

Subject	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2020</u>  <b>Home Learning – Year 6 – Wednesday</b></p>
Read to Succeed 	<b>Questions under the text!</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Fluency: It's your turn, read fluently for 1 minute. 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!)</li> </ul>
Writing 	<u>SPaG</u> Complete the attached SPaG task. <u>Writing Task for the week- Diary as if you are HP</u> <b>Today's purpose: draft sentences</b>
Maths 	<b>Access Oak National Academy Website</b> <a href="https://www.thenational.academy/online-classroom">https://www.thenational.academy/online-classroom</a> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Daily lessons will take you through the progression of learning</li> <li>- There will be a quiz, video demonstration and independent practise. Main task on website (<b>scaffold</b> and <b>Challenge</b> below)</li> </ul> Other activities to select from: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Sumdog <a href="https://pages.sumdog.com/">https://pages.sumdog.com/</a></li> <li>- Timestable rockstars: <a href="https://trockstars.com/">https://trockstars.com/</a></li> </ul>
ICT 	Our Computing this term is Binary <b>Purpose: Understand Binary</b> - Complete the Binary quiz 2do on purple mash to test your knowledge!
;Physical 	<b>Purpose:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Joe Wickes on YouTube:</li> <li>- Alternative Physical Activity for the day: cosmic yoga:</li> <li>- Take part in the HRSGP Indoor Half Marathon challenge: documents attached in this booklet!</li> <li>-</li> </ul>
Arts 	<b>Purpose: create an abstract portrait</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● <b>Choose a HP character</b></li> <li>● <b>Draw the outline of their face</b></li> <li>● <b>Rather than colouring in, use words</b></li> </ul>
Reading for Pleasure 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Listen to the Bedtime story on Ark Castledown's Facebook Page- read by one of your teachers!</li> <li>- Select your own book and read aloud to a sibling, parent or pet.</li> <li>- Write a book review on your favourite book you have read.</li> </ul>
Journal/ Blog entry	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Record your days events in a journal or blog. Guidance on what this might look like is at the end of this document.</li> <li>- Blogs can be uploaded to your teacher on Purple Mash!</li> </ul>

## *The Vanishing Glass*

Nearly ten years had passed since the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly changed at all. The sun rose on the same tidy front gardens and lit up the brass number four on the Dursleys' front door; it crept into their living-room, which was almost exactly the same as it had been on the night when Mr Dursley had seen that fateful news report about the owls. Only the photographs on the mantelpiece really showed how much time had passed. Ten years ago, there had been lots of pictures of what looked like a large pink beach ball wearing different-coloured bobble hats – but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large, blond boy riding his first bicycle, on a roundabout at the fair, playing a computer game with his father, being hugged and kissed by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.

Yet Harry Potter was still there, asleep at the moment, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia was awake and it was her shrill voice which made the first noise of the day.

‘Up! Get up! Now!’

Harry woke with a start. His aunt rapped on the door again.

‘Up!’ she screeched. Harry heard her walking towards the kitchen and then the sound of the frying pan being put on the cooker. He rolled on to his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having. It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorbike in it. He had a funny feeling he’d had the same dream before.

His aunt was back outside the door.

‘Are you up yet?’ she demanded.

‘Nearly,’ said Harry.

‘Well, get a move on, I want you to look after the bacon. And don’t you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on Duddy’s birthday.’

Harry groaned.

‘What did you say?’ his aunt snapped through the door.

‘Nothing, nothing ...’

Dudley’s birthday – how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider off one of them, put them on. Harry was used to spiders, because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley’s birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had got the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike. Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise – unless of course it involved punching somebody. Dudley’s favourite punch-bag was Harry, but he couldn’t often catch him. Harry didn’t look it, but he was very fast.

Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age. He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley’s and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was. Harry had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair and bright-green eyes. He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Sellotape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead which was shaped like a bolt of lightning. He had had it as long as he could remember and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had got it.

‘In the car crash when your parents died,’ she had said. ‘And don’t ask questions.’

*Don’t ask questions* – that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.

Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon.

‘Comb your hair!’ he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it made no difference, his hair simply grew that way – all over the place.

Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large, pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes and thick, blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel – Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.

Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn’t much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell.

‘Thirty-six,’ he said, looking up at his mother and father. ‘That’s two less than last year.’

‘Darling, you haven’t counted Auntie Marge’s present, see, it’s here under this big one from Mummy and Daddy.’

‘All right, thirty-seven then,’ said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over.

Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger too, because she said quickly, ‘And we’ll buy you another *two* presents while we’re out today. How’s that, popkin? *Two* more presents. Is that all right?’

Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, ‘So I’ll have thirty ... thirty ...’

‘Thirty-nine, sweetums,’ said Aunt Petunia.

‘Oh.’ Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. ‘All right then.’

Uncle Vernon chuckled.

‘Little tyke wants his money’s worth, just like his father. Atta boy, Dudley!’ He ruffled Dudley’s hair.

At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer it while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a cine-camera, a remote-control aeroplane, sixteen new computer games and a video recorder. He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone, looking both angry and worried.

‘Bad news, Vernon,’ she said. ‘Mrs Figg’s broken her leg. She can’t take him.’ She jerked her head in Harry’s direction.

Dudley’s mouth fell open in horror but Harry’s heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley’s birthday his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger bars or the cinema. Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs Figg, a mad old lady who lived two streets away. Harry hated it there. The whole house smelled of cabbage and Mrs Figg made him look at photographs of all the cats she’d ever owned.

‘Now what?’ said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he’d planned this. Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn’t easy when he reminded himself it would be a whole year before he had to look at Tibbles, Snowy, Mr Paws and Tufty again.

‘We could phone Marge,’ Uncle Vernon suggested.

‘Don’t be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy.’

The Dursleys often spoke about Harry like this, as though he wasn’t there – or rather, as though he was something very nasty that couldn’t understand them, like a slug.

‘What about what’s-her-name, your friend – Yvonne?’

‘On holiday in Majorca,’ snapped Aunt Petunia.

‘You could just leave me here,’ Harry put in hopefully (he’d be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley’s computer).

Aunt Petunia looked as though she’d just swallowed a lemon.

‘And come back and find the house in ruins?’ she snarled.

‘I won’t blow up the house,’ said Harry, but they weren’t listening.

‘I suppose we could take him to the zoo,’ said Aunt Petunia slowly, ‘... and leave him in the car ...’

‘That car’s new, he’s not sitting in it alone ...’

Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying, it had been years since he'd really cried, but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted.

'Dinky Duddydums, don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!' she cried, flinging her arms around him.

'I ... don't ... want ... him ... t-t-to come!' Dudley yelled between huge pretend sobs. 'He always sp-spoils everything!' He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

Just then, the doorbell rang – 'Oh, Good Lord, they're here!' said Aunt Petunia frantically – and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother. Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat. He was usually the one who held people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once.

Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside.

'I'm warning you,' he had said, putting his large purple face right up close to Harry's, 'I'm warning you now, boy – any funny business, anything at all – and you'll be in that cupboard from now until Christmas.'

'I'm not going to do anything,' said Harry, 'honestly ...'

But Uncle Vernon didn't believe him. No one ever did.

The problem was, strange things often happened around Harry and it was just no good telling the Dursleys he didn't make them happen.

Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barber's looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his fringe, which she left 'to hide that horrible scar'. Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and Sellotaped glasses. Next morning, however, he had got up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off. He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he *couldn't* explain how it had grown back so quickly.

Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old jumper of Dudley's (brown with orange bobbles). The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a glove puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry. Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

On the other hand, he'd got into terrible trouble for being found on the roof of the school kitchens. Dudley's gang had been chasing him as usual when, as much to Harry's surprise as anyone else's, there he was sitting on the chimney. The Dursleys had received a very angry letter from Harry's headmistress telling them Harry had been climbing school buildings. But all he'd tried to do (as he shouted at Uncle Vernon through the locked door of his cupboard) was jump behind the big bins outside the kitchen doors. Harry supposed that the wind must have caught him in mid-jump.

But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard or Mrs Figg's cabbage-smelling living-room.

While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things: people at work, Harry, the council, Harry, the bank and Harry were just a few of his favourite subjects. This morning, it was motorbikes.

'... roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums,' he said, as a motorbike overtook them.

'I had a dream about a motorbike,' said Harry, remembering suddenly. 'It was flying.'

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beetroot with a moustache, 'MOTORBIKES DON'T FLY!'

Dudley and Piers sniggered.

'I know they don't,' said Harry. 'It was only a dream.'

But he wished he hadn't said anything. If there was one thing the Dursleys hated even more than his asking questions, it was his talking about anything acting in a way it shouldn't, no matter if it was in a dream or even a cartoon – they seemed to think he might get dangerous ideas.

It was a very sunny Saturday and the zoo was crowded with families. The Dursleys bought Dudley and Piers large chocolate ice-creams at the entrance and then, because the smiling lady in the van had asked Harry what he wanted before they could hurry him away, they bought him a cheap lemon ice lolly. It wasn't bad either, Harry thought, licking it as they watched a gorilla scratching its head and looking remarkably like Dudley, except that it wasn't blond.

Harry had the best morning he'd had in a long time. He was careful to walk a little way apart from the Dursleys so that Dudley and Piers, who were starting to get bored with the animals by lunch-time, wouldn't fall back on their favourite hobby of hitting him. They ate in the zoo restaurant and when Dudley had a tantrum because his knickerbocker glory wasn't big enough, Uncle Vernon bought him another one and Harry was allowed to finish the first.

Harry felt, afterwards, that he should have known it was all too good to last.

After lunch they went to the reptile house. It was cool and dark in here, with lit windows all along the walls. Behind the glass, all sorts of lizards and snakes were crawling and slithering over bits of wood and stone. Dudley and Piers wanted to see huge, poisonous cobras and thick, man-crushing pythons. Dudley quickly found the largest snake in the place. It could have wrapped its body twice around Uncle Vernon's car and crushed it into a dustbin – but at the moment it didn't look in the mood. In fact, it was fast asleep.

### **RTS: Questions**

P-What will happen next?

R-What is the name of the friend and what does Harry think he looks like?

I-Why do you think it is the best morning that Harry has had in ages?

R-What are some of the strange things that have happened around Harry?

I-What did Harry say he had a dream about and was it really a dream?

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

Monday \_\_\_\_ Tuesday \_\_\_\_ Wednesday \_\_\_\_ Thursday \_\_\_\_ Friday \_\_\_\_

### **SPAG**

**1) Write out this sentence. Underline the two nouns.**

*The postman delivered the letter promptly.*

**2) What is the possessive pronoun in this sentence?**

My friend Julie likes chocolate ice cream.

**3) Write out the sentence. Underline the two verbs.**

*I hurried outside when I heard a commotion.*

**4) The boy kicked the colourful football into the goal.**

*The adjective =      The preposition =*

*The nouns =*

*The verb =*

### **Writing**

Today we will be putting all of your lovely ideas into sentences and then tomorrow, we will begin writing the diary entry.

Remember to try to use exciting vocabulary and even figurative language if appropriate!

I'll have a go first and of course, you can use my ideas as a starting point. Remember that we are only using sentences today, they don't necessarily have to fit together yet.

**Note: diary entries are first person!**

**My Turn:**

Petunia has a face like a dried up prune!

Vernon goes as red as beetroot when he is angry at me- which is often.

Dudley looks like a pale pig- rotund and greedy. His favourite activity is to torment me by any means he can, usually hitting and pushing. He's not at all intelligent so I suppose that is the only way he knows how to communicate!

It is lonely being bad.

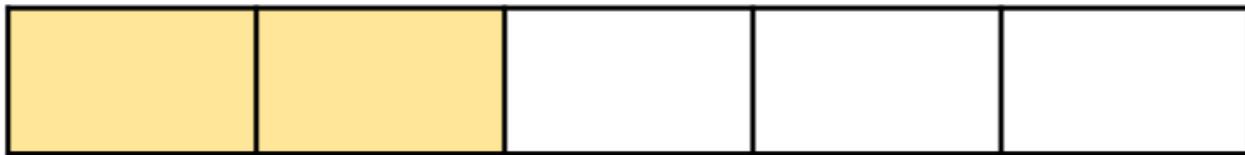
I am treated with such hostility and I don't know what I could have possibly done to make them loathe me.

I often feel downhearted. Heavy and glum, like all the worries of the world and the injustice of my mistreatment are weighing me down. But then, something comes, like a flash, almost a memory and it's just a feeling, but it is warm and comforting.

**Your turn:**

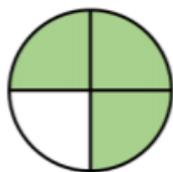
## Maths support (scaffold)

-  Dexter has  $\frac{2}{5}$  of a chocolate bar. He shares it with his friend. What fraction of the chocolate bar do they each get?

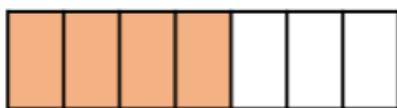


-  Use the diagrams to help you calculate.

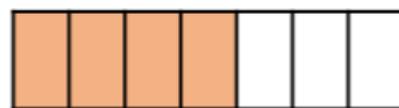
$$\frac{3}{4} \div 3 =$$



$$\frac{4}{7} \div 4 =$$



$$\frac{4}{7} \div 2 =$$



-  Calculate.

$$\frac{1}{11} \div 1 =$$

$$\frac{2}{11} \div 2 =$$

$$\frac{3}{11} \div 3 =$$

$$\frac{4}{11} \div 4 =$$

$$\frac{2}{11} \div 2 =$$

$$\frac{4}{11} \div 2 =$$

$$\frac{6}{11} \div 2 =$$

$$\frac{8}{11} \div 2 =$$

$$\frac{3}{11} \div 3 =$$

$$\frac{6}{11} \div 3 =$$

$$\frac{9}{11} \div 3 =$$

$$1\frac{1}{11} \div 3 =$$

## Maths Challenge

Tommy says,



Dividing by 2 is the same as finding half of a number

so  $\frac{4}{11} \div 2$  is the same as

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{4}{11}$$

Do you agree?

Explain why.

Match the equivalent calculations.

$$\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{12}{13}$$

$$\frac{12}{13} \div 2$$

$$\frac{1}{6} \times \frac{12}{13}$$

$$\frac{12}{13} \div 6$$

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{12}{13}$$

$$\frac{12}{13} \div 4$$

$$\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{12}{13}$$

$$\frac{12}{13} \div 3$$

## Art:

Today we will draw a portrait or a symbol that is related to HP and rather than fill it in with colour, we will use words related to HP to fill it in. below are some similar ideas.

