

Year 6

Learning Grid for week beginning: 13.07.2020

All of our activities have been designed to try to avoid the need for printing of any kind, although of course you can print if you want to. Remember, you should always check with an adult before using the internet and remember to tell an adult if you see something that makes you feel uncomfortable. There's further guidance from the NSPCC [here](#).

Maths		English		Theme	Physical	Social
Arithmetic	Further tasks	Reading	Writing (including spelling, punctuation & grammar)			
<p>Remember, you can copy the equations on to some scrap paper before you answer each one as arithmetic is not always mental maths. The foci for this week are:</p> <p>Session 1: Multiplying numbers</p> <p>Session 2: Dividing numbers</p> <p>Session 3: Applying an understanding of fractions, percentages and decimals.</p> <p>Session 4: Log in to Times Table Rockstars and complete your assigned sessions.</p> <p>Answers for the arithmetic sessions are on the last page.</p>	<p>Session 1: Theme park project Looking at making a profit</p> <p>Session 2: Theme park project Advertising and the costs associated with it.</p> <p>Session 3: Theme park project Work out the annual profit of your theme park and evaluate your theme park's success.</p> <p>Session 4: Angles in regular polygons. Click here for the online lesson.</p>	<p>Aim to read for 25 minutes every day, with an adult when you can.</p> <p>Link to do Accelerated Reader quizzes from home: https://ukhosted56.renlearn.co.uk/1894764/</p> <p>Session 1: Read the chapters and then have a go at the questions. For longer, 3 mark questions, you could use bullet points to make your three different answers clear.</p> <p>Session 2: Read through the text and try to use your skills to break down the meaning of the word 'foreboding'.</p> <p>Session 3: Read the text and then complete the associated questions.</p> <p>Session 4: Click here to continue to read the story so that you can finish it.</p>	<p>Spellings: Compete in the league on Spelling Shed! This league will feature ALL of the spellings on the Year 5 & 6 word list. Good luck!</p> <p>Writing Flash task: write a review of one of the rides in your theme park</p>	<p>Art: Henri Matisse and Collage In this lesson we will learn about French artist Henri Matisse and create a collage inspired by his work.</p> <p>Click here for the online lesson.</p> <p>Music: To identify pulse and rhythm in music In this lesson we will sing and clap to the pulse and rhythm of a variety of different musical examples.</p> <p>Click here for the online lesson.</p>	<p>Click here to do PE with Joe Wicks three times a week.</p>  <p>The Olympics may have been postponed but we can compete against each year group to see who can travel the furthest. Our school has been set up on the "Get Set Travel to Tokyo" so don't forget to log your family's activity! For the last time, you have the opportunity to choose two activities.</p>	<p>Click here to look at the variety of clubs that the National Oak Academy are running. They range from cooking, to art, to scouts. Why not take part in some of these activities this week with someone that you live with.</p> <p>Transition: Focus: Discuss strategies to making new friends from how to approach someone, to conversation starters. Watch the BBC video and then make a poster on top tips for making new friends.</p>

Monday



Arithmetic 1

a. $34 \times 76 =$

b. $50 \times 80 =$

c. $110 \times 12 =$

d. $62 \times 800 =$

e. $189 \times 35 =$

f. $3.6 \times 41 =$

g. $5.8 \times 7.2 =$

h. $0.6 \times 179 =$

i. $0.05 \times 48 =$

j. $2,034 \times 96 =$

k) $72.5 \times 0.8 =$

l) $202 \times 30 =$

m) $70 \times 500 =$

n) $0.12 \times 400 =$

o) $276 \times 58 =$

p) $354 \times 60 =$

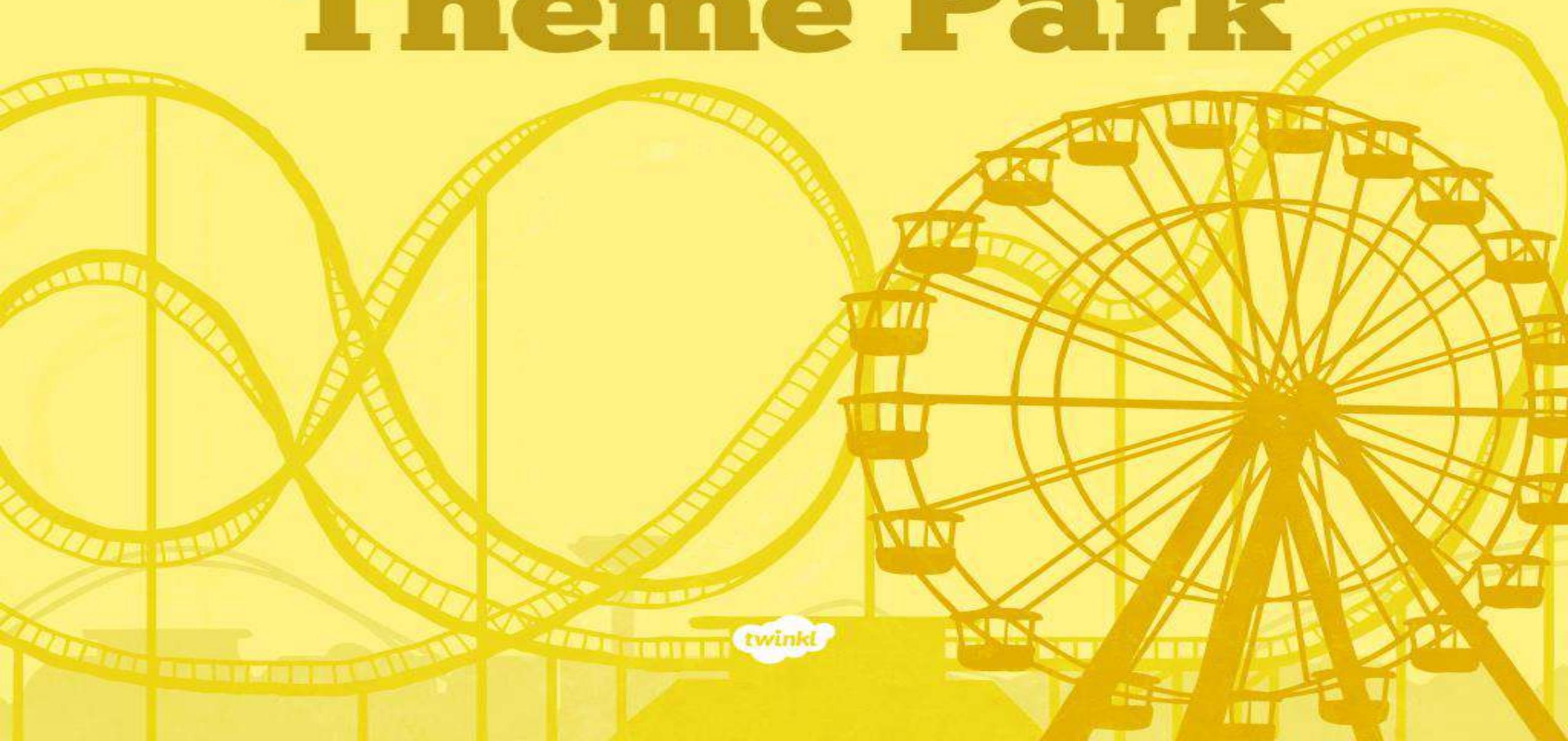
q) $7,336 \times 35 =$

r) $9,053 \times 78 =$

s) $13.5 \times 5.6 =$

t) $0.09 \times 378 =$

Theme Park



Year 6 Project Pack: Theme Park

During this project, you will:

Develop your problem-solving and thinking skills.

Make decisions and choices.

Strengthen your ability to work collaboratively within a team.

Use a range of mathematical and literacy skills.

Have fun!



Lesson 4: Making a Profit

Building work is now nearly finished and it's time to start making some big business decisions on your 'pricing structure' (the entry prices that you want to charge).

Now you know how much it will cost to run your park each week, you need to work out how much to charge your customers to enable you to make a profit.



It's time to do some more calculations...

Target Market

What kind of market is your theme park targeted at?

Do you expect most of your customers to be adults?

Do you think your theme park will attract people of all ages and families?

Is your park more suitable for younger children and their parents?



These factors will influence how much you charge your customers. You also need to think about your running costs.

Working Out a Pricing Structure

Think about your last task.

How much does it cost you to run your park for a week?

How would you work out your daily running costs?

You need to complete the Working Out Entrance Fees Activity Sheet and make some decisions about how much you'll charge your customers for park entry.

- Will you have one fixed price for everyone?
- Will children pay cheaper admission fees? At what age will a child be classed as an adult?

Working Out Entrance Fees
How much are you going to charge your customers to make a profit?

1 How much does it cost to open your park each day (daily running cost)? _____ (your weekly running cost = 7)

After researching similar theme parks, we predict that for your first few weeks of trading, a sensible estimate for the number of daily visitors would be 750 people. Let's work out how much each potential customer needs to pay to just cover your running costs:

Daily running cost _____ ÷ 750 (estimated daily visitors) = _____

How many adults and children do you predict will visit each day?

Estimated Adult Customers	
Estimated Child Customers	

2 Now try out some potential entrance fees.

Potential entrance fee 1	Number of predicted adult/child customers	Potential revenue
Cost per adult _____		
Cost per child _____		
Total potential revenue:		
Daily running costs:		
Potential profits per day: (Total potential revenue minus total daily running costs)		

Potential entrance fee 2	Number of predicted adult/child customers	Potential revenue
Cost per adult _____		
Cost per child _____		
Total potential revenue:		
Daily running costs:		
Potential profits per day: (Total potential revenue minus total daily running costs)		

3 Final Entrance Fee Decision:



Estimated Customers

After researching similar theme parks, we predict that for your first few weeks of trading, a sensible estimate for the number of daily visitors would be 750 people. Add this figure to your sheet.

Let's work out how much each potential customer needs to pay just to cover your running costs.

Daily running cost _____ \div 750 = _____

So do we just charge your customers this price?



No! Your business needs to make a profit!

Profit Margins

The prices you charge your customers should earn you enough money to cover your running costs, but then any income made over and above that is called a **profit**.

A **profit margin** is the difference between the running costs that need covering (per customer) and the price you charge.

A **narrow profit margin** would give you a smaller profit per customer but potentially attract more people to visit the theme park. Why?

A **wider profit margin** would give you a larger profit per customer but may potentially put people off visiting. Why?



Competitors' Prices

Let's look at the prices other similar theme parks charge.

Who do you think their target customers are?

Grayton Manor

£29 per adult and child aged 12+

£21 per child (4-11)

Under 4s free

Kid's Kingdom

£19 per adult

£16 per child (2-6 years)

Under 2s free

Adrenaline World

£38 per adult and child aged 12+

£12 per child (0-11)

Many of our rides are not suitable for younger children.

Potential Profits

Now it's time to try out some potential entrance fee scenarios to see which one would give you the best profit.

Don't get too greedy – potential customers may not visit if prices are too high! Also, customers may not return if they do not get good value for money on their first visit.

Try out three different pricing structures on your sheets.

Then, make a final business decision about what you will charge.

All members of your group must agree.

Working Out Entrance Fees
How much are you going to charge your customers to make a profit?

1 How much does it cost to open your park each day?
(Daily running cost) _____ (your weekly running cost = 7)

After researching similar theme parks, we predict that for your first few weeks of trading, a sensible estimate for the number of daily visitors would be 750 people.
Let's work out how much each potential customer needs to pay to let's cover your running costs.

Daily running cost _____ ÷ 750
(estimated daily visitors) = _____

How many adults and children do you predict will visit each day?

Estimated Adult Customers	
Estimated Child Customers	

2 Now try out some potential entrance fees

Potential entrance fee 1	Number of predicted adult/child customers	Potential revenue
Cost per adult _____		
Cost per child _____		
Total potential revenue:		
Daily running costs		
Potential profit per day: (How potential revenue minus daily running cost)		

Potential entrance fee 1	Number of predicted adult/child customers	Potential revenue
Cost per adult _____		
Cost per child _____		
Total potential revenue:		
Daily running costs		
Potential profit per day: (How potential revenue minus daily running cost)		

3 Final Entrance Fee Decision: _____

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Estimating Types of Customers

Discuss with your business partners:

How many of the 750 predicted customers will be adults and how many children?

Are you targeting your theme park mainly at thrill-seeking adults with lots of thrill-seeker rides? If so, maybe a sensible customer prediction would be 700 adults and 50 children.

Or is your theme park mainly for children? So maybe there will be an equal number of adults and children (as children will have to come with a parent or guardian). So 375 adults and 375 children?

Discuss your predicted customer numbers and mark them on your sheet.

Reflection

What is the target market for your theme park?

How many adults and children do you predict will visit each day?

What are you going to charge adults and children to enter?

What daily profit will this give you?

Is this a realistic amount to charge? Is it too greedy? How does it compare to your competitors prices?





Three More Feet

'This had better be worth my while,' snapped Spittleworth five minutes later, as he entered the Blue Parlour, where the spy was waiting.

'Your – Lordship,' said the breathless man, 'they're saying – the monster's – hopping.'

'They're saying *what*?'

'Hopping, my lord – *hopping!*' he panted. 'They've noticed – all the prints – are made by the same – left – foot!'

Spittleworth stood speechless. It had never occurred to him that the common folk might be clever enough to spot a thing like that. Indeed, he, who'd never had to look after a living creature in his life, not even his own horse, hadn't stopped to consider the fact that a creature's feet might not all make the same prints in the ground.

'Must I think of everything?' bellowed Spittleworth, and he stormed out of the parlour and off to the Guard's Room, where he found Major Roach drinking wine and playing cards with some friends. The major leapt to his feet at the sight of Spittleworth, who beckoned him to come outside.

'I want you to assemble the Ickabog Defence Brigade immediately, Roach,' Spittleworth told the major, in a low voice. 'You're to ride north, and be sure to make plenty of noise as you go. I want everyone from Chouxville to Jeroboam to see you passing by. Then, once you're up there, spread out, and mount a guard over the border of the marsh.'

'But—' began Major Roach, who'd got used to a life of ease and plenty at the palace, with occasional rides around Chouxville in full uniform.

'I don't want "buts", I want action!' shouted Spittleworth. 'Rumours are flying that there's nobody stationed in the north! Go, now, and make sure you wake up as many people as possible as you go – but leave me two men, Roach. Just two. I have another small job for them.'

So the grumpy Roach ran off to assemble his troops, and Spittleworth proceeded alone to the dungeon.

The first thing he heard when he got there was the sound of Mr Dovetail, who was still singing the national anthem.

'Be quiet!' bellowed Spittleworth, drawing his sword and gesturing to the warder to let him into Mr Dovetail's cell.

The carpenter appeared quite different to the last time Lord Spittleworth had seen him. Since learning that he wasn't to be let out of the dungeon to see Daisy, a wild look had appeared in Mr Dovetail's eye. Of course, he hadn't been able to shave for weeks either, and his hair had grown rather long.

'I said, be quiet!' barked Spittleworth, because the carpenter, who didn't seem able to help himself, was still humming the national anthem. 'I need another three feet, d'you hear me? One more left foot, and two right. Do you understand me, carpenter?'

Mr Dovetail stopped humming.

'If I carve them, will you let me out to see my daughter, my lord?' he asked in a hoarse voice.

Spittleworth smiled. It was clear to him that the man was going slowly mad, because only a madman would imagine he'd be let out after making another three Ickabog feet.

'Of course I will,' said Spittleworth. 'I shall have the wood delivered to you first thing tomorrow morning. Work hard, carpenter. When you're finished, I'll let you out to see your daughter.'

When Spittleworth emerged from the dungeons, he found two soldiers waiting for him, just as he'd requested. Spittleworth led these men up to his private apartments, made sure Cankerby the footman wasn't skulking about, locked the door, and turned to give the men their instructions.

'There will be fifty ducats for each of you, if you succeed in this job,' he said, and the soldiers looked excited.

'You are to follow the Lady Eslanda, morning, noon, and night, you understand me? She must not know you are following her. You will wait for a moment when she is quite alone, so that you can kidnap her without anyone hearing or seeing anything. If she escapes, or if you are seen, I shall deny that I gave you this order, and put you to death.'

'What do we do with her once we've got her?' asked one of the soldiers, who no longer looked excited, but very scared.

'Hmm,' said Spittleworth, turning to look out of the window while he considered what best to do with Eslanda. 'Well, a lady of the court isn't the same as a butcher. The Ickabog can't enter the palace and eat her... No, I think it best,' said Spittleworth, a slow smile spreading over his crafty face, 'if you take Lady Eslanda to my estate in the country. Send word when you've got her there, and I'll join you.'



Chapter 35

Lord Spittleworth's Proposal

A few days later, Lady Eslanda was walking alone in the palace rose garden when the two soldiers hiding in a bush spotted their chance. They seized her, gagged her, bound her hands, and drove her away to Spittleworth's estate in the country. Then they sent a message to Spittleworth, and waited for him to join them.

Spittleworth promptly summoned Lady Eslanda's maid, Millicent. By threatening to murder Millicent's little sister, he forced her to deliver messages to all Lady Eslanda's friends, telling them that her mistress had decided to become a nun.

Lady Eslanda's friends were all shocked by this news. She'd never mentioned wanting to become a nun to any of them. In fact, several of them were suspicious that Lord Spittleworth had had something to do with her sudden disappearance. However, I'm sad to tell you that Spittleworth was now so widely feared, that apart from whispering their suspicions to each other, Eslanda's friends did nothing to either find her, or ask Spittleworth what he knew. Perhaps even worse was the fact that none of them tried to help Millicent, who was caught by soldiers trying to flee the City-Within-The-City, and imprisoned in the dungeons.

Next, Spittleworth had set out for his country estate, where he arrived late the following evening. After giving each of Eslanda's kidnappers fifty ducats, and reminding them that if they talked, he'd have them executed, Spittleworth smoothed his thin moustaches in a mirror, then went to find Lady Eslanda, who was sitting in his rather dusty library, reading a book by candlelight.

'Good evening, my lady,' said Spittleworth, sweeping her a bow.

Lady Eslanda looked at him in silence.

'I have good news for you,' continued Spittleworth, smiling. 'You are to become the wife of the Chief Advisor.'

'I'd sooner die,' said Lady Eslanda pleasantly, and, turning a page in her book, she continued to read.

'Come, come,' said Spittleworth. 'As you can see, my house really needs a woman's tender care. You'll be far happier here, making yourself useful, than pining over the cheesemakers' son, who in any case, is likely to starve to death any day now.'

Lady Eslanda, who'd expected Spittleworth to mention Captain Goodfellow, had been preparing for this moment ever since arriving in the cold and dirty house. So she said, with neither a blush nor a tear:

'I stopped caring for Captain Goodfellow a long time ago, Lord Spittleworth. The sight of him confessing to treason disgusted me. I could never love a treacherous man – which is why I could never love you.'

She said it so convincingly that Spittleworth believed her. He tried a different threat, and told her he'd kill her parents if she didn't marry him, but Lady Eslanda reminded him that she, like Captain Goodfellow, was an orphan. Then Spittleworth said he'd take away all the jewellery her mother had left her, but she shrugged and said she preferred books anyway. Finally, Spittleworth threatened to kill her, and Lady Eslanda suggested he get on with it, because that would be far better than listening to him talk.

Spittleworth was enraged. He'd become used to having his own way in everything, and here was something he couldn't have, and it only made him want it all the more. Finally, he said that if she liked books so much, he'd lock her up inside the library forever. He'd have bars fitted on all the windows, and Scrumble the butler would bring her food three times a day, but she would only ever leave the room to go to the bathroom – unless she agreed to marry him.

'Then I shall die in this room,' said Lady Eslanda calmly, 'or, perhaps – who knows? – in the bathroom.'

As he couldn't get another word out of her, the furious Chief Advisor left.



Chapter 36

Cornucopia Hungry

A year passed... then two... then three, four, and five.

The tiny kingdom of Cornucopia, which had once been the envy of its neighbours for its magically rich soil, for the skill of its cheesemakers, winemakers and pastry chefs, and for the happiness of its people, had changed almost beyond recognition.

True, Chouxville was carrying on more or less as it always had. Spittleworth didn't want the king to notice that anything had changed, so he spent plenty of gold in the capital to keep things running as they always had, especially in the City-Within-The-City. Up in the northern cities, though, people were struggling. More and more businesses –

shops, taverns, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, farms, and vineyards – were closing down. The Ickabog tax was pushing people into poverty, and as if that wasn't bad enough, everyone feared being the next to receive a visit from the Ickabog – or whatever it was that broke down doors and left monster-like tracks around houses and farms.

People who voiced doubts about whether the Ickabog was really behind these attacks were usually next to receive a visit from the Dark Footers. That was the name Spittleworth and Roach had given to the squads of men who murdered unbelievers in the night, leaving footprints around their victims' houses.

Occasionally, though, the Ickabog doubters lived in the middle of a city, where it was difficult to fake an attack without the neighbours seeing. In this case, Spittleworth would hold a trial, and by threatening their families, as he had with Goodfellow and his friends, he made the accused agree that they'd committed treason.

Increasing numbers of trials meant Spittleworth had to oversee the building of more jails. He also needed more orphanages. Why did he need orphanages, you ask?

Well, in the first place, quite a number of parents were being killed or imprisoned. As everyone was now finding it difficult to feed their own families, they weren't able to take in the abandoned children.

In the second place, poor people were dying of hunger. As parents usually fed their children rather than themselves, children were often the last of the family left alive.

And in the third place, some heartbroken, homeless families were giving up their children to orphanages, because it was the only way they could make sure their children would have food and shelter.

I wonder whether you remember the palace maid, Hetty, who so bravely warned Lady Eslanda that Captain Goodfellow and his friends were about to be executed?



Chapter 37

Daisy and the Moon

Ma Grunter's orphanage had changed a great deal since Daisy Dovetail had been taken there in a sack. The broken-down hovel was now an enormous stone building, with bars on the windows, locks on every door, and space for a hundred children.

Daisy was still there, grown much taller and thinner, but still wearing the overalls in which she'd been kidnapped. She'd sewn lengths onto the arms and legs so they still fit, and patched them carefully when they tore. They were the last thing she had of her home and her father, and so she kept wearing them instead of making herself dresses out of the sacks the cabbages came in, as Martha and the other big girls

Well, Hetty used Lady Eslanda's gold to take a coach home to her father's vineyard, just outside Jeroboam. A year later, she married a man called Hopkins, and gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl.

However, the effort of paying the Ickabog tax was too much for the Hopkins family. They lost their little grocery store, and Hetty's parents couldn't help them, because shortly after losing their vineyard, they'd starved to death. Homeless now, their children crying with hunger, Hetty and her husband walked in desperation to Ma Grunter's orphanage. The twins were torn, sobbing, from their mother's arms. The door slammed, the bolts banged home, and poor Hetty Hopkins and her husband walked away, crying no less hard than their children, and praying that Ma Grunter would keep them alive.

did.

Daisy had held onto the idea that her father was still alive for several long years after her kidnap. She was a clever girl, and had always known her father didn't believe in the Ickabog, so she forced herself to believe that he was in a cell somewhere, looking up through the barred window at the same moon she watched every night, before she fell asleep.

Then one night, in her sixth year at Ma Grunter's, after tucking the Hopkins twins in for the night, and promising them they'd see their mummy and daddy again soon, Daisy lay down beside Martha and looked up at the pale gold disc in the sky as usual, and realised she no longer believed her father was alive. That hope had left her heart like a bird fleeing a ransacked nest, and though tears leaked out of her eyes, she told herself that her father was in a better place now, up there in the glorious heavens with her mother. She tried to find comfort in the idea that, being no longer earthbound, her parents could live anywhere, including in her own heart, and

that she must keep their memories alive inside her, like a flame. Still, it was hard to have parents who lived inside you, when all you really wanted was for them to come back, and hug you.

Unlike many of the orphanage children, Daisy retained a clear memory of her parents. The memory of their love sustained her, and every day she helped look after the little ones in the orphanage, and made sure they had the hugs and kindness she was missing herself.

Yet it wasn't only the thought of her mother and father that enabled Daisy to carry on. She had a strange feeling that she was meant to do something important – something that would change not only her own life, but the fortunes of Cornucopia. She'd never told anyone about this strange feeling, not even her best friend, Martha, yet it was a source of strength. Her chance, Daisy felt sure, would come.



Chapter 38

Lord Spittleworth Comes to Call

Ma Grunter was one of the few Cornucopians who'd grown richer and richer in the last few years. She'd crammed her hovel with children and babies until the place was at bursting point, then demanded gold from the two lords who now ruled the kingdom, to enlarge her tumbledown house. These days the orphanage was a thriving business, which meant that Ma Grunter was able to dine on delicacies that only the richest could afford. Most of her gold paid for bottles of finest Jeroboam wine, and I'm sorry to say that when drunk, Ma Grunter was very cruel indeed. The children inside the orphanage sported many cuts and bruises, because of Ma Grunter's drunken temper.

Some of her charges didn't last long on a diet of cabbage soup and cruelty. While endless hungry children poured in at the front door, a little cemetery at the back of the building became fuller and fuller. Ma Grunter didn't care. All the Johns and Janes of the orphanage were alike to her, their faces pale and pinched, their only worth the gold she got for taking them in.

But in the seventh year of Lord Spittleworth's rule over Cornucopia, when he received yet another request for gold from Ma Grunter's orphanage, the Chief Advisor decided to go and inspect the place, before he gave the old woman more funds. Ma Grunter dressed up in her best black silk dress to greet His Lordship, and was careful not to let him smell wine on her breath.

'Poor little mites, ain't they, Your Lordship?' she asked him, as he looked around at all the thin, pale children, with his scented handkerchief held to his nostrils. Ma Grunter stooped down to pick up one tiny Marshlander, whose belly

was swollen from hunger. 'You see 'ow much they needs Your Lordship's 'elp.'

'Yes, yes, clearly,' said Spittleworth, his handkerchief clamped to his face. He didn't like children, especially children as dirty as these, but he knew many Cornucopians were stupidly fond of brats, so it was a bad idea to let too many of them die. 'Very well, further funds are approved, Ma Grunter.'

As he turned to leave, the lord noticed a pale girl standing beside the door, holding a baby in each arm. She wore patched overalls which had been let out and lengthened. There was something about the girl that set her apart from the other children. Spittleworth even had the strange notion that he'd seen somebody like her before. Unlike the other brats, she didn't seem at all impressed by his sweeping Chief Advisor's robes, nor of the jangling medals he'd awarded himself for being Regimental Colonel of the Ickabog Defence Brigade.

'What's your name, girl?' Spittleworth asked, halting beside Daisy, and lowering his scented handkerchief.

'Jane, my lord. We're all called Jane here, you know,' said Daisy, examining Spittleworth with cool, serious eyes. She remembered him from the palace courtyard where she'd once played, how he and Flapoon would scare the children into silence as they walked past, scowling.

'Why don't you curtsy? I am the king's Chief Advisor.'

'A Chief Advisor isn't a king,' said the girl.

'What's that she's saying?' croaked Ma Grunter, hobbling over to see that Daisy wasn't making trouble. Of all the children in her orphanage, Daisy Dovetail was the one Ma Grunter liked least. The girl's spirit had never quite been broken, although Ma Grunter had tried her hardest to do it. 'What are you saying, Ugly Jane?' she asked. Daisy wasn't ugly in the slightest, but this name was one of the ways Ma Grunter tried to break her spirit.

'She's explaining why she doesn't curtsy to me,' said

Spittleworth, still staring into Daisy's dark eyes, and wondering where he'd seen them before.

In fact, he'd seen them in the face of the carpenter he visited regularly in the dungeon, but as Mr Dovetail was now quite insane, with long white hair and beard, and this girl looked intelligent and calm, Spittleworth didn't make the connection between them.

'Ugly Jane's always been impertinent,' said Ma Grunter, inwardly vowing to punish Daisy as soon as Lord Spittleworth had gone. 'One of these days I'll turn her out, my lord, and she can see how she likes begging on the streets, instead of sheltering under my roof and eating my food.'

'*How* I'd miss cabbage soup,' said Daisy, in a cold, hard voice. 'Did you know that's what we eat here, my lord? Cabbage soup, three times a day?'

'Very nourishing, I'm sure,' said Lord Spittleworth.

'Though, sometimes, as a special treat,' said Daisy, 'we get

Orphanage Cakes. Do you know what those are, my lord?'

'No,' said Spittleworth, against his will. There was something about this girl... *What was it?*

'They're made of spoiled ingredients,' said Daisy, her dark eyes boring into his. 'Bad eggs, mouldy flour, scraps of things that have been in the cupboard too long... People haven't got any other food to spare for us, so they mix up the things they don't want and leave them on the front steps. Sometimes the Orphanage Cakes make the children sick, but they eat them anyway, because they're so hungry.'

Spittleworth wasn't really listening to Daisy's words, but to her accent. Though she'd now spent so long in Jeroboam, her voice still carried traces of Chouxville.

'Where do you come from, girl?' he asked.

The other children had fallen silent now, all of them watching the lord talking to Daisy. Though Ma Grunter hated her, Daisy was a great favourite among the younger children, because she protected them from Ma Grunter and Basher

John, and never stole their dry crusts, unlike some of the other big children. She'd also been known to sneak them bread and cheese from Ma Grunter's private stores, although that was a risky business, and sometimes led to Daisy being beaten by Basher John.

'I come from Cornucopia, my lord,' said Daisy. 'You might have heard of it. It's a country that used to exist, where nobody was ever poor or hungry.'

'That's enough,' snarled Lord Spittleworth and, turning to Ma Grunter, he said, 'I agree with you, madam. This child seems ungrateful for your kindness. Perhaps she ought to be left to fend for herself, out in the world.'

With that, Lord Spittleworth swept out of the orphanage, slamming the door behind him. As soon as he had gone, Ma Grunter swung her cane at Daisy, but long practice enabled Daisy to duck out of harm's way. The old woman shuffled away, swishing her cane before her, making all the little ones scatter, then slammed the door of her comfortable parlour

behind her. The children heard the popping of a cork.

Later, after they'd climbed into their neighbouring beds that night, Martha suddenly said to Daisy:

'You know, Daisy, it isn't true, what you said to the Chief Advisor.'

'Which bit, Martha?' whispered Daisy.

'It isn't true that everyone was well fed and happy in the old days. My family never had enough in the Marshlands.'

'I'm sorry,' said Daisy quietly. 'I forgot.'

'Of course,' sighed the sleepy Martha, 'the Ickabog kept stealing our sheep.'

Daisy wriggled deeper under her thin blanket, trying to keep warm. In all their time together, she'd never managed to convince Martha that the Ickabog wasn't real. Tonight, though, Daisy wished that she too believed in a monster in the marsh, rather than in the human wickedness she'd seen staring out of Lord Spittleworth's eyes.



Chapter 39

Bert and the Ickabog Defence Brigade

We now return to Chouxville, where some important things are about to happen.

I'm sure you remember the day of Major Beamish's funeral, when little Bert returned home, smashed apart his Ickabog toy with the poker, and vowed that when he grew up, he'd hunt down the Ickabog and take revenge upon the monster that killed his father.

Well, Bert was about to turn fifteen. This might not seem very old to you, but in those days it was big enough to become a soldier, and Bert had heard that the Brigade was expanding. So one Monday morning, without telling his mother what he

was planning, Bert set off from their little cottage at the usual time, but instead of going to school, he stuffed his schoolbooks into the garden hedge where he could retrieve them later, then headed for the palace, where he intended to apply to join the Brigade. Under his shirt, for luck, he wore the silver medal his father had won for outstanding bravery against the Ickabog.

Bert hadn't gone far when he saw a commotion ahead of him in the road. A small crowd was clustered around a mail coach. As he was far too busy trying to think of good answers to the questions Major Roach was sure to ask him, Bert walked past the mail coach without paying much attention.

What Bert didn't realise was that the arrival of that mail coach was going to have some very important consequences, which would send him on a dangerous adventure. Let's allow Bert to walk on without us for a moment or two, so I can tell you about the coach.

This is a great way to keep your story moving while you describe a part for it.

Ever since Lady Eslanda had informed King Fred that Cornucopia was unhappy about the Ickabog tax, Spittleworth and Flapoon had taken steps to make sure he never heard news from outside the capital again. As Chouxville remained quite rich and bustling, the king, who never left the capital any more, assumed the rest of the country must be the same. In fact, the other Cornucopian cities were all full of beggars and boarded-up shops, because the two lords and Roach had stolen so much gold from the people. To ensure the king never got wind of all this, Lord Spittleworth, who read all the king's mail in any case, had hired gangs of highwaymen lately to stop any letters entering Chouxville. The only people who knew this were Major Roach, because he'd hired the highwaymen, and Cankerby the footman, who'd been lurking outside the Guard's Room door when the plan was hatched.

Spittleworth's plan had worked well so far, but today, just before dawn, some of the highwaymen had bungled the job. They'd ambushed the coach as usual, dragging the poor

driver from his seat, but before they could steal the mail sacks, the frightened horses had bolted. When the highwaymen fired their guns after the horses they merely galloped all the faster, so that the mail coach soon entered Chouxville, where it careered through the streets, finally coming to rest in the City-Within-The-City. There a blacksmith succeeded in seizing the reins and bringing the horses to a halt. Soon, the servants of the king were tearing open long-awaited letters from their families in the north. We'll find out more about those letters later, because it's now time to re-join Bert, who'd just reached the palace gates.

'Please,' Bert said to the guard, 'I want to join the Ickabog Defence Brigade.'

The guard took Bert's name and told him to wait, then carried the message to Major Roach. However, when he reached the door of the Guard's Room, the soldier paused, because he could hear shouting. He knocked, and the voices fell silent at once.

'Enter!' barked Roach.

The guard obeyed, and found himself face-to-face with three men: Major Roach, who looked extremely angry, Lord Flapoon, whose face was scarlet above his striped silk dressing gown, and Cankerby the footman, who, with his usual good timing, had been walking to work when the mail coach came galloping into town, and had hastened to tell Flapoon that letters had managed to make their way past the highwaymen. On hearing this news, Flapoon had stormed downstairs from his bedroom into the Guard's Room to blame Roach for the highwaymen's failure, and a shouting match erupted. Neither man wanted to be blamed by Spittleworth when he returned from his inspection of Ma Grunter's and heard what had happened.

'Major,' said the soldier, saluting both men, 'there's a boy at the gate, sir, name of Bert Beamish. Wants to know if he can join the Ickabog Defence Brigade.'

'Tell him to go away,' barked Flapoon. 'We're busy!'

'Do *not* tell the Beamish boy to go away!' snapped Roach. 'Bring him to me immediately. Cankerby, leave us!'

'I was hoping,' began Cankerby, in his weaselly way, 'that you gentlemen might want to reward me for—'

'Any idiot can see a mail coach speed past them!' said Flapoon. 'If you'd wanted a reward, you should've hopped on board and driven it straight back out of the city again!'

So the disappointed footman slunk out, and the guard went to fetch Bert.

'What are you bothering with this boy for?' Flapoon demanded of Roach, once they were alone. 'We have to solve this problem of the mail!'

'He isn't just any boy,' said Roach. 'He's the son of a national hero. You remember Major Beamish, my lord. You shot him.'

'All right, all right, there's no need to go on about it,' said Flapoon irritably. 'We've all made a tidy bit of gold out of it, haven't we? What do you suppose his son wants —'

compensation?’

But before Major Roach could answer, in walked Bert, looking nervous and eager.

‘Good morning, Beamish,’ said Major Roach, who’d known Bert a long time, because of his friendship with Roderick. ‘What can I do for you?’

‘Please, Major,’ said Bert, ‘please, I want to join the Ickabog Defence Brigade. I heard you’re needing more men.’

‘Ah,’ said Major Roach. ‘I see. And what makes you want to do that?’

‘I want to kill the monster that killed my father,’ said Bert.

There was a short silence, in which Major Roach wished he was as good as Lord Spittleworth at thinking up lies and excuses. He glanced towards Lord Flapoon for help, but none came, although Roach could tell that Flapoon too had spotted the danger. The last thing the Ickabog Defence Brigade needed was somebody who actually wanted to find an Ickabog.

‘There are tests,’ said Roach, playing for time. ‘We don’t let just anybody join. Can you ride?’

‘Oh, yes, sir,’ said Bert truthfully. ‘I taught myself.’

‘Can you use a sword?’

‘I’m sure I could pick it up fast enough,’ said Bert.

‘Can you shoot?’

‘Yes, sir, I can hit a bottle from the end of the paddock!’

‘Hmm,’ said Roach. ‘Yes. But the problem is, Beamish – you see, the problem is, you might be too—’

‘Foolish,’ said Flapoon cruelly. He really wanted this boy gone, so that he and Roach could think up a solution to this problem of the mail coach.

Bert’s face flooded with colour. ‘Wh-what?’

‘Your schoolmistress told me,’ lied Flapoon. He’d never spoken to the schoolmistress in his life. ‘She says you’re a bit of a dunce. Nothing that should hold you back in any line of work other than soldiering, but dangerous to have a dunce on the battlefield.’

‘My – my marks are all right,’ said poor Bert, trying to stop his voice from shaking. ‘Miss Monk never told me she thinks I’m—’

‘Of course she hasn’t *told* you,’ said Flapoon. ‘Only a *fool* would think a nice woman like that would tell a fool he’s a fool. Learn to make pastries like your mother, boy, and forget about the Ickabog, that’s my advice.’

Bert was horribly afraid his eyes had filled with tears. Scowling in his effort to keep from crying, he said:

‘I – I’d welcome the chance to prove I’m not – not a fool, Major.’

Roach wouldn’t have put matters as rudely as Flapoon, but after all, the important thing was to stop the boy joining the Brigade, so Roach said: ‘Sorry, Beamish, but I don’t think you’re cut out for soldiering. However, as Lord Flapoon suggests—’

‘Thank you for your time, Major,’ said Bert in a rush. ‘I’m sorry to have troubled you.’

And with a low bow, he left the Guard’s Room.

Once outside, Bert broke into a run. He felt very small and humiliated. The last thing he wanted to do was return to school, not after hearing what his teacher really thought of him. So, assuming that his mother would have left for work in the palace kitchens, he ran all the way home, barely noticing the knots of people now standing on street corners, talking about the letters in their hands.

When Bert entered the house, he found Mrs Beamish was still standing in the kitchen, staring at a letter of her own.

‘Bert!’ she said, startled by the sudden appearance of her son. ‘What are you doing home?’

‘Toothache,’ Bert invented on the spot.

‘Oh, you poor thing... Bert, we’ve had a letter from Cousin Harold,’ said Mrs Beamish, holding it up. ‘He says he’s worried he’s going to lose his tavern – that marvellous inn he built up from nothing! He’s written to ask me whether I might be able to get him a job working for the king... I don’t understand what can have happened. Harold says he and the

family are actually going hungry!

'It'll be the Ickabog, won't it?' said Bert. 'Jeroboam's the city nearest the Marshlands. People have probably stopped visiting taverns at night, in case they meet the monster on the way!'

'Yes,' said Mrs Beamish, looking troubled, 'yes, maybe that's why... Gracious me, I'm late for work!' Setting Cousin Harold's letter down on the table she said, 'Put some oil of cloves on that tooth, love,' and, giving her son a quick kiss, she hurried out of the door.

Once his mother had gone, Bert went and flung himself face down on his bed, and sobbed with rage and disappointment.

Meanwhile, anxiety and anger were spreading through the streets of the capital. Chouxville had at last found out that their relatives in the north were so poor they were starving and homeless. When Lord Spittleworth returned to the city that night, he found serious trouble brewing.

Answer the questions below, **using the text to help you.**
Remember to look at the number of marks available to help you to think about how many points you need to make or the level of depth your answer may need.

1. Look at the chapter Cornucopia Hungry. Why were more orphanages needed?

(3 marks)

2. Look at the chapter Daisy and the Moon. Why did Daisy keep wearing the same overalls, even though she had outgrown them?

(1 mark)

3. Find and copy two similes from the extracts below.

Then one night, in her sixth year at Ma Grunter's, after tucking the Hopkins twins in for the night, and promising them they'd see their mummy and daddy again soon, Daisy lay down beside Martha and looked up at the pale gold disc in the sky as usual, and realised she no longer believed her father was alive. That hope had left her heart like a bird fleeing a ransacked nest, and though tears leaked out of her eyes, she told herself that her father was in a better place now, up there in the glorious heavens with her mother. She tried to find comfort in the idea that, being no longer earthbound, her parents could live anywhere, including in her own heart, and



that she must keep their memories alive inside her, like a flame. Still, it was hard to have parents who lived inside you, when all you really wanted was for them to come back, and hug you.

Unlike many of the orphanage children, Daisy retained a clear memory of her parents. The memory of their love sustained her, and every day she helped look after the little ones in the orphanage, and made sure they had the hugs and kindness she was missing herself.

1. _____

2. _____

Answer the questions below, **using the text to help you.**
Remember to look at the number of marks available to help you to think about how many points you need to make or the level of depth your answer may need.

1. Look at the chapter Cornucopia Hungry. Why were more orphanages needed?

- **A large number of parent were being killed or imprisoned and everyone else was too poor to take in the orphans.**
- **Poor parents would feed their children instead of themselves so sometimes they would die.**
- **Some poor parents couldn't afford food and knew their children would get food in an orphanage so sent them there for a better life.**

(3 marks) one for each point

2. Look at the chapter Daisy and the Moon. Why did Daisy keep wearing the same overalls, even though she had outgrown them?

They were the last thing she had of her home and of her father.

(1 mark)

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1. **(The hope had left her heart) like a bird fleeing a ransacked nest.**
2. **(She must keep her memories alive inside her) like a flame.**

Making friends



- You might be attending a secondary school that none of your friends/peers are attending. Even if you are, you might not be in the same classes or on the same timetable as them. Therefore, you will need to make some new friends!

TASK - Make a top tips poster on the best way to make new friends. Watch this short video to help you gather some ideas on the best way to make friends. Watch [this](#) video to help you!

How could you or someone keep in contact with friends that might be going to a different school?

For example: meeting outside of school in a safe place, over the phone etc.

TASK - List as many ways you can think of to stay in touch.

Use the 'Staying Connected' resource to draw and consider how you might stay in touch with those who are going somewhere different to you.

Staying connected 



Name:

I will stay in touch by:

When we meet again, we will:

Staying connected 



Name:

I will stay in touch by:

When we meet again, we will:

Staying connected 



Name:

I will stay in touch by:

When we meet again, we will: