

21st February

Oh dear, Diary!

What an awful day! My chest is aching, my insides are churning and these hunger pains are torturing me. What is a famished wolf to do?

I heard the name-calling again, yesterday - those mean things that the hurtful humans like to say about me when they think that I can't hear - calling me 'big' and 'bad'. It's just not fair! I mean, 'big' - I can't help being this size! And 'bad' - why? Aren't wolves *supposed* to hunt in the forest? Don't they know that we're *carnivores* just trying to stay *alive*?!

Before today, barely a morsel of food had been within a whiff of my salivating chops for *weeks*. All that I had managed to eat were scraps. Not very big scraps, either - just a *pathetic* twelve rabbits, a *measly* fifteen fish, two *tiny* badgers and one *small, solitary* deer. There's so little left to hunt in this forest, I was beginning to feel like a vegetarian! It's like all of the good food has just up and disappeared!

So, imagine how I felt when I caught sight of a plump and juicy little girl, wandering alone in the forest. She wasn't even sticking to the path - *everyone* knows that if you stray into wolf territory, you're fair game. Instantly, I recognised her as I watched

from the shadow of a large oak. 'Red', they call her. 'Red meat' is what I was thinking! Who can blame me? I was practically *wasting away*!

"Looking for something?" I asked, in my silkiest voice. I was all hidden in shadow and probably looked *really* cool and mysterious.

They say that humans are supposed to be clever. Pah - not this one! This pathetic little girl couldn't even tell the difference between me and one of her own! It was as easy as pie to fool her and send her off on her picnic, while I beat her to her granny's house. The kid might as well have drawn me a map! By the time I reached the little cottage, I could barely keep the drool from hanging off my chin.

I knocked once, twice, three times. When the frail, quavering voice answered, for a solitary moment I almost turned back, almost regretted the thoughts that were rampaging through my famished mind. Yet, no sooner had the old woman opened the door than my instinct took over, and I swallowed her whole. I mean, it was hardly my choice. I am a wolf, after all!

Almost instantly, I had a moment of panic - I knew that the girl was on her way. Barely thinking straight, I threw on a spare nightgown and cap from the old woman's wardrobe. Looking in the mirror, I realised that the human nightclothes

didn't cover my furry, pointed snout or my equally furry feet - and my tail stuck out of the back! There was only one way that this could work. Feeling perfectly ridiculous, I jumped swiftly into bed and covered myself right up to my eyes with the bedclothes.

Before long, Red arrived in her ridiculous little hood and knocked on the door. And *that's* when I gave my best performance to date, Diary. I've been perfecting my old-lady voice for many years; it's award-worthy. That foolish child walked right into her granny's house and sat by the bed, and *still*, she didn't have me sussed. Incredibly, I managed to convince her that I was her very own granny! "What big *eyes* you have, Granny!" How *absurd*! Did she think that those hairy mitts clinging to the top of the bedclothes were her relative's, *claws* and all? Ha! When my furry ears popped out from under the nightcap, I knew that I was beginning to push my luck, and when the girl saw my teeth, I had no choice but to seize the chance. One almighty gulp, and she joined her granny.

Feeling bloated, with two whole humans wriggling around in my belly, I had no hope of getting away *anywhere* quickly. My biggest mistake followed - I tried to pass the time with a little knitting but I must have nodded off! The next thing that I saw through bleary eyes was the swinging axe of the woodcutter hailing mercilessly down upon me. My

eyes could have popped right out of my head as the gash tore through my belly. I felt terribly sick as both humans crawled from inside me. I might have even passed out as the vicious creatures filled me with rocks before sewing me up and sending me out with my tail between my legs. Oh, the piercing sting of that needle! How I limped home, I do not know.

So, Diary, here I am, curled up again in the den, feeling more miserable than ever. Hungry. Filled with rocks. Chopped open and sewn up. Probably *wasting away* through lack of a decent meal. And they say that *I'm* the one who's 'big' and 'bad'!

I can only hope that tomorrow will be a better day. I've heard rumors that a trio of pigs have recently moved to the forest. Perhaps I will have better luck there.



21st February

Dearest Diary,



Oh, my goodness! I've never been so frightened in all of my life! Yesterday, I was actually eaten by a wolf - that's right, eaten - and I lived to tell the tale. Can you believe it? Me, Red! Or 'Little Red', as everyone seems to want to say. Hmph.

It all started when Mother sent me on yet another one of her errands. Don't get me wrong, I do love to visit Granny, but is it really necessary to take baskets of food all of the time? She couldn't get through this basket full of cupcakes even if she was having daily dinner parties with the whole village! And I do wish that mother wouldn't pester me so: "No dilly-dallying, keep to the path, and never ever talk to strangers. Do you hear me?" Pester, pester, pester.

Anyway, off I skipped in the beautiful sunshine, down the path to the lane and through the forest, waving to the old woodcutter as I went. It was such a lovely day; animals were scampering around on the ground and birds were chirping in the trees. I got quite carried away, until I heard a silky-sounding voice from the shadows.

I knew right away that this was one of the wolves that Mother had warned me about - he was a very fine-

looking gentleman with thick hair, bright eyes and very big, white teeth. He claimed that he knew Granny, and I'm ashamed to say that I believed him, Diary. He must have been very, very clever, because even now, I can't figure out how he knew where Granny lived.

I was oh-so hungry, Diary, and the cunning wolf convinced me to stop for a snack. I mean, my stomach was really, really gurgling! I really didn't stray from the path for long, and of course, I thought that I was perfectly safe! How wrong I was.

I arrived at Granny's cottage without a care in the world, but when I walked through the door, my heart sank. Granny was sick! I could see hardly anything of her, so I leaned in close, and when I did - oh, Diary! You wouldn't believe her eyes! Large and yellow - I was sure that she was deathly ill. When one long ear popped out from under her nightcap, I thought that I should surely call for the doctor at once!

But all that was nothing, Diary, compared with what I saw next. As she spoke to me, Granny's quilt slipped down to reveal a muzzle with long, sharp teeth. I thought that the bottom had dropped out of my stomach, and I began to shake so violently! I said the first thing that came to me:

"Oh, Granny, what big teeth you have!"

I suppose that I thought that it might give me a little time to think of an escape plan, if I could convince the creature that his disguise was still working. However, as I was about to clasp my hand around the heavy, glass vase on Granny's bedside table, the wolf's huge mouth opened up and, in an instant, everything went black.

I was actually *inside* its belly! Ugh! Pitch black, slimy and *extremely* smelly, the inside of the wolf was the worst place that I have ever been. I have no idea how long I was there for, Diary - *too* long. I wriggled and wrestled around in the strange, cramped space, but to no avail. I could hear Granny's muffled calls, and I could feel that she was near to me, but it was just too dark to see her!

After what felt like hours, I heard the faint voice of the old woodcutter.

"Anyone home? It's only me, the woodcutter!" he called.

I tried to scream, but the foul stench of the beast's insides caught in my throat. As I spluttered, I felt the wolf begin to move, and all at once, bright light burst through the dark, blinding me for a moment. I propelled myself towards it and fell with a *splat* onto the floor of Granny's little cottage. As Granny tumbled out beside

me, I gulped down fresh air before throwing my arms around our saviour.

Once we were free, Granny filled the beast with rocks. I know that it sounds a little extreme, but, this way, he will never be able to sneak up on another living thing! We sewed him up and kicked him back out of the door. I'd say that there's not much chance of him causing us trouble again any time soon!

As you can imagine, Diary, Granny and the woodcutter were *not* best pleased that I had led a big, bad wolf to the cottage and had strayed from the path. At least I could soften them up a little by giving them the cupcakes that Mother had sent me with! Mother was not so easy to talk around. I am not allowed to walk through the forest *ever again in my entire life* without her by my side. Oh well, I guess I won't have to deliver food any more.

I cannot wait to tell everyone in the village about this. Goldilocks will never believe it! It'll be no more 'Little Red' - more like 'Brave Red, the brilliant banisher of wolves'! Nevertheless, I have learned to be far more careful who I talk to when I am out and about - perhaps when mother pesters me, I should pay more attention... maybe...



21st February

Deary me, Diary!

What a week it's been. The ladies in the village were hanging off my every word today, for a change, when I told them about my terrifying near-death experience: I was eaten by a wolf! At my age! Gosh, there hasn't been this much of a kerfuffle since one of the girls swallowed that fly!

There I was, enjoying a little knitting by the fire after my wolf-defence class: a typical Tuesday. I was expecting a visit from my precious granddaughter, Red. Her mother usually sends her with parcels of some of food or other. If I didn't know that daughter of mine any better, I'd think that she doesn't believe that I can bake a thing for myself any more! I taught her everything that she knows about how to get around a kitchen. Doesn't she remember that I baked a gingerbread conservatory for that lovely woman in the forest? As if I can't bake my own cupcakes! How ridiculous!

I must admit, I was also wondering if that lovely woodcutter would drop by again. He's visited a few times, recently, and he always cheers me up with a few stories and a boiled sweet. I had a lovely day planned, Diary.

So imagine my dismay when, instead, the door was rattled by an almighty knocking, far too rough or strong for either Red or the woodcutter, both of whom are gentle souls. It gave me quite a start.

"Who is it?" I called, trying to hide the quiver in my voice. It was a shrill, awkward reply that came from the other side of the wooden door - someone pretending to be my granddaughter!

"It's me, Granny! It's your granddaughter." The nerve of it! I knew at once that it wasn't her voice, so I rose silently from my rocking chair and readied myself with a knitting needle poised in one hand.

"The door's unlocked, dear," I said, as calmly as I could muster.

If it hadn't been for my weak knees, I'd have taken care of that beast there and then. But I'm not as young as I used to be (and don't I know it). No sooner had I called out than the hairy brute was inside, as quick as flash, drooling mouth wide open, yellow teeth bared and disgusting breath stinking. I didn't even have time to jab at him with the needle, like I'd planned. Whoosh! He gulped me down in one.

What a pickle I was in! I poked and prodded inside that wolf's belly, making him belch and burp, but it

was no use - I was stuck. The next thing I knew, he was speaking - to Little Red, this time pretending to be me! Can you believe it? He didn't sound anything like me! Such cheek. I shouted and screamed, but she heard nothing, and sure enough, down the hatch she tumbled! What a dastardly, greedy creature!

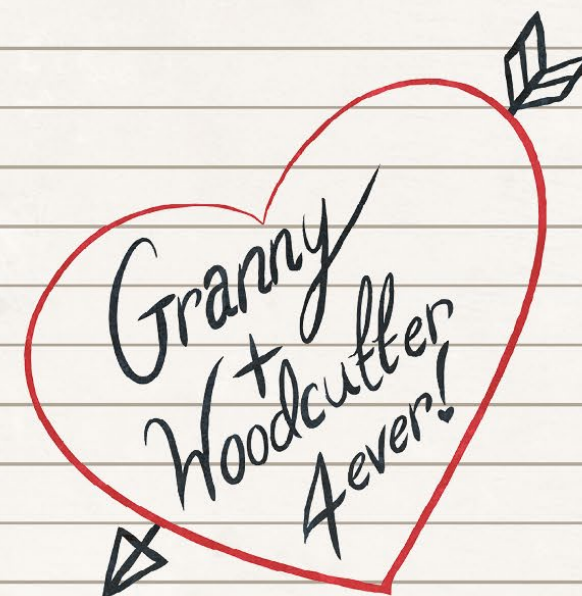
There we were. Granny and granddaughter, trapped in the belly of a hideous beast. It was so dark in there that we couldn't see each other. After what felt like hours, my heart soared as I heard the woodcutter arrive and call out for me. I knew that he would be angry when he realised what this wicked wolf had done, so I was not surprised when light came streaming in. Red and I wriggled towards the light and fell with a *splat* onto the floor of my cottage.

Well, I wasn't letting that horrid beast get away. Wasting no time at all, we filled him with rocks and I put my sewing skills to good use by stitching him back up and sending him on his way. All done and dusted, we had time to boil the kettle up for a pot of tea and a cupcake, brought by Red (why the wolf didn't just eat those, I don't know).

I've since had rather a stern word with my granddaughter, as it turns out that in her childish innocence, she led the wolf straight to my door. I shall be making sure that she listens to her mother

in the future. Silly girl! Doesn't every child know not to speak to strangers?

I'm something of a hero now, with the knitting ladies at the village hall. That reminds me, I must go and finish that scarf that I've started. I think that the woodcutter is really going to like it!



READING RESOURCE 2

How can you tell that this is a diary entry?

Who do you think wrote this diary? How can you tell?

Why do you think some words are written in *italics*?

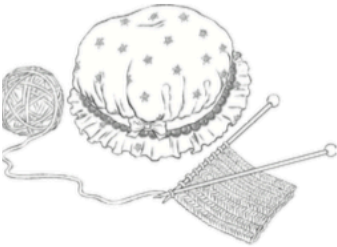
READING RESOURCE 3

Features of a Diary Entry

Uses the past tense	
Uses first person pronouns (I, we, my, etc.)	
Describes the writer's point of view, thoughts and feelings	
Includes opinions as well as facts	
Uses ambitious words to describe people and places	
Is written in an informal style, as though speaking to someone	
Uses time conjunctions to link events	
Organises events into paragraphs	
Uses inverted commas to show direct speech	

Sequencing Sentences

Cut out the sentences and stick them in the correct order to tell the story of Little Red Riding Hood.



After that, they filled the wolf with rocks and Granny sewed him back up.

First, Little Red Riding Hood left home to walk to her granny's cottage.

Finally, Granny, Little Red Riding Hood and the woodcutter ate cupcakes and drank tea.

Next, Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf in the forest.

Later, the woodcutter found the wolf and saved Little Red Riding Hood and Granny.

Then, the wolf ran to granny's house and ate her! He dressed up as granny and ate Little Red Riding Hood, too!

Character Profile

Add facts about the character to each box.

	<p>Name:</p>	

Character Description Word Mat

Face

adorable	narrow
attractive	odd
beautiful	pale
blotchy	plump
blushing	round
cheerful	rosy
cruel	sallow
cute	scrunched
freckled	slim
gloomy	striking
gorgeous	stunning
jaunty	sullen
kind	sunburnt
long	sunken
loving	unusual
miserable	wicked
morose	wrinkled

Hair

coarse
curly
dark
fine
floppy
frizzy
ginger
golden
greasy
luscious
messy
neat
shiny
tangled
thick
wild
wispy

Body

angular
athletic
broad
bulky
burly
frail
lithe
muscular
narrow
plump
slender
slight
slim
stout
wide
willowy
wiry

Voice

booming
brittle
clear
confident
croaking
echoing
flat
gruff
hushed
inaudible
loud
quiet
quivering
raspy
shrill
wheezy
whispering

Clothes

clean
damaged
fashionable
flowing
ill-fitting
modern
neat
old-fashioned
pristine
spotless
stylish
tidy
torn
untidy
unkempt
vintage
worn

Movement

blundering
edging
hobbling
limping
looming
pacing
plodding
racing
scrambling
skulking
stalking
stooping
striding
strutting
stumbling
sweeping
trudging

Half past times bingo

Maths Resource 1

clock boards - match the half past word
cards to the clock boards

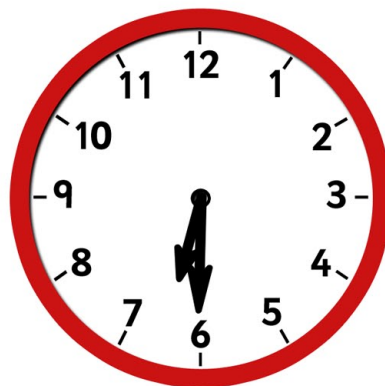


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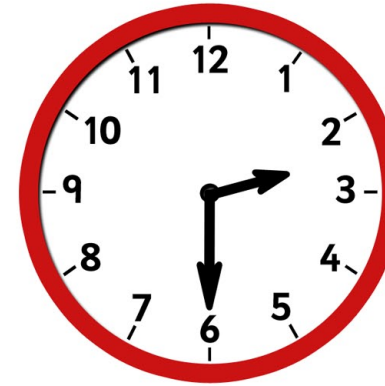
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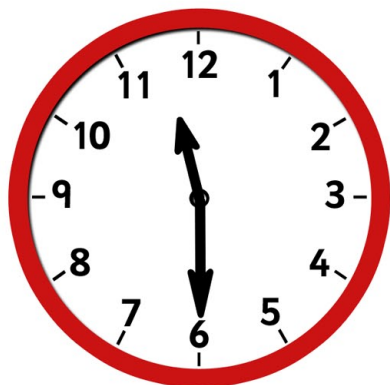
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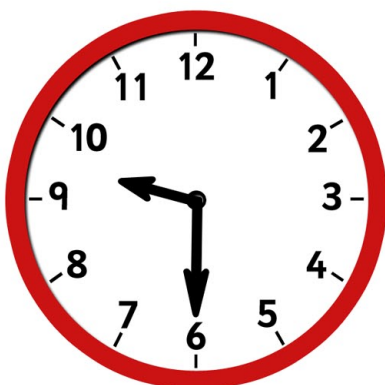
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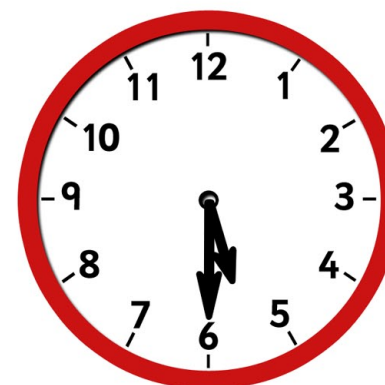
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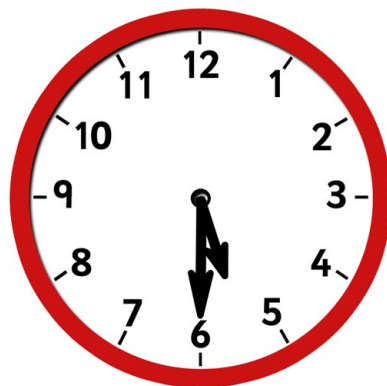
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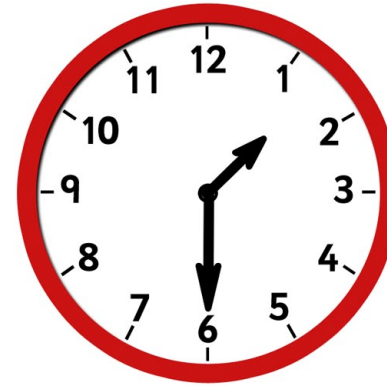
clock boards - match the half past word
cards to the clock boards



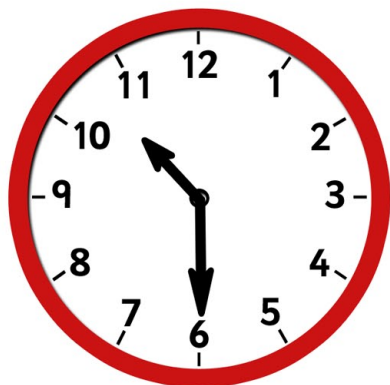
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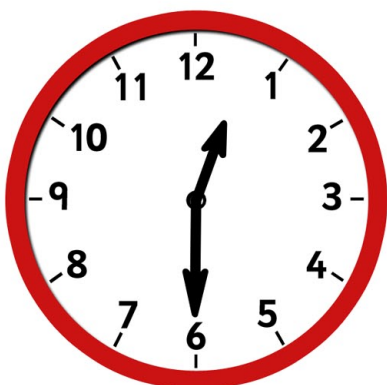
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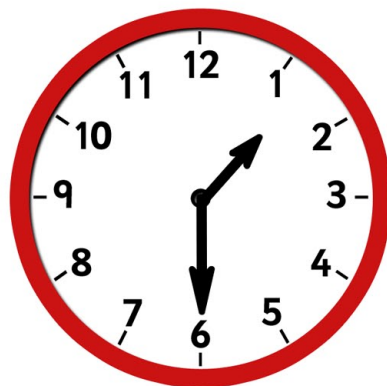
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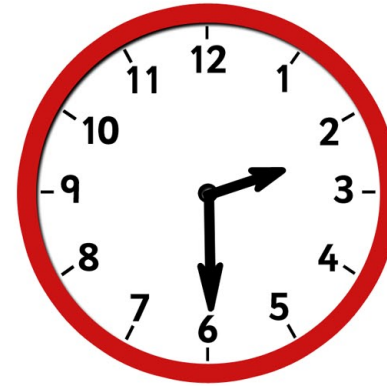
clock boards - match the half past word
cards to the clock boards



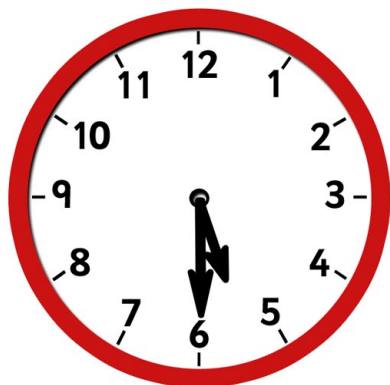
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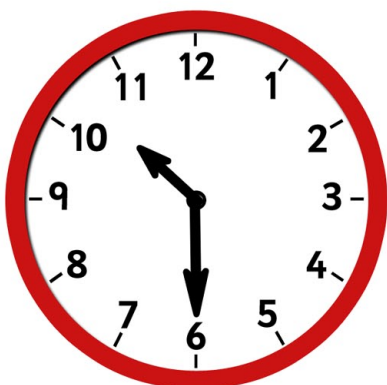
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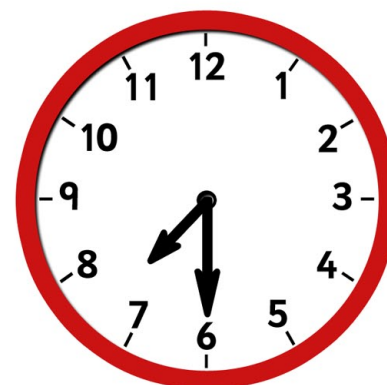
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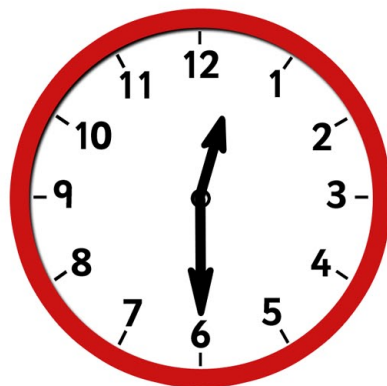
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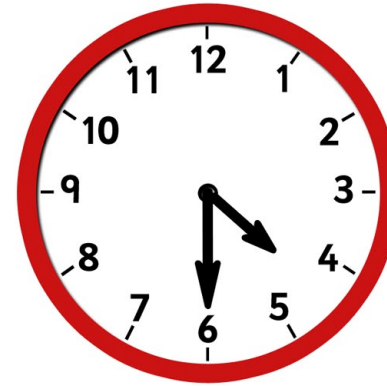
clock boards - match the half past word
cards to the clock boards



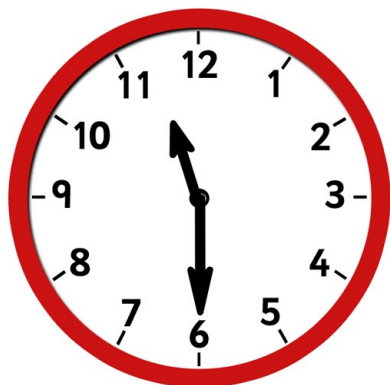
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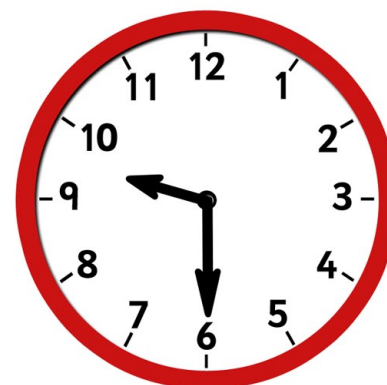
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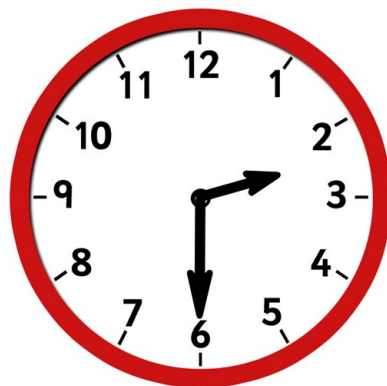
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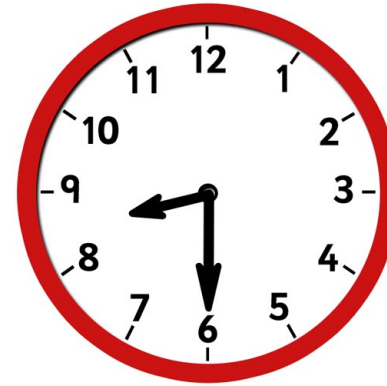
clock boards - match the half past word cards to the clock boards.



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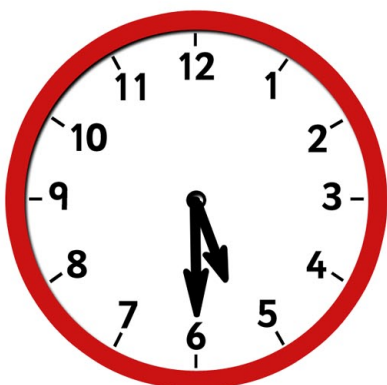
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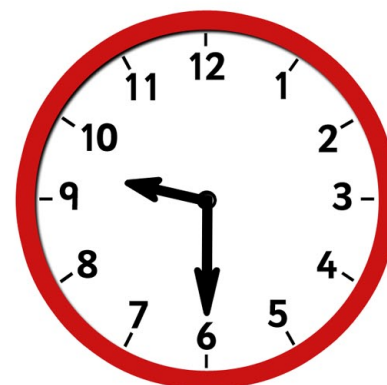
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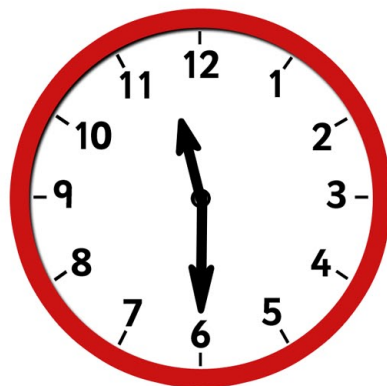
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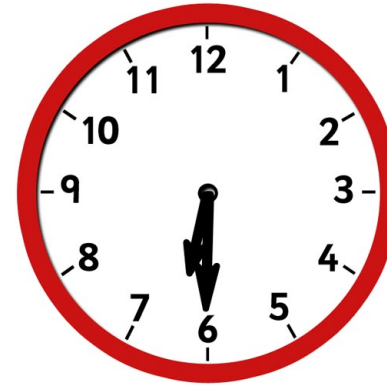
clock boards - match the half past word cards to the clock boards.



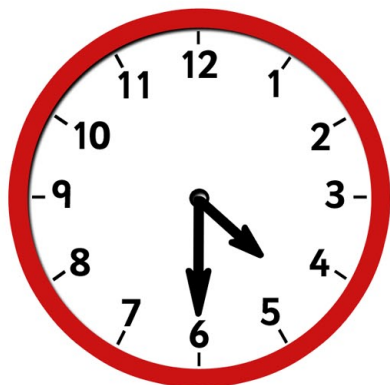
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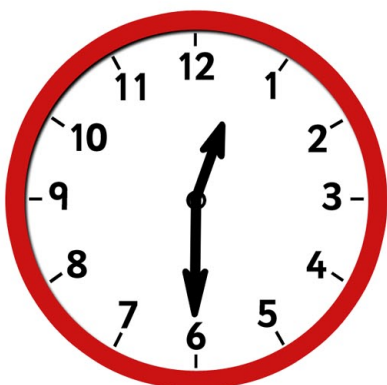
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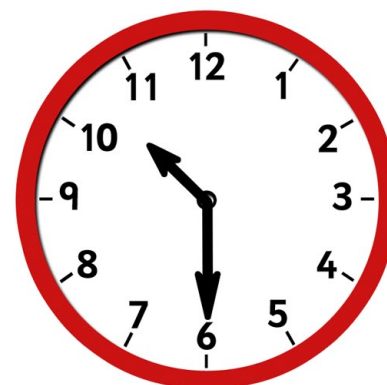
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Half past times bingo

half past word cards - match the word
cards to the clock boards.



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half past 1

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half past 2

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half past 3

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half past 4

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half past 5

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Half past times bingo

half past word cards - match the word
cards to the clock boards.



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half past 7

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half past 8

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half past 9

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half past 10 half past 11 half past 12

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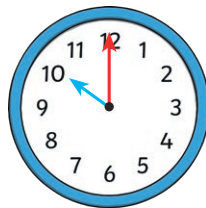
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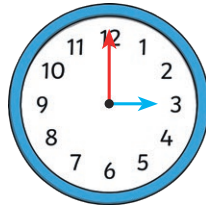
Digital and Analogue Clocks

Match the different ways of representing the same time.

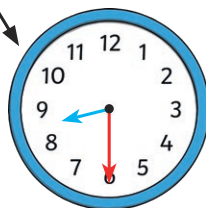
Half past eight



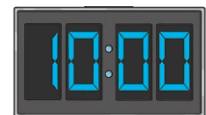
Half past one



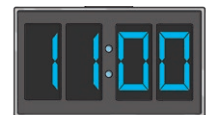
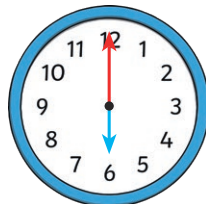
Three o'clock



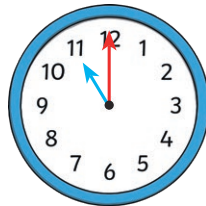
Eleven o'clock



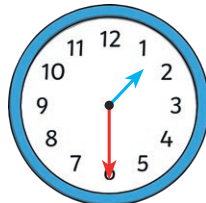
Half past two



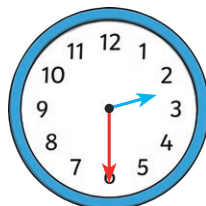
Half past four



Ten o'clock



Six o'clock



Digital and Analogue Clocks Answers

Match the different ways of representing the same time.

Half past eight

Half past one

Three o'clock

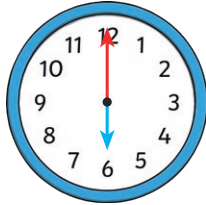
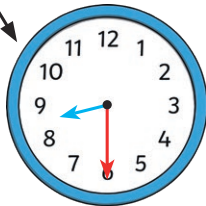
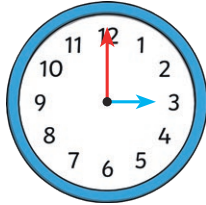
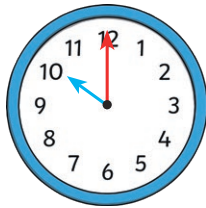
Eleven o'clock

Half past two

Half past four

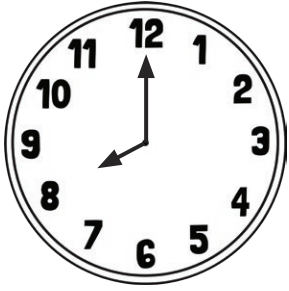
Ten o'clock

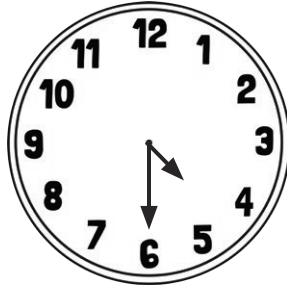
Six o'clock

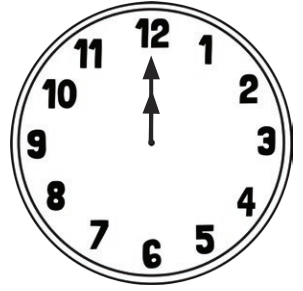


Tell the Time: Writing the Time

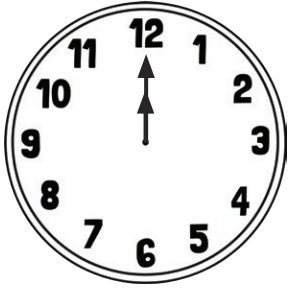
Write the time that is **1 hour before** the time on each clock.

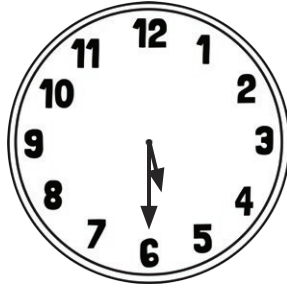


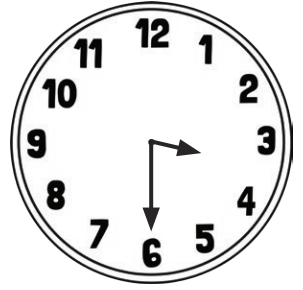




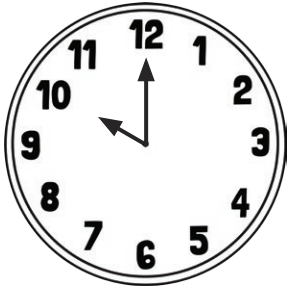
Write the time that is **1 hour after** the time on each clock.

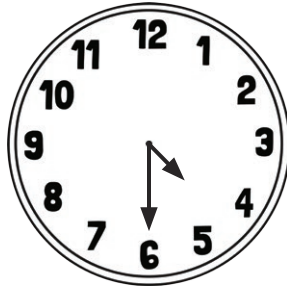


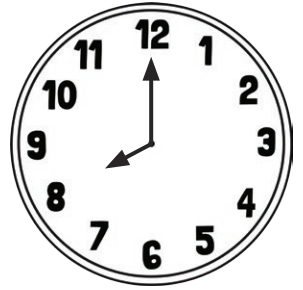




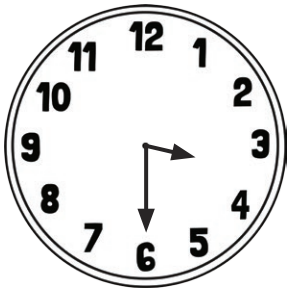
Write the time that is **2 hours before** the time on each clock.

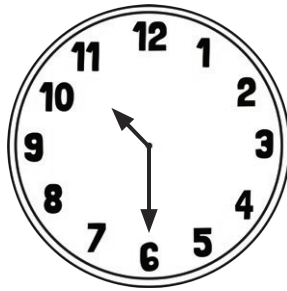


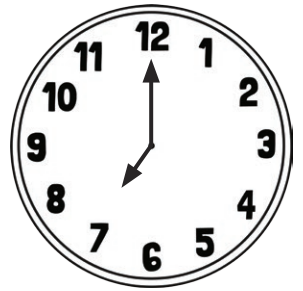




Write the time that is **2 hours after** the time on each clock.

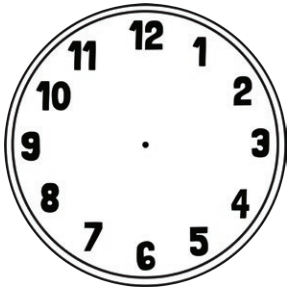




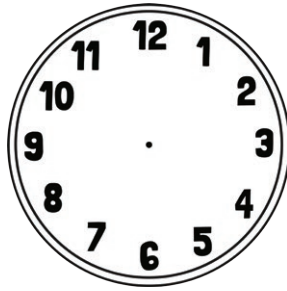


Tell the Time: Drawing the Time

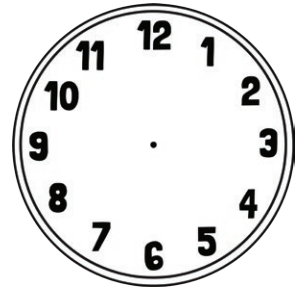
Draw the time on each clock that is **1 hour before** the given time.



4 o'clock

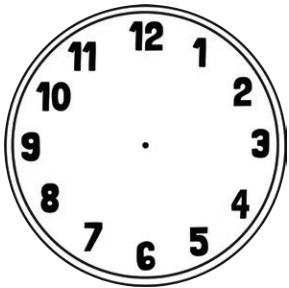


half past 1

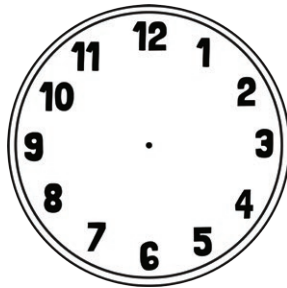


10 o'clock

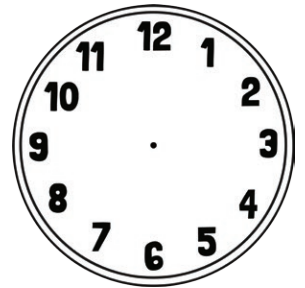
Draw the time on each clock that is **1 hour after** the given time.



9 o'clock

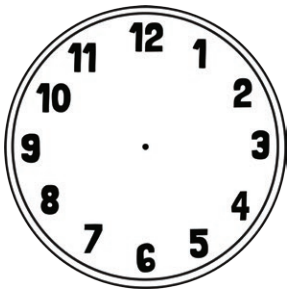


half past 2

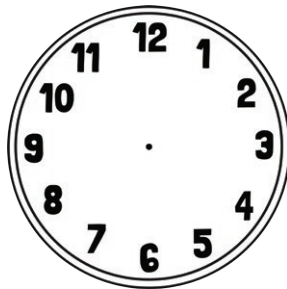


half past 11

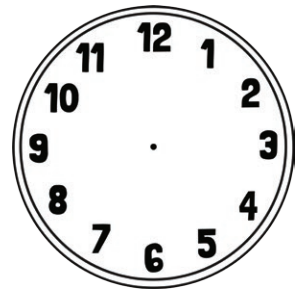
Draw the time on each clock that is **2 hours before** the given time.



3 o'clock

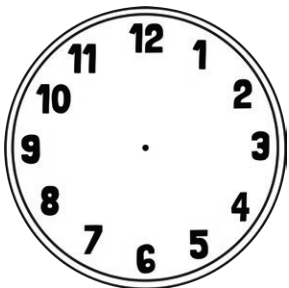


half past 12

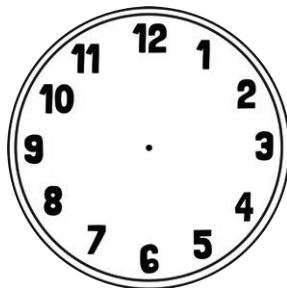


6 o'clock

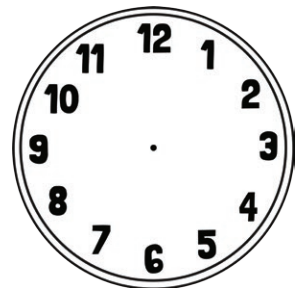
Draw the time on each clock that is **2 hours after** the given time.



half past 7



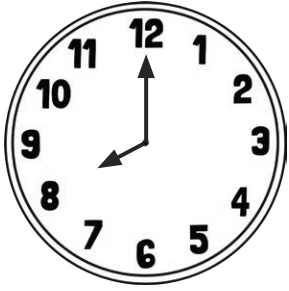
half past 5



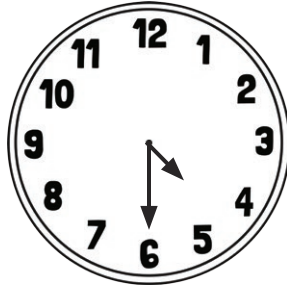
8 o'clock

Writing the Time **Answers**

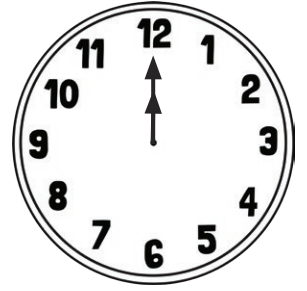
Write the time that is **1 hour before** the time on each clock.



7 o'clock

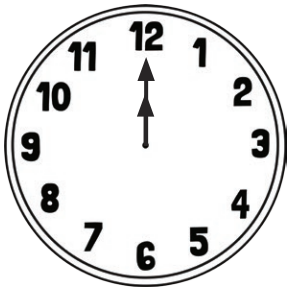


half past 3

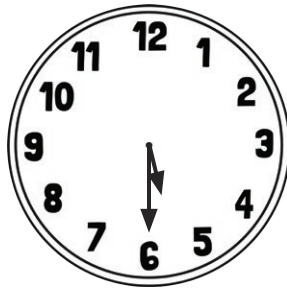


11 o'clock

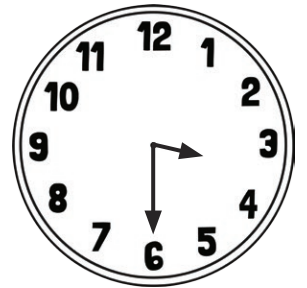
Write the time that is **1 hour after** the time on each clock.



1 o'clock

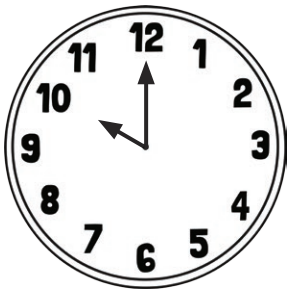


half past 6

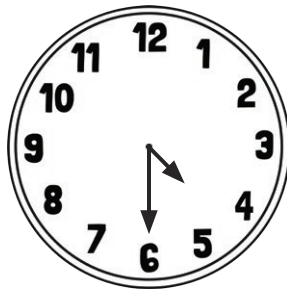


half past 4

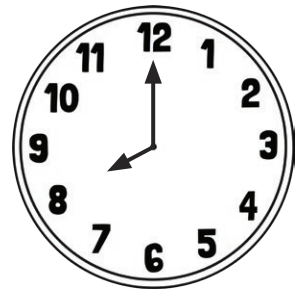
Write the time that is **2 hours before** the time on each clock.



8 o'clock

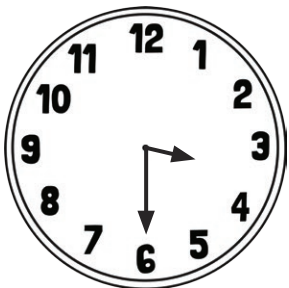


half past 2

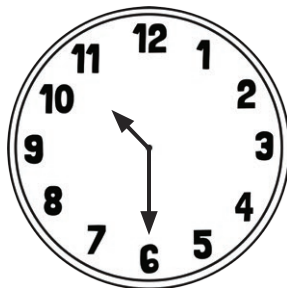


6 o'clock

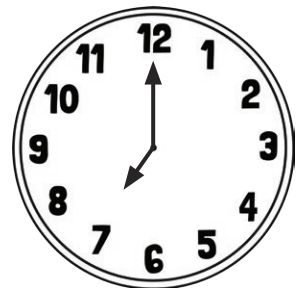
Write the time that is **2 hours after** the time on each clock.



half past 5



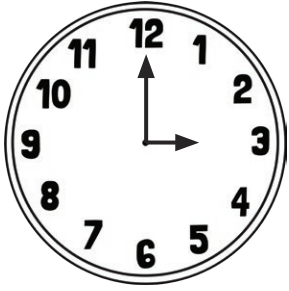
half past 12



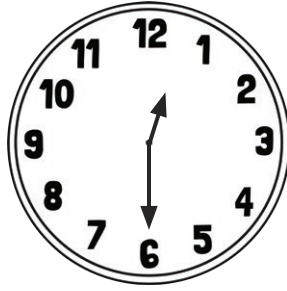
9 o'clock

Drawing the Time **Answers**

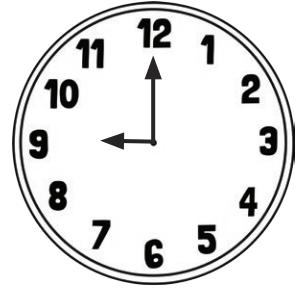
Draw the time on each clock that is **1 hour before** the given time.



4 o'clock

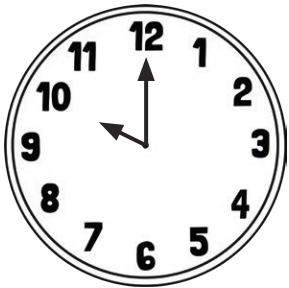


half past 1

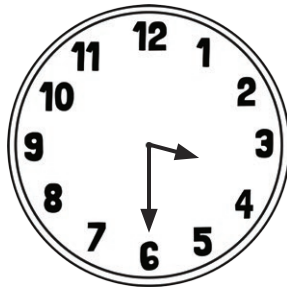


10 o'clock

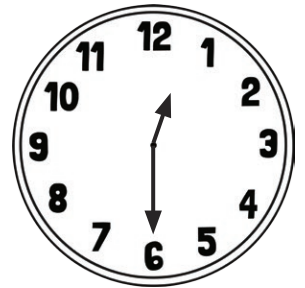
Draw the time on each clock that is **1 hour after** the given time.



9 o'clock

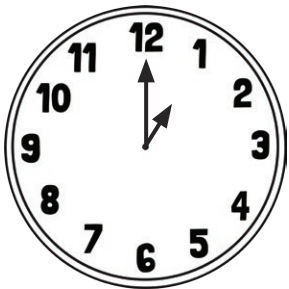


half past 2

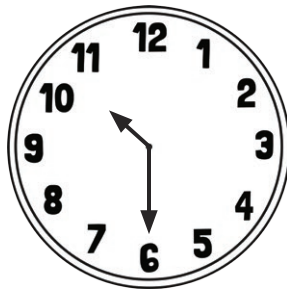


half past 11

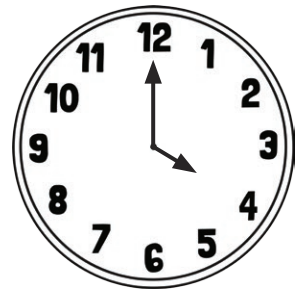
Draw the time on each clock that is **2 hours before** the given time.



3 o'clock

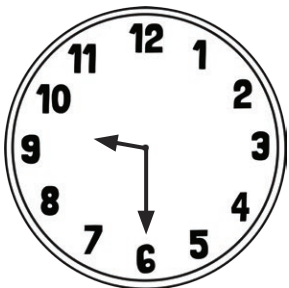


half past 12

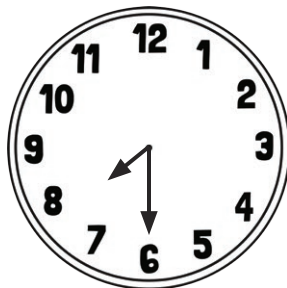


6 o'clock

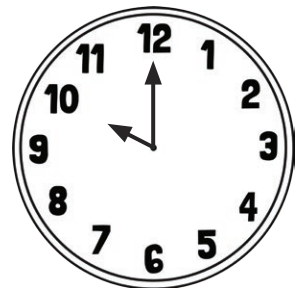
Draw the time on each clock that is **2 hours after** the given time.



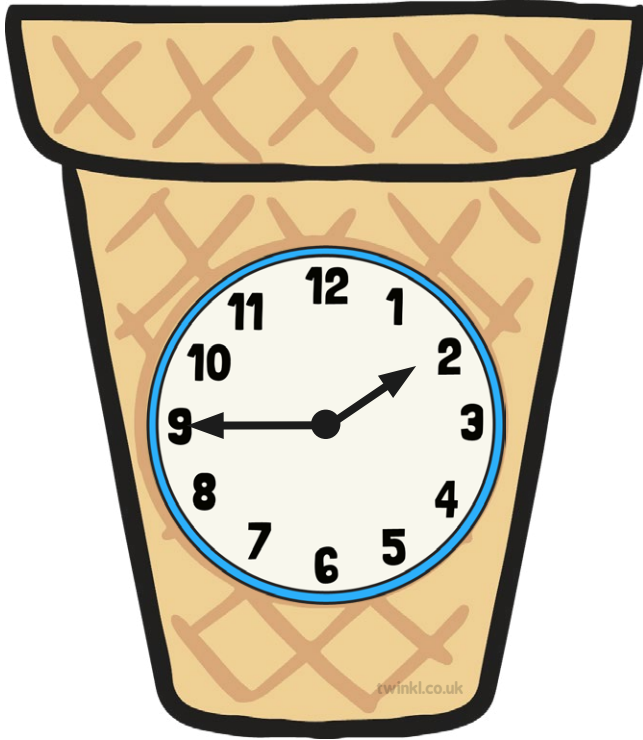
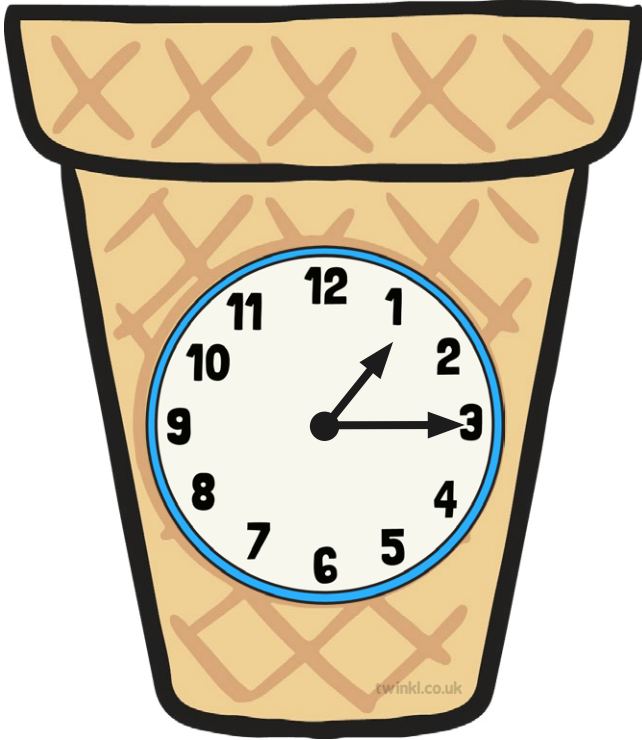
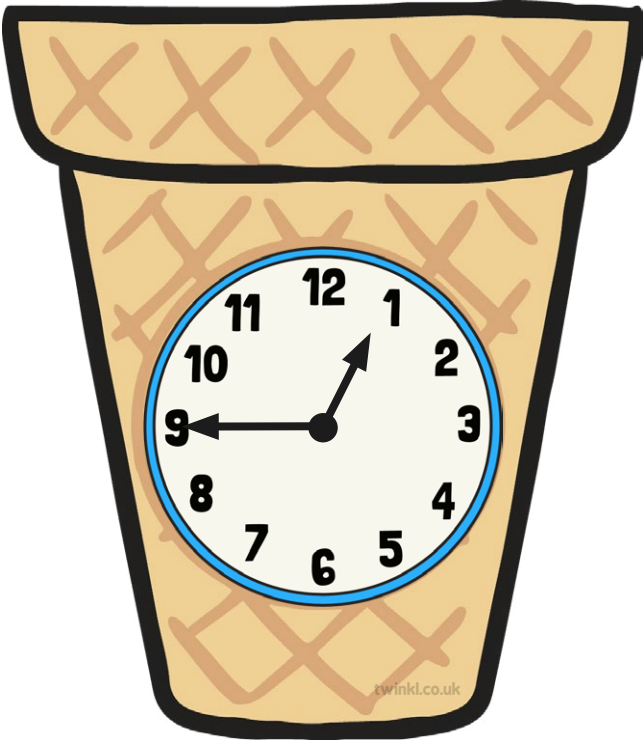
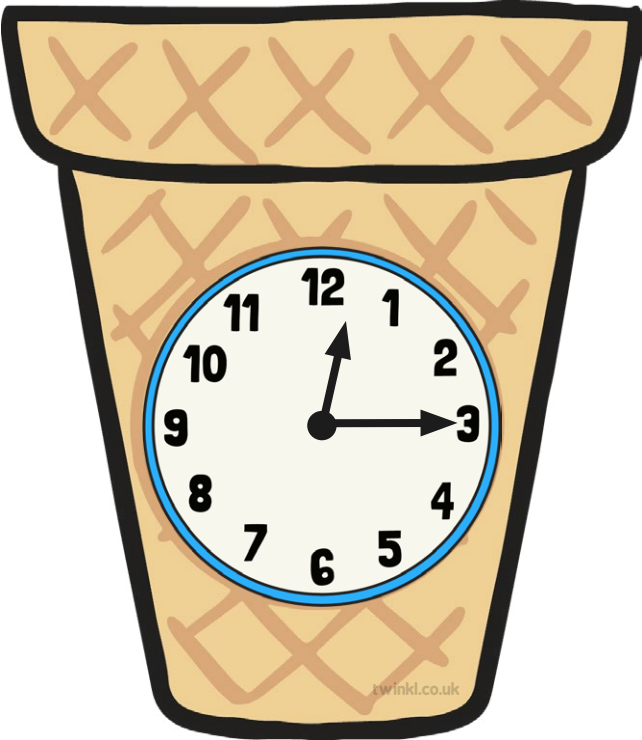
half past 7

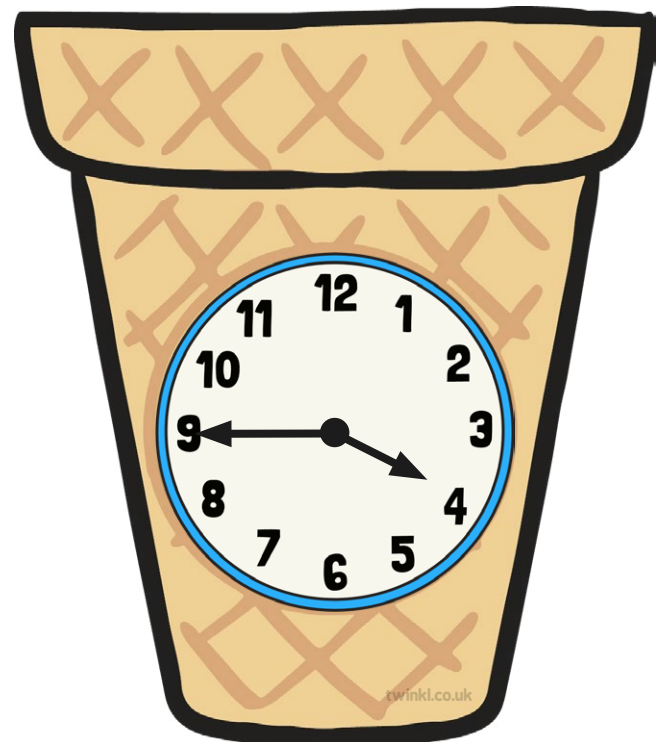
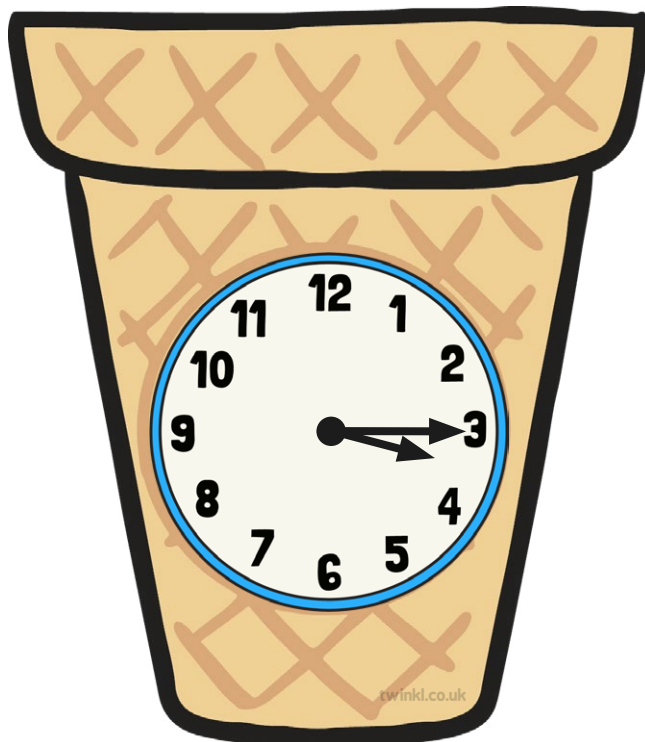
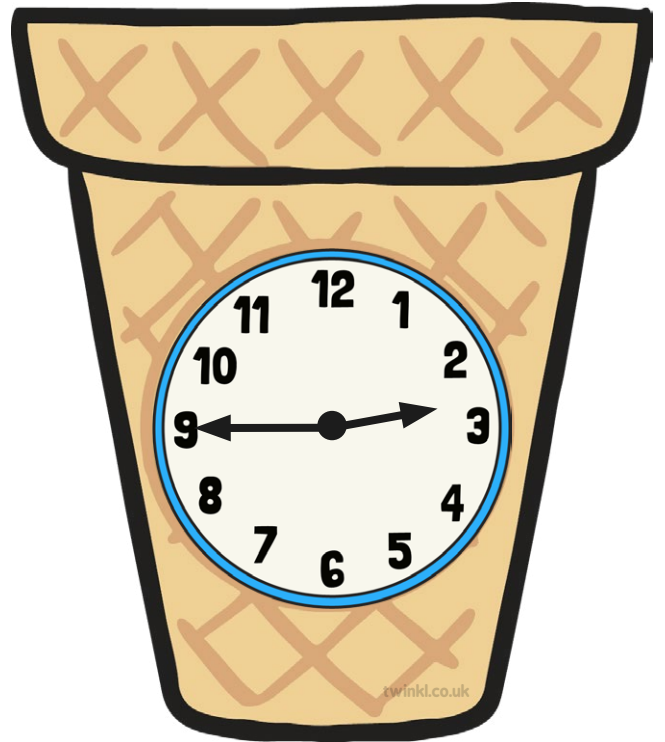
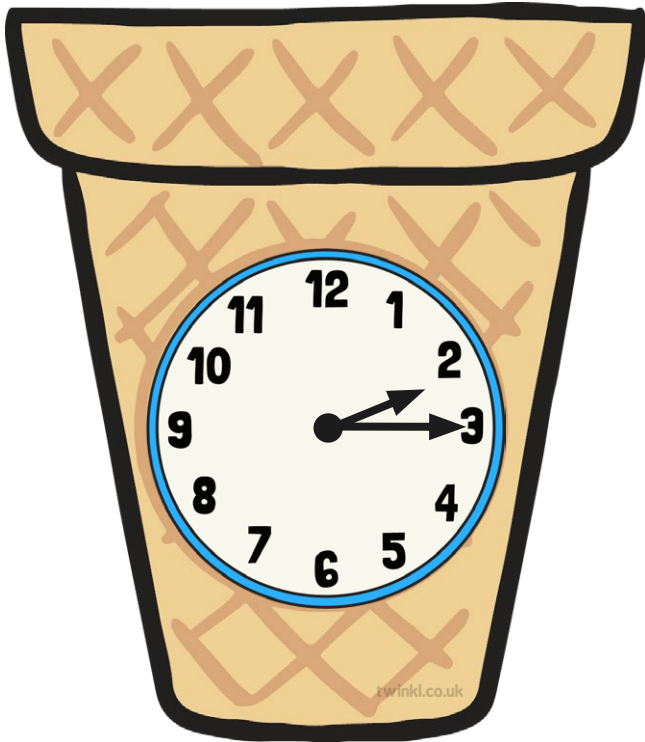


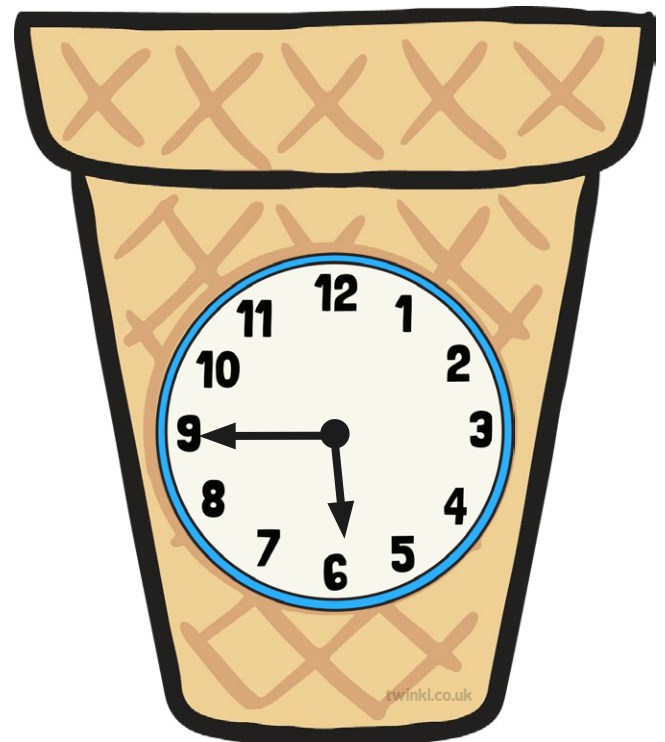
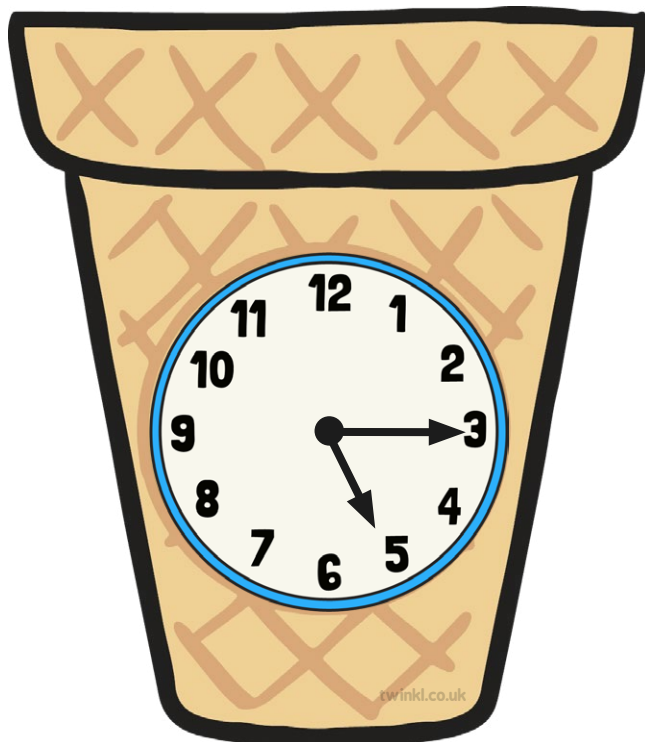
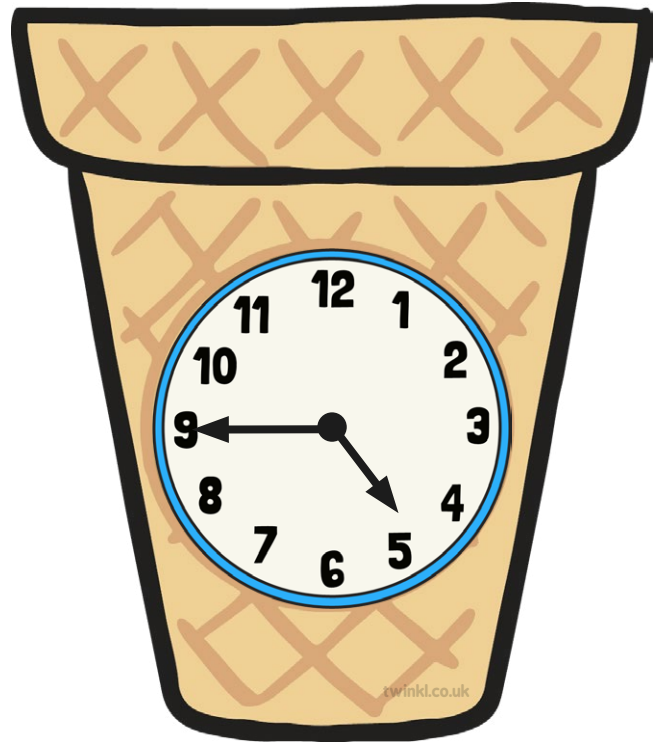
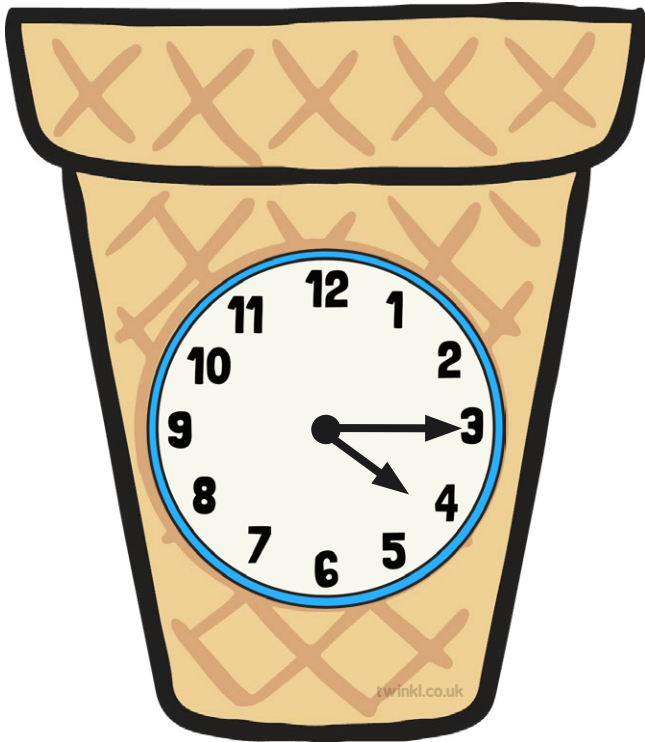
half past 5

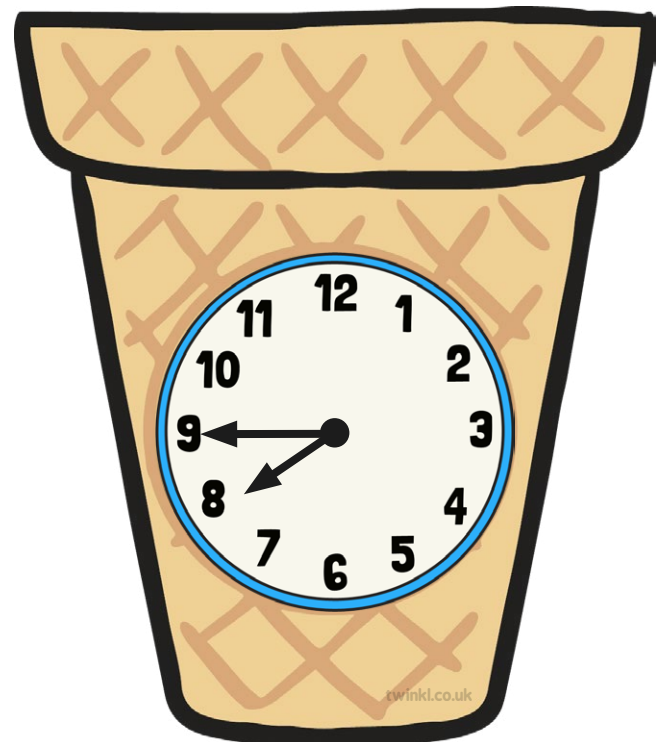
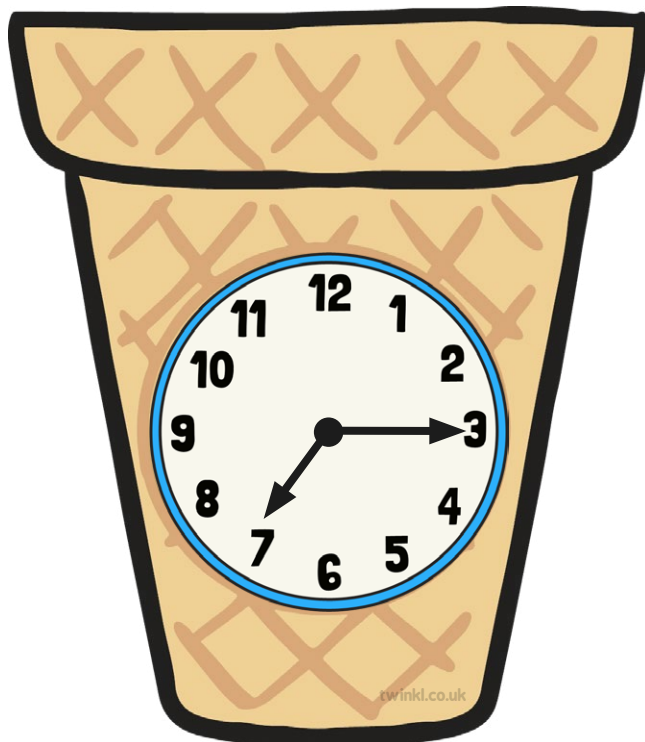
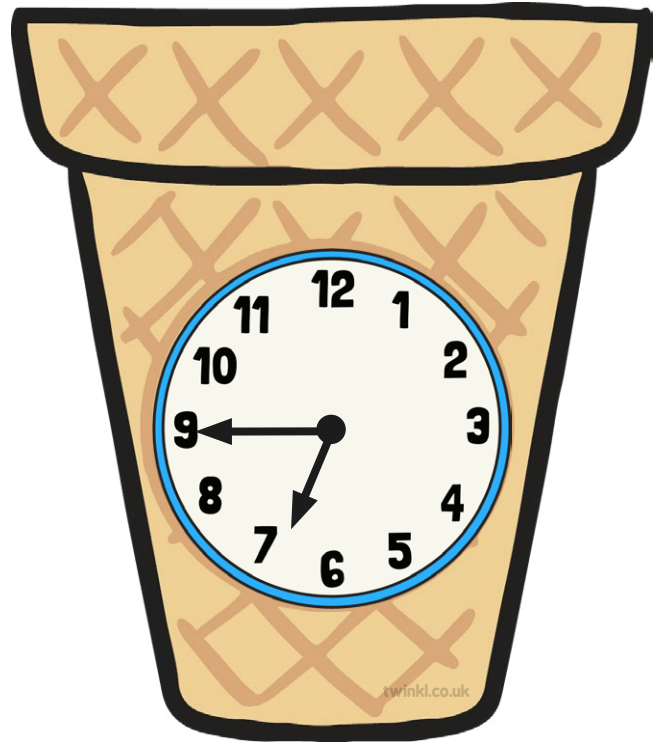
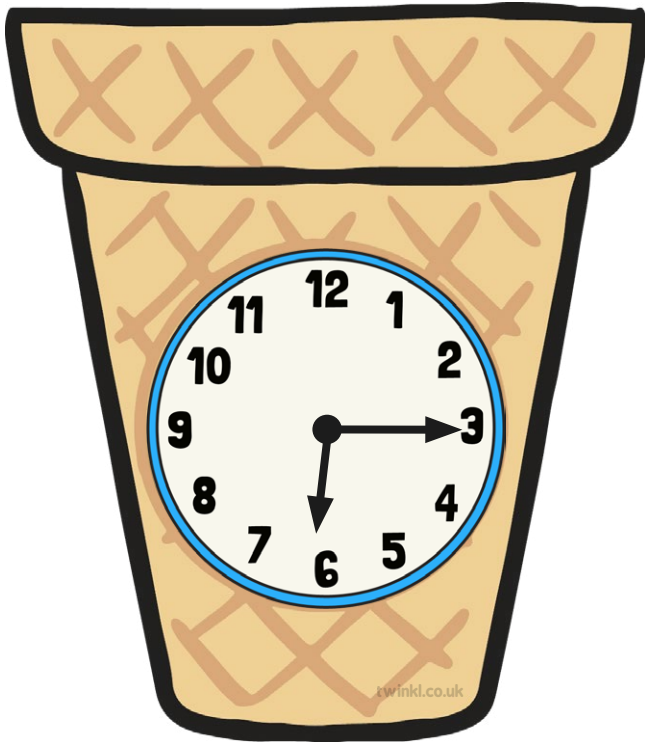


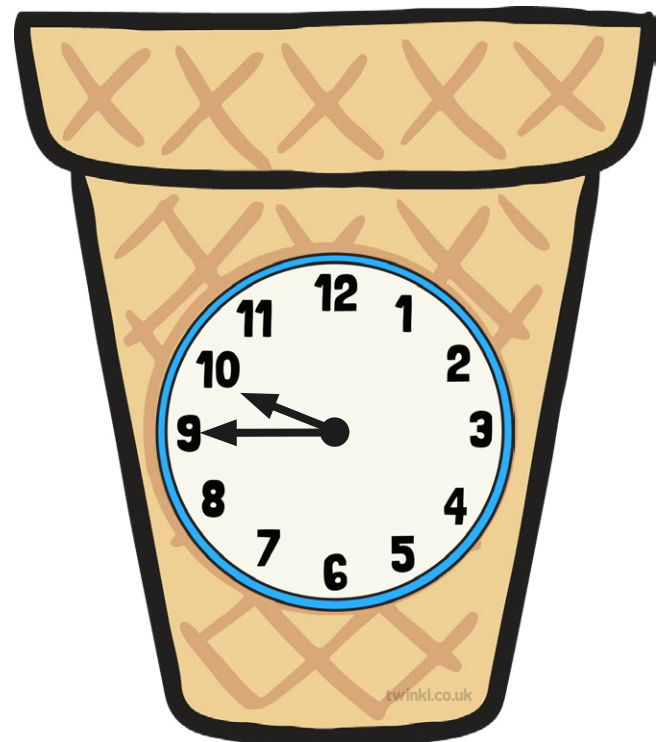
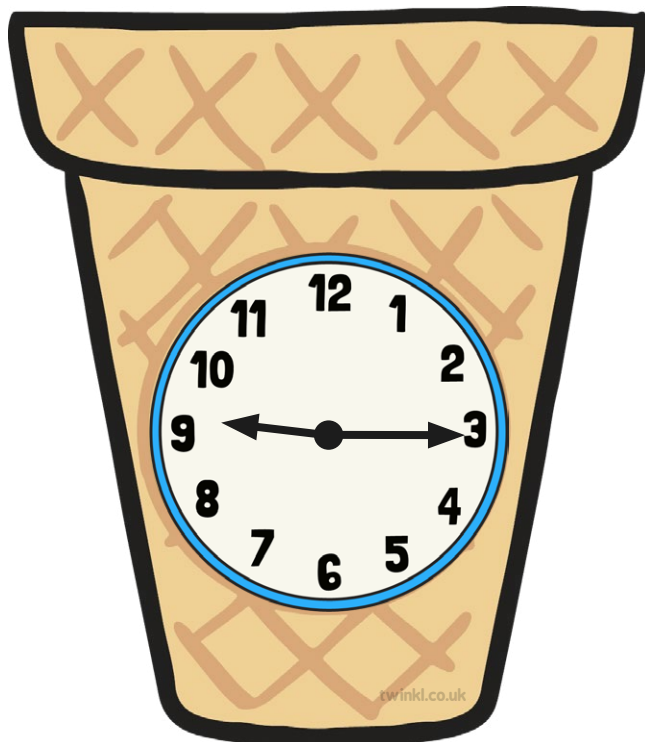
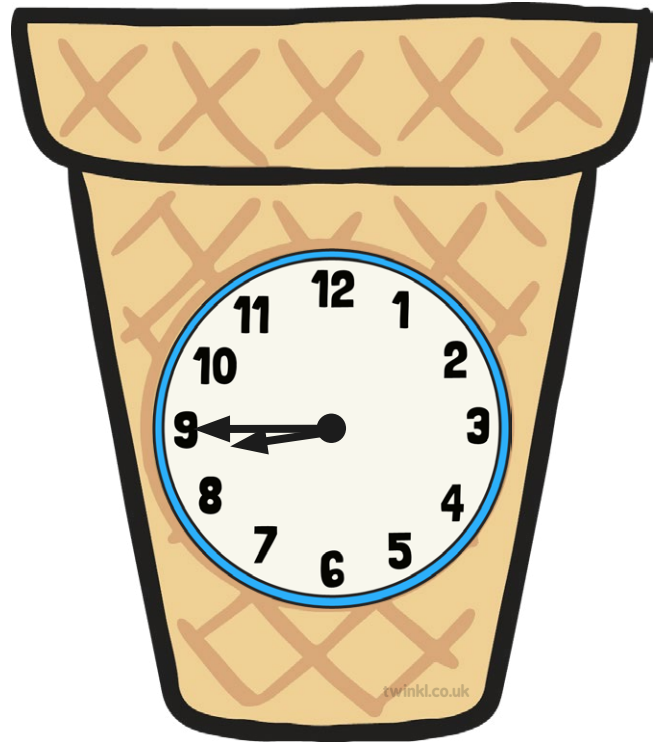
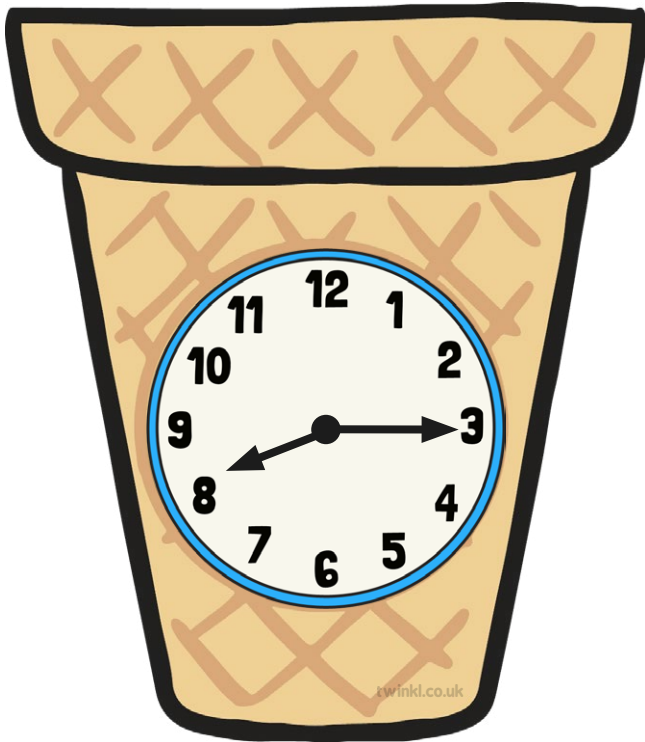
8 o'clock

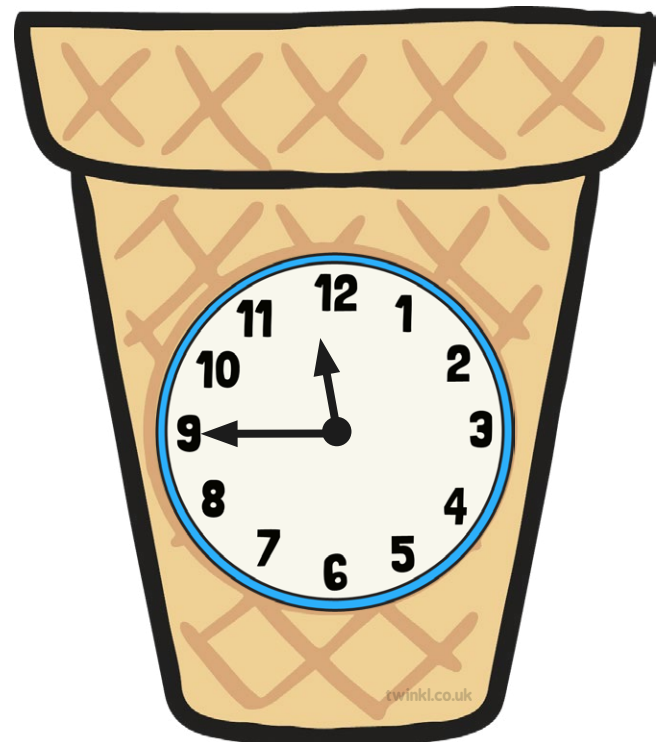
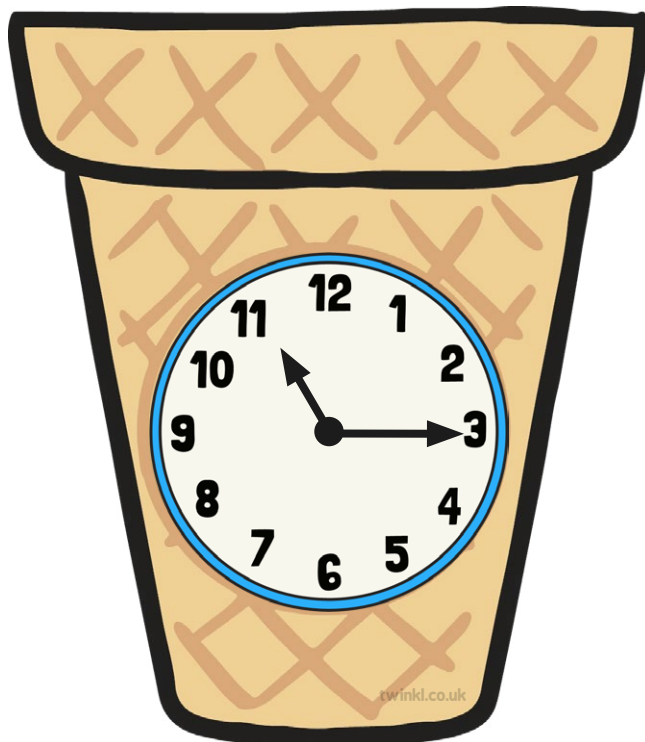
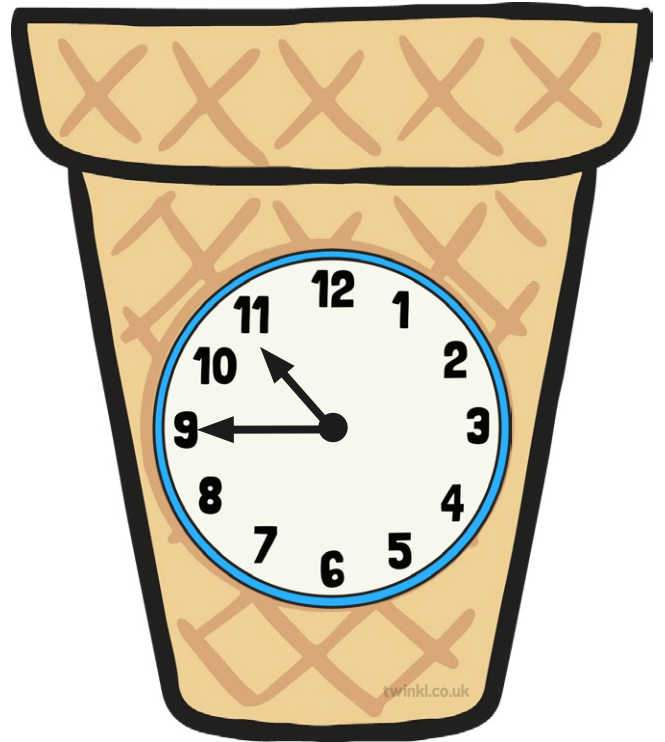
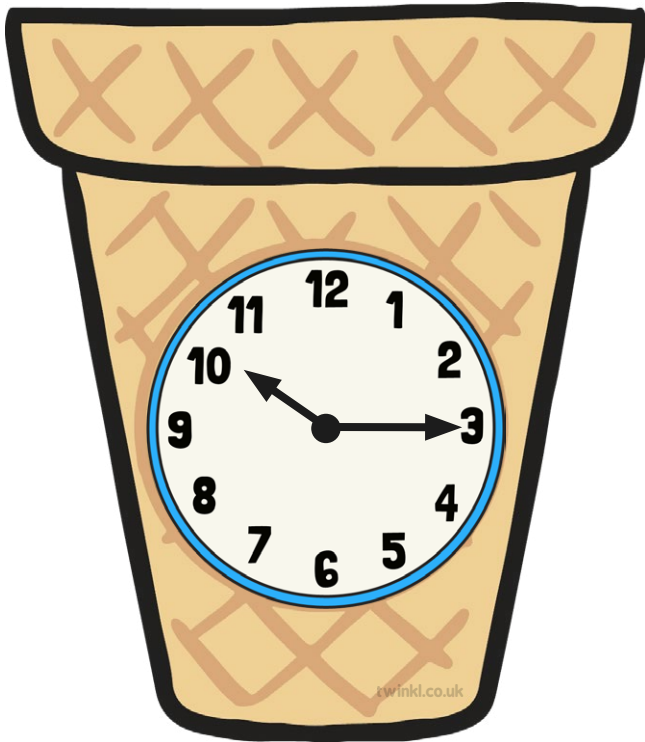












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**quarter
past eleven**

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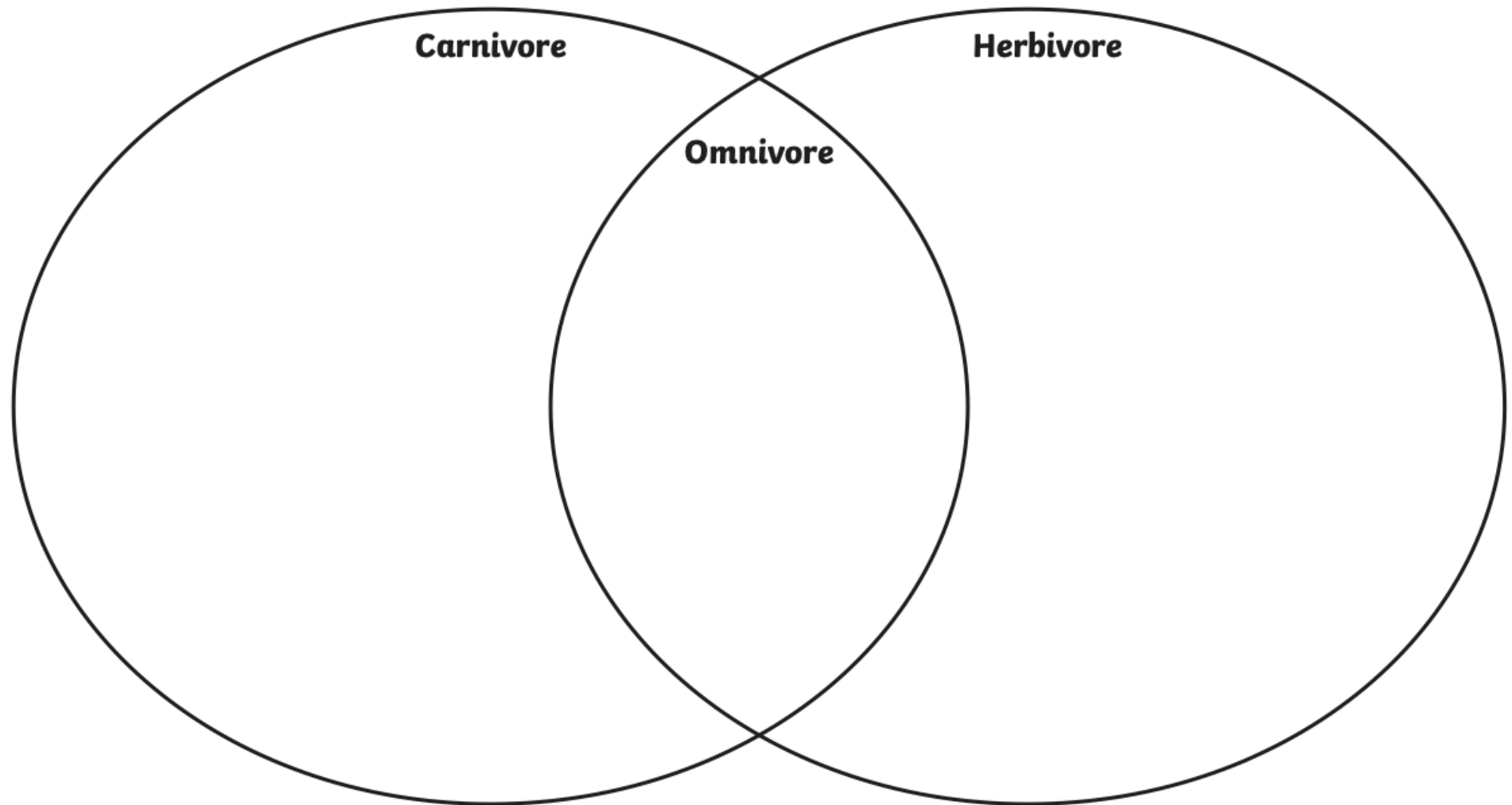
**quarter
to twelve**

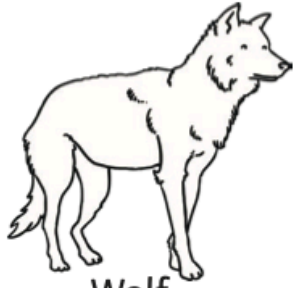
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Topic Resource 1 - Evaluation Sheet

What went well with my portrait?	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
What did I find difficult?	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
If I drew a portrait again, I would change...	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

Topic Resource 2 - Venn diagram





Wolf

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Squirrel

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Eagle

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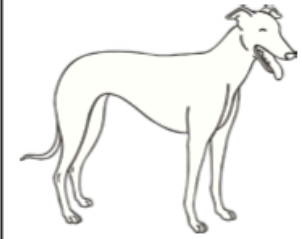
Reindeer

twinkl.com



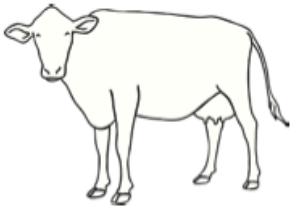
Giraffe

twinkl.com



Dog

twinkl.com



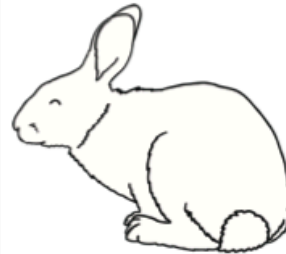
Cow

twinkl.com



Tiger

twinkl.com



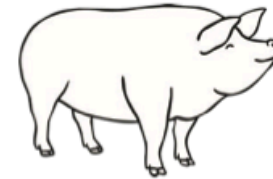
Rabbit

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Polar Bear

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Pig

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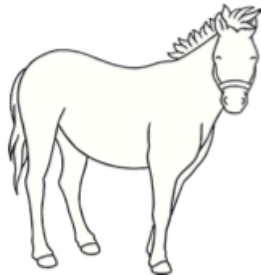
Dolphin

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Monkey

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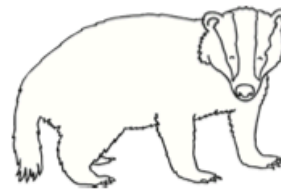
Horse

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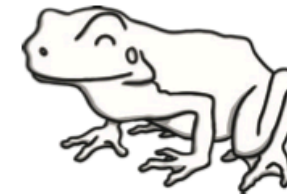
Lion

twinkl.com



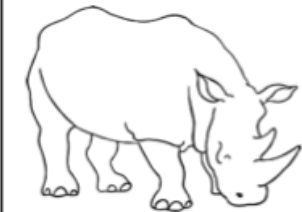
Badger

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Frog

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Rhinoceros

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