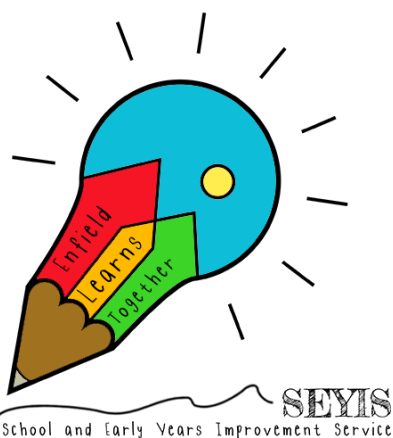


2020 Primary to Secondary Transition Pack

Name:



Introduction

In this pack you will find a number of activities and challenges which we hope you enjoy completing.

The teachers at your new secondary school are looking forward to meeting you and this pack is designed to help them to get to know you.

You can also share what you are doing in this pack with your teacher at primary school.


Thinking about yourself

A note to myself -

As you are thinking about leaving primary school and moving on to secondary school, you will be considering many things. What you are looking forward to; what you are nervous about; what you want to achieve in your first year.

You might also want to leave yourself a message for when you finish Year 7.

Here is what some other Year 6s are thinking:



I am looking forward to making new friends and learning new subjects. I am also looking forward to being able to go to school on my own.

I am nervous about leaving some of my old friends and how I will make new ones. I am also nervous about getting lost in a big new school.

In my first year in secondary school I want to learn to play a musical instrument. I also want to get into the football team. I would like to continue to improve my maths, too.

I would like to tell my future self that I know lots will be different over the coming year and that I will change as a person, but that I should be brave, try new things and enjoy this new challenge

A note to myself -

What are you thinking about?

I am looking forward to ...

I am nervous about ...



**In my first year in secondary
school I want to ...**

**I would like to tell my future
self ...**

Thinking about yourself - My Profile

This activity will give you a chance to think about yourself in a positive way and what you would like your new teachers to know about you.

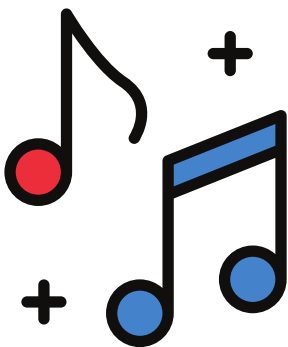
On the next page either draw a picture of yourself or find a photo and put this in the middle of the page. Now, think about things that you like and the things you are good at.

Here's some ideas to get you started...

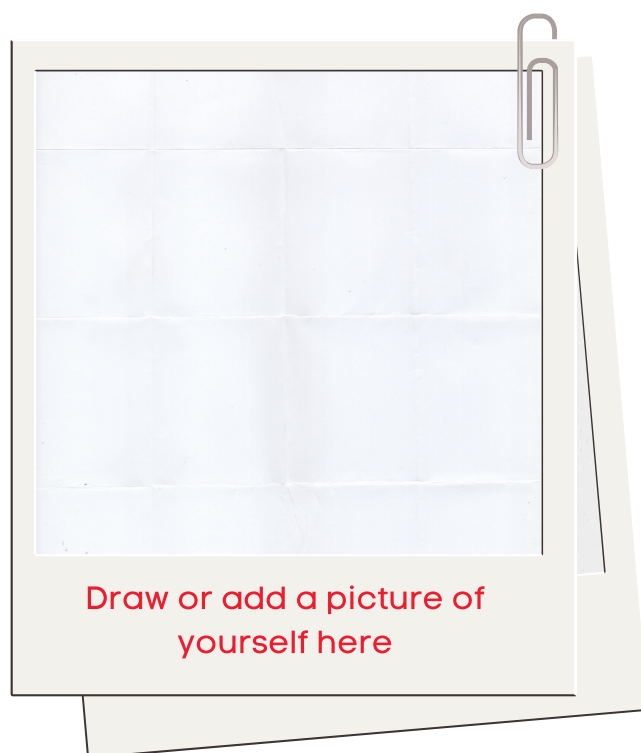
- ▶ What are you good at?
- ▶ What do you enjoy doing? This could be at school or in your spare time.
- ▶ What do other people like about you?
- ▶ What has been your proudest moment so far this year?
- ▶ What would your friend or your teacher or a family member say is good about you?
- ▶ What has your favourite subject been this year?

Once you have had some ideas, add your thoughts around your picture.

You can write or draw these, but they should help your new school know more about you.



Thinking about yourself - My Profile



Draw or add a picture of
yourself here

Keep this book as a
memory for you to look
back on...

Science Challenge - Grow your own vegetables from leftovers!

There are a number of vegetables that will regrow from vegetable scraps. In order to grow vegetables on your window sill, select any of the vegetables from the list below and cut them off about 1-2 cm from the root.

Cutting the vegetables should, as a minimum, be supervised by an adult. For some children it may be more suitable for the adult to cut the vegetable.

Put the vegetable root down in a dish/saucer/jam jar with a few millimetres of water in it. Put it on the window sill and watch it grow. You might like to try 2-3 different vegetables to see which ones grow best.

Vegetables that you can grow on a saucer or in a jam jar on a window ledge:

- Carrots
- Leeks
- Onions
- Romain Lettuce / Cabbage
- Fennel
- Garlic (whole clove)



Record how tall your vegetables grow

In the table below, record how tall your vegetables have grown in centimetres using a ruler.

You should think about where you will take your measurement from and how you will make sure that the readings taken are accurate so that you can compare them.

Number of days after planting	Height of vegetables grown (cm)		
Day 2			
Day 4			
Day 6			
Day 8			
Day 10			

What can you use your homegrown vegetables for? Have a look at these websites:

<https://www.diyncrafts.com/4732/repurpose/25-foods-can-re-grow-kitchen-scrap>

<https://about.spud.com/blog-regrowing-vegetables-from-scrap/>

<https://www.icreativeideas.com/13-vegetables-that-you-can-regrow-again-and-again/>

What I would do
differently next
time is ...

Next time I
would like
to grow ...

Reading Challenge - You just have to read this!

Reading enables us to explore new worlds, new ideas and meet new people without leaving our homes or even the bed or chair we are sitting on.



What have you been reading?



What adventures have the books taken you on?



What is your favourite story?



How would you share your thoughts about your favourite book with a friend or new classmate?



How would you convince them to read it?

Use the format below to convince a friend or new classmate to read your book.

Remember, lots of other people will be trying to influence your friend or classmate on what they should read, so you will have to think very carefully about how you do it and be very convincing.

This book reminds me of Private Peaceful, by Michael Morpurgo, because it is set in World War 1.

This book reminds me of Wonder by R.J.Palacio because the main character overcomes challenges and is successful in the end.

You've just got to read this book because not only is it the best book I've ever read, but it keeps you guessing right to the end.



The genre of this story is adventure, full of excitement and danger.

You've just got to read this book because it is the funniest book ever written. It had me laughing from beginning to end.

The genre of this story is autobiography and it tells the story of how this person lived and died.

If you haven't found a book to complete the challenge yet, why don't you visit:

<https://www.oxfordowl.co.uk/for-home/find-a-book/library-page/>

<https://freekidsbooks.org/reading-level/older-children/>

Read one of these books here **OR** you can use the short story on the following page to complete the challenge, if you would prefer.

Treasure

Someone - or something - moved in the darkness.

Tony had been sitting, motionless, for so long under the table, waiting, listening for any sound or any sign that she might be able to move. Now someone (something?) else was moving, which meant she couldn't. It also meant that she was not alone.

She was cold now and her arms and legs, which had been bunched up beneath her for what seemed hours, seemed like they would refuse to work, even if she could finally get out from where she had been hiding. She wiggled her fingers experimentally, but she couldn't feel them properly and was unsure whether they were actually wiggling at all and the darkness made it impossible to check. When she could finally leave her hiding place, she had the horrible thought that she would simply fall over as soon as she tried to get up. If she wasn't so terrified, she might have laughed.

How had she ended up like this? What had possessed her to get involved in such a perilous adventure? Why hadn't she just stayed in bed, warm and safe, with functioning limbs and digits? What had she been thinking? The truth was, she hadn't been thinking - well not properly thinking - when Taylor had asked her to join him in what he described as 'the greatest adventure of all time'. And where was Taylor anyway? Was he the someone or something moving in the darkness? Or was he listening to the noise too and wondering who - or what - it was? Wondering if it was her? Or maybe, just maybe, he had escaped. Maybe he was already tucked up in bed. Maybe he had already fallen asleep, warm and safe. But he wouldn't abandon her, would he? He wouldn't leave her behind to get caught, would he? Her mind was beginning to feel as cramped as her body. She couldn't stay here for ever.

Eventually she would have to get up from her hiding place and either escape with the treasure or face whatever was out there. Eventually...

Taylor was always leading her astray, into misadventure. Mum was always complaining that he was a bad influence, that he would get her into trouble and, with a degree of foresight Tony had not thought her mother possessed, that one day he would get her into real trouble. And here she was, in real trouble, with no obvious way of getting out.

Taylor was Tony's best friend and had been her best friend since they had met in Year 1, investigating 'mini-beasts' with Ms Granger. Ms Granger had paired them up because Taylor was, in Ms Granger's own words, 'a boy who found mischief even when he wasn't looking for it' and she had thought that Tony, who had a tendency to be quite shy and quiet, would be a good influence on him. In actual fact, the reverse was true and over the last six years, Taylor had found quite enough mischief for both of them.

Now, here she was stuck under a table, in the pitch dark, unable to move, with no sign of Taylor and no sign of a safe exit. She tried to think of other things, like what they would do with the treasure once they were safe; how they would share it out; whether they would keep it all for later or begin to choose the best bits straight away.

And then something moved again, in the darkness, and all she could think about was not moving, not making a sound and not giving herself up. She couldn't imagine what would happen if she got caught.

Taylor had come on holiday with them last year. They – mum, dad, Taylor and Tony – had driven to the seaside, squashed in amongst the bags and luggage, with Samson, the dog, sitting in the footwell next to the brand new beachball that some genius (possibly dad) had decided to inflate before they got there. It was a very long journey, which didn't please Tony and definitely didn't please Taylor, and they had to stop lots of times, which definitely didn't please dad, but, when they got there it had been worth it. They had played for hours on the sand, eaten too much ice-cream and stayed up late, talking about what they were going to do at their new school and how Taylor would 'turn over a new leaf' once they got there. Whilst Tony never doubted his sincerity, she wasn't convinced the leaf would be that easy to turn. And now, here she was, squashed under a table, in the pitch dark, proof positive, that very little had changed.

Abruptly, Tony realised that everything was still, whatever had been moving had stopped moving. Had it fallen asleep? Died of boredom? Left? Or, maybe it had never been there at all? No, she was sure she had heard someone – something - but now she couldn't hear anything. It was totally silent, apart from the gentle hum of some electrical appliance somewhere in the room. Tony screwed up her eyes, pulled the treasure close, mustered all her courage and moved.

She felt heavy and stiff, but even though nearly every part of her ached and the bits that didn't ache were bits she couldn't feel, she was out from under the table, actually moving and, thus far, she hadn't been caught and still had the treasure. She began to tiptoe towards the doorway, footstep by footstep, trying desperately to remember the layout of the room and to avoid walking into something – someone - as she did so. Twice, she hit her toe on something invisible in the darkness and had to stop herself from crying out and giving herself away. She was sure that, at any moment, she would be found out, caught red-handed with the treasure and face all manner of dire consequences. Slowly but surely, she made her way towards the exit and her only means of escape. At least now, she was beginning to warm up and had regained control of her arms and legs again.

Suddenly, as she reached the door, a dog started barking loudly in another room. She froze, the noise was bound to attract attention, someone would come. She would be discovered with the treasure. There would be no way of talking herself out of it. She took a deep breath. Her only chance now was to make a run for it. Anyone who was close would have heard the dog and was bound to come and investigate. For a moment, she hesitated. Where was Taylor? Could she leave without him? What if he was trapped and she left him behind? No, she had to go, now, before it was too late. And, anyway, Taylor could talk his way out of anything.

She took one last look around, pulled the treasure close to her chest and ran.

She had reached the top of the stairs before she heard the voice. It was the voice she had been dreading and now, on the brink of success, came failure. She stopped and waited, there was no point in trying to hide, there was nowhere to run, she would simply have to take what was coming, she only hoped that Taylor was safe.

The door in front of her opened and light filled the hallway, hurting her eyes, so that she had to scrunch them up to see. And then there she was - Mum - standing in the doorway of the bedroom, looking at her quizzically. Taylor was sitting behind her on the bed, his half of the treasure laid out like a picnic in front of him. "Well, you took your time!" he said, looking up at her as she entered the room and noticing with obvious joy the cake and chocolate she was holding tightly to her. He was wearing the grin he always wore when he felt he had got away with a particularly clever piece of mischief. "Your mum was waiting for me when I came upstairs from the kitchen," he said, continuing to smile, "so I invited her to join our adventure and share the treasure. It looks like there's plenty of food for a midnight party - a proper midnight feast!" He climbed off the bed and relieved her of the large chocolate cake she had held onto so tightly. "Let's eat!"

You've just got to read this book!

Your Book

Title & Author

Main Characters

Key Events

**Where does the
story take place?**





**What genre (type)
of book is it?**

**Are there any books
that it reminds you
of/are similar to your
book?**

**Why should someone
read this book?**