



Writing: Year 4 – Summer 2 Week 3

	Day 1 Activity	Day 2 Activity	Day 3 Activity	Day 4 Activity	Day 5 Activity
Writing	<p>Today we are focusing on three poems that Joseph Coelho wrote about his teachers: 'Miss Flotsam', '<i>Make it bigger, Eileen!</i>' and '<i>An A* from Mrs Coe</i>' (1A).</p> <p>Answer these questions:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> How does the poet leave you feeling about each teacher? Why? What do we know about Miss Flotsam from the way she is described by the poet? Is her name really Miss Flotsam? What does Flotsam mean? <p>Think of an adult in school who has had a memorable impact on you. Why do they mean so much to you? Was it one big thing, or lots of little things as with Miss Flotsam?</p> <p>You are going to be planning and writing a poem about this adult. Use Resource 1B to help you plan your ideas.</p>	<p>Re-read '<i>Miss Flotsam</i>'.</p> <p>Today you are going to write your free-verse poem about your most memorable adult in school. Note - The poem does not need to be as long as '<i>Miss Flotsam</i>'.</p> <p>Remember to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - use description (expanded noun phrases) - use figurative language (similes and metaphors) - use free-verse (it doesn't have to rhyme) <p>Revise your poem using 'ARMS'. Add – do you need to add anything else? Remove – do you need to remove any words/ phrases/ lines? Move – play around with your verses and lines, if you move it, does it make the poem flow better? Substitute – can you substitute any words for more exciting vocabulary? Can you substitute any simple description for figurative language?</p>	<p>Listen to the poem 'Conquer'.</p> <p>Look at images of horse-chestnut trees. (3A)</p> <p>Answer these questions:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Why do you think the poet has chosen to spell the title in this way? What is the poem about? How has Joseph Coelho shown the children's longing and anticipation in this poem? Have you ever longed for something and had to wait? How did it feel? <p>Look at the poem (3B). How could this poem be performed to show the eagerness, excitement and anticipation effectively?</p> <p>Rehearse and perform the poem to a friend or family member.</p> <p>Watch this video about performing poetry.</p>	<p>Look at images of blackberries and brambles. (4A)</p> <p>Using your sense of sight, smell, taste and touch, write descriptions of the blackberries and brambles using adjectives to create expanded noun phrases, similes and metaphors. <i>E.g. shiny, jet-black fruit with microscopic hairs..., razor-sharp thorns like the teeth of a chainsaw.</i></p> <p>Listen to the poem 'Halloween's Crumble'.</p> <p>Read the poem (4B) and annotate the text, identifying figurative language and metaphors that the poet has used to create imagery.</p> <p>If there are any words/phrases you are unsure of, clarify the meaning using a dictionary or by speaking to an adult/older sibling.</p>	<p>Listen to the poem 'The Satyr's Head'. (5A)</p> <p>Highlight the unfamiliar, interesting or new language from the poem and clarify the meaning.</p> <p>Answer these questions:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Focusing on the emotions of the children in the poem. How do we know they were determined to get to the garden? What is it like in there? Do the children mind? How did they feel to be in the garden? What made them feel like this? How does it compare to the other places where they live and play? <p>Joseph Coelho uses description and figurative language to create imagery. What image is created in your mind as you read/listen to the poem?</p> <p>Draw the hidden garden.</p>
Resources	<p>Resource 1A Resource 1B</p>	<p>Video about Free Verse</p>	<p>Resource 3A Resource 3B Video about Performing Poetry</p>	<p>Resource 4A Resource 4B</p>	<p>Resource 5A Resource 5B</p>





Reading: Year 4 – Summer 2 Week 3

		Day 1 Activity	Day 2 Activity	Day 3 Activity	Day 4 Activity	Day 5 Activity	
Reading	Whole class	Street Child – Chapter 19 Street Child – Chapter 20	Street Child – Chapter 21 Street Child – Chapter 22	Street Child – Chapter 23 and 24	Street Child – Chapter 25 and 26	Street Child – Chapter 27 Street Child – End	
	Independent	*	My First Guide to Magic Tricks	From Mealworm to Beetle	Composting: Nature's Recyclers	A Tour of your Digestive System	A Tour of your Muscular and Skeletal Systems
		**	The Boy who Burped too Much	Dirty Bertie Germs 1 - 18	Dirty Bertie Germs 19 - 32	Dirty Bertie Germs 33 - 46	Dirty Bertie Germs 47 - 55
		***	This or That Animal Debate	Rainforest Food Chains 1 – 19	Rainforest Food Chains 20 - 40	Pete Bogg King of the Frogs 1 - 20	Pete Bogg King of the Frogs 21 - 38
Spelling		<p>Words to learn – through, various, weight, quite, quiet, weather, whether, way, weigh, whose, who's</p> <p>Make sure you know the definition of each homophone by using each word in a sentence. Can you think of a way of remember how to spell each homophone?</p> <p>Practise spelling these using the school strategies.</p> <p>Challenge! Choose 5 more words that you find tricky and practise spelling those too.</p>					



Resource 1A – Joseph Coelho Poems

Miss Flotsam - Poem from Werewolf Club Rules by Joseph Coelho

Miss Flotsam was my reception teacher.
She had travelled the world.
Brown hair turned golden
under distant suns,
clothes carrying colours
from countless corners of continents.

When my mother's face spilled
a gush of adolescent tears
at the school gates,
Miss Flotsam soaked up the drops
in Peruvian alpaca,
caught splashes
in Himalayan singing bowls,
let sobs fall on Indonesian Gamelans.

Miss Flotsam had flown
through air pockets in jumbo jets,
sailed the seven seas
in opposite directions,
cycled through cyclones,
with dengue fever,
soothed mothers
when their hearts heaved.

When the bully punched me
for being too brown,
Miss Flotsam glared at him
with an eye that could turn fists
into begging bowls.

When my mother was late,
the chairs upturned on the desks,
Miss Flotsam read to me
stories of imperfect families
and unexpected heroes.

When I dozed in class
Miss Flotsam let me sleep
through maths,
through lunch,
through the tuk-tuk traffic,
through the home-time bell.

When I was naughty
Miss Flotsam told me off,
asked of the disasters
destroying my home
and placed sandbags around my
lies.

Miss Flotsam had climbed peaks
circled by vultures,
waded rivers with unseen bottoms,
brought ugly fruits
in dusty languages
in foreign markets,
spoke to parents
in dialects they could understand,
sang to pupils
in rhythms they could bear.

Make it bigger, Eileen! - Poem from Werewolf Club Rules by Joseph Coelho

In Art I drew a park
with a pond, and railings and children playing...
and trees with multi-coloured leaves
and mothers with pushchairs wearing hats that jumped
and joggers running with three legs
and skaters – skating on thin ice with elephants on their backs
and pigeons playing cards on bread tables
and grass with eyes and noses
and flowers with walking sticks and headphones
and clouds that rained smells
and a sun as deep as an ocean
and stones that bled
and a rainbow with stairs

Sir said...

“Tut, tut, tut. Bigger, Eileen,
your picture must be bigger.”

So I drew a duck.

An A* from Miss - Poem from Werewolf Club Rules by Joseph Coelho

"The sun is as long as spaghetti" I said

"No" said Miss Coe "That can't be right, do it again and do it right"

"Water is as twinkery as the stars" I said

"No" said Miss Coe "That can't be right, do it again and do it right"

"Clouds are fire in the night sky" I said

"No" said Miss Coe "That can't be right, do it again and do it right"

I wrote a poem for Miss Coe's class...

"The sun is round,
water is wet,
the clouds are fluffy."

A*

Resource 1B – Plan

The task is to plan a free-verse poem about a memorable adult (teacher, head teacher, teaching assistant, lunch time supervisor, care taker etc) from school.

How would you describe the adult, without actually naming them, like Joseph Coelho has done with '**Miss Flotsam**'.

When planning your ideas, try to use figurative language like similes and metaphors in your description.

Example: He wore thick, round glasses (non-figurative).

Simile: He wore glasses like swimming goggles.

Metaphor: He wore two magnifying glasses on his nose.

Adult: Ms/Mrs/Mr _____

Appearance:

Characteristics:

Phrases they say:

Things they did for me:

What they did/do in their spare time (can be made up):

Resource 3A – Horse Chestnut Trees



This is a medieval
weapon called a
mace.

Resource 3B

Conquer - *Poem from Werewolf Club Rules by Joseph Coelho*

Five children clasping mittens
could not hug the entire trunk.
Whole hands could hide in the folds of its bark.
James, the tallest boy in class,
could sit on a root,
his feet would not touch the ground.

Every classroom faced the playground,
every child could see the tree.
Leaves beckoning.
Conkers swelling.

As the bells rang
we'd march to the tree,
sticks in hand,
eyes fixed on the mace-like horse chestnuts.
Green spikes hungry to prick
our minds obsessed by the jewels within.

Resource 4A – Blackberries and Brambles



Resource 4B

Halloween's crumble - Poem from *Werewolf Club Rules* by Joseph Coelho

The biggest berries are in the centre
of a tunnel of thorny bushes.
A shark gaping wide,
promising not to nip.

The juiciest berries dangle
from the barbed canes.
Savage whips,
swearing they won't mark.

The plumpest berries are out of reach,
boxed within sharp leaves.
A chest of swords,
vowing never to cut.

The best berries are in my tub.
Frogspawn, black beads, spider eyes,
wet and bleeding,
giving their word to please.

The sweetest berries
are in the crumble.
A rocky sandscape over a gory lake,
guaranteeing to be delicious.

Resource 5A

The Satyr's Head - Poem from *Werewolf Club Rules* by Joseph Coelho

The hidden garden we played in
was bordered in red brick.
Crenellations of a faded fort,
ivy-scattered and wing-aged.
A Victorian garden.

The towering walls tempted us to climb,
the bricks testing their mortar,
forming steps and hand-holds.

We climbed.
Urging frail frames against the height,
then daring to drop to the spiky grass below.
Protected by a wisp of arrogance,
an armour of childhood.

We danced in the light of the Satyr's grin,
the limestone details of the fountain,
weathered and mean,
the endless grimace of a friend.

The garden cloaked our tower block's stares,
its trees veiling the aerials, the satellite dishes,
Its bricks a smoke screen to the traffic's roar,
the yells of our mothers.
Its bushes covering up the smog.
the jam-sweet scent of winter berries
disguising the stench from the bins.

We danced like our fathers told us we could,
spinning in the dead leaves
that spun from our steps,
like wry circus performers.