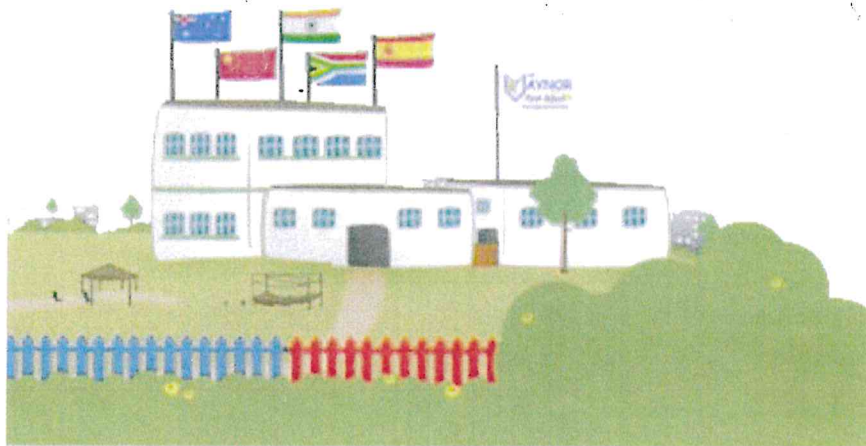


YEAR 4 – Week 8

Home Learning Pack



**Endeavour
Schools Trust**

Week 8 - Day 1 + 3

Reading

Four Mosquitoes and a Poison Dart Frog

9

Evie was hot. And sweaty. And had been bitten by a hundred mosquitoes.

The mosquitoes were still around her. 'Blood,' said one. 'Give me blood.'

'Over here,' said another. 'This girl here. The best blood around.'

'Oh yes, this is exquisite blood,' said a third, biting into Evie's arm. 'So many flavours. I'm getting hints of blackberry and juniper.'

'Give me some of that,' said yet another, as Evie tried to swat it away. 'Oh no! Quick! She is fast with her hands. Mayday, mayday! Abort mission! Repeat - ABORT MISSION! Get out of here, guys...'

The humans had walked for miles. Deep into what was now most definitely jungle. The Monkey Lands. Evie, her dad, Professor García and two local trackers, who led the way armed with infinite knowledge and machetes they used to cut through the undergrowth.

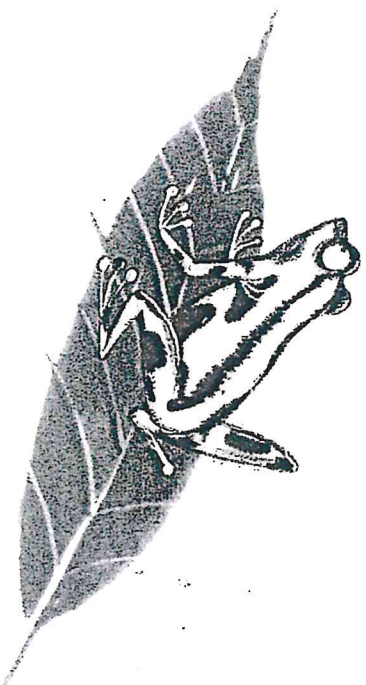
Evie gazed up at the sky but could hardly see it, as it was lost beneath a thick canopy of trees. She looked at the ground and saw beautiful star-shaped white Amazon lilies.

'This is one of the very deadliest parts of the jungle,' said Pihlo, the tracker in front, smiling as if the deadliest part of the jungle was kind of fun. 'Look! Right there!'

He pointed at a bright yellow frog sitting quietly on a leaf.

Evie knew exactly what type of frog this was. She'd had a memory dream about a similar frog many times. When she had been a little child with her parents living in the Amazon, she had apparently seen many of them.

It was a poison dart frog. It had enough poison on its skin to kill twenty men. But Evie also knew that it wasn't *venomous*. Meaning it didn't go out of its way to bite you and transmit poison



that way, like a snake. It just killed you if you licked it or touched it or tried to eat it.

'Stay away,' the creature – a female – thought.

'Don't worry. We're not going to hurt you.'

'Oh, that's good. For you, I mean.'

'I know. You're poisonous.'

'Yep,' said the frog, laughing. 'I am the deadliest.

I am a mean green killing machine.'

'You're not green,' said Evie, with her mind.

'I know. But it rhymes. I mean, what rhymes with yellow? Mellow? Come on!'

'I understand,' said Evie.

Evie asked everyone to stop so she could do a little interview, for later use. Professor García agreed, although Evie's dad thought it a bad idea. 'Evie, that frog is *literally* the most poisonous animal in the world.'

'Can it be a *quick* interview?'

And it was.

Evie discovered that the poison dart frog was actually quite a sad creature who felt bad most of the time for killing anything that it touched.

'It's a lot of guilt. It's terrible. It haunts my dreams. All the bodies.'

Evie learned that the frog sang sad songs to itself all day long. One of the songs was called

46

'Beautiful Poison'. ('It's a masterpiece. If I do say so myself.')

Shortly after the encounter with a frog, they saw a tree snake. The snake definitely wasn't in the mood for an interview – 'Not today, sssssssstay away' – so they carried on, continually checking the ground for any potentially deadly spiders. They saw lots of monkeys (these were the Monkey Lands, after all). And the monkeys told the rudest jokes Evie had ever heard. Far too rude to repeat on Professor García's website.

And then, suddenly, they saw it.

Lurking near a small clearing between the trees.

A jaguar.

Maybe the exact same jaguar from the photo hanging in Professor García's office.

Large and sleek.

Golden coat with black spots.

(The spots weren't really spots. More like little roses. In fact, as Evie knew, they were actually called 'rosettes', these markings. And they helped make the jaguar one of the most formidable-looking creatures on the planet.)

'Okay,' Evie said to the others. 'You all stay back. I will go and talk to it.'

47

'I think this is a bad idea,' said Evie's dad, shaking his head.

'It will be fine. Honestly, Dad, it will be fine.' She hugged him.

Her dad shrugged in defeat. 'Why didn't we just go to Cornwall?' he wondered. 'It's nice in Cornwall. We could be having an ice cream on the beach . . .'

'Dad, trust me. I've got this.'

An Interview with a Jaguar

10

Evie stepped forward, past the professor and the guides, towards the jaguar.

'Don't come any closer,' the jaguar said.

'Or I'll kill you.'

Evie didn't take long to think about this. 'Okay. I'll stay right here. Look, I'm not moving any further.'

The jaguar tilted his head to one side, like a curious kitten. 'How are you doing that? None of the others can do that.'

'Doing what?'

'Getting inside my head. It's strange. Kind of tickles.'

'It's just a skill I have.'

'Ah, skills. *Skills*. I also have skills,' said the jaguar. 'Like I could jump from here and land on you with my jaws wide open and kill you, just like that. I wouldn't even break into a sweat. And it would be beautiful.'

Evie's mouth felt suddenly dry. She turned

back and saw her dad's worried face shadowed by trees. 'That's, um, really good to know.'

The jaguar licked his paw.

'I don't like your kind,' said the jaguar. 'I have seen what you are doing to this place. Destroying it. I have seen the fires. I have seen the machines. I have seen my home disappear. Your kind destroys. That's what you do.'

Evie nodded. She doubted jaguars understood nodding but she nodded anyway. 'Yes. I know. Humans are destroying this place. This is why I am here. This is why I want to talk to you. You see, there are humans who don't care about the rainforest but there are also a lot of humans who do. And that number is growing. All the time.'

'That is a very interesting story,' said the jaguar sarcastically, with a yawn that revealed his long teeth.

Evie scratched a mosquito bite on her arm. 'No, it really is. You see, some humans now understand that saving the jungle and all the creatures who live here is good for everybody in the world. This rainforest not only helps make rain, which is good for everything, but it captures a lot of carbon dioxide. And it produces oxygen.

Which helps everyone and everything alive on this planet.'

The jaguar scratched his ear with a rear paw. 'That's a lot of very long words. Could you explain it more simply? I've had a long day. I have done a LOT of prowling. It takes it out of you.'

'Um, well - we want you to be able to have a home. And more people will want to protect your home if we know more about you. And as I have the ability to "talk" with you, it seemed like a good idea that I do that, and tell people about the world from a jaguar's perspective. So then they would understand you, and like you, and be more likely to protect your home. Do you see?'

The jaguar stopped scratching his ear. Placed his paw on the ground. 'Hmmm. Interesting. Will you be talking to any other animals too?'

'Yes.'

The jaguar looked a little upset by this, and turned to walk away through the dense undergrowth.

'But you're the main one. The first interview. The most important.'

The jaguar stopped. 'Most important, you say?'

'Absolutely. The first. For the website . . .' She was going to explain what a website was but realised it was impossible. 'It's quite a big deal. And humans will get to understand you more. And give money – a very important human thing.'

'That's good. Because I *am* a big deal.'

'Exactly.'

The jaguar turned and started walking back. Towards Evie. Evie tried to stay calm and ignore the fact that he was licking his lips. She stayed totally still.

The spotted creature sat down right in front of her. 'All right then. Ask me a question.'

Evie was now talking out loud as well as thinking. Talking was a way for her to think clearly, when she was nervous. 'Right, right, okay . . .'

She pulled a notepad out of her bag.

'Is that a gun?' snarled the jaguar.

'No. It's paper. You scratch things on it with this thing, called a pen. The things are called words. They mean things to humans. I am going to write down what you are thinking.'

'Hmmm. Okay. So, ask me something.'

'Do you have a name?'

'No. Our kind doesn't have names. We are part

of the world around us. We are not separate. There is no divide between things. Names are foolish. You are foolish. Next question.'

'Um, okay. Well, what is it like to be you?'

'What does it feel like?'

The jaguar considered. 'Great. Yeah. Great. It feels great.'

'Why?'

'Because I am in charge. Look at me, I'm the biggest animal in the world.'

Evie grimaced. She looked at the power of his jaw. His taut muscles and the energy in his body. She really didn't want to disagree with him. But, well, facts were facts. 'Actually, that's the blue whale.'

'The blue what?'

'It's a sea creature. Far away from here. Under the water, mostly. That is the biggest animal in the world.'

The jaguar huffed. And then growled. 'How DARE you?'

'I mean you are exactly as big as you need to be. And blue whales are totally overrated.'

'You don't believe that,' said the jaguar.

Evie nodded. She knew she couldn't hide her thoughts. 'You are totally right. Blue whales are



EPIC. Did you know that they are related to hippos and evolved from land animals? Isn't that great! And their tongue alone can weigh as much as an elephant! And yes, I know you don't know what an elephant or a hippo is and you probably don't have a clue what "evolved" means but, trust me, these are *AMAZING FACTS*. And a blue whale's mouth can fit a hundred humans inside. A hundred.'

'I could do that,' said the jaguar. 'Not all at once. But over time. It would be a fun challenge.' He thought of something. 'All right, then I am not the size of a blue whale but at least I am the biggest *cat* in the world.'

Evie shook her head. 'Actually, that would be the tiger. The Siberian tiger to be specific.'

'The *what*?'

'I'll show you.'

And Evie closed her eyes and thought really hard and pictured a tiger.

'Ah, I see it,' said the jaguar, admiring the clever telepathic mind trick. 'What an ugly beast. Whoever thought stripes would be a good look?'

'And then after the tigers it's the lion. That's number two.'

Evie imagined a male lion for him to see.



'That's funny. All that hair around its face.'
'It's a mane.'
'It's ridiculous. That's what it is. He looks like a furry sun.'

'Okay. Well, humans talk a lot about lions. But if you give me a great interview maybe they will talk more about jaguars.'

'Hmmm. Okay. What do you want me to tell you?'

Evie smiled. And the interview got underway. There was noise everywhere. Buzzing insects. Chirping frogs. The deep distant roar of howler monkeys. But right there in the clearing her focus was on nothing but the jaguar's thoughts entering her head. And she began to communicate with the creature at a deep level.

The jaguar revealed its dreams. It revealed its nightmares too. Like the one in which he relived the day his sister was shot by a human.

He told Evie he liked swimming. And that it was only during swimming and hunting that he felt truly free, truly alive. His favourite food was armadillo. ('You should try it. Salty and delicious.') But he also liked the taste of anteaters. ('So good.') He had never attacked a human and sensed they wouldn't be tasty. He liked to sleep a lot during



the day and to feel awake during the 'comfort of night'. And he loved to be alone.

His advice for humans was simple. Take from the world only what you need. Because only then can you be happy with what you have.

'Life becomes heavy, otherwise. Tread as lightly as air and stay in tune with nature, because that's the only song we really have.'

And she was writing it all down as fast as she could. And then Evie's dad said, nervously, from the trees, 'Evie, it's going to get dark soon. We had better get back.'

It was, Evie had to admit, a great interview.

'I agree,' thought the jaguar. 'And I don't even know what an interview is.'

The jaguar came close. Evie stroked his head. 'If you had one request for humans, what would it be?'

'You are destroying my home and you don't need to. Please stop.'

'Thank you,' she said.

'Will this stop humans trying to destroy our home?'

Evie smiled. 'Well, it will be a start.'

58

Evie Saves the Jungle

The interview was put on the internet. And the story was in newspapers around the world.

From the *Peru Tribune* to the *Lofing Evening Post*.

And so Evie was even more famous than ever.

'Wow! You're bigger than Ed Sheeran,' her friend Ramesh texted. 'You should make a song! I could play guitar. You could be a star. You could be Ed Sheeran.'

'Ramesh!' she texted back from her bed at Professor García's house. 'You are forgetting one thing. I don't want to be Ed Sheeran.'

But the truth was, this time Evie didn't mind being famous.

If being a bit famous could help save the Amazon rainforest and Professor García's charity it was worth it.

And within a week they had raised enough

59

money to stop the loggers buying the Monkey Lands. Which meant the jaguar was safe.

And within a month they had raised ten million sol. Sol was the type of money in Peru. And ten million was a lot of it.

Professor García made them tacu tacu every night.

'You know you came into my office and said I was your hero? Well, you are *my* hero. You are the greatest hero of all time. You have saved the charity. You have saved parts of the jungle. You are a jungle saviour!'

During that month Evie interviewed a lot of animals.

She interviewed the pink river dolphin who had saved Ah's life.

She interviewed Ah. It took a long time. Seventeen hours and fifty-seven minutes and forty-four seconds. But they got there in the end.

She interviewed Neruda the scarlet macaw. Well, she *tried* to interview Neruda but Neruda was so rude it was quite tricky. Every time Evie tried to ask Neruda something the thought came back: 'No comment. Except I hate you. I mean

like *really*.' And then she did a poo on Evie's head.

Evie interviewed squirrel monkeys and howler monkeys and toucans and tarantulas and an anaconda and weird and wonderful Amazonian creatures like a capybara, the largest rodent in the world, which had reddish brown fur and – Evie thought – a somewhat weird barrel-shaped body and a strange short head. Though the capybara didn't like these thoughts.

'My body is not weird and my head is not strange. How dare you!'

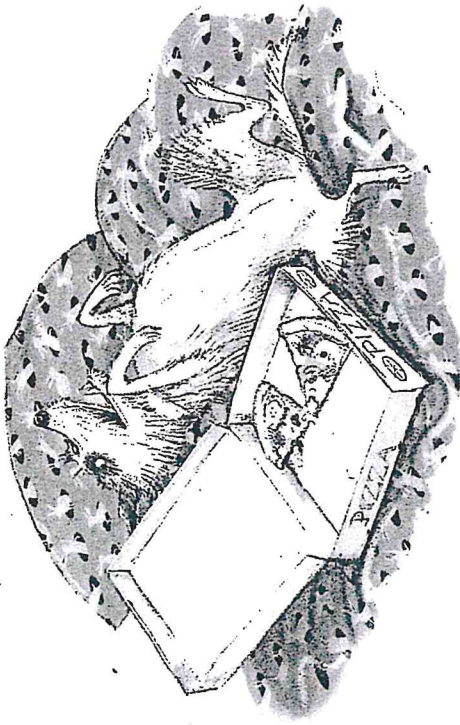
She even interviewed a mosquito. But only after she agreed to let the mosquito bite her five times. And the only thing the mosquito wanted to talk about was the taste of her blood.

One night they FaceTimed Granny Flora. As Evie's dad chatted to Granny Flora, Evie had a mind-chat with Scruff.

'I've had pizza every day for breakfast!'

'Pizza is not good for dogs, Scruff.'

'Well, the heart wants what it wants. And my heart wants pizza.' Scruff licked his paw, a little embarrassed. 'But it also wants you. I have missed you. The tummy rubs, mainly. And that weird smell you've got.'



'Hey! What weird smell?'

'Don't worry. No human would notice.'

After the chat was over, they went to sit outside. Evie told her dad she thought it was time to go home. 'School will be starting soon. And it would be nice to have a few full days with Scruff before going back.'

Her dad looked very relieved. 'Yes, good idea. Very good idea. Let's go home. You have helped the charity and they will raise more and more money now. It is time to go back.'

Evie smiled as her dad hugged her.

'Mum would have been so proud,' he said.

62

Evie felt a tear form in her eye. A tear of sadness and happiness. She stared at the sloth in the hammock, sleeping under a clear night sky of a million stars.

'You were right,' her dad said. 'This was the place to come. We can do Mallorca or Cornwall another year.'

Evie smiled. 'Thank you, Dad. Thanks for letting me look after animals.'

'I only worry.'

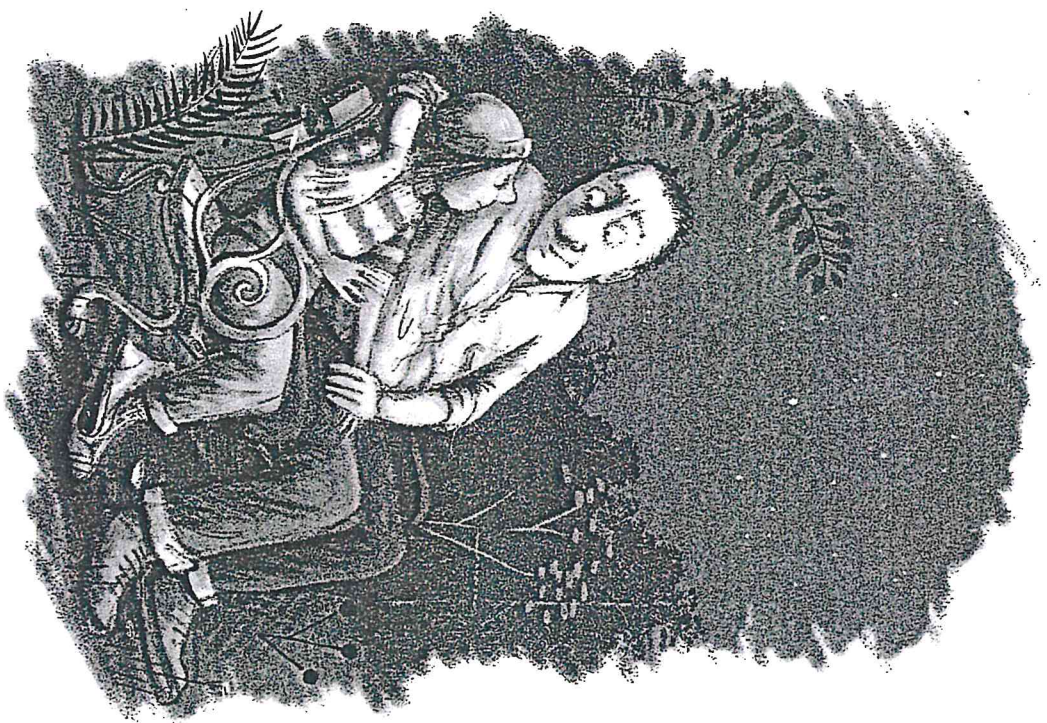
She stared at her dad's face and wished there was a way for him to worry less about things. 'There was something the jaguar told me,' she said. 'Everything is connected. There is no divide between him and the rest of nature. I mean, looking after animals, looking after nature, that is looking after yourself. Because we *are* nature. We *are* animals. And this world is the only home we've got.'

They sat there a while. Listening to the chirping of crickets. Evie's dad was going to say something else. Another worry. But he saw the smile on his daughter's face and decided he wanted it to stay there. The smile.

'I want to interview other animals,' Evie said. 'Not just jungle ones.'

'Phew,' her dad said. 'Jungle ones are dangerous.'

63



So what animal do you want to interview next?' Evie took a moment to think. 'Hmmm. I was thinking . . . a *shark*.' Her dad went pale. And Evie started to laugh, and then her dad laughed, and they both kept laughing until they realised it was probably time for bed.

THE END



Name: _____ Class: _____

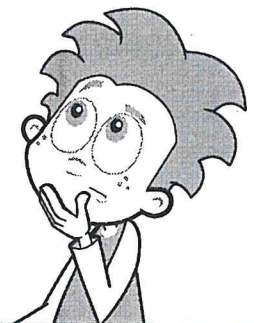
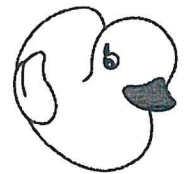
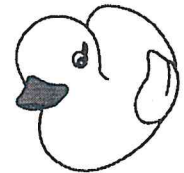
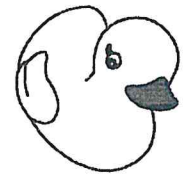
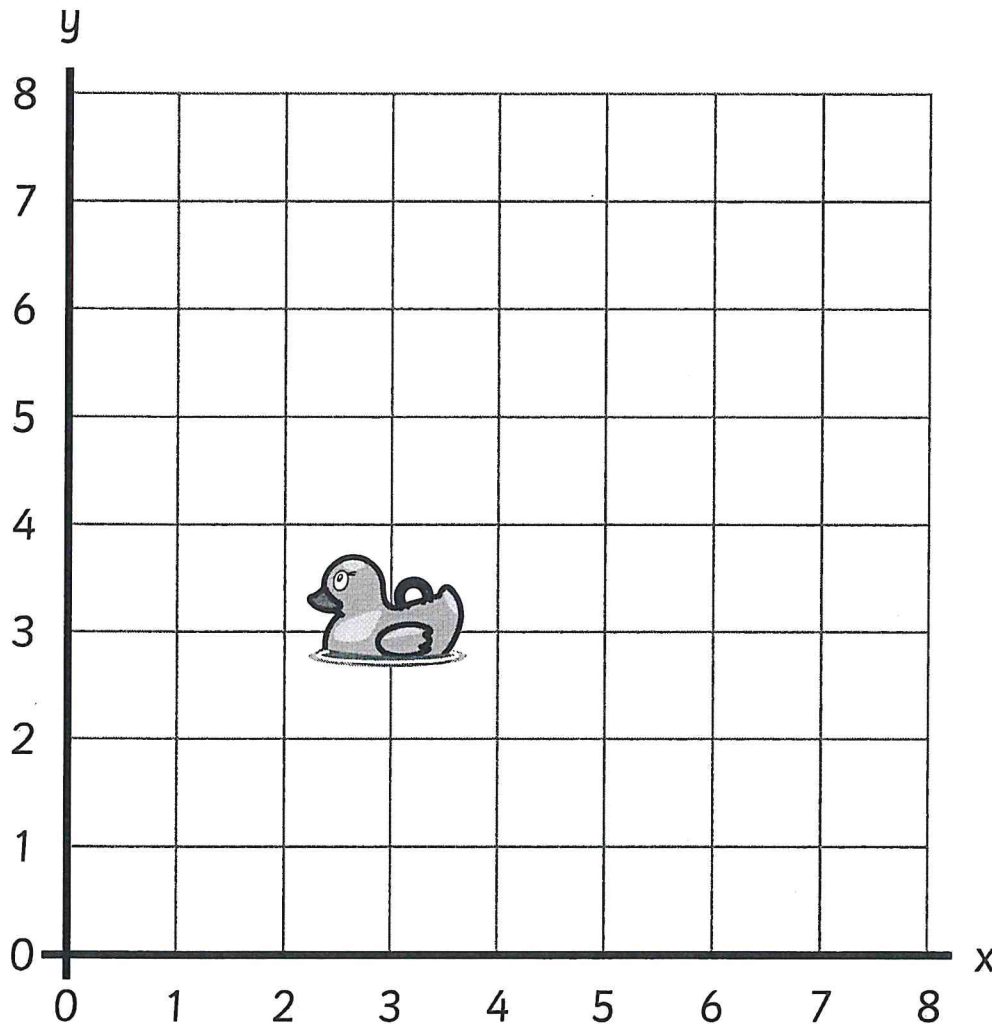
Sten and Meg are trying to cast their hooks to the right position to hook the duck positioned at (3,3) on the grid below.

They each cast their hooks 5 times.

Plot the following coordinates on the grid to show where the hooks landed each time.

Meg: (2,4) (6,1) (7,1) (1,3) (2,5)

Sten: (7,2) (3,7) (3,4) (2,8) (8,1)

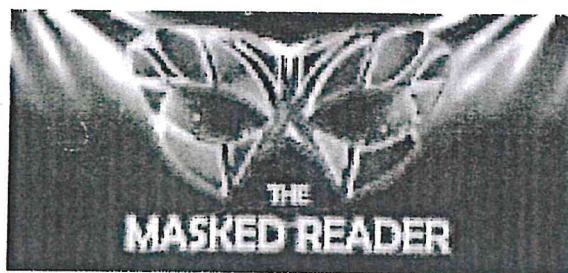


Now answer the questions below.

1 Whose shot is nearest to the target? _____

2 What are the coordinates of the closest shot? (_____ , _____)

WEEK 8 – DAY 2 - THURSDAY – WORLD BOOK DAY



CHARACTER	I THINK THIS IS...
1. The Masked Reader	
2. banana	
3. cabbage face	
4. cherry tomato	
5. bratz doll	
6. monkey banana	
7. egg face	
8. tortilla dip	
9. tiger	
10. goldfish	
11. happy sheep	
12. ferrero	
13. alpaca	
14. cute doggy	
15. squirrel	
16. barbie love	
17. lion	
18. piggy	



I THINK THIS IS...

Mrs Oakley =

Mrs Colcombe =

Miss Sparkes=

Mr Wood =

Miss Heath =

Miss Joshi =

Mrs Downing =

Miss Cresswell =

Mrs Hughes =

Mrs Dunstan =

Mrs Turton =

Miss Thomas =

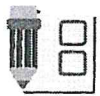
Mrs Rhodes =

Mr Walker =

Mrs Duggan =

Mrs Williams =

Miss Foxley =



Perfect Prefixes Part 2

Activity Sheet

EducationCity

Name: _____

Class: _____

Select the correct prefix.

1. When Klara's brother went running, he used _____ to help him stop sweating.

an antiperspirant / interspirant / superperspirant

2. Manu was not sure if his written science project needed _____.

interheadings / autoheadings / subheadings

3. Once he retired, the footballer began writing his _____.

interbiography / autobiography / antibiography

4. Manu was a huge fan of his team but was not a _____.

subfan / superfan / autofan

5. Stig is making a model space rocket with bricks that _____.

interlock / sublock / superlock.

6. The long show needed an _____ to let the audience get up and have a break.

autoval / antival / interval

Write in the correct prefix.

7. "Do Olympians have _____ human strength?" wondered Klara.

8. The class were discussing whether chewing gum was _____ social.



Perfect Prefixes Part 2

Activity Sheet

EducationCity

Name: _____

Class: _____

Write in the correct prefix.

9. They decided it was safer to take the _____ way than cross the busy road.
10. Before the operation, the doctor used _____ bacterial handwash to make sure her hands were clean.
11. Manu's favourite singer gave an _____ view on the radio.
12. Stig asked the footballer politely for her _____ graph.

Which prefix can be added to the root word?

inter

anti

super

auto

sub

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| 13. _____ correct | 14. _____ marine | 15. _____ net |
| 16. _____ septic | 17. _____ matic | 18. _____ clockwise |
| 19. _____ pilot | 20. _____ standard | 21. _____ biography |
| 22. _____ freeze | 23. _____ view | 24. _____ graph |



Perfect Prefixes Part 2

Activity Sheet

Name: _____

Class: _____

Are you ready for a challenge?

Which prefix can you find the most root words to add to?

super

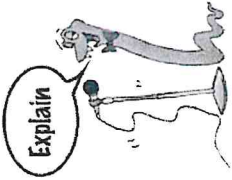
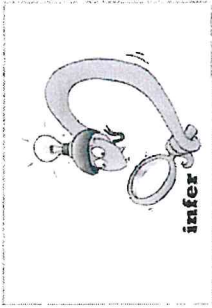
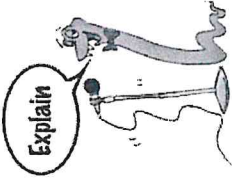
anti

inter

Read chapter 9,10 & 11 and answer
the questions below.

Friday- Day 3- (Week 8)



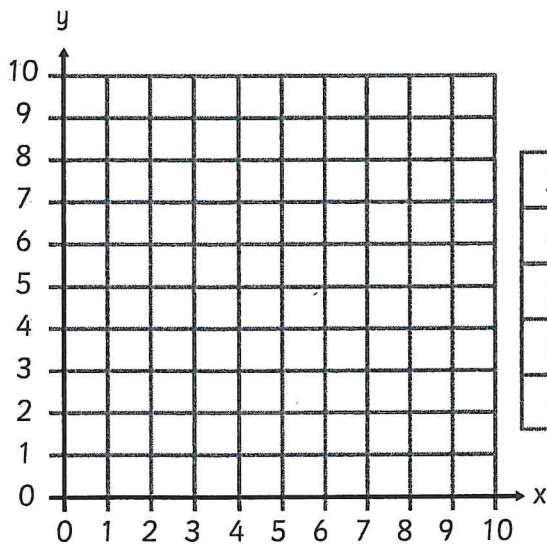
VIPERS	Questions	Answers
	Why didn't Evie interview the snake? Pg. 47	
	Explain why the poison dart frog is sad. Use evidence from the text. Pg. 46/47	
	Why does the jaguar seem so angry when Evie speaks to him?	
	How much money did they manage to raise in one month?	
	Explain why Evie doesn't mind being famous at the end of the book.	



Name: _____ Class: _____

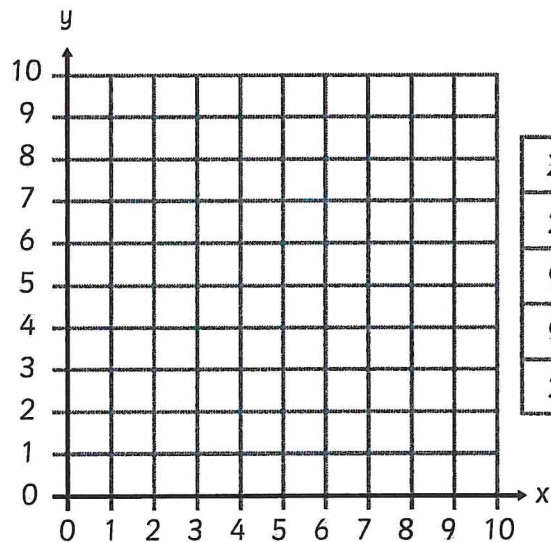
Draw the polygon in the question, by selecting where to plot the given point on the coordinate plane.

- 1** Plot these points to form a square.



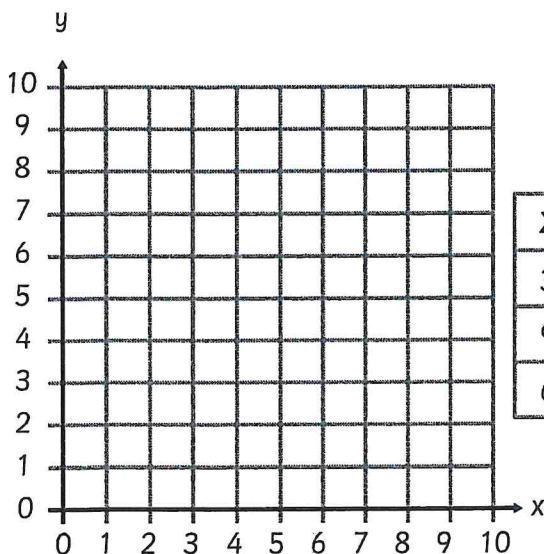
x	y
4	5
8	5
8	9
4	9

- 2** Plot these points to form a rectangle.



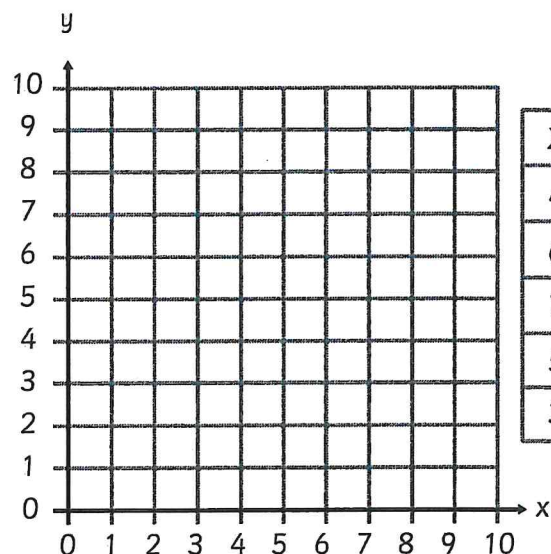
x	y
2	5
9	5
9	7
2	7

- 3** Plot these points to form an isosceles triangle.

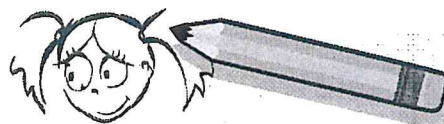
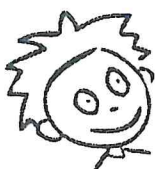


x	y
3	2
9	2
6	8

- 4** Plot these points to form a pentagon.



x	y
4	3
6	3
7	6
5	7
3	6

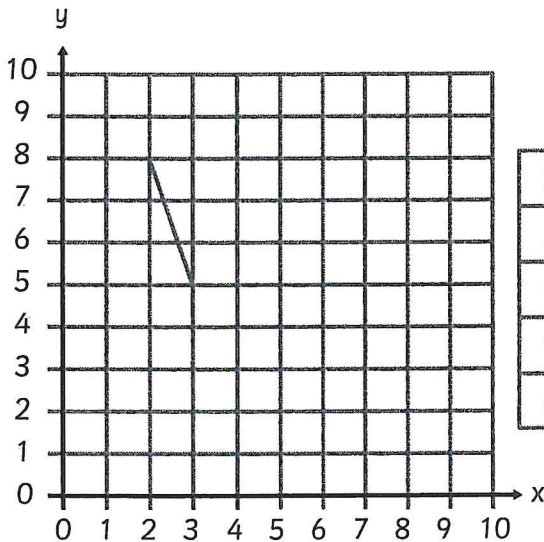




Name: _____ Class: _____

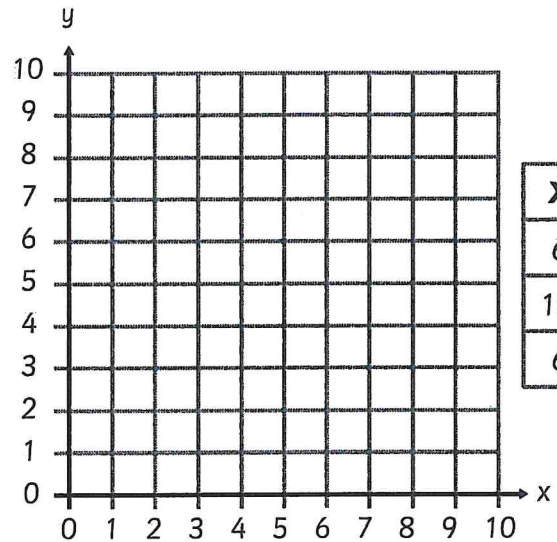
Draw the polygon in the question, by selecting where to plot the given point on the coordinate plane.

- 5** Plot these points to form a square.



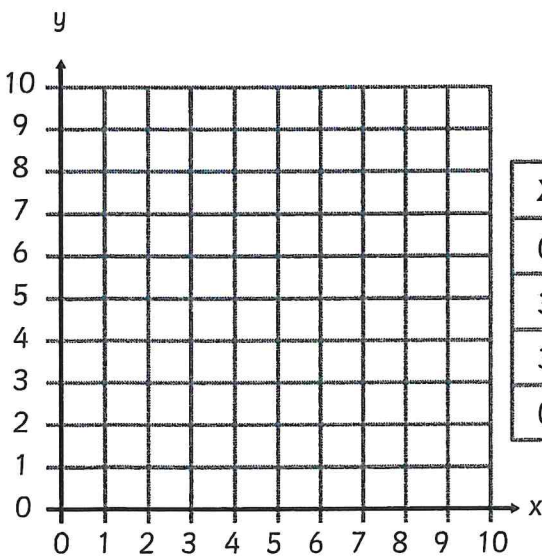
x	y
5	0
9	0
9	4
5	4

- 6** Plot these points to form a right-angled triangle.



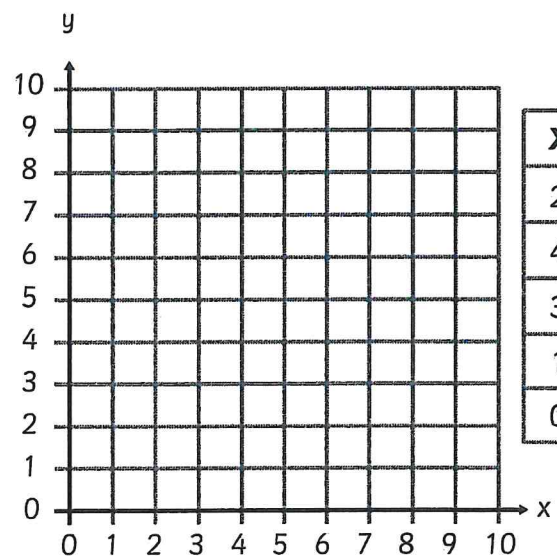
x	y
6	5
10	5
6	10

- 7** Plot these points to form a rectangle.

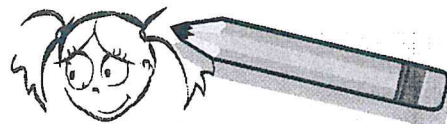


x	y
0	0
3	0
3	7
0	7

- 8** Plot these points to form a pentagon.



x	y
2	2
4	4
3	6
1	6
0	4

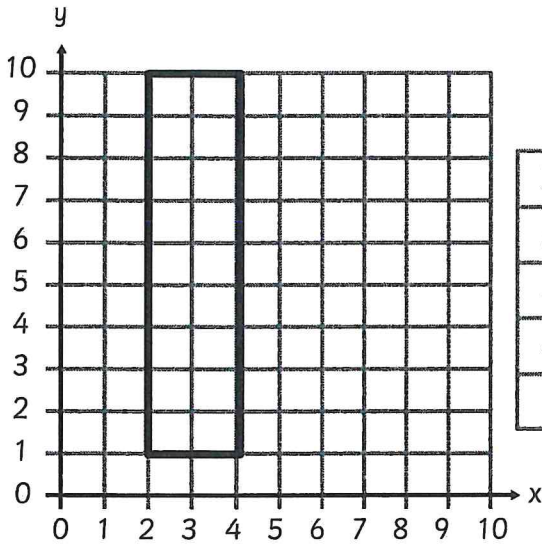




Name: _____ Class: _____

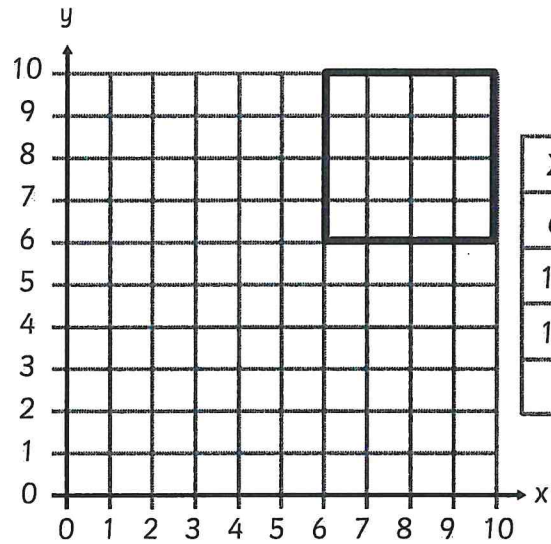
Complete the missing coordinates of these shapes.

9



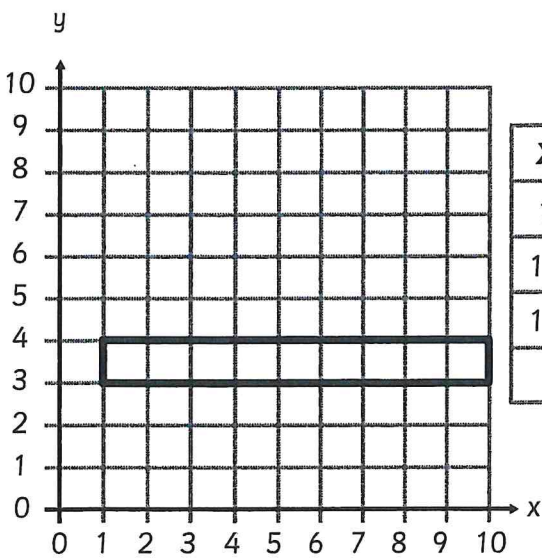
x	y
2	1
4	1
4	10

10



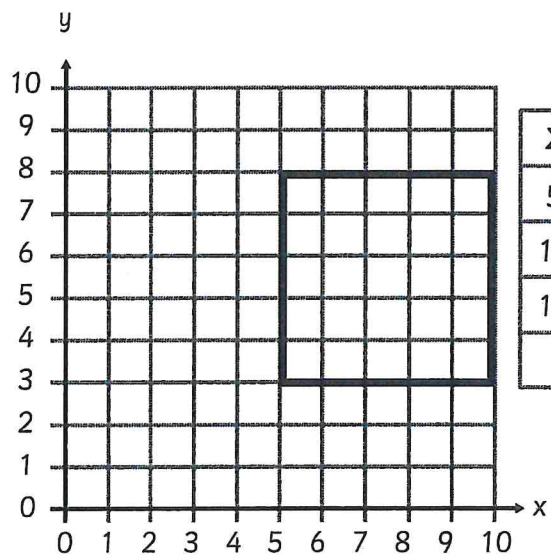
x	y
6	6
10	6
10	10

11

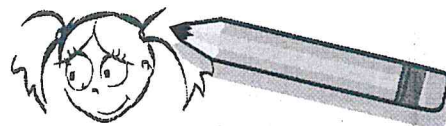


x	y
1	3
10	3
10	4

12



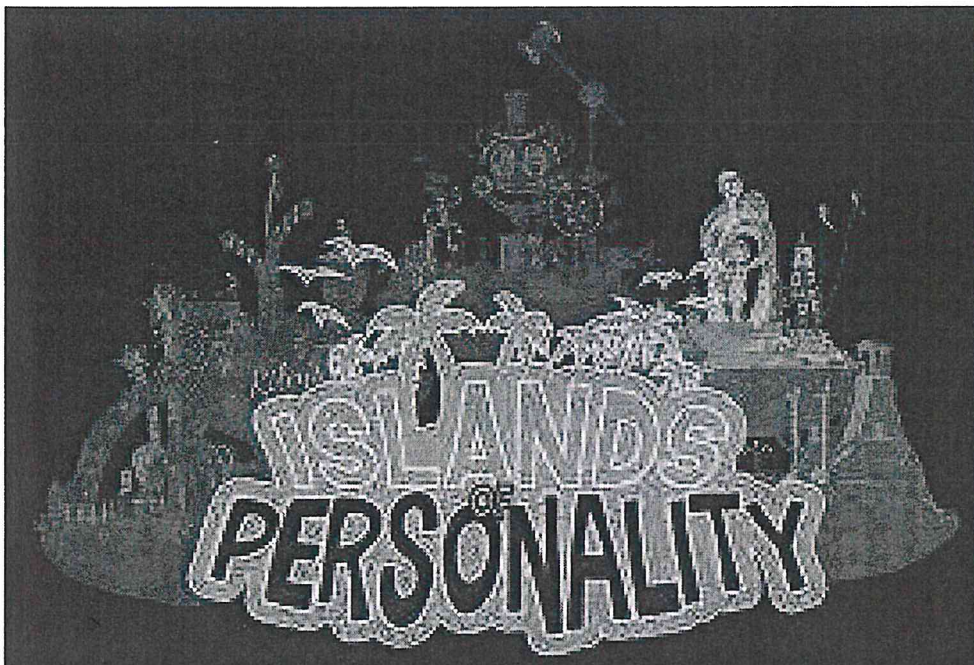
x	y
5	3
10	3
10	8



PSHC&E
Health and Well-being
Understanding our emotions

Week 8 Day 3
FRIDAY

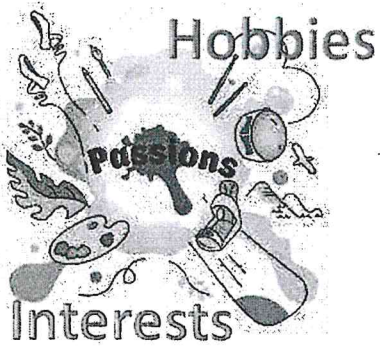
YouTube: Inside Out Islands of Personality by XPortalX. (Click image)



In the film 'Inside Out', 11-year-old Riley holds several islands of personality in her brain. These islands were created from her past favourite memories, experiences, interests and passions.

Positive and negative memories create these islands that make up our personality, interests and our belief in our self.

Riley's include Family Island, Friendship Island, Hockey Island, Goofball Island and Honesty Island.



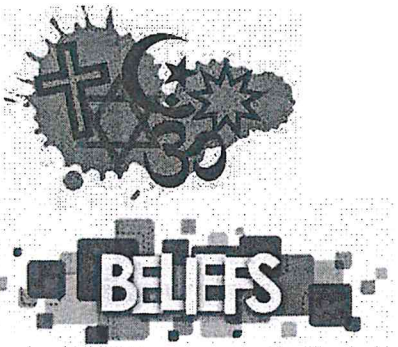
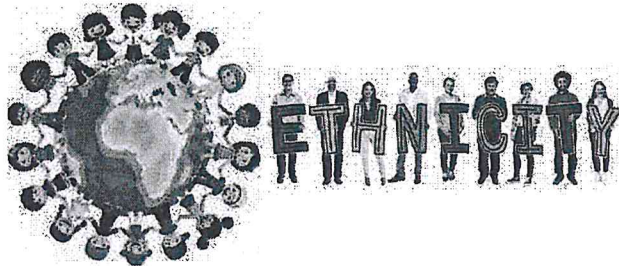
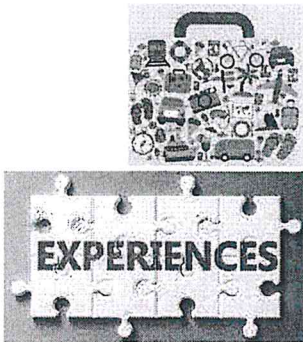
The 8 Superpowers
of a Great Learner
CREATIVE
CONFIDENT
INDEPENDENT



CHALLENGE TAKER
RESILIENT
MOTIVATED
INQUISITIVE
EMPATHETIC

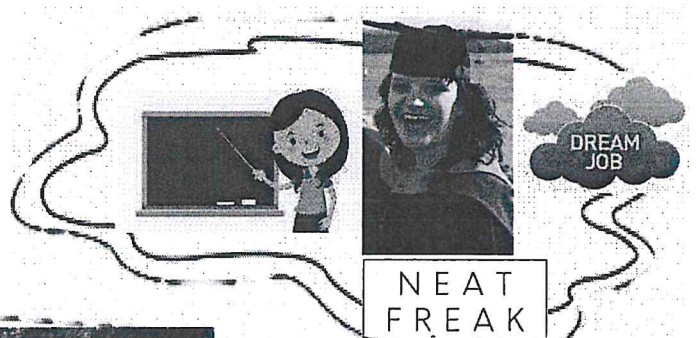


What makes us who
we are?

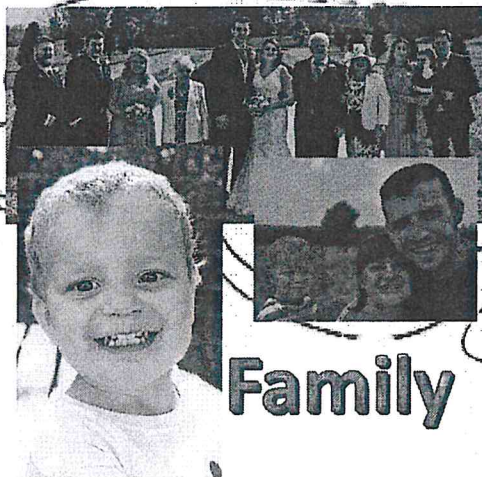


Holiday

Here are my
(Mrs Hughes)
islands of
personality.
These are what
make me me.



**Teaching
and helping island**



Family



UTV

Week 8 Day 3 PSHC+E Friday

Use this sheet to draw or write the many things that are important to you. Think about your memories, experiences, hobbies, beliefs and everything else that makes you the wonderful, unique person that you are!

Then use these to create your own personality islands. Be as creative as you can or use the template in your pack.

