



Birches First School

Believe, Grow, Succeed



School Closure Home Learning

Year 3 Daily Tasks

Date: 7.5.20

Hi Year 3. Just to let you know that there will be a Times Table Rockstar battle today between 8:15am and 5:00pm. This battle is open to both year 3 and year 4 so we've got to make sure that we do better than they do!

Just a reminder that there are spellings on the website and that tomorrow would normally be when the test would take place. It would be great if you could have a go at your spellings at some point tomorrow. I will put up spellings for the 'Penguin' group tomorrow evening ready for the test in 2 weeks' time.

No Home Learning Tasks will be set tomorrow as it is a Bank Holiday, however, they will resume on Monday as normal.

# Maths

1. Complete the sentences.

a)

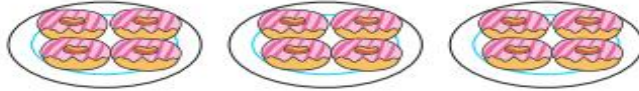


There are  bags of pears.

There are  pears in each bag.

There are  pears in total.

b)



There are  plates.

There are  doughnuts on each plate.

There are  doughnuts in total.

2. Starting from zero, circle the numbers in the 4 times-table.

The first one has been done for you.



3. Teddy has 4 bags of 10 sweets.



How many sweets does Teddy have?

4. A bottle contains 4 litres of juice.

Mrs Wilson needs 30 litres of juice for a party.

She has 12 bottles.

Does she have enough juice?

# English

Today we are going to be looking at the traditional tale 'The Three Little Pigs'. But there's a twist! The 'Big, Bad Wolf' is actually a nice person! Watch the story below to see the wolf's point of view about what happened in the story 'The Three Little Pigs'



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vB07RfntTvw>

Your task today is to write a letter (pretending you are the wolf) to the Third Little Pig, explaining that you didn't mean to scare him and only wanted to borrow a cup of sugar. Everything that happened was of course a complete accident. I have attached an example below to give you an idea.

Dear Mr Pig,

I am just writing to you to apologise about what happened to your brothers' houses, I really didn't mean to blow them down, but I had a terrible cold! I just couldn't stop sneezing! And when I saw what the accident had done to your brothers, I was so ashamed. But you know what they say, 'waste not, want not'. It would have been a rude to leave all that food to go to waste.

I understand why you might have been scared to see a big wolf at your door, and you did the right thing not answering the door to a stranger but I promise you, all I wanted was to borrow a cup of sugar! I was trying to bake my dear grandmother a delicious cake for her birthday, but I didn't have enough money to get to the shops. I admit I was a little upset when you refused to listen to me, especially as I happened to see a massive bag of sugar in your house. I don't think you would have missed a small cup! Because I knew that you were hiding all that sugar, I did get a little cross, which made my sneezing even worse, but I never meant to scare you. I just wished you had listened to me before deciding to call the police, it was all just a big misunderstanding! Hopefully you will have a change of heart soon and get the police to release me from jail. Maybe we could go for lunch?

Yours Sincerely,

Mr Wolf

## Reading

**Read the following excerpt, which follows on from yesterday's passage, and answer the following questions**

Professor McGonagall pulled out a lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore gave a great sniff as he took a golden watch from his pocket and examined it. It was a very odd watch. It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbledore, though, because he put it back in his pocket and said, 'Hagrid's late. I suppose it was he who told you I'd be here, by the way?'

'Yes,' said Professor McGonagall. 'And I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you're here, of all places?'

'I've come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They're the only family he has left now.'

'You don't mean – you can't mean the people who live here?' cried Professor McGonagall, jumping to her feet and pointing at number four. 'Dumbledore – you can't. I've been watching them all day. You couldn't find two people who are less like us. And they've got this son – I saw him kicking his mother all the way up the street, screaming for sweets. Harry Potter come and live here!'

'It's the best place for him,' said Dumbledore firmly. 'His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he's older. I've written them a letter.'

'A letter?' repeated Professor McGonagall faintly, sitting back down on the wall. 'Really, Dumbledore, you think you can explain all this in a letter? These people will never understand him! He'll be famous – a legend – I wouldn't be surprised if today was known as Harry Potter Day in future – there will be books written about Harry – every child in our world will know his name!'

'Exactly,' said Dumbledore, looking very seriously over the top of his half-moon glasses. 'It would be enough to turn any boy's head. Famous before he can walk and talk! Famous for something he won't even remember! Can't you see how much better off he'll be, growing up away from all that until he's ready to take it?'

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth, changed her mind, swallowed and then said, 'Yes – yes, you're right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?' She eyed his cloak suddenly as though she thought he might be hiding Harry underneath it.

'Hagrid's bringing him.'

'You think it – wise – to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?'

'I would trust Hagrid with my life,' said Dumbledore.

'I'm not saying his heart isn't in the right place,' said Professor McGonagall grudgingly, 'but you can't pretend he's not careless. He does tend to – what was that?' A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a roar as they both looked up at the sky – and a huge motorbike fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them. If the motorbike was huge, it was nothing to the man sitting astride it. He was almost twice as tall as a normal man and at least five times as wide. He looked simply too big to be allowed, and so wild – long tangles of bushy black hair and beard hid most of his face, he had hands the size of dustbin lids and his feet in their leather boots were like baby dolphins. In his vast, muscular arms he was holding a bundle of blankets.

'Hagrid,' said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. 'At last. And where did you get that motorbike?'

‘Borrowed it, Professor Dumbledore, sir,’ said the giant, climbing carefully off the motorbike as he spoke. ‘Young Sirius Black lent it me. I’ve got him, sir.’

‘No problems, were there?’

‘No, sir – house was almost destroyed but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarmin’ around. He fell asleep as we was flyin’ over Bristol.’

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet- black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning. ‘Is that where –?’ whispered Professor McGonagall.

‘Yes,’ said Dumbledore. ‘He’ll have that scar for ever.’

‘Couldn’t you do something about it, Dumbledore?’

‘Even if I could, I wouldn’t. Scars can come in useful. I have one myself above my left knee which is a perfect map of the London Underground. Well – give him here, Hagrid – we’d better get this over with.’ Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned towards the Dursleys’ house.

‘Could I – could I say goodbye to him, sir?’ asked Hagrid. He bent his great, shaggy head over Harry and gave him what must have been a very scratchy, whiskery kiss. Then, suddenly, Hagrid let out a howl like a wounded dog.

‘Shhh!’ hissed Professor McGonagall. ‘You’ll wake the Muggles!’

‘S-s- sorry,’ sobbed Hagrid, taking out a large spotted handkerchief and burying his face in it. ‘But I c-c-can’t stand it – Lily an’ James dead – an’ poor little Harry off ter live with Muggles –’

‘Yes, yes, it’s all very sad, but get a grip on yourself, Hagrid, or we’ll be found,’ Professor McGonagall whispered, patting Hagrid gingerly on the arm as Dumbledore stepped over the low garden wall and walked to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep, took a letter out of his cloak, tucked it inside Harry’s blankets and then came back to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood and looked at the little bundle; Hagrid’s shoulders shook, Professor McGonagall blinked furiously and the twinkling light that usually shone from Dumbledore’s eyes seemed to have gone out.

‘Well,’ said Dumbledore finally, ‘that’s that. We’ve no business staying here. We may as well go and join the celebrations.’

‘Yeah,’ said Hagrid in a very muffled voice. ‘I’d best get this bike away. G’night, Professor McGonagall – Professor Dumbledore, sir.’ Wiping his streaming eyes on his jacket sleeve, Hagrid swung himself on to the motorbike and kicked the engine into life; with a roar it rose into the air and off into the night.

‘I shall see you soon, I expect, Professor McGonagall,’ said Dumbledore, nodding to her. Professor McGonagall blew her nose in reply. Dumbledore turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the silver Put-Outer. He clicked it once and twelve balls of light sped back to their street lamps so that Privet Drive glowed suddenly orange and he could make out a tabby cat slinking around the corner at the other end of the street. He could just see the bundle of blankets on the step of number four.

‘Good luck, Harry,’ he murmured. He turned on his heel and with a swish of his cloak he was gone. A breeze ruffled the neat hedges of Privet Drive, which lay silent and tidy under the inky sky, the very last place you would expect astonishing things to happen.

Harry Potter rolled over inside his blankets without waking up. One small hand closed on the letter beside him and he slept on, not knowing he was special, not knowing he was famous, not knowing

he would be woken in a few hours' time by Mrs Dursley's scream as she opened the front door to put out the milk bottles, nor that he would spend the next few weeks being prodded and pinched by his cousin Dudley ... He couldn't know that at this very moment, people meeting in secret all over the country were holding up their glasses and saying in hushed voices: 'To Harry Potter – the boy who lived!'

- 1) What is strange about Dumbledore's pocket watch?
- 2) 'Hagrid is a terrifying giant that loves to scare people and hates children.' Do you agree with this statement? Explain your reasoning.
- 3) Why was Harry Potter famous, even though he was only a baby?