



Birches First School

Believe, Grow, Succeed



School Closure Home Learning

Year 3 Daily Tasks

Date: 13.7.20

## Maths

1)



Arrange the coins into 3 equal groups.

How many coins are there in each group?

2)



There are  bags.

Each bag has  apples.

There are  equal groups of

3) Ron, Eva and Mo each have 23 marbles.

Tens	Ones

How many marbles are there in total?

$$3 \times 3 \text{ ones} = \square$$

$$3 \times 2 \text{ tens} = \square$$

$$\square + \square = \square$$

$$3 \times 23 = \square$$

There are  marbles in total.

4)

Use the place value chart to work out  $2 \times 24$

Complete the multiplication sentences.

Tens	Ones

$$2 \times 4 = \square$$

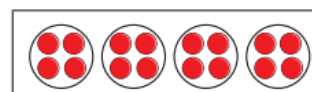
$$2 \times 20 = \square$$

$$2 \times 24 = \square$$

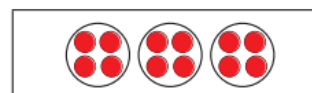
5)

Match the statements to the representations.

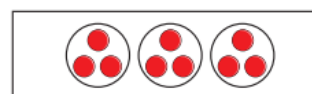
3 equal  
groups of 4



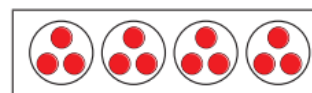
3 equal  
groups of 3



4 equal  
groups of 3



4 equal  
groups of 4



## English

*Read the following story: 'The Caravan' by Pie Corbett.*

Now Mitch, don't go playing up by the pylon," my Mum had warned me often enough. "It's dangerous. You'll get yourself electrocuted." Did I listen? Of course I didn't. Most days after school that was exactly where I went. Daft really, but she actually thought that I was doing my homework with Connor. Mum worries too much. I've still not forgotten how she used to tell me not to play under Hanger Bridge by the railway in case the troll snatched me. Of course, I was younger then. The pylon she was talking about stood at the end of Muggie Moss Road. Red and brown rust fluttered from its lean body and it made odd creaking sounds when the wind blew. It was there we found the caravan. It had been empty for years. If you go past, you'll just see a small patch of overgrown land under the pylon, a mess of brambles and nettles that smothered the van. It was damp inside and the windows were smeared with green grime. Moss clung to its wheels. It was a place of dead spiders and dust but it was our special place. Most days after school we went straight there. Just to muck about.

That afternoon, a storm raged. It had been brewing all morning. The trees were like crazed zombies thrashing wildly. Rain lashed down, drumming on the metal roof. Inside the caravan it felt safe, almost cosy really. We shoved newspaper into any cracks to keep out the wind. I'd found a bit of old carpet and Connor had brought along some cushions that his Mum had thrown out. He'd also found a candle and in the semi-gloom its flame flickered with a cheerful glow. Outside dusk shadowed the bushes. Soon the streetlights would come on, casting orange pools of light.

We were arguing over whether the last goal in the Man United game was the best yet when we heard it: a clap of thunder so close that it sounded like an explosion. Connor wiped the condensation from the window and we peered out. At that very moment, there was another tremendous crack, and lightning struck the pylon. Sparks flew, the pylon shuddered and, as if in slow motion, it crashed down towards the caravan roof.

Instinctively, we both ducked down fast. There was an enormous crash and the caravan roof crumpled. The air prickled with electricity and rain lashed through the opening in the roof. For a moment, I was certain that I was about to be fried alive. In the half-light, I could see Connor's face. His eyes were wide with fright and he gulped like a fish. "Come on," he hissed. We slithered like snakes across the floor with the rusted pylon creaking dangerously above us.

Luckily, the door had flown open when the pylon had struck. We slipped out onto the muddy ground and lay there with the thunder grumbling above us and the rain beating down. Then Connor started to laugh. He curled up into a ball and laughed so much that I thought he was crying. I couldn't help myself. The next thing I knew, I was laughing too. Inside, I just felt relief. On the outside, I was laughing crazily. Then we ran, through the brambles and out onto Muggie Moss Road.

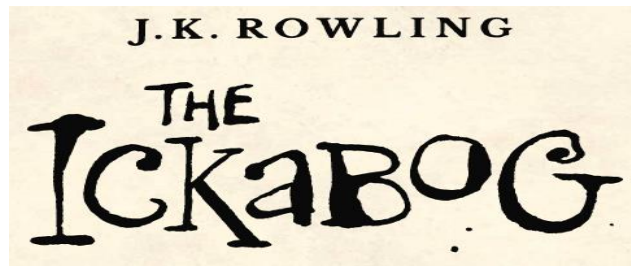
Of course, Mum was furious. "I'm not made of money," she said, eyeing the state of my school clothes. "Still, maybe a good wash will sort them out." She glared at me suspiciously. "So, a tree nearly hit you?" I nodded, avoiding her icy stare. "You could have been killed," she said. Shamefaced, I nodded. She was right. She'd been right from the start.

**Using different colours can you find the following things in the story?**

- 'Warning' – when the characters were warned not to do something
- 'Disobedience' – when the characters disobey the person that warned them.
- 'Disaster' – when something goes wrong because they didn't listen to the warning.
- 'Rescue' – when the characters were saved from the disaster.
- Lesson Learnt' – when the characters realise why they should have listened.



## Reading



### *Chapter 5 – extract 1 of 2*

#### Daisy Dovetail

For some months after Mrs Dovetail's shocking death, the king's servants were divided into two groups. The first group whispered that King Fred had been to blame for the way she'd died. The second preferred to believe there'd been some kind of mistake, and that the king couldn't have known how ill Mrs Dovetail was before giving the order that she must finish his suit.

Mrs Beamish, the pastry chef, belonged to the second group. The king had always been very nice to Mrs Beamish, sometimes even inviting her into the dining room to congratulate her on particularly fine batches of Dukes' Delights or Folderol Fancies, so she was sure he was a kind, generous, and considerate man.

'You mark my words, somebody forgot to give the king a message,' she told her husband, Major Beamish. 'He'd *never* make an ill servant work. I know he must feel simply awful about what happened.'

'Yes,' said Major Beamish, 'I'm sure he does.'

Like his wife, Major Beamish wanted to think the best of the king, because he, his father, and his grandfather before him had all served loyally in the Royal Guard. So even though Major Beamish observed that King Fred seemed quite cheerful after Mrs Dovetail's death, hunting as regularly as ever, and though Major Beamish knew that the Dovetails had been moved out of their old house to live down by the graveyard, he tried to believe that the king was sorry for what had happened to his seamstress, and that he'd had no hand in moving her husband and daughter.

Vocab Questions:

- 1) What does the word 'shocking' suggest about Mrs Dovetail's death?
- 2) Find and copy the three adjectives that describe what Mrs Beamish thinks about the King.
- 3) 'All served loyally in the Royal Guard' What does the word loyally mean?
- 4) 'Had no hand in moving her husband and daughter' What does this phrase mean?

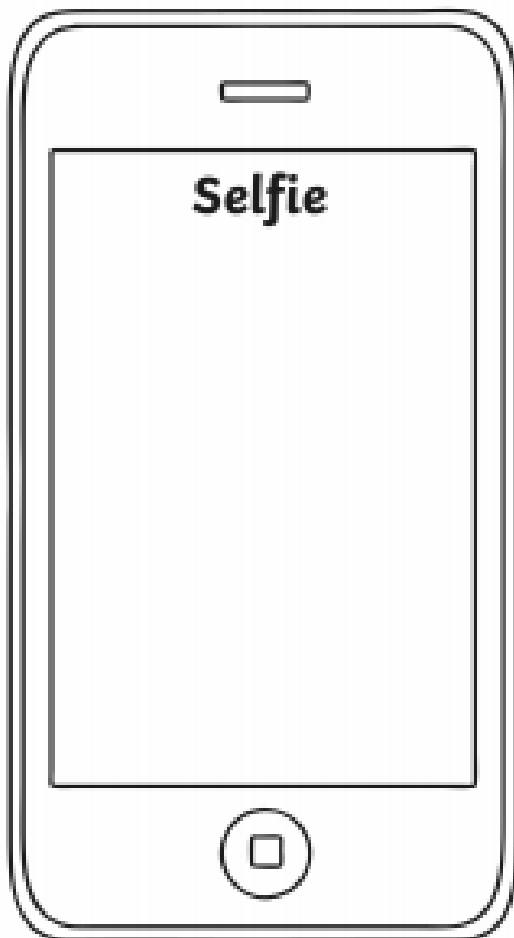
## Transition into Year 4

After the Summer holidays, you will all be coming back to school (hurray!). When you come back you will be in Year 4 with Mrs Cain and Mrs Ferretti. I have attached a little 'All About Me' worksheet that you can complete and send to your new teachers so that they know a few things about you. I have attached a suggested template but please feel free to create your own if you prefer.

Mrs Cain: [kcain@birches.staffs.sch.uk](mailto:kcain@birches.staffs.sch.uk)

Mrs Ferretti: [jferretti@birches.staffs.sch.uk](mailto:jferretti@birches.staffs.sch.uk)

# All About Me Selfie Writing Activity



**Three words that describe me:**

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**I am**  **years old.**

**Things I love:** \_\_\_\_\_

Subject:

Food:

Colour:

Book:

Hobby: