



Birches First School

Believe, Grow, Succeed



School Closure Home Learning

Year 3 Daily Tasks

Date: 1.4.20

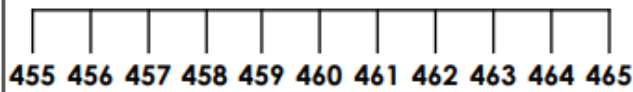
Maths

Which calculations are correct?

1)

A.  $456 + 8 = 465$

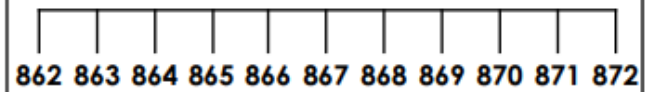
B.  $457 = 465 - 8$



2)

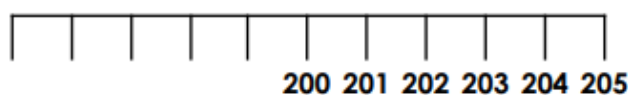
A.  $863 = 872 - 8$

B.  $863 + 9 = 872$



3)

Complete the number line to work out  $201 - 5$



Use column subtraction to complete the following:

4)

A.  $101 - 7 = \square$

B.  $308 - 9 = \square$

C.  $406 - 8 = \square$

5)

A.  $808 - 9 = \square$

B.  $102 - 8 = \square$

C.  $105 - 6 = \square$

# English

Identify the words that are being spoken in the sentences below and write them in the correct speech bubbles.

"I," declared Connie loudly so that Tasha could hear, "shall be on holiday!"  
"I wish you'd stay there!" sneered Tasha enviously under her breath.



VF

"Be careful leaving the train," ordered Mrs Sims as the children prepared to exit. Anika foolishly ignored her and was left screeching, "Ouch, that really hurt!"



VF

Copy out the text below, but include the inverted commas to show where the speech starts and finishes.

**We'll be fine!" insisted Carrie, merrily hammering a tent peg into the ground. It's just a light wind!"**  
**"So you claim, grunted Evan.**

**"We shouldn't go in! squeaked Lisa as Joshua creaked the door open. "It's dark here," he gulped nervously, and worryingly cold."**

# Reading

Watch the video below for the poem 'Chocolate Cake' by Michael Rosen. (See below for the transcript of the poem).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7BxQLITdOOc>

Can you try and write a short poem about your favourite food?

Use the template below to help or you can make up your own way of writing it.

My favourite food in the entire world is .....

It looks .....

It smells .....

When I take a bite it makes a ..... sound.

It feels ..... in my mouth.

## WORD BANK

shiny

dull

soft

hard

delicious

sweet

salty

hot

cold

bitter

creamy

crunchy

gooey

yum

gobble

ahhh

## Chocolate Cake.

When I was a boy, I had a favourite treat. It was when my Mum made chocolate cake. Oh, I *loved* chocolate cake! My Mum, she says to me, "Listen, Michael. If there's any chocolate cake left over at the end of the day, you can take some to school tomorrow to have at playtime or at lunchtime."

So I used to go to school with a piece of chocolate cake in my little box, and I'd be walking to school; "YEAH, It's IN THERE, IN THERE!! YEH YEAH!!!" And I would get to school, and it would be playtime or lunchtime, and I'd open up the box... Take it out... *\*unintelligible garbling\** It's a chocolate cake.. *\*even more unintelligible garbling\** Open up the paper... Look at it... *\*licks hands while making weird noises\** Gonna get it.. *\*makes weird noises; about to eat chocolate cake\** *\*checks that nobody is watching\** ... Mmm, yeah, I love it! *\*about to eat chocolate cake again\** *\*checks that nobody is watching once more\** *\*strange noises; taking a big bite out of the cake and chews it; tongue click\** **Mmmmm!!**

I loved, my Mum's chocolate cake. And one time, there *was* some chocolate cake left over at the end of the day. And I went to bed, and I was fast asleep. And then, in the middle of the night, I woke up and I thought: *\*snaps fingers\** chocolate cake! Heh-heh. Maybe, I could go downstairs, and have a little look at it. No one would know.

So I got up out of the bed, shhhh! I mustn't wake my brother up! Along the passage... Careful not to tread on the creaky floorboard outside Mum and Dad's bedroom, because.. if they wake up and find me, I'll be in big trouble, so really quiet! *\*imitates floorboard creaking\** Are they still asleep? Yes! OK... Along the passage, down the stairs, into the kitchen, open the cupboard and YEEEEEEAAH! There it is!! And I take it out. Just have a little look at it. *\*lots of unnecessary noises\** and then I notice some little crumbs on the plate. So I think if I lick the end of my finger, then I could pick up some of those crumbs. And no one would know anything about it. *\*picks up crumbs; makes unnecessary eating/slurping noises\** *\*tongue click\** Mmmmm!! And then, I notice on the side of the cake there's some little crumbly bits just falling off, so I think, if I take a knife, I could just...tidy it up a little bit. No one would notice. *\*a sound I can't even be bothered to spell\** scrunched all together in the crumbly bits and the sticky bits and it's all going in there, yeah, belly-belly-belly.. *\*unnecessary eating/slurping noises\** *\*tongue click\** Mmmmm!! And then I notice, that as I've tidied it up a little bit over HERE, then maybe I could just... even it up a bit over here. So I take the knife again, and this time, through the crispy icing on the top, through the squashy icing in the middle, and I got a whole slice this time. And it's all gonna go in there, belly-belly-belly.. *\*unnecessary eating/slurping noises\** *\*tongue click\** Mmmmm!! And now, I've got the taste of it in my mouth, and I can't stop myself, so I go, *\*imitates knife cutting\** And I got all these slices, and TA-TA-TA... *\*weird eating sounds\** And I can't stop myself! *\*more weird eating sounds\** WATCHAG- *\*more weird eating sounds\** WHAT A GREAT- *\*MORE weird eating sounds\**...

Oh no! It's all gone! Oh no, they're bound to notice now! A whole chocolate cake doesn't just disappear! What am I gonna do!? I know! I'll wash up the plate and the knife, and they won't know anything about it. Good thinking. Take the plate, and the knife, and wash it up.. Really quiet, shh! Wash up the plate and the knife.. and don't forget to dry up, get the cloth.. and don't forget the knife, and don't forget to put them away, plate in the cupboard, and the knife in the drawer, and back up to bed. Shhhh! Up the stairs... *\*stairs noise\**, along the passage, now I know where the creaky floorboard is now, so all I've got to do is tread over

it, 'cause if I tread on it, and it makes a noise, I am... dead. Careful now... *\*imitates floorboard creaking\** Are they still asleep? Yes! It's OK. Into the bedroom, into bed, under the covers. Ahhhhh... Nice warm feeling, chocolate cake in my belly, goody-goody-goody...and I go to sleep.

In the morning I get up, and I go downstairs, and I'm having my breakfast. And Mum's busy over there, and she's busy over there...and she says, "Oh, Michael. Don't forget your book folder." She hands me my book folder. And I'm busy having my breakfast, she's busy over there, and she's busy over there, and she says, "Oh, Michael, there's something else, there's something nice! There's some chocolate cake left over from yesterday for you to take to school today. And I went.. ".....Right, OK.." And she says, "What's the matter? You usually jump at the idea of having chocolate cake." And I'm "Nah, it's alright...it's OK..." And she's looking at me very closely. Just here. And she says, "...What's that?" And I say "What's what?" She said, "It's not.....chocolate cake, is it?" And I said... "Uh." And she went over to the cupboard. ".....It's gone! The chocolate cake's gone! ...You haven't eaten...the whole of the rest of the chocolate cake, have you? And I said... "I don't know." "You don't know," she said, "you don't know?? I don't believe a word of it! Now off you go to school. No, before you go to school, go upstairs to the bathroom, and wash your dirty, sticky face!" I went upstairs to the bathroom, and I looked in the mirror, and I saw it. Just there. Chocolate smudge. Chocolate blob. And I looked at it and I thought... *Maybe next time we have chocolate cake... she'll forget about it. Do you think she will?*