



Homelearning

Oct 18th - Oct 23rd



Reading

Your aim in Year 4 is **20 minutes** of reading, 4 times a week.

Your Task:

To record the title of the book you are reading, and the amount you read in your diary. (Page start and end, OR, amount of time)



Reading

We have been learning how to **retell** a story.

Your Task:

Choose a story below that you're more comfortable with and read it out loud to an adult at home.

After you have read the story, put it down and orally retell the story to an adult.

Remember to use your 5 finger check! Look on the next page for Retell Help.

Now you're ready for the final step!

In your Homework Book write your retell so that we can compare them when we come back to school :)

Fractions

We have just started to inquire into **fractions**.

$$\frac{\text{Pieces I Have}}{\text{Pieces it is divided into}} = \frac{\text{Numerator}}{\text{Denominator}}$$

$$\frac{2}{5} = \text{Pie Chart (2/5 shaded)} = \text{5 Stars (2 yellow, 3 grey)}$$

Your Task:

Look at the world around you! We would like you to find at least 5 different examples of fractions in your life.

Here are some examples:

$\frac{1}{4}$ of the class teachers in Year 4 are female.

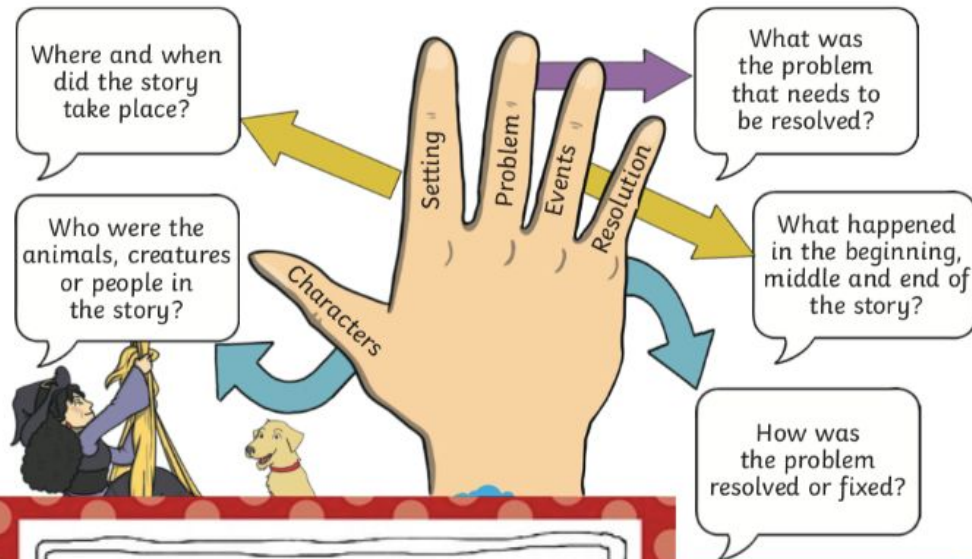
$\frac{3}{4}$ of the class teachers in Year 4 are male.

I ate $\frac{8}{10}$ of my pizza on Friday night.

Record your examples in your Homework Book.

Five Finger Retell

I can remember and retell the different parts of a story



FICTION RETELLING FRAMEWORK

This story is about a.....named...who...

The story took place.....

First, ...Then...Then...

The characters learned...

This story reminds me of...

www.hellohenry.blogspot.com

Retell Success Criteria

1. Is told/written in your own words.
2. Tells the important things from the story, not all the little details.
3. Includes the beginning, middle and end of the story.
4. Includes the main problem and solution of the story
5. Is shorter than the original story.

SUPER STRETCH POTION

Kate, Jim and I needed a good science project.

All the other groups had started work on theirs. There were robots, x-ray glasses and kids that changed colour. We needed something to beat all of them.

The idea came to us after eating some toffee. We would find a medicine to make us stretchy! I called our project *Super Stretch Potion*. All we needed was an ingredient that was really stretchy.

Kate bought lots of rubber bands. We put them in the blender at her house, to make the potion. All we did was break her blender.

Jim's sister was a dancer, so she was very stretchy. He asked if he could put some of her sweat in a jar. She screamed and he got into trouble.

It was up to me to think of something creative.

I counted all the pocket money I had saved and bought chewing gum. Lots of

it. That was the stretchiest thing I could think of.

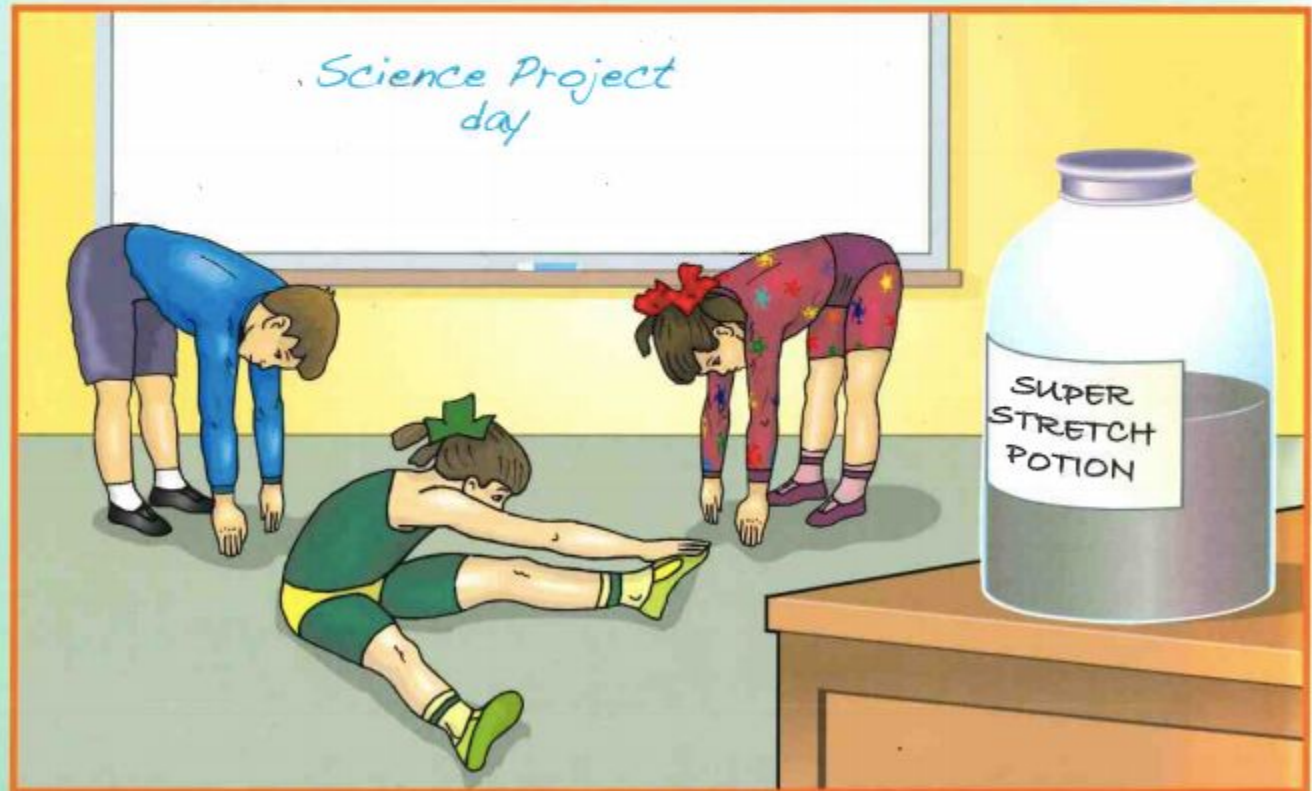
We melted all the sticks of gum. I'd heard a television advertisement say that shampoo made your hair stretch, rather than break, so we added some of that to the mix, too. Three times a day we'd wash in the potion. Then we'd test how stretchy we were.

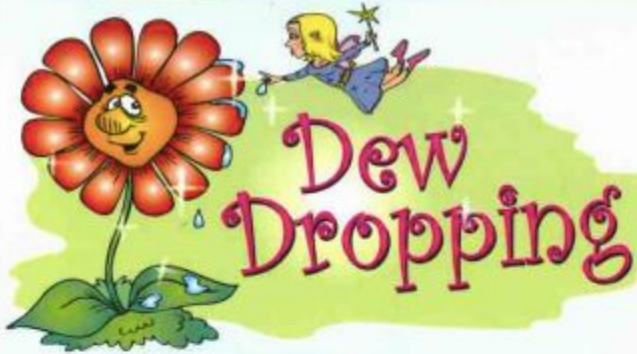
At first, nothing. After a week, when we tested ourselves after each dose, we could stretch further and further.

Our project had worked!

At school, we stood up and showed everyone. They were all amazed. But then our teacher took us aside. She told us that it wasn't the gum that had made us stretch better. It was because we had practised stretching. The more you stretch, the easier it becomes.

We were given good marks in the end. But, we had to change our project title. We called it *Practice Makes Perfect*.





It was Goldie's job to dab dew onto the flowers, grass and leaves. This was dangerous, because it had to be done right before dawn. Even the smallest ray of sunlight would fry a night fairy into ash.

One night, while playing high up on a branch, Goldie's wings brushed against a sticky leaf. She pulled herself free but then her wings became stuck together. When she tried to fly she nose-dived, crashing into the branches of a rose bush far below. Sharp thorns tore her soft skin and Goldie thudded to the ground. The pain was awful.

She lay there as the black night sky faded. It was almost sunrise. "This is the end," she whispered. "It hurts too much to move and the first ray of sunshine is only seconds away!"

That was when she felt something sharp grab hold of her legs. She was dragged along the ground, and came to a stop under a shady leaf. There stood a sugar ant, a beetle and a big, brown spider.

The beetle gathered up the little fairy, then flew into the air. Its short wings droned as it struggled with Goldie's weight. They were soon

both high above the ground in the hollow of an oak tree.

The ant and spider crawled up after them. The ant carried a crushed, sweet-smelling leaf on its back. Carefully, the beetle nestled Goldie inside the leaf and the spider used its webbing to bind Goldie into it.

"Thank you all very much," said Goldie, from inside her cocoon. "But, I must ask you to help me with one more thing. While it's true that I am safe from the burning sun, I must return to my fairy circle before the sun has fully risen. If I don't, I will never see my family again.

The race was on. Goldie's fairy circle lay on the other side of a house. The only way they could reach it in time was to fly over the roof. But, the beetle could only just carry Goldie a short way; it wouldn't have enough strength to get her all the way. Luckily, the ant and spider had a plan.

The ant gathered bark and twigs, which the spider weaved together with its webbing. They attached these large wings to the beetle's back. Whenever it flapped its own wings, the stick ones would bloom open like sails, catching the wind.

They strapped Goldie and her cocoon to the beetle's belly. "Thank you," said Goldie. "I promise I'll visit once I am better."

At last, Goldie was on her way home. The pair was crossing over the roof when a dark shadow fell over them. A hungry swallow had caught sight of them, and now wanted a taste. It swooped down. The beetle did the best it could, ducking and twisting through the air. But no

matter what, the bird was always just a wingtip away.



Suddenly, the air filled with black and gold. A swarm of wasps had flown to the rescue. A mouthful of stingers was not the swallow's idea of lunch, and it flew away.

At last, the beetle landed safely on the ground, right near a small ring of mushrooms. This was Goldie's fairy circle. She thanked the brave beetle, and even risked poking her little head out of the leaf to kiss its forehead. The beetle gently placed the leaf cocoon into the ring of mushrooms. Though nothing seemed to change, when the beetle peeked, it found the cocoon to be empty. Goldie had safely returned home.