

What We Are Learning This Week in Year 5

Week Commencing 23rd February 2026

English

In our English lessons this week, we will be looking at poems that have a creepy, mysterious tone, analysing how poets use language for effect. We will be focusing on inferring information from a poem, as well as justifying our answers clearly. Towards the end of the week, we will be writing our own scary poems.

Things to do at home:

Look at the poems at the end of this document that we will be reading in class. Think about the different techniques that the poets have used to create atmosphere and tension. How does the poet use imagery linked to our senses to absorb the reader in the poem? Encourage your child to choose one to practise reading aloud with expression, including changes in tone and volume.

This week's spellings

referring, referred, referral, reference, referee, preferring, preferred, preference, transferring, transferred, transference

Maths

In our maths lessons, we will be focusing on finding the perimeter and area of shapes. In order to find the perimeter of a shape, you may like to look at the following [webpage](#).

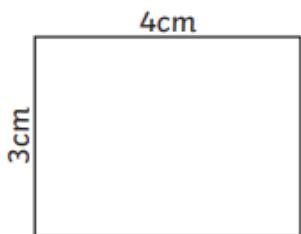
We will start by finding the area of shapes by counting squares, we will then move on to finding the area of squares and rectangles by multiplying the length by the width. Read more about this [here](#).

Things to do at home:

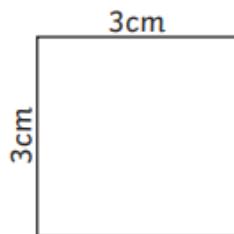
Work through this [webpage](#). Try to find the area of these rectangles:

1) Calculate the area of these shapes.

a)



b)



c)

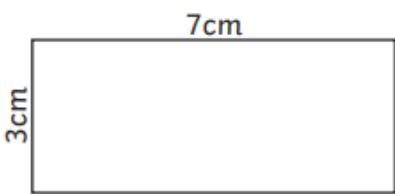


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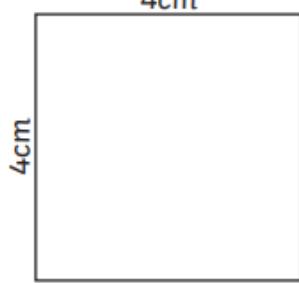
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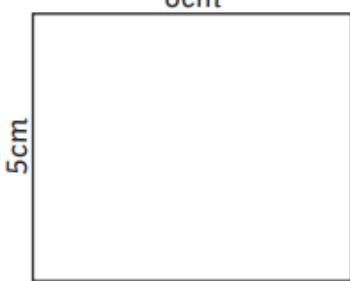
d)



e)



f)



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In Other Subjects

In our PSHCE lessons, we are exploring our topic of 'Healthy Me' by looking at how smoking and alcohol affect our bodies. At home, create a poster giving some of the impacts that either smoking or drinking have on the human body. There is useful information available [here](#) about [smoking](#) and [drinking alcohol](#).

Empty House

I hate our house when there's no one in
I miss my family and I miss the din.
The rooms and hallway seem cold and bare
And the silence hangs like dust in the air.
What's that sound upstairs that makes me start
Driving Fear like an icicle through my heart?
I'm imagining things, there's nobody there –
But I have to make sure so I creep up the stair
I stand holding my breath by the bedroom door
And hear something rustling across the floor.
Then a scratching sound, a tiny cry!
I can't seem to breathe, my throat is dry.
In the silence I hear my own heart beating
And the rumble of water in the central heating.
I should go in but I just don't dare
So I call aloud, 'Is anyone there?'
Nobody answers. I push open the door.
A fluttering shadow crosses the floor.
And now I see him, now understand
And I gather him gently in my hands.
'I won't hurt you, my friend. Don't flutter, don't start.'
But his body beats wild like a feathered heart.
Out through the window, watch him wheel and fly
Carrying my fear across the sky.

Gareth Owen

The Visitor

A crumbling churchyard, the sea and the moon;
The waves had gouged out grave and bone;
A man was walking, late and alone...

He saw a skeleton on the ground;
A ring on a bony finger he found.

He ran home to his wife and gave her the ring.
“Oh, where did you get it?” He said not a thing.

“It’s the loveliest ring in the world,” she said,
As it glowed on her finger. They slipped off to bed.

At midnight they woke. In the dark outside,
“Give me my ring!” a chill voice cried.

“What was that, William? What did it say?”
“Don’t worry, my dear. It’ll soon go away.”

“I’m coming!” A skeleton opened the door.
“Give me my ring!” It was crossing the floor.

“What was that, William? What did it say?”
“Don’t worry, my dear. It’ll soon go away.”

“I’m reaching you now! I’m climbing the bed.”
The wife pulled the sheet right over her head.

It was torn from her grasp and tossed in the air:
“I’ll drag you out of bed by the hair!”

“What was that, William? What did it say?”
“Throw the ring through the window! THROW IT AWAY!”

She threw it. The skeleton leapt from the sill,
Scooped up the ring and clattered downhill,
Fainter... and fainter... Then all was still.

Winter

Winter crept
through the whispering wood,
hushing fir and oak;
crushed each leaf and froze each web –
but never a word he spoke.

Winter prowled
by the shivering sea,
lifting sand and stone;
nipped each limpet silently –
and then moved on.

Winter raced
down the frozen stream,
catching at his breath;
on his lips were icicles,
at his back was death.

Judith Nicholls

The Listeners

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
'Is there anybody there?' he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter De La Mare