

## Remote Learning

Remember to read your book every day for at least 20 minutes, and practice and recall your times tables daily.

Recording of work. If you have your Exercise books at home, please record the suggested activities in these. If you do not, please record on paper or on MS Word. Don't forget to email completed work to your class teacher, via [slt@hardwicke.gloucs.sch.uk](mailto:slt@hardwicke.gloucs.sch.uk)

Week beginning: 4.1.21																			
Maths	Build the 11x table by counting in steps of 11.  Build the 11x table in the order of x2, x4, x8, x10, x5	Calculate:  11 x 4 = 11 x 6 = 11 x 8 = 10 x 11 = □ = 12 x 11	Calculate:  33 ÷ 11 = 55 ÷ 11 = 77 ÷ 11 = □ = 99 ÷ 11 □ = 121 ÷ 11	Build the 12x table by counting in steps of 12.  Build the 12x table in the order of x2, x4, x8, x10, x5															
	Colin thinks he is counting in steps of 11:  0, 11, 21, 31, 41, 51, 61, 71,...	Colin thinks that  11 x 11 = 111	Colin thinks that  131 ÷ 11 = 12	Colin thinks he is counting in steps of 12:  0, 12, 22, 32, 42, 52, 62, ...															
	Explain why he is incorrect.	Explain why he is incorrect.	Explain why he is incorrect.	Explain why he is incorrect.															
	Always/ Sometimes/ Never True  - Pick a 2-digit number - Reverse the digits to create a new number - Add the 2 numbers together - The answer is in the 11 times table	Complete the statements:  □□ = 11 x □ 1□ x 1□ = □□2 □□0 = 1□ x 1□  Solve them in several ways. Solve all the calculations together using the digits 0, 1, 2, 3 at least once each	Find the missing numbers <table border="1"><tr><td>x</td><td></td><td></td><td>8</td></tr><tr><td>7</td><td></td><td></td><td>56</td></tr><tr><td></td><td>99</td><td>108</td><td></td></tr><tr><td></td><td>121</td><td>132</td><td></td></tr></table> How many solutions are there?	x			8	7			56		99	108			121	132	
x			8																
7			56																
	99	108																	
	121	132																	

ERIC

1. Name the things that made James' life a happy one.\*
2. Copy the word on p.1 that means huge.\*
3. What items were in James' suitcase?\*
4. Why is James' new house so different from the one he used to live in?
5. What is the simile used to describe the sea on p3?
6. How do you know that the garden was not child-friendly?  
Use evidence from text to support your answer.
7. How are the two sisters different in appearance?\*

## One

Until he was four years old, James Henry Trotter had a happy life. He lived peacefully with his mother and father in a beautiful house beside the sea. There were always plenty of other children for him to play with, and there was the sandy beach for him to run about on, and the ocean to paddle in. It was the perfect life for a small boy.

Then, one day, James's mother and father went to London to do some shopping, and there a terrible thing happened. Both of them suddenly got eaten up (in full daylight, mind you, and on a crowded street) by an enormous angry rhinoceros which had escaped from the London Zoo.

Now this, as you can well imagine, was a rather nasty experience for two such gentle parents. But in the long run it was far nastier for James than it was for them. Their troubles were all over in a jiffy. They were dead and gone in thirty-five seconds flat. Poor James, on the other hand, was still very much alive, and all at once he found himself alone and frightened in a vast unfriendly world. The lovely house by the seaside had to be sold immediately, and the little boy, carrying nothing but a small suitcase containing a pair of pyjamas and a toothbrush, was sent away to live with his two aunts.

Their names were Aunt Sponge and Aunt Spiker, and I am sorry to say that they were both really horrible people. They were selfish and lazy and cruel, and right from the beginning they started



beating poor James for almost no reason at all. They never called him by his real name, but always referred to him as 'you disgusting little beast' or 'you filthy nuisance' or 'you miserable creature', and they certainly never gave him any toys to play with or any picture books to look at. His room was as bare as a prison cell.

They lived - Aunt Sponge, Aunt Spiker, and now James as well - in a queer ramshackle house on the top of a high hill in the south of England. The hill was so high that from almost anywhere in the garden James could look down and see for miles and miles across a marvellous landscape of woods and fields; and on a very clear day, if he looked in the right

being locked up in the cellar with the rats for a week, if he even so much as dared to climb over the fence.

The garden, which covered the whole of the top of the hill, was large and desolate, and the only tree in the entire place (apart from a clump of dirty old laurel bushes at the far end) was an ancient peach tree that never gave any peaches. There was no swing, no seesaw, no sand pit, and no other children were ever invited to come up the hill to play with poor James. There wasn't so much as a dog or a cat around to keep him company. And as time went on, he became sadder and sadder, and more and more lonely, and he used to spend hours every day standing at the bottom of the garden, gazing wistfully at the



direction, he could see a tiny grey dot far away on the horizon, which was the house that he used to live in with his beloved mother and father. And just beyond that, he could see the ocean itself - a long thin streak of blackish-blue, like a line of ink, beneath the rim of the sky.

But James was never allowed to go down off the top of that hill. Neither Aunt Sponge nor Aunt Spiker could ever be bothered to take him out herself, not even for a small walk or a picnic, and he certainly wasn't permitted to go alone. 'The nasty little beast will only get into mischief if he goes out of the garden,' Aunt Spiker had said. And terrible punishments were promised him, such as

lovely but forbidden world of woods and fields and ocean that was spread out below him like a magic carpet.

## Two

After James Henry Trotter had been living with his aunts for three whole years there came a morning when something rather peculiar happened to him. And this thing, which as I say was only *rather* peculiar, soon caused a second thing to happen which was *very* peculiar. And then the *very* peculiar thing, in its own turn, caused a really *fantastically* peculiar thing to occur.

It all started on a blazing hot day in the middle of summer. Aunt Sponge, Aunt Spiker and James were all out in the garden. James had been put to work, as usual. This time he was chopping wood for the kitchen stove. Aunt Sponge and Aunt Spiker were sitting comfortably in deck-chairs near by, sipping tall glasses of fizzy lemonade and watching him to see that he didn't stop work for one moment.

Aunt Sponge was enormously fat and very short. She had small piggy eyes, a sunken mouth, and one of those white flabby faces that looked exactly as though it had been boiled. She was like a great white soggy overboiled cabbage. Aunt Spiker, on the other hand, was lean and tall and

1. Why did James start to cry?\*(8)
2. Where did James want to go?\*
3. How has the author made you realise how upset James was on p. 9?
4. What two pieces of evidence in the text demonstrate how old the man was?
5. Why is the use of a simile to explain the contents of the bag effective?(p11)
6. How do you know that James had been silent for a long while after the man appeared?Use evidence from the text.(p12)
7. Name three animals used to create the phenomenon in the bag.
8. 'Because you are miserable, aren't you?' Why has the author used italics for 'are'?(12)

Poor James was still slaving away at the chopping-block. The heat was terrible. He was sweating all over. His arm was aching. The chopper was a large blunt thing far too heavy for a small boy to use. And as he worked, James began thinking about all the other children in the world and what they might be doing at this moment. Some would be riding tricycles in their gardens. Some would be walking in cool woods and picking bunches of wild flowers. And all the little friends whom he used to know would be down by the seaside, playing in the wet sand and splashing around in the water . . .

Great tears began oozing out of James's eyes and rolling down his cheeks.



He stopped working and leaned against the chopping-block, overwhelmed by his own unhappiness.

'What's the matter with you?' Aunt Spiker screeched, glaring at him over the top of her steel spectacles.

James began to cry.

'Stop that immediately and get on with your work, you nasty little beast!' Aunt Sponge ordered.

'Oh, Auntie Sponge!' James cried out. 'And Auntie Spiker! Couldn't we all – *please* – just for once – go down to the seaside on the bus? It isn't very far – and I feel so hot and awful and lonely . . .'

'Why, you lazy good-for-nothing brute!' Aunt Spiker shouted.

'Beat him!' cried Aunt Sponge.

'I certainly will!' Aunt Spiker snapped. She glared at James, and James looked back at her with large frightened eyes. 'I shall beat you later on in the day when I don't feel so hot,' she said. 'And now get out of my sight, you disgusting little worm, and give me some peace!'

James turned and ran. He ran off as fast as he could to the far end of the garden and hid himself behind that clump of dirty old laurel bushes that we mentioned earlier on. Then he covered his face with his hands and began to cry and cry.

### Three

It was at this point that the first thing of all, the *rather* peculiar thing that led to so many other *much* more peculiar things, happened to him.

For suddenly, just behind him, James heard a rustling of leaves, and he turned round and saw an old man in a funny dark-green suit emerging from the bushes. He was a very small old man, but he had a huge bald head and a face that was covered all over with bristly black whiskers. He stopped when he was about three yards away, and he stood there leaning on his stick and staring hard at James.

When he spoke, his voice was very slow and creaky. 'Come closer to me, little boy,' he said, beckoning to James with a finger. 'Come right up close to me and I will show you something *wonderful*.'

James was too frightened to move.

The old man hobbled a step or two nearer, and then he put a hand into the pocket of his jacket and took out a small white paper bag.

'You see this?' he whispered, waving the bag gently to and fro in front of James's face. 'You know what this is, my dear? You know what's inside this little bag?'

Then he came nearer still, leaning forward and pushing his face so close to James that James could feel breath blowing on his cheeks. The breath smelled



musty and stale and slightly mildewed, like air in an old cellar.

'Take a look, my dear,' he said, opening the bag and tilting it towards James. Inside it, James could see a mass of tiny green things that looked like little stones or crystals, each one about the size of a grain of rice. They were extraordinarily beautiful, and

there was a strange brightness about them, a sort of luminous quality that made them glow and sparkle in the most wonderful way.

'Listen to them!' the old man whispered. 'Listen to them move!'

James stared into the bag, and sure enough there was a faint rustling sound coming up from inside it, and then he noticed that all the thousands of little green things were slowly, very very slowly stirring about and moving over each other as though they were alive.

'There's more power and magic in those things in there than in all the rest of the world put together,' the old man said softly.

'But - but - what *are* they?' James murmured, finding his voice at last. 'Where do they come from?'

'Ah-ha,' the old man whispered. 'You'd never guess that!' He was crouching a little now and pushing his face still closer and closer to James until the tip of his long nose was actually touching the skin on James's forehead. Then suddenly he jumped back and began waving his stick madly in the air. 'Crocodile tongues!' he cried. 'One thousand long slimy crocodile tongues boiled up in the skull of a dead witch for twenty days and nights with the eyeballs of a lizard! Add the fingers of a young monkey, the gizzard of a pig, the beak of a green parrot, the juice of a porcupine, and three spoonfuls of sugar. Stew for another week, and then let the moon do the rest!'

All at once, he pushed the white paper bag into

04.01.21

WALT spell words with 'ture' endings.

puncture

creature

vulture

furniture

pasture

future

temperature

capture

picture

moisture

lecture

fracture

Spellings –  
words ending  
in 'ture'

**Learn the  
words below  
and then write  
them without  
looking. Try to  
answer the  
clues about  
the 'ture'  
words.**



1. Hole in a tyre -	p _ _ c ture	9. tomorrow f _ ture
2. painted or drawn	p _ _ ture	10. meadow p _ _ ture
3. lesson at college or university	l _ _ ture	11. bird of prey v _ _ ture
		12. catch c _ _ ture
4. break a bone	fr _ _ ture	13. different - m _ _ ture
5. something created	cr _ _ ture	ingredients
6. dampness	mo _ _ ture	
7. measure of heat	te _ _ _ _ _ ture	
8. chairs; tables etc	f _ _ n _ ture	

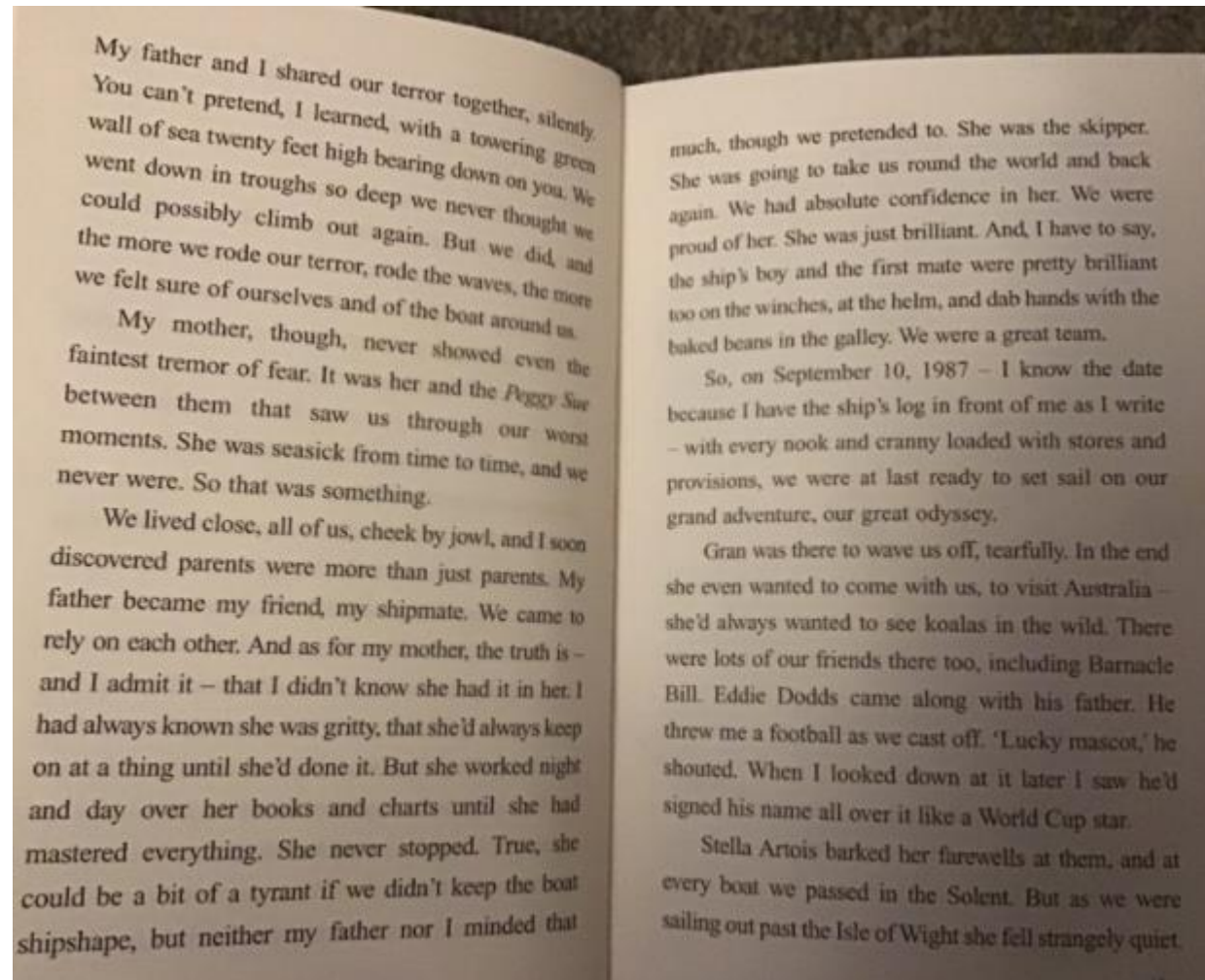
English-Kensuke's Kingdom by Michael Morpurgo

Michael's parents are made redundant so they buy a boat – Peggy Sue- and set off to sail around the world. The extract below describes the first experiences at sea from Michael's point of view.

Read through the text on Kensuke's Kingdom. Write down noun phrases that you find.

Noun phrases are descriptive phrases that **do not** contain a verb e.g. a towering green wall of sea twenty feet high





A ship's log is like a diary kept to keep a record of events that happen at sea. It is written in the first person and is usually quite descriptive. Read the pages below and write a ship's log describing Michael's chores and experiences in his own words. Try to use some expanded noun phrases to improve description.

soaked to the skin. I wore all the right gear – the skipper always made sure of that – but somehow the wet still got through.

Down below too, everything was damp, even the sleeping bags. Only when the sun shone and the sea had stopped its heaving, could we begin to dry out. We would haul everything out on deck, and soon the *Peggy Sue* would be dressed overall, one great washing-line from bow to stern. To be dry again was a real luxury, but we always knew it could not last for long.

You may think there was not a lot for three people to do on board, day after day, week after week. You'd be quite wrong. In daylight there was never a dull moment. I was always kept busy: taking in sail, winching in, letting out, taking my turn at the wheel – which I loved – or helping my father with his endless mending and fixing. He often needed another pair of hands to hold and steady as he drilled or hammered or screwed or sawed. I'd forever be mopping up, brewing up, washing up, drying up. I'd be lying if I said I loved it all. I didn't. But there was never a dull moment.

Only one of the crew was allowed to be idle – Stella Artois – and she was always idle. With nothing much to bark at out on the open ocean, she spent the rougher days curled up on my bed down in the cabin. When it was fine and calm, though, she'd usually be found on watch up at the bow, alert for something, anything that wasn't just sea. You could be sure that if there was anything out there she'd spot it soon enough – an escort of porpoises perhaps, diving in and out of the waves, a family of dolphins swimming alongside, so close you could reach out and touch them. Whales, sharks, even turtles – we saw them all. My mother would be taking photographs, video and still, while my father and I fought over the binoculars. But Stella Artois was in her element, a proper sheepdog again, barking her commands at the creatures of the sea, herding them up from the deep.

    Annoying though she could be – she would bring her smelly wetness with her everywhere – we never once regretted bringing her along with us. She was our greatest comfort. When the sea tossed and churned us, and my mother felt like

Look at the example below and try to write a ship's log entry with better description.

Barnacle Bill warned us about the Bay of Biscay, so we were expecting it to be bad, and it was. Force 9 gale. Force 10 sometimes. We were slammed about all over the place. I thought we'd sink. I really did. Once, when we came up on to the top of a wave, I saw the bow of the *Peggy Sue* pointing straight up at the moon. It was like she was going to take off. Then we were hurled down the other side so fast I was sure we were going to the bottom. It was bad. I mean it was horrible, really horrible. But the *Peggy Sue* didn't fall apart, and we made it to Spain.

Adverbial phrases explain how, where and when something happens e.g. Slowly; In the middle of the ocean; At midnight. Try to write sentences with adverbial phrases that are relevant to Kensuke's Kingdom e.g. **On a fine September morning**, we set sail; **During the night**, the wind increased.

## Religious Education- How do Hindus practise their faith in Britain?

Match each sentence with the pictures.



The Puja tray consists of a bell to awaken the gods; food, flowers and drink as an offering; diva lamp symbolises the presence of the gods

Aum is the sound called out at worship and the symbol is presented at the shrine.

Images and statues of gods that are worshipped - Brahman; Vishnu; Shiva

A home shrine is set up in a room as a place the whole family can sit and worship the Hindu gods and show respect.

Sacred texts written in ancient Sanskrit are recited during acts of worship- they consist of prayers.

