

At home materials

Year 6 Weeks 5 to 8

Week 5

I have written answers to my reading questions in full sentences

I have written my own poem making it look and sound like a poem

I have responded to the grammar prompts

I have practiced the spellings and put 2-5 in my own sentences



Week 6

I have read the story carefully and answered the questions

I have produced a written advert (1-2 paragraphs)

I have responded to the grammar prompts

I have practiced the spellings and put 2-5 in my own sentences



Week 7

I have written answers to my reading questions in full sentences

I have re-written the chapter in the past tense (in summer)

I have responded to the grammar prompts

I have practiced the spellings and put 2-5 in my own sentences



Week 8

I have written answers to my reading questions in full sentences

I have written the next page of the story telling what happens next

I have responded to the grammar prompts

I have practiced the spellings and put 2-5 in my own sentences



This booklet consists of weekly tasks in all areas of English: reading, writing, grammar and spellings.

 **How do I use the booklet?**

- Set aside time each day to complete the weekly tasks, you don't have to do each one every day.
- Take your time to read and understand the extract. Ask an adult if you need help understanding the text.
- Read the instructions and questions carefully before you start a task.

 **How do the lessons work?**

Below are some suggested timings.

- **Reading** - 30 minutes daily
- **Writing** - 45 minutes daily
- **Grammar** - 5 minutes daily
- **Spelling** - 10 minutes daily

**Can parents, carers and siblings help?**

Yes, of course! Family members can help in the following ways:

- Read the extracts with you aloud.
- Gather all the exciting and difficult words you want to find out about or use in your writing and put them on display.
- Help you with the planning of the story
- Write a story at the same time as you. You could then compare your stories and check each other's writing.

**What else can I do if I love writing and I want more of a challenge?**

- Keep writing stories using your own ideas.
- Explore www.lovereadinglearning4kids.co.uk or www.newsela.com to find other extracts to read and write about.

These packs include the wonderful resources from:

Week 5: Reading and writing prompts

Be the Change - Promise Poem

Reading

Read the Poem 'Be the Change'

1. Who is the poem talking about?
2. How does mum help?
3. Why do you not notice them?
4. Why does mum say you should help people?

*Extension: Find out about the homeless charity Crisis. What do they do and how do they help? **Create a leaflet to share what you find.***

Writing

Write your own poem about a time you have helped someone in need. Use this space to jot down some ideas.



Week 5: Grammar and Spelling prompts

Grammar

Circle the four prepositions in this sentence.

On a mountain bike, you can cycle across rocky ground, along muddy paths and over harsh terrain.

Circle the three verbs in the passage below.

There were hundreds of gulls circling in the sky. They gathered near the dock, searching for scraps.

Circle the possessive pronoun in this sentence.

When Mum saw that I was wearing Oliver's gloves, she wanted to know where mine were.

Underline the subject of the sentence below.

The tightrope walker carried a balancing pole.

Rewrite the two sentences as one sentence using an appropriate coordinating conjunction.

We have time to play a game. We will have to finish it before dinner

Spelling

Practise each word. Choose two and write their definitions. Choose two to write in sentences.

foreign

forty

frequently

government guarantee

harass

hindrance

identity

immediate(ly)



Week 6 : Reading and writing prompts

Monstrous Devices - Prologue

Reading

Before reading-

Predict what you think the story might be about based on the name of it.

During reading-

Collect the names of every new character you meet.

After reading- *Which character do you think is the most important and why?*

Writing

Design an advert.

Draw and then write a paragraph describing the toy the girl desperately wants.

- *All we know is that the toy is a 'him'.*
- *What does it look like?*
- *How big is it?*
- *What does it do?*



Week 6: Grammar and Spelling prompts

Grammar

Write two sentences for each word. First, use it as a noun. Then, use it as a verb.

tower picture spell

Rewrite this passage so it is in present tense.

The translucent leaves fluttered in the breeze as the deer grazed amongst the foliage. As one, they went across the glade and ate every last flower.

Circle all the adverbs in this passage.

Unfortunately, Sarah lost the game of snakes and ladders. Her and her sister play often and usually Sarah won: this time, she narrowly missed out. Sarah really wanted to play again but her sister decided to read.

Rewrite this sentence in active voice.

The penguins were chased by the hungry polar bear.

Rewrite this sentence using direct speech. Remember to use inverted commas.

Hamza said that I could borrow his copy of the book.

Spelling

Practise each word. Choose two and write their definitions. Choose two to write in sentences.

neighbour

opportunity

physical

nuisance

parliament

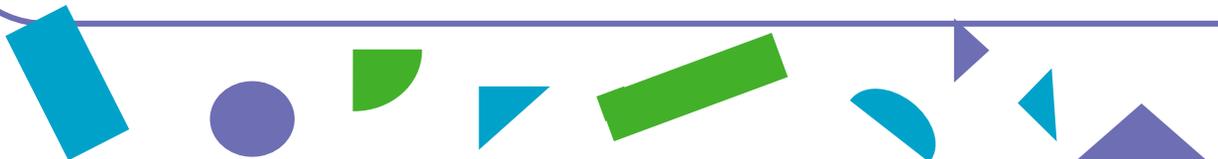
prejudice

occupy

persuade

privilege

occur



Week 7: Reading and writing prompts

Monstrous Devices - Prologue

Reading

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

Writing

Re-write this chapter in past tense. Change the season to summer. What key words do you need to change?



Week 7: Grammar and Spelling prompts

Grammar

Insert the correct prefix: use re- un- or anti-

- _____play
- _____dress
- _____social
- _____appear
- _____deniable

Write a synonym for these words. Then write sentences using each of your words.

shout hot small angry special

Write two sentences for each word. First, use it as a noun. Then, use it as a verb.

flood bargain heat

Rewrite this passage in the future tense.

I go to the shop on Monday. It is raining, so I take my spotty umbrella and wear my matching coat. I browse for a while and buy some chocolate and a magazine. I get home and curl up on the sofa.

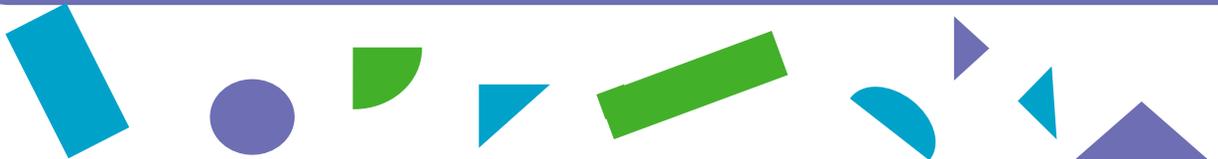
Circle the modal verbs in these sentences.

- a) Tomorrow, I might go to the cinema although I know I should complete my homework.
- b) Sarah will make it to the end of the marathon.
- c) Fred hopes it will stop raining; the forecast said it might.

Spelling

Practise each word. Choose two and write their definitions. Choose two to write in sentences.

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------|------------|
| profession | recognise | restaurant |
| programme | recommend | rhyme |
| pronunciation | relevant | rhythm |
| queue | | |



Week 8: Reading and writing prompts

Monstrous Devices - Prologue

Reading

On page 3:

1. The small man looks 'shabbily dressed' except for one thing. What is it?

On page 4:

1. Mockingly is closest in meaning to:

- a) sadly
- b) sarcastically
- c) happily

2. Why does Beckman have tape on his nose?

On page 5:

1. What object that is 'sharp, silvery and slivery' do you think is in the man's hands?

2. How do you think Beckman is feeling?

- a) happy
- b) scared
- c) anxious
- d) upset

Writing

What do you think might happen next? Write the next page of the story remembering to develop the main ideas of the first part.



Week 8: Grammar and Spelling prompts

Grammar

Write two sentences for each word. First, use it as a noun. Then, use it as a verb.

stand

watch

play

Select the correct word for the sentence.

- Zabeer didn't know **whether** / **weather** to go to the zoo or not.
- Fiona saw the **cue** / **queue** and decided not to wait.
- I tried to **steal** / **steel** my brother's last sweet: I failed.
- I hit the **break** / **brake** and luckily missed cycling over the branch lying in the path.

Write an antonym for these words. Then write sentences using each of your words.

friend

freezing

ancient

shimmering

generous

Rewrite each sentence using contracted forms of the underlined words. Remember the correct punctuation.

- Despite the colossal journey ahead, the dragon did not stop its flight.
- You are in trouble and will not go out to play today.
- Happily, they are now all safely back in their enclosure and are not able to escape again.

Insert relative clauses into these sentences. Use correct punctuation.

- Shauna fed the cat.
- Jacob cut the paper.

Spelling

Practise each word. Choose two and write their definitions. Choose two to write in sentences.

secretary

sincere/(ly)

sufficient

shoulder

soldier

suggest

signature

stomach

symbol



Extracts

Be The Change poems

Extract from [lovereading4kids](#): find out more about the book and the author



Monstrous Devices

Extract from [lovereading4kids](#): find out more about the book and the author



Be the Change

Liz Brownlee does readings and workshops, with her assistance dog, Lola, at schools, libraries, literary and nature festivals. She has fun organizing poetry retreats, exhibitions and events, and runs the poetry website Poetry Roundabout. She is a National Poetry Day Ambassador.

Matt Goodfellow is from Manchester. He spends his time writing and touring the UK and beyond visiting schools, libraries and festivals to deliver high-energy, inspirational poetry performances and workshops. Before embarking on his poetry career, Matt spent over 10 years as a primary school teacher. He is a National Poetry Day Ambassador.

Roger Stevens visits schools, libraries and festivals, performing his work and running workshops for young people and teachers. He is a National Poetry Day Ambassador, a founding member of the Able Writers scheme with Brian Moses and runs the award-winning poetry website www.poetryzone.co.uk for children and teachers.

*Other poetry titles from
Macmillan Children's Books*

The Same Inside

Reaching the Stars



**BE
THE
CHANGE**
POEMS TO HELP
YOU SAVE THE
WORLD

by

**Liz Brownlee,
Matt Goodfellow
Roger Stevens**

MACMILLAN
CHILDREN'S
BOOKS

*For Bob Alderdice and Rob Bostock, educating the
next generation – M. G.*

For Emmelie and Jem and all our children's children – L. B.

For the bees. Good luck! – R. S.



First published 2019 by Macmillan Children's Books
an imprint of Pan Macmillan
20 New Wharf Road, London N1 9RR
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com

ISBN 978-1-5290-1894-3

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the British Library.

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

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Promise

You see them in doorways
you see them in parks
there are so many of them
that after a while
you don't even notice them
We were in Nottingham
and one of them
played a tune on a toy xylophone
and Mum put a five pound note
in his cup
Mum says
as you grow up
you'll find that life doesn't always turn out
as planned
You have to help people
if you can

Roger Stevens

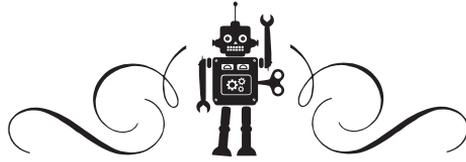
Crisis, a charity for the homeless, says the latest figures showed that 4,751 people slept rough across England on any given night in 2017.

Are You Flushed?

Flushing loos will use a quarter
Of your day's amount of water
'If it's yellow, let it mellow'
Science says just let it be
Save the planet, save your wee!

Liz Brownlee

You can help! Yes, it's true – scientists say that it is fine to leave your wee in the loo, and saving water saves energy as well as water, because it has to be pumped through pipes every time you turn on a tap or flush the toilet. You can also save water by turning off the tap in between rinsing your toothbrush.



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.

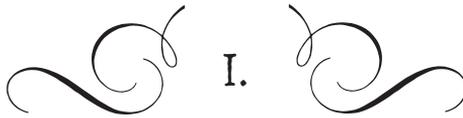
For the next few seconds, the sounds inside this toy shop are muffled and breathy, desperate, wet and horrid.

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.



THE GIFT

“THIS ONE IS special,” his grandfather had told him. And it was.

Alex sat at his desk, alone in his bedroom, gazing at the old toy robot that stood beside his laptop, when he should have been looking at the screen.

The cursor blinked impatiently at him from his unfinished composition on the symbolism of the novel they were reading in English. He had started to write about decaying teeth, then given up. He didn't know what decaying teeth were supposed to symbolise, except maybe decay. He couldn't stretch that to eight hundred words.

The computer's clock showed 11:34 p.m. He leaned and pulled back the curtain. Outside, snow fell from a low and heavy British sky, grey clouds stained orange by drab suburban streetlights. A thin, grey-looking fox ran into the small back garden, something white in its mouth. The animal stopped,

dropped whatever it was carrying, then lifted its head and barked out its harsh and awful cry.

As always, whenever he heard that shriek, Alex felt a chill crawl up his spine, over his scalp. The loneliest sound in the world.

The fox stood, head cocked. It screeched again. Faintly, Alex heard another, higher, answering bark. The fox picked up its food and trotted off. The friendless sound was not so friendless after all.

His computer chimed and his phone vibrated. On each, eight new messages. From eight different people. All saying the same thing:

YOUR GETTING IT PATHETIC FREAK

He deleted them, looked at his essay, typed some words, deleted them. He leaned back heavily in his chair.

His eyes settled on the photograph of his father on the wall above his desk. The only photograph he had ever seen of him. “Never liked anyone taking his picture,” his mum always said when she looked at it, in the same sad, apologetic tone.

It showed the two of them, his dad and mum, caught in a red-black party haze. His mum young and happy, with bad hair. His dad behind, half turned away, blurring in the shadows. A vague, tall man, black hair pushed back from a high forehead. For the millionth time, Alex found himself squinting

at the picture, trying almost to will it into focus. For the millionth time, the man refused to become any clearer.

His gaze returned to the robot. A small, bright army of these things lined three shelves above his desk, tin and plastic toy robots of all shapes and sizes, from all corners of the world. Battery-operated and clockwork, some new, the majority decades old. Many still in their deliriously illustrated boxes, or standing proudly beside them.

A few he had found himself, in charity shops and online auctions. Most, though, the oldest and strangest, the most fantastic, had come from his grandfather, his father's father, who had started his collection and his fascination.

The old man picked up these toys on his travels around the globe and this newest robot – or rather, this oldest, for Alex sensed it was very old indeed – had just arrived out of the blue a few days earlier: a brick-shaped package in the post, brown paper tied with string, his grandfather's spidery scribble across the front. The parcel bore stamps and postmarks Alex didn't recognise at first – *Praha, Česká Republika* – and when he tore it open, he discovered newspaper scrunched up as wrapping inside, printed in a language that made no sense to him.

There was a plain white postcard, too, with his grandfather's scrawl, elegant yet somehow hasty:

Greetings from sunny Prague!

What do you say to this ugly little brute?