




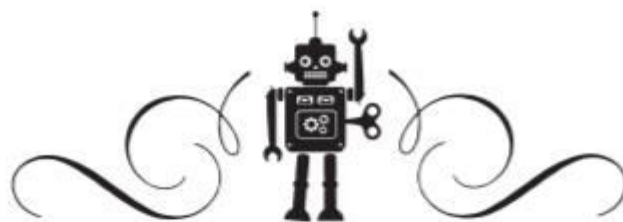


Friday 8th May 2020 <u>Home Learning – Year 6 - Week 3– Friday</u>	
Reading 	<p>Go to pages 2 – 6 for the reading text. This text is the same as yesterday: Monstrous Devices by Damien Love.</p> <p>Your readding questions are on page 7.</p>
Writing 	<p>Today you will be writing a newspaper report! Mr Fozzard will be teaching you again; click the link below to access the lesson.</p> <p>https://www.thenational.academy/year-6/english/newspaper-writing-a-newspaper-report-year-6-wk1-5/</p> <p>We recommend setting aside 1 hour to complete this lesson.</p>
Maths 	<p>Follow the link below to access the lesson. In today’s lesson, you will be learning how to solve fraction problems relating to shape, including calculating the perimeter and finding missing lengths.</p> <p>https://www.thenational.academy/year-6/maths/fractions-problem-solving-year-6-wk2-5</p>
Topic 	<p>History</p> <p>Turn to pages 9 and 10 for your work. All work can be completed in your exercise book.</p>
Fabulous Finish 	<p>Don’t forget to do at least 30 minutes Reading for Pleasure!</p> <p>We recommend: The beloved and wonderful Winnie-the-Pooh. What a treat! https://stories.audible.com/pdp/B002V1BPOQ?ref=adbl_ent_anon_ds_pdp_pc_pg-1-cntr-0-0</p> <p>Arithmetic: 1) $36 \div 6$ 2) 40% of 4,000 3) Simplify $\frac{45}{50}$ 4) 3% of 150</p> <p>Spellings: vicious, gracious, ambitious, cautious, spacious, fictitious, malicious, nutritious.</p> <p>Copy out these spelling, then use them in a sentence.</p>

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.

Reading questions

On page 1:

1. What are the workmen struggling with?
2. What is the small girl wearing?

On page 2:

1. Find and copy a word or phrase that shows how the man and the girl are feeling.
2. Find and copy three things that are in the toy shop display.

On page 3:





1. Why do you think the girl flips the sign from open to closed?
2. What do you think '*a cluttered cosmos of toys*' means?
3. Abruptly is closest in meaning to:
 - a) slowly
 - b) suddenly
 - c) calmly

Topic

Who Were the Gods and Goddesses?

- Although his name has not yet been discovered, **God L** was a very important figure. He is the god of war and merchants.
- **Ix Chel** was the Maya goddess of the moon, healing, medicine, waters and childbirth. Her name is thought to translate to 'Rainbow Lady'.
- **K'awiil** was the god of royalty, lightning, serpents and fertility. The Maya believed he protected royal lines and the coronation of new ruler.
- **Chaac** was the god of rain and lightning. His lightning axe could strike the clouds to create thunder and rain.
- **Yum Kaax** was the 'Lord of the forest' – god of wild plants and forest animals. He helped those who hunted and protected the fields from wild animals

Task: Fill in the following table, using the information above. You could either print the table or copy it out into your exercise book. To improve your work even further, you could do some of your own research about these gods and goddesses and their role in Maya Society.

Name	Image	Roles
Ix Chel		
Yum Kaax		
'God L'		
K'awiil		
Chaac	