

Year 3 - Week 6 – Catshill Home Learning

Hello to the children of Year 3😊. We hope that you are enjoying your learning at home, whatever that might be. If you can, try some of the activities below (there is enough for 1 each day)...

Subject Suggested Activities - English

- ➔ Read Chapter 4 of The Iron Man or listen to the text using:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NAiU8Hm-4lw>
- ➔ Comprehension linked to Chapter 4
- ➔ Draw the dragon and label using the description from the text
- ➔ Create the Newspaper Report for the locals
- ➔ Describe what might be in the Iron Man's stomach

Other Website links

Handwriting <https://www.ictgames.com/mobilePage/writingRepeater/>

David Walliams (audio story – we know how much you love World's Worst Children)
<https://www.worldofdavidwalliams.com/elevenses/>

Please look on the school website for additional resources as well as our Year 3 class page.

Take care and stay safe!

Miss Moody and Mrs Braiden-Smith 😊

Chapter 4

The Space-Being and the Iron Man

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NAiU8Hm-4lw> – if you wish to listen to the story.

One day there came strange news. Everybody was talking about it. Round eyes, busy mouths, and frightened voices – everybody was talking about it.

One of the stars in the night sky had begun to change. This star had always been a very tiny star, of no importance at all. It had shone up there for billions and trillions of years in the Constellation of Orion, that great shape of the giant hunter that strides across space on autumn and winter nights. In all its time this tiny star had never changed in any way.

Now, suddenly, it began to get bigger.

Astronomers, peering through their telescopes, noticed it first. They watched it with worried frowns.

That tiny star was definitely getting bigger. And not just bigger. But bigger and Bigger and BIGger. Each night it seemed it was BIGGER still.

It became bigger than the Dog-star, the large, coloured twinkly star at the heel of the Hunter Orion.

Bigger than Jupiter, the great blazing planet.

Everybody could see it clearly, night after night, as it grew and Grew and GREW. They stared up at it with frightened faces.

Till at last it hung there in the sky over the world, blazing down, the size of the moon, a deep, gloomy red. And now there could be only one explanation. The star was getting bigger because it was getting nearer. It was getting nearer and NEARer and NEARER.

It was rushing towards the world.

Faster than a bullet.

Faster than any rocket.

Faster even than a meteorite.

And if it hit the world at that speed, why, the whole world would simply be blasted to bits in the twinkling of an eye. It would be like an Express train hitting a bowl of goldfish.

No wonder the people stared up with frightened faces. No wonder the astronomers watched it through their telescopes with worried frowns.

But all of a sudden – another strange thing!

The star seemed to have stopped.

There it hung, a deep and gloomy red, just the size of the moon. It got no smaller. But it did not get any bigger. It wasn't coming any nearer. But it wasn't going away either.

Now everybody tried to explain why and how this was. What had happened? What was happening? What was going to happen?

And now it was that the next strange thing occurred – and the astronomers noticed it first.

In the middle of the giant star, a tiny black speck had appeared. On the second night this speck was seen to be wriggling, and it was much bigger. On the third night, you could see it without a telescope. A struggling black speck in the centre of that giant, red, gloomy star.

On the fifth night, the astronomers saw that it seemed to be either a bat, or a black angel, or a flying lizard – a dreadful silhouette, flying out of the centre of that giant star, straight towards the earth. What was coming out of the giant star?

Each night, when the astronomers returned to their telescopes to peer up, this black flying horror was bigger. With slow, gigantic wingbeats, with long, slow writhing's of its body, it was coming down through space, outlined black against its red star.

Within a few more nights, its shape had completely blotted out the red star behind it. The nameless, immense bat-angel was flying down at the earth, like a great black swan. It was definitely coming straight at the earth.

It took several more days to cover the distance.

Then, for one awful night, its wings seemed to be filling most of the sky. The moon peered fearfully from low on the skyline and all the people of earth stayed up, gazing in fear at the huge black movement of wings that filled the night.

Next morning it landed – on Australia.

Barrump!

The shock of its landing rolled round the earth like an earthquake, spilling teacups in London, jolting pictures off walls in California, cracking statues off their pedestals in Russia.

The thing had actually landed – and it was a terrific dragon.

Terribly black, terribly scaly, terribly knobbly, terribly horned, terribly hairy, terribly clawed, terribly fanged, with vast indescribably terrible eyes, each one as big as Switzerland. There it sat, covering the whole of Australia, its tail trailing away over Tasmania and into the sea, its fore claws on the headlands of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Luckily, the mountains and hills propped its belly up clear of the valleys, and the Australians could still move about in the pitch darkness, under this new sky, this low strange covering, of scales. They crowded towards the light that came in along its sides. Of course, whoever had been on a mountain-top when the dragon landed had been squashed flat. Nothing could be done about them. And there the horror sat, glaring out over the countries of the world.

What had it come for? What was going to happen to the world now this monstrosity had arrived?

Everybody waited. The newspapers spoke of nothing else. Aircraft flew near this space-bat-angel-dragon, taking photographs. It lay over Australia higher than any mountains, higher than the Hindu Kush in Asia, and its head alone was the size of Italy.

For a whole day, while the people of the earth trembled and wept and prayed to God to save them, the space-bat-angel-dragon lay resting its chin sunk in the Indian Ocean, the sea coming not quite up to the bottom of its lip.

But the next morning, its giant voice came rumbling round the world. The space-bat-angel-dragon was speaking. It wanted to be fed. And what it wanted to eat was – living things. People, animals,

forests, it didn't care what, so long as the food was alive. But it had better be fed quickly, otherwise it would roll out its tongue longer than the Trans-Siberian railway, and lick huge swathes of life off of the surface of the earth – cities, forests, farmlands, whatever there was. It would leave the world looking like a charred pebble – unless it was fed and fed quickly.

Its voice shook and rumbled around the earth for a whole hour as it delivered its message. When finally, it ended, and lay waiting.

The peoples of the world got together. If they fed it, how could they ever satisfy it? It would never be full, and every new day it would be as hungry as ever. How can you feed a beast the size of Australia? Australia is a vast land, all the countries of Europe will easily fit inside Australia. The monster's stomach alone must be the size of Germany.

No, they wouldn't feed it. The people of the world decided they would not feed this space-bat-angel-dragon or whatever it was – they would fight it. They would declare war on it, and all get together to blast it off the face of the earth. And so it was that all the peoples of earth declared war on the monster, and sent out their armed forces in a grand combined operation.

What a terrific attack!

Rockets, projectiles of all sorts, missiles and bombs, shells and flame-throwers – everything was tried. The smoke of the explosions drifted out over the Pacific like a black, crawling continent. The noise of the battle shook the world almost as much as the landing of the dragon had done, and for much much longer.

Finally the noise died down and the smoke cleared. And the peoples of the world cried in dismay. The dragon was actually smiling. Smiling! Aircraft flying daringly near photographed the vast face smiling, and the picture was in all the papers.

It was smiling as if it had been tickled.

Now the peoples of the world were worried. They were all great fighters. All spent their spare money on preparing for wars, always making bigger and better weapons, and now they had all tried their utmost to blast this thing off the earth, and what was the result?

The dragon merely smiled, and not a scratch could be seen anywhere on its body.

Human weapons had no effect on it.

But that wasn't surprising. This creature had come from the depths of space, out of the heart of a star. Nobody knew what it was made of. Perhaps it could not be destroyed by any means whatsoever.

And now the space-bat-angel-dragon spoke again.

It gave the peoples of the world one week in which to prepare its first meal. They could prepare what they liked, said the dragon. But if the meal was not ready in a week, then he would start on the cities and towns.

The peoples of the earth, the kings, the Presidents and Ministers, the farmers and the factory workers and the office workers began to lament. Now what would happen to them? They would like to say the monster didn't exist, but how could they? There it was, covering Australia, staring out over all the countries of the world.

Now the little boy Hogarth of course had heard all about this. Everybody in the world was talking about it, worrying about it.

He was sure the Iron Man could do something. Compared to the space-bat angel-dragon the Iron Man wasn't very big, of course. The Iron Man was only the size of a tall tree. Nevertheless, Hogarth had faith in the Iron Man.

He visited him in his scrap-yard, and talked to him about his great monster that was threatening the earth.

"Please," he asked, "please can't you think of some way of getting rid of it? If you can't, then it's the end of us all."

The Iron Man chewed thoughtfully at his favourite titbit, a juicy, spicy old gas-stove. He shook his head slowly.

"Oh please think of something," cried Hogarth. "If this space-bat-angel-dragon licks all life off the earth, that'll be the end of your scrap iron – there'll be no people left to make it."

The Iron Man became suddenly still. He seemed to be thinking. When suddenly his headlamps blazed red, green, blue and white all at once. And he stood up. In a great grinding voice, he gave his commands. Hogarth danced for joy. The Iron Man had had the most stupendous idea. The Iron Man would go out, as the champion of the earth, against this monster from space.

Q1. What is the shape of the Constellation of Orion?

Q2. How did the Astronomers feel when they saw the star getting bigger? How do you know?

Q3. What was the star faster than?

Q4. What meal might they prepare for the dragon?

Q5. Can you predict what the Iron Man's stupendous ideas might be?

Now have a go at using the description from the text to illustrate the dragon.

You could use a pencil and paper, chalk and slabs, paintbrush and paint or whatever else you would like!

When finished, label the dragon using the description that Ted Hughes did in the story.

Headling – something catchy

UNKNOWN CREATURE ON THE LOOSE

DANGEROUS DRAGON

BLACK, SCALY, KNOBBLY CREATURE CIRCLING ABOVE

Sub-heading – just one sentence to give your reader a tiny insight into what has happened.

Picture of the dragon

Who?

What?

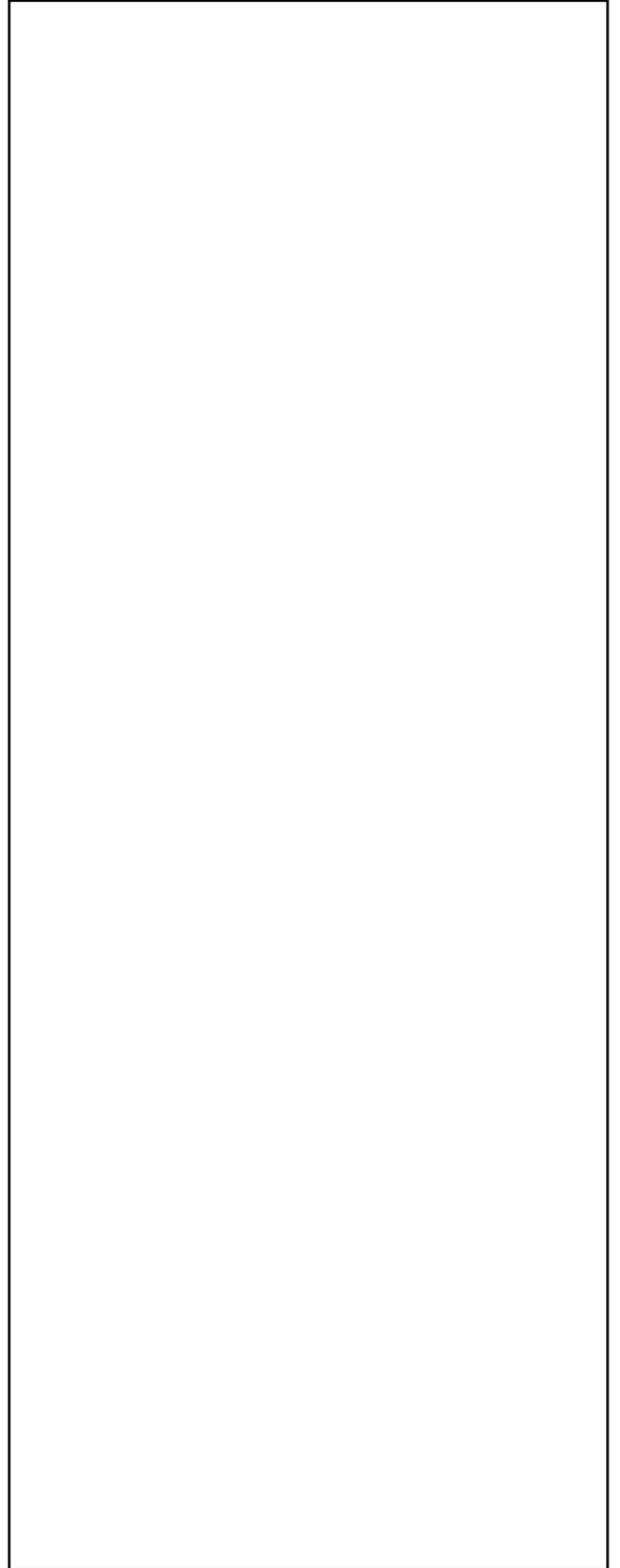
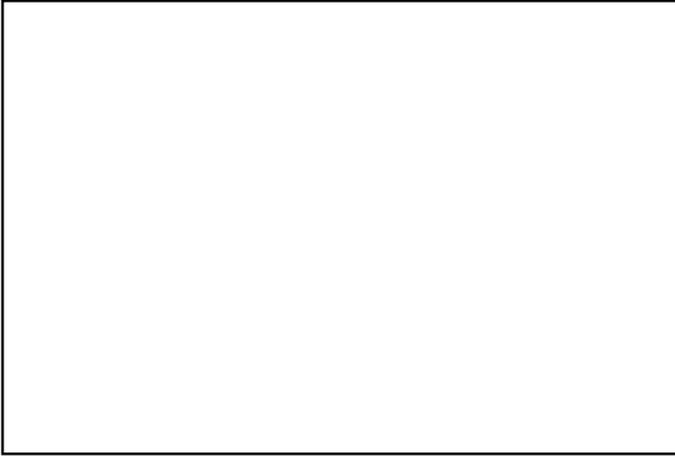
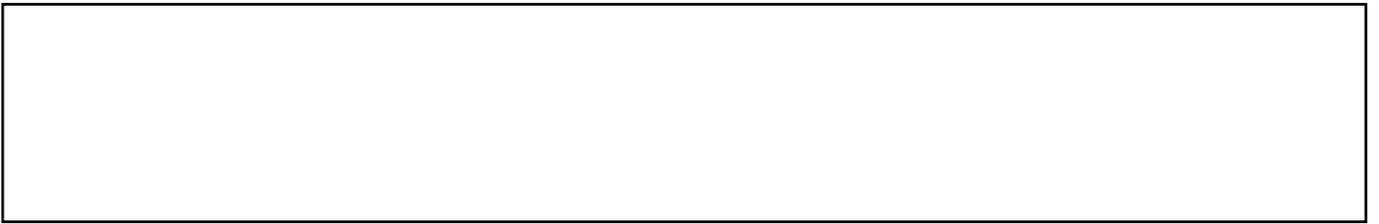
Where?

When?

More detail – when exactly? Who spotted it? What was it doing? Why do we think it is here?

What do the locals plan to do? What do they need to do?

Eye-witness quotes. What did one or two of the locals have to say about it all? Include feelings.



Describe what might be in the Iron Man's stomach. Don't forget your adjectives.

E.g. sharp and dangerous barbed wire

