

**Mark the schwa /ə/. Don't forget the weak forms!**

Barbara spent Saturday afternoon looking at a beautiful book about South America.

"I want to go to South America," she said to herself.

The next morning, when Barbara woke up it was six o'clock, and her brothers and sisters were still asleep. Barbara looked at them, and then closed her eyes again.

Then she quietly got out of bed and started to pack her suitcase.

She took some comfortable clothes out of the cupboard. She packed a pair of binoculars and her sister's camera. She packed a photograph of herself and one of her mother and father.

"I mustn't forget to have some breakfast," she said to herself. But then she looked at the clock. It was a quarter to seven.

"I'll just drink a glass of water," she said.

"A glass of water," she said.

"Water," she said, and opened her eyes.

She was still in her bed, and her brothers and sisters were laughing at her.

"Tell us what you were dreaming about," they said to her.

But Barbara didn't answer. She was thinking about her wonderful journey to South America.