

Subject	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Wednesday 10th June 2020</u> Home Learning – Year 6 – Wednesday</p>
Read to Succeed 	Questions under the text! <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - 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!)
Writing 	SPaG <i>accommodate, accompany, according, achieve, aggressive</i> Complete the attached SPaG task. <u>Writing Task for the week- Character description</u> Today's purpose: draft sentences
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/
ICT 	Our Computing this term is Binary Purpose: Understand Binary. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Complete the Branching database 2do on purple mash.
Physical Activity 	Purpose: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Joe Wickes on YouTube: - Alternative Physical Activity for the day: cosmic yoga: - Take part in the HRS GP Indoor Half Marathon challenge: documents attached in this booklet!
Arts 	Purpose: design your own boardgame <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Today we will be creating the actual game! • You will need paper, whatever size you like, pencils and pens and anything else you wish to use.... It is your game after all!
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 book review on your favourite book you have read.
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 continued

He threw a dirty look at the Dursleys.

‘Well, it’s best yeh know as much as I can tell yeh – mind, I can’t tell yeh everythin’, it’s a great myst’ry, parts of it ...’

He sat down, stared into the fire for a few seconds and then said, ‘It begins, I suppose, with – with a person called – but it’s incredible yeh don’t know his name, everyone in our world knows –’

‘Who?’

‘Well – I don’ like sayin’ the name if I can help it. No one does.’

‘Why not?’

‘Gulpin’ gargoyles, Harry, people are still scared. Blimey, this is difficult. See, there was this wizard who went ... bad. As bad as you could go. Worse. Worse than worse. His name was ...’

Hagrid gulped, but no words came out.

‘Could you write it down?’ Harry suggested.

‘Nah – can’t spell it. All right – *Voldemort*.’ Hagrid shuddered. ‘Don’ make me say it again. Anyway, this – this wizard, about twenty years ago now, started lookin’ fer followers. Got ’em, too – some were afraid, some just wanted a bit o’ his power, ’cause he was gettin’ himself power, all right. Dark days, Harry. Didn’t know who ter trust, didn’t dare get friendly with strange wizards or witches ... Terrible things happened. He was takin’ over. ’Course, some stood up to him – an’ he killed ’em. Horribly. One o’ the only safe places left was Hogwarts. Reckon Dumbledore’s the only one You-Know-Who was afraid of. Didn’t dare try takin’ the school, not jus’ then, anyway.

‘Now, yer mum an’ dad were as good a witch an’ wizard as I ever knew. Head Boy an’ Girl at Hogwarts in their day! Suppose the myst’ry is why You-Know-Who never tried to get ’em on his side before ... probably knew they were too close ter Dumbledore ter want anythin’ ter do with the Dark Side.

‘Maybe he thought he could persuade ’em ... maybe he just wanted ’em outta the way. All anyone knows is, he turned up in the village where you was all living, on Hallowe’en ten years ago. You was just a year old. He came ter yer house an’ – an’ –’

Hagrid suddenly pulled out a very dirty, spotted handkerchief and blew his nose with a sound like a foghorn.

‘Sorry,’ he said. ‘But it’s that sad – knew yer mum an’ dad, an’ nicer people yeh couldn’t find – anyway –’

‘You-Know-Who killed ’em. An’ then – an’ this is the real myst’ry of the thing – he tried to kill you, too. Wanted ter make a clean job of it, I suppose, or maybe he just liked killin’ by then. But he couldn’t do it. Never wondered how you got that mark on yer forehead? That was no ordinary cut. That’s what yeh get when a powerful, evil curse touches yeh – took care of yer mum an’ dad an’ yer house, even – but it didn’t work on you, an’ that’s why yer famous, Harry. No one ever lived after he decided ter kill ’em, no one except you, an’ he’d killed some o’ the best witches an’ wizards of the age – the McKinnons, the Bones, the Prewetts – an’ you was only a baby, an’ you lived.’

Something very painful was going on in Harry’s mind. As Hagrid’s story came to a close, he saw again the blinding flash of green light, more clearly than he had ever remembered it before – and he remembered something else, for the first time in his life – a high, cold, cruel laugh.

Hagrid was watching him sadly.

‘Took yeh from the ruined house myself, on Dumbledore’s orders. Brought yeh ter this lot ...’

‘Load of old tosh,’ said Uncle Vernon. Harry jumped, he had almost forgotten that the Dursleys were there. Uncle Vernon certainly seemed to have got back his courage. He was glaring at Hagrid and his fists were clenched.

‘Now, you listen here, boy,’ he snarled. ‘I accept there’s something strange about you, probably nothing a good beating wouldn’t have cured – and as for all this about your parents, well, they were weirdos, no denying it, and the world’s better off without them in my opinion – asked for all they got, getting mixed up with these wizarding types – just what I expected, always knew they’d come to a sticky end –’

But at that moment, Hagrid leapt from the sofa and drew a battered pink umbrella from inside his coat. Pointing this at Uncle Vernon like a sword, he said, 'I'm warning you, Dursley – I'm warning you – one more word ...'

In danger of being speared on the end of an umbrella by a bearded giant, Uncle Vernon's courage failed again; he flattened himself against the wall and fell silent.

'That's better,' said Hagrid, breathing heavily and sitting back down on the sofa, which this time sagged right down to the floor.

Harry, meanwhile, still had questions to ask, hundreds of them.

'But what happened to Vol – sorry – I mean, You-Know-Who?'

'Good question, Harry. Disappeared. Vanished. Same night he tried ter kill you. Makes yeh even more famous. That's the biggest myst'ry, see ... he was gettin' more an' more powerful – why'd he go?'

'Some say he died. Codswallop, in my opinion. Dunno if he had enough human left in him to die. Some say he's still out there, bidin' his time, like, but I don' believe it. People who was on his side came back ter ours. Some of 'em came outta kinda trances. Don' reckon they could've done if he was comin' back.

'Most of us reckon he's still out there somewhere but lost his powers. Too weak to carry on. 'Cause somethin' about you finished him, Harry. There was somethin' goin' on that night he hadn't counted on – I dunno what it was, no one does – but somethin' about you stumped him, all right.'

Hagrid looked at Harry with warmth and respect blazing in his eyes, but Harry, instead of feeling pleased and proud, felt quite sure there had been a horrible mistake. A wizard? Him? How could he possibly be? He'd spent his life being clouted by Dudley and bullied by Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon; if he was really a wizard, why hadn't they been turned into warty toads every time they'd tried to lock him in his cupboard? If he'd once defeated the greatest sorcerer in the world, how come Dudley had always been able to kick him around like a football?

'Hagrid,' he said quietly, 'I think you must have made a mistake. I don't think I can be a wizard.'

To his surprise, Hagrid chuckled.

'Not a wizard, eh? Never made things happen when you was scared, or angry?'

Harry looked into the fire. Now he came to think about it ... every odd thing that had ever made his aunt and uncle furious with him had happened when he, Harry, had been upset or angry ... chased by Dudley's gang, he had somehow found himself out of their reach ... dreading going to school with that ridiculous haircut, he'd managed to make it grow back ... and the very last time Dudley had hit him, hadn't he got his revenge, without even realising he was doing it? Hadn't he set a boa constrictor on him?

Harry looked back at Hagrid, smiling, and saw that Hagrid was positively beaming at him.

'See?' said Hagrid. 'Harry Potter, not a wizard – you wait, you'll be right famous at Hogwarts.'

But Uncle Vernon wasn't going to give in without a fight.

'Haven't I told you he's not going?' he hissed. 'He's going to Stonewall High and he'll be grateful for it. I've read those letters and he needs all sorts of rubbish – spell books and wands and –'

'If he wants ter go, a great Muggle like you won't stop him,' growled Hagrid. 'Stop Lily an' James Potter's son goin' ter Hogwarts! Yer mad. His name's been down ever since he was born. He's off ter the finest school of witchcraft and wizardry in the world. Seven years there and he won't know himself. He'll be with youngsters of his own sort, fer a change, an' he'll be under the greatest Headmaster Hogwarts ever had, Albus Dumbled–'

'I AM NOT PAYING FOR SOME CRACKPOT OLD FOOL TO TEACH HIM MAGIC TRICKS!' yelled Uncle Vernon.

But he had finally gone too far. Hagrid seized his umbrella and whirled it over his head. 'NEVER –' he thundered, '– INSULT – ALBUS – DUMBLEDORE – IN – FRONT – OF – ME!'

He brought the umbrella swishing down through the air to point at Dudley – there was a flash of violet light, a sound like a firecracker, a sharp squeal and next second, Dudley was dancing on the spot with his hands clasped over his fat bottom, howling in pain. When he turned his back on them, Harry saw a curly pig's tail poking through a hole in his trousers.

Uncle Vernon roared. Pulling Aunt Petunia and Dudley into the other room, he cast one last terrified look at Hagrid and slammed the door behind them.

Hagrid looked down at his umbrella and stroked his beard.

‘Shouldn’ta lost me temper,’ he said ruefully, ‘but it didn’t work anyway. Meant ter turn him into a pig, but I suppose he was so much like a pig anyway there wasn’t much left ter do.’

He cast a sideways look at Harry under his bushy eyebrows.

‘Be grateful if yeh didn’t mention that ter anyone at Hogwarts,’ he said. ‘I’m – er – not supposed ter do magic, strictly speakin’. I was allowed ter do a bit ter follow yeh an’ get yer letters to yeh an’ stuff – one o’ the reasons I was so keen ter take on the job –’

‘Why aren’t you supposed to do magic?’ asked Harry.

‘Oh, well – I was at Hogwarts meself but I – er – got expelled, ter tell yeh the truth. In me third year. They snapped me wand in half an’ everything. But Dumbledore let me stay on as gamekeeper. Great man, Dumbledore.’

‘Why were you expelled?’

‘It’s gettin’ late and we’ve got lots ter do tomorrow,’ said Hagrid loudly. ‘Gotta get up ter town, get all yer books an’ that.’

He took off his thick black coat and threw it to Harry.

‘You can kip under that,’ he said. ‘Don’ mind if it wriggles a bit, I think I still got a couple o’ dormice in one o’ the pockets.’

RTS: Questions

R-What is the bad wizards name?

R-What will Harry and Hagrid do tomorrow?

I-How do you think Dudley feels? Why do you think this?

S-Summarise in your own words, what has happened in this story so far.

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

11.9.19

Spag Starter

1. Put a tick in the correct column to show if the sentence is a statement or a command.

	Statement	Command
At dawn, the sun rose and painted the sky coral.		
Catch that thief!		
A huge rod rose from beneath the knoll.		
Run as fast as you can.		

2. Underline the pronoun in this sentence:

Michael wanted to build a toy yacht from the driftwood he had found.

3. Which words in this sentence should have capital letters?

during the summer holidays hazel and i visited the sealife centre.

4. Practise Capital C and lowercase c



A modal verb is a verb that expresses possibility or certainty.

Imagine you ask a friend to accompany you on the activity trail at lunchtime. Their answer will contain a modal verb:

must

may

can

might

should

could

will

shall

" I _____ play with you at lunchtime."

MV

Arrange the above modal verbs in a list from **most** to **least** certain.

Writing

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

Remember, try to use exciting vocabulary and figurative language (but only where it makes sense!).

We are writing a character description of Hagrid. We should have a really good idea of who he is now.

My Turn:

The giant took up nearly half the space of the small living room!

He was as tall as a lamppost but five times as wide!

Upon his face was a mass of scruffy wild hair, almost covering his beady bird like eyes.

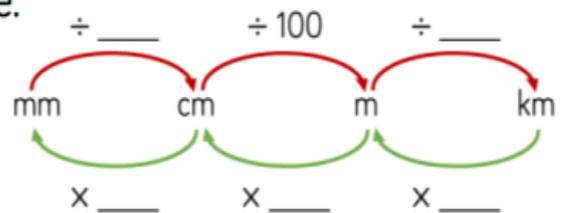
Your turn:

Maths support (scaffold)

 There are ___ mm in one centimetre.

There are ___ cm in one metre.

There are ___ m in one kilometre.



Use these facts to complete the table.

mm	cm	m	km
44,000			
	2,780		
		15.5	
			1.75

5

Maths Challenge

Jack, Alex and Amir jumped a total of 12.69 m in a long jump competition.

Alex jumped exactly 200 cm further than Jack.

Amir jumped exactly 2,000 mm further than Alex.

What distance did they all jump?

Give your answers in metres.

Dora made a stack of her magazines. Each magazine on the pile is 2.5 mm thick.

The total height of the stack is 11.5 cm high.

How many magazines does she have in her pile?

Art

Today we will be creating the board game!

You will need to gather any resources you think you might need, such as: glue, scissors, paper, pencils and pens.

It might be useful to sketch out the game first, before using pens, in case you make a mistake. Although, if you make a mistake, don't worry too much, you can always start again!

Follow your notes and ideas from yesterday and Monday to keep you on track.

Today is just the board game, you don't need to worry about playing pieces or cards yet.