1. Circle the line that is horizontal.

2. Circle the line that is vertical.

3. Use a ruler to draw the lines.
   a) Draw a horizontal line 5 cm long.

b) Draw a line that is not horizontal or vertical.

d) Draw a vertical line 5 cm long.

4. Tick two horizontal lines on the gate.

5. Tick three vertical lines on the chair.
Non-maths challenge: Can you name the countries of these flags?
In today’s lesson you are going to start writing your story. Use the checklist, WAGOLL, VCOP board and your plan to help you.

Cave Stan

It was a gloomy, grey kind of day. The wind stung Sarah’s cheeks as she trudged miserably around her muddy, dreary garden. There was never anything to do on cold, dull days like this. Perhaps she would go for a walk down to the quarry. There was always interesting things to see down there.

After squeezing through the damaged, wooden fence, Sarah peered over the edge of the white rock face. The sides of the pit were white chalk, with lines of flints poking out like bones in places. At the top was crumbly, brown earth and the roots of the trees that grew on the edge. The roots looped over the edge, twined in the air and grew back into the earth. Some of the trees hung over the edge, holding on desperately by a few roots. A great oak tree reached out from the rocks, twisting up like a swan’s neck. The earth and chalk had fallen away beneath the trees, and one day they too would fall to the bottom of the pit. Strings of ivy and the creeper called Old Man’s Beard snaked through the air.

Far below her feet was the bottom of the pit. The dump. Sarah could see strange bits of wreckage among the moss and elder bushes and nettles. Was that the steering wheel of a ship? The tail of an aeroplane? As she leaned further to take a closer look, Sarah felt her heart leave her chest.

Without warning, she plummeted down the face of the cliff. She had leaned too far over! By sheer luck, she managed to cling on to the swan’s neck tree. With all her strength, she shouted “HELP ME!” She didn’t think it would be much use since there would be nobody for miles around. Luckily for Sarah, somebody...or something did hear her.

Something, or Somebody, had a lot of shaggy, black hair and two bright, black eyes that were looking very hard at Sarah. Cautiously, it moved out from behind a couple of ancient-looking tyres to towards where Sarah was clinging on to the branch. It was Somebody after all. Funny way to dress though, she thought. Around his middle, he wore rabbit skins and there were no shoes and socks on his feet. He was rather short, but very stocky. His legs were as thick as tree trunks. His face looked serious but kind and was smeared with dirty, greasy marks.

“Please help me sir! I’m stuck and I can’t get down!” pleaded Sarah.

The man didn’t say anything, just grunted and went off back behind the tyres. Sarah hoped he understood.

Moments later, the man returned with a large piece of corrugated iron. Carefully he leant it up against the tree where Sarah was stuck until it was balanced there quite comfortably. It looked almost like a slide.

“Oh thank you! This should work,” gasped Sarah in relief.
Nervously, Sarah lowered herself down onto the sheet of corrugated iron and shimmied her way down to the bottom of the pit. This was one of the strangest places that she had ever been. Feeling curious, Sarah peeked at the place behind the tyres where the man had now disappeared to. It seemed to be partly a cave dug into the chalk, partly a shelter built out over the mouth of the cave. There was a cool, damp smell. Woodlice and earwigs dropped from the roof.

Sarah wanted to thank this person for their help. She crept inside. It was dark and gloomy inside the cave. In the darkest corner of the den, a small candle was flickering gently. A delicate, grey spider was spinning its silky web on the cold, stony wall. Old newspapers were piled high up to the ceiling and next to them, a couple of tires were stacked up to create a sort of table. Small droplets of ice cold water were dripping from the ceiling and onto Sarah’s head. At her feet, a curious mouse scuttled quickly away.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Toolkit skill to include</th>
<th>Tick if included</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ambitious vocabulary choices</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Fronted adverbials</td>
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<td>Prepositional phrases</td>
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Thursday: Black History

Michelle Obama is an incredibly inspiring woman not just in America but across the world. She is the wife of the previous American president Barack Obama but she has independently empowered millions around the world, speaking out for those who do not always have a voice and inspiring the next generation (you guys!)

She has said some very important things that mean a lot to lots of people of different ages, ethnic backgrounds, financial situations and religions. It goes to show that no matter how different we are, we can be united by the power of words.

Your task today is to choose a significant quote from Michelle Obama and create an eye-catching image/poster displaying those powerful words. You could then display this in your bedroom, your house, put it in your window for others to see... spread these powerful messages and share them with others.