



Birches First School

Believe, Grow, Succeed



Hi everyone!

I hope that you all had a wonderful Easter. I spent lots of time in my garden and ate far too much chocolate! Don't forget that you can contact me via email at kcain@birches.staffs.sch.uk

I would love to hear from you. You can get in touch to ask questions or to ask for guidance or just to share your news! Don't forget to send me any photos that you would like to be shared on our class news page so that your friends can see what you've been doing too.

I miss you all so much!

Stay safe.

Love, Mrs Cain x

School Closure Home Learning

Year 4 Daily Tasks

Date: 20/4/20

Reading – if you have a copy of ‘Bill’s New Frock’ by Anne Fine or ‘The Boy in the Dress’ by David Walliams these were due to be the focus texts for this half term if you wish to read them at home.

Reading task -

Read the first part of chapter one from ‘Bill’s New Frock’ and then answer the questions -

Chapter 1 -

A really awful start

When Bill Simpson woke up on Monday morning, he found he was a girl.

He was still standing staring at himself in the mirror, quite baffled, when his mother swept in.

“Why don’t you wear this pretty pink dress?” she said.

“I *never* wear dresses,” Bill burst out.

“I know,” his mother said. “It’s such a pity.”

And to his astonishment, before he could even begin to argue, she had dropped the dress over his head and zipped up the back.

“I’ll leave you to do up the shell buttons,” she said “they’re a bit fiddly and I’m late for work.”

And she swept out, leaving him staring in dismay at the mirror. In it, a girl with his curly red hair and wearing a pretty pink frock with fiddly shell buttons was staring back at him in equal dismay.

“This can’t be true,” Bill Simpson said to himself. “This cannot be true!”

He stepped out of his bedroom just as his father was rushing past. He, too, was late in getting off to work.

Mr Simpson leaned over and planted a kiss on Bill’s cheek.

"Bye, Poppet," he said, ruffling Bill's curls. "You look very sweet today. It's not often we see you in a frock, is it?"

He ran down the stairs and out of the house so quickly he didn't see Bill's scowl, or hear what he muttered savagely under his breath.

Bella the cat didn't seem to notice any difference. She purred and rubbed her soft furry body around his ankles in exactly the same way as she always did.

And Bill found himself spooning up his cornflakes as usual. It was as if he couldn't help it. He left the house at the usual time, too. He didn't seem to have any choice. Things, though odd, were just going on in their own way, as in a dream.

Or it could be a nightmare! For hanging about on the corner was the gang of boys from the other school. Bill recognised the one they called Mean Malcolm in his purple studded jacket.

I think I'll go round the long way instead, Bill thought to himself. I don't want to be tripped up in one of their nasty scuffles, like last week, when all the scabs were kicked off my ankle.

Then Bill heard the most piercing whistle. He looked around to see where the noise was coming from, then realised Mean Malcolm was whistling at him!

Bill Simpson blushes so pink that all his freckles disappeared. He felt so foolish he forgot to turn off at the next corner to go the long way. He ended up walking right past the gang.

Mean Malcolm just sprawled against the railing, whistling at Bill as he went by wearing his pretty pink frock with shell buttons.

Bill Simpson thought to himself: I'd rather have the scabs kicked off my ankle!

When he reached the main road, there was an elderly woman with curly grey hair already standing at the curb. To feel safe from the gang, he stood at her side.

"Give me your hand, little girl," she said. "I'll see us both safely across the road."

"No, really," insisted Bill. "I'm fine, honestly. I cross here everyday by myself."

The woman simply didn't listen. She just reached down and grasped his wrist, hauling him after her across the road.

On the far side, she looked down approvingly as she released him.

"That's such a pretty frock!" she said. "You mind you keep it nice and clean."

Rather than say something disagreeable, Bill ran off quickly.

The head teacher was standing at the school gates, holding his watch in the palm of his hand, watching the last few stragglers arrive.

"Get yours skates on, Stephen Irwin!" he yelled. And: "Move, Tom Warren!"

Another boy charged round the corner and cut in front of Bill.

"Late, Andrew!" the head teacher called out fiercely. "Late, late, late!"

Then it was Bill's turn to go past.

"That's right," the head teacher called out encouragingly. "Hurry along, dear. We don't want to miss assembly, do we?"

And he followed Bill up the path to school.

Assembly always took place in the main hall. After the hymn, everyone was told to sit on the floor, as usual. Desperately, Bill tried to tuck the pretty pink dress in tightly around his bare legs.

Mrs Collins leaned forward on her canvas chair.

"Stop fidgeting with you frock, dear," she told him. "You're getting nasty grubby finger prints all round the hem."

Bill glowered all through the rest of assembly. At the end, everybody stood up as usual.

"Now I need four strong volunteers to carry a table across to the nursery," announced the head teacher. "Who wants to go?"

Practically everybody in the hall raised a hand. Everyone liked a trip over the playground. In the nursery they had music and water and sloshy paints and tricycles and bright plastic building blocks. And if you kept your head down and didn't talk too much or too loudly, it might be a good few minutes before anyone realised you were really from one of the other classrooms, and shoved you back.

So the hall was a mass of waving hands.

The head teacher gazed around him.

Then he picked four boys.

On the way out of the hall, Bill Simpson heard Astrid complaining to Mrs Collins:

"It isn't fair! He always picks the boys to carry things."

"Perhaps the table's quite heavy," soothed Mrs Collins.

"None of the tables in this school are heavy," said Astrid. "And I know for a fact that I am stronger than at least two of the boys he picked."

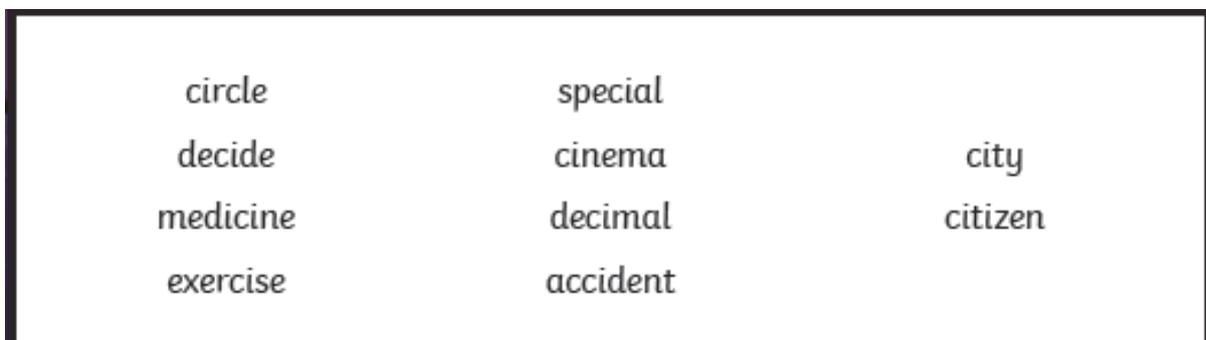
"It's true," Bill said. "Whenever we have a tug of war, everyone wants to have Astrid on their team."

Questions -

1. Who are the main characters?
2. How did Bill feel about being a girl? How do you know?
3. Why do you think Bill was treated differently?
4. Do you think it was fair of the others to treat Bill the way that they did? Why? Give examples from the chapter.
5. The Head teacher chooses only 4 boys to carry the table to the nursery. What does this tell us about his thoughts towards boys and girls? Do you think this is fair?

Writing/SPaG task

Word search - Words ending in a 'soft c' sound spelt with 'ci'



Extension – practise spelling these words using 'Look, cover, write, check'.

Maths task

Dividing a 2 digit number by a 1 digit number

Parent guidance – following on from the work done before the holiday, now explore dividing 2-digit numbers by 1-digit numbers involving remainders. They continue to use the place value counters (or equivalent!) to divide in order to explore why there are remainders. Practise this before attempting the questions below –

1)

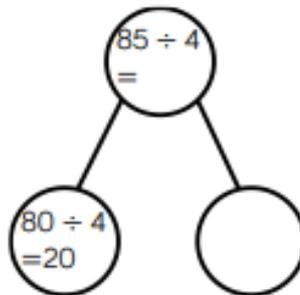
 Teddy is dividing 85 by 4 using place value counters. 



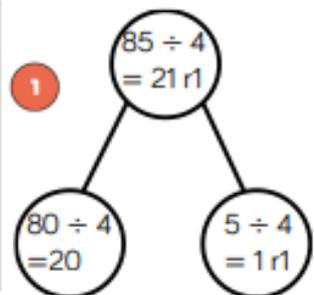
First, he divides the tens.

Then, he divides the ones.

Tens	Ones
10 10	
10 10	
10 10	
10 10	



Tens	Ones
10 10	1
10 10	1
10 10	1
10 10	1

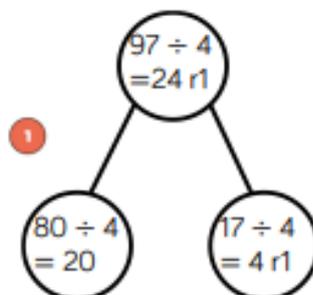


Use Teddy's method to calculate:

$86 \div 4$ $87 \div 4$ $88 \div 4$ $97 \div 3$ $98 \div 3$ $99 \div 3$

 Whitney uses the same method, but some of her calculations involve an exchange. 

Tens	Ones
10 10	1 1 1 1
10 10	1 1 1 1
10 10	1 1 1 1
10 10	1 1 1 1



Use Whitney's method to solve

$57 \div 4$

$58 \div 4$

$58 \div 3$

2)

Whitney is working out $49 \div 4$ using a place value chart.

Tens	Ones
10	1 1
10	1 1
10	1 1
10	1 1

1

a) Talk about Whitney's method with a partner.

b) Why is there one counter left over?

c) Complete the division.

$$49 \div 4 = \boxed{}$$