

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Proof-reading

Read the text below from "Clive and the Missing Finger" by Sarah Garland. Fourteen words have been spelled incorrectly; underline them, then write the correct spelling above.

We ran, but my legs didn't seam to be working properly like in a nightmare. The men were pounding down the hill behinde us, silent now, and intent. VAROOM..... a motor bicke. Red. Turning into the street and revving towards us up the hill. Astride it, a figure in black lether. I half fell of the pavement, tried to shout – my voice was gone. It was Zac! He saw the men, swerved round in a grate skid and we leaped on to the bike, Mr Tibbald on the pillion, me in front, jammed on the petrol tanck.

"Police Stasion!" I yelled.

Zac raised a thum. Bits of motor bike stuck into my thighs, my knees, my bum. The wind hurt my ears. I couldn't find anythink to hold on to properly. But somehow my bodie found its balance until it bent so beautifully with the swoop and glide of the powerful mashine that I felt like a bird, soaring up the dual carriageway, wheeling around the curve of the roundabout, and hurtling at last down the Hight Street towards the blew light of the police station.