**Extra time**

In this bundle, you can find various extra exercises that you can work on. If we have some spare time in class, you can take this bundle and start doing exercises. Remember that you need permission from your teacher before you can start.

In this bundle you can find:

* word search puzzles
* Reading exercise: fragment Danny the world champion
* Riddles
* Song texts
* Proverbs
* Book titles
* Crossword puzzles
* Website links to short stories

Word search: emotions

J M Z Q E E M D I L D C L D Z I

H U P T M Z E Z F E P K R O A X

H D D D B S V N R Y Z C Q A D S

C C U J S C O O D K C U I B Z K

P G U E C A B Z E Y P M U R G Y

X U R P K R F J S S R B S Z D R

Y T H M V E H C U T H I P J F G

S P R X L D H O F U C O H W Y N

Y O P Q P B E L N K D U C E L A

Z M L A C B U D O U N T M K O R

S K R U H H Z G C G T R I X E S

B K J Q O I J K R F R S P F J D

T H I R S T Y Y T I R E D V D L

I D O F E O H E I C A U I B S J

Y H X H Z H A H N H K V I X Q C

Z U N Y Z L E M E X X A N E M Q

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| ANGRYBOREDCALMCOLDCONFUSEDCRAZYGRUMPYHAPPY | HOTHUNGRYSADSCAREDSHOCKEDSICKSTRESSEDTHIRSTYTIRED |

Danny the world champion

**1 The Filling station (tankstation)**

When I was four months old, my mother died suddenly and my father was left to look after me all by himself. I had no brothers or sisters. So all through my boyhood, from the age of four months onward, there were just the two of us, my father and me.

We lived in an old gipsy caravan behind a filling-station. My father owned the filling-station and the caravan and a small field behind, but that was about all he owned in the world. It was a very small filling station on a small country road surrounded by fields and woody hills.

 While I was still a baby, my father washed me and fed me and changed my nappies **(luiers)** and did all the millions of other things a mother normally does for her child. That is not an easy task for a man, especially when he has to earn his living at the same time by repairing motor-car engines and serving customers with petrol. But my father didn’t seem to mind. I think that all the love he had felt for my mother when she was alive he now lavished **(royaal geven)** upon me.

During my early years, I never had a moment’s unhappiness or illness and here I am on my fifth birthday. I was now a scruffy **(vuil)** little boy, with grease and oil all over me, but that was because I spent all day in the workshop helping my father with the cars.

The filling station itself had only two pumps. There was a wooden shed **(schuur)** behind the pumps that served as an office. There was nothing in the office except an old table and a cash register to put the money into. It was one of those where you pressed a button and a bell rang and the drawer shot out with a terrific bang. I used to love that.

 The square brick building to the right of the office was the workshop. My father built that himself with loving care, and it was the only really solid thing in the place. “We are engineers, you and I,” he used to say to me. “We earn our living by repairing engines and we can’t do good work in a rotten workshop.” It was a fine workshop, big enough to take one car comfortably and leave plenty of room round the sides for working. It had a telephone so that customers could arrange to bring their cars in for repair.

The caravan was our house and our home. It was a real old gipsy wagon with big wheels and fine patterns painted all over it in yellow and red and blue. My father said it was at least a hundred and fifty years old. Many gipsy children, he said, had been born in it and had grown up within its wooden walls. With a horse to pull it, the old caravan must have wandered **(rondtrekken)** for thousands of miles along the roads and lanes of England. But now its wanderings were over, and because the wooden spokes **(spaak)** in the wheels were beginning to rot, my father had propped it up underneath with bricks.

There was only one room in the caravan and it wasn’t much bigger than a fair-sized modern bathroom. It was a narrow room, the shape of the caravan itself, and against the back wall were two bunk beds **(stapelbedden)** , one above the other. The top one was my father’s, the bottom one mine. Although we had electric lights in the workshop, we were not allowed to have them in the caravan. The electricity people said it was unsafe to put wires into something as old and rickety **(wankel)** as that. So we got our heat and light in much the same way as the gypsies had done years ago.

There was a wood-burning stove with a chimney that went up through the roof, and this kept us warm in winter. There was a paraffin burner on which to boil a kettle or cook a stew **(hutsepot**), and there was a paraffin lamp hanging from the ceiling. When I needed a bath, my father would heat a kettle of water and pour it into a basin. Then he would strip me naked and scrub me all over, standing up. This, I think, got me just as clean as if I were washed in a bath—probably cleaner because I didn’t finish up sitting in my own dirty water.

 For furniture, we had two chairs and a small table, and those, apart from a tiny chest of drawers, were all the home comforts we possessed. They were all we needed. The lavatory **(washok;toilet)** was a funny little wooden hut standing in the field some way behind the caravan. It was fine in summertime, but I can tell you that sitting out there on a snowy day in winter was like sitting in a fridge.

 Immediately behind the caravan was an old apple tree. Some of the boughs **(takken)** of the tree hung right over the caravan and when the wind blew the apples down in the night they often landed on our roof. I would hear them going thump . . . thump . . . thump . . . above my head as I lay in my bunk, but those noises never frightened me because I knew exactly what was making them.

 I really loved living in that gipsy caravan. I loved it especially in the evenings when I was tucked up in my bunk and my father was telling me stories. The paraffin lamp was turned low, and I could see lumps of wood glowing red-hot in the old stove and wonderful it was to be lying there snug and warm in my bunk in that little room.

Most wonderful of all was the feeling that when I went to sleep, my father would still be there, very close to me, sitting in his chair by the fire, or lying in the bunk above my own.

**2 The Big Friendly Giant**

My father, without the slightest doubt **(zonder twijfel)**, was the most marvellous **(prachtig)** and exciting **(spannend)** father any boy ever had. You might think, if you didn’t know him well, that he was a stern **(streng)** and serious man. He wasn’t. He was actually a wildly funny person. What made him appear so serious was the fact that he never smiled with his mouth. He did it all with his eyes. He had brilliant blue eyes and when he thought of something funny, his eyes would flash and if you looked carefully, you could actually see a tiny little golden spark dancing in the middle of each eye. But the mouth never moved.

I was glad my father was an eye-smiler. It meant he never gave me a fake smile because it’s impossible to make your eyes twinkle if you aren’t feeling twinkly yourself. A mouth-smile is different. You can fake a mouth-smile any time you want, simply by moving your lips. I’ve also learned that a real mouth-smile always has an eye-smile to go with it, so watch out when someone smiles at you with his mouth but the eyes stay the same. It’s sure to be bogus **(onzin).**

My father was not what you would call an educated man and I doubt if he had read twenty books in his life. But he was a marvellous story-teller. He used to make up a bedtime story for me every single night, and the best ones were turned into serials and went on for many nights running.

 One of them, which must have gone on for at least fifty nights, was about an enormous fellow called The Big Friendly Giant, or The BFG for short. The BFG was three times as tall as an ordinary man and his hands were as big as wheelbarrows **(kruiwagen).** He lived in a vast underground cavern **(grot)** not far from our filling station and he only came out into the open when it was dark. Inside the cavern he had a powder-factory where he made more than a hundred different kinds of magic powder.

 Occasionally, as he told his stories, my father would stride up and down **(grote stappen nemen)** waving his arms and waggling his fingers. But mostly he would sit close to me on the edge of my bunk and speak very softly. “The Big Friendly Giant makes his magic powders out of the dreams that children dream when they are asleep,” he said. “How?” I asked. “Tell me how, Dad.” “Dreams, my love, are very mysterious things. They float **(zweven)** around in the night air like little clouds, searching for sleeping people.” “Can you see them?” I asked. “Nobody can see them.” “Then how does The Big Friendly Giant catch them?”

“Ah,” my father said. “That is the interesting part. A dream, you see, as it goes drifting through the night air, makes a tiny little buzzing-humming sound **(zoemgeluid),** a sound so soft and low it is impossible for ordinary people to hear it. But The BFG can hear it easily. His sense of hearing is absolutely fantastic.” I loved the far intent look on my father’s face when he was telling a story. His face was pale**(bleek)** and still and distant, unconscious **(onbewust)** of everything around him. “The BFG,” he said, “can hear the tread of a ladybird’s **(lieveheersbeestje)** footsteps as she walks across a leaf. He can hear the whisperings of ants as they scurry **(haastig rennen)** around in the soil talking to one another. He can hear the sudden shrill cry of pain a tree gives out when a woodman cuts into it with an axe **(bijl)**. Ah yes, my darling, there is a whole world of sound around us that we cannot hear because our ears are simply not sensitive enough.

” “What happens when he catches the dreams?” I asked. “He imprisons **(opsluiten)** them in glass bottles and screws the tops down tight,” my father said. “He has thousands of these bottles in his cave.” “Does he catch bad dreams as well as good ones?” “Yes,” my father said. “He catches both. But he only uses the good ones in his powders.” “What does he do with the bad ones?” “He explodes them.”

It is impossible to tell you how much I loved my father. When he was sitting close to me on my bunk I would reach out and slide my hand into his, and then he would fold **(vouwen)** his long fingers around my fist, holding it tight. “What does The BFG do with his powders after he has made them?” I asked. “In the dead of night,” my father said, “he goes prowling **(op jacht gaan)** through the villages searching for houses where children are asleep.

Because of his great height he can reach windows that are one and even two flights up, and when he finds a room with a sleeping child, he opens his suitcase **(koffer).** . .” “His suitcase?” I said. “The BFG always carries a suitcase and a blowpipe,” my father said. “The blowpipe is as long as a lamp-post. The suitcase is for the powders. So he opens the suitcase and selects exactly the right powder . . . and he puts it into the blowpipe . . . and he slides the blowpipe in through the open window . . . and poof . . . he blows in the powder . . . and the powder floats around the room . . . and the child breathes it in . . “

 “And then what?” I asked. “And then, Danny, the child begins to dream a marvellous and fantastic dream . . . and when the dream reaches its most marvellous and fantastic moment . . . then the magic powder really takes over . . . and suddenly the dream is not a dream any longer but a real happening . . . and the child is not asleep in bed . . . he is fully awake and is actually in the place of the dream and is taking part in the whole thing . . . I mean really taking part . . . in real life.

More about that tomorrow. It’s getting late. Good-night, Danny. Go to sleep.” My father kissed me and then he turned down the wick **(wiek)** of the little paraffin lamp until the flame went out. He seated himself in front of the wood stove which now made a lovely red glow in the dark room.

 “Dad,” I whispered. “What is it?” “Have you ever actually seen The Big Friendly Giant?” “Once,” my father said. “Only once.” “You did! Where?” “I was out behind the caravan,” my father said, “and it was a clear moonlit night, and I happened to look up and suddenly I saw this tremendous tall person running along the crest of the hill. There was a big suitcase in one hand and a blowpipe in the other, and when he came to the high hawthorn hedge **(haagdoorn haag)** at the end of the field, he just strode over it as though it wasn’t there.” “Were you frightened, Dad?” “No,” my father said. “It was thrilling to see him, but I wasn’t frightened. Go to sleep now. Good-night.”

Can you solve these riddles?

1. In a one-storey pink house, there was a pink person, a pink cat, a pink fish, a pink computer, a pink chair, a pink table, a pink telephone, a pink shower– everything was pink! What colour were the stairs*?*

*One-storey= één verdieping / pink = roze*

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

1. What is at the end of rainbow?

*Rainbow = regenboog*

*……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..*

1. What starts with the letter “t”, is filled with “t” and ends in “t”?

………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

1. A girl is sitting in her house at night that has no lights on at all. There is no lamp, no candle, nothing. She is reading a book. How is this possible?

*Candle = kaars*

………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………….

1. What gets wetter and wetter the more it dries?

(*wat wordt steeds natter des te meer het droogt)*

*………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………….*

1. Which weighs more, a kilo of feathers or a kilo of bricks?

*Feathers= veren / Bricks= bakstenen*

*……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………….*

1. How many months have 28 days?

…………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………….

1. A man was walking outside, when it started to rain. The man didn’t have an umbrella and he wasn’t wearing a hat. His clothes were soaked, but not a single hair on his head got wet. How could this happen?

*Outside= buiten /Umbrella= paraplu /His clothes got soaked= zijn kleren waren doorweekt /Not a single= geen enkel*

*…………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..*

1. If there are 3 apples and you take away 2, how many apples do you have?

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………

1. Beth’s mother has three daughters. One is called Lara, the other one is Sara. What is the name of the third daughter?

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..

1. What belongs to you but other people use it more than you

*Belong: behoren*

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..

Word search: Valentine’s day

G H P Q M M E E T A L O C O H C

S I E N C N V P W S D C W C I J

C T R A B E O M D Q B U P U J S

V X F L R E L C G E Y W T P S Q

Z D V I F T B A L L O O N I B A

I S A D G R U V H X X T K D N A

I C T T Y U I F X B H Z T G F M

C S Z N E O O E O S E Y E J R L

E O A H E F J Y N C V L W Y I F

C W A B K S F N N D O H T S E M

D J Q W A R E A F B U R Y Y N D

A X B A I A M R M D V Q P B D N

L R J E Y O E R P C R O K T S T

O Z N N R Y D N A C D R X V H Z

T D B A B Y Z F M P P D R J I L

K T V G P M B X Y V G T D B P A

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| ANGELBABYBALLOONBOYFRIENDCANDYCHOCOLATECUPIDDATEFOURTEEN | FRIENDSHIPGIFTSGIRLFRIENDHEARTKISSLOVEPRESENTSROMANCE |

 **"All About That Bass"**

Chorus:

Because you know I'm all about that bass
About that bass, no trouble
I'm all about that bass (X3)
About that bass... bass... bass... bass

**1. Fill in the gaps with the right word**

Yeah, it's pretty \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, I ain't no size two
But I can shake it, shake it, like I'm\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to do
'Cause I got that boom boom that all the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_chase
And all the right \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_in all the right places

**2. Choose the correct word**

I **feel/see** the magazine working that Photoshop
We know that shit ain't real, come on **wow/now**, make it stop
If you got beauty, beauty, just **raise/praise** them up
'Cause every inch of you is perfect from the **bottom/button** to the top

**3. Order the following sentences from 1 to 4**

\_\_Yeah, my mama she told me "don't worry about your size"(Shoo wop wop, sha-ooh wop wop)
\_\_ So if that what you're into, then go 'head and move along
\_\_You know I won't be no stick figure silicone Barbie doll
\_\_ She says, "Boys like a little more booty to hold at night" (That booty, uh, that booty booty)

Chorus:

Because you know I'm all about that bass
About that bass, no trouble…

**4. Cross out the extra word in each line**

I'm bringing my booty back
Go ahead and tell them skinny little bitches that
No, I'm just playing, I don’t know you think you're fat
But I'm here to tell you today...
Every inch of you is most perfect from the bottom to the top

Yeah my mama she told me, "don't worry about your size"(Shoo wop wop, sha-ooh wop wop)
She says, "Boys like a little more booty to hold at night" (That booty booty, uh, that booty booty)
You know I won't be no stick figure, silicone Barbie doll
So if that's what you're into, then go 'head and move along

Chorus:

Because you know I'm all about that bass
About that bass, no trouble

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. | 1. if you really want something, nothing can stand in your way

**PROVERBS**Proverbs are the traditional (historic) sayings of a country. They are short, clever sentences that usually offer life advice. |
|  | Don’t judge a book by its cover. | 1. anything that happens easily can be lost just as quickly
 |
|  | Too many cooks spoil the broth. | 1. If you eat well and your diet includes fruits and vegetables, there will be no need to visit the doctor
 |
|  | Many hands make light work. | 1. People are judged by the things they do
 |
|  | Practice makes perfect | 1. If you wish to create something wonderful and long-lasting, you will have to spend more than a day working on it
 |
|  | Where there is a will, there is a way | 1. It’s not good to be jealous, be happy with what you have
 |
|  | An apple a day keeps the doctor away | 1. you can’t do what you would like to do
 |
|  | The early bird catches the worm | 1. If everyone works together, each person has less to do and the work will be done much more quickly.
 |
|  | Better late than never | 1. Everything is difficult when you are a beginner. But if you stick with it, if you keep practicing, you can master anything
 |
|  | The cat is out of the bag | 1. If there are too many people trying to do the same thing at one, problems will occur
 |
|  | Two wrongs don’t make a right | 1. two people are responsible for some situations, so you can’t just blame one person.
 |
|  | Rome wasn’t built in one day | 1. Do everything possible to keep bad things from happening to you
 |
|  | It’s better to be safe than sorry | 1. It is smarter to spread your wealth around
 |
|  | Actions speak louder than words | 1. Things are not always what they seem
 |
|  | It takes two to tango | 1. This proverb is said about ending fights with people. It’s better to apologize and make up years later, than to never resolve your fight at all
 |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | Don’t count your chickens before they hatch | 1. ….. means anyone who is sensitive about their failures. People like this should not insult others because most likely the other person will turn around and insult you back. This way, your self-esteem will easily break into pieces.
 |
|  | Don’t put all your eggs in one basket | 1. First come, first served. It means that it’s usually best to be early
 |
|  | People in glass houses shouldn’t throw stones | 1. It is not a good idea to make plans based on expectations
 |
|  | My hands are tied | 1. a secret has been told
 |
|  | Easy come, easy go | 1. If somebody insults you or harms you, doing the same to them will not make everything okay
 |

**Book titles**

You have to read at least 1 book from this list. Choose a book of your liking and enjoy reading!

|  |
| --- |
| * Green Eggs and Ham
* Brown bear, brown bear, what do you see?
* The very hungry caterpillar
* The star
* I went walking
* There was an old lady who swallowed a fly
* Other kids are kids almost just like you
* My busy week
* If you give mouse a cookie
* Hi! Fly guy
* Llama llama red pajama
* Thunder
* No, David!
 |

**HELLO- ADELE**

1. **Number the sentences in the correct order**

( )But I ain't done much healing

( )Hello, it’s me

( )They say that time's supposed to heal ya

( )You'd like to meet, to go over everything

( )I was wondering if after all these years

1. **Circle the correct word**

Hello, **can/could** you **hear/here** me?

I'm in California **dreaming/thinking** about who we used to **be/been**

When we **were/was** younger and **free/three**

I've **forgotten/forgot** how it felt before the world **fell/tell** at our **feet/fit**

1. **Fill in the missing blanks**

[Chorus]

Hello from the other **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

I must've **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** a thousand **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** to tell you

I'm sorry, for **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** that I've **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

But **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** I call you never **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** to be **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

Hello from the **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

At **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** I can say that I've **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** to tell you

I'm sorry, for **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**your **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

But it don't **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, it clearly doesn't **\_\_\_\_\_** you apart **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

1. **Match the sentence halves by writing the letter of the correct answer.**

\_\_\_Hello, A. ever happened?

\_\_\_It's so typical of me B. it out of that town

\_\_\_I'm sorry, I hope C. to talk about myself

\_\_\_Did you ever make D. that you're well

\_\_\_Where nothing E. how are you?

1. **Circle the correct word**

It's **no/know** secret

That the both of us **are/our** running out **of/at** time

1. **Match the sentence halves by writing the letter of the correct answer.**

\_\_\_Hello A. for everything that I've done

\_\_\_I must've called B. never seem to be home

\_\_\_I'm sorry, C. from the other side

\_\_\_But when I call you D. a thousand times to tell you

1. **Number the sentences in the correct order.**

( ) I'm sorry, for breaking your heart

( ) Hello from the outside

( ) But it don't matter, it clearly doesn't tear you apart anymore

( ) At least I can say that I've tried to tell you

[Bridge]

Ooooohh, anymore

Anymore

1. **Match the sentence halves by writing the letter of the correct answer.**

\_\_\_Hello A. for everything that I've done

\_\_\_I must've called B. never seem to be home

\_\_\_I'm sorry, C. from the other side

\_\_\_But when I call you D. a thousand times to tell you

1. **Number the sentences in the correct order.**

( ) But it don't matter, it clearly doesn't tear you apart anymore

( ) At least I can say that I've tried to tell you

( ) I'm sorry, for breaking your heart

( ) Hello from the outside



 **Listen to the song and fill in the gaps.**

***buy – sale – price (x2) – cash – money (x6) – pay – heels – price tag (x2) – with***

****

Seems like everybody's got a ……………….

I wonder how they sleep at night

When the …………………………..
comes first and the truth comes second

Just stop for a minute and smile

Why is everybody so serious?

Acting so damn mysterious

You got your shades on your eyes
And your ………………………… so high

That you can't even have a good time

**CHORUS**

**Everybody look to their left**

**Everybody look to their right**

**Can you feel that? Yeah**

**We'll ………… them ………… love tonight**

**It's not about the ……………………,
……………………, ……………………**

**We don't need your ……………………,
……………………, ……………………**

**We just wanna make the world dance**

**Forget about the ………………………………**

**Ain't about the cha-ching, cha-ching**

**Ain't about the ba-bling, ba-bling**

**Wanna make the world dance**

**Forget about the ………………………………**

We need to take it back in time

When music made us all unite

And it wasn't low blows and video hoes

Am I the only one getting tired?

Why is everybody so obsessed?

Money can't ……………… us happiness

Can we all slow down and enjoy right now

Guarantee we'll be feeling alright

**CHORUS**

Yeah, yeah, well, keep the price tag

And take the ………………………… back

Just give me six strings and a half stack

And you can keep the cars

Leave me the garage

And all I, yes, all I need are keys and

guitars

And guess what, in 30 seconds
I'm leaving to Mars

Yes, we’re leaving across these undefeatable odds

It's like this man,

You can't put a ………………… on life

We do this for the love, so we fight and

sacrifice every night

So we ain't gonna stumble and fall, never

Waiting to see, a sign of defeat, uh uh

So we gonna keep everyone moving their feet

So bring back the beat and then

everybody sing, it's not about

Short stories

Type in the following link in the search bar on youtube: **English short stories for beginners.**

Click on ‘videos’ and find a video that you like. These are short videos of about two minutes, so it will be easy to understand.

Fill in which video you’ve watched and what you thought of it:

Video: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………….

My thoughts: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..

Video: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………….

My thoughts: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..

Video: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………….

My thoughts: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..

Video: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………….

My thoughts: ……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………..





