Homework (4th October 2019, due Wednesday, 9th October 2019)

What an exciting week we had. A big thank you to the parent helpers

Reading: Please keep up reading daily and record what you have read in your diary.

Spellings: We will continue securing the spellings from the previous year. Please write the following words neatly. Then, write an interesting, complex sentence with it, e.g.:

centre – According to the heliocentric view, the sun is in the centre of our universe, while for a long time, people followed the geocentric view believing the earth was in the universe's centre.

centre	difficult	early	enough	favourite

group	increase	medicine	occasionally	peculiar

English:
1. Create a short factfile (and present it in an appealing way) about **Louis Sacher**, the author of our class-novel "There is a boy in the girls' bathroom" (country, age, education, hobbies, favourite topics, inspirations etc.).
2. Choose one of the attached poems and learn it of by heart for the class to enjoy.
3. Up-Level the sentences using adjective and powerful verbs. **Challenge**: Also include subordinating and relative clauses.
   a. The boy used to hate Maths.
   b. The scientist looked into the sky.
   c. The witch climbed onto her broom.
   d. The man walked up the hill.
   e. The cat walked along the wall.

Maths: This work will again be set on Mathletics. (We aim to set tasks before Saturday morning.)

Maths-Homework-Challenge: Create a number story (worded problem) for the following calculations. Please, also solve them.

A) 6583-2945= _____

B) 85,834-6649= _____

Have a lovely weekend,
The Year 5 team

The Morning rush
Into the bathroom,
Turn on the tap.
Wash away the sleepiness –
Splish! Splosh! Splash!

Into the bedroom,
Pull on your vest.
Quickly! Quickly!
Get yourself dressed.

Down to the kitchen.
No time to lose.
Gobble up your breakfast.
Put on your shoes.

Back to the bathroom.
Squeeze out the paste.
Brush, brush, brush your teeth.
No time to waste.

Look in the mirror.
Comb your hair.
Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry
Down the stairs.

Pick your school bag
Up off the floor.
Grab your coat
And out through the door.
By John Foster

Silver
Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.
By Walter De La Mare

The River
The River's a wanderer,
A nomad, a tramp,
He never chooses one place
To set up his camp.

The River's a winder,
Through valley and hill
He twists and he turns,
He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder
And he buries down deep
Those little treasures
That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,
He gurgles and hums,
And sounds like he's happily
Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,
As he dances along,
The countryside echoes
The notes of his song.

The River's a monster,
Hungry and vexed,
He's goggled up trees
And he'll swallow you next.
By Valerie Bloom

The Tyger
Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger, Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
By William Blake