

# YEAR 6 NEWSLETTER

## How can we as scientists, develop the uses of micro-organisms in the future?

Curiosity and Creativity  
Main Subjects: Science

### Science

Our topic this term is micro-organisms. Year 6 will have a lot of fun learning about this through a series of science experiments that they will carry out themselves. We will learn about the different types of micro-organism and will link the learning to what is happening at the moment with Covid-19, building on the understanding of the science behind it. We will be testing the best and worst conditions for micro-organisms to grow; this will build on our knowledge of fair testing.

**At home you could:** A great website to explore is: <https://www.e-bug.eu/homepage.html?level=junior> and <https://www.e-bug.eu/page.php?name=beat-the-bugs>

### Literacy

This term we will be writing warning stories. This involves a character being given a warning which is disobeyed; they learn a valuable lesson in the end! These are often seen in fairy tales. Children will be continuing to build on their writing skills throughout the term. In our reading sessions children will be looking at Shakespeare's Macbeth,

**At home you could:** read Grimm's Fairy tales together or tell each other your favourite fairy tale aloud.

### Maths

We will start the term by looking at decimals and percentages. We will tie all of this knowledge in with our learning about fractions and we will spend time on converting them, looking at the relationships between decimals, percentages and fractions (e.g.  $50\% = \frac{1}{2} = 0.5$ ). We will then move on to looking at shape and learning how to calculate the area, perimeter and volume of a range of shapes. Through our science topic, we will also be learning how to draw and read bar graphs, line graphs and pie charts.

**At home you could:** Solve some problems around percentages. How much would an item cost if you had 50% off, if you had 30% off etc...

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/z4nsgk7/articles/zqf4cw>

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/zqr4jxs/articles/zmp66v4>

**It is imperative that ALL children learn their times tables.**

This website could help: [www.topmarks.co.uk/maths-games/hit-the-button](http://www.topmarks.co.uk/maths-games/hit-the-button)

**Reminder:** All pupils should be using TTRS at home – ask your child's teacher if they need their log in again.

### Physical Education

We will continue to keep fit over our PE sessions every Monday and Thursday. The children will be working on improving their cricket skills. The children will be exploring different techniques of how to play defensively use attacking shots and learn how to bowl correctly. Children will also be working on developing their skills of basketball where pupils will develop their shooting form, work on their passing skills, work on defending and look at how to use space effectively.

Some PE will be taught outside so please ensure that your child has the appropriate clothing as the weather is warming up. PE Kit is **white t-shirt, black shorts or jogging bottoms and trainers**. Please ensure that your child has a **black sweatshirt**. For your child's safety, earrings must be removed before any PE lesson.

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAXW1XT0iEJo0TYIRfn6rYQ>

## Dates for your diary

Monday 20<sup>th</sup> February – INSET DAY

Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> February – Term 4 starts

Friday 17<sup>th</sup> March – Special Lady in your life market

Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> March & Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup> March – Parents Evening

Friday 31<sup>st</sup> March – Term 4 ends

Monday 17<sup>th</sup> April – Term 5 starts

## The Caravan

“Now Mitch, don’t go playing up by the pylon,” my Mum had warned me often enough. “It’s dangerous. You’ll get yourself electrocuted.” Did I listen? Of course I didn’t. Most days after school that was exactly where I went. Daft really, but she actually thought that I was doing my homework with Connor. Mum worries too much. I’ve still not forgotten how she used to tell me not to play under Hanger Bridge by the railway in case the troll snatched me. Of course, I was younger then. The pylon she was talking about stood at the end of Muggie Moss Road. Red and brown rust fluttered from its lean body and it made odd creaking sounds when the wind blew. It was there we found the caravan. It had been empty for years. If you go past, you’ll just see a small patch of overgrown land under the pylon, a mess of brambles and nettles that smothered the van. It was damp inside and the windows were smeared with green grime. Moss clung to its wheels. It was a place of dead spiders and dust but it was our special place. Most days after school we went straight there. Just to muck about.

That afternoon, a storm raged. It had been brewing all morning. The trees were like crazed zombies thrashing wildly. Rain lashed down, drumming on the metal roof. Inside the caravan it felt safe, almost cosy really. We shoved newspaper into any cracks to keep out the wind. I’d found a bit of old carpet and Connor had brought along some cushions that his Mum had thrown out. He’d also found a candle and in the semi-gloom its flame flickered with a cheerful glow. Outside dusk shadowed the bushes. Soon the streetlights would come on, casting orange pools of light.

We were arguing over whether the last goal in the Man United game was the best yet when we heard it: a clap of thunder so close that it sounded like an explosion. Connor wiped the condensation from the window and we peered out. At that very moment, there was another tremendous crack, and lightning struck the pylon. Sparks flew, the pylon shuddered and, as if in slow motion, it crashed down towards the caravan roof.

Instinctively, we both ducked down fast. There was an enormous crash and the caravan roof crumpled. The air prickled with electricity and rain lashed through the opening in the roof. For a moment, I was certain that I was about to be fried alive. In the half-light, I could see Connor’s face. His eyes were wide with fright and he gulped like a fish. “Come on,” he hissed. We slithered like snakes across the floor with the rusted pylon creaking dangerously above us.

Luckily, the door had flown open when the pylon had struck. We slipped out onto the muddy ground and lay there with the thunder grumbling above us and the rain beating down. Then Connor started to laugh. He curled up into a ball and laughed so much that I thought he was crying. I couldn’t help myself. The next thing I knew, I was laughing too. Inside, I just felt relief. On the outside, I was laughing crazily. Then we ran, through the brambles and out onto Muggie Moss Road.

Of course, Mum was furious. “I’m not made of money,” she said, eyeing the state of my school clothes. “Still, maybe a good wash will sort them out.” She glared at me suspiciously. “So, a tree nearly hit you?” I nodded, avoiding her icy stare. “You could have been killed,” she said. Shamefaced, I nodded. She was right. She’d been right from the start.