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	Proceso: GESTION ACADEMICA	Código	
Nombre del Documento: PLAN DE MEJORAMIENTO 10°- 2P		Versión 01	Página 1 de 1

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir tree. "Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "You may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor."

Now run along and don't get into mischief. I am going out." Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns. Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail who were good little bunnies went down the lane together to gather blackberries.

But Peter who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden and squeezed under the gate! First he ate some lettuces and some French beans and then he ate some radishes. And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley. But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor! Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out "Stop thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one shoe among the cabbages, and the other amongst the potatoes. After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster. So that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost and shed big tears. But his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement and implored him to exert himself. Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve which he intended to pop on the top of Peter, but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him. He rushed into the tool-shed and jumped into a can.

It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it. Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each. Presently Peter sneezed "Kertyschoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can. After a time he began to wander about, going lippity- lippity- not very fast and looking all around. He found a door in a wall; but it was locked and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath. An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate but she had such a large pea in her mouth she could not answer. She only shook her head at him.

Peter began to cry. Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some gold-fish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her. He had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny. He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe-scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes, but presently as nothing happened, he came out and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter and beyond him was the gate! Peter got down very quietly off the wheel-barrow and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black currant bushes. Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden. Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree. He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight! I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed and made some camomile tea and she gave a dose of it to Peter! "One teaspoonful to be taken at bedtime. "But, Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

1. 1.-Make a summary where you answer: what, who, how, where, when, why, your opinion about the story.
2. 2.-With the fruit, vegetables, animals and element of the kitchen from the text create a riddle. (material poster board)
3. create 15 questions from the text with answer.
4. Take from the text 15 affirmative sentences, then rewrite in negative form
5. represent the story in 6 squares
6. Create a vocabulary minimum 60 words, classify : nouns(no escriba nombre de personas ni el vocabulario del riddle), verbs, adjectives, prepositions, connectors.

Two sisters and the cat

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smith are sisters. Mrs. Wilson lives in a house in Duncan and Mrs. Smith lives in a condominium in Victoria. One day Mrs. Wilson visited her sister. When her sister answered the door, Mrs. Wilson saw tears in her eyes. "What's the matter?" she asked. Mrs. Smith said "My cat Sammy died last night and I have no place to bury him".

She began to cry again. Mrs. Wilson was very sad because she knew her sister loved the cat very much. Suddenly Mrs. Wilson said "I can bury your cat in my garden in Duncan and you can come and visit him sometimes." Mrs. Smith stopped crying and the two sisters had tea together and a nice visit.

It was now five o'clock and Mrs. Wilson said it was time for her to go home. She put on her hat, coat and gloves and Mrs. Smith put the dead Sammy into a shopping bag. Mrs. Wilson took the shopping bag and walked to the bus stop. She waited a long time for the bus so she bought a newspaper. When the bus arrived, she got on the bus, sat down and put the shopping bag on the floor beside her feet. She then began to read the newspaper. When the bus arrived at her bus stop, she got off the bus and walked for about two minutes. Suddenly she remembered she had left the shopping bag on the bus.

7.- Answer according to the text:

1.- Where does Mrs. Smith live?

- A. in a condominium in Duncan
- B. in a condominium in Victoria
- C. in a house in Duncan

2.- Why is Mrs. Smith upset?

- D. because her sister came to see her cat

- E. because her cat died
- F. because Mrs. Wilson was sad

3.- What did Mrs. Wilson do?

- G. take the cat with her on the bus
- H. put her gloves in the shopping bag
- I. prepare dinner for her sister

4.- Who did Sammy the cat live with?

- J. Mrs. Wilson
- K. Mrs. Smith
- L. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smith

5.- What time did Mrs. Wilson go home?

- M. when the bus arrived
- N. at 5 p.m.
- O. after she walked for two minutes

6.- How did Mrs. Wilson go home?

- P. walked for two minutes before she caught the bus
- Q. read a newspaper on the bus
- R. took a bus

7. What did Mrs. Wilson forget?

- A. the newspaper
- B. her handbag
- C. the shopping bag

8. Where did Sammy die?

- A. in Mrs. Smith's house in Duncan

B. in Mrs. Wilson's garden

C. in Victoria

8.- Establish 2 comparisons between Mrs Wilson and Mrs. Smith

9.- Make a square of verbs tense: present, present progressive, Be going to, past, past progressive, was/ were going to, and practice with 15 sentences from the texts

10.- Create ten indirect questions with sentences from the test.

11.- Write 20 new words for you.

12.- Create a lcfes test of 25 point. Take account the two text.