

**Read the short stories aloud and practise + concentrate on the sound /æ/:**

There's a lack of cash for the salary. The black bag is at the back. The happy man thanked and left rapidly. Who's that fat chap hanging around? He said that our travel plans were better. The black cat sat on the mat. When I met him, he was standing in the lab looking angry. Jack Sprat could eat no fat. Stand up! Clap, clap! Hands up! Clap, clap!

**A Story of a Black Cat**

A man sat on a black cat and the black cat was squashed flat, for the man was a fat man. *Oh, that fat man is a bad man*, said the black cat, *he's squashed me flat and that makes me sad*. The black cat had only a thin little voice, of course, for he was a flat cat and you should know that a flat cat's voice is a thin voice. But the fat man heard what the sad black cat said and he said, the man said: *Oh, flat black cat, I am sad! I thought you were a black mat, and that's why I sat where I sat*.

*I wish you hadn't sat where you sat*, said the cat. *It was sitting where you sat that squashed me flat, as flat as a flat black mat*.

*That's bad*, said the fat man, *very bad. Wouldn't you be glad if I hadn't sat where I sat?*

*Yes*, said the cat, *for you're fat, too fat for this sad black cat on whom you've sat. Can't you stand up, fat man?*

*Yes, I can*, said the man, and he did stand up.

*That makes me glad*, said the black cat, *very glad*. And the cat and the cat's voice grew fatter and fatter and gladder and gladder. Then the black cat, who had been a flat, flat cat, grew fat, quite fat again, but not of course as fat as the fat man who had sat on the latter sad fat cat.

*I'm sorry I sat on you, you poor black cat*, said the man, *come and sit on my lap*.

So the black cat sat on the man's lap and the man and the cat were glad and sang sad bad mad songs to each other, and that was that.

**Jack McHat (David Orme)**

Jack McHat! Jack McHat!

No one can guess what he is at,

He can nip up the ivy, quick as a cat!

If you've left your window open a crack,

Jack'll get in and fill up his sack

With lots of stuff you'll never get back,

There isn't a crib that he can't crack

For it's Jack McHat! Jack McHat!

He flits through the dark like a vampire bat,

And you'll never find out what he is at!

He'll pinch your telly and swipe your clock,

There isn't a window, isn't a lock

That'll keep out the villainous Jack McHat.

Jack McHat! Jack McHat!

He squeezes through holes too small for a rat,

He piles up his loot in his council flat.

Look out! Look out!

For Jack McHat!!!