




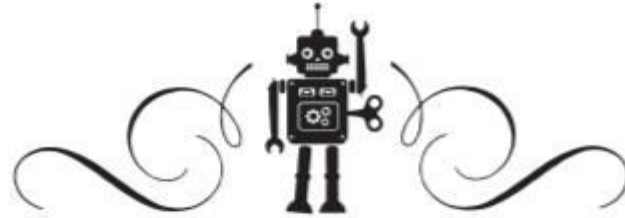


Thursday 7 <sup>th</sup> May 2020 <b>Home Learning – Year 6 - Week 3– Thursday</b>	
Reading 	<p><b>Go to pages 2 – 6 for the reading text.</b> This is the prologue to Monstrous Devices by Damien Love.</p> <p><b>Before reading</b></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. What do you think the story might be about based on the name of it?</li> </ol> <p><b>During Reading</b></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2. Collect the names of every new character you meet.</li> </ol> <p><b>After Reading</b></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3. Which character do you think is the most important and why?</li> </ol>
Writing 	<p>Today, you will be focusing on using direct speech to write quotes. Mr Fozzard will be teaching you again; <b>click the link below to access the lesson.</b></p> <p><a href="https://www.thenational.academy/year-6/english/newspaper-using-direct-speech-to-write-quotes-year-6-wk1-4/">https://www.thenational.academy/year-6/english/newspaper-using-direct-speech-to-write-quotes-year-6-wk1-4/</a></p> <p>We recommend setting aside 1 hour to complete this lesson.</p>
Maths 	<p><b>Follow the link below to access the lesson.</b> In today’s lesson, you will be learning how to subtract fractions with different denominators and find term to term rules in fraction subtraction sequences.</p> <p><a href="https://www.thenational.academy/year-6/maths/subtract-fractions-year-6-wk2-4">https://www.thenational.academy/year-6/maths/subtract-fractions-year-6-wk2-4</a></p>
Topic 	<p><b>Science</b></p> <p>Today, you will be revising the digestive system!</p> <p>On page 7, you will find a drawing of the human digestive system. Can you label all the parts on the diagram? You will find a list of the parts below the diagram to help you but see what you can do without looking at them first!</p> <p>This video will help you to identify them: <a href="https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZBZWgrfZfBU">https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZBZWgrfZfBU</a></p> <p>You do not have to print this page – you could also write the names of the parts in your exercise book.</p>
Fabulous Finish 	<p><b>Don’t forget to do at least 30 minutes Reading for Pleasure!</b></p> <p><b>We recommend:</b> Alice in Wonderland. This is one of Miss Tooze’s favourite audio books! <a href="https://stories.audible.com/pdp/B015D78L0U?ref=adbl_ent_anon_ds_pdp_pc_pg-1-cntr-0-4">https://stories.audible.com/pdp/B015D78L0U?ref=adbl_ent_anon_ds_pdp_pc_pg-1-cntr-0-4</a></p> <p><b>Arithmetic:</b> 1) <math>342 + 1,000.4</math>    2) <math>66 \div 3</math>    3) <math>\frac{4}{5} + \frac{3}{5}</math>    4) <math>12,320 \div 22</math></p> <p><b>Spellings:</b> vicious, gracious, ambitious, cautious, spacious, fictitious, malicious, nutritious.</p>

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## Reading Text



## A PROLOGUE IN PRAGUE

SNOW IS FALLING on the city of Prague.

Soft white against a sharp black skyline, it dances around the castle spires and wisps past the patient statues of the church of St. Nicholas. It flurries over fast-food restaurants' glowing signs, drifts down on cobblestones, tarmac and tram-lines. Old women in headscarves shiver and street vendors selling hot sausages stamp their feet in Wenceslas Square. Bleary young tourists' teeth chatter outside bars in the Old Town.

A tall man and a small girl stalk through the snow. The man wears a long black coat and a homburg hat. He clutches a cane. The girl's black coat reaches her ankles, where purple-and-black-striped socks disappear inside heavy black boots. She looks nine or ten, with a pale, round face framed by long black hair.

They cut briskly across the Old Town Square: past grumbling workmen struggling to erect a huge, eighty-foot Christmas

tree; past the house where a famous writer lived an unhappy life long ago; past an ancient cemetery crammed with graves like a smashed mouth filled with broken teeth.

For each of the man's long strides, the girl must take three, yet she easily matches his angry pace. The city grows older around them as they walk. The light is fading, the day turning blue beneath a heavy slate sky. The snow is beginning to lie. It crumps under their feet. It frosts her hair like icing sugar. It gathers in the nooks and crannies of the strange metal straps that encase each of his boot-heels like heavy surgical supports.

They come eventually to a narrow street, barely more than an alley between ageing buildings, dark, save for a single yellow light burning in a shop window bearing a sign painted in cheerful red:

BECKMAN'S TOYS

Behind the words, heavy red curtains frame a dusty display. Monkeys wearing fez hats brandish cymbals. Ventriloquists' dummies leer secret smiles at blushing Victorian dolls. Black bats hang from black threads alongside ducks with propellers on their heads and wooden policemen with bright red noses. Machine guns and ray guns, farting cushions, furry spiders and fake bloody fingers.

A line of robots marches through this chaos. Tiny cowboys

and cavalrymen battle rubber dinosaurs at the feet of fat tin spaceships.

The man in the long black coat pushes open the door, ushering the girl in ahead. A bell actually rings, a pleasing old sound of polished brass in the musty dim as they step inside. Around them, the little shop is a cluttered cosmos of toys. Squadrons of fighter planes and hot air balloons swarm the ceiling. Sailboats and rocket ships patrol shelves. Teddy bears are crammed into corners with rocking horses and dogs on wheels. Bright things new and old, of plastic, lead and wood, fake fur and cheap metal.

When they are certain there is no one else in the shop, the girl flips the sign from OPEN to CLOSED. Snapping the lock, she stands with her back to the door and folds her arms.

The man strides to the counter, heading on towards the back room, when a figure emerges from in there, pushing through the rattling hanging beads holding scissors and a roll of brown tape. A small man with severely cropped grey hair and big, round glasses, thick lenses reflecting the light, shabbily dressed but for an incongruously bright-yellow-with-black-polka-dots silk scarf knotted at his throat. A torn-off strip of brown tape hangs from the end of his nose.

“Snow is falling,” this little Beckman sings in a high burble, still frowning down at the tape in his hands. “Christmas is coming—”

Looking up to blink happily at his visitors, he stops abruptly.

The roll of tape drops from his hands. He swallows with difficulty.

“Eh . . .” He licks his lips. “Did you get him?”

The girl solemnly shakes her head. Pouting a frown that mockingly mirrors Beckman’s own, she twists her knuckles at the corners of her eyes in a *boo-hoo* pantomime, before refolding her arms.

Beckman swallows again as the tall man leans across the counter.

“You had it.”

“No. Please. I-I can explain,” Beckman begins, backing away.

The man looms farther over him, reaching out a sharp, pale hand. Beckman flinches, grabs protectively at the scarf around his neck and lets out a girlish shriek – it could be the word *no* – as the man rips the tape from his nose. Beckman laughs, a nervous and treacly too-loud giggle. He pretends to relax as the tall man rubs the tape into a ball between his slender grey fingers and lets it drop.

“Tape,” Beckman babbles. “On my nose. Always I’m putting it there. Forgetting. Packaging up a gift. A horse. Going to a little girl in Germany. Near my old hometown. A lovely little horsey. For a lovely little girl.”

He tries a grin on the girl. It curdles and dies as she glares back. She picks a toy revolver from a shelf. Still unsmiling, she aims at him, pulls the trigger. Without a sound, a tiny flag unfurls from the snout bearing a single word: BANG.

“Now,” Beckman stumbles on, faster. “Please. I can explain. Yes, you just have to believe me . . .” He trails off. In the toy shop silence, he has heard a small, distinct *click*.

Now the girl starts smiling.

“You *had* it,” the tall man in black says once more. “And you let it *go*.” He raises his arm again and there is something small and sharp, silvery and slivery in his hand, arcing down through the warm reddish air as all the monkeys and cowboys and ducks and dogs and dolls look on with their glass and painted eyes.

For the next few seconds, the sounds inside this toy shop are muffled and breathy, desperate, wet and horrid.

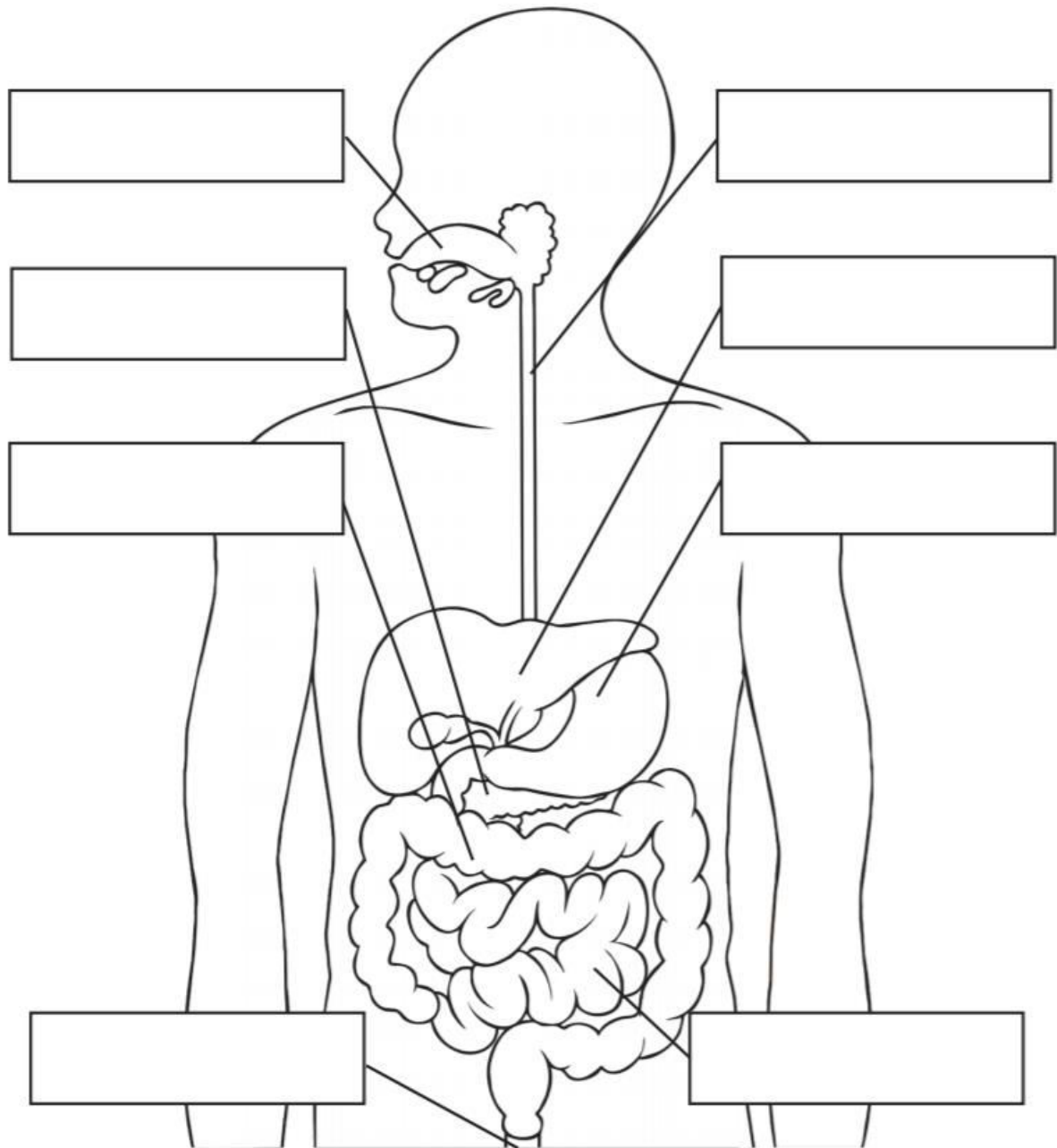
Outside, snow is falling on the city of Prague.

Lights are flickering on in the streets and squares and up in the mysterious windows of the high castle. White globe lamps glow along black bridges over the river, reflections restless in the cold, dark water.

The snow falls.

People hurry through the streets and it covers all their tracks.

## Science



Parts of the digestive system: oesophagus, anus, liver, small intestine, large intestine, mouth, pancreas, stomach.