

Subject	<u>Tuesday 19th May 2020</u> <u>Home Learning – Year 6 – Tuesday</u>
Read to Succeed 	Questions below the text! <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Fluency: It's your turn, read fluently for 1 minute (yesterday's text). Mark where you got to. Remember fluency does not mean SPEED- it means expression, accuracy and pace (ensuring we stop at full stops and pause at commas!)
Writing 	<u>Spellings this week –</u> Complete the attached spelling task. <u>Writing Task for the week: Diary entry as Harry</u> <u>Today's writing task: emotive language</u>
Maths 	Access Oak National Academy Website https://www.thenational.academy/online-classroom <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Daily lessons will take you through the progression of learning - There will be a quiz, video demonstration and independent practise. Main task on website (scaffold and Challenge below) Other activities to select from: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Sumdog https://pages.sumdog.com/ - Timestable rockstars: https://trockstars.com/
Science 	Our science this term is Evolution and Inheritance. Purpose: Understand the theory of evolution. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Research Charles Darwin and create a fact file.
Physical Activity 	Purpose: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Joe Wickes on YouTube: - Alternative Physical Activity for the day: Just Dance: - Take part in the HRS GP Indoor Half Marathon challenge: documents attached in this booklet! -
Arts 	Purpose: To create a comic strip <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Create a comic strip about Hagrid • Use thought bubbles to show what Hagrid is thinking
Reading for Pleasure 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Listen to the Bedtime story on Ark Castledown's Facebook Page- read by one of your teachers! - Select your own book and read aloud to a sibling, parent or pet. - Write a character description of a favourite character.
Journal/ Blog entry	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Record your days events in a journal or blog. Guidance on what this might look like is at the end of this document. - Blogs can be uploaded to your teacher on Purple Mash!

Harry Potter

The Boy who lived, continued.

‘Oh yes, everyone’s celebrating, all right,’ she said impatiently. ‘You’d think they’d be a bit more careful, but no – even the Muggles have noticed something’s going on. It was on their news.’ She jerked her head back at the Dursleys’ dark living-room window. ‘I heard it. Flocks of owls ... shooting stars ... Well, they’re not completely stupid. They were bound to notice something. Shooting stars down in Kent – I’ll bet that was Dedalus Diggle. He never had much sense.’

‘You can’t blame them,’ said Dumbledore gently. ‘We’ve had precious little to celebrate for eleven years.’

‘I know that,’ said Professor McGonagall irritably. ‘But that’s no reason to lose our heads. People are being downright careless, out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed in Muggle clothes, swapping rumours.’

She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he didn’t, so she went on: ‘A fine thing it would be if, on the very day You-Know-Who seems to have disappeared at last, the Muggles found out about us all. I suppose he really *has* gone, Dumbledore?’

‘It certainly seems so,’ said Dumbledore. ‘We have much to be thankful for. Would you care for a sherbet lemon?’

‘A *what*?’

‘A sherbet lemon. They’re a kind of Muggle sweet I’m rather fond of.’

‘No, thank you,’ said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she didn’t think this was the moment for sherbet lemons. ‘As I say, even if You-Know-Who *has* gone –’

‘My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this “You-Know-Who” nonsense – for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name: *Voldemort*.’ Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two sherbet lemons, seemed not to notice. ‘It all gets so confusing if we keep saying “You-Know-Who”.’ I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying *Voldemort*’s name.’

‘I know you haven’t,’ said Professor McGonagall, sounding half-exasperated, half-admiring. ‘But you’re different. Everyone knows you’re the only one You-Know – oh, all right, *Voldemort* – was frightened of.’

‘You flatter me,’ said Dumbledore calmly. ‘*Voldemort* had powers I will never have.’

‘Only because you’re too – well – *noble* to use them.’

‘It’s lucky it’s dark. I haven’t blushed so much since Madam Pomfrey told me she liked my new earmuffs.’

Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said, ‘The owls are nothing to the *rumours* that are flying around. You know what everyone’s saying? About why he’s disappeared? About what finally stopped him?’

It seemed that Professor McGonagall had reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold hard wall all day, for neither as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whatever ‘everyone’ was saying, she was not going to believe it until Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was choosing another sherbet lemon and did not answer.

‘What they’re *saying*,’ she pressed on, ‘is that last night *Voldemort* turned up in Godric’s Hollow. He went to find the Potters. The rumour is that Lily and James Potter are – are – that they’re – *dead*.’

Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped.

‘Lily and James ... I can’t believe it ... I didn’t want to believe it ... Oh, Albus ...’

Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder. ‘I know ... I know ...’ he said heavily.

Professor McGonagall’s voice trembled as she went on. ‘That’s not all. They’re saying he tried to kill the Potters’ son, Harry. But – he couldn’t. He couldn’t kill that little boy. No one knows why, or how, but they’re saying that when he couldn’t kill Harry Potter, *Voldemort*’s power somehow broke – and that’s why he’s gone.’

Dumbledore nodded glumly.

‘It’s – it’s *true?*’ faltered Professor McGonagall. ‘After all he’s done ... all the people he’s killed ... he couldn’t kill a little boy? It’s just astounding ... of all the things to stop him ... but how in the name of heaven did Harry survive?’

‘We can only guess,’ said Dumbledore. ‘We may never know.’

Professor McGonagall pulled out a lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore gave a great sniff as he took a golden watch from his pocket and examined it. It was a very odd watch. It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbledore, though, because he put it back in his pocket and said, ‘Hagrid’s late. I suppose it was he who told you I’d be here, by the way?’

‘Yes,’ said Professor McGonagall. ‘And I don’t suppose you’re going to tell me *why* you’re here, of all places?’

‘I’ve come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They’re the only family he has left now.’

‘You don’t mean – you *can’t* mean the people who live *here?*’ cried Professor McGonagall, jumping to her feet and pointing at number four. ‘Dumbledore – you can’t. I’ve been watching them all day. You couldn’t find two people who are less like us. And they’ve got this son – I saw him kicking his mother all the way up the street, screaming for sweets. Harry Potter come and live here!’

‘It’s the best place for him,’ said Dumbledore firmly. ‘His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he’s older. I’ve written them a letter.’

‘A letter?’ repeated Professor McGonagall faintly, sitting back down on the wall. ‘Really, Dumbledore, you think you can explain all this in a letter? These people will never understand him! He’ll be famous – a legend – I wouldn’t be surprised if today was known as Harry Potter Day in future – there will be books written about Harry – every child in our world will know his name!’

‘Exactly,’ said Dumbledore, looking very seriously over the top of his half-moon glasses. ‘It would be enough to turn any boy’s head. Famous before he can walk and talk! Famous for something he won’t even remember! Can’t you see how much better off he’ll be, growing up away from all that until he’s ready to take it?’

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth, changed her mind, swallowed and then said, ‘Yes – yes, you’re right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?’ She eyed his cloak suddenly as though she thought he might be hiding Harry underneath it.

‘Hagrid’s bringing him.’

‘You think it – *wise* – to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?’

‘I would trust Hagrid with my life,’ said Dumbledore.

‘I’m not saying his heart isn’t in the right place,’ said Professor McGonagall grudgingly, ‘but you can’t pretend he’s not careless. He does tend to – what was that?’

A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a roar as they both looked up at the sky – and a huge motorbike fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them.

If the motorbike was huge, it was nothing to the man sitting astride it. He was almost twice as tall as a normal man and at least five times as wide. He looked simply too big to be allowed, and so *wild* – long tangles of bushy black hair and beard hid most of his face, he had hands the size of dustbin lids and his feet in their leather boots were like baby dolphins. In his vast, muscular arms he was holding a bundle of blankets.

‘Hagrid,’ said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. ‘At last. And where did you get that motorbike?’

‘Borrowed it, Professor Dumbledore, sir,’ said the giant, climbing carefully off the motorbike as he spoke. ‘Young Sirius Black lent it me. I’ve got him, sir.’

‘No problems, were there?’

‘No, sir – house was almost destroyed but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarmin’ around. He fell asleep as we was flyin’ over Bristol.’

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning.

‘Is that where –?’ whispered Professor McGonagall.

‘Yes,’ said Dumbledore. ‘He’ll have that scar for ever.’

‘Couldn’t you do something about it, Dumbledore?’

‘Even if I could, I wouldn’t. Scars can come in useful. I have one myself above my left knee which is a perfect map of the London Underground. Well – give him here, Hagrid – we’d better get this over with.’

Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned towards the Dursleys’ house.

‘Could I – could I say goodbye to him, sir?’ asked Hagrid.

He bent his great, shaggy head over Harry and gave him what must have been a very scratchy, whiskery kiss. Then, suddenly, Hagrid let out a howl like a wounded dog.

‘Shhh!’ hissed Professor McGonagall. ‘You’ll wake the Muggles!’

‘S-s-sorry,’ sobbed Hagrid, taking out a large spotted handkerchief and burying his face in it. ‘But I c-c-can’t stand it – Lily an’ James dead – an’ poor little Harry off ter live with Muggles –’

‘Yes, yes, it’s all very sad, but get a grip on yourself, Hagrid, or we’ll be found,’ Professor McGonagall whispered, patting Hagrid gingerly on the arm as Dumbledore stepped over the low garden wall and walked to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep, took a letter out of his cloak, tucked it inside Harry’s blankets and then came back to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood and looked at the little bundle; Hagrid’s shoulders shook, Professor McGonagall blinked furiously and the twinkling light that usually shone from Dumbledore’s eyes seemed to have gone out.

‘Well,’ said Dumbledore finally, ‘that’s that. We’ve no business staying here. We may as well go and join the celebrations.’

‘Yeah,’ said Hagrid in a very muffled voice. ‘I’d best get this bike away. G’night, Professor McGonagall – Professor Dumbledore, sir.’

Wiping his streaming eyes on his jacket sleeve, Hagrid swung himself on to the motorbike and kicked the engine into life; with a roar it rose into the air and off into the night.

‘I shall see you soon, I expect, Professor McGonagall,’ said Dumbledore, nodding to her. Professor McGonagall blew her nose in reply.

Dumbledore turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the silver Put-Outer. He clicked it once and twelve balls of light sped back to their street lamps so that Privet Drive glowed suddenly orange and he could make out a tabby cat slinking around the corner at the other end of the street. He could just see the bundle of blankets on the step of number four.

‘Good luck, Harry,’ he murmured. He turned on his heel and with a swish of his cloak he was gone.

A breeze ruffled the neat hedges of Privet Drive, which lay silent and tidy under the inky sky, the very last place you would expect astonishing things to happen. Harry Potter rolled over inside his blankets without waking up. One small hand closed on the letter beside him and he slept on, not knowing he was special, not knowing he was famous, not knowing he would be woken in a few hours’ time by Mrs Dursley’s scream as she opened the front door to put out the milk bottles, nor that he would spend the next few weeks being prodded and pinched by his cousin Dudley ... He couldn’t know that at this very moment, people meeting in secret all over the country were holding up their glasses and saying in hushed voices: ‘To Harry Potter – the boy who lived!’

RTS questions:

R-What were people saying in hushed voices?

I-Describe Hagrid in your own words.

I-Why do you think that Professor McGonagall is upset about leaving Harry with the Dursleys?

P-Predict what Aunt Petunia's reaction will be when she sees the baby on the doorstep. Justify your reasons.

Fluency (time for 1 min and record the amount of words read, read the same text each day (Monday's text) to gain confidence and learn unknown words):

Monday ____ Tuesday ____ Wednesday ____ Thursday ____ Friday ____

SPAG

1) Explain why the words underlined are placed between a pair of commas.

My friend, who lives in Scotland, is coming to stay with us next week.

2) Identify the two conjunctions in this passage.

The girl skipped until she was tired. When she had rested she started again.

3) Copy the word underlined in the sentence and add the correct apostrophe.

It isnt fair that Phylis has more raffle tickets than Mabel.

4) Circle the three nouns in this sentence.

It was really interesting as we saw elephants and chameleons in the same cage.

5) Correctly punctuate.

After going swimming at summerfields leisure centre on thursday we always stop off at micks chips and i have my favourite cod and chips my mum always has saveloy with her chips

mean

translate

perpendicular

volume

diameter

Write out each one 3 times. Which is the most trickiest word to spell?

Writing –

Imagine that you are Harry Potter and you have grown up without your birth parents and never really understood what has happened to them. Imagine you have always felt different, but not known why. Imagine you have grown up in a household where you have been underappreciated, picked on, othered and made to feel as if you are

not as good as other members of your family. How would you be feeling?

Let's mind map some ideas about how you would be feeling. This will help us to really empathise with Harry.

Maths support (scaffold)

 Dexter is calculating $\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{1}{2}$ by folding paper. He folds a piece of paper in half. He then folds the half into thirds. He shades the fraction of paper he has created. When he opens it up he finds he has shaded $\frac{1}{6}$ of the whole piece of paper.



$\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{1}{2}$ means $\frac{1}{3}$ of a half. Folding half the paper into three equal parts showed me that $\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{6}$

Represent and calculate the multiplications by folding paper.

$$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{2} =$$

$$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{3} =$$

$$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4} =$$

Maths Challenge

The shaded square in the grid below is the answer to a multiplying fractions question.

What was the question?

How many ways can you complete the missing digits?

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{purple splat} \\ \hline \end{array} \times \frac{3}{\text{blue splat}} = \frac{6}{12}$$
$$= \frac{\text{green splat}}{2}$$

Art:

This week we are thinking about the characters of Harry Potter. Yesterday we drew a scene from the first chapter. Today I would like you to create a comic strip of Hagrid's journey carrying little baby Harry. You can use thought bubbles to show what Hagrid would be thinking. Below is an example.

