

Home Learning – Mrs Ward: Week Beginning 20th April Class 5/6 and Class 6

Hi!

Hope you and your families are well and you managed to make the best you could out of the Easter weekend – even if it was just eating chocolate for breakfast! This week would have been the start of our Summer 1 Term and just as we always do, the first week is a 'revise and revisit' week of teaching and learning to refresh all the hard work you have done the previous term(s). I will include the answers for you this week.

ENGLISH – All work can be done on paper if you are unable to print out the accompanying sheets. These can just be used on screen as a prompt/support.

Monday:

Read through the opening few chapters of Letters from the Lighthouse by Emma Carroll
It is a story set during World War 2, which is wrapped in mystery, secrecy and suspense...

Revise and Revisit: Reading Skills: (2a) Give and explain the meaning of words in context reading questions

Tuesday:

Revise and Revisit: Reading Skills: (2b) Retrieve and record information/identify key details from fiction and non-fiction + (2c) Summarise main ideas from more than on paragraph
Reading questions

Wednesday:

Revise and Revisit: Reading Skills: (2d) Make Inferences from the text/explain and justify inferences with evidence from the text
Reading questions (Remember – these are the questions where you find the clue and then INFER what it is telling you – work it out like a detective!)

Thursday:

Revise and Revisit: Reading Skills: (2f) Identify and explain how information/narrative content is related and contributes to meaning as a whole + (2g) Identify/explain how meaning is enhanced through choice of words and phrases
Reading questions

Friday:

Revise and Revisit: Reading Skills: (2h) Make comparisons within the text
Reading questions

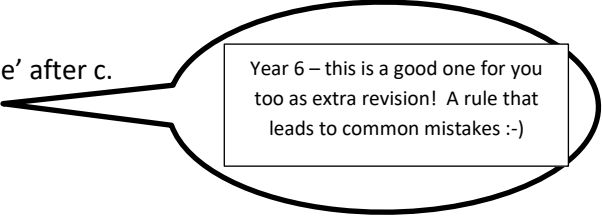
Revise and Revisit: Spag.com – Y6: KS2 Grammar Test C
Y5: Grammar Year 5 B

I will use the results from these revision tests to help plan the grammar teaching and learning we will do this half term 😊

SPELLING:

YEAR 6: (Stage 6 List 18) Prefix dis, un, over, im. Each have a particular meaning: dis – reverse; un – not; over – above/more; im – opposite

YEAR 5: (Stage 5 List 19) Words spelled with 'ie' after c.



Year 6 – this is a good one for you too as extra revision! A rule that leads to common mistakes :-)

HISTORY:

Introducing the Industrial Revolution:

Read through the PowerPoint introducing the Industrial Revolution. The Industrial Revolution introduced many new inventions that would change the world forever. It is a time that is remembered in British History for the wide scale introduction of machinery and the transformation of cities. Challenge: Can you complete the 10 key inventions from the Industrial Revolution Grid?

ART AND DESIGN:

Drawing texture with pencil:

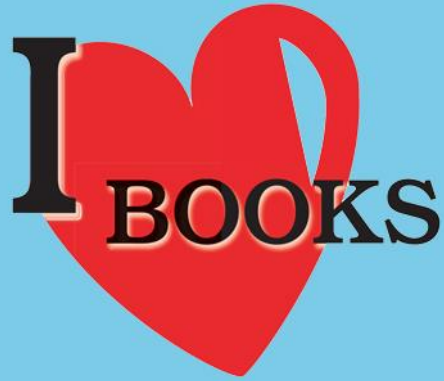
Texture is the feeling, appearance or consistency of an object or material.

It can be natural or man-made, functional or decorative. Artists try to replicate the texture of the subject to make their work look as realistic as possible.

Have a go at drawing different textures in pencil using the activity sheet.

RE:

A Flame of Hope – look at the image and think about the questions. Can you write your own prayer of hope for these strange times we are living in?



LoveReading4kids.co.uk
is a book website
created for parents and
children to make
choosing books easy
and fun

Opening extract from
Letters from the Lighthouse

Written by
Emma Carroll

Published by
Faber & Faber

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

First published in 2017
by Faber & Faber Limited
Bloomsbury House,
74–77 Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3DA

Typeset by MRules
Printed by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

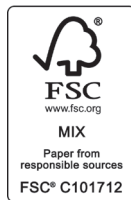
All rights reserved
© Emma Carroll, 2017
Postcards p.62 and 73 © Shutterstock

The right of Emma Carroll to be identified as author
of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77
of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

This book is sold subject to the condition
that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent,
resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's
prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in
which it is published and without a similar condition including
this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser

A CIP record for this book
is available from the British Library

ISBN 978–0–571–32758–4



2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

KEEP CALM AND CARRY ON

We were halfway through the news when the air raid started. It was a Friday in January: we were at the Picture Palace for the 6 p.m. showing of *The Mark of Zorro*. All month the Luftwaffe had been attacking us, their bombs falling on London like pennies from a jar, so the fact they couldn't hold off for just a few measly hours made me hate the Germans that little bit more.

The cinema trip had been my sister Sukie's idea, as most things were. We were all in need of cheering up that evening: after the tea we'd just eaten at home it was a wonder we were still alive.

'It's like brains,' Cliff, my eight-year-old brother, said, lifting the pan lid to show us. It was probably only minced meat and potatoes, but you never knew with Mum's dinners, especially the ones you had to reheat when she was working late. And Cliff relished gory details, being the sort who'd pick scabs off his knee just to see what was underneath.

‘Well, you *never* get scabby knees, Olive,’ he once said to me, like it was the biggest character flaw in the world. The truth was I preferred reading books to running about in the street. I didn’t see it as a weakness, either.

But we had to eat the horrid supper, of course. No one chucked food away with a war on, not even stuff that resembled brains. You simply pinched your nose and swallowed hard, then glugged down a glass of water. Afterwards, Sukie, being the eldest and in charge, said we deserved a trip out. She’d already seen the film last week with a friend.

‘It’s the cat’s pyjamas. You’ll both love it!’ she gushed, as we went around the house closing the blackout curtains. Then to me, teasingly: ‘Cheer up. It’s going to be fun!’

People were always telling me I had a serious face, because I was dark and thoughtful-looking like my dad. What they really meant was I wasn’t as pretty as Sukie, and I didn’t mind because I was proud of my big sister, not jealous. She was just as marvellous on the inside – everyone seemed to think so.

‘Is that better?’ I beamed up at Sukie so she could tell how thrilled I was to be going out, especially with her. We didn’t see nearly enough of her any more. She’d recently got a penpal and acted mysterious when

letters postmarked 'Devon' arrived addressed to her. We'd all guessed who she was writing to: our next-door neighbour Gloria had a younger sister called Queenie, who was nineteen and lived in Devon. Having a penpal was, according to Sukie, all the rage.

And like she was with anything new, Sukie threw herself into it, kicking off her office shoes each night after work, then disappearing to her room to write. It wasn't the same as when we'd sent letters to Dad, where we each got to add our own line on the official blue army paper. Sukie shut her door on us. These were her letters – hers and Queenie's. I often wondered what they had to say to each other that was so private, and took up so much time.

Once we'd got our coats and grabbed our gas masks from where they hung in the hallway, we were ready for the cinema. It was a cold, damp evening and we were all done up in woolly hats and scarves. Cliff's mittens, on string threaded through his coat, dangled limp at the end of his sleeves, and he flapped them like wings to make me laugh.

Such was my excitement, I didn't think to ask why Sukie was buttoning up Mum's best green checked coat rather than her own. She'd done her hair different too, curled like a film star's, and was wearing postbox-red

lipstick. It made her look older than seventeen and rather like Mum – the Mum before Dad died, who'd styled her hair and worn make-up and could argue for England.

*

By the time we reached the Picture Palace, the lights were already dimming. We'd only just found our seats – Row K, plush velvet that prickled the backs of your knees – when the great maroon curtains swung apart with a squeak.

First up was the newsreel. Every film show started like this, with five minutes of news from home and abroad. It was all very upbeat, with a proper English voice telling us everything would be all right, even if the film footage showed bombsites and battlefields. I watched eagerly, chin in hand, as the big white titles and the word 'Pathé' filled the screen.

Sukie, though, leaped to her feet.

'Stay here,' she whispered to us. 'If I'm not back in two minutes, meet me in the foyer when the film's over.'

Just like that she disappeared.

'She needs the lav,' Cliff said knowingly. 'That supper's giving her grief.'

'You're disgusting, you are,' I replied, not taking my

eyes from the newsreel. The footage was of men in RAF uniforms walking across an airfield. Immediately, it made me think of Dad.

In August last year we'd had a telegram from the War Office, telling us Dad's plane had been shot down over France. Six long months had passed, of every day hearing someone in my family crying, and Mum getting sadder and thinner. I couldn't sleep through a whole night any more. Often I barely slept at all.

'Look for the light,' Dad used to say when things were difficult.

I did try. He'd died for his country, people said. He was a hero. Watching the news helped me believe this was true, and as I listened to what a mightily fine job 'our boys' were doing, I could feel myself filling up with pride.

Tonight's news switched from RAF men to a city somewhere abroad – I didn't catch where. The footage showed hungry-looking people queuing for food, flanked either side by soldiers. There was snow on the ground. The people in line wore star-shaped badges on their coats.

Watching, I began to feel uncomfortable instead of proud. The Pathé news voice – jolly and brisk – jarred with what I was seeing. These people weren't just hungry but *scared*. I could tell by their faces how

desperate they were, and it made me horribly guilty for the fuss we'd made about our supper.

Abruptly, the film stopped. The lights came up.

I blinked at the announcement on the screen:

AIR RAID IN PROGRESS.

PLEASE LEAVE THE THEATRE IMMEDIATELY.

HEAD TO THE NEAREST SHELTER.

'Blast it,' I said, reaching for my coat and gas mask. 'Come on, Cliff, we'd better find Sukie.'

People began to leave, though not very quickly. All around us seats thudded as they flipped upright. Coats were shaken out, hats pinned in place. There was a fair bit of complaining going on too.

'Should we ask for our money back?' asked Cliff.

'What?' I was still half thinking of those poor people in the newsreel. 'Oh, we'll ask Sukie. Keep hold of my hand.'

Weaving through the crowds we headed for the foyer. It was then the seriousness of our situation sank in. Beginning to worry, I told myself this was no different from any other raid – and they were happening almost every day now. Most of the action was down near the docks; on Fairfoot Road where

we lived, they'd been more of an annoyance, forcing you out of bed in the middle of the night and into a freezing-cold air-raid shelter.

In the foyer, the lights were off. All I could see were the outlines of the front doors and the cash desk just inside. Already the space was filling up with people – but our sister wasn't one of them.

'She can't still be in the lavs.' Cliff's hand felt sticky in mine.

'She's probably powdering her nose,' I said, with a confidence I wasn't feeling. 'You've seen how glammed up she is tonight.'

'She's the dead spit of Mum.'

'She's got her best coat on, that's why.' I tapped my foot anxiously. 'Oh come on, Sukie.'

As the last few people came out into the foyer, the mood seemed to change. People were hurrying, jostling into those already making their way out.

'Stop pushing!' a man shouted like he was in charge. 'We'll get you all out, just slow down!'

Holding Cliff's hand even tighter, I wasn't sure what to do: stay and wait for Sukie, or go with everyone else to the nearest shelter. Someone was shining a torch at the floor to help guide people's feet. Then that went out too. A woman screamed, and though no one else

joined in, you could feel the panic building.

I took a deep breath, trying to keep calm. ‘Stay here, Cliff. I’m going to find—’

A hand came down heavily on my shoulder. ‘You, lassie, and you, laddie.’ It was the man in charge. ‘What you dithering here for?’

I tried to explain: ‘My sister’s in the toilet.’

‘I’ve just checked the lavs. Ain’t nobody left inside but us, sweetheart.’ The second voice was a woman’s.

Two sets of hands steered us towards the door. Before I could shrug them off, we were out on the pavement. The noises, the smells of burning hit me at once. I felt a jolt of pure, cold fear. Up in the sky, searchlight beams criss-crossed the darkness. Already, I could hear the faint *crack-crack* of our guns as the German aircraft got closer, and fought the urge to cover my head protectively with my arms.

‘I don’t like it, Olive,’ Cliff muttered.

I didn’t, either. And until we found Sukie I was the big sister, the responsible one. That was pretty alarming too.

‘Don’t worry,’ I told him, a stupid thing to say but it was all I could think of. ‘Sukie’s probably waiting for us in the shelter.’

We hurried down the street after the last few

stragglers. By now the roads were almost deserted. On the corner, an air-raid warden waved frantically, the white stripes of his uniform dimly visible in the blackout.

‘Hurry up, you lot!’ he shouted. ‘What you waiting for, Christmas?’

Still holding Cliff’s hand, I crossed the road. Thankfully there in front of us was the tube station, busy with men, women, a few little children, who were heading through the entrance with packets of sandwiches and pillows under their arms. Moving amongst the crowd was a Women’s Royal Voluntary Service person in her navy blue uniform, hurrying people inside.

‘Come on, you two,’ she said, seeing Cliff and me on our own without a grown-up. I was glad to have an adult take charge. ‘There’s going to be cake and board games laid on tonight. It’ll be quite a party down there!’

Cliff, liking the sound of it, reached out to take her hand; in doing so he let go of mine. He was only a few paces ahead of me, going down the steps with the nice WRVS lady. I just happened to glance behind. At a sound. At a sense. *Something*.

There was Sukie, looking around in panic. The relief made my legs go weak.

‘Sukie!’ I yelled, waving madly. ‘Over here!’

She was running away from the shelter. And fast too – faster than I'd ever seen her run before – her arms pumping like pistons. She didn't turn, or slow down. I don't think she even heard me.

The air-raid warden was yelling now. 'Bomb incoming! Get down!'

He threw himself on to the pavement. I wasn't quick enough. The telltale whistling came next . . . An eerie silence . . .

Then a *WHUMP* as the bomb hit just a few hundred yards away. The ground rocked underneath me. Air was sucked from my chest, making me gasp and stagger backwards, though somehow I stayed on my feet. Glass smashed, bricks fell, planes droned onwards. Everything swirled dizzily together. For a moment I didn't know which way the sky was.

As the dust cleared, my stunned brain did too. Twenty yards or so up ahead was my sister. She was limping slightly, with one of her shoes missing, but still rapidly disappearing down the street.

'Sukie!' I cried again in frustration. 'Wait! We're here!'

She was searching for us, I was certain, and knowing her, she wouldn't think to keep herself safe. She'd stay out here, not giving up until she found us. This was what terrified me. Cliff would be all right in the shelter

with the WRVS lady. What mattered was getting hold of Sukie.

Side-stepping the air-raid warden as he got unsteadily to his feet, I ran after my sister. The warden shouted something, I didn't hear what.

'Sukie! Slow down!' I cried, gas-mask box bouncing at my hip.

She was too far ahead. A silly, random thought came to me of how nice her hair still looked as it swung against the green of Mum's coat. Then panic. I'd never catch up with her. I'd a stitch in my side and even hobbling with one shoe, she was still too quick for me.

This part of the road had already been badly hit. The air was thick with brick dust and smoke, making me cough horribly. The road, full of potholes, was lined either side with blackened, shadowy shop fronts. Smashed glass from blown-out windows scrunched beneath my feet, and there was water everywhere, gushing past my feet. My ears were ringing. I felt light-headed too, as if everything was unreal – like I was watching myself in a film.

Still the planes kept coming. *Whoosh*. Silence. You could count the beats between. Then *thud* as a bomb hit. I was angry at my own feeble legs for not going any faster, but eventually I had to stop. Doubling

over, I gasped for breath. Up ahead, at last, Sukie was slowing down too. Thank goodness.

It was then I saw why.

Emerging from an alleyway was a man I didn't recognise. He was tall, with slicked-back hair, wearing a mackintosh belted tight around his middle. He looked wet through, like he'd waded through a river to get here. Sukie went right up to him and shook his hand. I stopped in the middle of the street, confused.

What was she *doing*?

They were talking now. It didn't look like a normal chat about the weather either, because their heads were close together and the man kept glancing behind him. He gave Sukie a piece of paper before taking her hand and squeezing it in both of his.

Was she out here searching for us, then? It didn't look that way.

All I knew was she'd left us in a hurry, and this was where she'd gone – not to the toilet or the tube station but to meet a young man. It was probably why she'd got glammed up in the first place. I didn't know whether to laugh or burst into tears.

'Sukie!' I yelled.

She spun round. A strange look flitted over her face. As the man shrank back into the shadows,

Sukie hobbled towards me, shaking her head.

‘You shouldn’t have followed me!’ She sounded furious. Frightened. It made me scared too. I grabbed on to her coat sleeve; now I’d found her I wasn’t letting go. As more planes droned overhead, she glanced worriedly at the sky: ‘Oh hell! Get down!’

A terrific *WHUMP* pitched me forwards on my knees. All round I heard cracking sounds as windows bent inwards. Another bomb hit with a *THUMP*. Something heavy was falling nearby. I cowered down, too terrified to look.

A minute passed or it might’ve been an hour. I was too disorientated to be sure. When I did lift my head to look around the street was full of glass and water – a burst main soaked everything like a downpour. Sukie was nowhere to be seen. The ringing in my ears was deafening. Where the shop fronts had been before was now just a heap of smoking rubble.

I tried to stand. Only suddenly, there was nothing to stand *on*. The air filled with screaming and a horrid smell like burning hair. The sky flashed brilliant white. I felt myself lift up. Up and up like I’d never stop. There was no air to breathe. Then I was falling down again, very hard and very fast.

I don’t remember the landing part.

Letters From The Lighthouse: Reading Comprehension (SATs Style)

2a - give and explain the meaning of words in context

1. Look at page 4, in the paragraph beginning *First up was the newsreel*. Find and copy one word from this paragraph that is closest in meaning to **positive**.

_____ (1 mark)

2. *'The Pathe news voice - jolly and brisk - jarred with what I was seeing'*

What does the word *'jarred'* suggest about what Olive was seeing on the screen and how she felt about it?

_____ (2 marks)

3. Look at page 6, find and copy one word from the opening paragraph that is closest in meaning to **suddenly**.

_____ (1 mark)

4. *"You, lassie, and you, laddie." It was the man in charge. 'What you dithering here for?'*
What does *'dithering'* mean here?

_____ (1 mark)

5. Look at page 9. Find and copy one word from this page which is closest in meaning to **empty**

_____ (1 mark)

2b - retrieve and record information/identify key details from fiction and non-fiction

1. Whose idea had it been to go to the cinema?

_____ (1 mark)

2. In what month had they received the telegram telling them Dad was missing in action?

_____ (1 mark)

3. On page 8, what causes Olive to feel *'a jolt of pure fear'*?

_____ (1 mark)

4. Tick whether each sentence is true or false;

	TRUE	FALSE
Olive was jealous of Sukie		
Olive and Cliff loved their Mums home-cooking		
They went to the cinema to watch 'The Mask of Zorro'		
Dad had been in the RAF (Royal Air Force)		

(1 mark)

5. What did the man Sukie meets pass to her moments before Olive calls her name?

(1 mark)

2c - summarise main idea from more than one paragraph

1. How does the mood on page 7 start to change. Explain using evidence from the text to support your answer?

(2 marks)

2. What impressions do you get of Sukie? Give two, using evidence from the text to support your answer.

(2 marks)

3. Draw lines to match the word that best describes Olives feelings at the different points in the text.

Olive gets to go out to the cinema with her sister

PANIC

The air-raid announcement appears on the screen

EXCITED

Olive glances behind and sees her older sister

RELIEVED

Olive chased her sister

DISAPPOINTED
(1 mark)

2d - makes inferences from the text/ explain and justify inferences with evidence from the text

1. On page 1, why did they all need 'cheering up'?

(1 mark)

2. Olive admires her older sister. Give one piece of evidence from the text which shows this.

(1 mark)

3. This part of the story is set during winter. Give one piece of evidence from the text which shows this.

(1 mark)

4. 'People began to leave, though not very quickly' What does this tell you about people's experiences of air raids so far in the story?

(1 mark)

5. 'There;s going to be cake and board games laid on tonight. It's going to be quite a party down there!'

According to the text, where are they heading and how does the author make Cliff feel safe? (3 marks)

(3 marks)

2f - identify and explain how information/narrative content is related and contributes to meaning as a whole

1. Number 1 - 5 these key events in the order that they happen in the text;

They arrived at Picture Palace and watched the news _____

Olive and Cliff ran for the air raid shelter _____

Sukie had done her hair different and dressed in Mum's coat _____

The sky flashed a brilliant white _____

Olive and Cliff ate supper _____

2g - identify/explain how meaning is enhanced through choice of words and phrases

1. *All month the Luftwaffe had been attacking us, their bombs falling on London like pennies from a jar.*

'...like pennies from a jar...'

Explain what this suggests about the way in which the bombs fell in London?

(1 mark)

2. *'Well, you never get scabby knees, Olive,' he once said to me, like it was the biggest character flaw in the world.*

What does this suggest about Olive's character?

(1 mark)

3. *'...the Mum before Dad died, who'd styled her hair and worn make-up and could argue for England.'*

What does this suggest about what Mum is like now compared to how she was before Dad died?

(2 marks)

4. How does the author show that Olive is right to be wary of the man Sukie meets?

(2 marks)

2h - make comparisons within the text

1. How do the feelings of Olive towards her sister change during the story? Explain fully, referring to the text in your answer.

(3 marks)



Stage: 5	Words spelled with 'ie' after c.
List: 19	

Spellings	Introduction	You may have heard the rhyme 'i before e except after c' but there are exceptions to this rule and we will look at these today as they need to be learnt rather than following a rule.
ancient		
science	Main Teaching Activity	Using the power point slide, get children to study the beginning and end of the words and try to match them up to make a correct spelling. A few are very similar and so get them to double check their final spellings! Share the results.
species		
efficient		
deficient		
glacier	Independent Activity	Use the words in the spelling list to create 8 sentences, share with a partner to see if they can be improved and to check the spellings. Share some sentences as a class.
scientists		
sufficient		
emergencies		
inefficient		

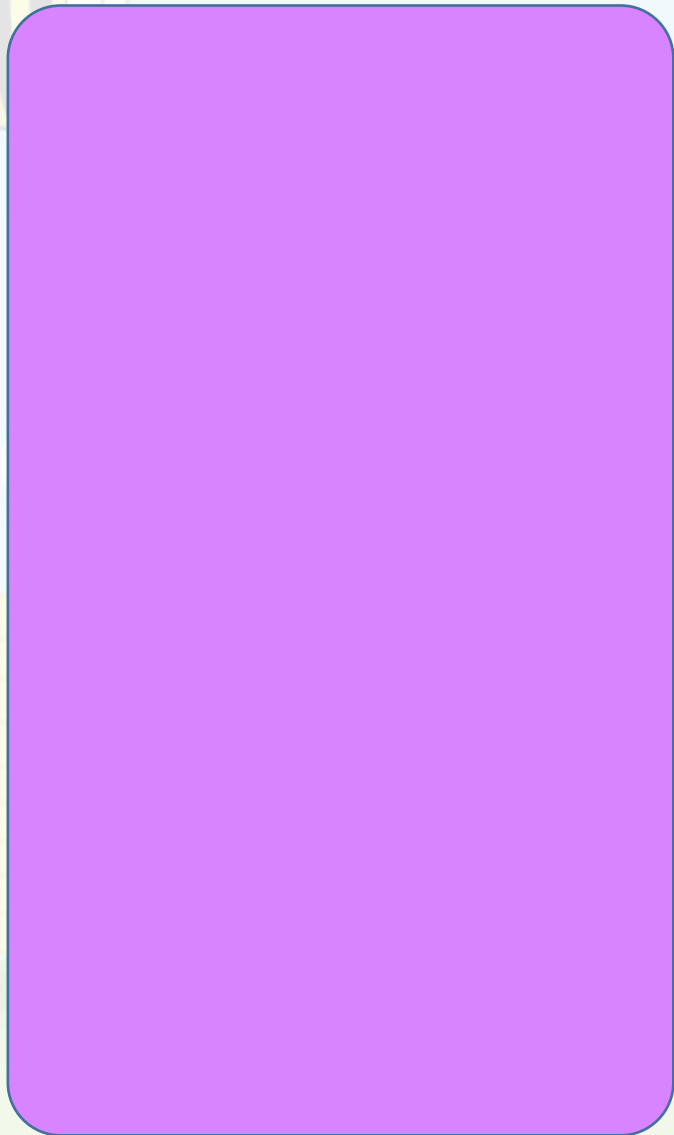


Stage: 5

Words spelled with 'ie' after c.

List: 19

Click to hide the spelling list!



anc
sc
spec
eff
defi
gla
suffi
emerg
ineffic
sci

ience
cier
cient
ient
icient
entists
cient
encies
ient
ies

Match the beginning sound to its ending.



Stage: 5	Words spelled with 'ie' after c.
List: 19	Name:

Spellings	1 st Attempt	2 nd Attempt	3 rd Attempt	4th Attempt	5 th Attempt
ancient					
science					
species					
efficient					
deficient					
glacier					
scientists					
sufficient					
emergencies					
inefficient					

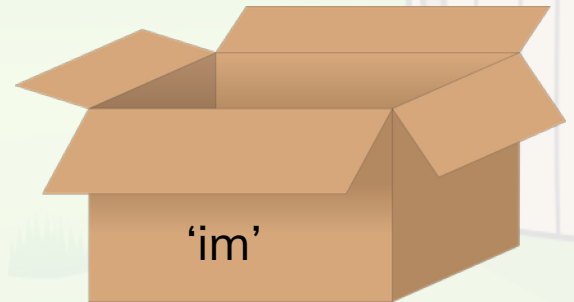
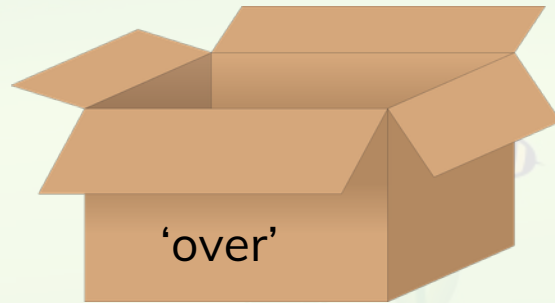
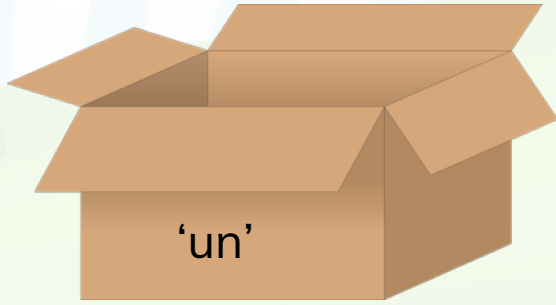


Stage: 6	Prefix dis, un, over, im. Each have a particular meaning: dis – reverse; un – not; over – above/more; im – opposite
List: 18	

Spellings	Introduction	Main Teaching Activity	Independent Activity
disappointed	Prefix dis, un, over, im. Each have a particular meaning: dis – reverse; un – not; over – above/more; im – opposite	Ask the children to copy down the spelling list words and then write beside each one what it means, based on the spelling rules. Share meanings and discuss any misunderstandings.	Ask the children to sort the spellings in to the correct box and then try to add 3 more words to each box with the same prefix. They can do this on a whiteboard. Share words and meanings with a partner and the class.
dissatisfied			
dissimilar			
unsure			
unnecessary			
unnatural			
overseas			
overrule			
overreact			
impatient			



Sort this week's spellings in to the correct boxes and then try to add three more words to each box, using the same prefix.





Stage: 6	Prefix dis, un, over, im
List: 18	Name:

Spellings	1 st Attempt	2 nd Attempt	3 rd Attempt	4 th Attempt	5 th Attempt
disappointed					
dissatisfied					
dissimilar					
unsure					
unnecessary					
unnatural					
overseas					
overrule					
overreact					
impatient					



Stage: 6	Prefix dis, un, over, im.
List: 18	Name:

Spellings
disappointed
dissatisfied
dissimilar
unsure
unnecessary
unnatural
overseas
overrule
overreact
impatient

Write the correct spelling into each sentence.

She could tell that her arm was broken due to its _____ position.

They were _____ with their meal so they left the restaurant.

The _____ crowd were _____ that the performer was late.

The referee had to _____ the linesman's decision and award the goal.

He was _____ why he been summoned to the head teacher's office.

Create a sentence for each spelling not used above.



Stage: 6	Prefix dis, un, over, im.
List: 18	Name:

Spellings
disappointed
dissatisfied
dissimilar
unsure
unnecessary
unnatural
overseas
overrule
overreact
impatient

Write the correct spelling into each sentence.

She could tell that her arm was broken due to its unnatural position.

They were dissatisfied with their meal so they left the restaurant.

The impatient crowd were disappointed that the performer was late.

The referee had to overrule the linesman's decision and award the goal.

He was unsure why he been summoned to the head teacher's office.

Create a sentence for each spelling not used above.

The Industrial Revolution



twinkl

What Was the Industrial Revolution?

The Industrial Revolution was a period of tremendous change in Britain, which lasted from around 1750 until around 1900. In this period of 150 years, almost every aspect of life in Britain changed.

It was the birth of the modern world and Britain changed from a **rural** country with small industries to a highly **industrialised** and wealthy nation.

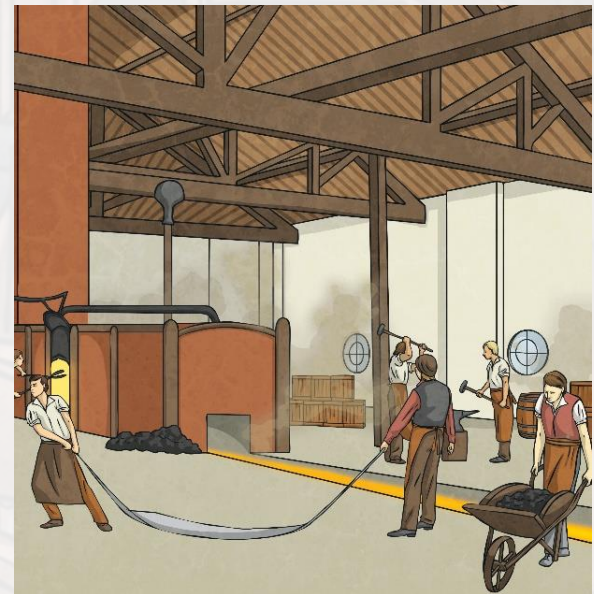
What Is Industry?

An industry is a collection of companies all involved in the same type of production or business.

Can you think of examples of different industries?

Did You Know...?

The word revolution means a huge change. There can be different types of revolution, such as a political revolution.



Britain in 1750

An illustration of a man with a beard, wearing a white shirt, a red neckerchief, a brown vest, and dark trousers, standing in front of a stone cottage with a thatched roof. To the left, a wooden cart with large spoked wheels is visible. In the background, there are green trees and a grey sky with faint outlines of industrial buildings.

The fastest transport for most people was a horse and cart. Most industry, like pottery and weaving, was done at home. They were called 'cottage industries' because goods were manufactured in homes, usually cottages.

Before the Industrial Revolution, Britain was an **agricultural** country. Most people lived on farms, growing their own produce and raising their own **livestock**.

Only a small percentage of the population lived in large towns. The total population of Britain was less than 10 million people.

An illustration of a man in a cap and scarf carrying a large bundle of sticks on his shoulder. He is standing in a factory setting with smokestacks and buildings in the background. The scene is framed by a large archway.

Britain in 1900

After the Industrial Revolution, Britain was a country that had changed hugely. Industry had been transformed by key inventions, such as the steam engine, which led to the establishment of factories all over the country.

Most people lived in large towns, near to the factories where they worked.

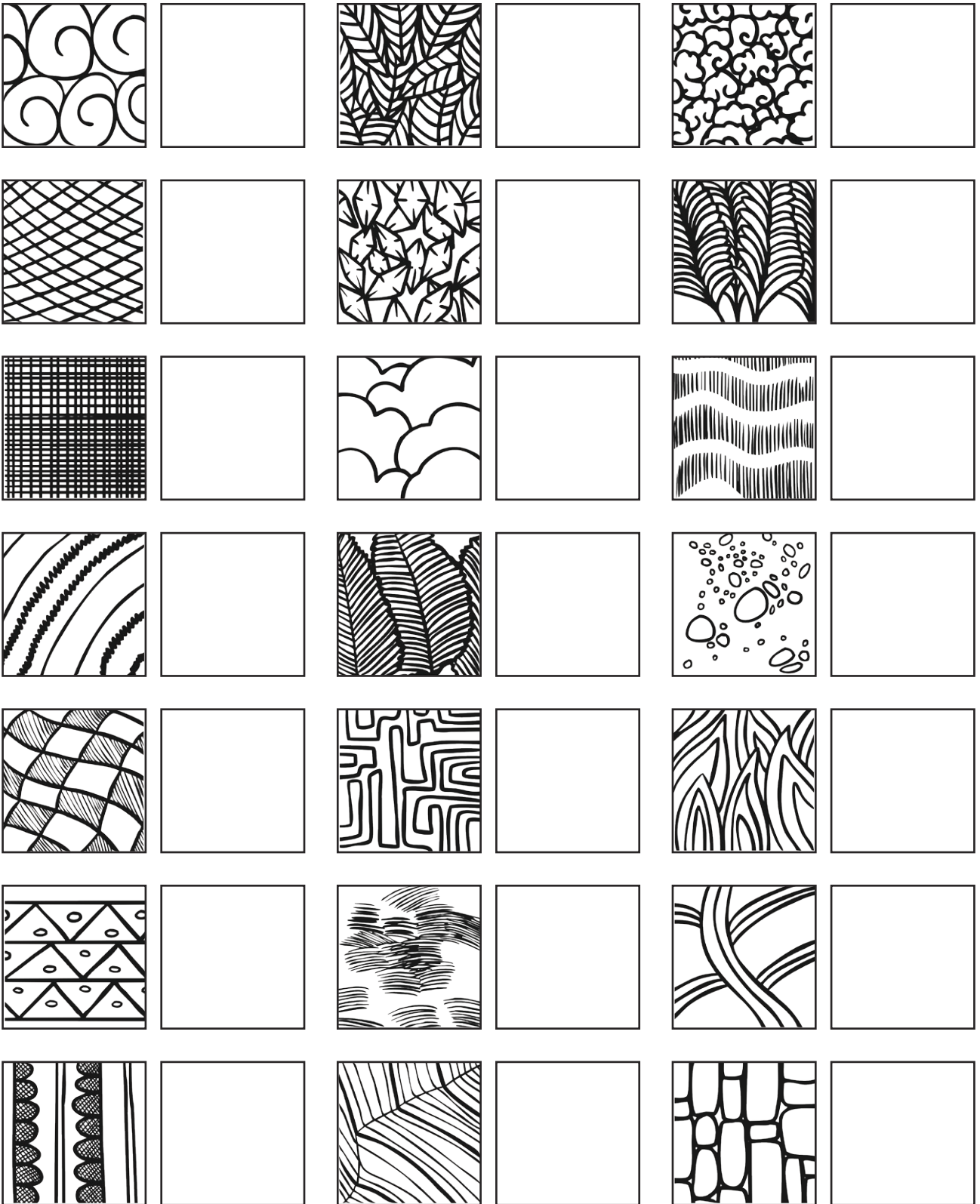
Transporting people and goods across the country became much faster with the development of canals, roads and railways. The population of Britain had boomed to around 30 million people, according to the 1901 census.

10 Key Inventions of the Industrial Revolution

Invention	When was it invented?	Who invented it?	What was it used for?
The Spinning Jenny			
Newcomen Steam Engine			
Watt Steam Engine			
The Locomotive			
Telegraph Communications			
Dynamite			
The Photograph			
The Typewriter			
The electric generator			
The first modern factory			

Drawing Texture

1. Practise drawing a texture with a pencil by copying these textured squares.



2. Find objects or materials within the room with an interesting texture. Feel them and describe them and then have a go at drawing a textured square.

Object	Description of texture	Texture in drawing



A Flame of Hope

Candles are lit with a great sense of hope.
What is hope?
What does it mean to be hopeful?
What do you hope for?
What are your hopes for others and the world?
Express these hopes in prayers.