

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 make a list of: 5 people you love, 4 types of tasty food, 3 fun things to do, 2 good books and pull 1 silly face!

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 4. 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 written activity based on your learning from yesterday. Make sure that you use the strategies I have shown you to answer the questions.

Watch these videos to help you:

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

Expectations:

- Everyone will complete all the fluency, 1 reasoning and 1 problem solving.
- Some people will complete 2 reasoning and 2 problem solving.
- Few people will complete all the tasks.

Collective Worship:

On Monday of this week, we discussed the importance of waiting and yesterday we thought about how it would feel to go without food for a long time. We described waiting as a skill, and we said that some of us are better at it than others, but we can all improve our skill of waiting. Another word that is linked to waiting is patience. Are you a patient person? What does patience mean? The term 'patience of a saint', suggests that patience is a good thing to have. What are the similarities between the words 'waiting' and 'patient'? A person may be made to wait, but they may not be patient. For example, imagine two people are waiting for a bus, one sits calmly whilst the other paces up and down looking at their watch.

Time to reflect

- Which of the two people waiting for the bus is demonstrating patience?
- Do their actions make the bus come any quicker?
- Which of the two of them do you think is happier?
- How can you improve your patience and waiting skills?

Reflection (Prayer)

(Dear God)

We are thankful for the gift of waiting and patience, even if they are two very difficult skills to master. Let us be patient when we are waiting, as we wait for our patience to develop. *(Amen)*

Science:

Please see the work set by Miss Swan.

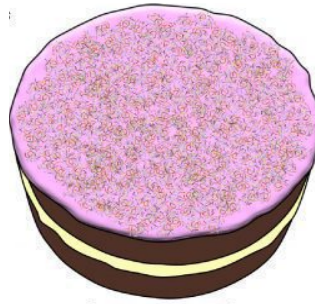
Work:

Maths:

Fluency:

F1)

Can you make 2 equal groups of this cake?



1 whole

Fluency:

F2)

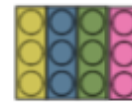
Can you make 3 equal groups.



Fluency:

F3)

Which representation shows equal groups?



Reasoning:

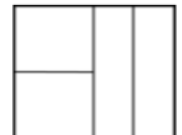
R1)

Three children have divided these squares into sections. Who has divided their squares into equal parts? Explain why.

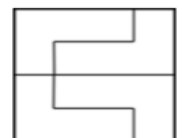
Child A



Child B



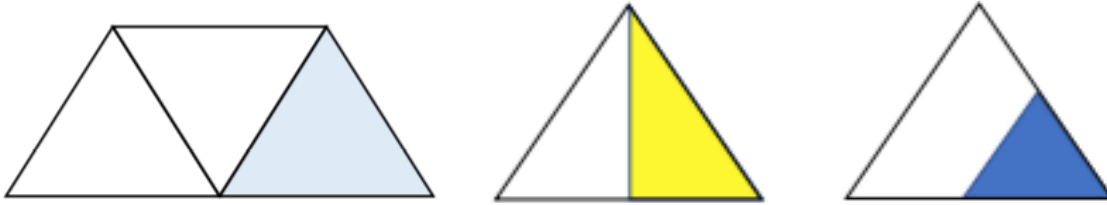
Child C



Reasoning:

R2)

Which of these shows equal groups? Explain why.



Problem Solving:

P1)

A class wants to play football. There are 30 pupils in the class and teams are made of 5 pupils. How many equal teams can they have?

Problem Solving:

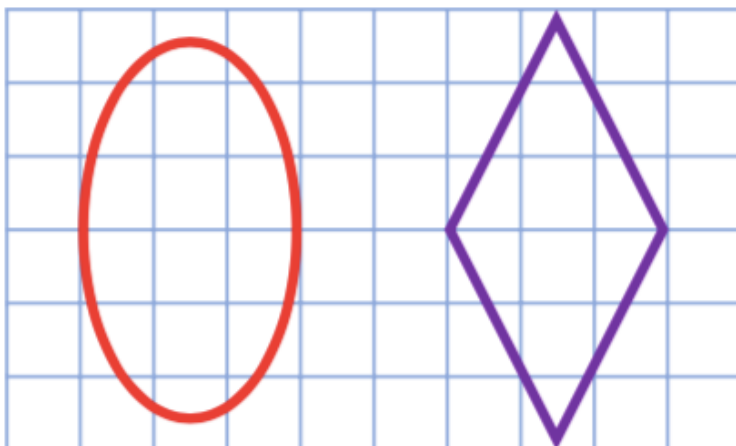
P2)

Horrid Henry wailed, "my brother always gets the bigger half!" Is this possible?

Problem Solving:

P3)

Divide the shapes below into 4 equal parts.



English:

Flat Stanley:

Chapter 4: The museum thieves

Mr and Mrs O.J Dart lived in the flat just above the Lambchops. Mr Dart was an important man, the director of a Famous Museum of art in the city.

Stanley Lambchop had noticed in the lift that Mr Dart, who was ordinarily a cheerful man, had become quite gloomy, but he had no idea what the reason was.

And then at breakfast one morning he heard Mr and Mrs Lambchop talking about Mr Dart.

"I see," said Mr Lambchop, reading the paper over his coffee cup, "that still another painting has been stolen from the Famous Museum. It says here that Mr O.J Dart, the director, is at his wits' end."

"Oh, dear! Are the police no help?" Mrs Lambchop asked.

"It seems not," said Mr Lambchop.

"Listen to what the Chief of Police told the newspaper. "We suspect a gang of sneak thieves. These are the worst kind. They work by sneakery, which makes them very difficult to catch. However, my men and I will keep trying. Meanwhile, I hope people will buy tickets for the Policemen's ball and not park their cars where signs say don't."

The next morning Stanley Lambchop heard Mr Dart talking to his wife in the lift.

"These sneak thieves work at night," Mr Dart said. "It is very hard for our guards to stay awake when they have been on duty all day. And the Famous Museum is so big we cannot guard every picture at the same time. I fear it is hopeless, hopeless, hopeless!"

Suddenly, as if an electric light bulb had lit up in the air above his head, giving out little shooting lines of excitement, Stanley Lambchop had an idea. He told it to Mr Dart.

“Stanley,” Mr Dart said, “if your mother will give her permission, I will put you and your plan to work this very night!”

Mrs Lambchop gave her permission. “But you will have to take a long nap this afternoon,” she said. “I won’t have you up till all hours unless you do.”

That evening, after a long nap, Stanley went with Mr Dart to the Famous Museum. Mr Dart took him into the main hall, where the biggest and most important paintings were hung. He pointed to a huge painting that showed a bearded man, wearing a floppy velvet hat, playing a violin for a lady who lay on a couch. There was a half-man, half-horse person standing behind them, and three fat children with wings were flying around above. That, Mr Dart explained, was the most expensive painting in the world!

There was an empty picture frame on the opposite wall. We shall hear more about that later on.

Mr Dart took Stanley into his office and said, “It is time for you to put on a disguise.”

“I had already thought of that,” Stanley Lambchop said, “and I brought one. My cowboy suit. It has a red bandanna that I can tie over my face. Nobody will recognise me in a million years.”

“No,” Mr Dart said. “You will have to wear the disguise I have chosen.”

From a closet he took a white dress with a blue sash, a pair of shiny little pointed shoes, a wide straw hat with a blue band that matched the sash, and a wig and a stick.

The wig was made of blonde hair, long and done in ringlets. The stick was curved at the top and it, too, had a blue ribbon on it. Stanley was so disgusted that he could hardly speak.

“I shall look like a girl, that’s what I shall look like,” he said. “I wish I had never had my idea.”

But he was a good sport, so he put on the disguise.

“In this shepherdess disguise,” Mr Dart said, “you will look like a painting that belongs in the main hall. We do not have cowboy pictures in the main hall.”

Back in the main hall Mr Dart helped Stanley climb up into the empty picture frame. Stanley was able to stay in place because Mr Dart had cleverly put four small spikes in the wall, one for each hand and foot.

The frame was a perfect fit. Against the wall, Stanley looked just like a picture.

“Except for one thing,” Mr Dart said. “Shepherdesses are supposed to look happy. They smile at their sheep and at the sky. You look fierce, not happy, Stanley.”

Stanley tried hard to get a faraway look in his eyes and even to smile a little bit.

Mr Dart stood back a few feet and stared at him for a moment.

“Well,” he said, “it may not be art, but I know what I like.”

He went off to make sure that certain other parts of Stanley’s plan were being taken care of, and Stanley was left alone.

It was very dark in the main hall. A little bit of moonlight came through the windows, and Stanley could just make out the world’s most expensive painting on the opposite wall. He felt as though the bearded man with the violin and the lady on the couch and the half-horse person and the winged children were all waiting, as he was, for something to happen.

Time passed and he got tiered and tiered. Anyone would be tired this late at night, especially if he had to stand in a picture frame balancing on little spikes.

Maybe they won’t come, Stanley thought. Maybe the sneak thieves won’t come at all.

The moon went behind a cloud and then the main hall was pitch dark. It seemed to get quieter, too, with the darkness. There was absolutely no sound at all. Stanley felt the hair on the back of his neck prickle beneath the golden curls of the wig.

Cr-eeee-eeee-k...

The creaking sound came from right out in the middle of the main hall and even as he heard it Stanley saw, in the same place, a tiny yellow glow of light!

The creaking came again, and the flow got bigger. A trap door had opened in the floor and two men came up through it into the hall!

Stanley understood everything all at once. These must be the sneak thieves! They had a secret trap door entrance into the museum from outside.

That was why they had never been caught. And now, tonight, they were back to steal the most expensive painting in the world!

He kept very still in his picture frame and listened to the sneak thieves.

“This is it, Max,” said the first one. “This is where we art robbers pull a sensational job whilst the civilised community sleeps.”

“Right, Luther,” said the other man. “In all this great city there is no one to suspect us.”

Ha, ha! Thought Stanley Lambchop. That’s what you think!

The sneak thieves put down their lantern and took the World’s most expensive painting off the wall.

“What would we do to anyone who tried to capture us, Max?” the first man asked.

“We would kill him. What else?” his friend replied.

That was enough to frighten Stanley, and he was even more frightened when Luther came over and stared at him.

“This sheep girl,” Luther said. “I thought sheep girls were supposed to smile, max. This one looks scared.”

Just in time, Stanley managed to get a faraway look in his eyes again and to smile, sort of.

“You’re crazy, Luther,” Max said. “She’s smiling. And what a pretty little thing she is, too.” That made Stanley furious. He waited until the sneak thieves had turned back to the world’s most expensive painting, and then he shouted in his loudest, most terrifying voice: “POLICE! POLICE! MR DART! THE SNEAK THIEVES ARE HERE!”

The sneak thieves looked at each other.

“Max,” said the first one, very quietly, “I think I heard the sheep girl yell.”

“I think I did too,” said Max in a quivery voice. “Oh, boy! Yelling pictures. We both need a rest.”

“You’ll get a rest all right!” shouted Mr Dart, rushing in with the Chief of Police and lots of guards and policemen behind him. “You’ll get arrest, that’s what! Ha ha ha!”

The sneak thieves were too mixed up by Mr Dart’s joke and too frightened by the policemen to put up a fight. Before they knew it, they had been handcuffed and led away to jail.

The next morning in the office of the Chief of Police Stanley Lambchop got a medal. The day after that his picture was in all the newspapers.

Questions and tasks:

Text Dependent Questions

List two reasons the museum is hard to guard.

What was Stanley's idea to catch the crooks?

How did Stanley feel about the disguise? How do you know?

What did the thieves think they needed when Stanley yelled for the police?

How was Stanley rewarded?

Non-Text Dependent Questions

Were you able to make any connections to the story? (text to self, text to text, text to world)

TASK: Writing Response

Sometimes characters have to make the best of a bad situation. Stanley is flat, but it allows him to do some incredible things. Write about how Stanley got an idea to be guard the museum and how he was able to help save the day.

