



Mavis the Cat ~ Remote Learning English

Thank you for taking the time to support your child with their learning. This story is designed to inspire and support your child to develop skills and confidence in learning.

Through the world of Mavis, the Magical Cat, your child will be invited to explore a number of engaging, fun and purposeful activities. Over the next few weeks, you will see 8 different types of learning activities:

- Read Together
- Talk Time
- Rhyme Time
- Ready, Steady, Write
- Out and About
- Let's Get Creative
- Ladybird Words
- Let's Pretend

You are also able to listen to the story through this link:

<https://soundcloud.com/talkforwriting/mavis>

Read
together.

Mavis the magical cat

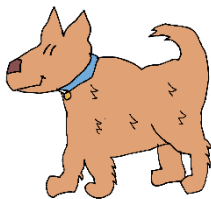


Once upon a time, there was a cat called Mavis who lived with a farmer called Marigold. Now, Mavis was just like any other cat and Marigold was just like any other farmer, except for one thing.



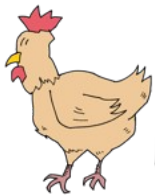
They were both **MAGICAL!**

They worked together on the farm planting flowers and vegetables and looking after Sandy, the farm dog, and Beryl, the farm chicken.



Every morning, Marigold smiled a big smile and said, "Good

Morning!" Mavis stretched out her long white claws and said, "Meow!" Sandy wagged his short, scruffy tail and said, "Woof!" And Beryl fluttered her speckled brown feathers and said, "Cluck!"



One winter's evening, when the moon was as round as a giant marble, Mavis heard the strangest sound coming from Marigold's room. So, she padded up the stairs, pushed open the door and peered into the bedroom. There, standing by the



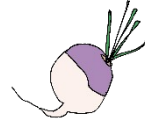
bed was not Marigold the farmer but Marigold the ... witch!

"Come on, Mavis," cackled Marigold.

"Time to get izzy, whizzy busy!" So, they jumped on the broomstick, tapped its long handle and held on tightly as it took off down the stairs and out through the farmhouse door.

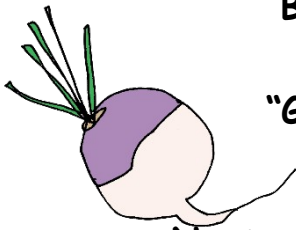
First, they zoomed to the turnip patch.

"Hmmm," mumbled Marigold. "Not very plump. Time for magic, Mavis."



So, Mavis wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers and ZIP BAM BOO! There in the rich brown soil were the plumpest turnips Marigold had ever seen.

"Good job," cackled Marigold and off they went.



Next, they zoomed to the fresh flower bed.

"Hmmm," mumbled Marigold.



"Not very colourful. Time for magic, Mavis."



So, Mavis wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers and ZIP

BAM BOO!

There, swaying in the breeze, were the most colourful flowers Marigold had ever seen.

"Good job," cackled Marigold and off they went.

After that, they zoomed to the corn field.

"Hmmm," mumbled Marigold.

"Not very ripe. Time for magic, Mavis."

So, Mavis wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers and ZIP BAM BOO! There, standing tall, were rows of



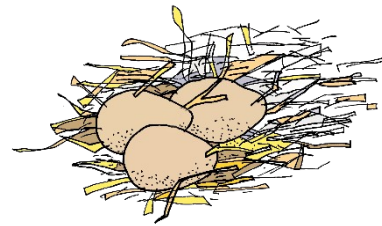


the brightest golden corn Marigold had ever seen.

"Good job," cackled
Marigold and off they
went.

Finally, just as the morning sun was peeping over the hill, they zoomed to the chicken house. "Hmmm," mumbled Marigold. "No eggs. Time for magic, Mavis."

So, Mavis wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers and ZIP BAM BOO! There, snuggled in the straw, was not one, not two but three of the freshest brown eggs Marigold had ever seen.



"Good job," cackled Marigold. "Time for home."

Later that morning Mavis, Sandy and Beryl sat waiting in the farmhouse kitchen. At that moment the door swung open and in walked Marigold the farmer carrying warm boiled eggs for everyone.

"Time to check the flowers and vegetables, Mavis," she said and off they went.