P7 Core Learning Tasks

**Writing**

**Learning Intention: To be able to write an imaginative story.**

Success Criteria

* Everyday expectations
* Exciting vocabulary to describe and build suspense
* Connective words
* Different openers to link your paragraphs together
* Ambitious Punctuation (speech marks, commas, exclamation marks, ellipsis)

Read this story starter. You are going to use this as a ‘story starter’ for your own writing. Continue the story. You can write your story in your jotter or you can type it if you would prefer.

*Just minutes before, everything had been completely normal. He had sat eating his breakfast at the kitchen table, as he did every day of his life. It was only when he looked in the mirror that he realised something was wrong. For several seconds he had panicked, and a sick feeling grew in his stomach. His mouth felt dry and he started to sweat as he sprinted from room to room, trying in vain to find a reflection. How could this have happened? Of all days, why did it have to be today? This was the most important day of his life. He had to find help…*

**Reading**

**Learning Intention: To be able to read for information.**

Success Criteria

* Read the text carefully (you may wish to read it more than once/read out loud)
* Read the questions you have been given to answer
* Answer the questions in full sentences

Read the extract ‘Umbrella’ and answer the questions below. You can write your answers in your jotter or you can type it if you would prefer.

**Reading Task Text - Umbrella**

It was a cloudy night; the darkness covered the city like a thick blanket. The wind blew gusts of air smelling of car fumes through the streets; it sneaked under the cracks of doors and whispered down sooty chimneys.

Mr Bell hurried down a dark street, holding onto his bowler hat so that the harsh breeze couldn't steal it. The wind blew harder, almost blowing the short, stout man off-course. Eyes narrowed, Mr Bell tried again to walk into the path of the determined gale. A hazy drizzle of misty rain drifted down in sheets, making him shiver and cough. Cursing the cold, he drew his coat tighter around his large figure. As he made to clamp his hat to his head again, he spotted something black and flapping on the pavement. An umbrella!

His heart leapt; the umbrella would be perfect! Feeling pleased with himself, Mr Bell ran towards it and snatched it up. The handle was smooth and glossy, and the waterproof dome was black and very large.

As Mr Bell raised it above his head, something remarkable happened. He began to feel lighter as he ran over the cobbled street, holding tight. Lighter and lighter. With a gasp, he realised that his leather shoes were no longer making contact with the pavement. He was flying! The wind lifted him up like hundreds of hands, all pushing upwards.

With a delighted and shocked shout, Mr Bell gazed down at the sprawling city below him. The streetlamps looked like beautiful, luminous flowers reaching up to him. Cars reminded him of jewel-coloured beetles crawling through the concrete maze.

The wind led him towards the park; it was the only splash of green in a grey ocean of buildings and roads. Clutching the umbrella tightly, he drifted towards two bronze statues of lions guarding the park entrance. Mr Bell outstretched his free hand and reached towards one. As he passed, he patted it on its cold head. The lion roared deeply and shook its impressive mane, whilst watching the small man float past. Wide-eyed, Mr Bell swung himself away. The umbrella swayed dangerously and as he grasped the handle harder, he waited dizzily for the world to stop spinning.

Still the wind carried him on. He glanced back at the now still statues. The trees swayed in time with the umbrella as he drifted higher again. A white barn owl flew past Mr Bell like a winged ghost.

As he rose, he scanned the sprawling city for his house. There. He gently coaxed the umbrella down towards his street. The wind rushed down and with a bump, Mr Bell landed outside his house. He looked around to check that nobody had noticed him disembarking, before making his way up the garden path. The promise of light and warmth beckoned him inside. As he stood on the front porch, he folded the umbrella up and smiled as he thought about what an exciting bedtime story his daughters would have that night.

Questions

1. Which group of words show us how Mr Bell felt when he saw the umbrella?

2. What does the statement ‘wide-eyed’ suggest about how Mr Bell is feeling at that point in the story?

3. What does the phrase ‘determined gale’ suggest about the wind?

4.What might the character do next with the umbrella? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

5. Look at the phrase from the text - *‘it sneaked under the cracks of doors and whispered down sooty chimneys.’*

What type of figurative language is used here? (Remember examples of figurative language might be a metaphor, simile or personification)

**Numeracy**

**Learning Intention: I can work with the four operations using a variety of strategies to solve a calculation.**

Success Criteria

* Use more than one strategy for solving calculations and can check my calculation using a different strategy
* Use informal jottings and resources as required
* Use formal written methods to work out calculations

Choose a chilli challenge to complete from the grid below - mild = green, spicy = amber or hot = red.

Use more than one strategy e.g. partitioning, doubling etc. to solve the calculations.

Show your working in your jotter.

