

English

Writing

Write a description of 'The Chocolate Room'



Task 1- Read the extract, from Roald Dahl's Novel Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, were the children enter the Chocolate Room.

Task 2- Plan your descriptive paragraph. Make a list of any adjectives, adverbs and verbs which you think will help bring the image of the room alive to your reader.

Task 3- Write your description. Imagine you are Charlie, or one of the other characters, write what it was like to enter the factory.

See extra resources below

Reading

The Boy at the Back of the Class- Chapter 6

Our World

Have you ever wondered where chocolate comes from or how chocolate made?
This week would like you to research and find the answers to the above questions.

Task 1: Research which countries grow cocoa beans and what is it about their climate which allows them to grow? You could plot these countries on a world map to see how close they are to the equator...

Task 2: How are the cocoa beans turned into chocolate? Can you make an information sheet telling readers how chocolate is made?

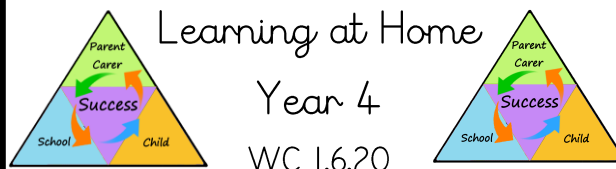
See extra resources below

Science- Chancing States



As an introduction to our new topic **Changing States** we would like you to...

Investigate: What happens to chocolate when you hold it in your hand? Can you predict what will happen?



Demonstrate our Value of the Week

Integrity- Right is right even if nobody is doing it, wrong is wrong even if everybody is doing it.

Word of the Week

Climate: *Climate* is commonly considered to be "the weather averaged over a long period of time, typically 30 years". The weather takes into account the temperature and humidity.

Time to Move



Learn how to dance like the Oompa-Loompas. Here is a tutorial to learn the Augustus Gloop routine.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nFxyUAjyI>



Maths- Problem Solving



Last week you mastered how to add decimals using column addition. This week, we would like you to use this skill to solve the following problems for Mr Wonka. **Task:** To solve decimal addition problems up to 2 decimal places. Here is a links to recap Column Addition:

<https://www.mathswithmum.com/column-addition-of-decimals/>

See extra resources below

Get Creative



Quentin Blake is the illustrator for many children's novels, including Roald Dahl. Over the past month, Blake has created 'Portable Rainbows' using his illustrations of characters sitting, resting,

holding a rainbow. Can you create your own 'portable rainbows' using the characters from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory?

How to draw Willy Wonka with Quentin Blake-
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aZJm6QXSOP4>

Blake's Portable Rainbows

<https://www.quentinblake.com/news/quentin-creates-portable-rainbows-free-e-cards>

See extra resources and images below



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The Chocolate Room

Week 1- English

Task 1- Read the extract 'The Chocolate Room' from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory by Roald Dahl.

Highlight any powerful adjectives, verbs and adverbs you think you could use in your own writing

'An important room, this!' cried Mr Wonka, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket and slipping one into the keyhole of the door. 'This is the nerve centre of the whole factory, the heart of the whole business! And so *beautiful*! I *insist* upon my rooms being beautiful! I can't *abide* ugliness in factories! *In* we go, then! But *do* be careful, my dear children! Don't lose your heads! Don't get over-excited! Keep very calm!'

Mr Wonka opened the door. Five children and nine grown-ups pushed their ways in – and *oh*, what an amazing sight it was that now met their eyes!

They were looking down upon a lovely valley. There were green meadows on either side of the valley, and along the bottom of it there flowed a great brown river.

What is more, there was a tremendous waterfall halfway along the river – a steep cliff over which the water curled and rolled in a solid sheet, and then went crashing down into a boiling churning whirlpool of froth and spray.

Below the waterfall (and this was the most astonishing sight of all), a whole mass of enormous glass pipes were dangling down into the river from somewhere high up in the ceiling! They really were *enormous*, those pipes. There must have been a dozen of them at least, and they were sucking up the brownish muddy water from the river and carrying it away to goodness knows where. And because they were made of glass, you could see the liquid flowing and bubbling along inside them, and above the noise of the waterfall, you

could hear the never-ending suck-suck-sucking sound of the pipes as they did their work.

Graceful trees and bushes were growing along the riverbanks – weeping willows and alders and tall clumps of rhododendrons with their pink and red and mauve blossoms. In the meadows there were thousands of buttercups.

‘*There!*’ cried Mr Wonka, dancing up and down and pointing his gold-topped cane at the great brown river. ‘It’s *all* chocolate! Every drop of that river is hot melted chocolate of the finest quality. The *very* finest quality. There’s enough chocolate in there to fill *every* bathtub in the *entire* country! *And* all the swimming pools as well! Isn’t it *terrific*? And just look at my pipes! They suck up the chocolate and carry it away to all the other rooms in the factory where it is needed! Thousands of gallons an hour, my dear children! Thousands and thousands of gallons!’

The children and their parents were too flabber-gasted to speak. They were staggered. They were dumbfounded. They were bewildered and dazzled. They were completely bowled over by the hugeness of the whole thing. They simply stood and stared.

‘The waterfall is *most* important!’ Mr Wonka went on. ‘It mixes the chocolate! It churns it up! It pounds it and beats it! It makes it light and frothy! No other factory in the world mixes its chocolate by waterfall! But it’s the *only* way to do it properly! The *only* way! And do you like my trees?’ he cried, pointing with his stick. ‘And my lovely bushes? Don’t you think they look pretty? I told you I hated ugliness! And of course they are *all* eatable! All

made of something different and delicious! And do you like my meadows? Do you like my grass and my buttercups? The grass you are standing on, my dear little ones, is made of a new kind of soft, minty sugar that I've just invented! I call it swudge! Try a blade! Please do! It's delectable!

Automatically, everybody bent down and picked one blade of grass – everybody, that is, except Augustus Gloop, who took a big handful.

And Violet Beauregarde, before tasting her blade of grass, took the piece of world-record-breaking chewing-gum out of her mouth and stuck it carefully behind her ear.

'Isn't it *wonderful*!' whispered Charlie. 'Hasn't it got a wonderful taste, Grandpa?'

'I could eat the whole *field*!' said Grandpa Joe, grinning with delight. 'I could go around on all fours like a cow and eat every blade of grass in the field!'

'Try a buttercup!' cried Mr Wonka. 'They're even *nicer*!'

Suddenly, the air was filled with screams of excitement. The screams came from Veruca Salt. She was pointing frantically to the other side of the river. '*Look!* Look over there!' she screamed. 'What is it? He's moving! He's walking! It's a little *person*! It's a little *man*! Down there below the waterfall!'

Everybody stopped picking buttercups and stared across the river.

'*She's right, Grandpa!*' cried Charlie. 'It is a little man! Can you see him?'

'I see him, Charlie!' said Grandpa Joe excitedly.

And now everybody started shouting at once.

'There's *two* of them!'

'My gosh, so there is!'

Task 2- Plan

Make a list of any adjectives, verbs and adverbs you could use in your writing.
Can you write 3 or 4 sentences using those word classes?

Eg: Amazed, the **excited** children **raced** **immediately** towards the melting, mouth-watering waterfall.

Adjectives

beautiful
enormous
graceful
delicious
dazzled
lovely
delectable
chocolate brown
colourful
flabbergasted
excited

Verbs

raced
stared
gobbled up
jumped
screamed
sang
leapt
picked
grinned
rolled
pointed

Adverbs

loudly
nervously
frantically
happily
joyfully
carefully
immediately
suddenly
excitedly
bravely
greedily

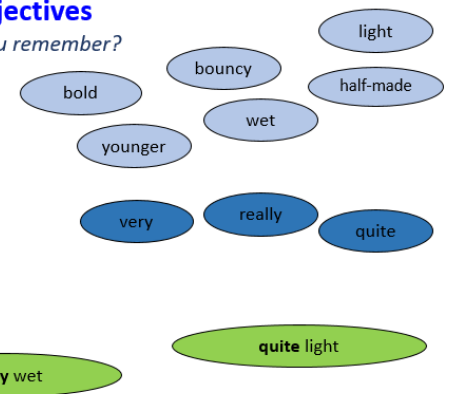


Adjectives

Can you remember?

An **adjective** describes... a noun.

An **adjective** can be modified.



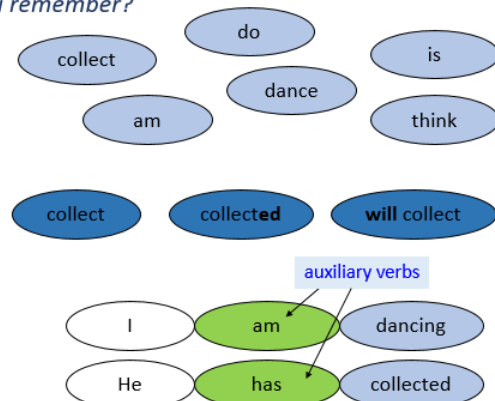
Verbs

Can you remember?

A **verb** is a... *doing or being* word.

Verbs usually have tense.

Some **verbs** help the **main verb**.



An **adverb** describes a verb, an adjective or another adverb. It tells us how, where, when, how much and with what frequency.

An adverb can tell...

HOW?	WHERE?	WHEN?	HOW MUCH?	HOW OFTEN?
quietly	above	now	quite	always
peacefully	abroad	yesterday	fairly	sometimes
carefully	far	soon	too	often
slowly	away	later	enormously	frequently
badly	back	tomorrow	entirely	normally
closely	here	yet	very	generally
easily	outside	already	extremely	usually
well	backwards	tonight	rather	occasionally
fast	behind	today	almost	seldom
quickly	below	the day after tomorrow	absolutely	rarely

Task 3- Imagine you are Charlie, or one of the other characters, write what it was like to enter the factory's Chocolate Room.

What did you see?
What did you smell?
What could you hear?
How did you feel?

WAGOLL- The Chocolate Room



As Willy Wonka opened the heavy, wooden gate, I paused with excitement. The open door revived a child's heaven. So beautiful! In the distance, was a huge, mouth-watering, chocolate waterfall crashing down gracefully. Racing towards it, I almost tripped on the sugar covered grass which wrapped around my ankles. When I reached the river, I greedily drank from the large pool below. It smelt like creamy hot chocolate. Next, I carefully picked some of the fluffy, marshmallow mushrooms which were oozing with a warm strawberry center. They were soft, sweet and delicious. "Wow! I could stay here all day!" I shouted happily back to Willy Wonka and the other shocked children who were still waiting by the door in amazement. Suddenly, I found myself dashing excitedly across the bridge as I wanted to touch the bright buttercups. Falling from the trees, I caught the licorice, swirly leaves before they landed on the edible grass.

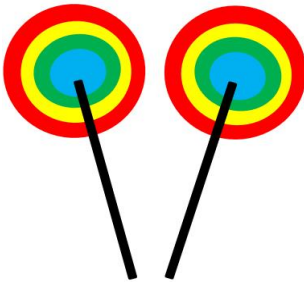
Maths- Problem solving and reasoning

Last week you mastered how to add decimals using column addition. This week we would like you to use this skill to solve the following problems for Mr Wonka.

These problems are trial and error, so you may not find the answer the first time. Show resilience.

The Chocolate Factory

Mix one ingredient from each section to mix the perfect chocolate bar



White Choccy £0.87



Milk Choccy £0.83



Caramello £1.12



Dark Choccy £1.43



Crispy base £0.76



Flapjack £0.68



Nougat £0.64



Peanut Butter £0.67



Fudge £0.57



Raisins £0.28



Cherries £0.18



Almonds £0.35



Marshmallow £0.34



Coconut £0.21



Walnut £0.55



Honeycomb £0.38

1) Make your own chocolate bar.
You have a maximum of 4 ingredients. How much would it cost to make 1?

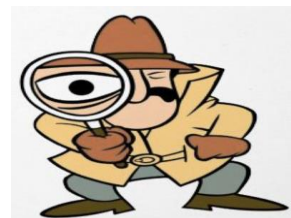
2) What is the most expensive chocolate bar Mr Wonka can create using 1 ingredient from each row?

3) Willy Wonka has a budget of £1.50 per chocolate bar. What different chocolate bars could he make using 3 ingredients? (Try and find 2 possibilities)

4) Using one ingredient from each row, can you make a chocolate bar that has a total of £3?

Challenge:

Pesky spies have stolen Wonka's recipe. In total it cost £1.71 to make. What 4 ingredients could the recipe include?



Our World-

Task 1: Research which countries grow cocoa beans and what is it about that countries climate which allows them to grow the beans? Find and draw on the equator. You could then plot these countries on a world map to see how close the countries are to the equator...



How to Make Chocolate

Many natural, capital, and human resources are needed to take chocolate from seeds to the tasty items on your table. Natural resources are things such as land, water, seeds, and air. Capital resources are things made by people to make other goods or provide services. Human resources are the workers that help prepare the goods or provide the service. There are three major steps in producing chocolate that people can consume: growing, processing, and making treats.

Growing

1. A farmer (human resource) plants cacao seeds (a natural resource) in the shade of other trees.



2. After 3–4 years, a cacao tree grows pods on its trunk and branches. Workers (human resources) cut the ripe pods from the tree by hand.



3. Workers cut open the pods with sharp knives (capital resources) and scoop out cream-colored seeds, or beans.



4. Workers pile up the beans or put them in boxes to ferment.



5. Workers use tools (capital resources) to spread out the beans so they dry.



6. Machines (capital resources) bag the dried beans and the bags are shipped to cocoa factories for processing.

Processing

1. Machines crack the beans to remove the shell from the nibs.



2. Different machines heat the nibs and grind them until they become a liquid.



3. Another device (capital resource) presses the liquid until a yellow liquid, called cocoa butter, separates from the cocoa. The cocoa is now a bar.



4. A grinder (capital resource) then pulverizes the bars into cocoa powder and another mechanism (capital resource) packages the powder.



5. Trucks, trains, ships, or airplanes (capital resources) carry the cocoa butter and cocoa powder to places that will make it into treats.



Making Treats

1. Mixers (capital resources) blend cocoa powder and cocoa ingredients, such as milk and sugar.



2. Dryers (capital resources) process the mix to bring out the best flavor.



3. Machines pour more cocoa butter into the mix and stir them together.



4. Special mixers conch the chocolate to make it smooth.



5. Machines pour the smooth chocolate into molds to make the chocolate bars we eat.



Get Creative- Quentin Blake's 'Portable Rainbows'

Here are some of his designs and characters from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.
Choose a character/characters and try and create your own Portable Rainbows.

How to draw Willy Wonka with Quentin Blake- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aZJm6QXSOP4>

More of Blake's Rainbows <https://www.quentinblake.com/news/quentin-creates-portable-rainbows-free-e-cards>



Changing State Chocolate Experiment

The Experiment

1. Place a piece of chocolate in your hand.
2. Count to 100 (keep your hand closed) or you can say the alphabet 5 times (keep your hand closed).
3. When you have finished counting to 100 or saying the alphabet 5 times open your hand.



What has happened to the chocolate?

Why do you think this happened?

Challenge: How do you think you could turn it back into a solid?



If you have any leftover chocolate maybe you could ask an adult to help make some lovely chocolate treats.

https://www.bbc.co.uk/food/recipes/chocolate_crispy_cakes_25316

6

THE WOMAN IN THE SILVER SCARF

Class Novel- Chapter 6

The Boy at the Back of the Class

‘But *my* mum and dad said we should be extra nice to him. Look!’ And opening up his rucksack, Tom showed us a big bag of sweets. ‘Mum said to give these to him at lunch-time. *And* she said we had to be nice to him and not to ask him too many questions.’

‘My mum said the same,’ said Michael as we got on the bus to school. ‘Except she told me to give him a banana. And my dad said Refugee Kids were running away from the war that’s on the television all the time. He didn’t say anything about any bullies!’

We all looked over at Josie, who was chewing on the ends of her hair and frowning. She didn’t say anything, but I knew she was thinking that her dad must have made a mistake. There was no way the new boy could be dangerous or a criminal – not when he was the same size as us and had just run away from bullies and a real war.

Mr Thompson had taught us all about wars last year. It had been a special year for wars and Mrs Sanders said it was our duty not to forget about them. We learned about red poppies and how they were the most important flower because they grew on soldiers’ graves, and about how lots

of countries had joined up to fight in the very first war. The upper years did an assembly about it and we went on a special day trip to the Tower of London where the Queen keeps her crown, because that’s where millions of red poppies had been put in its gardens and stuck on its walls.

Mr Thompson said we should never forget how many people have died in wars to save us, but I can’t remember long numbers, especially ones that keep going up all the time. But I’ll never forget that castle. It had looked like it was bleeding. And later on that day, a man who knew all about the first big war gave us an extra-special lesson inside the castle. His name was Officer Denny. I remember him because his name rhymed with my Uncle Lenny’s.

Everyone liked him because he was funny and knew everything there was to know about bombs and uniforms and a sad place called Flanders Field. He picked me and Michael to try and hold up a rucksack that was the same size and weight as a real soldier’s rucksack. But it was so big and heavy that we couldn’t even lift it up off the ground!

Remembering Officer Denny's rucksack made me wonder if the new boy had to carry lots of heavy things in his rucksack when he was running away. Maybe that's why it looked so old and dusty. He still didn't have a new one – but that week he had started to wear the school uniform. He must have found the new shirt and jumper itchy because he kept pulling at the collar whenever he thought no one was looking.

That day the bus to school was late and got stuck in so much traffic that the driver let everyone get off early. We had to run half the way and by the time we got to the playground, the bell had started ringing. I was hot and sweaty and feeling icky when we got into class, so I didn't realise that everyone was quieter than usual. But after a few minutes, I noticed that Parvinder and Dean – who were clever at everything and sat at the front of the class – kept looking over their shoulders. At first, I thought they were looking at me because my face was still red, but then I heard Parvinder say, 'Wonder who she is!'

I turned around and saw a grown-up sitting in Clarissa's seat. And not just any old grown-up, but one who was talking to the new boy! And the new boy was

talking back to her!

I poked Josie in the arm and said, 'Look!'

Josie turned around and whispered, 'Where's Clarissa?'

We looked around the classroom and then saw that Clarissa was sitting at the end of our row on Felicity and Natasha's table. She looked much happier.

'Hurry up and settle down please!' said Mrs Khan, as she picked up the register. 'Before we head to assembly, I want to introduce someone very special to you. But let's make sure you're all here first!'

After she had finished calling everyone's names, Mrs Khan said, 'Now class, I want you all to say good morning to Ms Hemsî, our new class assistant.'

Ms Hemsî stood up and smiled at everyone.

'Good moor-ning, Ms Hemseeeeeeeee!' we all said. Half the class shouted it out, and the other half said it quietly – as if they weren't sure Mrs Khan had given them the right name to say. I shouted it out. I like shouting out new names. It makes them feel more real.

Ms Hemsî smiled and said, 'Good morning, everyone!'

'Ms Hemsî will be helping Ahmet with his lessons from now on. If we're very lucky, in a few weeks, she will be

helping Ahmet do a presentation about his home town, and how he feels about being here in London.'

Everyone turned to stare at Ms Hemsi as she nodded and smiled and then sat back down.

'She looks nice,' whispered Josie. 'I like her scarf!'

I looked back over my shoulder because I liked the scarf Ms Hemsi was wearing on her head too. It looked like a silver river and it had a diamond pin clipped on to one of the sides that looked like a star. She had one of those smiles where the person smiling never shows any teeth, but I liked it. And her eyes looked like they'd been drawn around with thick black pencil which made them look bigger and more interesting.

The new boy seemed to like her too and when she sat back down, she whispered something to him and patted him on the back which made him nod. I felt happy for him. He had someone to talk to, and he didn't have to sit next to Clarissa any more. It's much nicer to sit next to someone who isn't always trying to get away from you all the time and has a diamond pin in her scarf.

All that day, the new boy did his lessons at the back of the class, and at break-time and lunch-time he went to

Seclusion as usual. But, maybe because Ms Hemsi was with him, he didn't look at the ground so much and seemed more interested in everything we were doing. I caught him staring at me and Josie twice before lunch-time and three whole times in the afternoon, and I was sure he wanted to be friends with us now.

At home-time, we waited just as we always did by the gates – but this time, all of us had something to give him. Josie had saved her chocolate yoghurt pudding from her lunch box for him especially, and Michael and Tom had the bag of sweets and the banana their mums and dads had told them to save. Today I had an apple to give him – because the school canteen had run out of oranges. But it was OK, because Tom had given me a sticker of a whale to put on it, so it was still special.

As we were waiting, I crossed my fingers and secretly hoped that Ms Hemsi would come out with the new boy too, because since she could speak to him properly, she would be able to ask him some of my eleven questions.

The playground had started to empty by the time the new boy finally came out, holding both Ms Hemsi's and Mrs Khan's hands. As they made their way over to the

woman in the red scarf, Michael whispered, 'Come on!' I could tell he was excited because his eyes had gotten wider. Michael's eyes always get wider when he can't wait to do something.

We all ran over to the new boy and gave him our gifts.

'This is from me,' said Tom, holding out the large bag of sweets like it was a trophy. 'There are cola bottles in there – and flying whizbees and some toffee melts too!'

'And this is from me,' said Josie, holding out the chocolate pudding. 'It's my favourite!'

'Er ... this is just a banana. But look!' said Michael, turning it over to show the new boy the row of stick men he had drawn on it.

'And this is from me,' I said, holding out the apple.

The new boy looked up, his arms full, and gave us each a happy nod. I could tell it was a happy nod and not just an ordinary nod because even though his mouth wasn't smiling, his lion eyes looked happy.

Ms Hemsî bent down and said something in a foreign language into the new boy's ears. He nodded and then, looking up at us, said very slowly, 'Thank ... you ... friends.'

Josie, Michael, Tom and me nodded and beamed, and then, all at once, started talking.

'Do you want to come play football with us tomorrow?' shouted Tom. 'At break-time?'

'I'll get you another one of those puddings tomorrow if you like them!' exclaimed Josie.

'I'll ask Mum to give me something better than a banana!' cried out Michael. 'What about some mini muffins?'

'And I'm going to get something better than an apple tomorrow! What's your favourite fruit?' I asked.

The new boy looked at us and then looked up at Ms Hemsî and Mrs Khan and then at the woman in the red scarf. They were all smiling and the woman in the red scarf ruffled his hair just like my mum had ruffled my hair the night before.

'Now, kids,' said Mrs Khan, bending down so that her face was the same height as ours. 'These are all wonderful gifts. And I know Ahmet is thankful for them. But he needs to learn just a little bit more English before he can answer your questions, OK?'

We all looked at each other, and then at Mrs Khan, and

We waved goodbye and headed to our bus stop. Just before we turned the corner, I looked over my shoulder and saw the new boy take a big bite of the apple I had given him. I felt even happier than I did when Ms Hemsy had answered my questions! But a second later the feeling quickly disappeared, because that was when I saw Brendan-the-Bully.

He was standing in front of the boys' toilets just a few yards away, and his cheeks were pink and his eyes were narrow, and he was watching the new boy with a scowl on his face. Everyone knows that Brendan-the-Bully hates anyone who's different from him, but it was the first time I had seen him look so angry and mean. He couldn't do anything because Ms Hemsy and Mrs Khan and the lady in the red scarf were there, but as we headed to our bus stop and all the way home, I couldn't help feeling worried. I think I knew right away that the scowl was a warning, and that he was going to make things hard for the new boy and anyone who wanted to be friends with him.

And it turns out that I was right. Because at first break on the very next day, that's exactly what he started doing.

Comprehension Questions:

Rewrite the questions and answers in your work book.

1. Why do you think the narrator's mum told him to not ask the new boy too many questions?
2. Which war did the narrator and his class learn about last year?
3. Sequence the following events in the correct order, Label from 1-5.
 - The children gave the new boy some sweets
 - The children got onto the school bus and their mum told them to not to ask too many questions
 - Mrs hemi said "Good Morning, everyone"
 - The new boy went to seclusion
 - Josie chewed her hair
4. Describe the soldier's backpack using two adjectives **from the text.**
5. What country is the new boy from?
6. How do you think the narrator felt when he saw the new boy bite into the apple?