



# NEW VALLEY PRIMARY SCHOOL REMOTE LEARNING FRIDAY 5<sup>TH</sup> MARCH



At New Valley, we  
are proud to:

Year 5

Beech Class

Week Beginning 1/3/2020

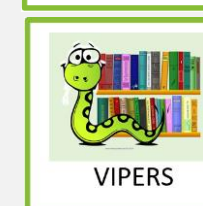
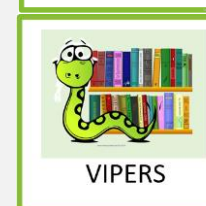
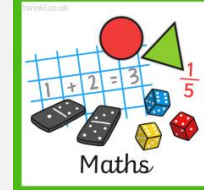
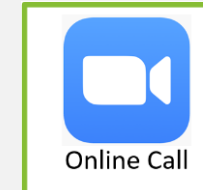
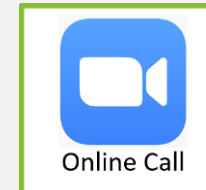
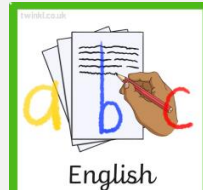
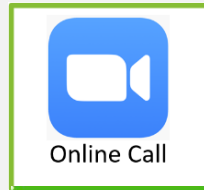
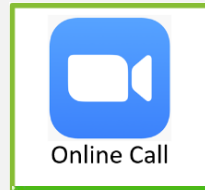
Work should be photographed or scanned and returned to  
me at [beech@newvalleyprimary.com](mailto:beech@newvalleyprimary.com).

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# Beech Class

## Recommended Daily Timetable

9.00-9.30	9.30-10.00	10.00-10.30	10.30-11.00	11.00-12.00	12.00-1.00	1.00-1.30	1.30-2.00	2.00-3.00
Wider curriculum	Walk/Exercise	Call with Miss Swainson/Spellings	Call with Miss Swainson/Spellings	English	Lunch and Free Time	Video call with Miss Swainson/VIPERS	Video call with Miss Swainson/VIPERS	Maths



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Click on me to login to TTRS.  
Have you played a new gig yet?



Friday  
5/3/2021

### Our video calls

We will not be having any video calls today



The Girl of Ink and Stars  
Read to the end of chapter 2.

How would you describe Lupe?

What do we know about Lupe?

Create a part of our working wall  
for Lupe.

Does it surprise you that Lupe and  
Isabella are best friends? Why?



Stuck? Need some ideas?  
Look at our working wall  
for VIPERS. Click here



### Spellings

Click here to go to spellings



### English

Please look at the extra page for the 1<sup>st</sup> of the  
month write

### Music

Click this link to log on to Charanga (email  
beech@newvalleyprimary.com if you don't  
know your login).

In Charanga, click on 'Assignments' and then  
select 'Week 4' to start working your way  
through this week's lesson. Enjoy!

Stuck? Need reminding?  
Look at our working wall  
for Maths. Click here

### Wider Curriculum

In this lesson, we will discuss how  
stars, including the Sun, were made. We  
will see how humans have investigated  
more about stars since the invention of  
telescopes. Finally, we will learn about  
constellations.

Click the link below for the lesson.  
[https://classroom.thenational.academy/  
lessons/what-are-stars-and-star-  
constellations-chjp6c](https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/what-are-stars-and-star-constellations-chjp6c)

### Maths

LO: To divide with remainders.

Please follow the links to the White Rose website to find today's  
lesson. [Click here](#) for our warm up.

[Lesson Video Link](#)

[Lesson Activity Sheet online Link](#) or [click here for the Activity Sheet](#)

[Today's answers](#)

# VIPERS - THE GIRL OF INK AND STARS

## Setting

### Joya

- Myths
- It is an island
- There are no songbirds on Joya
- Ruled by the governor Adomi who separated part of the Island
- Anyone who does not obey Adomi gets banished

### The house

- Narrow beds
- Mud walls
- Fire and clay pot
- Basin (sink)
- Talk line (walkie talkie)
- Living room is full of maps made by Da
- Only one map of the Island in the house- Ma's old family map

### Da

Da is Dad to Isabella  
Cook porridge (not very well)  
Cartographer  
Likes to travel and create maps

## Characters

### Isabella

Sister to Gabor  
Short  
Best friend is Lupe  
13 years old  
She has a hen and a ginger cat (Pep)  
Curious- wants to travel the Island

### Gabor

Twin of Isabella  
Boy  
Not there- died? Lost?  
Taken? Moved?  
13 years old

### MA

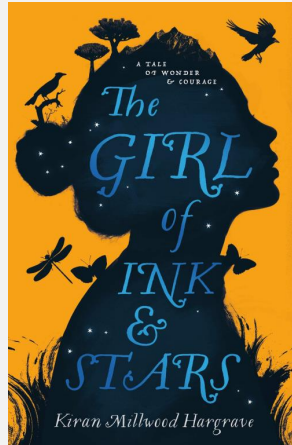
Mum of Isabella  
Now not there  
Used to make pottery- a milk jug was her last piece she made  
Family heirloom- map of the Island

## Plot so far...

first  
PERSON

Chapter 1: Introduced to the characters Isabella and Da. Isabella gets up for school and has breakfast that Da had made her.

New Language.  
Irritated- Annoyed  
Marooned- trapped or alone in an inaccessible place  
Cartographer- person who makes maps  
Heirloom- an object that is valuable to family history



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[CLICK HERE TO GO BACK TO HOMEPAGE](#)



## CHAPTER TWO

Our street ran in a straight, steep line down to the Western Sea, and all the houses were built the same: a long row of mud huts with straw roofs that Lupe thought looked sweet. I thought that they looked as if one good gust of wind would send them all tumbling into the water.

I normally ran to the market square, skidding downhill on my heels, because the ravens liked to fly low and running put them off. Today, though, I settled for a fast walk – after all, I was almost at the top of the school now. It didn't seem right to run like a little child.

Masha, who lived across the street, was standing in her doorway. I waved, trying to see past her into the house.

'Looking for someone?' She smiled, her lined face crinkling like old paper. 'Pablo's al-

ready left. You know the Governor likes them to be at work before dawn.'

Masha's son Pablo had been born when she was already old, her belly swelling even as her hair turned grey and her face creased with age. Masha called it a miracle, and Pablo was miraculous. Gabo and I had always been in awe of him, as all the villagers were, because of his strength. Aged ten, he could lift his parents, one over each shoulder. Having a piggyback from Pablo felt like flying, but it had been a long time since I'd seen him.

Two years ago, when his mother's back got too bad, Pablo left school and took her place as a labourer, although Masha pleaded with him not to. Now fifteen, he pulled carts as if they were paper, and cared for the Governor's horses too.

'He took the present for Lupe,' Masha added, wrinkling her nose. I knew she didn't understand why I chose to be friends with the Governor's daughter. 'I told him to hide it like you asked.'

'Thank you,' I said. 'Maybe I'll see him tomorrow?'

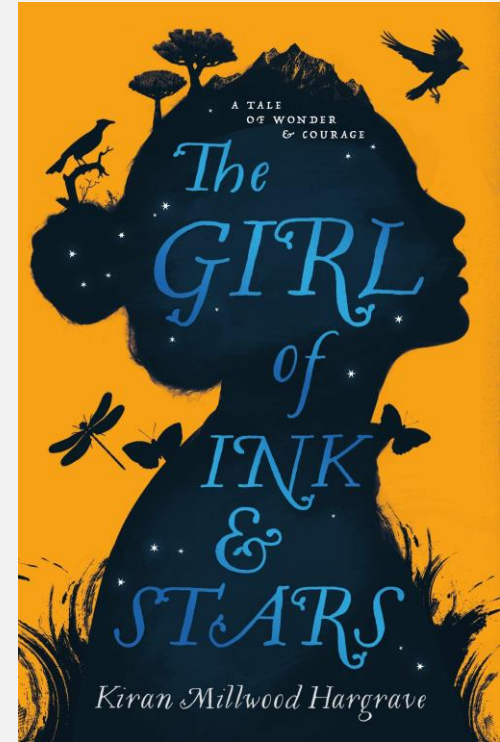
'Maybe.' But her voice was not hopeful. He was always up before sunrise, home after dark.

I waved goodbye, shouldered my satchel and started down the hill.

From this high up Gromera looked like a wheel, or a starburst, with the market square at its centre and streets like spokes spiking outwards, some ending at the wide, calm harbour that bottlenecked into the sea, ripe with fish. On a clear night, the stars settled on its surface like water lilies.

The Governor's ship was moored there, as always. Da said it was carved from a single Afrik baobab trunk. The baobab must be an enormous tree, because the hull nearly spanned the width of the port, the mast arrowing towards the sky, the sails stowed. It crouched over the fishing fleet like a mountain, huge and unmoving. Like everything the Governor had, it took up far more space than it ought to.

To the east, his house glinted in the sunrise. Built from black basalt and big as five ships, the mansion sat between the blue sea and the green forest, spreading out over the fields like a storm cloud. From here, though, it



looked small enough to squash between my forefinger and thumb. Below it was the village, with the school halfway between.

The old school building had been small but bright, and we had painted the walls rainbow colours with whatever dyes Da could spare. But then the Governor had knocked it down – Lupe had decided she'd had enough of being taught alone at home and demanded to be sent to the local school like the rest of us.

Governor Adori had rebuilt it from stone, twice as big, because if his daughter was going, it had to look grander.

'Not for me, you understand,' Lupe had said with a sad smile. She adopted an even posher voice to add, 'To uphold the family honour.'

We weren't allowed to paint the walls of the new school. A lot of children were unkind to Lupe because of that, but I knew it wasn't her fault.

Behind the Governor's house, closest to the forest, was the orchard, where I had never been. I squinted at the ant-like specks of the labourers there, and wondered which one was Pablo. To the west, the black sand of the beaches was almost covered by the incom-

ing tide. We were not allowed to be on the beaches at high tide, and no one was allowed in the water unless they were launching one of the Governor's boats. My toes itched. Da had described being in the sea but it was not the same as trying it for myself.

Above the beaches were the clay mines, which I tried not to look at because it brought back one of the few clear memories I had of Ma – the day she took Gabo and me to the mines. She taught us how to tie ourselves with vines to a dragon tree – *You knot like this, and then rub the sap into your hands for grip* – and lowered us one by one into the gorge. Gabo got scared and wriggled so much the knot broke. When he landed on the soft mud at the bottom it made a very rude noise, and he was filthy when Ma climbed up with him from the darkness. I laughed so hard it hurt.

I remembered that, that ache in my belly. How it came back two months later, when Ma died. Only then it was sharper, and there was no one carrying anyone out of that darkness. Three years on the same sweating sickness took Gabo. Three years after that, the

clay mine memory still made my throat feel tight.



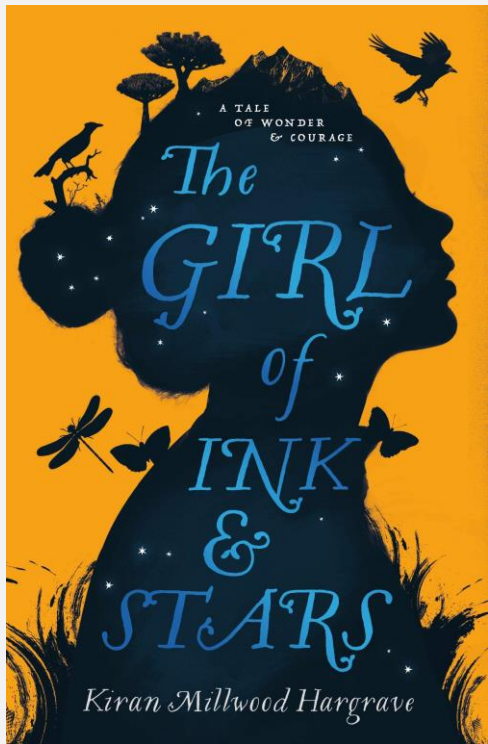
Lupe always met me by a barrel at the edge of the market square so we could walk to school together, even though it meant she had to get up almost as early as the labourers. When I got to the square a queue was already forming for the well. More and more people used it since the River Arintara began drying up.

All the stalls were open, selling fish and grain and leather. Most of the stalls belonged to the Governor, their cool blue awnings like a patch of sky, with the honey stall a bright sun-yellow in the middle.

As I made my way towards the barrel someone grasped my wrist. I jumped, stumbling against a nearby stall, and vegetables tumbled to the dusty ground.

'Hey!' the stall keeper growled. 'What do you think you are doing?'

I turned to see who was gripping me. It was a woman dressed in green robes, which meant she worked in the orchards. She should already be there – latecomers were sometimes whipped.





‘I’m sorry,’ the woman said to the stall keeper, without taking her eyes from my face. ‘Isabella Riosse?’

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘Who—’

‘Something has happened.’ She clutched my wrist harder. She was so small, her face almost level with mine.

‘What do you think you are doing?’ the stall keeper repeated, stepping out from behind his piles of potatoes.

‘Cata,’ hissed the woman, ignoring him. ‘Have you seen her?’

I frowned. ‘Cata Rodriguez?’ Cata was in my class at school, but we had only spoken a couple of times before.

The woman nodded fiercely. ‘I’m her mother. She said you were friends. I thought maybe you knew where she was.’

I shifted uncomfortably. It was true that I was nicer to Cata than anyone else, but she was very quiet and mostly people ignored her. ‘I’m sorry,’ I began, ‘I haven’t—’

‘I’ve looked everywhere. She wasn’t there when I woke up, I—’ The woman broke off, breathing hard. Her hand fluttered to her chest, as if she could not fill her lungs.

‘You! What are you doing here?’

Cata’s mother jumped. One of the Governor’s men was striding towards us, the crowd parting like wheat before his blue tunic.

‘If you see her, send her home,’ the woman said to me hurriedly, face twisted with worry. And then she was gone, running in the direction of the Governor’s estate.

‘What a mess,’ tutted the stall keeper, starting to pick up the vegetables. ‘No, don’t help. You’ve caused enough trouble already.’

Dazed, I walked to the corner of the market square where Lupe and I always met. Something in the woman’s face had shaken me, right to the bones. I hoped Cata was all right.

‘Isa!’

I spun around as Lupe came running across the square, satchel flying. The other villagers shrank back from her. The Governor’s daughter did not have many friends. Not that Lupe cared.

‘I don’t give a fig,’ she’d said to one of the girls teasing her about the fussy plaits her mother insisted on. ‘Isabella likes them, and that’s enough for me.’

We made an odd set, Lupe and I: she as tall as a near-grown boy, and I barely reaching

her shoulder. She seemed to have got even taller in the month since I had last seen her. Her mother would not be pleased. Señora Adori was a petite, elegant woman with sad eyes and a cold smile. Lupe said she never laughed and believed girls should not run, nor have any right to be as tall as Lupe was getting.

She squeezed me tightly and then drew back, eyeing me up and down.

‘Still so short!’ she said enviously, then frowned. ‘What’s wrong? You’ve gone all pale. Did your da not let you out in the sun this summer? Mama does that, but sometimes I sneak out—’

‘Cata’s missing.’ I pushed the words out. ‘I just saw her mother.’

‘Cata?’

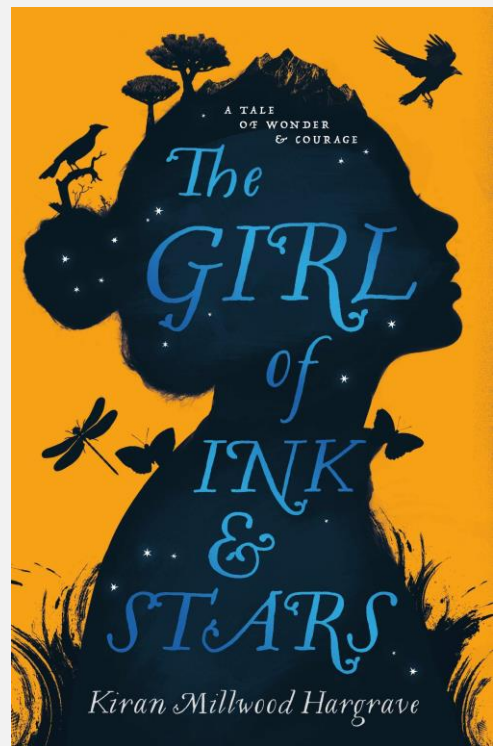
I rolled my eyes impatiently. ‘The girl who sits at the back.’

Lupe shifted from one foot to the other. She had that look on her face, like Pep sauntering away from a broken dish.

I stared at her. ‘What?’

‘What, what?’ said Lupe, pulling her satchel higher on to her shoulder.

‘You know something.’ I stepped forward.



‘No, I don’t.’ She stepped back.

I raised my eyebrow the way Da had taught me.

Lupe wilted. ‘I’m sure it’s nothing. It’s just, she was working in the kitchen this summer, and I asked her to go to the orchard for me yesterday, to get some—’

‘The orchard!’ The sick feeling in my stomach was back. ‘Lupe, you know we’re not allowed.’

‘Yes, of course I know, but I hadn’t had dragon fruit in *ages*. I needed to have them on my birthday, didn’t I?’

I had never had dragon fruit and was not even sure what they looked like, but I did know they were Lupe’s favourite, grown in the Governor’s orchard at the edge of the forest. Out of bounds to everyone except his guards and a few of his servants.

‘Lupe, you know that if Cata got caught, she’s probably in the Dédalo right now.’

Lupe waved her hand dismissively. ‘Still on about that place? I’ve never seen it, and I live there.’

It was typical that Lupe should not notice something right under her nose. And the Dédalo – the labyrinth – *was* right under her

nose, because Governor Adori had built his house directly over the natural tunnels that were now his prison. Masha’s husband had served a decade there before he died.

Lupe flung her arm around my shoulders. ‘Come on, grumpy guts. Cata will be fine!’ She began to propel me along the narrow street towards the fields. ‘She’ll already be in class, probably stuffing her face with my dragon fruit. I’ll let you have some, they’re so delicious. And don’t forget the fireworks tonight!’

Lupe hated the dark, but she loved fireworks. They *were* extraordinary, with their beautiful colours and falling-star-shine, but they scared Pep too much for me to like them.

‘Papa’s let me pick the colours. There’re gold ones, a blue one, two red ones . . .’

I let Lupe’s voice wash over me as we took our shortcut across the fields. She was probably right. Even if Cata had been caught, surely the Governor’s men wouldn’t have thrown a girl into the Dédalo just for stealing fruit? I promised myself I’d be extra nice to Cata at school, maybe even invite her to watch Lupe’s birthday fireworks from my

garden. ‘Oh, and you haven’t seen this,’ said Lupe, stopping suddenly and jerking me to a halt.

‘What?’

Lupe untucked a thick gold chain from her dress and held it out on her palm. A gold locket glinted in the sunlight, engraved with a shape I recognized.

‘That’s Afrik, where Papa is from,’ said Lupe. ‘He gave it to me for my birthday. It was my grandmother’s.’

‘What’s inside?’

Lupe shrugged. ‘Da says I’m not allowed to open it until I’m older. He’s the only one with the key.’

‘It’s lovely.’

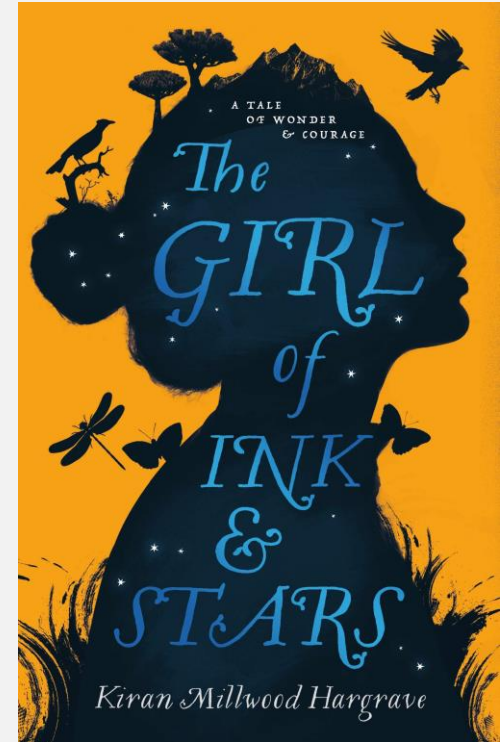
‘It’s heavy,’ said Lupe. ‘But I like it. It was all I got, though.’

She looked at me expectantly. I tried to pretend I didn’t know what she was waiting for, but she was grinning so stupidly I couldn’t keep it up. I took out a scroll from my satchel.

‘Happy birthday,’ I said, grinning too.

‘A map! Marked with an X!’

It was a very simple map, with no star lines and a compass that was only an arrow with





an *N* on the end. I hadn't had time to make it a proper hunt with lots of clues.

'Treasure.' I squeezed Lupe's fingers.

'No point just standing there,' Lupe shouted, bounding ahead. 'Race you!'

With her long legs Lupe should have been the favourite, but she was as uncoordinated as a one-legged rabbit and so we ran together. My lungs filled as I ran across the dry field, bag slapping my side.

*Cata will be at school, Lupe will get her dragon fruit, and everything will be all right.*

At last Lupe reached the *X*, the abandoned rabbit warren where Pablo had hidden the present for me. Inside sat a small twist of blue paper. She unwrapped the simple plaited bracelet, made with leftover thread I had begged from Masha. Woven in amongst the multi-coloured strands was a single thread of gold I had stolen from Da's study. He never made special maps any more, so I didn't think he would notice.

'I love it!' Lupe wound it around her wrist and I tied the knot. 'It's my favourite present.'

Only Lupe would prefer a scrappy piece of string to a pure gold locket. It was another thing I liked about her.

'Come on,' I said, taking her sweaty palm and pulling her towards the low rectangle of school. Being late for the first day might be all right for Lupe Adori, but Señora Feliz would not forgive plain old Isabella Riosse so easily.

We broke into another run, hoping not to hear the bell, and arrived in a dead heat, panting and laughing, stitches needling our sides.

'I... won!' Lupe gasped.

'No... me! I... beat... you.'

'Girls!' Señora Feliz appeared at the school door, her face sour as a lemon. When she recognized Lupe, her face went as sour as two lemons. 'Señorita Adori! You should have been told, I sent someone straight to your father—'

'What?' Lupe frowned. 'Why?'

'There's been a— Well, your father will tell you, I'm sure. School is closed today.'

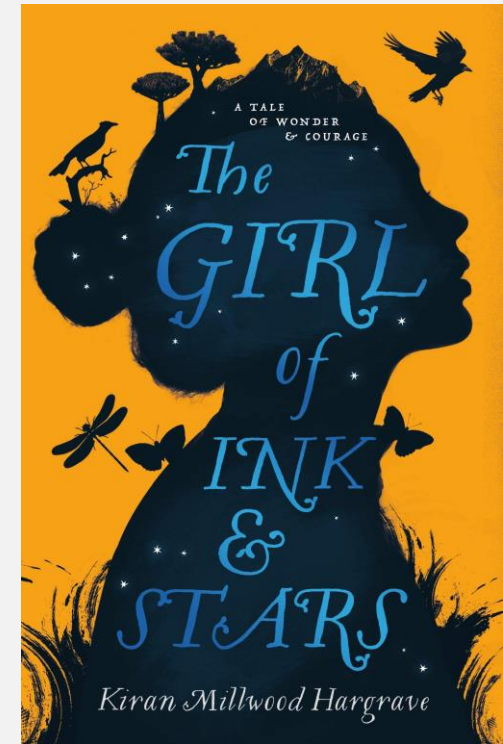
'Closed?' I said, stupidly. 'But why?'

'Enough questions!' snapped the teacher, then her face drained as her eyes fixed on something behind us.

We turned to see a carriage drawn by a pair of dun stallions picking its way slowly across

the pitted path from the village. The horses seemed restless, sidestepping and shaking back their manes. Two men sat beside the driver, the sun glinting off their swords.

The carriage's blue curtains were drawn, protecting its passengers from the heat. But even at this distance, I could make out the broad Governor and his tiny wife, silhouetted through the silk.



# HIDDEN FIGURES

The True Story of Four Black Women  
and the Space Race



by New York Times bestselling author  
**MARGOT LEE SHETTERLY**  
with WINIFRED CONKLING

illustrated by  
**LAURA FREEMAN**

Thanks for not printing this page!



Dorothy Vaughan, Mary Jackson,  
Katherine Johnson, and Christine Darden  
were good at math. Really good.



Thanks for not printing this page!





In 1943, the United States was at war: World War II. Dorothy Vaughan wanted to serve her country by working for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the government agency that designed airplanes. Having the best airplanes would help America win the war. Making airplanes fly faster and higher and safer meant doing lots of tests at the agency's Langley Laboratory in Hampton, Virginia. Tests meant numbers, numbers meant math, and math meant computers.



Today we think of computers as machines, but in the 1940s, computers were actual people like Dorothy, Mary, Katherine, and Christine. Their job was to do math.



Because Dorothy was black and a woman, some people thought it would be impossible for her to get a job as a computer. She lived in Virginia, a southern state, where laws segregated, or kept apart, black people and white people.

They could not eat in the same restaurants.

They could not drink from the same water fountains.

They could not use the same restrooms.

They could not attend the same schools.

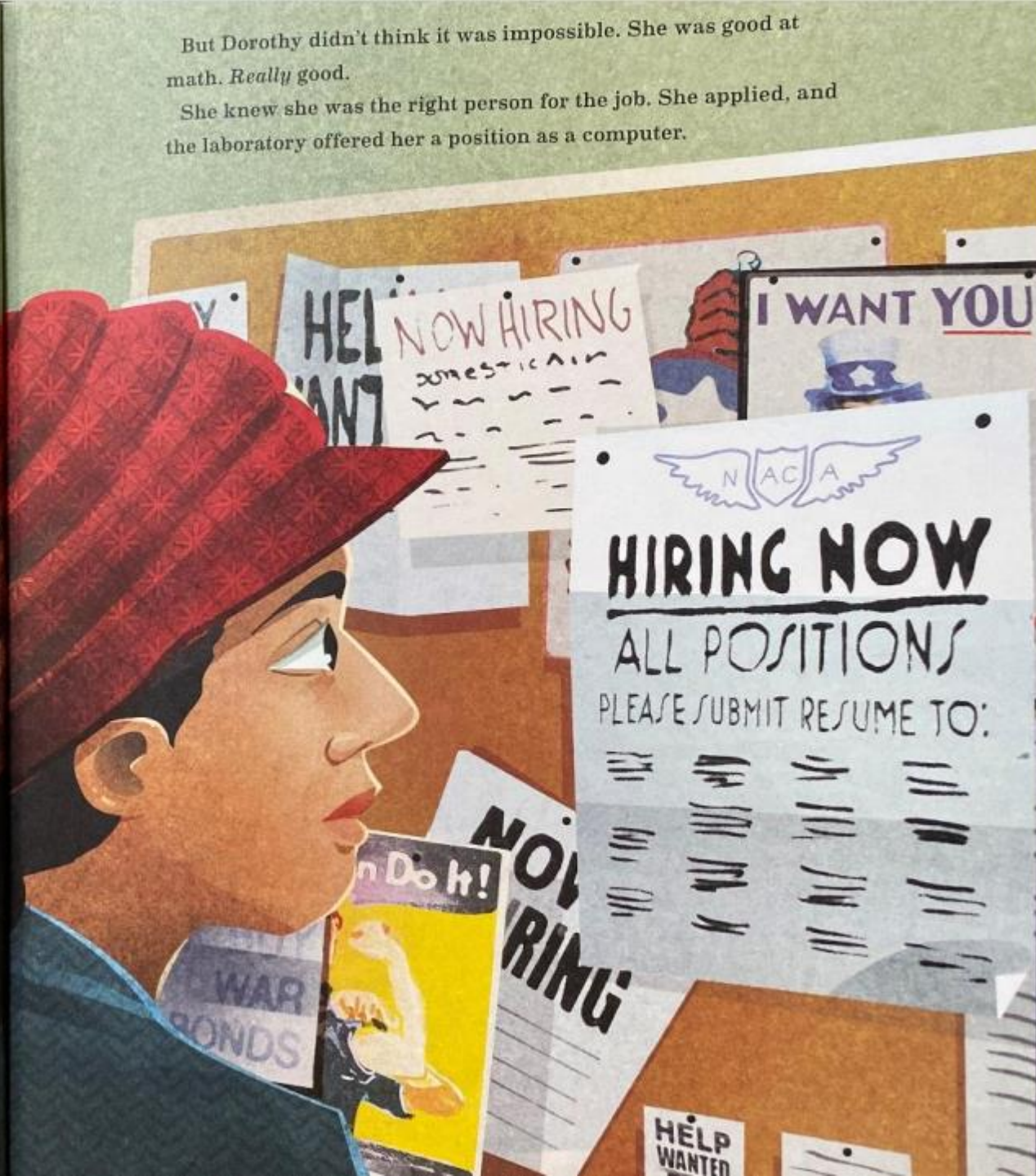
They could not play on the same sports teams.

They could not sit near each other in movie theaters.

They could not marry someone of a different race.

But Dorothy didn't think it was impossible. She was good at math. *Really* good.

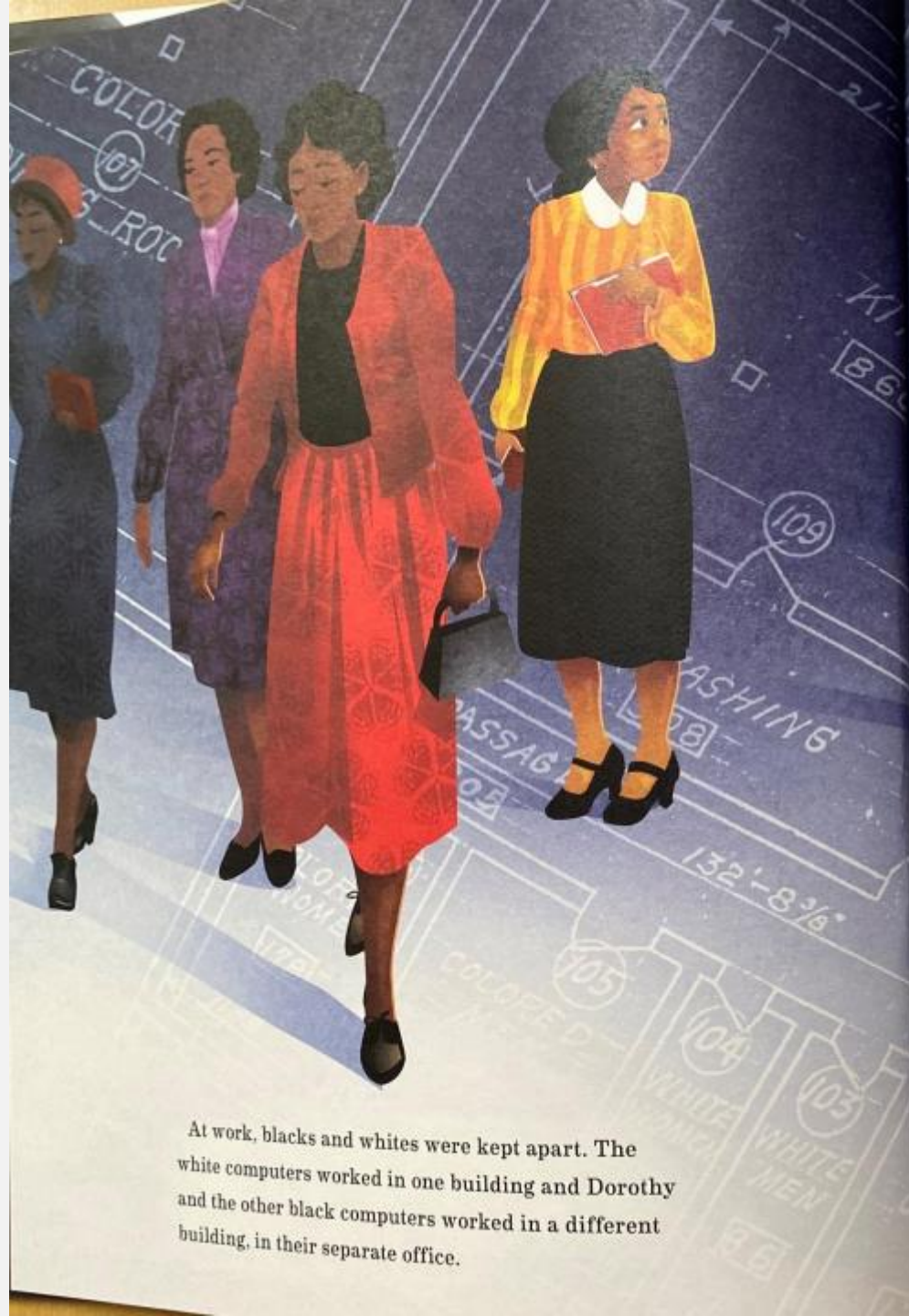
She knew she was the right person for the job. She applied, and the laboratory offered her a position as a computer.



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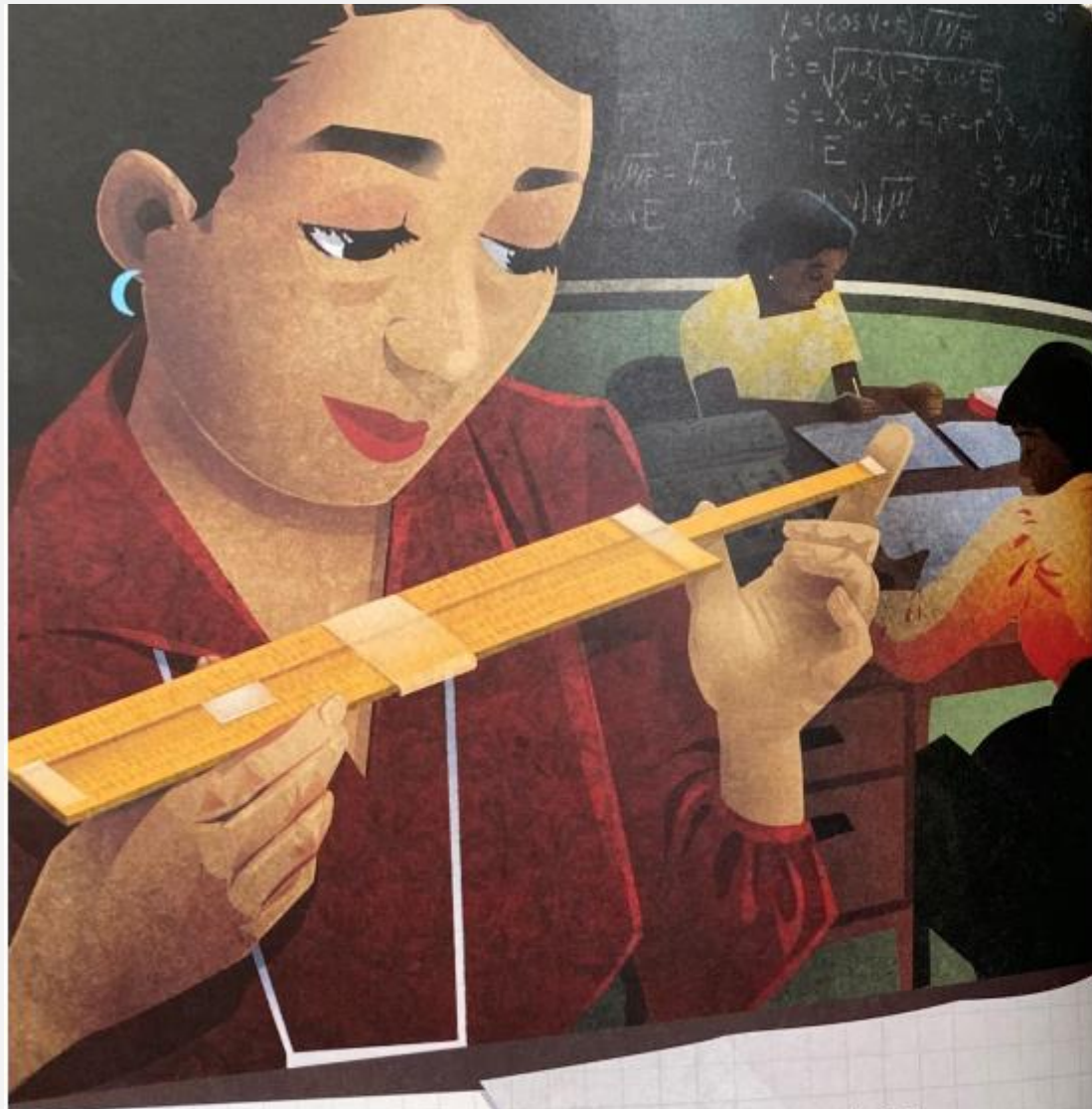


At work, blacks and whites were kept apart. The white computers worked in one building and Dorothy and the other black computers worked in a different building, in their separate office.



Even though they worked on the same kinds of assignments, the black computers and white computers used separate bathrooms and ate in separate lunchrooms.

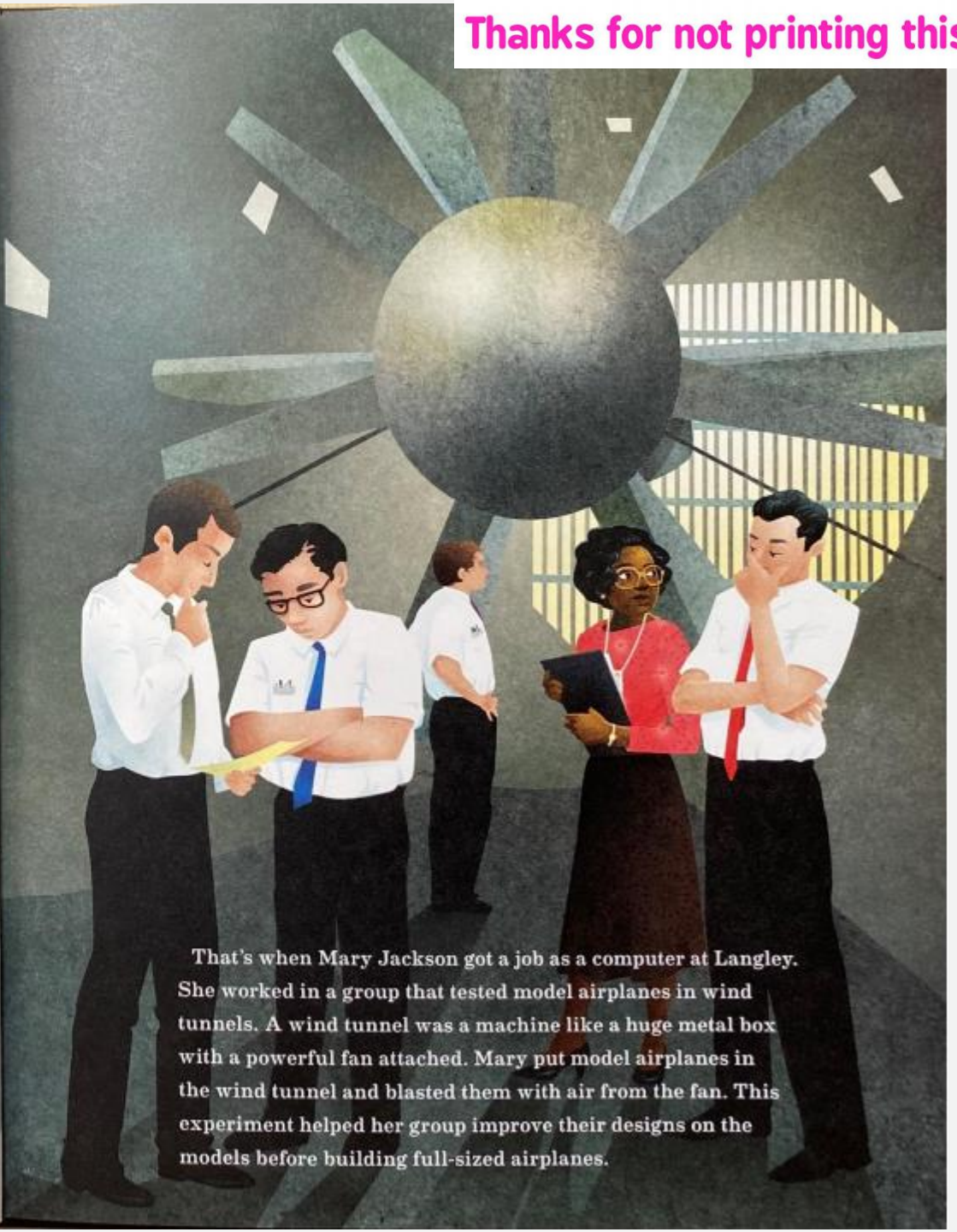




America won the war in 1945, but Dorothy stayed on the job, still trying to make airplanes faster and safer. By 1951, the Americans and the Russians were competing to see who could build the best planes. That meant more experiments and more numbers.

Lots and lots of numbers.

And more numbers meant the need for more computers.



That's when Mary Jackson got a job as a computer at Langley. She worked in a group that tested model airplanes in wind tunnels. A wind tunnel was a machine like a huge metal box with a powerful fan attached. Mary put model airplanes in the wind tunnel and blasted them with air from the fan. This experiment helped her group improve their designs on the models before building full-sized airplanes.





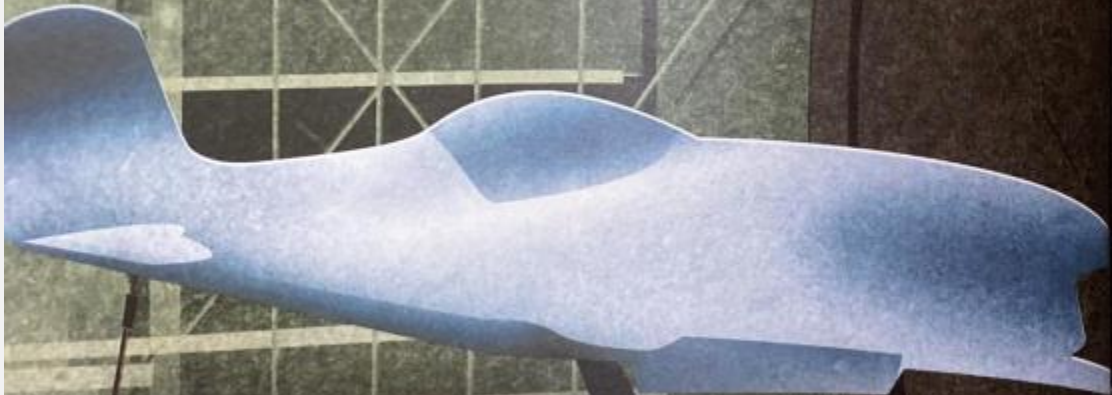
Mary wanted to become an engineer, but officials said it was impossible. Most of the engineers at the laboratory were men. And to become an engineer, Mary needed to take high-level math classes, but she wasn't allowed to go inside the white school where the classes were taught.

But Mary was good at math. *Really* good. And she refused to give up. She got permission to enter the school building and take the math classes, and she earned good grades. Because she didn't give up, Mary Jackson became the first African-American female engineer at the laboratory.



Thanks for not printing this page!





Katherine Johnson was good at math and always asked lots of questions. In 1953, she applied to the laboratory for a computer job and was placed on a team that tested actual planes while they were flying in the air. Their research was used to figure out ways to prevent future plane crashes. In one of her first projects, she learned how to analyze turbulence, or dangerous gusts of air. No one knows how many lives her work may have helped save!

Thanks for not printing this page!





Katherine wanted to help the group prepare its research reports, so she asked if she could go to meetings with the other experts on her team. Her boss told her it was impossible.



"Women aren't allowed to attend meetings," he said. But Katherine knew she was as good at math as anyone else—maybe better.



So she asked him again.



And again.

And again.



Katherine asked her boss so many times that he finally invited her to the meetings.



Katherine was good at math. *Really* good. And because she fought to be treated the same as the men, she became the first woman in her group to sign her name to one of the group's reports.

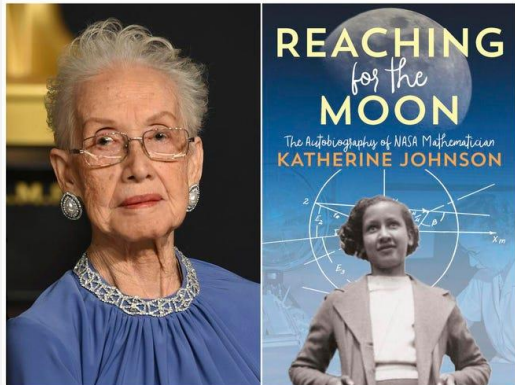
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## EXAMPLE OF A DIARY ENTRY

Write a letter as if you are Katherine Johnson, giving advice to her three children. What would you tell your children to aspire to; To believe in; To grow up and be?

Use as much emotive language as you can.

Remember it is informal so you can use contractions like don't and won't



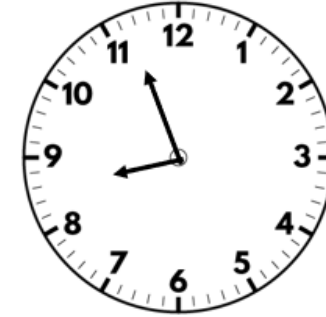
Pictures of  
Katherine Johnson  
Top: Young picture  
of Katherine at  
NASA  
Middle: Katherine  
receiving a medal  
from President  
Obama  
Bottom: Katherine's  
book

To my children,  
If you find yourself getting sad, then it's important you talk to each other and comfort each other. And if you feel that people have low expectations of you – either for the colour of your skin or because you are a girl – then show how **innovative** and **versatile** you can be. Be **persistent** like your mother!...

Can you use any of the language from Wednesday's lesson?

## Flashback 4

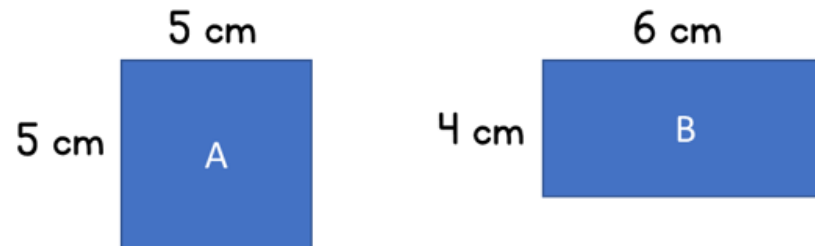
Year 5 | Week 2 | Day 4



1) Work out  $26^2$

2) What is  $£5 \times 13$ ?

3) Which has the greater area?



4) Put these lengths in ascending order.

350 metres     $\frac{1}{2}$  metre    3 km



# MATHS WORKING WALL-MULTIPLICATION

## Our journey so far...

WINK- What I need to Know  
WIND- What I need to Do

### Key Vocabulary

multiply

groups of

lots of

times

divide

share

remainder

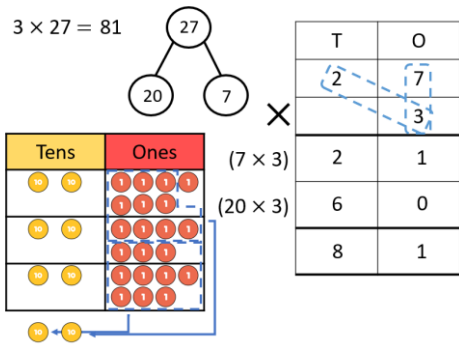
factor

multiple

product

### Multiplying 2 digits by 1 digit WIND-

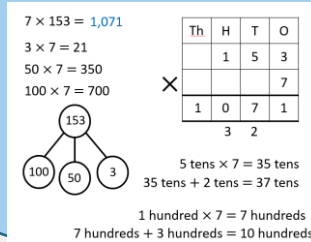
- Partition the largest number. Place the single digit under the ones column.
- Multiply the ones e.g.  $3 \times 7$  and write the answer below.
- Multiply the ones with the tens.  $20 \times 3$  and write it below.
- Add them together.



[Link to the video](#)

### Multiplying 3 and 4 digits by 1 digit WIND-

- Partition the largest number. Place the single digit under the ones column.
- Multiply the ones and write the answer below.
- Multiply the ones with the tens and write it below.
- Multiply the ones by the hundreds.
- Don't forget to count any numbers that have been carried over.



[Link to the video](#)

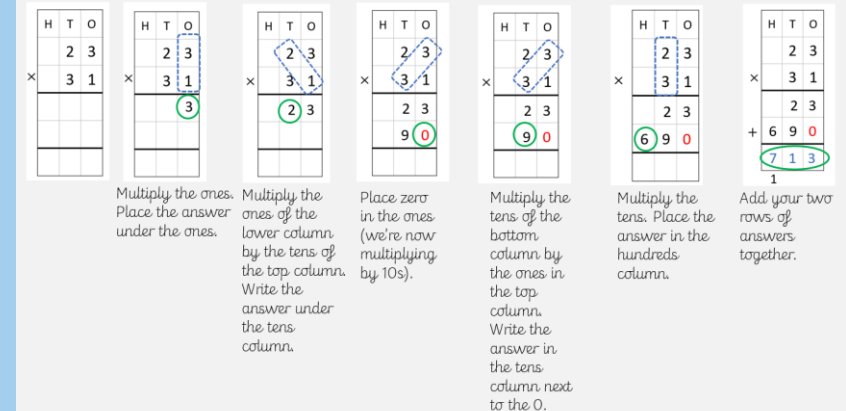
### Multiply 2 digits area model

[Link to the video](#)

### Multiply 3 digits by 3 digits

### Multiply 2 digits by 2 digits

$23 \times 31$



[Link to the video](#)

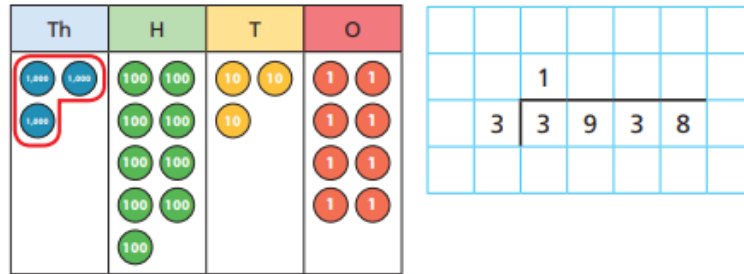
[CLICK HERE TO GO BACK TO HOMEPAGE](#)

Thanks for not printing this page!

# Divide with remainders

- 1 a) Circle the groups of 3 to help complete the sentences and calculation.

The first step has been done for you.



There is 1 group of 3 thousands.

There are groups of 3 hundreds.

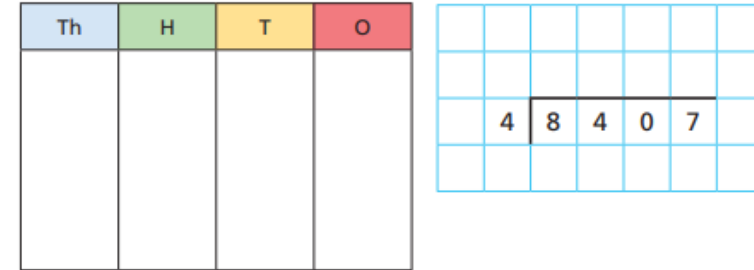
There is group of 3 tens.

There are groups of 3 ones.

There are ones left over.

$3,938 \div 3 =$  remainder

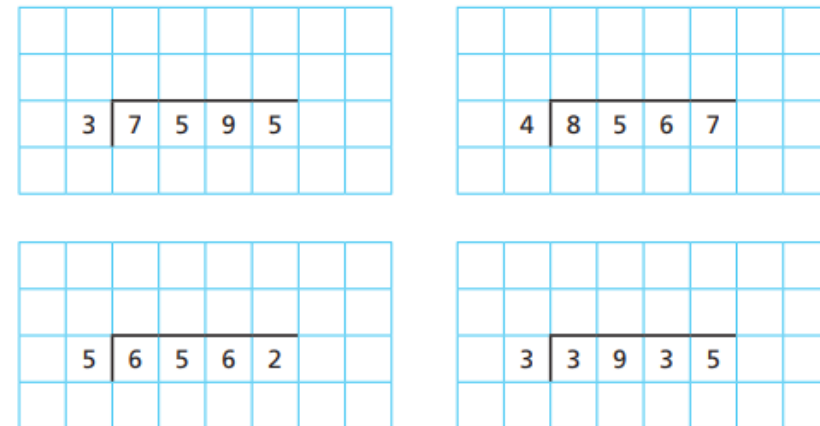
- b) Use place value counters to work out  $8,407 \div 4$



$8,407 \div 4 =$  remainder

- 2 a) Complete the divisions.

Use place value counters to help you.



- b) Write  $<$ ,  $>$  or  $=$  to complete the statements.

$7,595 \div 3$   $\bigcirc$   $8,567 \div 4$

$6,562 \div 5$   $\bigcirc$   $3,935 \div 3$



- 3 Write the calculations in the correct column of the table.

$5,066 \div 4$	$9,513 \div 4$	$1,234 \div 4$
$6,562 \div 4$	$6,563 \div 4$	$9,515 \div 4$

Remainder of 1	Remainder of 2	Remainder of 3	Remainder of 4

Are any columns empty? Talk to a partner about why this has happened.

- 4
- |       |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 7,816 | 7,861 | 6,781 | 1,786 |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|

I know that if I divide these numbers by 5 the remainder will be 1



Is Eva correct? \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know?

- 5 There are 459 children in a school.  
They are sitting at tables in groups of 7



We will need 65 tables.

Do you agree with Mo? \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your answer.

- 6 Bags of crisps are put into multipacks of 6  
The multipacks are then packed into boxes of 8  
Yesterday, 6,500 bags of crisps were packed.  
How many boxes of crisps were packed?

- 7

2	3	4	5
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>

- a) How many ways can you complete the calculation using all the digit cards so that there is a remainder of 1?

- b) What do you notice?

- 8 Dora is thinking of a number between 500 and 600  
When she divides it by a 1-digit number it has a remainder of 4  
What could Dora's number be?





[CLICK HERE TO GO BACK TO HOMEPAGE](#)



Put your spellings through the machine to find their root words ending in -le.

Spellings	Root Word
reliably	reliable
dependably	
comfortably	
possibly	
horribly	
terribly	terrible
visibly	
incredibly	
sensibly	
legibly	



# Handwriting

[Click here to watch Miss Swainson's video about handwriting!](#)

## Top tips

- Sit on a chair at a table.
- All legs on the ground (2 humans legs and 4 chair legs)
- Touch your tummy on the table and pull your chair in
- Pincer grip
- Supporting hand
- Go slow
- Don't forget to start on the line
- Write on lined paper

help help

high high

higher higher

highest highest

a b c d e f

g h i j k l

m n o p q

r s t u v w

x y z