

Subject	<b>Monday 8<sup>th</sup> June 2020</b> <b><u>Home Learning – Year 6 – Monday</u></b>
Read to Succeed 	<b>Questions below the text!</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Fluency: Ask an adult to read the pages of the text. Now 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>Spellings this week:</u> <i>accommodate, accompany, according, achieve, aggressive</i>  Complete the SPaG tasks below <u>Writing Task for the week:</u> Character description <b>Purpose for today: gather adjectives</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>- Last weeks lessons were about calculating fractions. If you didn't get a chance to look at them last week, have a quick look through them before starting this week as it will build upon the learning from last week.</li> <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>
Topic 	Our topic this term is the Wild west <b>Purpose: To understand the Native American way of life.</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Research the life of Native Americans</li> <li>- Make notes on your findings</li> </ul>
Physical Activity 	<b>Purpose:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Joe Wickes on YouTube:</li> <li>- Alternative Physical Activity for the day:</li> <li>- Take part in the HRS GP Indoor Half Marathon challenge: documents attached in this booklet!</li> <li>-</li> </ul>
Arts 	<b>Purpose: This week we will be creating a Gringott's board game!</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• All you will need today is ideas and some paper to jot these down onto.</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>- Use the 'myon' login and accelerated reader, to record and quiz, the books you have been reading!</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 letters from no-one continued

‘See,’ he explained to Aunt Petunia through a mouthful of nails, ‘if they can’t *deliver* them they’ll just give up.’

‘I’m not sure that’ll work, Vernon.’

‘Oh, these people’s minds work in strange ways, Petunia, they’re not like you and me,’ said Uncle Vernon, trying to knock in a nail with the piece of fruit cake Aunt Petunia had just brought him.

\*

On Friday, no fewer than twelve letters arrived for Harry. As they couldn’t go through the letter-box they had been pushed under the door, slotted through the sides and a few even forced through the small window in the downstairs toilet.

Uncle Vernon stayed at home again. After burning all the letters, he got out a hammer and nails and boarded up the cracks around the front and back doors so no one could go out. He hummed ‘Tiptoe through the Tulips’ as he worked, and jumped at small noises.

\*

On Saturday, things began to get out of hand. Twenty-four letters to Harry found their way into the house, rolled up and hidden inside each of the two dozen eggs that their very confused milkman had handed Aunt Petunia through the living-room window. While Uncle Vernon made furious telephone calls to the post office and the dairy trying to find someone to complain to, Aunt Petunia shredded the letters in her food mixer.

‘Who on earth wants to talk to *you* this badly?’ Dudley asked Harry in amazement.

\*

On Sunday morning, Uncle Vernon sat down at the breakfast table looking tired and rather ill, but happy.

‘No post on Sundays,’ he reminded them happily as he spread marmalade on his newspapers, ‘no damn letters today –’

Something came whizzing down the kitchen chimney as he spoke and caught him sharply on the back of the head. Next moment, thirty or forty letters came pelting out of the fireplace like bullets. The Dursleys ducked, but Harry leapt into the air trying to catch one –

‘Out! OUT!’

Uncle Vernon seized Harry around the waist and threw him into the hall. When Aunt Petunia and Dudley had run out with their arms over their faces, Uncle Vernon slammed the door shut. They could hear the letters still streaming into the room, bouncing off the walls and floor.

‘That does it,’ said Uncle Vernon, trying to speak calmly but pulling great tufts out of his moustache at the same time. ‘I want you all back here in five minutes, ready to leave. We’re going away. Just pack some clothes. No arguments!’

He looked so dangerous with half his moustache missing that no one dared argue. Ten minutes later they had wrenched their way through the boarded-up doors and were in the car, speeding towards the motorway. Dudley was sniffing in the back seat; his father had hit him round the head for holding them up while he tried to pack his television, video and computer in his sports bag.

They drove. And they drove. Even Aunt Petunia didn’t dare ask where they were going. Every now and then Uncle Vernon would take a sharp turning and drive in the opposite direction for a while.

‘Shake ’em off ... shake ’em off,’ he would mutter whenever he did this.

They didn’t stop to eat or drink all day. By nightfall Dudley was howling. He’d never had such a bad day in his life. He was hungry, he’d missed five television programmes he’d wanted to see and he’d never gone so long without blowing up an alien on his computer.

Uncle Vernon stopped at last outside a gloomy-looking hotel on the outskirts of a big city. Dudley and Harry shared a room with twin beds and damp, musty sheets. Dudley snored but Harry stayed awake, sitting on the window-sill, staring down at the lights of passing cars and wondering ...

\*

They ate stale cornflakes and cold tinned tomatoes on toast for breakfast next day. They had just finished when the owner of the hotel came over to their table.

‘Scuse me, but is one of you Mr H. Potter? Only I got about an ’undred of these at the front desk.’  
She held up a letter so they could read the green ink address:

*Mr H. Potter  
Room 17  
Railview Hotel  
Cokeworth*

Harry made a grab for the letter but Uncle Vernon knocked his hand out of the way. The woman stared.

‘I’ll take them,’ said Uncle Vernon, standing up quickly and following her from the dining-room.

\*

‘Wouldn’t it be better just to go home, dear?’ Aunt Petunia suggested timidly, hours later, but Uncle Vernon didn’t seem to hear her. Exactly what he was looking for, none of them knew. He drove them into the middle of a forest, got out, looked around, shook his head, got back in the car and off they went again. The same thing happened in the middle of a ploughed field, halfway across a suspension bridge and at the top of a multi-storey car park.

‘Daddy’s gone mad, hasn’t he?’ Dudley asked Aunt Petunia dully late that afternoon. Uncle Vernon had parked at the coast, locked them all inside the car and disappeared.

It started to rain. Great drops beat on the roof of the car. Dudley snivelled.

‘It’s Monday,’ he told his mother. ‘The Great Humberto’s on tonight. I want to stay somewhere with a television.’

Monday. This reminded Harry of something. If it *was* Monday – and you could usually count on Dudley to know the days of the week, because of television – then tomorrow, Tuesday, was Harry’s eleventh birthday. Of course, his birthdays were never exactly fun – last year, the Dursleys had given him a coat-hanger and a pair of Uncle Vernon’s old socks. Still, you weren’t eleven every day.

Uncle Vernon was back and he was smiling. He was also carrying a long, thin package and didn’t answer Aunt Petunia when she asked what he’d bought.

‘Found the perfect place!’ he said. ‘Come on! Everyone out!’

It was very cold outside the car. Uncle Vernon was pointing at what looked like a large rock way out to sea. Perched on top of the rock was the most miserable little shack you could imagine. One thing was certain, there was no television in there.

‘Storm forecast for tonight!’ said Uncle Vernon gleefully, clapping his hands together. ‘And this gentleman’s kindly agreed to lend us his boat!’

A toothless old man came ambling up to them, pointing, with a rather wicked grin, at an old rowing boat bobbing in the iron-grey water below them.

‘I’ve already got us some rations,’ said Uncle Vernon, ‘so all aboard!’

It was freezing in the boat. Icy sea spray and rain crept down their necks and a chilly wind whipped their faces. After what seemed like hours they reached the rock, where Uncle Vernon, slipping and sliding, led the way to the broken-down house.

The inside was horrible; it smelled strongly of seaweed, the wind whistled through the gaps in the wooden walls and the fireplace was damp and empty. There were only two rooms.

Uncle Vernon’s rations turned out to be a packet of crisps each and four bananas. He tried to start a fire but the empty crisp packets just smoked and shrivelled up.

‘Could do with some of those letters now, eh?’ he said cheerfully.

He was in a very good mood. Obviously he thought nobody stood a chance of reaching them here in a storm to deliver post. Harry privately agreed, though the thought didn’t cheer him up at all.

As night fell, the promised storm blew up around them. Spray from the high waves splattered the walls of the hut and a fierce wind rattled the filthy windows. Aunt Petunia found a few mouldy blankets in the second room and made up a bed for Dudley on the moth-eaten sofa. She and Uncle Vernon went off to the lumpy bed

next door and Harry was left to find the softest bit of floor he could and to curl up under the thinnest, most ragged blanket.

The storm raged more and more ferociously as the night went on. Harry couldn't sleep. He shivered and turned over, trying to get comfortable, his stomach rumbling with hunger. Dudley's snores were drowned by the low rolls of thunder that started near midnight. The lighted dial of Dudley's watch, which was dangling over the edge of the sofa on his fat wrist, told Harry he'd be eleven in ten minutes' time. He lay and watched his birthday tick nearer, wondering if the Dursleys would remember at all, wondering where the letter-writer was now.

Five minutes to go. Harry heard something creak outside. He hoped the roof wasn't going to fall in, although he might be warmer if it did. Four minutes to go. Maybe the house in Privet Drive would be so full of letters when they got back that he'd be able to steal one somehow.

Three minutes to go. Was that the sea, slapping hard on the rock like that? And (two minutes to go) what was that funny crunching noise? Was the rock crumbling into the sea?

One minute to go and he'd be eleven. Thirty seconds ... twenty ... ten – nine – maybe he'd wake Dudley up, just to annoy him – three – two – one –

**BOOM.**

The whole shack shivered and Harry sat bolt upright, staring at the door. Someone was outside, knocking to come in.

## **RTS questions**

P-Predict who is knocking to come in!

R-Where do the Dursleys and Harry go to?

R-What does Dudley think has happened to his dad?

I-If you were Petunia what would you think about your husbands' actions?

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

## **SPaG**

1. **Underline the three verbs in the sentence:**

Last week, our netball team played a tournament against other schools and won; they were delighted!

2. **Write the correct determiner ('a' or 'an') for each of these words**    \_\_\_ orange    \_\_\_ train  
\_\_\_ hour    \_\_\_ elephant

3. **I like to pour salt and vinegar over my chips.**

Pronouns=

Nouns=

Verbs=

Preposition=

4. **Practise joining lower case b**

Read this extract from Kenzuke's Kingdom - what could the missing pronouns be?

■ was there when the phone call came a week later. ■ knew it was ■ father. ■ mother said very little, so ■ couldn't understand what was going on, not until ■ sat ■ down afterwards and told ■.

"■ sounds different, Michael. Like ■ very old self, like he was when ■ first knew him. ■'s found ■ a place. 'Just pack ■ stuff and come,' ■ says. Fareham. Somewhere near Southampton. 'Right on the sea,' ■ says. There's something very different about ■, I'm telling you.

■ father did indeed seem a changed man. ■ was waiting for ■ when ■ got off the train, all bright-eyed again and full of laughter. ■ helped ■ with the cases.

## Writing

This week we are going to focus on a character description. Today we are going to be gathering synonyms for untidy, big and gentle. We can then start to use these in figurative language sentences.

You can use an online dictionary if you need or want to.

Big	Gentle	Untidy

**Share your writing on your purple mash blog.**

## Maths Support (Scaffold)

Here is a linear sequence: **3, 5, 7, 9**

The step is **2**

The 1<sup>st</sup> term is **3**

The 4<sup>th</sup> term is **9**

The 5<sup>th</sup> term will be **11**

The 10<sup>th</sup> term will be **21**

Complete the following:

1. Here is a linear sequence: **2, 5, 8, 11**

The step is \_\_\_\_

The 1<sup>st</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The 4<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The 5<sup>th</sup> term will be \_\_\_\_

The 10<sup>th</sup> term will be \_\_\_\_

2. Here is a linear sequence: **4, 6, 8, 10**

The step is \_\_\_\_

The 1<sup>st</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The 4<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The 5<sup>th</sup> term will be \_\_\_\_

The 10<sup>th</sup> term will be \_\_\_\_

## Maths Challenge

Here is a linear sequence: **4, 7, 10, 13**

The 5<sup>th</sup> term is **16**

The n<sup>th</sup> term is  **$3n + 1$**

The 16<sup>th</sup> term is **49**

Complete the following:

1. Here is a linear sequence: **1, 6, 11, 16**

The 5<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The n<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_\_

The 12<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

2. Here is a linear sequence: **7, 11, 15, 19**

The 5<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The n<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_\_

The 18<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

3. Here is a linear sequence: **2, 5, 8, 11**

The 5<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The n<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_\_

The 16<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

4. Here is a linear sequence: **4, 13, 22, 31**

The 5<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

The n<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_\_

The 11<sup>th</sup> term is \_\_\_\_

## Art

This week we will be designing and making a board game for Gringott's bank (don't worry if you don't know what that is, you will by the end of the week!). Today I would like you to think about what kind of board game it might be like. For example, will there be cards to pick up? Will you have something to move around the board? What is the goal (most points, first to reach the end etc)? Really, think about the rules. Remember that you want people to want to play the game, so don't make it too complicated.