

Hello Room 4, from Mrs Hancock and Poppy!

I hope your weekend wasn't too wet and you were able to get outside to play! Today's picture is of my two grandsons Max and Blake. They came for a sleepover last weekend and we had a 'quiet' game of Junior Monopoly (I won!).

Feel free to email (debbie.hancock@kaeo.school.nz)

If you would like your Study Ladder password and username, just email me and I will let you know what it is.



Read the story 'Nothing' By Mick Inkpen

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SJhrFNGbwNI> Or by reading it on the sheet at the bottom of this page.

After you have read the story, complete the tasks below:

1. Highlight all the adjectives (describing words) you can find in the story below.
2. Design a little cloth cat of your own, give him a great name.

My Favourite Toy

1. Write a story about your favourite toy, explain why it is your favourite and some of the adventures you have been on with it.
2. We have been working on using adjectives (describing words) in our writing, so make sure you include some in your writing.

For example: On *unsteady* legs he followed *dusty* paw prints.



Maths – At the Amusement Park

Your job this week is to design your own amusement park.

Write your own menu with price list.

You can rename the amusement parks:

for example: forest adventures

Use the same challenge rules as before.

The Challenge

Your Mum and Dad have surprised you with a weekend at the amusement park. You can choose one friend to take. You will all be there for Saturday and Sunday.

Use the Menu page to help you solve this problem.

1. You will be there for two days.
2. There are two children and two adults.
3. You have a budget of \$500 for the weekend.
4. You need to eat two meals per day at the park.
5. You need to spend as much of the budget as you can.



Here is your spelling list for this week—your goal is to be able to correctly spell each word by the end of the week.

List 3: all, came, have, like, said, are, day, her, mum, some

List 4: good, off, school, very, has, old, see, well, him, house

List 5: found, made, something, want, friend, man, still, way, fun, more

List 6: eat, four, it's, live, end, gave, lot, even, getting, I'll

List 7: fast, happy, parents, tea, father, help, picked, than, few, hole

List 8: everyday, luckily, video, can't, nearly, wasn't, caught, excited, watch, centre

Te Reo Maori: whitu = seven waru= 8

Look Cover Say Write Check

LOOK ...at the sounds, or parts of the words so you read the word.

COVER ...the word. Try to see the word and all its sounds in your head.

SAY ...each sound or part of the word while revealing a finger.

WRITE ...the word in alternating colours.

CHECK ...your work.



Sound of the Week: 'a_e' The Magic 'e' sound

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c3oA4wfUBak>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K-rT4wJe-fQ>

Below is a practice sheet for adding the magic 'e' to different words. Make lists to include all of the words.

What do they sound like with and without the magic 'e' on them.

Magic e
Read and connect the words with the pictures. Write the e behind the word and connect again. One is done for you.

 tub	tap	rob	pin	can	pet	pop	cap	win	cub
									
rob__	tub <u>e</u>	pin__	tap__	pop__	can__	cap__	Pet__	cub__	win__
									

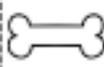
You did it again!!

IBLCollective.com

Name: _____

match the picture

Add a magic e to the end of the words and then paste the matching picture.

rob__	
bik__	
tap__	
kit__	
can__	
bon__	
hid__	
cub__	



Nothing

Written By Mick Inkpen



A new baby is on the way. The family are moving out of Number 47 to a bigger house round the corner. The cat has gone missing. But everything is packed and ready to go. Nothing has been left behind...



The little thing in the attic at Number 47 had forgotten all about daylight. It had been squashed in the dark for so long that it could remember very little of anything. Stuck beneath years of junk, it could not recall how it felt to stand up, or to stretch out its arms. So long had it been there, even its own name was lost. 'I wonder who I am,' it thought. But it could not remember.



The day came when the family that lived at Number 47 were to move. All day long the little thing listened to thuds and thumps and the sound of tramping feet in the house below, until at last the attic door was flung open and large hands began to stuff cardboard boxes full of junk.

The little thing felt the weight on top of it gradually lighten, and suddenly the glare of a torch beam stung its eyes. 'What have we got here?' said a voice. 'Oh it's nothing,' said another voice, 'Let the new people get rid of it.'



The torch was switched off. The boxes were carried out. And moments later, somewhere down below, the front door slammed shut. Number 47 was empty. 'So that's my name,' thought the little thing, 'Nothing!'

For the first time in a very long time, Nothing sat up. He looked around him at the cobwebs and shafts of dusty moonlight. Then in the quiet he heard the patter of feet and a mouse came running towards him.



'New People always try to get rid of you,' it said, without introducing itself. It looked at him. 'Seen you under the rug. What are you?' 'Nothing,' replied Nothing. 'Well, nothing or not, you can't stay here, not with New People coming,' said the mouse. It hurried off.



Nothing struggled to his feet. On unsteady legs he followed the dusty paw prints. The mouse stopped by a moonlit gap under the eaves. 'Through there,' it said. 'Gook luck!' With a wiggle of its tail it disappeared under the floorboards.

'I used to have a tail!' thought Nothing suddenly. He felt sure of it.



How do you think you would feel if you had been squashed in the dark for years and years. And then you squeezed through a tiny hole to find yourself under the big starry sky? Well, there are no words for that kind of feeling, so I won't try to tell you how Nothing felt, except to say that he sat on the roof staring up at the moon and stars for a very long time. He was still staring upwards as he made his way along the gutter, which is why he fell straight down the drainpipe!

Nothing rolled into the garden and sat up. 'What on earth are you?' said a silky voice. The fox, for that is what it was, left the dustbin and trotted towards him. 'I'm Nothing,' said Nothing. The fox sniffed at him. Its whiskers quivered. Its ears pricked.

'I used to have ears and whiskers!' thought Nothing suddenly. He was sure of it. The fox spoke again. 'Nothing,' it said disdainfully. 'Nothing worth eating, that's for sure.' It trotted away silently.





Nothing wandered into the garden and came across a lily pond. There a frog sat gently croaking. As Nothing approached it plopped into the water, and with a kick of its stripy legs it disappeared from view.

'I used to have stripes!' thought Nothing. 'I'm sure I did!' the ripples cleared and Nothing found himself staring at his own reflection. It was odd. It was ugly. 'What are you?' it said to Nothing sadly. A tear rolled up its face and splashed onto the surface of the pond. The ugly face disappeared among the ripples. 'What are you?' repeated Nothing.

'I'm a cat!' said a loud voice. 'Who's asking?' A big lolloping tabby cat tumbled out from behind a bush, and grinned at Nothing. Nothing opened his mouth to explain that he had been talking to himself, and that he did not know what he was, and that he was lost, and that he had just been sniffed by a horrible fox, and that he was feeling very miserable. But instead he found himself shuddering and shaking, as great uncontrollable sobs quivered up his little raggedy body, and sat him on the ground.



After a while Nothing stopped crying. The cat lay down beside him. Between Nothing's loud sniffs it told him all about itself. How its name was Toby, and how it came from a long line of Toby's.

'I live in the house,' it said. 'At least I used to. We moved round the corner today. They think I'm lost. But it's all the same to me. Number 47, Number 97, what's the difference? It's all my patch. D'you want to see?' Nothing sniffed once more and nodded.



'Course you do!' said the cat. It picked up Nothing and sprang onto the garden wall. Nothing had never ridden through the night in a cat's mouth before. It whisked him up through the branches of a tree and out onto the rooftops, where they sped along, with the moon racing them behind the chimney pots.

'I'm taking you the long way round,' panted the cat. 'It's more fun!'

All the while, joggling along inside Nothing's head, there was a thought trying to get out. It felt like an important thought. It had something to do with the cat.

The cat jumped the fence at Number 97 and trotted in through the back door. He found an old man dozing in a chair surrounded by unpacked boxes.

'That's Grandpa,' whispered the cat to Nothing, and dropped him on the old man's lap. 'So there you are!' said Grandpa waking up. 'What have you brought me this time?' He put on his glasses and looked at Nothing. 'Good heavens! Look everyone! Look what Toby's found!'



Nothing looked up at Grandpa and saw a face he knew. The important thought inside his head popped open like a jack-in-a-box.



The family gathered round to look. 'What is it, Grandpa?' said the children. But Grandpa was busy rummaging among the cardboard boxes. 'I know it's here somewhere,' he said. 'Ah, there it is!'

He pulled out an old photograph album and opened it, turning the pages until he came to a fading photograph of a baby.

'That's me!' he said. 'And that's Toby's Great Great Great Grandfather. And this,' he said, tapping the photograph and tickling Nothing's tummy with his forefinger, 'this is Little Toby!'

At last Nothing remembered who he was. Though he had no ears, nor whiskers, no tail and no stripes, he was certain a little cloth tabby cat whose name was not Nothing, but Little Toby. And this, with the help of a good wash, some scraps of material, a needle and some thread is how he became Little Toby once more.

When the new baby arrived, Little Toby was handed back to Grandpa who tucked him carefully in the cot. And straight away the new baby began to chew on his ear, which if it had been your ear would probably have hurt a little, but since it belonged to a little cloth cat, did not hurt in the slightest.

