

# Spot Mr Whoops' Mistakes

## Teacher Guidance

These three passages are based on the Twinkl Year 6 Term 3B spelling packs and give pupils the chance to recognise some of the spellings in context, especially when they are spelt incorrectly.

Pupils should read through each of Mr Whoop's passages where he has accidentally spelt ten of the Year 6 Term 3B spelling words incorrectly. Pupils should highlight the words they believe to be errors and provide the correct spellings at the bottom of the activity sheet.

These Spot the Mistake with Mr Whoops assess and review activities will cover these **highlighted** words:

Week 1 Synonyms & Antonyms	Week 2 Synonyms & Antonyms	Week 3 Synonyms & Antonyms	Week 4 Synonyms & Antonyms	Week 5 Synonyms & Antonyms	Week 6 Synonyms & Antonyms
bellowed	immense	ecstatic	deafening	scorching	ambled
screched	vast	jovial	piercing	searing	tottered
squealed	gigantic	exultant	blaring	sizzling	strolled
shrieked	gargantuan	elated	ear-piercing	blistering	staggered
squawked	mammoth	delighted	raucous	sweltering	sauntered
whispered	miniature	despondent	silent	chilly	sprinted
murmured	miniscule	forlorn	tranquil	frozen	raced
breathed	insignificant	dejected	inaudible	arctic	darted
sighed	microscopic	woeful	unobtrusive	bitter	dashed
muttered	petite	dismal	peaceful	wintry	galloped

# Spot Mr Whoops' Mistakes

Mr Whoops is a little bit clumsy; in fact, he's very clumsy! Even though he's really trying hard with his writing, he's still accidentally misspelt TEN of his Year 6 Term 3B spelling words. Can you spot his mistakes?

Highlight them in the passage of text.

Could you then correct the words at the bottom of the sheet and create a list for Mr Whoops to practise?

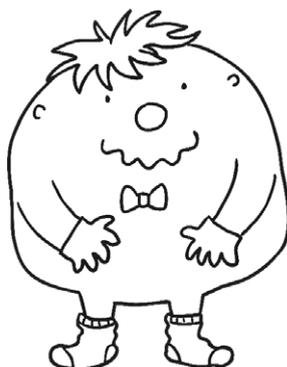


## Activity 1

The seering sun beat down on the imense horse as it galopped along the blistering highway. At that moment, by sheer bad luck, a petet, elderly lady with a joaviul face lined by years of gentle smiles, totered out of her cottage. The horse's masked rider leant forward and mutterrd in the jigantic beast's ear. It instantly reared up.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted the mysterious figure in a blairing, menacing tone.

Mr Whoops needs to practise these words:

Thanks for your help! I'll get practising these words if only I could find where I'd left my pencil!

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Mr Whoops is a little bit clumsy; in fact, he's very clumsy! Even though he's really trying hard with his writing, he's still accidentally misspelt TEN of his Year 6 Term 3B spelling words. Can you spot his mistakes?

Highlight them in the passage of text.

Could you then correct the words at the bottom of the sheet and create a list for Mr Whoops to practise?



## Activity 2

I had read and heard so much about the new island hotel owned by the multi-millionaire, Mr Whoops, that I decided to travel there myself to see what all the fuss was about.

It was a chilli, dizmal morning as I left English soil and settled back into my varst arm chair on his private jet. Trankwuil and comfortable, I soon drifted off to sleep.

Several hours later, peercing sun stirred my senses and a kind member of the cabin crew wispered that we would be touching down in 20 minutes.

Exactly on schedule, we touched down and I stepped out into the scoarching temperature. From nowhere, Mr Whoops' personal butler, who was called James, appeared. Unobbtrusive and charming, he quietly guided me to the waiting limousine.

After a short, picturesque drive, we strolled towards what can only be described as paradise. Sizling white-gold sands shimmered as a cool breeze murmured between the palm fronds.

Mr Whoops needs to practise these words:


Thanks for sorting these for me... I do get myself in an awful muddle sometimes!



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Highlight them in the passage of text.

Could you then correct the words at the bottom of the sheet and create a list for Mr Whoops to practise?



## Activity 3

It was the Miniture Pig Annual Show. The pink prima donnas strolld proudly around the show ring, sorntered casually up the catwalk and dartistid nimbly through the obstacle course.

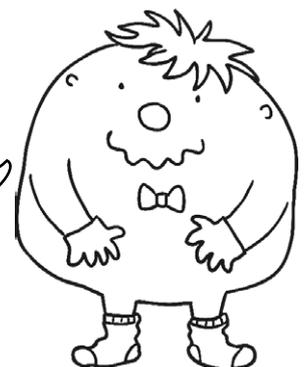
The prize for all this hard work was not insignifickant - an ornate golden cup full of premium pig food and a photoshoot in Trotler Magazine.

Sally, the tiny winner, squeeled haughtily as she was presented with her cup while her owner let out an almost inaudable (but nonetheless extatic) sigh.

Looking fourlorn, the runner-up pigs were ushered back into their pristine carriers for another year while their owners fixed Sally with a woefull stare.

Mr Whoops needs to practise these words:


Oh no! Didn't I spell these correctly? It's not like me to get myself mixed-up!



# Spot Mr Whoops' Mistakes Answer Sheet

## Activity 1

The **seering** sun beat down on the **imense** horse as it **galopped** along the **blisstering** highway. At that moment, by sheer bad luck, a **petet**, elderly lady with a **joaviul** face lined by years of gentle smiles, **toterred** out of her cottage. The horse's masked rider leant forward and **mutterrd** in the **jigantic** beast's ear. It instantly reared up.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted the mysterious figure in a **blairing**, menacing tone.

<i>searing</i>	<i>immense</i>	<i>galloped</i>	<i>blistering</i>
<i>jovial</i>	<i>tottered</i>	<i>muttered</i>	<i>gigantic</i>
<i>petite</i>	<i>blaring</i>		

## Activity 2

I had read and heard so much about the new island hotel owned by the multi-millionaire, Mr Whoops, that I decided to travel there myself to see what all the fuss was about.

It was a **chilli**, **dizmal** morning as I left English soil and settled back into my **varst** arm chair on his private jet. **Trankwuil** and comfortable, I soon drifted off to sleep.

Several hours later, **peercing** sun stirred my senses and a kind member of the cabin crew **wispered** that we would be touching down in 20 minutes.

Exactly on schedule, we touched down and I stepped out into the **scoarching** temperature. From nowhere, Mr Whoops' personal butler, who was called James, appeared. **Unobbtrusive** and charming, he quietly guided me to the waiting limousine.

After a short, picturesque drive, we strolled towards what can only be described as paradise. **Sizling** white-gold sands shimmered as a cool breeze **murmered** between the palm fronds.

<i>chilly</i>	<i>dismal</i>	<i>vast</i>	<i>tranquil</i>
<i>whispered</i>	<i>scorching</i>	<i>unobtrusive</i>	<i>sizzling</i>
<i>piercing</i>	<i>murmured</i>		

# Spot Mr Whoops' Mistakes Answer Sheet

## Activity 3

It was the **Miniture** Pig Annual Show. The pink prima donnas **strolld** proudly around the show ring, **sonrntered** casually up the catwalk and **dartid** nimbly through the obstacle course.

The prize for all this hard work was not **insignifickant** - an ornate golden cup full of premium pig food and a photoshoot in Trotler Magazine.

Sally, the tiny winner, **squeeled** haughtily as she was presented with her cup while her owner let out an almost **inaudable** (but nonetheless **extatic**) sigh.

Looking **fourlorn**, the runner-up pigs were ushered back into their pristine carriers for another year while their owners fixed Sally with a **woefull** stare.

<i>miniature</i>	<i>strolled</i>	<i>sauntered</i>	<i>darted</i>
<i>squealed</i>	<i>inaudible</i>	<i>ecstatic</i>	<i>forlorn</i>
<i>insignificant</i>	<i>woeful</i>		