

Monday 30th March

Writing



**'GIVE ME THE CITY
OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE
ANY DAY: URBAN
AREAS HAVE EVERYTHING
AND ARE FAR SUPERIOR
TO THE EMPTY
COUNTRYSIDE.'**

This week, you will be writing an article for *Simply Freds* (the school magazine) giving your views on the above quote. Do you think cities or the countryside are the best? You might argue that you completely agree or disagree with the quote; you might decide that you fall somewhere in the middle.

Here is the start of a magazine article arguing that adventure holidays are more enjoyable than beach holidays.

Sun, sand and sea? No thank you: I'd rather feel the blood pumping through my veins.

I understand the idea of why people love beach holidays: it is an enticing thought to be sipping ice-cold drinks, whilst reclining on a sun lounger, before sliding into the refreshing turquoise sea to cool off. To look in the mirror, after two weeks lying in the sun, and see a clear-eyed, healthy-looking, bronzed complexion looking back at me is a lovely idea. To sit and do nothing except watch the world go by? It de-stresses me just to think about it.

Unfortunately, the reality of such a holiday is very very different. Firstly, sun loungers are horrible: they are uncomfortable and the plastic gets so hot you could fry an egg on it! Lying on one in the baking heat with sunscreen dripping into my eyes is NOT my idea of a good time thank you very much! And I never return from the Mediterranean looking brown and healthy: I look like I've been baked in an oven at 220 degrees. Sitting doing nothing for two weeks? Boring, boring, boring.

I would much rather be....

LO: To practise planning and writing a persuasive magazine article

Your job today is to consider what I could write next for MY magazine article. I am arguing that adventure holidays are more fun than beach holidays. As you can see above, my first two paragraphs are used to show why I dislike beach holidays. The next 2, which you will write, will be about what I love about adventure holidays.

1. Brainstorm (either on scrap paper or verbally) ideas for the next 2 paragraphs. Maybe you will write about a specific type of adventure holiday: ski-ing, mountain climbing or sky-diving. Maybe you will talk about the benefits such activities have had on your life: fitness, making new friends, new skills. Maybe you will talk about the way such things make you feel: blood-pumping, adrenaline flowing, joy-giving.
2. Write the next 2 paragraphs in the style I was writing above. You could use the sentence opener I left but you don't have to.

Reading

William Wenton and the Luridium Thief

Victoria Station, London

It was the middle of the morning rush hour. Busy, harried people scurried this way and that, everyone minding their own business. No one noticed an elderly bearded man running through the hall.

He was clutching a brown-paper parcel and kept looking behind him, as if he was being chased. He stumbled on a suitcase that someone was wheeling by. It took him a few steps to catch his balance, then he hurtled down the escalator to the underground.

on the platform, people were crushed together like lemmings on a cliff. The man pushed his way through and stopped at the far end of the platform. A cool breeze blew out of the tunnel. A train was coming.

None of the other travellers noticed the man jump down onto the tracks. The screech of an approaching train could be heard, and the wind whistling through the tunnel made his long beard flap.

The old man cast one last look up the platform before he turned and disappeared into the dark tunnel. 9

CHAPTER 1

Eight years later, at a secret address somewhere in Norway

William was so engrossed in what he was doing that he didn't hear his mother calling him. He sat hunched over a massive desk, and with a steady hand he tightened the final screw into a metal cylinder the size of an empty toilet roll. The cylinder, which divided into several sections, was engraved with intricate symbols and inscriptions.

William held it up to the light and studied it with satisfaction. He picked up a newspaper clipping, which showed a picture of a cylinder that looked just like the one he was holding in his hand. It said: The Impossible Puzzle, the world's most difficult code, is coming to Norway. Can you crack it?

Even though William had already read the article hundreds of times, he read it again. He studied the picture of the enigmatic metal cylinder. A group of the world's best cryptographers had spent more than three years creating it. And now it was on its introductory tour with the tagline "the world's most difficult 10 code". It was reputed to be impossible to crack. Some of the world's smartest people had already tried –

and failed. And now it had finally come to Norway. Soon he would see it with his own eyes. He could hardly wait. Tomorrow the exhibition was moving on to Finland, so it was now or never.

“DINNER!” William’s mother yelled from the kitchen.

William didn’t respond. In his defence, sound did not travel particularly well in this house. The walls of every room were covered in bookshelves jam-packed with books that had been inherited from his grandfather, along with strict instructions never to get rid of them. The collection had been hauled over from England in seven large containers.

William had read them all. At least twice.

It had been eight years since they’d had to leave England. Eight years since they’d moved into this house. And eight years since Grandfather had disappeared. Now William and his parents lived incognito at a secret address, with new names, in a small town in Norway. “WILLIAM OLSEN! DINNER!”

His mother didn’t let up. William heard her now. She had said Olsen, William Olsen. He was never going to get used to that name. He longed for the day when he could tell everyone his actual name: William Wenton.

He’d given up asking about what really happened back in London eight years earlier. About why they were called Olsen 11 now. About why they lived here, in Norway of all places. And about what had happened to his grandfather. His parents had decided not to talk about it. As if all the secrets were somehow better than the truth. He didn’t know much about what had happened, except that it had something to do with a car accident. The same car accident that had left his father paralysed.

But there was more. Something so serious that his family had to disappear – and a thin little country that almost no one in the rest of the world could find on a map had been the perfect place to disappear to.

“DIIIIINNER!!” his mum yelled yet again.

“I just have to fix one little thing...” William muttered to himself.

Then it was his father’s turn to holler from the distance: “WILLIAM ... IT’S TIME FOR DINNER!”

William cautiously rotated the metal cylinder, feeling how the small pieces rested perfectly in his hands as if they understood him. Then the door to his room suddenly flew open, knocking over a tall stack of books. He jumped. One of the books hit the cylinder, which slipped out of his hands, landed on the floor with a clunk! and began to roll towards the door. William was just leaning down to pick it up when his father

came over the threshold in his electric wheelchair, on a collision course with the cylinder. William watched in dismay as the full weight of one wheel drove over it with a metallic crunch! His father braked abruptly. The ruined electronics sparked and a little cloud of smoke rose from the wreckage under the wheel. His father glared down at his wheelchair in irritation and wrinkled his nose.

“Is it playing up again? I just took it in to get it serviced!” he muttered to himself and then turned sternly towards William, who had moved his hand to cover the newspaper clipping on the desk. “It’s time for dinner ... NOW!” said his father, putting his chair in reverse, bumping into another stack of books and driving back out of the room.

William waited until the hum of his father’s stairlift had faded before he stood up. He took a breath. That had been close. But his father hadn’t seen anything, had he? William was quite sure that he’d managed to hide the newspaper clipping before his father noticed it. He walked over to the cylinder and picked it up. One side was dented. He shook it gently.

“Really?” He was annoyed with himself as much as anything. He glanced at the thick safety chain on the inside of his door. How had he forgotten to fasten it? He always locked his door when he was working on codes.

William turned and walked back over to the desk. He opened one of the drawers and put into it the newspaper clipping and what was left of the cylinder.

He stood there for a while, staring thoughtfully at the other objects in the drawer: a mechanical hand he’d built himself, a 3-D metal puzzle, a Rubik’s cube and a shoebox that contained a soldering iron, some small screwdrivers and a pair of pliers. He closed the drawer and locked it, hiding the key in a crack between two floorboards, then gave the room one last check to make sure he’d stowed everything away.

For some reason his father hated cryptography. In fact he’d forbidden any form of codebreaking activity. He wanted William to do the stuff normal children did: football, band practice, whatever. It was almost as if his father was afraid of codes, and afraid of William’s interest in them. And it was getting worse. Now his dad was even cutting the crossword puzzles out of the newspaper and burning them in the fireplace. That’s why William had started locking his bedroom door. So his father wouldn’t discover all the stuff he had hidden in his room.

If his father only knew what it was like to be William. Some days all he could see around him were codes. For him, anything could be a code: a house, a car, stuff he saw on TV or read in a book. They were all puzzles, and his brain took over to solve them. It could even happen when he looked at a tree or the pattern in some wallpaper. Sometimes it was as if things dissolved right before his eyes so that he

could see each individual component and where it fitted in. He'd had this gift for as long as he could remember, and it often got him into trouble. That's why he was happiest on his own. Preferably in his room, with the door locked, where he was in full control.

William looked again at the big desk; his grandfather's desk. The top was made from dark ebony, one of the hardest woods in the world. In each corner there were carvings of demon-like faces, grimacing and sticking out their tongues. William had been scared of the desk when he was little. But gradually, as he got older, he became curious. The whole desk top was covered with strange symbols. William imagined that they were secret messages from his grandfather, who was one of the best cryptologists in the world. Only, William hadn't managed to decipher the symbols yet. He hoped that someday he would understand them, that he would understand what his grandfather had written, and why.

"WE'RE EATING NOW!" His mother yelled again. "Coming!" William replied. And in two easy steps he was out of the room.

Today's task:

Day 1 of guided reading

Your job is to simply read the extract above.

Underline any words you do not understand and make notes on what you do.

You might decide to print off the extract and make notes on the sheet like we do in school. If you cannot do this, then make notes in your home learning books.

Spelling

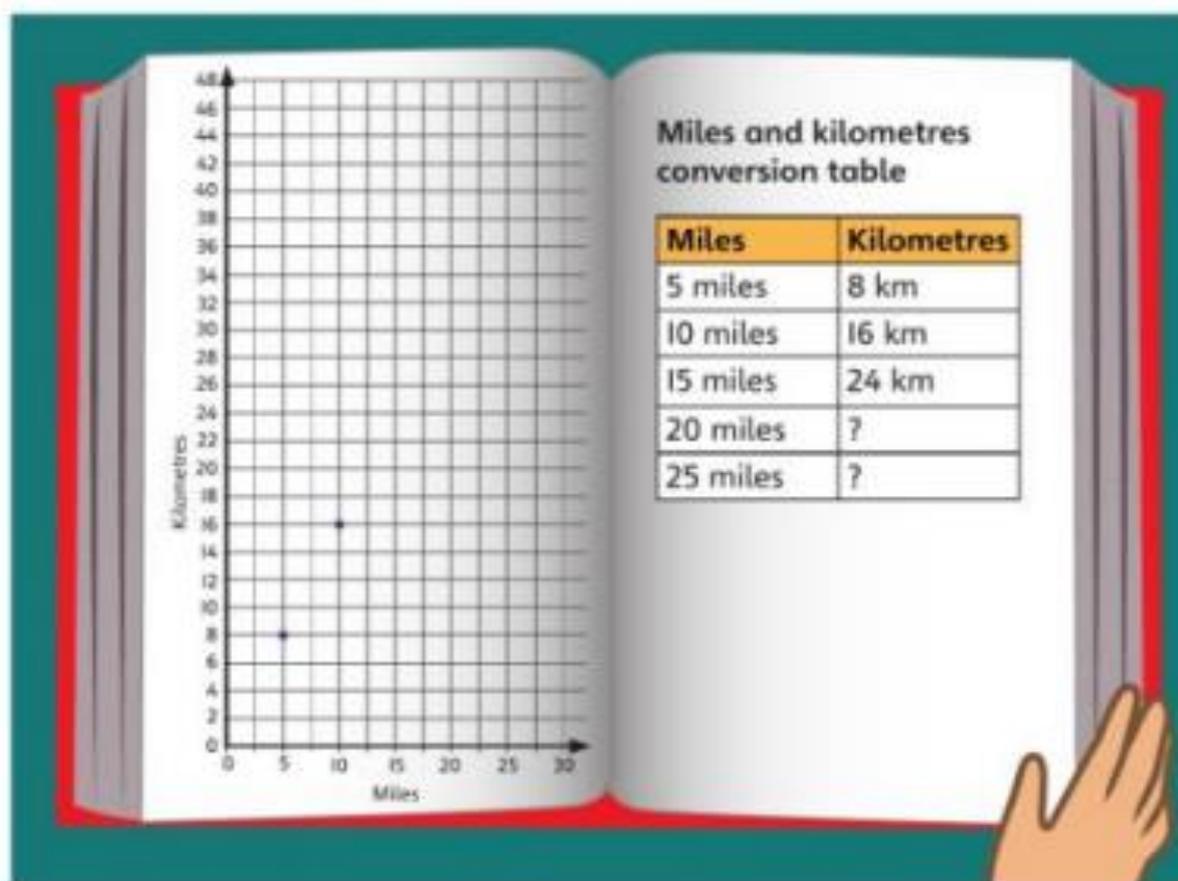
Word list – years 5 and 6

accommodate	criticise (critic + ise)	individual	relevant
accompany	curiosity	interfere	restaurant
according	definite	interrupt	rhyme
achieve	desperate	language	rhythm
aggressive	determined	leisure	sacrifice
amateur	develop	lightning	secretary
ancient	dictionary	marvellous	shoulder
apparent	disastrous	mischievous	signature
appreciate	embarrass	muscle	sincere(ly)
attached	environment	necessary	soldier
available	equip (-ped, -ment)	neighbour	stomach
average	especially	nuisance	sufficient
awkward	exaggerate	occupy	suggest
bargain	excellent	occur	symbol
bruise	existence	opportunity	system
category	explanation	parliament	temperature
cemetery	familiar	persuade	thorough
committee	foreign	physical	twelfth
communicate	forty	prejudice	variety
community	frequently	privilege	vegetable
competition	government	profession	vehicle
conscience*	guarantee	programme	yacht
conscious*	harass	pronunciation	
controversy	hindrance	queue	
convenience	identity	recognise	
correspond	immediate(ly)	recommend	

The task for this week is to learn/revise the second 25 words – from *correspond* to *hindrance*. You will be tested on the words on Friday.

Constructing line graphs

Discover



- 1** a) Show where the next points would go on the graph and complete the missing values in the table.
- b) How many miles convert to 44 km?

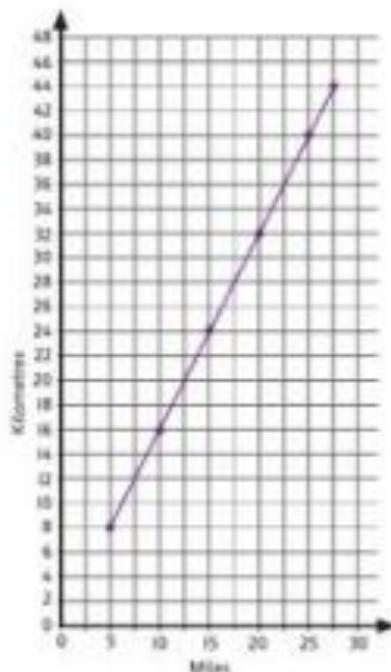
Share

- a) The next point on the graph shows that 15 miles convert to 24 km.

I noticed the points lie in a straight line.



Miles	Kilometres
5 miles	8 km
10 miles	16 km
15 miles	24 km
20 miles	32 km
25 miles	40 km



The graph converts miles and kilometres. It is a straight line because there are 5 miles for every 8 km.

- b) 44 km is halfway between 40 and 48 km.
27.5 miles is halfway between 25 and 30 miles.
So 27.5 miles convert to 44 km.

Miles	Kilometres
25 miles	40 km
27.5 miles	44 km
30 miles	48 km

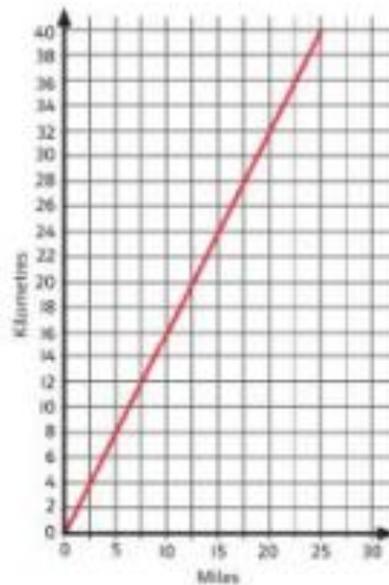
Think together

- 1 This graph shows the conversion of miles and kilometres. Use the information on the graph to complete the conversions.

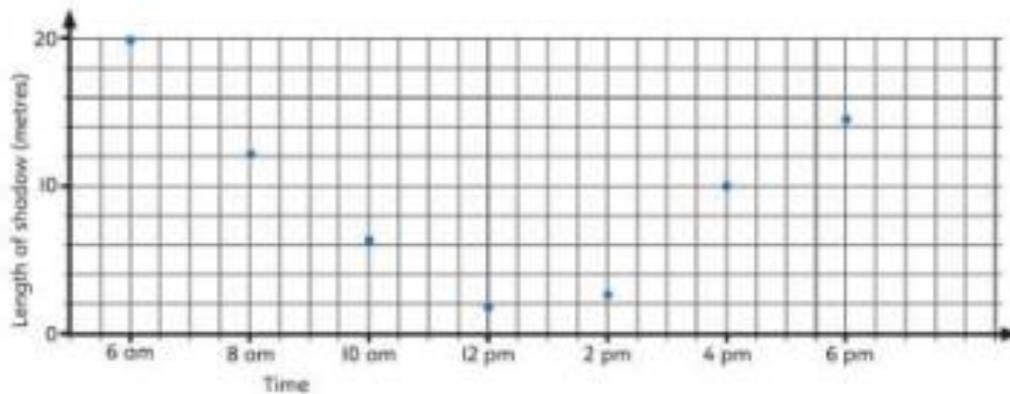
10 miles is equivalent to kilometres.

20 kilometres is equivalent to miles.

There are metres in one mile.



- 2 This graph shows the length of a shadow of a tree at different times of the day.



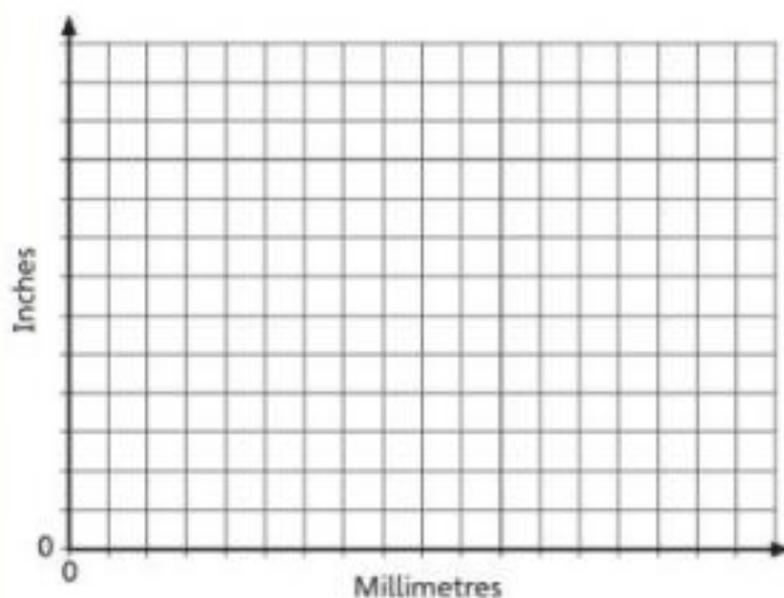
When was the shadow 10 m long?

Use this graph to predict the height of the shadow at 8 pm.

- 3 Use the figures in the table to draw a conversion line graph for inches to millimetres.

CHALLENGE

Inches	10	20	30		
Millimetres	254	508	762		



I will first decide what scales to use for my axes.



Use the graph to find the following approximate conversions.

25 inches = mm 1 m = inches

800 mm = inches 6 ft = m

15 inches = cm

There are 12 inches in 1 foot.

