

Subject	<u>Tuesday 9th June 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> – <i>accommodate, accompany, according, achieve, aggressive</i> Complete the attached spelling task. <u>Writing Task for the week: character description</u> <u>Today's writing task: use figurative 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 (<i>scaffold</i> and <i>Challenge</i> 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 Inheritance and Evolution. Purpose: Understand and explain inheritance. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Research - What is inheritance? - Include simple explanation of Cells, Chromosomes, Genes and DNA. - What is variation?
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 HRSGP Indoor Half Marathon challenge: documents attached in this booklet!
Arts 	Purpose: To plan your board game <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • You will need paper and pencil to jot down ideas and notes
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!

The Keeper of the Keys

BOOM. They knocked again. Dudley jerked awake.

‘Where’s the cannon?’ he said stupidly.

There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands – now they knew what had been in the long, thin package he had brought with them.

‘Who’s there?’ he shouted. ‘I warn you – I’m armed!’

There was a pause. Then –

SMASH!

The door was hit with such force that it swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor.

A giant of a man was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair.

The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the door and fitted it easily back into its frame. The noise of the storm outside dropped a little. He turned to look at them all.

‘Couldn’t make us a cup o’ tea, could yeh? It’s not been an easy journey ...’

He strode over to the sofa where Dudley sat frozen with fear.

‘Budge up, yeh great lump,’ said the stranger.

Dudley squeaked and ran to hide behind his mother, who was crouching, terrified, behind Uncle Vernon.

‘An’ here’s Harry!’ said the giant.

Harry looked up into the fierce, wild, shadowy face and saw that the beetle eyes were crinkled in a smile.

‘Las’ time I saw you, you was only a baby,’ said the giant. ‘Yeh look a lot like yer dad, but yeh’ve got yer mum’s eyes.’

Uncle Vernon made a funny rasping noise.

‘I demand that you leave at once, sir!’ he said. ‘You are breaking and entering!’

‘Ah, shut up, Dursley, yeh great prune,’ said the giant. He reached over the back of the sofa, jerked the gun out of Uncle Vernon’s hands, bent it into a knot as easily as if it had been made of rubber, and threw it into a corner of the room.

Uncle Vernon made another funny noise, like a mouse being trodden on.

‘Anyway – Harry,’ said the giant, turning his back on the Dursleys, ‘a very happy birthday to yeh. Got summat fer yeh here – I mighta sat on it at some point, but it’ll taste all right.’

From an inside pocket of his black overcoat he pulled a slightly squashed box. Harry opened it with trembling fingers. Inside was a large, sticky chocolate cake with *Happy Birthday Harry* written on it in green icing.

Harry looked up at the giant. He meant to say thank you, but the words got lost on the way to his mouth, and what he said instead was, ‘Who are you?’

The giant chuckled.

‘True, I haven’t introduced meself. Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts.’

He held out an enormous hand and shook Harry’s whole arm.

‘What about that tea then, eh?’ he said, rubbing his hands together. ‘I’d not say no ter summat stronger if yeh’ve got it, mind.’

His eyes fell on the empty grate with the shrivelled crisp packets in it and he snorted. He bent down over the fireplace; they couldn't see what he was doing but when he drew back a second later, there was a roaring fire there. It filled the whole damp hut with flickering light and Harry felt the warmth wash over him as though he'd sunk into a hot bath.

The giant sat back down on the sofa, which sagged under his weight, and began taking all sorts of things out of the pockets of his coat: a copper kettle, a squashy package of sausages, a poker, a teapot, several chipped mugs and a bottle of some amber liquid which he took a swig from before starting to make tea. Soon the hut was full of the sound and smell of sizzling sausage. Nobody said a thing while the giant was working, but as he slid the first six fat, juicy, slightly burnt sausages from the poker, Dudley fidgeted a little. Uncle Vernon said sharply, 'Don't touch anything he gives you, Dudley.'

The giant chuckled darkly.

'Yer great puddin' of a son don' need fattenin' any more, Dursley, don' worry.'

He passed the sausages to Harry, who was so hungry he had never tasted anything so wonderful, but he still couldn't take his eyes off the giant. Finally, as nobody seemed about to explain anything, he said, 'I'm sorry, but I still don't really know who you are.'

The giant took a gulp of tea and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

'Call me Hagrid,' he said, 'everyone does. An' like I told yeh, I'm Keeper of Keys at Hogwarts – yeh'll know all about Hogwarts, o' course.'

'Er – no,' said Harry.

Hagrid looked shocked.

'Sorry,' Harry said quickly.

'*Sorry?*' barked Hagrid, turning to stare at the Dursleys, who shrank back into the shadows. 'It's them as should be sorry! I knew yeh weren't gettin' yer letters but I never thought yeh wouldn't even know about Hogwarts, fer cryin' out loud! Did yeh never wonder where yer parents learnt it all?'

'All what?' asked Harry.

'ALL WHAT?' Hagrid thundered. 'Now wait jus' one second!'

He had leapt to his feet. In his anger he seemed to fill the whole hut. The Dursleys were cowering against the wall.

'Do you mean ter tell me,' he growled at the Dursleys, 'that this boy – this boy! – knows nothin' about' – about ANYTHING?'

Harry thought this was going a bit far. He had been to school, after all, and his marks weren't bad.

'I know *some* things,' he said. 'I can, you know, do maths and stuff.'

But Hagrid simply waved his hand and said, 'About *our* world, I mean. *Your* world. *My* world. *Yer parents' world.*'

'What world?'

Hagrid looked as if he was about to explode.

'DURSLEY!' he boomed.

Uncle Vernon, who had gone very pale, whispered something that sounded like 'Mimblewimble'. Hagrid stared wildly at Harry.

'But yeh must know about yer mum and dad,' he said. 'I mean, they're *famous*. *You're famous.*'

'What? My – my mum and dad weren't famous, were they?'

'Yeh don' know ... yeh don' know ...' Hagrid ran his fingers through his hair, fixing Harry with a bewildered stare.

'Yeh don' know what yeh *are*?' he said finally.

Uncle Vernon suddenly found his voice.

'Stop!' he commanded. 'Stop right there, sir! I forbid you to tell the boy anything!'

A braver man than Vernon Dursley would have quailed under the furious look Hagrid now gave him; when Hagrid spoke, his every syllable trembled with rage.

‘You never told him? Never told him what was in the letter Dumbledore left fer him? I was there! I saw Dumbledore leave it, Dursley! An’ you’ve kept it from him all these years?’

‘Kept *what* from me?’ said Harry eagerly.

‘STOP! I FORBID YOU!’ yelled Uncle Vernon in panic.

Aunt Petunia gave a gasp of horror.

‘Ah, go boil yer heads, both of yeh,’ said Hagrid. ‘Harry – yer a wizard.’

There was silence inside the hut. Only the sea and the whistling wind could be heard.

‘I’m a *what*?’ gasped Harry.

‘A wizard, o’ course,’ said Hagrid, sitting back down on the sofa, which groaned and sank even lower, ‘an’ a thumpin’ good’un, I’d say, once yeh’ve been trained up a bit. With a mum an’ dad like yours, what else would yeh be? An’ I reckon it’s abou’ time yeh read yer letter.’

Harry stretched out his hand at last to take the yellowish envelope, addressed in emerald green to *Mr H. Potter, The Floor, Hut-on-the-Rock, The Sea*. He pulled out the letter and read:

HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore

(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Mr Potter,

We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than 31 July.

Yours sincerely,

*Minerva McGonagall
Deputy Headmistress*

Questions exploded inside Harry’s head like fireworks and he couldn’t decide which to ask first. After a few minutes he stammered, ‘What does it mean, they await my owl?’

‘Gallopin’ Gorgons, that reminds me,’ said Hagrid, clapping a hand to his forehead with enough force to knock over a cart horse, and from yet another pocket inside his overcoat he pulled an owl – a real, live, rather ruffled-looking owl – a long quill and a roll of parchment. With his tongue between his teeth he scribbled a note which Harry could read upside-down:

Dear Mr Dumbledore,

Given Harry his letter. Taking him to buy his things tomorrow. Weather’s horrible. Hope you’re well.

Hagrid

Hagrid rolled up the note, gave it to the owl, which clamped it in its beak, went to the door and threw the owl out into the storm. Then he came back and sat down as though this was as normal as talking on the telephone.

Harry realised his mouth was open and closed it quickly.

‘Where was I?’ said Hagrid, but at that moment, Uncle Vernon, still ashen-faced but looking very angry, moved into the firelight.

‘He’s not going,’ he said.

Hagrid grunted.

‘I’d like ter see a great Muggle like you stop him,’ he said.

‘A what?’ said Harry, interested.

‘A Muggle,’ said Hagrid. ‘It’s what we call non-magic folk like them. An’ it’s your bad luck you grew up in a family o’ the biggest Muggles I ever laid eyes on.’

‘We swore when we took him in we’d put a stop to that rubbish,’ said Uncle Vernon, ‘swore we’d stamp it out of him! Wizard, indeed!’

‘You *knew*?’ said Harry. ‘You *knew* I’m a – a wizard?’

‘Knew!’ shrieked Aunt Petunia suddenly. ‘*Knew!* Of course we knew! How could you not be, my dratted sister being what she was? Oh, she got a letter just like that and disappeared off to that – that *school* – and came home every holiday with her pockets full of frog-spawn, turning teacups into rats. I was the only one who saw her for what she was – a freak! But for my mother and father, oh no, it was Lily this and Lily that, they were proud of having a witch in the family!’

She stopped to draw a deep breath and then went ranting on. It seemed she had been wanting to say all this for years.

‘Then she met that Potter at school and they left and got married and had you, and of course I knew you’d be just the same, just as strange, just as – as – *abnormal* – and then, if you please, she went and got herself blown up and we got landed with you!’

Harry had gone very white. As soon as he found his voice he said, ‘Blown up? You told me they died in a car crash!’

‘CAR CRASH!’ roared Hagrid, jumping up so angrily that the Dursleys scuttled back to their corner. ‘How could a car crash kill Lily an’ James Potter? It’s an outrage! A scandal! Harry Potter not knowin’ his own story when every kid in our world knows his name!’

‘But why? What happened?’ Harry asked urgently.

The anger faded from Hagrid’s face. He looked suddenly anxious.

‘I never expected this,’ he said, in a low, worried voice. ‘I had no idea, when Dumbledore told me there might be trouble gettin’ hold of yeh, how much yeh didn’t know. Ah, Harry, I don’ know if I’m the right person ter tell yeh – but someone’s gotta – yeh can’t go off ter Hogwarts not knowin’.’

RTS questions:

I-What is Hagrid about to tell Harry do you think?

R-How does Aunt Petunia feel about witches?

E-Describe what Hagrid looks like and what his personality is like.

R-What did the Dursleys tell Harry had happened to his parents?

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

Find the pronouns from the sentences below and sort them into two lists.

1. Claire asked if she could take off her blazer.
2. Suddenly, they noticed his chips were being eaten by the seagulls!
3. I wrote them a letter and put it in their letterbox.
4. We always put our plimsolls on for PE in the hall.
5. What does each word mean?

Can you write a sentence for each to show you understand their meaning?

accommodate

accompany

according

achieve

aggressive

Writing –

Now we have a good selection of words to describe (Hagrid if you hadn't guessed), we can start to create some beautiful figurative language sentences.

First, are there any other words we would like to include to describe Hagrid? Write these down now.

Now, let's start with his size:

Complete

The man stood as tall as...

He was as..... as.....

His voice sounded as if.....

His face was covered in.....

Your turn:

Create your own fun sentences to describe Hagrid!

Maths support (scaffold)

- Choose the unit of measure that would be the most appropriate to measure the items.

cm kg km g tonnes ml mm litres

- The weight of an elephant
- The volume of water in a bath
- The length of an ant
- The length of a football pitch
- The weight of an apple

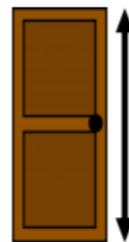
- Estimate how much juice the glass holds:



250 ml 2 litres 0.5 litres $\frac{1}{2}$ kg

- Estimate the height of the door frame:

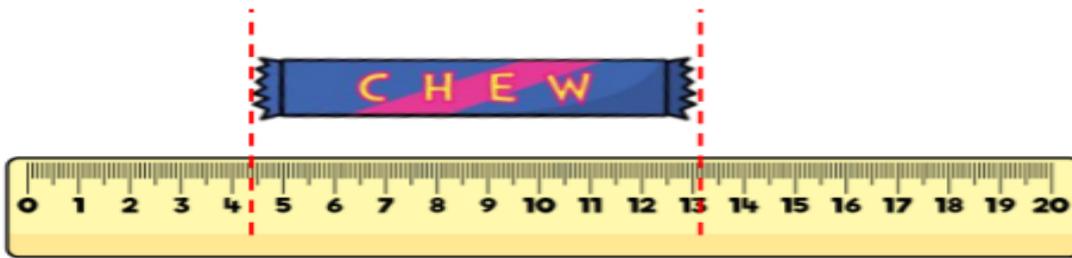
20 mm 20 cm 20 m 2 km 2 m 0.2 km



Maths Challenge

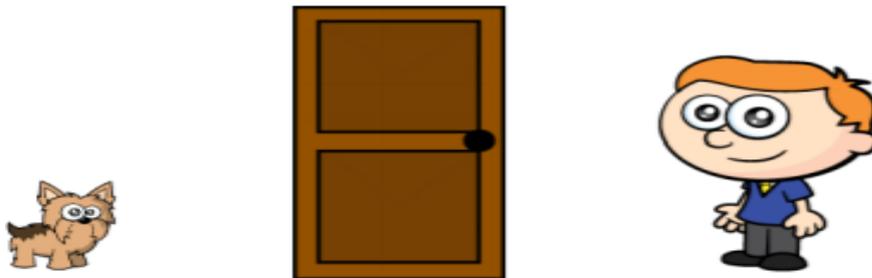
Teddy thinks his chew bar is 13.2 cm long.

Do you agree? Explain why.



Ron's dog is about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the height of the door.

Ron is three times the height of his dog. Estimate the height of Ron and his dog.



Art:

Yesterday, you thought about your rules for your Gringott's board game. Gringott's is a wizarding bank, run by goblins. Now that you know this, is there anything you want to change in your rules and ideas from yesterday?

Today I want you to sketch out what your board game might look like. Use another board game for inspiration if you want to!