task to ask a question while drinking from a cask or wearing a gasmask.

No gain without pain

Garth used a rasp to turn a buckle into a clasp while eating a raspberry, which looks like a rasp. When it got stuck in his throat, it made him gasp and jump like a goat.

When a vandal lost a sandal, his anger caused a scandal.

He put dynamite mixed with vegemite under a high-voltage, cast-iron mast in Belfast. The blast lasted till half past.

Although he ran fast, a vast crowd caught him at last.

Smart-word stories

Life in a saltmarsh is too harsh for a sallow, but not for a marsh mallow.

You have to be smart to practise the art of throwing a dart into a flow-chart from a go-cart with a hart, as soon as you depart from the start.

**Nothing is given so freely as advice
If you're not deaf, you can hear your heartbeat, but not during a breaststroke, while you choke or smoke and fall asleep either on a hearth or anywhere else on earth.**

When the sun parched the larch, Miss March put it in a pot under her arch and revived it with water and starch.

Smart-word stories

Patrick Pathfinder took some time off from work to lath his new bathroom before putting plaster. Since he was a schoolmaster, it turned into disaster.

Yvonne Parse carved the pumpkin up into two halves to feed her two calves and put flowers in a vase with a picture of Venus and Mars.



Girl-word stories

To err is human

To err is to make an error or a mistake.

We were here; we were there and everywhere.

Petrol costs her eighty-eight cents per litre.

Crickets chirr. They produce a shrill, trilled sound.

We could hear the whirr of the sewing machine when Shirley was asked to shirr the pretty skirt of our neighbour's little girl.

Don't stir the soil around the fir, sir!

Cats purr like a burr.

Girl-word stories

Christine breeds pigeons. After a race, they all land on a girder. One bird, a girl, always comes third, whereas all others come equal first.

Most worms work in the underworld. They don't say a word, especially when their cough is getting worse; in that case, they eat liverwort. If it worsens and the worst comes to the worst, you can buy \$2 worth if you go fishing.

**Christmas comes but once a year
Phillip Purge dispenses spurge species with purgative properties to constipated patients. Despite an upsurge in numbers during surgery hours, he urges Mrs Purge not to splurge so much money on her favourite honey.**

Girl-word stories

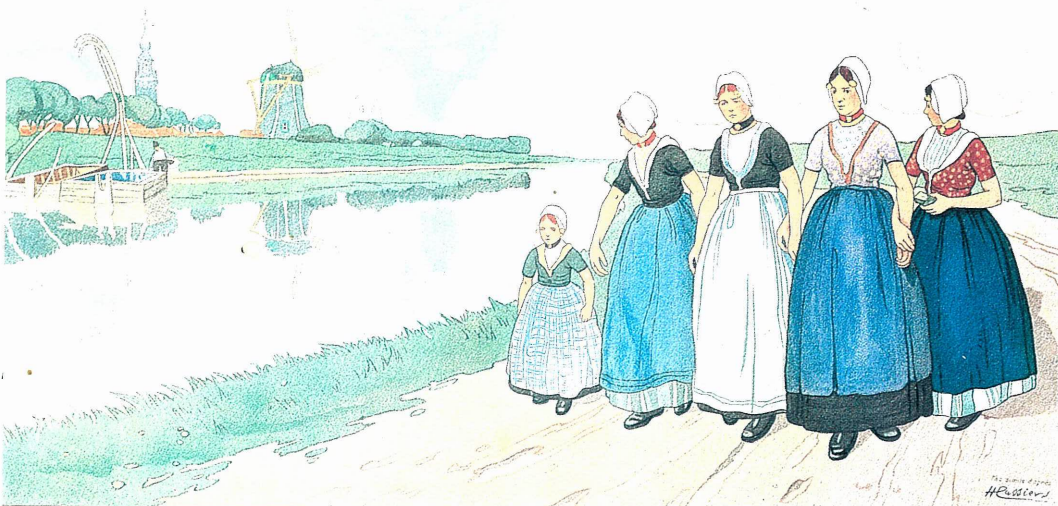
If you want to make curd cheese, you'll have to curdle skimmed milk.

When the mourners emerged in Melbourne, they sang many a dirge.

A scourge generally lacks courage.

It's possible to surf on a turf surface.

The driver was half asleep, so he let his car move with a jerk to perk up before meeting a girl who twirled all night during a dance. When she got dizzy, she finished drinking his glass of sodawater that was fizzy.



Girl-word stories

He who pays the piper calls the tune

Dirk went all the way from Dunkirk to the back of Bourke to go to work. Through a quirk of fate, he was one minute late.

Although he was known never to shirk work, the boss dismissed him with a smirk.

A Turkish fish from Turkey lurked in the water to make his prey a bit shorter.

The Earl got up early, drank a cup of earl grey tea and then went to Earlwood to search for pearls.

A curly churl furled his purl stitched umbrella and started to remove the burls on some sheep feeding on citronella. When the knurled handle of his clippers hit his kneecap or patella, he turned purple on purpose while screeching like a corella.

Girl-word stories

Desperate diseases must have desperate remedies

Last term, a German spermwhale caught an infectuous germ while it fell asleep on a grassy berm in Bermuda. Since the veteran veterinary surgeon was built like a Buddha, his grip was so firm that the whale started to squirm.

The Earl of Earlwood always had a yearning for money. Since he was an earnest and learned man, he learnt early to increase his earnings.

When Fernando Fern yelled with a stern voice, "Full astern!" the surfacing fish near the stern had no choice but to be eaten alive by either a greedy ern or a hungry tern.

We weren't here nor there

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A TERSE VERSE

Perched on its berth in the sickbay of Perth, watched by stern looking
erns and terns, was a superb, perse and terse looking sperm whale
serving till the end of term to get rid of a German Germ from west
Germany. Then there emerged along the berm of the ferny shores, on
the verge of killing a sunbaking mermaid, a perk herd of herbivores
without herder. The whale, alert, full astern, with an expert jerk of its
tail, had the nerve to swerve with verve away from the kerb, in order to
submerge, ending a sentence without verb.



Adrian Bark 9

Girl-word stories

Douglas dug his spurs further into the furry coat of his mount. Practically snow-blind, he could only see a blur and speak with a slur, unable to even count.

A myrrh exudes an aromatic resin.

**The proof of the pudding is in the eating
I heard that our neighbour's herd jumped the kerb to eat all the herbs of Auntie Gert or Gertrude if you don't want to be rude.**

To kerb is a verb. Herbs don't grow on kerbs.

The Police wants to curb the violence in some Brisbane suburbs and on Sydney's urban transport, it said in a blurb.

Girl-word stories

Second thoughts are best

Turn off the urn without getting burnt, because burns hurt and you might spurn the urn when bad ideas churn in your head. Go to bed instead.

“Don’t chirp like a bird, silly twirp,” said the boy to the little girl, when he squashed her plastic skittle because it was too brittle.

He burped after slurping a slurpy.

You can’t hear old Harry in his hearse, because he’s dead.

At the funeral, a sinister looking minister, dressed in perse, read a terse verse which he didn’t have to rehearse.

After the girl came first, she was thirsty.

Girl-word stories

Terry sold his house in Berry to go to Perth with his wife Cherry. They stayed in a two-berth caravan from Londonderry. Although it was small, they were merry.

The little girl Leony got a new girth for her pony, so she celebrated her birthday with mirth.

More know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows

The learner got a bit nervous when a public servant had the fervent desire to swerve in front of her and into a self-service petrol station during his Christmas vacation.

Exercise: Plot a curve by using the data obtained from a survey on scurvy.

Girl-word stories

Old Percy was a fish merchant or monger when he was younger. All types of underwater creatures were at his mercy; he was merciless and versatile.

**Let not the sun go down on your wrath
The urchin left Ursula in the lurch.
Since she couldn't possibly afford the surcharge(G.S.T.) on her purchase, she went to church.**

Don't climb up the birch, it will smirch your new shirt and skirt.

There's a dearth of food on Earth, especially after an earthquake.

Girl-word stories

Rats desert a sinking ship

Nurse Liverwurst cursed and burst into tears when she lost her purse.

Peter Pert from Perth was certain that getting his School Certificate was a dead cert.

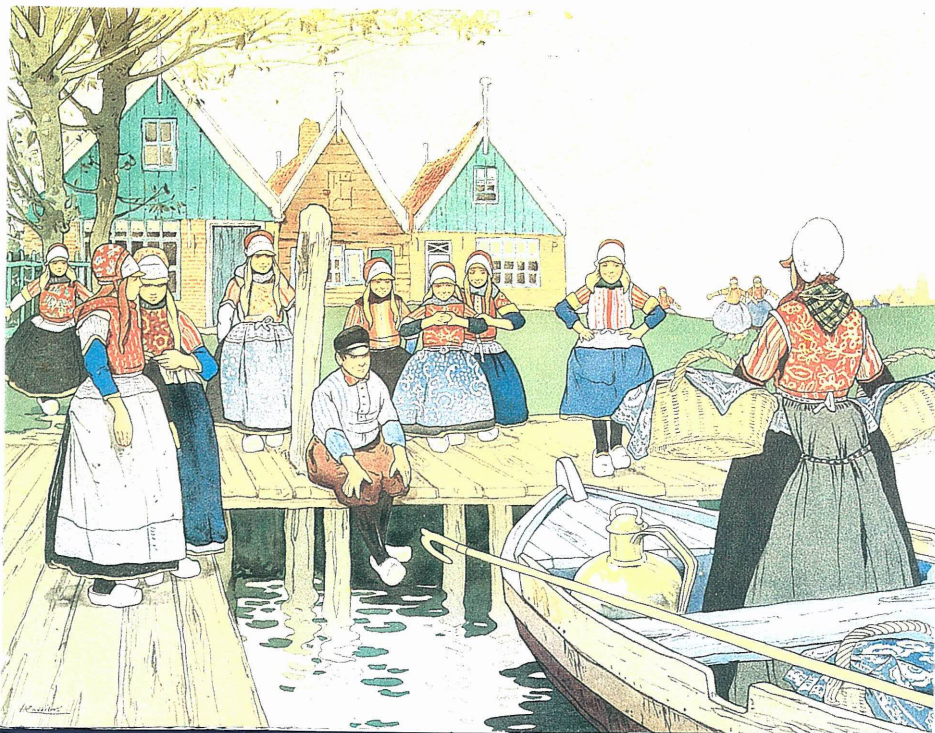
“Don’t you dare to squirt dirty water on my shirt and skirt,” joked the girl flirtingly.

A curt reply blurted out by a good friend hurts more than a spurt of hot water from a shower or a brick dropped from the Eiffel tower.

Sue-word stories

Do you know the woman you spoke to at ten to two? Who doesn't! She wears a new pair of shoes to suit her curly toes.

Mr Bamboo tries to woo Miss Kazoo from Woolloomooloo who hasn't got a brass razoo. Today, he'll pay for her tattoo, her shampoo and a didgeridoo before guiding her through Taronga Zoo. In lieu of seeing the gnu from Peru, who has the flu, he'll go to the cage of Whinnie the Poo.



Sue-word stories

Actions speak louder than words

While his plane flew, Bartholomew, an orthodox Jew from St Mathew, wanted to have a better view because the glass in the portholes was covered with dew.

At first, none of the new crew knew what to do. Finally, they decided to give him some stew and a glass of home-brew. Since the meat was hard to chew, he asked which way the wind blew in order to spew. Then the shrewd Jew jumped out and threw up before the plane was due.

Is it true that Sue Blue hates to stand in a queue to pursue buying cheap super-glue and that she hasn't got a clue when her husband's birthday is due?

Do you use the wool of your ewe?

Sue-word stories

Make hay while the sun shines

When Wayne Woodwind is in a good mood, he either plays his wooden recorder or he doodles. In case he runs out of food for his poodles, he buys oodles of noodles.

This tuba is made in Cuba. It looks more like a Cuban tube than a Cuban cube.

My friend is a Buddhist who looks like a huge Buddha because he eats too much plumpudding. However, he's a prudent student and never ever rude or crude.

If you would and you could, you should, but if you wouldn't and you couldn't, you shouldn't.

Sue-word stories

It was a mere fluke to come here and find the duke nearly drowning in a quarter of lukewarm bathwater.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched

On April Fools Day, Winston Woof wanted to prepare a spoof.

Unfortunately, he made a goof, tumbled down the weatherproof roof and landed in the yard of a horse who kicked him with its hoof.

Ben Drum is an astute musician. He can hum while playing Bach's Toccata and Fugue on his bugle, his flugel horn, his lute and his flute, with or without mute.

Sue-word stories

When Charlie Cook isn't playing snooker or doesn't join his Rugby League's team either as a hooker or an onlooker, he goes fishing if the weather is good. One day, when he took a rookblack snook off the hook, his hooker shook. He lost his balance, tripped over his cookbook and fell into the brook.

Walter Wolf designed a cool foolproof swimming pool between our Primary School and a woolgrower who always wears an old woollen jumper when he rides his lawnmower.

As a rule you'll find that a mule is stubborn from the day he is born.

The bull was too full to pull or push the cart out of the bush. Shush! Say no more!

Sue-word stories

Whom did you see? Dr Who. Who's Dr Who? The man whose hose was cut in two by you.

The plumber's son has a numb thumb. He was dumb enough to climb up a cone shaped tombstone while answering his mobile phone.

The groom was full of doom and gloom when he saw his bride.

Don't meet trouble half way

I trust neither a plume of smoke nor fumes, other than perfume, make me choke.

No sooner is it full moon than he has a schooner in the afternoon.

Sue-word stories

Ever since June got into the habit of playing the same tune on the sandy dune, she started to shrivel like a dried prune.

The greyhound lay wounded on the ground.

The hewn blocks of firewood were strewn across the yard, so driving in was hard; you had to be on your guard.

The sea-eagles swapped down to scoop up the left-overs of the troops cooped up in the sloops.

There was enough soup for the whole group.

Sue-word stories

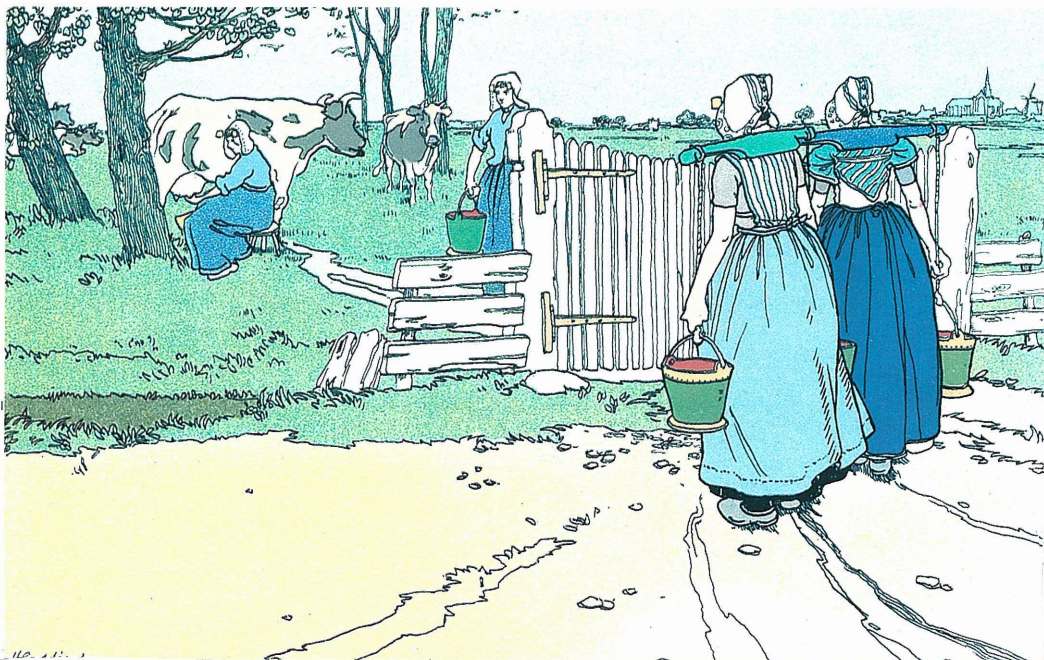
A rooster rules the roost, especially when you give him a booster.

You need a bow and arrow to act like Cupid. Don't be stupid; your mind is too narrow.

You can't catch a loose-limbed moose or a loose-jointed goose when you loosen the noose.

Zeus played tennis, but he never got beyond deuce.

Bruce is always clean and spruce. He loves fruitjuice and mousse.



Sue-word stories

“Drop your loot or I’ll shoot the soccerboot off your foot,” hooted Sergeant Bandicoot. However, the burgler decided to scoot off on a soot-coloured scooter with the sergeant’s wedding suit.

The beauty queen still had a sweet tooth at the age of seventeen. That’s why during the parade, without any shade, she licked smooth ice cream to soothe her throat while waving and laughing on her float.

Buses follow a certain route. On their routine journey, they pick up or drop someone at each busstop. During his break, the driver can either read a journal or eat a finger-licking steak from the Colonel.

Sue-word stories

Ruth always speaks the truth. Apart from that, she is toothless and ruthless.

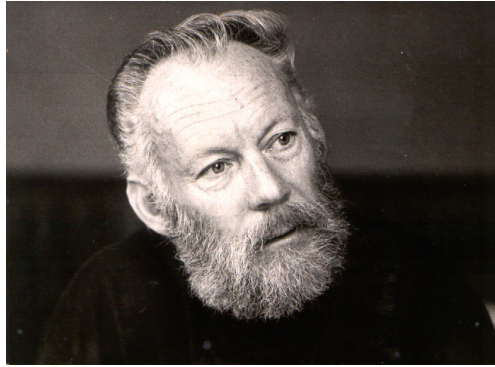
Can you prove that nobody moved during the movie?

Horses have hooves; old records have grooves.

Oscar Ooze drank too much booze, so he slouched on his couch to have a snooze.

“Excuse me, I refuse to be amused by your ruse. Don’t use or abuse me,” said Natalie.

Brian Briar bruised his finger when he tried to linger a bit longer on the cruiser after the cruise because he heard someone sing the blues.



Author's Background

Born 20.12.1928

- | | | |
|------------|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. | <u>H.S.C. (HOLLAND)</u> | 1947 |
| | 4 Unit Maths, Mechanics, Technical Drawing
Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Political Economy
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| 7. | English Commercial Correspondence | Holland 1961 |
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| 9. | High School Teacher: English & French | Holland 2 yrs |
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| | Latin, French & English. | |
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| | Creative Writing, English, Subject Master Technical Drawing | |
| | <u>Patrician Brothers, Granville</u> | |
| | Creative Writing, Mathematics, Subject Master Music | |
| | <u>Oakhill College, Castle Hill</u> | |
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| 11. | Insurance & Real Estate Agent (Finance) | |
| 12. | Owner Builder (Rammed Earth) | |
| 13. | Hawkesbury Adult Education | Creative Writing, Spanish. |
| 14. | Professional Musician | Accordion, Flamenco Guitar. |
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| 16. | Private Tutor since 1976: | K-12 |
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THE 3RS

THE PROFESSIONAL WAY

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