



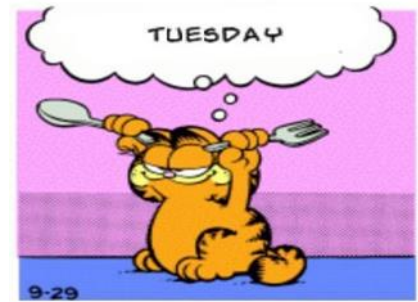
Home Schooling Daily Plan

Year Group: 5

Date: 02.06.20.

Hello Year 5,

**What did the dalmatian say after lunch?
That hit the spot!**



RE - WAGBAT: Considering characteristics needed to be a follower of Jesus.

Re-read the passage from Corinthians.

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.

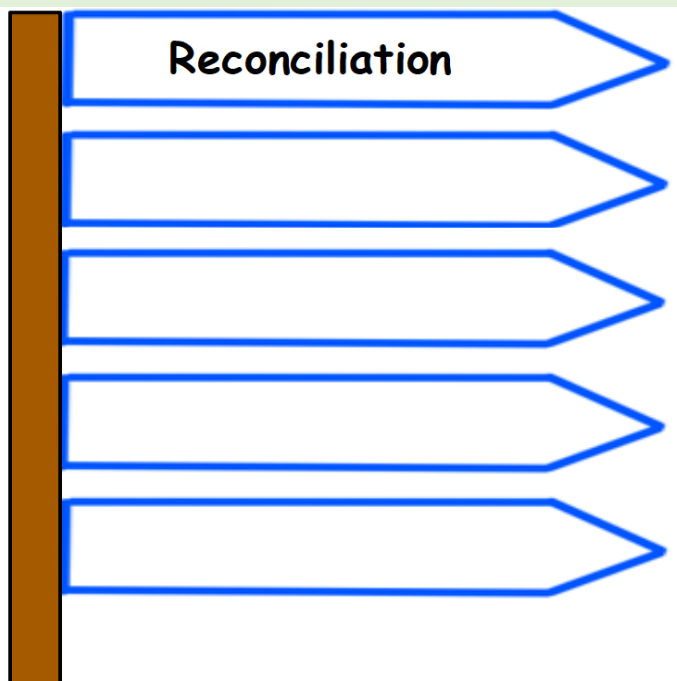
This passage could be used as a starting point to identify what is needed to be a follower of Jesus.

A follower of Jesus needs to be:

- Able to reconcile themselves with others.

YOUR TASK

What is involved in being a follower of Jesus? Copy the 'Follower of Jesus' direction signs. Then add more points of your own. You can draw more signs on the post if you need to.



NEXT STEP:

Look at the points on your signs. If you follow these in life, where would that road lead to?

Draw the road and the destination.









ENGLISH – WAGBAT: Writing a diary / journal entry.

At the end of chapter 3 in Kensuke's Kingdom, Michael says, "Those were the last words I ever wrote in my log. After that it's just empty pages."

Imagine Michael continued to write in his journal. Your task is to write his next entry, recalling his experience once he fell off the boat (end of chapter 3) until the end of yesterday's extract.

You will use your plan from yesterday.

Before you start writing, re-read one of Michael's journal entries to help you write in the correct style but also so you can capture Michael's voice in your writing.

July 28

I look around me. It's a dark, dark night. No moon. No stars. But it's calm again, at last. I'll be twelve tomorrow, but I don't think anyone except me will remember it. We've had a terrible time, far worse even than in the Bay of Biscay. Ever since we left Sydney, it's been just storm after storm, and each one blows us farther north across the Coral Sea. The rudder cable has snapped. Dad's done what he can, but it's still not right. The self-steering doesn't work anymore, so someone's got to be at the wheel all the time. And that means Dad or me, because Mom is sick. It's her stomach cramps again, but they're a lot worse. She doesn't want to eat at all. All she has is sugared water. Dad and I have been doing the navigation together. We've been doing our best, but I don't think we know where we are anymore. They're both asleep down below. Dad's really wiped out. I'm at the wheel in the cockpit. I've got Eddie's soccer ball with me. It's been lucky for us so far. And now we really need it. We need Mom to get better, or we're in real trouble. I don't know if we could stand another storm. Thank God it's calm. It'll help Mom sleep. You can't sleep when you're being slammed about all the time. It is so dark out there. Black. Stella's barking. She's up by the bow. She hasn't got her harness clipped on.



WRITING FEATURES

MIXTURE OF PERSON	First person – ‘ I look around’ / We need Mum to get better.’ Third person – ‘ She hasn’t got her harness on.’
MIXTURE OF TENSES	Michael describes what has happened before but also what’s happening in the moment and what is / might happen in the future. Past tense – ‘We’ve had a terrible time.’ Present tense – ‘I’m at the wheel in the cockpit.’ ‘It’s calm again.’ Future tense – ‘I’ll be twelve tomorrow.’
ADJECTIVES / DESCRIPTIVE PHRASES	Dark night Terrible time No moon. No stars.
WELL CHOSEN VERBS	Snapped slammed
EMOTIONAL LANGAUGE	Thank God it’s calm. We’ve been doing our best. We need Mom to get better, or we’re in trouble.
DETAILS NOTED THAT PUT YOU IN MICHAEL’S SHOES	No moon. No stars. You can’t sleep when you’re being slammed about. She doesn’t want to eat all the time. It’s so dark out there.
REPETITION FOR EFFECT	It’s a dark, dark night. No moon, no stars.
DIFFERENT SENTENCE LENGTHS	You can’t sleep when you’re being slammed about all the time. It is so dark out there. Black.
FRONTED ADVERBIALS	Ever since we left Sydney , it’s been just storm after storm.
SEPARATES CLAUSES WITH COMMAS AND USES CONJUNCTIONS	I’ll be twelve tomorrow, but I don’t think anyone except me will remember it.



Michael is exhausted but overjoyed to be alive. He is terrified about his future but also comforted by the natural beauty that surrounds him. His journal and a pencil are in a waterproof bag in his pocket. He thinks about what has just happened to him, sits down in the shadow of a great rock. and begins to write.

WRITE HIS JOURNAL ENTRY USING THE IDEAS FROM YESTERDAY'S PLAN.

*Task	**Task	***Task
<p>Write Michael's journal entry</p> <p>Write in first person. Write in past tense. Use well-chosen adjectives and verbs. Use fronted adverbials.</p>	<p>Same as * but include:</p> <p>Emotional language Details of things Michael has noticed. Repetition for effect. Mixture of person and tenses.</p>	<p>Same as * and **</p> <p>Different sentence lengths.</p> <p>Separate clauses using a comma. Use conjunctions to link your clauses such as but, or, yet, so, however, nevertheless, although, meanwhile.</p> <p>Add extra writing devices such as: Simile - 'And he brought his hand down sharply like a chopper, separating the island in two.' Personification - "The forest became impenetrable at this point, dark and menacing." List of Three "I was frightened...angry...completely bewildered."</p>



NOW READ THE REST OF CHAPTER 4.

I sat down in the shadow of a great rock. The gibbons set up a renewed chorus of howling and hooting in the forest, and a flock of raucous birds clattered up out of the canopy of the trees below us and flew off across the island to settle in the trees on the hillside opposite.

“We’ll be all right,” I told Stella. “Mom and Dad, they’ll come back for us. They’re bound to. They will. They will. Mom’ll get better and they’ll come back. She won’t leave us here. She’ll find us, you’ll see. All we’ve got to do is keep a lookout for them — and stay alive. Water, we’ll need water. But so do those monkeys, right? We’ve just got to find it, that’s all. And there must be food, too — fruit or nuts, something. Whatever it is that they eat, we’ll eat.”

It helped to speak my thoughts out loud to Stella, helped to calm the panic that came over me now in waves. More than anything, it was Stella’s companionship that helped me through those first hours on the island.

It seemed to make sense not to plunge at once into the forest looking for water — to be honest, I was too frightened, anyway — but rather to explore the shoreline first. I might come across a stream or river flowing out into the sea and, with a bit of luck, on the way I might find something I could eat as well.

I set off in good spirits, leaping down the scree like a mountain goat. Where monkeys lived, I reasoned, we could live. I kept telling myself that. I soon discovered that the track down through the trees was bereft of all edible vegetation. I did see fruits of sorts, what looked to me like fruit,



anyway. There were coconuts up there, too, but the trees were all impossible to climb. Some rose a hundred feet, some two hundred feet from the forest floor — I had never seen such giant trees.

At least the intertwining canopy did provide welcome relief from the heat of the day. All the same, I was becoming desperately thirsty now, and so was Stella. She padded alongside me all the way, her tongue hanging. She kept giving me baleful looks whenever our eyes met. There was no comfort I could give her.

We found our beach once again and set off around the island, keeping wherever possible to the edge of the forest, to the shade. Still, we found no stream. Again, I saw plenty of fruit, but always too high, and the trees were always too smooth, too sheer to climb. I found plenty of coconuts on the ground, but always cracked open and empty inside.

When the beach petered out, we had to strike off into the forest itself. Here, too, I found a narrow track to follow. The forest became impenetrable at this point, dark and menacing. There was no howling anymore, but something infinitely more sinister: the shiver of leaves, the cracking of twigs, sudden surreptitious rustlings, and they were near me, all around me. I knew, I was quite sure now, that eyes were watching us. We were being followed.

I hurried on, swallowing my fear as best I could. I thought of the gibbons I had seen back in the zoo and tried to persuade myself how harmless they had looked. They'd leave us alone, they'd never attack us. They weren't man-eaters. But as the rustlings came ever closer, ever more threatening, I found it harder and harder to convince myself. I began to run, and I kept running until the track brought us out onto rocks, into the blessed light of day, and there was the sea again.

This end of the island appeared to be littered with massive boulders that lay like tumbled cliffs all along the coast. We leaped from one to the other, and all the while I kept a keen eye out for the trickle of a stream coming down through the rocks from the forest above, but I found none.



I was exhausted by now. I sat down to rest, my mouth dry, my head throbbing. I was racked with desperate thoughts. I would die of thirst. I would be torn limb from limb by the monkeys.

Stella's eyes looked up into mine. "There's got to be water," I told her. "There's got to be." So, said her eyes, what are you doing sitting here feeling sorry for yourself?

I forced myself to my feet and went on. The sea-water in the rock pools was so cool, so tempting. I tasted it, but it was salty and brackish. I spat it out at once. You went crazy if you drank it. I knew that much.

The sun was already low in the sky by the time we reached the beach on the other side of the island — we were only about halfway around, by my reckoning. This place was so much bigger than it had seemed from high up on the hill that morning. Despite all my searching, I had found no water, nothing to eat. I could go no farther, and neither could Stella. She lay stretched out beside me on the sand, panting her heart out. We would have to stay where we were for the night. I thought of going into the forest a little ways to sleep on the ground under the trees — I could make a nest of soft, dead leaves, the jungle floor was thick with them — but I dared not venture in, not with the shadow of night falling fast over the island.

The howling had started up again far away in the forest, a last mellifluous evensong, a chanting that went on and on until darkness covered the island. Insects (that is, what I presumed they were, anyway) whirled and whined from the forest. There was hollow tapping, like a frantic woodpecker. There was scraping, scratching, and a grunting grating noise that sounded like frogs. The whole orchestra of the jungle was tuning up. But it wasn't the sounds that frightened me, it was those phantom eyes. I wanted to be as far as possible from those eyes. I found a small cave at one end of the beach with a dry, sandy floor. I lay down and tried to sleep, but Stella would not let me. She whined at me in the pain of her hunger and thirst, so that I slept only fitfully.

The jungle droned and cackled and croaked, and all night long the mosquitoes were at me, too. They whined in my ears and drove me crazy. I



held my hands over my ears to shut out the sound of them. I curled myself around Stella, tried to forget where I was, to lose myself in my dreams. I remembered then that it was my birthday, and thought of my last birthday back at home with Eddie and Matt, and the barbecue we'd had in the garden, how the hot dogs had smelled so good. I slept at last.

The next morning I woke cold and hungry and shivering, and bitten all over. It took me some moments to remember where I was, and all that had happened to me. I was suddenly overwhelmed by one cruel reality after another: my utter aloneness, my separation from my mother and father, and the dangers all around me.

I cried aloud in my misery, until I saw that Stella was gone. I ran out of the cave. She was nowhere to be seen. I called for her. I listened for her, but only the gibbons howled in reply. Then I turned and saw her. She was up on the rocks high above my cave, half hidden from me, but even so I could see that her head was down. She was clearly intent on something. I clambered up to find out what it was.

I heard her drinking before I got there, lapping rhythmically, noisily, as she always did. She did not even look up as I approached. That was when I saw that she was drinking from a bowl, a battered tin bowl. Then I noticed something strange up on a flat shelf of rock above her.

I left Stella to her water feast and climbed up farther to investigate. Another bowl of water and, beside it, palm leaves laid out on the rock and half covered by an upside-down tin. I sat down and drank the water without pause for breath. Water had never tasted so wonderful to me as it did then. Still gasping, I lifted the tin. Fish! Thin strips of translucent white fish, dozens of them, laid out neatly in rows on the palm leaves, and five, six, seven small red bananas. Red bananas!

I ate the fish first, savoring each precious strip. But even as I ate I was looking around me, looking for a telltale trembling of leaves at the edge of the forest, or for a trail of footprints in the sand. I could see none. Yet someone had brought this to me. Someone must be there, someone must be



watching me. I wasn't sure whether to be fearful at this revelation or overjoyed.

Stella interrupted my thoughts. She was whimpering pitifully at me from the rock below, and I knew it wasn't love or comfort she was after. She caught every strip of fish I threw her, gobbled it in one gulp, and waited for the next, head on one side, one ear pricked. After that it was one for me, one for her. Her beseeching eyes would not let me do otherwise.

The fish was raw, but I did not mind. I was too hungry to mind, and so was Stella. I kept the red bananas all to myself. I ate every single one of them. They weren't at all like bananas back home, but much sweeter, much juicier, much more delicious. I could have eaten a dozen more.

Once I had finished I stood up and scanned the forest. My benefactor, whoever he or she was, had to be somewhere close by. I was sure I had nothing to fear. I had to make some kind of contact. I put my hands to my mouth and called out again and again: "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" My words echoed around the island. Suddenly the forest was alive again with noise, a great cacophony of singing and hooting and howling and cawing and croaking. Stella barked wildly back at it. As for me, I felt suddenly exhilarated, elated, ecstatically happy. I jumped up and down laughing and laughing, until my laughter turned to tears of joy. I was not alone on this island! Whoever was here must be friendly. Why else would they have fed us? But why wouldn't they show themselves?

They would have to come back for the bowls, I thought. I would leave a message. I found a sharp stone, knelt down, and scraped out my message on the rock beside the bowls: *Thank you. My name is Michael. I fell off a boat. Who are you?*

After that, I determined to remain on the beach all that day, and stay close to my cave and the rock above where the fish had been left for us. I would keep it always in sight, so that I would at least be able to see who it was who had helped me.

Stella ran on ahead of me down into the sea, barking at me, inviting me to join her. I didn't need any persuading. I plunged and cavorted and



too. And, sooner or later, a ship had to come by. Someone would spot the smoke.

I sat and I sat. Stella came over to bother me — she wanted to play — but I pushed her away. In the end she went off and sulked, stretching out with a sigh under the shade of the palm trees. The sun was roasting hot, but still nothing happened. My arm was beginning to ache, so I arranged a frame of twigs above the leaves, laid the glass across it, then crouched by it and waited. Still nothing.

All of a sudden Stella sprang up from her sleep, a deep growl in her throat. She turned and ran down toward me, wheeling around to bark her fury at the forest. Then I saw what it was that had disturbed her.

A shadow under the trees moved and came lumbering out into the sunlight toward us. A monkey, a giant monkey. Not a gibbon at all. It moved slowly on all fours, and was brown, ginger-brown. An orangutan, I was sure of it. He sat down just a few feet from me and considered me. I dared not move. When he'd seen enough, he scratched his neck casually, turned, and made his way on all fours slowly back into the forest. Stella went on growling long after he had gone.

So there were orangutans here as well as gibbons. Or perhaps it was orangutans that made the howling noise and not gibbons at all. Maybe I'd been wrong all along. I'd seen a Clint Eastwood film once with an orangutan. That one, I remembered, had been friendly enough. I just hoped this one would be the same.

Then I saw smoke. I smelled smoke. There was a glow in amongst my pile of leaves. I crouched down at once and blew on it gently. The glow became flames. I put on a few more leaves, then a dry twig or two, then some bigger ones. I had a fire! I had a fire!

I dashed into the forest and collected all the debris, all the dried-up coconut shells, all the wood I could find. Back and forth I went until my fire was roaring and crackling like an inferno. Sparks were flying high into the air. Smoke was rising into the trees behind me. I knew I could not rest now, that the fire would need still more wood, bigger wood, branches even. I



would have to fetch and carry until I was quite certain I had enough to keep it going, and enough in reserve.

Stella, I noticed, would not come with me into the forest, but stayed waiting for me by the fire. I knew well enough why. I kept a wary eye out for the orangutan myself, but I was too intent on my fire now to worry much about him.

My pile of wood was huge by now, but all the same I went back into the forest one last time, just in case the fire burned itself out quicker than I expected. I had to go deeper into the forest, so it took a while.

I was coming out of the trees, loaded with wood up to my chin, when I realized there was much less smoke coming from the fire than there had been before, and no flames at all. Then, through the smoke, I saw him, the orangutan. He was crouching down and scooping sand onto my fire. He stood up and came toward me, now out of the smoke. He was not an orangutan at all. He was a man.



Maths - WAGBAT: Comparing volume

*Task

1. Aliya is trying to create cubes. Estimate the number of cubes to complete each model.

1cm³



a.



b.



c.



VF
HW/Ext

2. The children have mixed up the objects they were estimating using cm³. Match the children to the object you think they were estimating.



Adam

My object is
between 700
and 800cm³



Tara

My object was
half the volume
of the can.



glue stick



carton of juice



A can of coke
is 350cm³



microwave



VF
HW/Ext

3. Sasha and Abdul are packing presents to send to their family abroad.



Sasha

We can fit
approximately 4
presents in this
box.



We can fit
approximately 2
presents in this
box.



Abdul

Who do you agree with? Explain your answer.



RPS
HW/Ext

Now try **



****Task**

*** TASK. Then:**

4. Nadia is trying to create cubes and cuboids. Estimate the number of cubes to complete each model.

1cm³



cube



a.

cuboid



b.

cube



c.



VF
HW/Ext

5. The children have mixed up the objects they were estimating using cm³. Match the children to the object you think they were estimating.



Lola

My object is between 300 and 400cm³



Seth

My object is approximately 40,000cm³



Lizzie

My object is half the volume of Seth's.



can



briefcase



A cereal box is 6,000cm³



microwave



VF
HW/Ext

6. Alisha and Alek are packing breakfast cereal into boxes to send to supermarkets.



Alisha

We will need 8 cereal boxes to fill the box.



We will need 4 cereal boxes to fill the box.



Alek

Who do you agree with? Explain your answer.



RPS
HW/Ext

Now try ***



***Task Do **TASK. Then:

7. Nadia is trying to create cubes and cuboids with a hollow centre. Estimate the number of cubes to fill the centre and complete the model.



1cm³



a.



b.



c.



VF
HW/Ext

8. The children have mixed up the objects they were estimating using cm³. Match the children to the object you think they were estimating.



Ned

My object is double the size of a cereal box.



Steph

My object is between 5,000 and 6,000cm³.



Max

My object is a third of the volume of the cereal box.



pencil case



briefcase



A stapler is 150cm³



cereal box



Rubik's cube



VF
HW/Ext

9. Tom and Jade are packing tins into hampers for the elderly.



Tom

We will need 30 tins to fill the hamper.



We will need 15 tins to fill the hamper.



Jade

Who do you agree with? Explain your answer.



RPS
HW/Ext

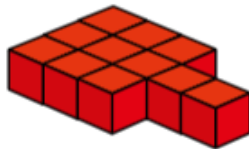
Now try the challenge



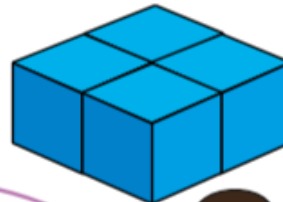
CHALLENGE

- 5 Dora and Ron have each made a shape using cubes.

Dora



Ron



My shape has a greater volume because it has more cubes.



Dora

Do you agree with Dora? _____

Talk about it with a partner.

- 6 Amir, Eva and Alex have made shapes out of centimetre cubes.

a) Amir has made this shape.



What is the volume of Amir's shape?

cm³

b)



I used 24 cubes to make my shape.

What is the volume of Eva's shape?

cm³

c)



The volume of my shape is greater than Amir's but less than Eva's.

What could the volume of Alex's shape be?

cm³



Topic (ICT) WAGBAT: Understanding copyright.

Copyright is a law that gives the owner of a work (for example, a book, movie, picture, song, game or website) the right to say how other people can use it. With copyright, a work can only be copied if the owner gives permission.

Copyright laws exist to protect original content creators. Content you choose to use or upload on the internet may be subject to copyright laws.

www.youtube.com/yt/copyright/en-GB/

Consider this situation.

Ray creates a video of his friend at home playing a video game. He adds his favourite music as a soundtrack and then uploads the final file to YouTube.

THINK ABOUT THESE POINTS BEFORE READING THE PART IN RED.

- 1) Who owns the video?
- 2) What are the rights and responsibilities of the interested parties in this scenario?
 - RAY
 - RAY'S FRIEND
 - YOUTUBE
 - THE ARTIST AND RECORD COMPANY THAT CREATED AND RELEASED THE MUSIC
- 3) What copyright rules need to be followed?

Ray, the creator of the video, owns it. He has the copyright.

Ray's friend does not own the video but does have a right to privacy. Ray must seek permission from his friend before uploading the content.

YouTube doesn't own the video, nor can it decide if the video is copyrighted. By uploading the video, Ray has given YouTube the right to list it, but YouTube also has the responsibility to respond if someone puts in a copyright complaint.

The video game developer does not own the video, but they own copyright of the game. They can seek removal of the video from YouTube if their copyright has been infringed.

The artist and record label who created the music do not own the video, but they do have copyright over the music. They can seek removal of the video from YouTube if their copyright has been infringed.



Copyright laws protect people's work from being used without permission. We have a responsibility to ensure we abide by copyright rules. If we choose to publish those ideas, for example, in a book or on the internet, copyright laws protect our creations from being used without permission.

Here is a piece of information found on the internet about penguins.

www.penguins.co.uk



Internet search result for: 'Fun Penguin Facts'

Penguins are fascinating members of the animal kingdom and are technically classified as birds. They have wings but they do not have the ability to fly. Instead, they have flippers to help them swim in water. They spend half of their lives in the water and half of their lives out on land. Although they spend a lot of time in water, they cannot stay underwater for longer than 20 minutes at a time.

No penguins live in the North Pole, which is a fact that not many people believe is true.

<http://www.sciencekids.co.nz/sciencefacts/animals/penguin.html>

Below that are two examples of pupils' work. The two pupils were tasked to read the penguin research and create their own paragraph about penguins.



Anjelika's fun penguin facts!

Penguins are birds in the animal kingdom. Although they have wings, they cannot fly. Instead of flying, they have flippers to help them swim. Half of their lives is spent in the water and the other half is spent on land. Although they spend half their time in water, they cannot stay under the water for longer than 20 minutes. A fact that not many people believe is true is that penguins do not live in the North Pole.

By Anjelika Kowalski



James' Penguin facts!

'Where do penguins belong in the animal kingdom?' may you ask. With their beaks and their wings, it's evident that they belong to the bird family. However, despite having wings, they cannot fly. Unlike most birds, 'they have flippers to help them swim'. In a penguin's life, it spends an equal amount of time in the water than it does on land. According to researchers, penguins cannot spend longer than twenty minutes underwater, which is surprising for an animal who spends half of its life in water. Breaking a popular myth means telling you that no penguins live in the North Pole.

By James Connor

Bibliography:
www.penguins.co.uk



Highlight all the pieces of information that were directly copied from the text.

Which of the two examples of work is more in line with the copyright law and why?

IMPORTANT!

Anything that the pupil has taken word-for-word from a source is required to be shown in quotation marks(" "). The pupil must also write down the source in a bibliography. For anything else, including facts, ideas, and summaries of information that you are writing in your own words, they do not have to be held in quotation marks, but the source needs to be written down, i.e. who said/wrote it, when, on which website did you find the information. Look at James Connor's work again and note the parts in red.

James' Penguin facts!

'Where do penguins belong in the animal kingdom?' may you ask. With their beaks and their wings, it's evident that they belong to the bird family. However, despite having wings, they cannot fly. Unlike most birds, "they have flippers to help them swim". In a penguin's life, it spends an equal amount of time in the water than it does on land. According to researchers, penguins cannot spend longer than twenty minutes underwater, which is surprising for an animal who spends half of its life in water. Breaking a popular myth means telling you that no penguins live in the North Pole.

By James Connor

Bibliography: www.penguins.co.uk

YOUR TASK

Search the internet for information on a topic of your choice.

Use the information you find to create your own paragraphs on that topic.

REMEMBER TO USE QUOTATION MARKS IF YOU COPY ANYTHING WORD FOR WORD AND HAVE A BIBLIOGRAPHY AT THE END TO SHOW WHERE YOU FOUND INFORMATION.



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.

TUESDAY- Design Ideas

Today, use the research you did yesterday to decide what you want to do for your own board game. You could create your own or make a version of a boardgame that already exists. For example, they could recreate monopoly but with their own locations, characters and rules or something like snakes and ladders but with rainbows and rain clouds.

