



## Home Schooling Daily Plan

Year Group: 5

Date: 01.06.20.

Hello Year 5,  
Hope that you had a great half term.

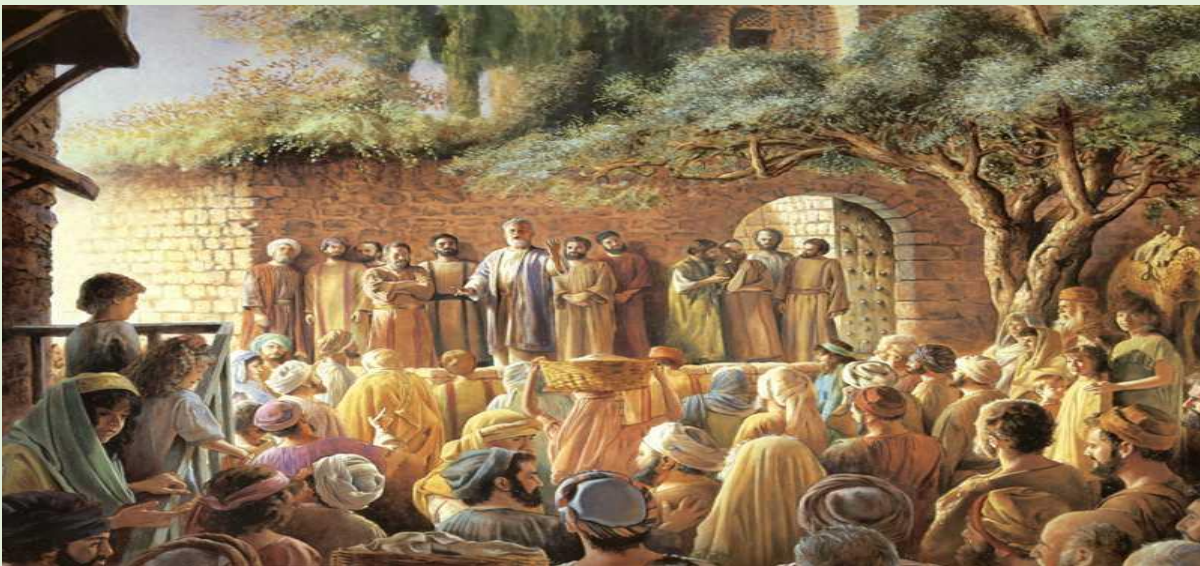
Why did the man smear peanut butter on the road?  
To go with the traffic jam!

# MONDAY



RE - WAGBAT: Considering the gospel message of forgiveness and reconciliation.

Read this scripture extract, where Peter preached the gospel to the crowd.



2 Corinthians 5:17-20

Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, the new creation has come: The old has gone, the new is here! All this is from God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ and gave us the ministry of reconciliation: that God was reconciling the world to himself in Christ, not counting people's sins against them. And he has committed to us the message of reconciliation. We are therefore Christ's ambassadors, as though God were making his appeal through us. We implore you on Christ's behalf: Be reconciled to God.

Peter uses the word reconciled / reconciliation throughout this scripture passage. It means:

### RECONCILIATION

- a situation in which two people or groups of people become friendly again after they have argued.

Reconciliation and forgiveness are therefore linked.



### YOUR TASK

Give an example of something you would find easy to forgive. Explain why this is the case.

Give an example of something you would find difficult to forgive. Explain why this is the case

Give an example of something you would find impossible to forgive. Explain why this is the case.

How does forgiveness benefit the person who forgives?

Read each scripture quotation. What do you think each one means?

**A**

'For if you forgive men their trespasses (sins), your heavenly Father also will forgive you; but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'

Matthew 6: 14-15

**B**

'Then Peter came up and said to him, "Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? As many as seven times?" Jesus said to him, "I do not say to you seven times, but seventy times seven.'

Matthew 18: 21-22

**C**

'But if there is serious injury, you are to take life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burn for burn, wound for wound, bruise for bruise.'

Exodus 21: 23-25

Which quotation is the odd one out and why?

**NEXT STEP:** The 'eye for an eye' passage from Exodus appears to be very different to the other ideas on forgiveness. This passage is from the Old Testament, which was before the birth of Jesus.

- How would Jesus want us to respond to insult or injury?





# ENGLISH – WAGBAT: Extracting information from a text.

## Kensuke's Kingdom.

Over half term, part of your homework was to read the first three chapters.

### THE STORY SO FAR....

<b>Chapter 1</b>	Michael explains that he will tell the reader about how he went missing. He hadn't said anything for ten years, as he promised Kensuke. He begins to talk about his upbringing. His parents were made redundant. His dad bought <i>Peggy Sue</i> (a boat). After 6 months of training, (his mum gets her captain certificate) they set sail around the world.	<i>"I disappeared on the night before my twelfth birthday. July 28 1988."</i> 
<b>Chapter 2</b>	Michael describes how he spent most of the time wet. He also remarks on how busy life on the boat was (except for Stella Artois, the dog). He lists some of the amazing things that he saw, including marine life and the stars. His mum made sure that he was being taught properly. He also begun keeping a log, which he will refer to in the next chapter.	<i>"Sea water, rain water – all of it is wet. I spent most of the time soaked to the skin."</i> 
<b>Chapter 3</b>	Michael shares some of his log entries. They experience some strong winds and scary situations. They travel around Spain, down the west coast of Africa, and across to South America. After Christmas, they sailed back to Africa, where they saw elephants and lions. At one point, they had to rescue Stella, who jumped overboard. After spending time in Australia, Michael and Peggy Sue are violently thrown overboard one night.	<i>"I remember thinking: this is silly, you haven't got your harness on, you haven't got your lifejacket on, you shouldn't be doing this. Then the boat veered violently..."</i>

Now begin to read chapter 4. Choose 6 different colours. As you read, highlight / underline details that tell you what Michael sees, hears, smells, touches, tastes and feels (emotions). The colours could match the pictures below but you can use different colours if you wish. The emotions picture is represented by butterflies in a stomach. The phrase to have butterflies in your tummy / stomach means you are feeling anxious or nervous.



**SIGHT (GREEN)**



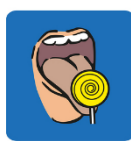
**HEARING (ORANGE)**



**SMELL (RED)**



**TOUCHES - ANY PHYSICAL FEELING (YELLOW)**



**TASTES (BLUE)**



**EMOTIONS / THOUGHTS (PINK)**



# Gibbons and ghosts

The terrors came fast, one upon another. The lights of the *Peggy Sue* went away into the dark of the night, leaving me alone in the ocean, alone with the certainty that they were already too far away, that my cries for help could not possibly be heard. I thought then of the sharks cruising the black water beneath me — scenting me, already searching me out, homing in on me — and I knew there could be no hope. I would be eaten alive. Either that or I would drown slowly. Nothing could save me.

I trod water, frantically searching the impenetrable darkness about me for something, anything to swim toward. There was nothing.

Then a sudden glimpse of white in the sea. The breaking of a wave, perhaps. But there were no waves. Stella! It had to be. I was so thankful, so relieved not to be all alone. I called out and swam toward her. She would keep bobbing away from me, vanishing, reappearing, then vanishing again. She had seemed so near, but it took several minutes of hard swimming before I came close enough to reach out and touch her. Only then did I realize my mistake. Stella's head was mostly black. This was white. It was my ball. I grabbed it and clung on, feeling the unexpected and wonderful buoyancy of it. I held on, treading water and calling for Stella. There was no answer. I called and I called. But every time I opened my mouth now, the seawater washed in. I had to give her up. I had to save myself if I could.

There was little point in wasting energy by trying to swim. After all, I had nowhere to swim to. Instead, I would simply float. I would cling to my





soccer ball, tread water gently, and wait for the *Peggy Sue* to come back. Sooner or later they had to discover I was overboard. Sooner or later they would come looking for me. I mustn't kick too much, just enough to keep my chin above the water, no more. Too much movement would attract the sharks. Morning must come soon. I had to hang on till then. I had to. The water wasn't that cold. I had my ball. I had a chance.

I kept telling myself that over and over again. But the world stayed stubbornly black around me, and I could feel the water slowly chilling me to death. I tried singing to stop myself from shivering, to take my mind off the sharks. I sang every song I could remember, but after a while I'd forget the words. Always I came back to the only song I was sure I could finish: "Ten Green Bottles." I sang it out loud again and again. It reassured me to hear the sound of my own voice. It made me feel less alone in the sea. And always I looked for the gray glint of dawn, but it would not come and it would not come.

Eventually I fell silent and my legs just would not kick anymore. I clung to my ball, my head drifting into sleep. I knew I mustn't, but I couldn't help myself. My hands kept slipping off the ball. I was fast losing the last of my strength. I would go down, down to the bottom of the sea, and lie in my grave amongst the seaweed and the sailors' bones and the shipwrecks.

The strange thing was that I didn't really mind. I didn't care, not anymore. I floated away into sleep, into my dreams. And in my dream I saw a boat gliding toward me, silent over the sea. The *Peggy Sue*! Dear, dear *Peggy Sue*. They had come back for me. I knew they would. Strong arms grabbed me. I was hauled upward and out of the water. I lay there on the deck, gasping for air like a beached fish.

Someone was bending over me, shaking me, talking to me. I could not understand a word that was being said. But it didn't matter. I felt Stella's hot breath on my face, her tongue licking my ear. She was safe. I was safe. All was well.

I was woken by a howling, like the howling of a gale through the masts. I looked about me. There were no masts above me, there were no sails. No



movement under me, either, no breath of wind. Stella Artois was barking, but some way off. I was not on a boat at all, but lying stretched out on sand. The howling became a screaming, a fearful crescendo of screeching that died away in its own echoes.

I sat up. I was on a beach, a broad white sweep of sand, with trees growing thick and lush behind me right down to the beach. Then I saw Stella prancing about in the shallows. I called her and she came bounding up out of the sea to greet me, her tail circling wildly. When all the leaping and licking and hugging were done, I struggled to my feet.

I was weak all over. I looked all around me. The wide blue sea was as empty as the cloudless sky above. No *Peggy Sue*. No boat. Nothing. No one. I called again and again for my mother and my father. I called until the tears came and I could call no more, until I knew there was no point. I stood there for some time trying to work out how I had got here, how it was that I'd survived. I had such confused memories, of being picked up, or being onboard the *Peggy Sue*. But I knew now I couldn't have been. I must have dreamed it, dreamed the whole thing. I must have clung to my soccer ball and kept myself afloat until I was washed up. I thought of my ball then, but it was nowhere to be seen.

Stella, of course, was unconcerned about all the whys and wherefores. She kept bringing me sticks to throw, and would go galloping after them into the sea without a care in the world.

Then came the howling again from the trees, and the hackles went up on Stella's neck. She charged up the beach barking and barking, until she was sure she had silenced the last of the echoes. It was a musical, plaintive howling this time, not at all menacing. I thought I recognized it. I had heard howling like it once before on a visit to the London Zoo. Gibbons, "funky gibbons," my father had called them. I still don't know why to this day. But I loved the sound of the word "funky." Perhaps that was why I remembered what they were. "It's only gibbons," I told Stella, "just funky gibbons. They won't hurt us." But I couldn't be at all sure I was right.



From where I now stood I could see that the forest grew more sparsely up the side of a great hill some way inland, and it occurred to me then that if I could reach the bare rocky outcrop at the summit, I would be able to see farther out to sea. Or perhaps there'd be some house or farm farther inland, or maybe a road, and I could find someone to help. But if I left the beach and they came back looking for me, what then? I decided I would have to take that chance.

I set off at a run, Stella Artois at my heels, and soon found myself in the cooling shade of the forest. I discovered a narrow track going uphill, in the right direction, I thought. So I followed it, only slowing to a walk when the hill became too steep. The forest was alive with creatures. Birds cackled and screeched high above me, and always the howling wailed and wafted through the trees, but more distantly now.

It wasn't the sounds of the forest that bothered me, though, it was the eyes. I felt as if I were being watched by a thousand inquisitive eyes. I think Stella did, too, for she had been strangely quiet ever since we had entered the forest, constantly glancing up at me for reassurance and comfort. I did my best to give it, but she could sense that I, too, was frightened.

What had seemed at first to be a short hike now felt more like a great expedition into the interior. We emerged exhausted from the trees, clambered laboriously up a rocky scree, and stood at long last on the peak.

The sun was blazing down. I had not really felt the burning heat of it until then. I scanned the horizon. If there was a sail somewhere out there in the haze, I could not see it. And then it came to me that even if I were to see a sail, what could I do? I couldn't light a fire. I had no matches. I knew about cavemen rubbing sticks together, but I had never tried it. I looked all round me now. Sea. Sea. Sea. Nothing but sea on all sides. I was on an island. I was alone.

The island looked perhaps two or three miles in length, no more. It was shaped a bit like an elongated peanut, but longer at one end than the other. There was a long swath of brilliant white beach on both sides of the island, and at the far end another hill, the slopes steeper and more thickly wooded,





but not so high as mine. With the exception of these twin peaks the entire island seemed to be covered with forest. So far as I could see there was no sign of any human life. Even then, as I stood there, that first morning, filled with apprehension at the terrifying implications of my dreadful situation, I remember thinking how wonderful it was, a green jewel of an island framed in white, the sea all around it a silken shimmering blue. Strangely, perhaps comforted somehow by the extraordinary beauty of the place, I was not at all downhearted. On the contrary I felt strangely elated. I was alive. Stella Artois was alive. We had survived.

**Now look at what you have underlined or highlighted. Transfer that information onto the plan in the correct space (see next page).**

**Remember to write in your own words using a suitable planning style of writing (notes / key words / abbreviations).**

**You will use these ideas for your writing tomorrow.**





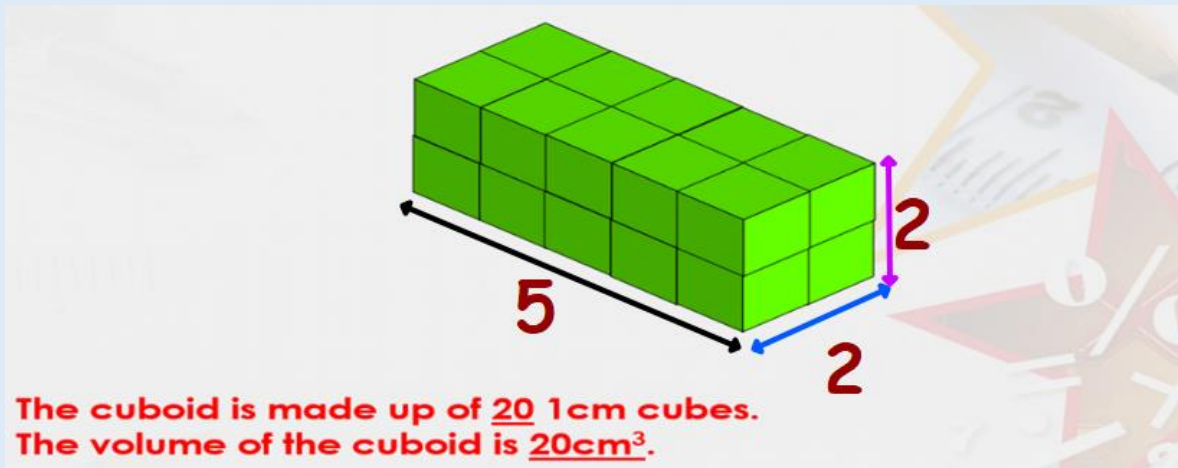


Maths - WAGBAT: Calculating volume.

What is volume?

Follow this link.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/zjbg87h>



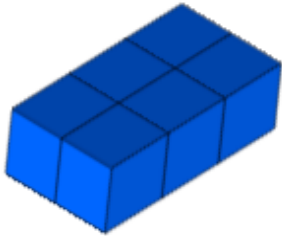
Volume is calculated by multiplying length by width by height –  $5 \times 2 \times 2 = 20$

Today you will be counting cubes to find the volume although you can write down the calculation to accompany the question.



**\*Task**

**1a. Complete the stem sentences to show the volume of this cuboid.**

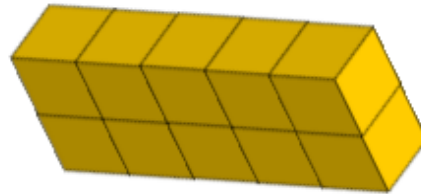


The cuboid is made up of \_\_\_\_\_ cm cubes.  
The volume of the cuboid is \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$ .



VF

**1b. Complete the stem sentences to show the volume of this cuboid.**



The cuboid is made up of \_\_\_\_\_ cm cubes.  
The volume of the cuboid is \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$ .



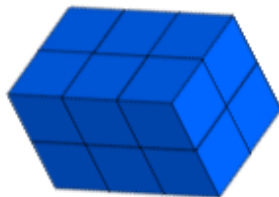
VF

**2a. Count the cm cubes to work out the volume of the cuboids.**

A.



B.



A = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

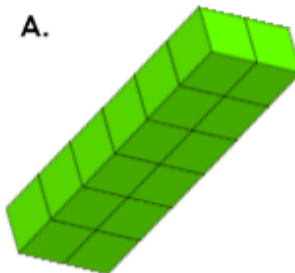
B = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$



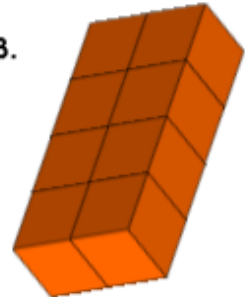
VF

**2b. Count the cm cubes to work out the volume of the cuboids**

A.



B.



A = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

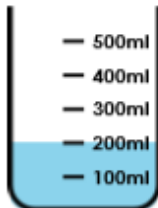
B = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$



VF

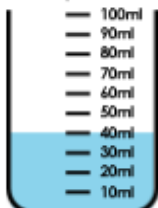
**3a. Match the containers to the correct volume.**

A.



40 $\text{cm}^3$

B.



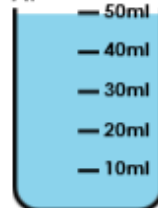
200 $\text{cm}^3$



VF

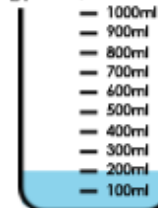
**3b. Match the containers to the correct volume.**

A.



200 $\text{cm}^3$

B.

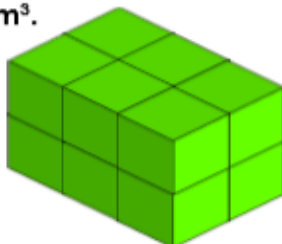


50 $\text{cm}^3$



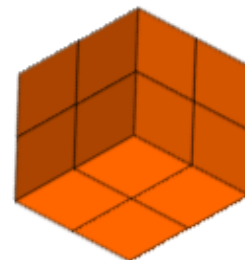
VF

**4a. True or false? The volume of this cuboid is 16 $\text{cm}^3$ .**



VF

**4b. True or false? The volume of this cuboid is 12 $\text{cm}^3$ .**



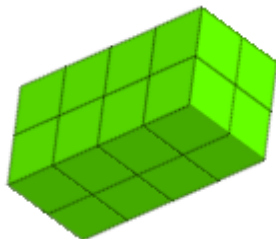
VF

Now try \*\*



**\*\*Task** Do \* task. Then:

**5a. Complete the stem sentences to show the volume of this cuboid.**

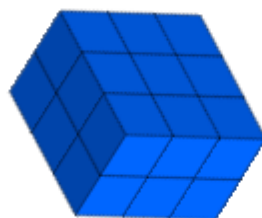


The cuboid is made up of \_\_\_\_\_ cm cubes.  
The volume of the cuboid is \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$ .



VF

**5b. Complete the stem sentences to show the volume of this cuboid.**



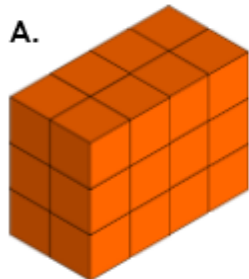
The cuboid is made up of \_\_\_\_\_ cm cubes.  
The volume of the cuboid is \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$ .



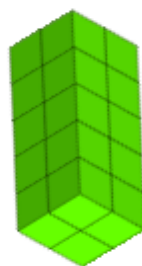
VF

**6a. Count the cm cubes to work out the volume of the cuboids.**

A.



B.



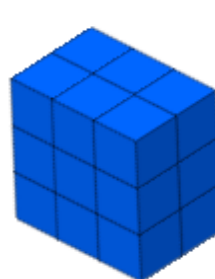
A = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

B = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

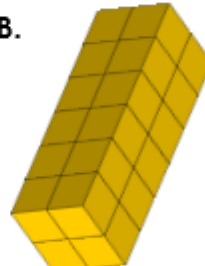
VF

**6b. Count the cm cubes to work out the volume of the cuboids**

A.



B.



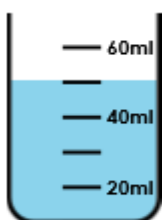
A = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

B = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

VF

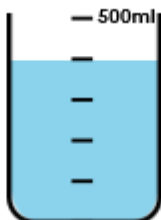
**7a. Match the containers to the correct volume.**

A.



400 $\text{cm}^3$

B.



70 $\text{cm}^3$

C.



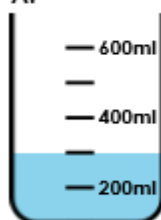
50 $\text{cm}^3$



VF

**7b. Match the containers to the correct volume.**

A.



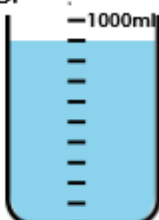
10 $\text{cm}^3$

B.



900 $\text{cm}^3$

C.

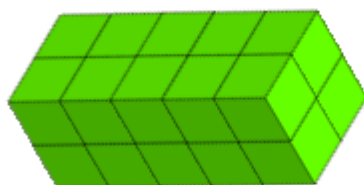


300 $\text{cm}^3$



VF

**8a. True or false? The volume of this cuboid is 24 $\text{cm}^3$ .**



VF

**8b. True or false? The volume of this cuboid is 21 $\text{cm}^3$ .**



VF

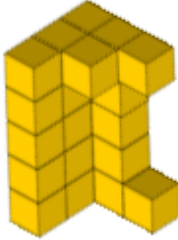
Now try \*\*\*





\*\*\*Task Do the \*\* task. Then:

9a. Complete the stem sentences to show the volume of this cuboid.

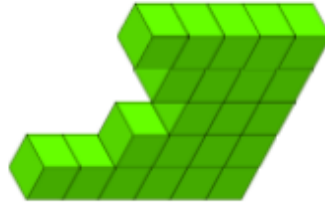


The cuboid is made up of \_\_\_\_\_ cm cubes.  
The volume of the cuboid is \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$ .



VF

9b. Complete the stem sentences to show the volume of this cuboid.



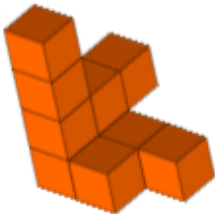
The cuboid is made up of \_\_\_\_\_ cm cubes.  
The volume of the cuboid is \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$ .



VF

10a. Count the cm cubes to work out the volume of the cuboids.

A.



B.



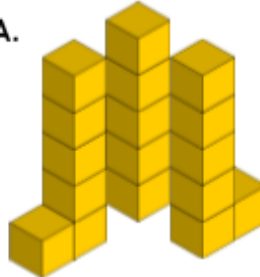
A = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

B = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

VF

10b. Count the cm cubes to work out the volume of the cuboids

A.



B.



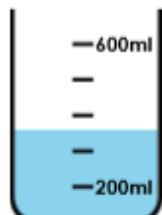
A = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

B = \_\_\_\_\_  $\text{cm}^3$

VF

11a. Match the containers to the correct volume.

A.



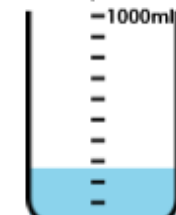
50 $\text{cm}^3$

B.



250 $\text{cm}^3$

C.



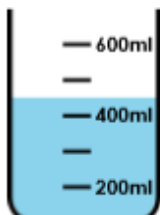
350 $\text{cm}^3$



VF

11b. Match the containers to the correct volume.

A.



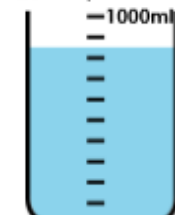
70 $\text{cm}^3$

B.



850 $\text{cm}^3$

C.

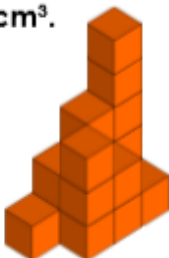


450 $\text{cm}^3$



VF

12a. True or false? The volume of this cuboid is 13 $\text{cm}^3$ .



VF

12b. True or false? The volume of this cuboid is 21 $\text{cm}^3$ .



VF

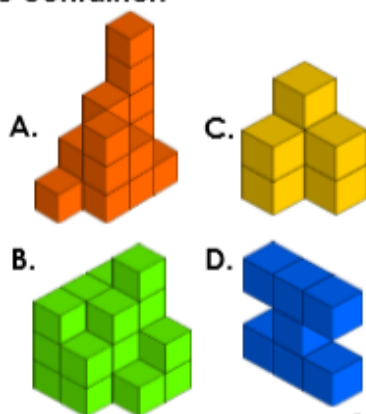
Now do the challenge.

# CHALLENGE

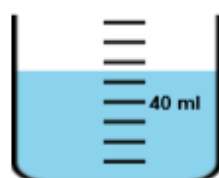
7a. Circle the cuboids that are equal to the volume of the container.



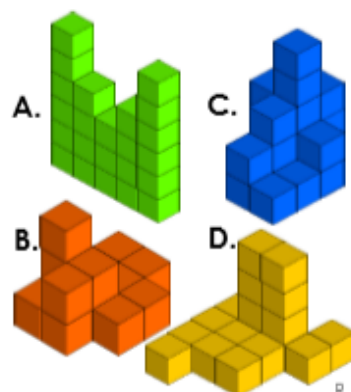
Prove it



7b. Circle the cuboids that are equal to the volume of the container.



Prove it



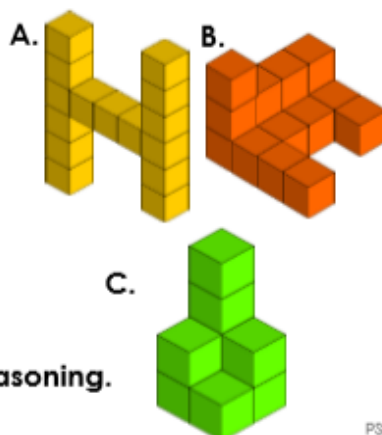
8a. Find the odd one out by matching the shape to the correct volume.

9cm<sup>3</sup>

16cm<sup>3</sup>

8cm<sup>3</sup>

15cm<sup>3</sup>



Explain your reasoning.



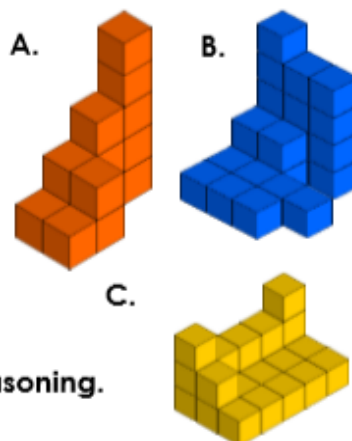
8b. Find the odd one out by matching the shape to the correct volume.

23cm<sup>3</sup>

24cm<sup>3</sup>

20cm<sup>3</sup>

14cm<sup>3</sup>



Explain your reasoning.



9a. Phoebe is calculating the volume of her shape.



If I move the 2 top cubes in to the second layer my shape will be a 3 x 3 x 2 cuboid so the volume will be 18cm<sup>3</sup>



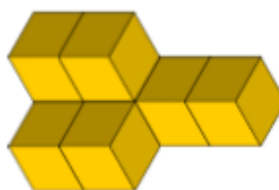
Is Phoebe correct? Explain your answer.



9b. Patrick is calculating the volume of the shapes he has made.



To make my shape in to a cuboid I need to add 6 more cubes.



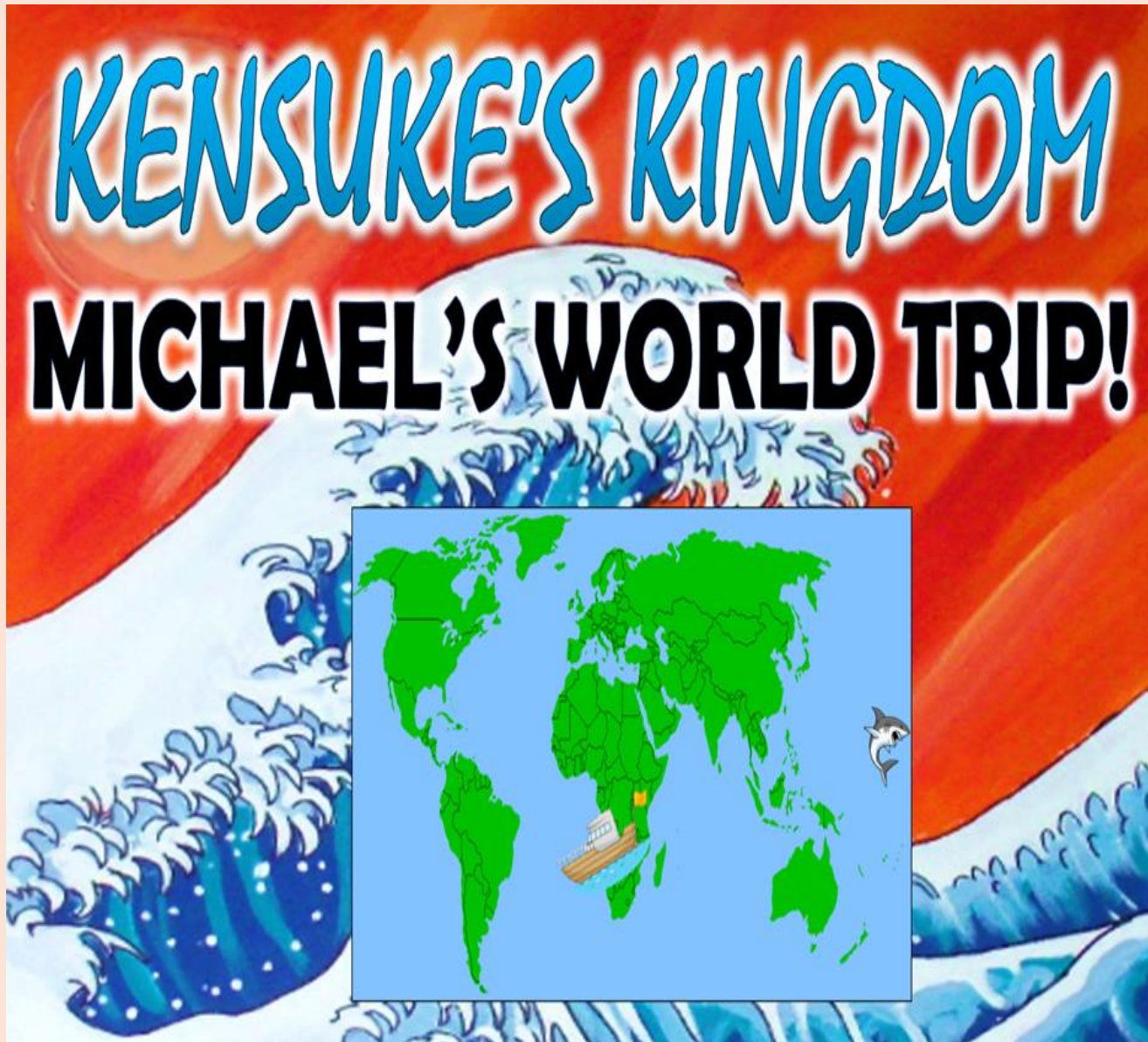
Is Patrick correct? Explain your answer.





Topic - Geography

WAGBAT: Use a world map.







# REASONS FOR THE TRIP

## Why did Michael's family go on the trip?

- Michael's family have always enjoyed sailing. Indeed Michael's best memories are from weekends sailing on the reservoir.
- They all enjoyed the clean air. Michael's mum made a great skipper, and his dad a great fixer-upper, so they made a great on-board crew!
- When they are made redundant from their jobs, Michael's dad buys a large boat, (the *Peggy Sue*) and his mum trains to be a real boat skipper – they are ready for their trip!



## YOUR TASK

Use a world map to plot Michael's journey on the world map template.

<https://geology.com/world/world-map.shtml>

This is a link to world map. When you select parts of the world, you see them in closer detail.

# PLOTTING THE TRIP

## Directions

- Set off from the UK. Go around the west coast of France to Spain.
- Go south down the west coast of Africa to the Cape Verde Islands.
- Cross the Atlantic Ocean to the centre of the east coast of Brazil.
- Travel south to the southern coast of Brazil.
- Cross the Atlantic south of St. Helena to South Africa.
- Go across the Indian Ocean to western Australia.
- Travel around the south and then east coasts of Australia.
- Go north up towards the east coast of Papua New Guinea.
- Drift further north across the Coral Sea
- Here is where your trip ends!









## **KEY STAGE 2 AFTERNOON PROJECT**

### **Week Beginning 1st June - Board Game Week!**

**This week, the afternoons are all about board games. The aim is to be creative and come up with your own boardgame. Each day there will be an activity to complete with the end goal of creating your own boardgame.**

#### **MONDAY- Research**

**Today, is about research. This can be done online or with games you already have. Come up with as many different board games that you can think of / find and what they include. Think about: - Does the game use cards? - Does it use figures? - Is there a money element? - How is the winner decided? - What colours does the game use? - Does it have an interesting name? - What are the main rules? - Does it use a dice? You could display your findings in a table or a mind map.**



**Website links – See Geography**