

Year 5 Home Learning: Summer 1 – Week 3

Working together to achieve success'

Hello Year 5. Here is our next timetable to support learning at home which combines online learning platforms with paper based activities you can view on screen and complete in your exercise book from school. Please note that there are four days of learning this week due to the Bank Holiday on Friday. We would like to continue to see what you have been busy doing, so please email us at year-5@mossgate.lancs.sch.uk and we will share these on our school's Facebook page every Tuesday. Thank you to all of the families who have already shared these with us. Please use the email address if you have any questions about the learning as well. Take care and keep safe. Mrs Elwers and Mrs Massey.

Daily PE:

Start the day with 20-30 minutes of physical activity. Suggestions include: Joe Wicks Daily PE lesson Natasha Butler Daily Workout / Just Dance videos in YouTube. Additional physical activity ideas will be uploaded to our website www.mossgate.lancs.sch.uk > Home Learning

Daily Newsround:

Watch the 5 minute news summary daily at 12:15pm by going to <https://www.bbc.co.uk/newsround> and click 'Watch Newsround' in the top right hand corner. Discuss topical items in the news and research any aspects which interest – this could be a topic, country or person. Newsround is updated daily.

Maths: This week we are learning about adding and subtracting decimals.

Go to <https://whiterosemaths.com/homelearning/year-5/> to access the resources. **This week's learning is named Summer Term Week 1.** Use the video to help explain the concept and then complete the activity (in your book) which you can view on screen by clicking 'Get the Activity'.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
Mental Maths	Complete 15 minutes of IDL Numeracy (https://idlsgroup.com/) and/or Times Tables Rocks Stars (https://play.ttrockstars.com/auth/school).			
White Rose Maths	Lesson 1 – Adding decimals within 1	Lesson 2 – Subtracting decimals within 1	Lesson 3 – Complements to 1	Lesson 4 – Adding decimals – crossing the whole

English: Focus text: Danny the Champion of the World by Roald Dahl.

Each day you will be asked to read a section of Danny the Champion of the World. You can choose to read this independently or with a member of your family.

When following links online, parents should monitor that children are remaining on that page only and are keeping safe online.

If you have a copy of the text at home, use this. If not, a full online version is available to read on the school website – Summer 1 Home Learning – Week 3 – Year 5

Also: Complete 15 minutes of IDL Literacy (<https://idlsgroup.com/>) **daily which develops spelling, comprehension and keyboard skills.**

Mon	<p>Read Chapter 1- The Filling-station (scroll to the bottom for this extract)</p> <p>You can also listen to Chapter 1 (and part of Chapter 2) at https://www.audiobooks.co.uk/book/stream/200422</p> <p>Based on what you have read, do you think Danny is rich or poor? Use evidence from the text to support your answer. I think Danny is ... I know this because the text says...</p> <p>Extra challenge:</p> <p>Now create a character profile for Danny based on what you have read in Chapter 1. Try and use the text to help you e.g. Danny spent his younger years helping his dad with cars. You could draw Danny and include the facts around him.</p>
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Tues	<p>Roald Dahl took lots of inspiration for this story from his own life. Some of his other, most famous, stories are also first mentioned in Danny the Champion of the World. You can find out more about the background to this novel here: https://www.roalddahl.com/roald-dahl/stories/a-e/danny-the-champion-of-the-world</p> <p>Now read and enjoy Chapters 2 and 3 of Danny the Champion of the World, 'The Big Friendly Giant' and 'Cars and Kites and Fire-balloons' (please see Summer 1 Home Learning – Week 3 – Year 5 to read).</p> <p>Note: It is advised that parents read Chapter 3 together with their child, in order that they can talk about the personal and environmental dangers of fire balloons/sky lanterns.</p> <p>Create a character profile for Danny's dad making sure you use words and phrases from the text. Again, you could draw his dad and write facts around him from the text.</p>
Wed	<p>Read and enjoy Chapter 4 of the story, My Father's Deep Dark Secret (please see Summer 1 Home Learning – Week 3 – Year 5 to read).</p> <p>What is Danny's dad's secret? Write down your ideas in your book.</p> <p>How do you think Danny feels about his dad's secret? Why? Record your answer in your book and don't forget to P.E.E!</p> <p>Extra challenge</p> <p>Explore this website to find out more about pheasants. Note: Parents may choose to support their child in reading this web page in order to avoid all the advertisements!</p> <p>https://easyscienceforkids.com/all-about-pheasants/</p> <p>Create a small fact file based on what you have learnt about pheasants. You could use your book or a computer to present your work.</p>
Thurs	<p>Read and enjoy Chapters 5, 6 and 7 of the story, The Secret Methods, Mr Victor Hazel and The Baby Austin (please see Summer 1 Home Learning – Week 3 – Year 5 to read).</p> <p>You can listen to a reading of these chapters here:</p> <p>Chapter 6: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxZS9ggFfF0</p> <p>Chapter 7: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mRg_BEKAov4</p> <p>Use wordhippo.com to help with any words you are unsure of such as, 'snob', 'hiding' and 'veiled'.</p> <p>Based on these chapters, predict what might happen next. Record your prediction in your book.</p> <p>Think about these questions:</p> <p>Will Danny find his Dad?</p> <p>If he does, where is he?</p> <p>Why didn't he return home?</p> <p>Will they be able to leave Hazel's Wood without being caught?</p> <p>Extra challenge</p> <p>Now you have made a prediction, have a go at writing the next chapter.</p> <p>Please note that there is slightly more learning tasks today in case you would like to do any extra.</p>

Topic

Mon	<p>Online Safety –</p> <p>Week 3 – Powerful Passwords.</p> <p>Have a look through the presentation and answer the questions in your jotters.</p>
Tues	<p>Science – Kitchen Chemistry</p> <p>Can you create some irreversible reactions in the kitchen?</p> <p>This could be a baking delight (chocolate brownies are our favourite irreversible reaction!) or can you show your families how to make plastic using milk and vinegar? Don't forget to send us pictures of your fantastic creations to our Year 5 e-mail.</p>
Wed	<p>Mindfulness – create a calm jar.</p> <p>First, get a clear jar (like a jam jar) and fill it almost all the way with water. Next, add a big spoonful of glitter glue or glue and dry glitter/sequins to the jar. Put the lid back on the jar and shake it to make the glitter swirl. Shake it up and watch it settle back down a few times.</p> <p>Think about what happens when you're still for a couple of moments. Keep watching. When we're calm for a little while, our thoughts start to settle and you start to see things much clearer. Deep breaths during this calming process can help us settle when we feel worried, scared or anxious.</p>
Thurs	<p>Topic –</p> <p>Complete an activity from the Plastic Pollution learning grid.</p> <p>Go to the school website - Summer 1 Home Learning – Topic Tasks – Year 5 – Plastic Pollution</p>

Chapter 1 – The Filling Station

The Filling-station

When I was four months old, my mother died suddenly and my father was left to look after me all by himself. This is how I looked at the time.

I had no brothers or sisters.

So all through my boyhood, from the age of four months onward, there were just the two of us, my father and me.

We lived in an old gipsy caravan behind a filling-station. My father owned the filling-station and the caravan and a small field behind, but that was about all he owned in the world. It was a very small filling-station on a small country road surrounded by fields and woody hills.

While I was still a baby, my father washed me and fed me and changed my nappies and did all the millions of other things a mother normally does for her child. That is not an easy task for a man, especially when he has to earn his living at the same time by repairing motor-car engines and serving customers with petrol.

But my father didn't seem to mind. I think that all the love he had felt for my mother when she was alive he now lavished upon me. During my early years, I never had a moment's unhappiness or illness and here I am on my fifth birthday.

I was now a scruffy little boy as you can see, with grease and oil all over me, but that was because I spent all day in the workshop helping my father with the cars.

The filling-station itself had only two pumps. There was a wooden shed behind the pumps that served as an office. There was nothing in the office except an old table and a cash register to put the money into. It was one of those where you pressed a button and a bell rang and the drawer shot out with a terrific bang. I used to love that.

The square brick building to the right of the office was the workshop. My father built that himself with loving care, and it was the only really solid thing in the place. "We are engineers, you and I," he used to say to me. "We earn our living by repairing engines and we can't do good work in a rotten workshop." It was a fine workshop, big enough to take one car comfortably and leave plenty of room round the sides for working. It had a telephone so that customers could arrange to bring their cars in for repair.

The caravan was our house and our home. It was a real old gipsy wagon with big wheels and fine patterns painted all over it in yellow and red and blue. My father said it was at least a hundred and fifty years old. Many gipsy children, he said, had been born in it and had grown up within its wooden walls. With a horse to pull it, the old caravan must have wandered for thousands of miles along the roads and lanes of England. But now its wanderings were over, and because the wooden spokes in the wheels were beginning to rot, my father had propped it up underneath with bricks.

There was only one room in the caravan and it wasn't much bigger than a fair-sized modern bathroom. It was a narrow room, the shape of the caravan itself, and against the back wall were two bunk beds, one above the other. The top one was my father's, the bottom one mine.

Although we had electric lights in the workshop, we were not allowed to have them in the caravan. The electricity people said it was unsafe to put wires into something as old and rickety as that. So we got our heat and light in much the same way as the gipsies had done years ago. There was a wood-burning stove with a chimney that went up through the roof, and this kept us warm in winter. There was a paraffin burner on which to boil a kettle or cook a stew, and there was a paraffin lamp hanging from the ceiling.

When I needed a bath, my father would heat a kettle of water and pour it into a basin. Then he would strip me naked and scrub me all over, standing up. This, I think, got me just as clean as if I were washed in a bath—probably cleaner because I didn't finish up sitting in my own dirty water.

For furniture, we had two chairs and a small table, and those, apart from a tiny chest of drawers, were all the home comforts we possessed. They were all we needed.

The lavatory was a funny little wooden hut standing in the field some way behind the caravan. It was fine in summertime, but I can tell you that sitting out there on a snowy day in winter was like sitting in a fridge.

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Immediately behind the caravan was an old apple tree. It bore lovely apples that ripened in the middle of September and you could go on picking them for the next four or five weeks. Some of the boughs of the tree hung right over the caravan and when the wind blew the apples down in the night they often landed on our roof. I would hear them going *thump . . . thump . . . thump . . .* above my head as I lay in my bunk, but those noises never frightened me because I knew exactly what was making them.

I really loved living in that gipsy caravan. I loved it especially in the evenings when I was tucked up in my bunk and my father was telling me stories. The paraffin lamp was turned low, and I could see lumps of wood glowing red-hot in the old stove and wonderful it was to be lying there snug and warm in my bunk in that little room. Most wonderful of all was the feeling that when I went to sleep, my father would still be there, very close to me, sitting in his chair by the fire, or lying in the bunk above my own.