



BDHS Year 4

Date: 8th May, 2020

Day: Friday

Morning Fitness

Your choice

Literacy

Reading Activity 1: Ask an adult to read chapters 7 and 8 of 'The BFG' to you, or listen to an audiobook. Make sure that you are following along with your copy. Discuss what is happening in the story. Read and discuss the vocabulary list. Complete the worksheets.

Music Activity: Follow the instructions on the worksheets. There is a link to the song and some questions to answer.

Crunch and Sip

Literacy continued

Spelling: Ask an adult to test you on your spelling words from this week.

Writing: Follow the instructions on the worksheet. Make sure you complete the Daily Review. The topic for your persuasive text is: **Living in the country is better than living in the city.**

Lunch or Snack Break

Post break activity

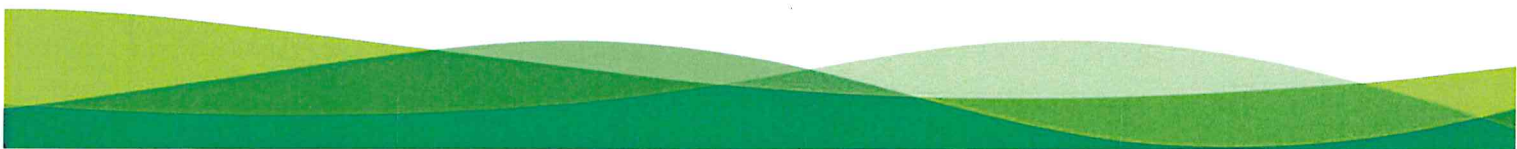
Silent reading – The BFG or a book of your choice

Numeracy

Mental Maths: Practice, practice, practice your tables. Make sure that you know your tables by the time you come back to school. So far, you should be able to automatically know your 2,3,5 and 10 x facts, including the 0 and 1 rules. We are currently learning the 4 and 8 x tables. Sing them, write them, get someone to test you. I've included some worksheets to help you to revise.

Afternoon Break

Well done, you've worked really hard this week! If you have time left, log into Connect (www.connect.det.wa.edu.au), go to our C4 page, go to 'Content', 'Technology' and then 'Code.org'. Log into Code.org with our school code, your user name and password.



Writing Week Two – Friday

Important!! Revise the daily review pages from Monday's pack.

Writing a persuasive text.

Think about all the practice that you have had writing persuasive sentences and paragraphs. Today you are going to write a whole text using what you've practised.

Remember:

Persuasive texts have:

- an introduction paragraph
- three argument paragraphs with at least 3 sentences in each paragraph
- a conclusion paragraph
- a line space in between each paragraph

Use the sentence starters for each paragraph, to help you with your topic sentence.

- If you get stuck on a word that you are trying to spell, don't just ask someone how to spell it. Try to work it out yourself - chop it out (sound it out) or tap out the syllables. Make sure that you include all of the sounds in the word.
- Remember to use full stops and capital letters – this is really important!

Your topic is:

Living in the country is better than living in the city.

You need to start by brainstorming your arguments at the top of the page in your activity book, then choose the best 3.

Try to do this task without your parents' help so that I can see how you are going with your writing while you are at home. You should be able to do it on your own, especially with all the information and sentence starters that you have. If your parents have to help you, ask them to write down what they helped you with.

Chapter 7

The Marvellous Ears

Back in the cave, the Big Friendly Giant sat Sophie down once again on the enormous table. 'Is you quite snuggly there in your nightie?' he asked. 'You isn't fridgy cold?'

'I'm fine,' Sophie said.

'I cannot help thinking,' said the BFG, 'about your poor mother and father. By now they must be jipping and skumping all over the house shouting "Hello hello where is Sophie gone?"'

'I don't have a mother and father,' Sophie said. 'They both died when I was a baby.'

'Oh, you poor little scrumplet!' cried the BFG. 'Is you not missing them very badly?'

'Not really,' Sophie said, 'because I never knew them.'

'You is making me sad,' the BFG said, rubbing his eyes.

'Don't be sad,' Sophie said. 'No one is going to be worrying too much about me. That place you took me from was the village orphanage. We are all orphans in there.'

'You is a norphan?'

'Yes.'

'How many is there in there?'

'Ten of us,' Sophie said. 'All little girls.'

'Was you happy there?' the BFG asked.

'I hated it,' Sophie said. 'The woman who ran it was called Mrs Clonkers and if she caught you breaking any of the rules, like getting out of bed at night or not folding up your clothes, you got punished.'

'How is you getting punished?'

'She locked us in the dark cellar for a day and a night without anything to eat or drink.'

'The rotten old rotrasper!' cried the BFG.

'It was horrid,' Sophie said. 'We used to dread it. There were rats down there. We could hear them creeping about.'

'The filthy old fizzwiggler!' shouted the BFG. 'That is the horriddest thing I is hearing for years! You is making me sadder than ever!' All at once, a huge tear that would have filled a bucket rolled down one of the BFG's cheeks and fell with a splash on the floor. It made quite a puddle.

Sophie watched with astonishment. What a strange and moody creature this is, she thought. One moment he is telling me my head is full of squashed flies and the next moment his heart is melting for me because Mrs Clonkers locks us in the cellar.

'The thing that worries *me*,' Sophie said, 'is having to stay in this dreadful place for the rest of my life. The orphanage was pretty awful, but I wouldn't have been there for ever, would I?'

'All is my fault,' the BFG said. 'I is the one who kidsnatched you.' Yet another enormous tear welled from his eye and splashed on to the floor.

'Now I come to think of it, I won't actually be here all that long,' Sophie said.

'I is afraid you will,' the BFG said.

'No, I won't,' Sophie said. 'Those brutes out there are bound to catch me sooner or later and have me for tea.'

'I is *never* letting that happen,' the BFG said.

For a few moments the cave was silent. Then Sophie said, 'May I ask you a question?'

The BFG wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand and gave Sophie a long thoughtful stare. 'Shoot away,' he said.

'Would you please tell me what you were doing in our village last night? Why were you poking that long trumpet thing into the Goochey children's bedroom and then blowing through it?'

'Ah-ha!' cried the BFG, sitting up suddenly in his chair. 'Now we is getting nosier than a parker!'

'And the suitcase you were carrying,' Sophie said. 'What on earth was *that* all about?'

The BFG stared suspiciously at the small girl sitting cross-legged on the table.

'You is asking me to tell you whoppsy big secrets,' he said. 'Secrets that nobody is ever hearing before.'

'I won't tell a soul,' Sophie said. 'I swear it. How could I anyway? I am stuck here for the rest of my life.'

'You could be telling the other giants.'

'No, I couldn't,' Sophie said. 'You told me they would eat me up the moment they saw me.'

'And so they would,' said the BFG. 'You is a human bean and human beans is like strawbunkles and cream to those giants.'

'If they are going to eat me the moment they see me, then I wouldn't have time to tell them anything, would I?' Sophie said.

'You wouldn't,' said the BFG.

'Then why did you say I might?'

'Because I is brimful of buzzburgers,' the BFG said. 'If you listen to everything I am saying you will be getting earache.'

'Please tell me what you were doing in our village,' Sophie said. 'I promise you can trust me.'

'Would you teach me how to make an elefant?' the BFG asked.

'What *do* you mean?' Sophie said.

'I would dearly love to have an elefant to ride on,' the BFG said dreamily. 'I would so much love to have a jumbly big elefant and go riding through green forests picking peachy fruits off the trees all day long. This is a sizzling-hot muckfrumping country we is living in. Nothing grows in it except snozzcumpers. I would love to go somewhere else and pick peachy fruits in the early morning from the back of an elefant.'

Sophie was quite moved by this curious statement.

'Perhaps one day we will get you an elephant,' she said. 'And peachy fruits as well. Now tell me what you were doing in our village.'

'If you is really wanting to know what I am doing in your village,' the BFG said, 'I is blowing a dream into the bedroom of those children.'

'*Blowing a dream?*' Sophie said. 'What *do* you mean?'

'I is a dream-blowing giant,' the BFG said. 'When all the other giants is galloping off every what way and which to swollop human beans, I is scuddling away to other places to blow dreams into the bedrooms of sleeping children. Nice dreams. Lovely golden dreams. Dreams that is giving the dreamers a happy time.'

'Now hang on a minute,' Sophie said. 'Where do you get these dreams?'

'I collect them,' the BFG said, waving an arm towards all the rows and rows of bottles on the shelves. 'I has billions of them.'

'You can't *collect* a dream,' Sophie said. 'A dream isn't something you can catch hold of.'

'You is never going to understand about it,' the BFG said. 'That is why I is not wishing to tell you.'

'Oh, please tell me!' Sophie said. 'I *will* understand! Go on! Tell me how you collect dreams! Tell me everything!'

The BFG settled himself comfortably in his chair and crossed his legs. 'Dreams,' he said, 'is very mysterious things. They is floating around in the air like little wispy-misty bubbles. And all the time they is searching for sleeping people.'

'Can you see them?' Sophie asked.

'Never at first.'

'Then how do you catch them if you can't see them?' Sophie asked.

'Ah-ha,' said the BFG. 'Now we is getting on to the dark and dusky secrets.'

'I won't tell a soul.'

'I is trusting you,' the BFG said. He closed his eyes and sat quite still for a moment, while Sophie waited.

'A dream,' he said, 'as it goes whiffling through the night air, is making a tiny little buzzing-humming noise. But this little buzzy-hum is so silvery soft, it is impossible for a human bean to be hearing it.'

'Can *you* hear it?' Sophie asked.

The BFG pointed up at his enormous truck-wheel ears which he now began to move in and out. He performed this exercise proudly, with a little proud smile on his face. 'Is you seeing these?' he asked.

'How could I miss them?' Sophie said.



'They maybe is looking a bit propsposterous to you,' the BFG said, 'but you must believe me when I say they is very extra-usual ears indeed. They is not to be coughed at.'

'I'm quite sure they're not,' Sophie said.

'They is allowing me to hear absolutely every single twiddly little thing.'

'You mean you can hear things I can't hear?' Sophie said.

'You is *deaf as a dumpling* compared with me!' cried the BFG. 'You is hearing only thumping loud noises with those little earwigs of yours. But I am hearing *all the secret whisperings of the world!*'

'Such as what?' Sophie asked.

'In your country,' he said, 'I is hearing the footsteps of a ladybird as she goes walking across a leaf.'

'*Honestly?*' Sophie said, beginning to be impressed.

'What's more, I is hearing those footsteps *very loud*,' the BFG said. 'When a ladybird is walking across a leaf, I is hearing her feet going *clumpety-clumpety-clump* like giants' footsteps.'

'Good gracious me!' Sophie said. 'What else can you hear?'

'I is hearing the little ants chittering to each other as they scuddle around in the soil.'

'You mean you can hear ants talking?'

'Every single word,' the BFG said. 'Although I is not exactly understanding their langwitch.'

'Go on,' Sophie said.

'Sometimes, on a very clear night,' the BFG said, 'and if I is swiggling my ears in the right direction,' — and here he swivelled his great ears upwards so they were facing the ceiling — 'if I is swiggling them like this and the night is very clear, I is sometimes hearing faraway music coming from the stars in the sky.'

A queer little shiver passed through Sophie's body. She sat very quiet, waiting for more.

'My ears is what told me you was watching me out of your window last night,' the BFG said.

'But I didn't make a sound,' Sophie said.

'I was hearing your heart beating across the road,' the BFG said. 'Loud as a drum.'

'Go on,' Sophie said. 'Please.'

'I can hear plants and trees.'

'Do *they* talk?' Sophie asked.

'They is not exactly talking,' the BFG said. 'But they is making noises. For instance, if I come along and I is picking a lovely flower, if I is twisting the stem of the flower till it breaks, then the plant is screaming. I can hear it screaming and screaming very clear.'

'You don't mean it!' Sophie cried. 'How awful!'

'It is screaming just like you would be screaming if someone was twisting *your* arm right off.'

'Is that really true?' Sophie asked.

'You think I is swizzfiggling you?'

'It is rather hard to believe.'

'Then I is stopping right here,' said the BFG sharply. 'I is not wishing to be called a fibster.'

'Oh no! I'm not calling you anything!' Sophie cried. 'I believe you! I do really! Please go on!'

The BFG gave her a long hard stare. Sophie looked right back at him, her face open to his. 'I believe you,' she said softly.

She had offended him, she could see that.

'I wouldn't ever be fibbling to you,' he said.

'I know you wouldn't,' Sophie said. 'But you must understand that it isn't easy to believe such amazing things straightaway.'

'I understand that,' the BFG said.

'So do please forgive me and go on,' she said.

He waited a while longer, and then he said, 'It is the same with trees as it is with flowers. If I is chopping an axe into the trunk of a big tree, I is hearing a terrible sound coming from inside the heart of the tree.'

'What sort of sound?' Sophie asked.

'A soft moaning sound,' the BFG said. 'It is like the sound an old man is making when he is dying slowly.'

He paused. The cave was very silent.

'Trees is living and growing just like you and me,' he said. 'They is alive. So is plants.'

He was sitting very straight in his chair now, his hands clasped tightly together in front of him. His face was bright, his eyes round and bright as two stars.

'Such wonderful and terrible sounds I is hearing!' he said. 'Some of them you would never wish to be hearing yourself! But some is like glorious music!'

He seemed almost to be transfigured by the excitement of his thoughts. His face was beautiful in its blaze of emotions.

'Tell me some more about them,' Sophie said quietly.

'You just ought to be hearing the little micies talking!' he said. 'Little micies is always talking to each other and I is hearing them as loud as my own voice.'

'What do they say?' Sophie asked.

'Only the micies know that,' he said. 'Spiders is also talking a great deal. You might not be thinking it but spiders is the most tremendous natterboxes. And when they is spinning their webs, they is singing all the time. They is singing sweeter than a nightingull.'

'Who else do you hear?' Sophie asked.

'One of the biggest chatbags is the cattlepiddlers,' the BFG said.

'What do they say?'

'They is argying all the time about who is going to be the prettiest butterfly. That is all they is ever talking about.'

'Is there a dream floating around in here now?' Sophie asked.

The BFG moved his great ears this way and that, listening intently. He shook his head. 'There is no dream in here,' he said, 'except in the bottles. I has a special place to go for catching dreams. They is not often coming to Giant Country.'

'How do you catch them?'

'The same way you is catching butterflies,' the BFG answered. 'With a net.' He stood up and crossed over to a corner of the cave where a pole was leaning against the wall. The pole was about thirty feet long and there was a net on the end of it. 'Here is the dream-catcher,' he said, grasping the pole in one hand. 'Every morning I is going out and snitching new dreams to put in my bottles.'

Suddenly, he seemed to lose interest in the conversation. 'I is getting hungry,' he said. 'It is time for eats.'

Chapter 8

Snozzcumbers

'But if you don't eat people like all the others,' Sophie said, 'then what *do* you live on?'

'That is a squelching tricky problem around here,' the BFG answered. 'In this sloshflunking Giant Country, happy eats like pineapples and pigwinkles is simply not growing. Nothing is growing except for one extremely icky-poo vegetable. It is called the snozzcumber.'

'The snozzcumber!' cried Sophie. 'There's no such thing.'

The BFG looked at Sophie and smiled, showing about twenty of his square white teeth. 'Yesterday,' he said, 'we was not believing in giants, was we? Today we is not believing in snozzcumbers. Just because we happen not to have actually *seen* something with our own two little winkles, we think it is not existing. What about for instance the great squizzly scotch-hopper?'

'I beg your pardon?' Sophie said.

'And the humplecrimp?'

'What's that?' Sophie said.

'And the wraprascal?'

'The what?' Sophie said.

'And the crumpscoddle?'

'Are they animals?' Sophie asked.

'They is *common* animals,' said the BFG contemptuously. 'I is not a very know-all giant myself, but it seems to me that you is an absolutely know-nothing human bean. Your brain is full of rotten-wool.'

'You mean cotton-wool,' Sophie said.

'What I mean and what I say is two different things,' the BFG announced rather grandly. 'I will now show you a snozzcumber.'

The BFG flung open a massive cupboard and took out the weirdest-looking thing Sophie had ever seen. It was about half as long again as an ordinary man but was much thicker. It was as thick around its girth as a perambulator. It was black with white stripes along its length. And it was covered all over with coarse knobbles.

'Here is the repulsant snozzcumber!' cried the BFG, waving it about. 'I squoggle it! I mispise it! I dispunge it! But because I is refusing to gobble up human beans like the other giants, I must spend my life guzzling up icky-poo snozzcumbers instead. If I don't, I will be nothing but skin and groans.'

'You mean skin and *bones*,' Sophie said.



'I *know* it is bones,' the BFG said. 'But please understand that I cannot be helping it if I sometimes is saying things a little squiggly. I is trying my very best all the time.' The Big Friendly Giant looked suddenly so forlorn that Sophie got quite upset.

'I'm sorry,' she said. 'I didn't mean to be rude.'

'There never was any schools to teach me talking in Giant Country,' the BFG said sadly.

'But couldn't your mother have taught you?' Sophie asked.

'My *mother!*' cried the BFG. 'Giants don't have mothers! Surely you is knowing *that*.'

'I did *not* know that,' Sophie said.

'Whoever heard of a *woman* giant!' shouted the BFG, waving the snozzcumber around his head like a lasso. 'There never was a woman giant! And there never will be one. Giants is always men!'

Sophie felt herself getting a little muddled. 'In that case,' she said, 'how were you born?'

'Giants isn't born,' the BFG answered. 'Giants *appears* and that's all there is to it. They simply *appears*, the same way as the sun and the stars.'

'And when did you appear?' Sophie asked.

'Now how on earth could I be knowing a thing like that?' said the BFG. 'It was so long ago I couldn't count.'

'You mean you don't even know how *old* you are?'

'No giant is knowing that,' the BFG said. 'All I is knowing about myself is that I is very old, very very old and crumply. Perhaps as old as the earth.'

'What happens when a giant dies?' Sophie asked.

'Giants is never dying,' the BFG answered. 'Sometimes and quite suddenly, a giant is disappearing and nobody is ever knowing where he goes to. But mostly us giants is simply going on and on like whiffsy time-twiddlers.'

The BFG was still holding the awesome snozzcumber in his right hand, and now he put one end into his mouth and bit off a huge hunk of it. He started crunching it up and the noise he made was like the crunching of lumps of ice.

'It's filthing!' he spluttered, speaking with his mouth full and spraying large pieces of snozzcumber like bullets in Sophie's direction. Sophie hopped around on the table-top, ducking out of the way.



'It's disgusterous!' the BFG gurgled. 'It's sickable! It's rotsome! It's maggotwise! Try it yourself, this fouldsome snozzcumber!'

'No, thank you,' Sophie said, backing away.

'It's all you're going to be guzzling around here from now on so you might as well get used to it,' said the BFG. 'Go on, you snipsy little winkle, have a go!'

Sophie took a small nibble. 'Ugggggggggh!' she spluttered. 'Oh no! Oh gosh! Oh help!' She spat it out quickly. 'It tastes of frogskins!' she gasped. 'And rotten fish!'

'Worse than that!' cried the BFG, roaring with laughter. 'To me it is tasting of clockcoaches and slimewanglers!'

'Do we really have to eat it?' Sophie said.

'You do unless you is wanting to become so thin you will be disappearing into a thick ear.'

'Into *thin air*,' Sophie said. 'A thick ear is something quite different.'

Once again that sad winsome look came into the BFG's eyes. 'Words,' he said, 'is oh such a twitch-tickling problem to me all my life. So you must simply try to be patient and stop squibbling. As I am telling you before, I know exactly what words I am wanting to say, but somehow or other they is always getting squiff-squiddled around.'

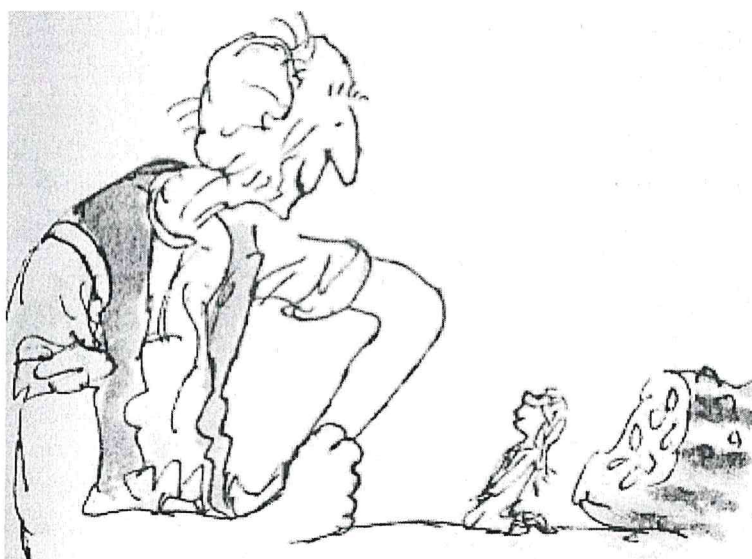
'That happens to everyone,' Sophie said.

'Not like it happens to me,' the BFG said. 'I is speaking the most terrible wigglish.'

'I think you speak beautifully,' Sophie said.

'You do?' cried the BFG, suddenly brightening. 'You really do?'

'Simply beautifully,' Sophie repeated.



'Well, that is the nicest present anybody is ever giving me in my whole life!' cried the BFG. 'Are you sure you is not twiddling my leg?'

'Of course not,' Sophie said. 'I just love the way you talk.'

'How wondercrump!' cried the BFG, still beaming. 'How whoopsey-splunkers! How absolutely squiffling! I is all of a stutter.'

'Listen,' Sophie said. 'We don't *have* to eat snozzcumpers. In the fields around our village there are all sorts of lovely vegetables like cauliflowers and carrots. Why don't you get some of those next time you go visiting?'

The BFG raised his great head proudly in the air. 'I is a very honourable giant,' he said. 'I would rather be chewing up rotsome snozzcumpers than snitching things from other people.'

'You stole *me*,' Sophie said.

'I did not steal you very much,' said the BFG, smiling gently. 'After all, you is only a tiny little girl.'

Week 2 - Friday – The BFG

1. Re-read the other vocabulary words from last week and this week.

Read the new words (keep this page for Daily Review)

orphan – someone or an animal that has no parents

orphanage – a place where orphans live

cellar – an underground room used to store food

astonishment – surprise or amazement

moody – grumpy, has moods that change a lot

suspiciously – not trusting, doing something in a suspicious way

preposterous – makes no sense

swivelled – to turn around

clasped – to hold or grab something

transfigured – to change how something looks, usually to something beautiful

contemptuously – disliking or having bad feelings towards something

perambulator – a pram

knobbles – little lumps

forlorn - sad

winsome – cheerful, happy

Keep these words safe for daily review

Chapter 7: The Marvelous Ears

Chapter 8: Snozzcumbers

- ❖ Quickwrite: Do you believe in anything that you can't see with your eyes? What is it? If you can't see it, how do you know it's true?

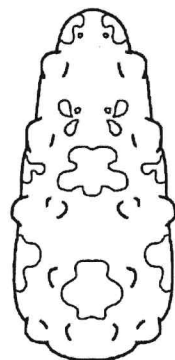
- ❖ Vocabulary: Fill in the blanks.

1. The lost little girl was very scared, and so she wore a _____ expression on her face.
2. "Don't you know anything?" the older boy said _____ to the younger boy.
3. Our living room was _____ into a winter wonderland after we decorated it with our beautiful Christmas tree.

forlorn
transfigured
contemptuously

- ❖ Sequencing: Put the following statements in chronological order, using the numbers 1-5.

- _____ Sophie tells the BFG that she loves the way he speaks.
- _____ The BFG shows Sophie a snozzcumber.
- _____ Sophie informs the BFG that she is an orphan.
- _____ The BFG educates Sophie about dreams.
- _____ Sophie suggests that the BFG steal cauliflowers and carrots.



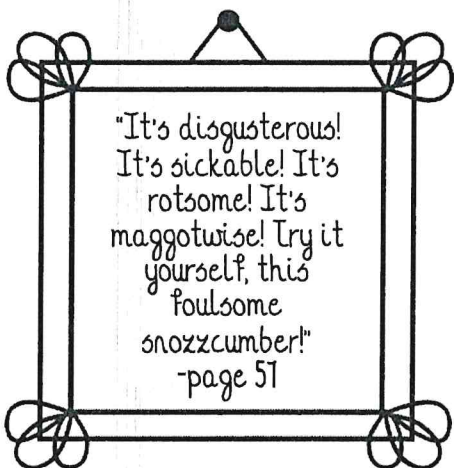
❖ Comprehension and Analysis: Answer the questions in complete sentences.

1. What surprising information does the BFG tell Sophie about dreams?

2. Describe the BFG's remarkable ability.

3. In these chapters, the BFG becomes sad several times. Why? Explain.

❖ Beyond: In the chapter entitled "Snozzcumber," we find out that the BFG hates the only food he is able to eat. What food do you detest? Below, draw and label the food that you consider to be YOUR snozzcumber!



YEAR 3/4 WEEK 2

1 Sing The Chocolate Song

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sAQ7K9Tw0H0> (The Junior School sing
The Chocolate Song)

The Chocolate Song

*Oh I've got - lots of chocolate,
Give me lovely chocolate,
It's the best thing to eat for sure.
When I get – eggs for Easter,
It's my favourite treat so I can
Always make some room for more.*

I've got some plain and milk ones and some toffee-filled ones,
I've got boxes all around the place.
I've got a strong affection for my chocolate collection,
I'm mad about that chocolate taste!

*Oh I've got - lots of chocolate,
Give me lovely chocolate....*

I've eaten milky-white ones and the sweets inside them,
(I've got chocolate all around my face!)
They all had pretty wrappers, but that not what matters,
I'm mad about that chocolate taste!

*Oh I've got - lots of chocolate,
Give me lovely chocolate....*

I've had some sickly sweet ones and some pretty cheap ones,
But I couldn't see them go to waste,
I s'pose I should know better but it's nearly Easter,
I'm mad about that chocolate taste!

*Oh I've got - lots of chocolate,
Give me lovely chocolate....*

2. Which instrument is playing the music?

3. To which instrument family does it belong?

4. List 4 other instruments that belong to the same family.

5. Name the 3 other instrument families and 3 instruments that are in each.

Times Tables worksheet

Name: _____

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$12 \times 4 = \underline{\quad}$

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TIMESTABLES.COM

Times Tables worksheet

Name: _____

$10 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

$2 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

$11 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

$7 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

$10 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

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$3 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

$12 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

$6 \times 8 = \underline{\quad}$

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Times Tables worksheet

Name: _____

$$\begin{array}{l} 3 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 11 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 11 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 4 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 8 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 2 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 4 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 4 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 11 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 10 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 4 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 10 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 11 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 2 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 11 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 3 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 12 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 12 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 3 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 7 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 7 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 5 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 7 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 8 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 11 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 4 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 11 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 11 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 3 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 7 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 6 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 12 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 7 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 1 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 3 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 7 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 1 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 12 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 2 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 3 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 4 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 11 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \\ 3 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 3 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 1 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 5 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 6 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 4 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 2 \times 2 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 11 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 9 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 4 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 4 \times 1 = \underline{\quad} \\ 7 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 5 = \underline{\quad} \\ 1 \times 0 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 10 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 10 \times 4 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 8 = \underline{\quad} \\ 8 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 4 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \\ 10 \times 3 = \underline{\quad} \end{array}$$