READING CAFE

Year 3: Thursday 10th October 2024

Reading for pleasure

Reading is the key to opening the door to your child's future...

 There is a growing body of evidence which illustrates the importance of reading for pleasure for both educational purposes as well as personal development (cited in Clark and Rumbold, 2006).

National curriculum

•The majority of the Year 3 curriculum focuses on **comprehension**.

In Year 1 and 2, children have been working hard on phonics, word reading and pace. Now they can read the words at a fluent pace, the focus shifts to comprehension of the text.

Reading in our school - what we do?

- Daily English lesson where we do shared reading and partner reading.
 Daily reading lesson- teaching reading skills and comprehension.
- Daily reading of high quality class text books by teachers and TA's (our class text is 'The Iron Man')
- 1:1 reading with class teacher and TA's at least once every three weeks.
 Range of ORT/Big Cat and RWI books.
- Children visit the school library every week with their teacher.
- Sora reading app children can read books and listen to audiobooks at home.
- Story time daily the teacher reads a story aloud to the class.

Reading assessment

•PM Benchmarking - focuses on reading comprehension.

 NFER test -Children read different type of texts and answer questions.

Big Cat books

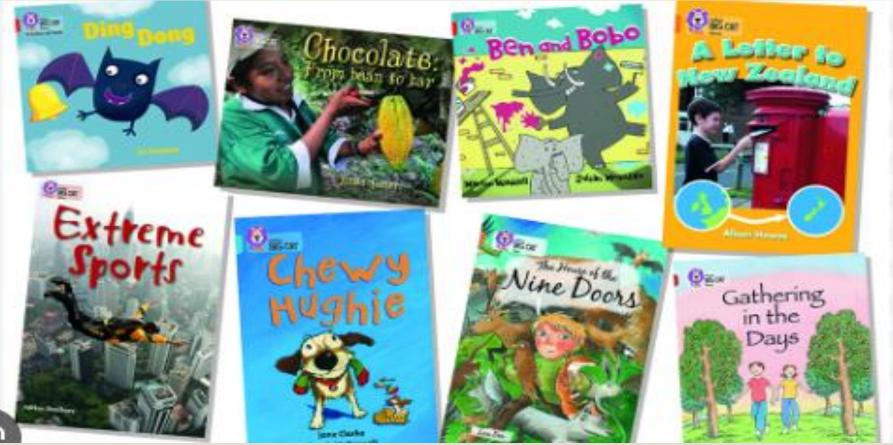


•After PM Benchmarking children get a linked to their reading level.

 Focus on reading and comprehension.

Big Cat books





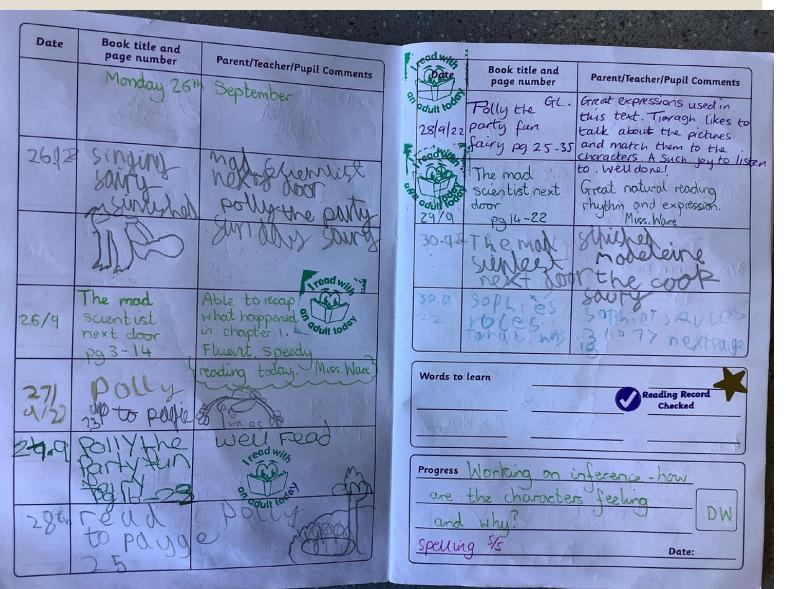
Reading at home

- Expectation: ideally 10-15 minutes per day, little and often.
- Try to build this into your daily routine.
- Have a quiet, comfortable space your child (and you) can read in and share books.
- Read with and to your child.
- Use the purple reading diary insert to ask questions before, during and after reading.
- Please write a short comment into the 'comments' box.

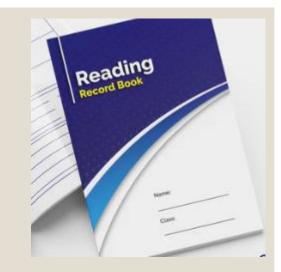
Reading diaries

Mixture of:

- Independent reading
- Reading aloud to family
- Comments from family
- Reading with teacher / TA
- Comments from teacher/TA
- Comment in the progress boxsomething they are working on.



Reading diaries



At the front of each reading diary, on a purple sheet, there are questions to ask and comment suggestions.
Each reading diary is checked on Monday morning.
If your child has read and commented 7 times in a week, then they get a star and it counts towards the 'class total.'

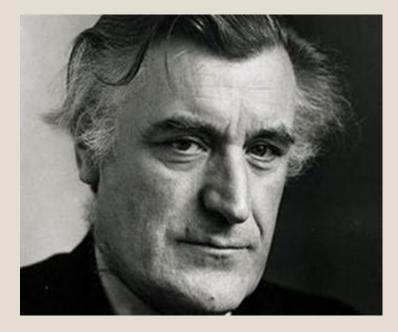
Reading to your child

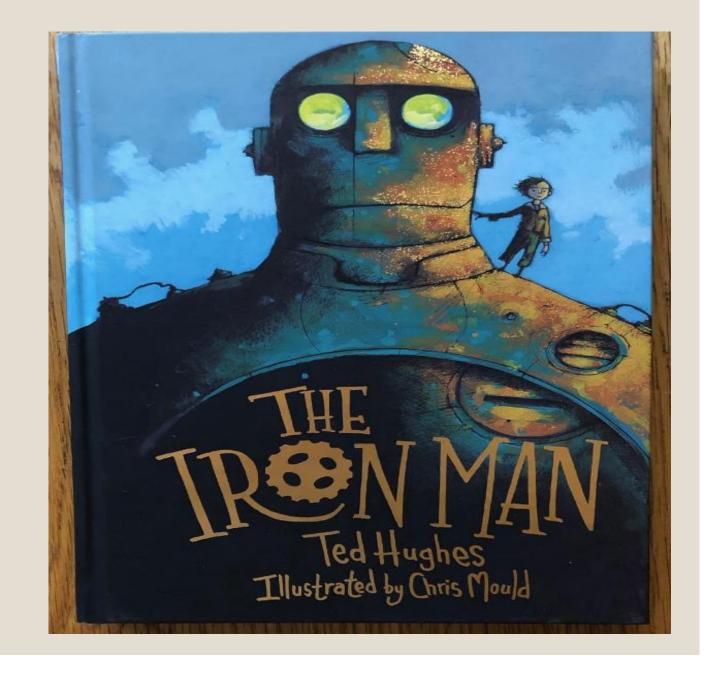
 It is really important to read to your child. This is an opportunity for them to hear stories and language at a higher level than they can read alone.

 Most new vocabulary is acquired through reading.



Ted Hughes The Iron Man

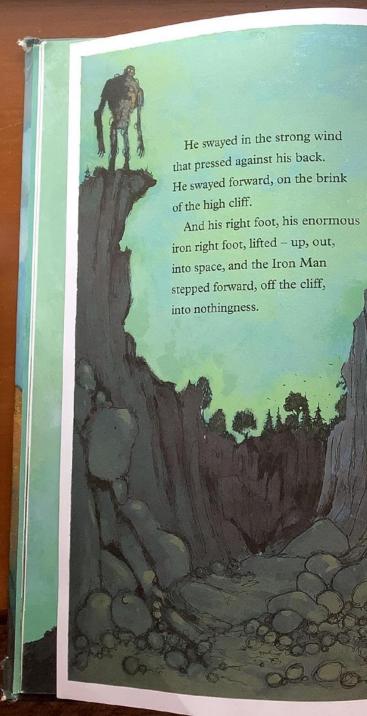






he Iron Man came to the top of the cliff. How far had he walked? Nobody knows. Where had he come from? Nobody knows. How was he made? Nobody knows.

Taller than a house, the Iron Man stood at the top of the cliff, on the very brink, in the darkness. The wind sang through his iron fingers. His great iron head, shaped like a dustbin but as big as a bedroom, slowly turned to the right, slowly turned to the left. His iron ears turned, this way, that way. He was hearing the sea. His eyes, like headlamps, glowed white, then red, then infra-red, searching the sea. Never before had the Iron Man scen the sea.



Down the cliff the Iron Man came toppling, head over heels.

CRERAAA

From rock to rock, snag to snag, tumbling slowly. And as he crashed and crashed and crashed

His iron legs fell off. His iron arms broke off, and the hands broke off the arms. His great iron ears fell off and his eyes fell out.

His great iron head fell off. All the separate pieces tumbled, scattered, crashing, bumping, clanging, down on to the rocky beach far below.

A few rocks tumbled with him.

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Only the sound of the sea, chewing away at the edge of the rocky beach, where the bits and pieces of the Iron Man lay scattered far and wide, silent and unmoving. Only one of the iron hands, lying beside an old sand-logged washed-up seaman's boot, waved its fingers for a minute, like a crab on its back. Then it lay still. While the stars went on wheeling through the sky and the wind went on tugging at the grass on the cliff-top and the sea went on boiling and booming.

Just before dawn, as the darkness grew blue and the shapes of the rocks separated from each other, two seagulls flew crying over the rocks. They landed on a patch of sand. They had two chicks in a nest on the cliff. Now they were searching for food.

Nobody knew the Iron Man

had fallen.

Night passed.

He had seen something. He glided low over the sharp rocks. He landed and picked something up. Something shiny, round and hard. It was one of the Iron Man's eyes. He brought it back to his mate. They both looked at this strange thing. And the eye looked at them. It rolled from side to side looking first at one gull, then at the other. The gulls, peering at it, thought it was a strange kind of clam, peeping at them from its shell.

Then the other gull flew up, wheeled around and landed and picked something up. Some awkward, heavy thing. The gull flew low and slowly, dragging the heavy thing. Finally, the gull dropped it beside the eye.

This new thing had five legs. It moved. The gulls thought it was a strange kind of crab. They thought they had found a strange crab and a strange clam. They did not know they had found the Iron Man's eye and the Iron Man's right hand. But as soon as the eye and the hand got together the eye looked at the hand. Its light glowed blue. The hand stood up on three fingers and its thumb, and craned its forefinger like a long nose. It felt around. It touched the eye. Gleefully it picked up the eye, and tucked it under its middle finger. The eye peered out, between the forefinger and thumb. Now the hand could see.

It looked around. Then it darted and jabbed one of the gulls with its stiffly held finger, then darted at the other and jabbed him. The two gulls flew up into the wind with a frightened cry.

Slowly then the hand crept over the stones, searching. It ran forward suddenly, grabbed something and tugged. But the thing was stuck between two rocks. The thing was one of the Iron Man's arms. At last the hand left the arm and went scuttling hither and thither among the rocks, till it stopped, and touched something gently. This thing was the other hand. This new hand stood up and hooked its finger round the little finger of the hand with the eye, and let itself be led.

Now the two hands, the seeing one leading the blind one, walking on their finger-tips, went back together to the arm, and together they tugged it free. The hand with the eye fastened itself on to the wrist of the arm. The arm stood up and walked on its hand. The other hand clung on behind as before, and this strange trio went searching.

An eye! There it was, blinking at them speechlessly beside a black and white pebble.

> The seeing hand fitted the eye to the blind hand and now both hands could see.

They went running among the rocks. Soon they found a leg. They jumped on top of the leg and the leg went hopping over the rocks with the arm swinging from the hand that clung to the top of the leg. The other hand clung on top of that hand. The two hands, with their eyes, guided the leg, twisting it this way and that, as a rider guides a horse.

Soon they found another leg and the other arm. Now each hand, with an eye under its palm and an arm dangling from its wrist, rode on a leg separately about the beach. Hop, hop, hop, they went, peering among the rocks. One found an ear and at the same moment the other found the giant torso. Then the busy hands fitted the legs to the torso, then they fitted the arms, each fitting the other, and the torso stood up with legs and arms but no head. It walked about the beach, holding its eyes up in its hands, searching for its lost head.

At last, there was the head – eycless, earless, nested in a heap of red seaweed. Now in no time the Iron Man had fitted his head back, and his eyes were in place, and everything in place except for one ear. He strode about the beach searching for his lost ear, as the sun rose over the sea and the day came.

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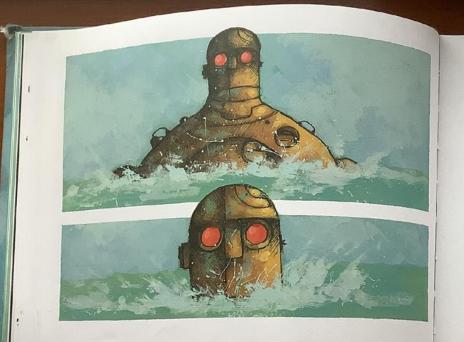


The two gulls sat on their ledge, high on the cliff. They watched the immense man striding to and fro over the rocks below. Between them, on the nesting ledge, lay a great iron ear. The gulls could not eat it. The baby gulls could not eat it. There it lay on the high ledge. Far below, the Iron Man searched. At last he stopped, and looked at the sea. Was he thinking the sea had stolen his ear? Perhaps

he was thinking the sea had come up, while he lay scattered, and had gone down again with his ear.



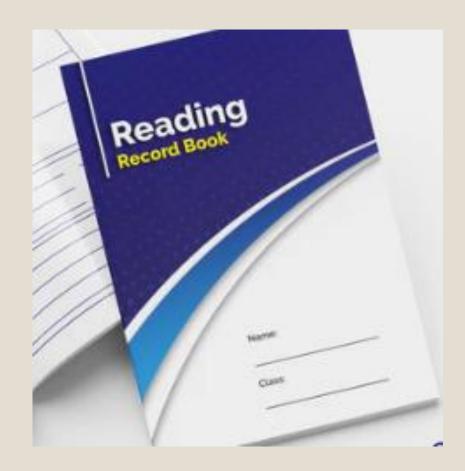
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He walked towards the sea. He walked into the breakers, and there he stood for a while, the breakers bursting around his knees. Then he walked in The gulls took off and glided down low over the great iron head that was now moving slowly out through the swell. The eyes blazed red, level with the wavetops, till a big wave covered them and foam spouted over the top of the head. The head still moved out under water. The eyes and the top of the head appeared for a moment in a hollow of the swell. Now the eyes were green. Then the sea covered them and the head.

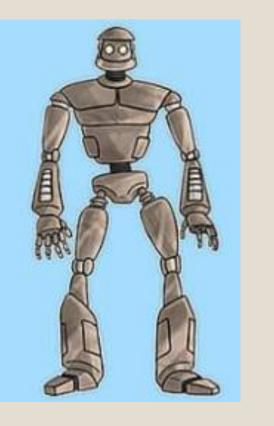
The gulls circled low over the line of bubbles that went on moving slowly out into the deep sea.

Record your reading in your reading records.



Draw Iron Man

Label his features- look in Chapter 1

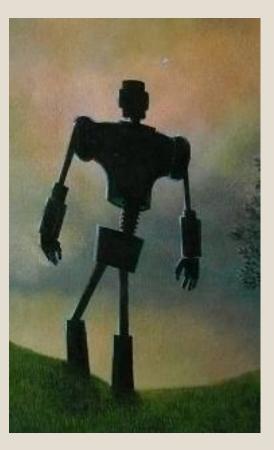








Draw the Iron Man on the edge of the cliff





Thank you for coming along to our reading café!