

Maple Class 23.02.21: Year 3

Emotional Well-Being:

Taking time for yourself to do something that relaxes you is so important. I personally like to read books set in foreign countries to relax me; it makes me feel like I am having an adventure from my sofa! Today, I would like you to spend some time thinking about what makes you feel relaxed and happy.

Possible Activity for today:

Can you do a funny dance to this song?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J-60Pl4xdng>

English:

This half term we are going to be reading the incredible book 'Flat Stanley' which is one of my all-time favourites! I have typed out the entire book and I will be attaching the relevant chapters each day. Today, I would like you to read chapter 3. If you are working with a grown up, they can ask you the questions as you are reading or when you are finished. Once you have read the chapters, please complete the written task.

Presentation expectations:

- Lined paper, writing pencil.
- Neatest handwriting.
- Dictionary to check your spellings if you are not sure.

Maths:

This half term we are solely focusing on fractions. Because Year 3 missed this unit in Year 2 due to the pandemic, they will be working on the same topics to begin with. Today we are going to be doing a practical activity to give you some strategies to solve problems. We are looking at making equal groups which links to your knowledge of multiplication and division. I have made a video explaining some of this and it also has the tasks I would like you to do today. To prepare, please get a bowl, some glasses or beakers and some small objects such as marbles, buttons, pasta or lego. My video will be available on Class Dojo.

Watch these videos to help you:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IIDsR4uDIJ0&ab_channel=LauraGilbert

Collective Worship:

Can anyone remember what fasting means? Can anyone tell me why some people fast during Lent? Lent

is traditionally described as the 40 days before Easter Sunday, but can anyone work out how many days there are (not including 29th February) between the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday and Easter which is six and a half weeks later? So if there

are 46 days between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday, can anyone tell me why there are only 40 days in Lent? Well traditionally, Christians would not fast on Sundays, so 46 minus the 6 Sundays in Lent equal 40 days. (Some Christians celebrate Lent for a little longer). Lent is the time when Christians

are reminded to think about their own lives. Those that do fast food, naturally feel hungry. This hunger reminds them to be thankful for what they have got whilst at the same time reminding them to help others in the UK and around the world that do not have enough food to eat.

Time to reflect

Are you thankful when your needs are met?

Why do you think fasting may remind people to help others?

Reflection (Prayer)

(Dear God)

During this time of Lent, help us all to remember to be thankful for all the good things we have, whether they are a need or a want. May we be reminded to help those in the UK and around the world that do not have enough food to eat. *(Amen)*

RE:

Please see the work set by Miss Swan.

Work:

Maths:

Please see Class Dojo for the video with some tasks in.

English:

Flat Stanley:

Chapter 3: Stanley the kite

Mr Lambchop had always liked to take the boys off with him on Sunday afternoons to a museum or roller-skating in the park, but it was difficult when they were crossing streets or moving about in crowds. Stanley and Arthur would often be jostled from his side and Mr Lambchop worried about speeding taxis or that hurrying people might accidentally knock them down.

It was easier after Stanley got flat.

Mr Lambchop discovered that he could roll Stanley up without hurting him at all. He would tie a piece of string around Stanley to keep him from unrolling and make a little lip in the string for himself. It was as simple as carrying a parcel, and he could hold on to Arthur with the other hand.

Stanley did no mind being carried because he had never much liked to walk. Arthur didn't like walking either, but he had to. It made him mad.

One Sunday afternoon, in the street, they met an old college friend of Mr Lambchop's, a man he had not seen for years.

"Well, George, I see you have bought some wallpaper," the man said. "Going to decorate your house, I suppose?"

"Wallpaper?" said Mr Lambchop. "Oh, no. This is my son, Stanley."

He undid the string and Stanley unrolled.

"How do you do?" Stanley said.

"Nice to meet you, young feller," the man said. He said to Mr Lambchop, "George, that boy is flat."

"Smart too," Mr Lambchop said. "Stanley is third from the top in his class at school."

"Phooey!" said Arthur.

“This is my younger son, Arthur,” Mr Lambchop said. “And he will apologise for his rudeness.”

Arthur could only blush and apologise.

Mr Lambchop rolled Stanley up again and they set out for home. It rained quite hard while they were on the way. Stanley, of course, hardly got wet at all, just around the edges, but Arthur got soaked.

Late that night Mr and Mrs Lambchop heard a noise out in the living room. They found Arthur lying on the floor near the bookcase. He had piled a great many volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica on top of himself.

“Put some more on me,” Arthur said when he saw them. “Don’t just stand there. Help me.”

Mr and Mrs Lambchop sent him back to bed, but the next morning they spoke to Stanley.

“Arthur can’t help being jealous,” they said. “Be nice to him. You’re his big brother, after all.”

Stanley and Arthur were in the park. The day was sunny, but windy too, and many older boys were flying beautiful, enormous kites with long tails, made in all the colours of the rainbow.

Arthur sighed. “Some day,” he said, “I will have a big kite and I will win a kite-flying contest and be famous like everyone else. Nobody knows who I am these days.”

Stanley remembered what his parents had said. He went to a boy whose kite was broken and borrowed a large spool of string.

“You can fly me, Arthur,” he said. “Come on.”

He attached the string to himself and gave Arthur the spool to hold. He ran lightly across the grass, sideways to get up speed, and then he turned to meet the breeze.

Up, up, up....UP! went Stanley, being a kite.

He knew just how to manage on the gust of wind.

He faced full into the wind if he wanted to rise, and let it take him from behind when he wanted speed. He had only to turn his thin edge to the wind, carefully, a little at a time, so that it did not hold him, and then he would slip gracefully down towards the earth again.

Arthur let out all the string and Stanley soared high above the tress, a beautiful sight in his pale sweater and bright brown trousers, against the pale-blue sky.

Everyone in the park stood still to watch.

Stanley swooped right and then left in long, matched swoops. He held his arms by his side and zoomed at the ground like a rocket and curved up again towards the sun. He slide slipped and circled, and made figure eights and crosses and a star.

Nobody has ever flown the way Stanley Lambchop flew that day. Probably no one ever will again.

After a while, of course, people grew tired of watching and Arthur got tired of running about with the empty spool. Stanley went right on though, showing off.

Three boys came up to Arthur and invited him to join them for a hot dog and some soda pop. Arthur left the spool wedged in the fork of a tree. He did not notice, while he was eating the hotdog, that the wind was blowing the string and tangling it about the tree.

The string got shorter and shorter, but Stanley did not realise how low he was until leaves brushed his feet, and then it was too late. He got stuck in the branches.

Fifteen minutes passed before Arthur and the other boys heard his cries and climbed up to set him free. Stanley would not speak to his brother that evening, and at bedtime, even though Arthur had apologised, he was still cross.

Alone with Mr Lambchop in the living room, Mrs Lambchop sighed and shook her head.

“You’re at the office all day, having fun,” she said. “You don’t realise what I go through with the boys. They’re very difficult.”

“Kids are like that,” Mr Lambchop said. “Phases. Be patient, dear.”

Questions and tasks:

Text Dependent Questions

How does Stanley get in and out of rooms now that he is flat?

Where does Stanley go to visit his friend? How does he get there and back?

How does Stanley stay safe in crowds on Sunday outings?

How does Stanley use his flatness to help others?

What can you infer about Arthur when he says “Phooey!”

Non-Text Dependent Questions

How do you feel about Arthur taking off and leaving Stanley in the air? Who was Arthur thinking of at that time? Have you ever had a similar situation?

TASK: Writing Response

Often, there are advantages to finding yourself in a new and different condition. Being flat allows Stanley to do some pretty unusual things. Write a paragraph relating some of the things Stanley is able to do because he is flat.

