**Worksheet 13 The Spelling Nightmare**

Welll this was the problum. All of the stoodents in Room 8 were turnin up late for scool. The teecher had had enuff of this and wanted to sort it out there and then. He tarlked about it with the clas but all they had to say was:

‘Sorry Sir the buss was late!’ or ‘Sorry Sir but this aliun asked me the way to the soopermarket.’

Poor old Mr. Smith did not kno what to do. He’d sent leters home to all the parens but they didn’t seeem to care. He’d kept them all in at luchtime for the hole week but that didn’t bother them eether.

Finaly he decided to ask the Principal wot to do about it. He thort and thort and thort and finally decidid that the only thing to do was to start scool at twelv o’clock. That was that!