

## Spellings

(practise these in your neatest, joined handwriting)

table	puddle
bottle	puzzle
apple	kettle
little	tickle
middle	uncle

Can you think of anymore words with the same spelling pattern?

Good morning Year 2! I hope you enjoyed yesterday's activities. Keep working hard at home - we only have 4 more days of home learning left!

Here are your tasks for Tuesday

Miss Clement ☺



## Science - Parts of a plant

Today we are learning about the different parts of a plant and the important jobs they do. Watch this video and have a go at the quiz below

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/zpxnyrd/articles/z3wpsbk>

Then, we are going to have a go at creating some art work using one part of a plant - the leaves. The video talks about the leaves making food for the plant. To do this they have a substance called 'chlorophyll' which is green in colour. Have a look at the next slide to see how we can use this green colour to create a piece of artwork. I would love to see your finished work!

## English

Today we are focusing on a different story called 'The little red house with no windows and no doors and a star inside.' Read the story on slides 3 and 4 or ask an adult to read it to you. This is the first part of the story - tomorrow we will find out what happens at the end. Once you have read the story, have another look through and list all the questions and command sentences you can find in the text (remember commands have a 'bossy' verb e.g. 'Ask my father').

## Maths

First, warm up your brain with the Karate Cats  
<https://www.bbc.co.uk/games/embed/karate-cats-2?exitGameUrl=https%3A%2F%2Fbbc.co.uk%2Fbitesize%2Farticles%2Fzf4sscw>. Then we are working on Summer Term - Week 5 w/c 18<sup>th</sup> May focusing on Lesson 2 'Use arrays' today. Remember the worksheets are now uploaded as separate documents on the home learning page. You can find the video lesson here:  
<https://whiterosemaths.com/homelearning/year-2/>



Once upon a time, there was a little boy who was tired of all his toys and tired of playing. "What shall I do?" he asked his mother. And his mother, who always knew good things for little boys to do said, "You shall go on a journey and find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside." This really made the little boy wonder. Usually his mother had good ideas, but he thought that this one was very strange. "Which way shall I go?" he asked his mother. "I don't know where to find a little red house with no doors and no window." "Go down the lane past the farmer's house and over the hill," said his mother, "and then hurry back as soon as you can and tell me all about your journey."

So the little boy put on his cap and his jacket and set off. He had not gone very far down the lane when he came to a happy little girl dancing in the sunshine. Her cheeks were like pink petals and she was singing like a robin. "Do you know where I shall find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?" asked the little boy. The girl laughed, "Ask my father, the farmer," she said. "Perhaps he knows."

So the little boy went on until he came to the great brown barn where the farmer kept barrels of potatoes and baskets of yellow squashes and golden pumpkins. The farmer stood in the doorway looking out over the green pastures and yellow grain fields. "Do you know where I shall find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?" asked the little boy of the farmer. The farmer laughed too. "I lived a great many years and I never seen one." he chuckled, "but ask Granny who lives at the foot of the hill. She knows all sorts! Perhaps she can direct you."

*So the little boy went on further still, until he came to Granny, sitting in her pretty garden of herbs and marigolds. She was smiling as the sunshine. "Please, Dear Granny," said the little boy. "Where shall I find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside?" Granny was knitting a red mitten, and when she heard the little boy's question, she laughed so cheerily that the wool ball rolled off her lap and down the little pebbly path. "I should like to find that little house myself," she chuckled. "I would be warm when the frosty night comes and the starlight would be prettier than a candle. But ask the wind who blows about and listens at all the chimneys. Perhaps the wind can direct you." So the little boy took off his cap and tipped it politely to Granny and went on up the hill rather sadly. He wondered if his mother, who usually knew almost everything, had perhaps made a mistake. The wind was coming down the hill as the little boy climbed up. As they met, the wind turned and went along, singing beside the little boy. It whistled in his ear and dropped a pretty leaf into his hand. "I wonder," thought the little boy, after they had gone along together for awhile, "if the wind could help me find a little red house with no doors and no windows and a star inside." The wind cannot speak in our words, but it went singing ahead of the little boy until it came to an orchard. There it climbed up in the apple tree and shook the branches. When the little boy caught up, there at his feet lay a great rosy apple.*