## NEW VALLEY PRIMARY SCHOOL REMOTE LEARNING THURSDAY 25 ${ }^{\text {TH }}$ FEBRUARY



## Year 5

## Beech Class

Week Beginning 22/2/2020

Work should be photographed or scanned and returned to me at beech@newvalleyprimary.com .

## Beech Class

## Recommended Daily Timetable



## Wider Curriculum <br> Space and Earth!

## The moon

Use the information on the moon to create a report about it. Make sure you include diagrams especially how the moon moves.
Click here for information about the moon.
You can use the format given or you can make your own.


## Our video calls

English- We will be reading the rest of chapter 1

## English

LO: To use a range of sentence types to create an advert.
Engine, build, design, mathematics, compute, science, bio, meteor, physics, type, technical, electric, statistics, astronomy Can you create different jobs by adding suffixes, to the words. above? Can you guess what any of the unfamiliarjobs are? Do you think any of these jobs would be useful for working in NASA? Why?
We are going to continue our vital work for NASA and in this session we are going to do this by writing ajob advert - we need to recruit new members! What information they need to include?
Model creating a job advert and using a range of sentence types.
Look at the 4 different types of sentences you could have. (Click here)
Look at the example here.
Fancy finding out more? Click here to look at how to be an intern for NASA at the age of 16(they normally get hired after doing the intern)!

## Maths

LO: To multiply 4 digits by 2 digits (part 2).
Please follow the links to the White Rose website to find today's lesson.
Lesson Video Link
Lesson Activity Sheet online Link or dick here for the Activity Sheet Today's answers


## 

## The Girt of Ink and Stars

Read Chapter 1 again- particularly the ending. Thinking all about Da.

- List three places mentioned on Da's map.
-Who do you think Ma and Da are now?
- What did Ma used to make?
- How did Da injure his leg?
- Write what you think Da might be thinking about during breakfast, as he stares into space.
Remember to write in full sentences.


$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Stuck? Need some ideas? } \\
& \text { Look at our working wall } \\
& \text { for VIPERS. Click here }
\end{aligned}
$$



Mr Shepherd has created music lessons especially for us, so we can have our music lessons like usual on a Thursday afternoon!

Click this line to log on to Charanga (email beech@newvalleyprimary.com if you don't know your login).
Session focus: Dynamics
In Charanga, dick on 'Assignments' and ther select 'Week 4' to start working your way through this week's lesson. Enjoy!


## CHAPTER ONE

birds flehey say the day the Governor arrived, the ravens did too. All the smaller birds flew backwards into the sea, and that is why there are no songbirds on Joya. Only huge, ragged ravens. I'd watch them perch on the rooftops like omens, and try to squint them into the chaffinches and goldcrests Da drew from memory. If I imagined hard enough, I could almost hear them singing. 'Why did the songbirds leave, Da?' I'd ask. 'Because they could, Isabella.'
'And the wolves? The deer?'
Da's face would darken. 'Seems the sea was better than what they were running from.'
Da would tell me another story then, about the girl-warrior Arinta, or about Joya's mythical past as a floating island, and refuse to say more about the wolves and the backwards birds. But I kept asking, until the day came when I found my own answers.

## Thanks for not printing this page!

The morning it began was like any other. I woke in my narrow bed, sunrise just starting to brighten the mud walls of my room. The smell of burnt porridge hung on the air. Da must have been up for hours, as it took a long time for the fire to heat the heavy clay pot. I could hear Miss La, our hen, scratching about outside my room, seeking out crumbs. She was thirteen years old, same as me, but even though it's young for a person, it's very, very old for a chicken. Her feathers were grey, her mood was black and even our cat Pep was scared of her.
My tummy rumbled as I stretched my arms. Pep was sprawled across my legs, and he yowled loudly as I sat up.
'You awake, Isabella?' Da called from the kitchen.
'Morning, Da.'
'Porridge is ready. A little over-ready, in fact...'
'Coming!' I eased my legs out and smoothed the cat's rough fur where it had ruffled in the night. 'Sorry, Pep.'
He purred and closed his green eyes. I washed my face in the basin by the window, and stuck a tongue out at the reflec-
tion in the polished metal above Gabo's bed, straightening his sheets, dustier every day, but still made. The voice line arched next to his pillow - a long, thin hollow Da had etched for us up the walls and over the ceiling. When we pressed our lips to it and whispered, it carried our voices so we could talk even when we were at each end of the room in our separate beds.
Three years now. Three years since I sat there, my twin's hand fire in mine as he faded in the night, fast as a blown-out match.
But still I could conjure him. Easy as breathing.
It would not do to start the day sad. Shaking the thoughts out of my head, I pulled on my school dress. It was as big as it had been six weeks before. My best friend Lupe would laugh. Still the shortest in the class! she'd say.
I quickly braided my unbrushed hair and hoped Da wouldn't notice I hadn't untangled it all summer. Pep was rolling on the bed but I wasn't allowed to stroke him with my uniform on. My teacher, Señora Feliz, was always picking ginger hairs off my dress with irritated fingers.

I pulled aside the curtain that served as my bedroom door, and carefully stepped over Miss La, who squawked as I scattered her small pile of crumbs. She narrowed her misty eyes and pecked at my ankles, chasing me further into the main room where we ate, talked and planned adventures.
A big bowl of blackened porridge sat on our large pine-plank table, marooned among a sea of maps. More of Da's maps were stuck to the walls, and they rustled as I passed, like a talking breeze.
I traced the papers with my finger as I did every morning, watching how the silver pigment of Afrik's rivers met those of Æygpt; how Æygpt clung to the curve of Europa Bay like one hand grasping another across the sea. On the opposite wall hung the sketchy coast of Amrica and its dragging ocean currents, labelled with strange, wondrous names: the Frozen Circle, the Vanishing Triangle, the Cerulean Sea. The paper was dyed a beautiful deep blue, and the currents were picked out in thread against it. Da had used a needle thin as a hair for these - gold for Cerulean, black for the Triangle, white for the Frozen Circle. But past the eastern coast, Thanks for not printing this page!
everything stopped. Only one word broke the blankness.
Incognito. Unknown.
I could almost feel Da's disappointment in the long-dried ink of the word. Unfavourable tides on his last trip meant an early return to Joya, and Da never again made it across that wild expanse before the Governor arrived on our island. Governor Adori closed the ports and made the forest that stretched coast-tocoast between our village of Gromera and the rest of the island into a border, banishing anyone who resisted his rule to the other side. Gromera was cut off from the rest of Joya, and the forest was strung with thick thorns and enormous bells to warn the Governor's guards if anyone came through. I had never heard the bells ring.
Da dreamt of filling in the gaps on his Amrica maps, whereas what I wanted, more than anything else, was to cross the forest border and chart the Forgotten Territories which lay beyond, though I had never told him so.
There was only one map that showed the whole of our island, and it hung in Da's study. I called it Ma's map because it had
been passed down through her family for generations, maybe ever since Arinta's time, a thousand years ago. It had always felt like a sign that Ma and Da were meant for each other, that he was a cartographer and her only heirloom was a map.
Each of us carries the map of our lives on our skin, in the way we walk, even in the way we grow, Da would often say. See here, how my blood runs not blue at my wrist, but black? Your mother always said it was ink. I am a cartographer through to my heart.
'Fetch the jug, would you?' Da's voice made me jump, pulling me back into the room.
I dragged a chair to the shelves, carefully taking the jug from high up, and put it on the table next to the porridge. It was forest green and special, because it was the last thing Ma made. We used it only on the first day of school, and on birthdays and feast days. Da kept it out of reach and washed it with great care.
I could remember Ma , sometimes - darkeyed and mostly smiling, smelling of the black clay she worked with, making pots for the villagers and delicate pieces for the

Governor. Or maybe I imagined her, like the songbirds.
'Good morning, little one.' Da limped from the kitchen. I rushed to take the milk pail and cups he was carrying.
'You shouldn't walk without your stick,' I scolded.
Da had broken his leg as a young man, leaping from the jetty of an Æygptian port on to a moving ship, and now used a walking stick carved from a fragment of his great-grandfather's fishing boat. It was my favourite thing out of the many favourite things in the room. Light as paper, it floated in even the thinnest skim of water, but most miraculously of all it glowed in the dark. Da said it was because of the sap, but I knew it was magic.
I hurried to clear a space on the table, shifting the Himalay Mountains on to a shelf.
Da poured the milk into Ma's jug, then settled down on the bench next to me and grinned. 'Pick a pocket.'
I rolled my eyes. 'Left.'
He wiggled his eyebrows like two black caterpillars. 'Right answer.' He pulled a small jar from his pocket.
'Pine honey!' I unscrewed the lid and the smell filled my nostrils, making my mouth water. 'Thank you, Da.'
'Nothing but the best for your first day back at school.'
I shrugged. 'It's only school...'
'Oh, well, I suppose I'll just have to eat all of this myself, then...' He took the open jar and mimed pouring the honey into his mouth.
'No!' I grabbed it back. 'You're right, it's a very important day. I'm only surprised you didn't get two jars.'
The honey was so good I hardly noticed the porridge was burnt, but when I looked up Da's food was untouched. He was sitting in that hunched way that meant he was thinking. His hand rested on the milk jug and I could see the pulse in his wrist. His eyes had a faraway look.
First days of school were hard for both of us. I cleared away my bowl as quietly as possible and pushed his closer to his hand. 'T'll see you later, Da.'
When he didn't answer I picked up my satchel and left the house, closing the peeling green door gently behind me.

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## TYPES OF SENTENCES

## Statements

Statements are sentences which tell you something. They end with a full stop.

Rainbows have 7 colours. They are beautiful to look at.

## Questions

Questions are sentences that ask you something. They usually end with a question mark.


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## Commands

Commands are sentences that tell you to do something. They are found in instructions but can also be urgent or angry and can be very short.


## Exclamations

An exclamation is a sentence beginning with 'What' or 'How'. It is a full sentence, including a verb, which ends with an exclamation mark.



## Hiring Now - All Positions!

Are you a talented mathematician or scientist? Your country, which faces trials and tribulations, needs you to enlist. Join our elite organisation and make sure America is victorious. What an important moment in history this is!
There are a number of positions, to fill: typist, electrician...

## Flashbock 4

I) Multiply I,305 by 6
2) A square has an area of $64 \mathrm{~m}^{2}$

What is the length of one of its sides?

3) Which of these is a prime number? IO, II and I5
4) Find the sum of 199 and 198

MATHS WORKING WALL-MULTIPLICATION

Our journey so far...
Key Vocabulary

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


CLICK HERE TO GO BACK TO HOMEPAGE

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| Key Vocabulary |
| :---: |
| multiply |
| groups of |
| lots of |
| times |
| divide |
| share |
| remainder |
| factor |
| multiple |
| product |

Multiply, 2 digits, by 2 digits,
$23 \times 31$
$23 \times 31$


Multiply the ones. Place the answer under the ones.



Multiply the ones of the lower cotumn by the tens of the top column. Write the answer under the tens. column. 路


Place zero in the ones (we're now multiplying by 10s).


Multiply the tens. Place the answer in the hundreds cotumn. colum.


Add your two rows of answers together.
the ones in the top column. Write the answer in the tens column next to the 0 .


Multiply the tens of the bottom column by


## Complete the multiplication.



Tommy is calculating $1,234 \times 26$ a) Complete his working out.

b) Fill in the grid to check Tommy's working is accurate. You may use place value counters to help.

| $\times$ | 1,000 | 200 | 30 | 4 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 20 |  |  |  |  |
| 6 |  |  |  |  |

(3) Rosie is calculating $2,541 \times 42$ Here is Rosie's working.

| 2 | 5 | 4 | 1 | $\begin{aligned} & (2,541 \times 2) \\ & (2,541 \times 40) \end{aligned}$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| $\times$ |  | 4 | 2 |  |
| 4. | 0 | 8 | 2 |  |
| 8 | 0 | 6 | 4 |  |
| $1{ }_{1} 2$ | 1. | 4 | 6 |  |

a) Rosie has made two mistakes. What are they?
b) What is the correct answer?



Work out the multiplications.
a) $4,284 \times 23$
b) $2,142 \times 46$


What do you notice?A machine makes 2,734 boxes every hour.
The machine works for 3 hours each day.
a) How many boxes will it make in 12 days?
$\square$
b) Compare methods with a partner. Were there any other ways you could have worked out the answer?
6) Work out $378 \times 7 \times 12$

Show your method clearly

$\square$

a) Using all the digit cards, create 4 different calculations and work out the answer to each.
b) Write your answers in ascending order.
c) What is the smallest product that can be made? $\square$

8 Amir scores 4,680 points in a computer game for 12 games in a row. Whitney scores 2,512 points every game for 24 games.

## Who scores more points?

$\square$

| Spellings |
| :--- |
| dependable |
| comfortable |
| understandable |
| reasonable |
| enjoyable |
| reliable |
| possible |
| horrible |
| terrible |
| incredible |



## THE MOON

## The Moon

The Moon is the only natural satellite of Earth. It orbits the Earth approximately once every 30 days. It is clearly visible to the naked eye from the surface of the Earth. The rotation of the Moon and its orbit mean that one side of the Moon always faces Earth, and the other faces away.

## Exploration of the Moon

Since the 1950s, humans have sent robotic spacecraft to explore the Moon. 1969, the Apollo 11 mission landed 2 humans on the Moon. The Moon is the only body other than the Earth that has had humans on its surface.

## How was the Moon formed?

There have been lots of different theories about how the Moon was formed. Some astronomers thought that the Moon and the Earth formed near to each other at the same time. Some astronomers thought that it formed elsewhere and was captured by the Earth's gravity and ended up in orbit around it.

is that about 4.5 billion years ago, when the solar system was young, the Earth was hit a glancing blow by a body the size of Mars, which has been named Theia. This knocked material off the Earth and into orbit around it. This material eventually

[^0]The most accepted hypothesis
 clumped together due to its own gravity and formed the Moon. The evidence supporting this idea includes the fact that the Moon is made of very similar materials to the Earth.


## The Moon

How do the Earth and Moon move?
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$

How was the Moon formed?
Has the Moon been explored?
$\qquad$
Has the Moon been explored?


[^0]:    Watch the two
    links below-
    https://WWW.yout ube.com/watch? $v$ =B-b4XvuQoly
    https://www.yout ube.com/watch? =6AviDjR9mmo

