Snow Poem

Can you create a snow cinquain? A cinquain has 5 lines and the syllable count is 2 4 6 8 2.

Space

Create a poster or a fact file about a planet of your choice. You could research:

- Type of planet
- Size
- Distance from the sun
- Length of day/year
- Weather



The Space Race

What was the Space Race? Can you find out any interesting facts about this time in history?

Maths

You can use the link to complete similar activities.

Year 5 Mathematics Arithmetic Paper - Compact Version

1	$46 \times 10 =$ ☐	◯	19	$\frac{3}{4} - \frac{2}{4} =$ ☐	◯
2	$144 \div 4 =$ ☐	◯	20	$36 \times 12 =$ ☐	◯
3	$510 \times 0 =$ ☐	◯	21	$10 \times 86.17 =$ ☐	◯
4	$1.48 + 8.6 =$ ☐	◯	22	$1.9 + 0.7 =$ ☐	◯
5	$\frac{4}{5} - \frac{3}{5} =$ ☐	◯	23	$18927 + 8336 =$ ☐	◯
6	$33 \times 28 =$ ☐	◯	24	$9 \times 7 =$ ☐	◯
7	$10 \times 81.67 =$ ☐	◯	25	$7.58 - 2.07 =$ ☐	◯
8	$4.8 + 0.4 =$ ☐	◯	26	☐ $= 129 - 40$	◯
9	$83596 + 2685 =$ ☐	◯	27	$541 \times 58 =$ ☐	◯
10	$10 \times 7 =$ ☐	◯	28	$447 \times 44 =$ ☐	◯
11	$7.89 - 6.07 =$ ☐	◯	29	$25 \times 10 =$ ☐	◯
12	☐ $= 478 - 80$	◯	30	$207 \div 3 =$ ☐	◯
13	$365 \times 99 =$ ☐	◯	31	$688 \times 0 =$ ☐	◯
14	$923 \times 24 =$ ☐	◯	32	$7.66 + 8.6 =$ ☐	◯
15	$82 \times 10 =$ ☐	◯	33	$\frac{4}{7} - \frac{2}{7} =$ ☐	◯
16	$180 \div 5 =$ ☐	◯	34	$99 \times 93 =$ ☐	◯
17	$0 \times 618 =$ ☐	◯	35	$10 \times 72.57 =$ ☐	◯
18	$5.12 + 2.7 =$ ☐	◯	36	$8.9 + 0.7 =$ ☐	◯

Whole Class Reading

Enjoy the next few pages of our Whole Class Reading book...

CHAPTER 7

OPENING NIGHT

Next morning, as Daniel dressed, he stared out of his wagon at the blazing sun, low in the morning sky. He did not trust his own eyes. As far as Daniel could tell, his wagon and the meadow outside it were somehow contained *inside* a room *within* the shop. How did it all work? How did Mr Silver bring outside *inside*? Was it like a movie set? An illusion? If he were a bird flying in the sky above the wagon, would he get only so high and reach a wall?

The familiar sound of beating wings, and Mr Silver's gleaming magpies glided through the open door. They fluttered around his head, touched down on his shoulders, stamped their feet and pecked at him. They twitched their heads and flapped this way and that.

Get ready! No time to lose! they seemed to be telling him.

Daniel finished getting dressed. The magpies chased him out of the door, across the hall of stairways and through the curtain.

Mr Silver was waiting behind his desk in the shop front.

"The only downside to travelling by flame," he said, expecting Daniel to know what he was talking about, "is the mess it tends to create." He ran his hand along a tabletop, coating his fingertips with a thick layer of soot. "Your official Emporium duties, in the beginning at least, will consist of keeping the front of shop presentable. I expect this place to be shining when we open to the public this evening."

Daniel gazed around the soot-covered room. "When do we open?"

Silver raised a finger, shook off the soot. "Our doors open at twilight and close at dawn."

And so, with excitement buzzing through him, and a job to keep his mind busy, Daniel set to work, cleaning and tidying and clearing the place of soot. Everything was filthy. How long had it been since Mr Silver last cleaned? Daniel adjusted columns of books and polished the silver and jet stone pieces of a beautiful chess set. Every time he turned

away, the pieces would move around the board, as though a game between two invisible opponents was underway.

So much work made the day rush past, and by early evening the day had melted to twilight. Daniel became aware that a curious crowd was beginning to gather outside. He peered out through the window.

"Why haven't they come before now?" he said. "We've been here for two days."

Mr Silver, who was at his desk writing in his battered old book, barely glanced up.

"Most of them haven't noticed us until now," he said.

Daniel narrowed his eyes.

"You mean you haven't let them notice, don't you?"

To which Mr Silver only smiled.

Then, at last, Silver snapped his book shut, locked it away in its drawer, stood up, and threw on his coat.

"Showtime," he said, patting his hair in a futile attempt to flatten the wild tangle.

The door of the Emporium creaked open. Silence poured into the shop, deep and electric. Daniel held his breath, listening to the drumbeat of his own heart.

Mr Silver held out his right hand, then waved his left hand over it. Where only a moment ago there had been nothing but empty space, a dove sat in his palm, white feathers glowing in the light of the fire. Daniel breathed a hundred different scents: chocolate and wood fire, pipe smoke and cinnamon. Mr Silver's grey eyes shone as he released the dove and watched it fly out into the darkness.

"Welcome to opening night, Daniel Holmes."

A flash of light illuminated the darkened sky.

Then the customers began to come.

Their eyes grew wide as they caught sight of the treasures within the Emporium. Grown men and women became like children once more, anxious to touch and inspect every shining trinket.

When they noticed the curtain, Mr Silver would pull back the material with a flourish, inviting them to witness the Wonders beyond. Daniel watched with fascination as they filtered through. His mind fizzed with curiosity.