

Gordon Primary School

Remote Learning Grid

If you require further support with this week's tasks or wish to submit remote learning work to your child's teacher, they may be contacted via the following class email address:

4I - class4I@gordonprimary.redbridge.sch.uk

4S - class4s@gordonprimary.redbridge.sch.uk

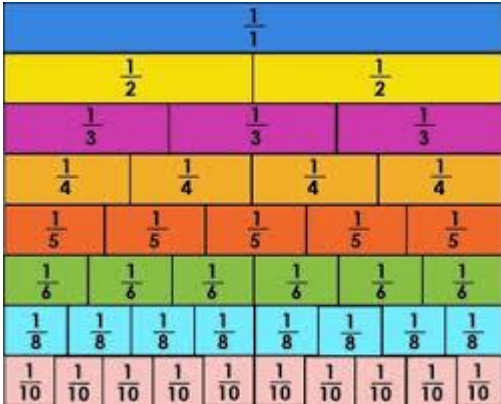
Please insert your child's full name in the subject line of the email, so that your child's teacher can easily access your message.

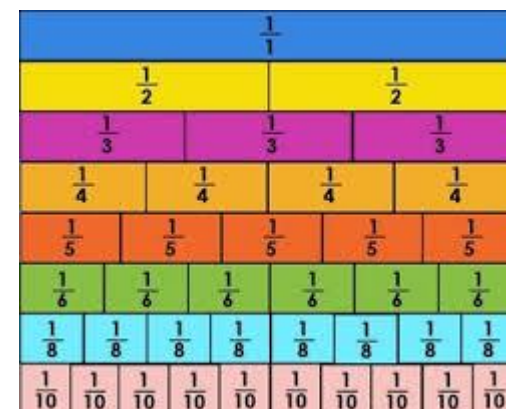
Please note, this email address exists only for the submission of remote learning work or to seek clarification in relation to this, during any period that your child is not able to attend school. Please do not use this email address at any other time, as your message may not be responded to.

If you wish to contact your child's teacher during regular school time, please do so via the home-school communication book, or call the school office on 0208 478 2977. Remember to revise and practise phonics use lessons given by Ruth Miskin.

Article 28 All children and young people have a right to free primary education. Children should be encouraged to go to school to the highest level they can.

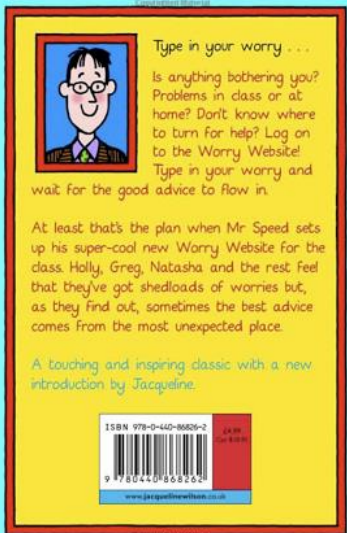
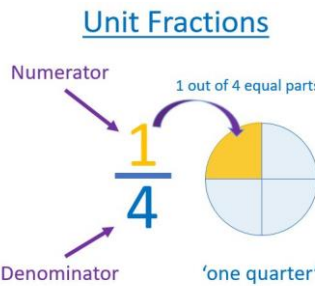
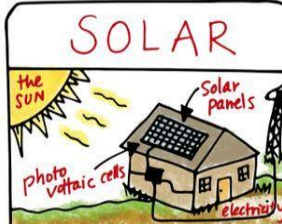
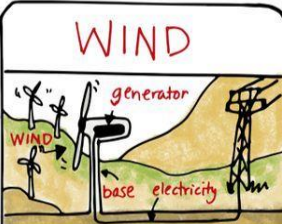
Remember it is Mothers' Day on 14th March.

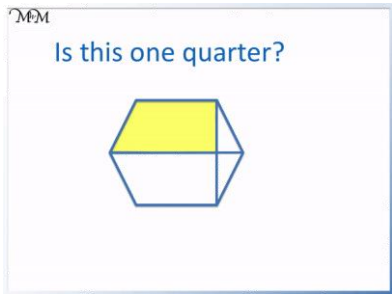
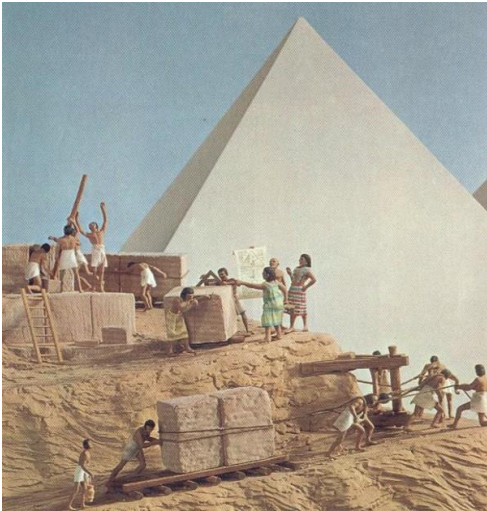
This Week's Spellings				New Maths This Week	
Choose either A, B or C.				Fractions Key Vocabulary equal part of a whole numerator denominator unit fraction non unit fraction 	
Objective: Prefixes – 'sub' (under) and 'super' (above)					
	A	B	C		
1	subject	submarine	subdivide		
2	subway	submerge	submerge		
3	submit	substitute	substitute		
4	subtitle	subscribe	subscription		
5	subheading	subheading	subheading		
6	super	supermarket	supermarket		
7	superb	superpower	supervision		
8	superstar	supervisor	superstores		
9	superman	superhuman	supernatural		
10	supernova	supersonic	superstition		



Year 4

Week Beginning 08.03.21.

Day	English	Maths	Science/Topic work								
1	Reading Activity Write the blurb for a book. Do not tell the whole story. Just give a taster of the plot. Remember you could you a question to add suspense.  https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rhQMj5q5gag https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-develop-reading-for-pleasure-through-book-recommendations-68rp4c	Fractions Imagine you are sharing your birthday cake equally with your family. Each person will receive a fraction of the cake. If there are 4 people in your family and you share the cake equally between you, you will have $\frac{1}{4}$ of the cake each. You have 1 equal part out of 4.  https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-describe-the-part-whole-relationship-c5k62r	Revision of Electricity Create a leaflet all about electricity Think about: How do we use electricity? Why is electricity important? Research sustainable ways to generate electricity. Use diagrams/ pictures to add interest. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Giek094C_I4  how it works : photovoltaic cells convert heat from the sun directly into electricity <table><tr><td>the good:</td><td>the bad:</td></tr><tr><td>non polluting most abundant cells last 15 to 30 years</td><td>expensive depends on sunny weather large space needed</td></tr></table>  how it works : wind turns turbines to run the generators that convert energy into electricity, which is stored in batteries <table><tr><td>the good:</td><td>the bad:</td></tr><tr><td>no emissions, low cost after built, little disruption to the ecosystem, high output</td><td>output only when windy not enough wind everywhere expensive to build</td></tr></table> https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/how-much-do-we-rely-on-electricity-cnkhct	the good:	the bad:	non polluting most abundant cells last 15 to 30 years	expensive depends on sunny weather large space needed	the good:	the bad:	no emissions, low cost after built, little disruption to the ecosystem, high output	output only when windy not enough wind everywhere expensive to build
the good:	the bad:										
non polluting most abundant cells last 15 to 30 years	expensive depends on sunny weather large space needed										
the good:	the bad:										
no emissions, low cost after built, little disruption to the ecosystem, high output	output only when windy not enough wind everywhere expensive to build										

2	Chapter 5 Explore mum and dad's relationship with Lil – how do they influence her? What does it mean if you ask someone to never darken your door again? What lie did Lil tell and why? Is it ever okay to tell a lie? Every evening it was the same...how do you feel about Lil? What do your parents expect of you? Compare your experience to Lil's. Write an internal monologue to express how Lil may be feeling and try to explain your feelings. Remember to analyse Lil's character and how this may affect her feelings. https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-analyse-a-character-6wv3gd	Fractions  A fraction is an equal part of a whole. https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-recognise-parts-that-are-equal-and-parts-that-are-unequal-70rpcd	The Pyramids Who were the Pyramid builders? Write a report on who build the pyramids. You can add pictures to add interest.  https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/who-were-the-pyramid-builders-c8wpac
----------	---	---	---

Secrets of a Sun King

Chapter 5
pages 38-45

The Letter

Before you read the letter pages 42-45 what do you think the letter will say?

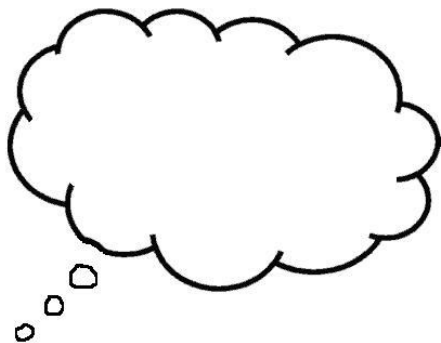
Refer to the clues given so far
Grandad's dying wish to put something right.
His regret over his lost friendship.

Read the letter to Ezra pages 42-45

How might Lil react to the contents?
What impact might it have on her?

3 Read to the bottom of page 45

After reading the letter write thought bubbles for how Lil responds.

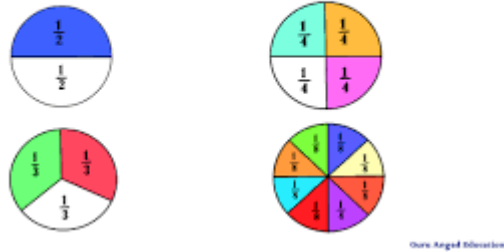


Reflect on Lil's character and think about how she might feel.

<https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-explore-character-64tk4e>

Unit Fractions

UNIT FRACTION



<https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-recognise-identify-and-describe-unit-fractions-ccwpce>

P.E.

Warm up- suitable for outdoors

Do 20 squats

Followed by jogging on the spot for 2 minutes

Stretch your right arm into the air, followed by your left arm.

Repeat right and left again.

Now kick any ball for 2 minutes

Now you can complete any of these indoor exercises:

Kids workout- The Body Coach Family fun cardio workout

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5if4cjO5nxo>



4	Secrets of a Sun King Chapter 5 pages 46-52 Make notes on: - what are we told by Lysandra - what Kyky's dream might mean What impact will this have on Lil? Write what you think the dream may mean.	Fractions of a Given Amount When you find $\frac{1}{2}$ of a number you divide by 2 because you are sharing something into 2 equal parts. Your knowledge of your times tables will help you as you know that division is the inverse of multiplication. Keep practising your times tables daily. Find the fractional amounts. You can use blocks or counters to help or solve the problems in your head using division: <table border="1"> <tbody> <tr> <td>a $\frac{1}{5}$ of 20 = </td> <td>b $\frac{1}{4}$ of 12 = </td> <td>c $\frac{1}{3}$ of 18 = </td> <td>d $\frac{1}{6}$ of 18 = </td> </tr> <tr> <td>$20 \div 5 =$ </td> <td>$12 \div$ = </td> <td>$18 \div$ = </td> <td>$18 \div$ = </td> </tr> <tr> <td>e $\frac{1}{5}$ of 15 = </td> <td>f $\frac{1}{9}$ of 27 = </td> <td>g $\frac{1}{2}$ of 14 = </td> <td>h $\frac{1}{7}$ of 21 = </td> </tr> <tr> <td>$\div$ = </td> <td>$\div$ = </td> <td>$\div$ = </td> <td>$\div$ = </td> </tr> </tbody> </table> https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-find-unit-fractions-of-a-given-quantity-61k34t	a $\frac{1}{5}$ of 20 =	b $\frac{1}{4}$ of 12 =	c $\frac{1}{3}$ of 18 =	d $\frac{1}{6}$ of 18 =	$20 \div 5 =$	$12 \div$ =	$18 \div$ =	$18 \div$ =	e $\frac{1}{5}$ of 15 =	f $\frac{1}{9}$ of 27 =	g $\frac{1}{2}$ of 14 =	h $\frac{1}{7}$ of 21 =	$\div$ =	$\div$ =	$\div$ =	$\div$ =	The Pyramids Try to make a 3D model of the pyramids using materials you already have at home. You can use cereal boxes and other recyclable materials. You can use the template of the square based pyramid to help you. 
a $\frac{1}{5}$ of 20 =	b $\frac{1}{4}$ of 12 =	c $\frac{1}{3}$ of 18 =	d $\frac{1}{6}$ of 18 =																
$20 \div 5 =$	$12 \div$ =	$18 \div$ =	$18 \div$ =																
e $\frac{1}{5}$ of 15 =	f $\frac{1}{9}$ of 27 =	g $\frac{1}{2}$ of 14 =	h $\frac{1}{7}$ of 21 =																
$\div$ =	$\div$ =	$\div$ =	$\div$ =																
5	Now write your own next chapter of the book. Think about: - Lil's relationships with her family and friends - the setting in post WW1 England - the connection to Ancient Egypt What do you think Lil will do? Try to use a range of sentences to add effect. Remember that you can also use rhetorical questions to engage the reader. https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-develop-our-understanding-of-simple-compound-and-complex-sentences-ccvket	Unit and Non Unit Fractions When the numerator (the number on the top) and the denominator (the number on the bottom) are the same you have a whole eg $2/2 = 2 \text{ halves} = \text{a whole}$ So $\frac{1}{4} + \frac{3}{4} = \frac{4}{4} = 1$	Judaism Food for Shabbat Try to name the food cooked for Shabbat. Create a poster with the food and explain why it is used.																

What are $\frac{2}{3}$ of 18?

18

6 6 6

$\div 3$

$\times 2$

$$\frac{2}{3} \text{ of } 18 = 12$$

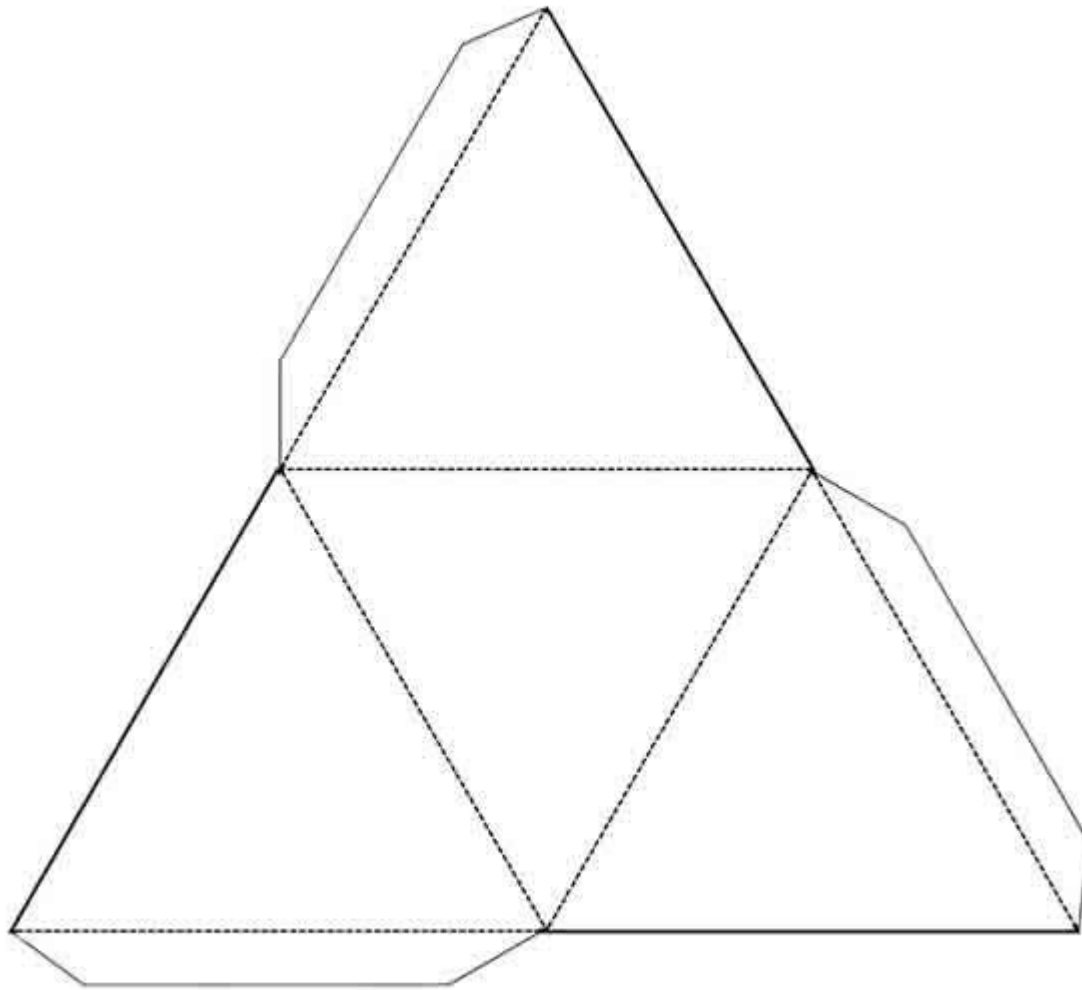
<https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-describe-unit-and-non-unit-fractions-75jkac>



<https://bjc.org.au/knowledge-centre/holydays-fasts/shabbat/symbols-foods/>

TRIANGULAR PYRAMID TEMPLATE

1. Color the shape (optional).
2. Cut on solid lines.
3. Fold on dashed lines.
4. Glue it together.



That night at the supper table, I told a lie.

'Easier than the last one,' I said, when Dad asked how the spelling test had gone today at school.

He'd caught me off guard. I was so busy thinking about hotels and Professor Hanawati, I'd forgotten the day I should've had.

'Go on, then, tell me, what was the hardest word in the test?' Dad asked.

I said the first thing that came into my head: 'Reincarnation.'

'Did you get full marks?'

'Umm... no.'

'Which words did you get wrong? Because they're the ones you ought to be practising, you know.' It was typical Dad, wanting me to be cleverer, faster, better, and I did try, but tonight it was exhausting. I got up from the table and started clearing the dishes.

'Lilian,' he said sharply. 'I'm talking to you.'

'Oh, leave her be. She's worried about her grandad,' Mum chided.

I was, in ways they couldn't imagine.

'Well, she'd better not be slipping behind. I'll be on to her teachers if she is.' Dad shook out the paper.

Once he'd disappeared behind it, Mum leaned towards me, whispering: 'I'm proud of you, Lil. You've got your grandad's spirit – far more than I ever did. There's more to the world than spelling tests, he'd say – and he's right.'

Dear Mum: she was trying to be kind, but it felt like a nudge in the ribs, reminding me of my promise to Grandad. I smiled stiffly; I couldn't tell her about the jar of the curse, could I? I wasn't even meant to have gone to the hospital in the first place.

Times like this I wondered what it would be like to have someone my age to talk to – to share private, secret stuff that wasn't for grown-ups' ears. Like Tulip did, I bet, with her two brothers, the lucky devil.

After supper was cleared and a pot of tea made, Mum and Dad settled by the stove. Every evening it was the same. We'd sit quietly, rarely speaking, though often I'd glance up and notice how sad they looked. Dad, I supposed, might be thinking about the war. As for Mum, I didn't know. Sometimes she'd have tears in

her eyes. Other times, she'd rest a hand on her stomach and sigh.

Tonight, though, I couldn't sit quietly, not with Professor Hanawati's letter at Grandad's, just waiting to be read.

'Has Nefertiti been fed yet?' I asked. 'I'll go and see you like.'

I knew full well how hard it was to coax my parents out of their chairs once they'd settled down. And it was just the sort of little job they'd count on me to do.

'Good girl,' Mum said. 'Don't be long.'

* *

A short time later, I was heading down Grandad's side alley. This time I'd brought a torch, but still felt wary as I turned the corner. On the doorstep were two bottles of milk and one of cream, and Nefertiti crouched between them. The second she saw me, she stood up purring.

'Glad to see you're happier tonight, miss,' I said, crouching down to scratch her chin. She was probably hungry, I supposed.

But when the door unlocked easily enough, I began

wonder if something was already shifting. Now I knew about the curse, and what I had to do to break it. Maybe it was a sign I was on the right track.

It felt odd to go inside with no Grandad there to greet me. The hallway was so familiar: the crooked lampshade he'd never bothered to straighten, the coat stand, the stairs, the passageway leading to the shop. It made me come over all upset.

Though being in the shop itself felt better – a comfort, even. The room was so full of Grandad, it was like he was here with me. The shelves on every wall were crammed with books, plates, carvings, more boxes. Even the alarming bits – the strange face masks, the stuffed animals with glass-bead eyes – were all reasons why I loved coming to visit.

In the bay window was Grandad's desk, messy as ever. I flicked through coal bills, newspaper clippings – a fair few of which, I noticed, were to do with Egypt and, more specifically, Mr Carter.

Moving a heap of notebooks aside, I found a half-eaten corned-beef sandwich. A quick sniff confirmed it'd been there for some time – longer than Grandad had been sick. He was like me where food was concerned: it'd take something really shocking to put him off what he was eating.

What looked to be Dr Hanawati's letter was underneath the sandwich. It wasn't a short one either, but a good five or six pages long, and covered in stale breadcrumbs. The paper was tissue-thin and a lovely, unusual blue colour. I scanned it for a signature, which – oddly – was at the bottom of the very first page. Like most people's it was a squiggle, but I was able to recognise the 'H' at the start of the name and the 'ti' at the end, to know this was what I was looking for.

I sat down in the nearest chair. It felt strange to be about to read a dead man's letter. A bit eerie. A bit sad. But, I was intrigued to hear what he had to say.

Dear Ezra, it began,

You will know how hard it is for me to admit to being wrong, but I must tell you, your instincts regarding the Egyptian canopic jar were right all along: it does, I fear, carry a terrible curse. We should have left it in Egypt where it belongs. The death of a young boy just days after he discovered it in that queer little rock-face tomb was no accident. Nor should we have argued and fought over the jar. We were good chums, Ezra, but we let the jar breed bad feeling between us. It poisoned our friendship,

I'm sad to say.

Many years ago you told me never to darken your door again, and I respected your wish. Now I find I must communicate with you. I have important, terrible news. Neither of us knew there was anything inside the jar, did we? Yet recently I've discovered it holds a secret.

Let me explain. For years the jar stayed packed away in my attic, all but forgotten. Last month, something changed. For some unknown reason, the jar began to play on my mind, and when I retrieved it from the attic, I heard a rattling sound, indicating an object was inside. It struck me as strange that neither you nor I had heard such a sound when we brought the jar home all that time ago, in such unhappy circumstances.

On removing the lid – which took considerable effort – I found a papyrus scroll, rolled up tightly, folded and tied with a leather thong. There was also something stuffed into the base of the jar – a scrap of old linen, probably – that I couldn't dislodge.

It was the scroll that captivated my interest, and I set about trying to translate it. The writing was hard to decipher. It wasn't the hieroglyphs I would have expected to see on an important document,

but the informal demotic Egyptian of a personal account. I spent hours – days! – at my desk, poring over this discovery. As finds go it was almost as exciting as our first sighting of the jar itself – remember that, Ezra? How we swooned when we saw it on that market stall! We could not believe Mr Carter had dismissed it as an 'insignificant' piece. How stupid he would feel now if he could read this translation. When you see whose name appears at the very start of the account, you will understand my elation.

Yet I have to warn you, my excitement was short-lived. On commencing the translation, I was overcome with a terrible feeling of dread; I can't describe it more eloquently than that. These past couple of weeks I've suffered nightmares, headaches, fevers. The doctor says it is nervous exhaustion but I know it is something more sinister, Ezra, something linked to the jar. Of course, no one believes me. My own dear wife looks at me across the dinner table each night as if I were insane. I assure you, I am not.

The jar is back in its box. I cannot bear to look at it or even have it in my study with me any more. Every day I live in fear of some nameless terror. The curse is upon me. Much more of this and I will

have to rid myself of the jar, for my safety and well-being. Perhaps I might return it to you, who always understood its power better than me?

Meanwhile, I send you what of the scroll I have translated so far: there is more to come but my progress is proving slower with what remains. You will be interested to read it, I know, and can, I hope, be of help.

Your old friend,

Selima Hanawati

I sat with my head in my hands. The letter was a lot to digest. How uncanny that Professor Hanawati had guessed something awful was going to happen to him. It made me more scared for Grandad, too, because the letter confirmed that the curse really did exist. So why, after all these years, had it started up again? And what was wrapped in linen, in the bottom of the jar? There was no mention of the hotel Grandad spoke about, either.

The remaining sheets of paper in my hand were the translation, I guessed. Grandad was right, the writing was tiny and cramped, so much so I had to move closer to the lamp to read it properly.

Thebes, Ancient Egypt

MARCH, 1323 BC

I, Lysandra, have been trusted to scribe the final days of our king, Tutankhamun. Be warned, this is not the official account: mine is about the boy who didn't want to be pharaoh, who was at his happiest pelting my brother with pomegranates.

I stopped. Read the first lines again.

This was about Tutankhamun? *The* Tutankhamun, who Howard Carter was so desperate to find, whose name was in the news almost every day now?

Just in case I'd got it wrong, I held the paper directly underneath the light. No, the name was there, all right. Though I couldn't believe what I was reading...

There's a saying amongst our people: 'Let your face shine,' because no one wants to live an unhappy life here on earth, and then be stuck with it forever in the afterlife. So when I see Kyky limping towards our house with a face like an old goat's, I sense trouble is on the way.

'Shall I call Maya?' I ask him.

Maya is my older brother and Kyky's dearest

friend. Only a short stretch of courtyard separates our house from the steps to the royal palace where Kyky lives. That's not his proper name: Maya made it up when he was little. He's been Kyky to our family ever since.

My brother is taller than any of us nowadays. He has long legs as thin as a stork's but is strong and healthy and happy: all the things Kyky isn't. But Kyky is also King Tutankhamun of Egypt. Often, I think he hates this role. It weighs him down, bores him. He'd rather idle his days away with Maya, climbing trees, hunting rodents. Neither has yet seen seventeen summers – they are still young and prone to silliness. Our mother pretends not to see it but I know she doesn't approve. She sews and tuts, sews and tuts, which will be her lot for eternity if she's not careful.

Kyky leans on his walking stick, a little out of breath. 'Call him in a moment, Lysandra,' he replies. 'First, I need to talk to you.'

This takes me by surprise. When people visit me, they come to share their dreams. My grandfather was the first in our family with a gift for dream reading. Now the honour has been passed to me. A person's dreams tell you their hopes and fears, the road they

will follow into the afterlife. The skill is to listen. To hold each part of what they say in your hands.

'A dream is like a melon,' I tell people. 'It's not until you cut open the skin that you find the sweet truth inside.'

As I'm only young – four summers behind my brother – I'm still learning the skill. I'm quieter than him too – a watcher, my mother calls me. She says it's why the gift came to me.

Today, Kyky looks pale. I hope we're not in for another bout of illness. The fever leaves him weaker every time, and I know I'm not alone in noticing it. There are those at the palace who watch Kyky – every limp, every sweat, every meal left untouched. No one watches more than his godfather, Ay, whom Kyky leans on like a son to a wise father. He does little without Ay's approval, and in my view, spends far too much time seeking it. I don't trust Ay. He has the eyes of a hungry wolf watching a weakening lamb.

'Come inside,' I say to Kyky.

There's no sun; the wind off the river is too brisk for sitting outside. So Kyky follows me in to where the stove is hot because my mother is baking. She sees us coming, bows and scuttles off, tucking the basket of already-baked bread under her arm.

'Please, sit,' I say, gesturing to the cushions on the floor.

Kyky shakes his head. He's glancing nervously towards the doorway, expecting Maya to appear.

I don't sit either. 'Bad dreams?'

'Terrible dreams!' he hisses. 'For the last few nights it's been the same. I'm chasing someone and though I run and run, I can't reach them.'

There's a fresh insect bite on his left cheek. He should have a net covering his bed. I wonder why his servant whose job it is to tend to these things isn't being more careful. The fevers that come with such a bite are dangerous. So too are the coughs that plague him every winter.

'Are you sick?' I ask, because this sounds like a fever dream. I hear plenty of them and they usually mean very little.

'No, Lysandra. For once I'm not.'

I'm more interested now. 'And how does it end, this dream of yours?'

'I reach a dead end – a wall, a locked door, a ravine – it changes every time.' He shivers slightly. 'Behind me, I hear animals growling. Scorpions run across my feet.'

I mull over what he's told me, a coldness in my veins; I need to hear more of this dream.

*'The person you're chasing – do you see them?' I ask.
'I don't get a good look – oh!' He stops, startled, as
Maya strides into the room.*

*My brother, wrapped in a blanket against the chill,
looks more bony-limbed than ever.*

*'Not trying to charm my sister, are you?' he asks,
giving Kyky a playful nudge.*

*He's being ridiculous: Kyky has a wife – Queen
Ankbesenamun – chosen for him by the men of his
inner circle. She's very beautiful, with amber eyes and
trailing black hair, though she's almost as old as our
mother – which, people say, is why her babies don't
tend to live.*

'Go and jump in the river,' I tell Maya, scowling.

My brother grins: 'That's an idea! Coming, Kyky?'

*Once they've gone to get up to whatever mischief
takes their fancy, I let out the long, worried breath I've
been holding in. This dream of Kyky's troubles me.*

*The sun stays hidden for days on end. Everything is
cold – the ground we walk on, the water we bathe in, the
linen we wear. Kyky's father was a wayward pharaoh
who had favourites among the gods. It brought chaos to
our country and people are saying the god Amun is still
offended, which is why the sun refuses to shine.*

*'I've never known a winter so miserable or so dark,'
Mother says. She keeps our oil lamps lit all day so she
can see well enough to sew.*

*I'm struggling to concentrate on my scribing work.
All morning I make mistakes on the papyrus. Mother
scolds me: 'Whatever's the matter, Lysandra? Come,
sit closer to the light.'*

*But my mind keeps wandering back to Kyky's
dream. A dead end means something – or someone – is
blocking his journey through this life and on to the next.
It's a bad omen. So too are the scorpions, which conjure
up all things poisonous. I can't explain to Mother that
the darkness isn't in the room but in my head.*

*We're saved by Maya, who rushes in from outside,
bringing the cold air with him.*

*'I have news!' he says. 'The king's decided to hold a
feast day for Amun tomorrow, to win back his favour!'*

*'Ay has decided it, you mean,' I mutter. Yet despite
my mood, I'm glad. I've missed the sun.*

*'What can we do to help?' Mother asks,
ever practical.*

*'Your flatbread, Mother. Kyky is requesting it.'
Maya turns to me. 'You can help Roti with the horses.
There's going to be chariot racing. For once Kyky's dear
godfather is letting him have his way.'*

Chariot racing is one of Kyky's favourite sports. It's also dangerous, noisy, smelly and both thrilling and terrifying to watch.

'He's not taking part, is he?' I ask. The thought makes me anxious.

Maya laughs. 'Don't look so worried! It's a feast day, not a funeral.'

I pray my joyful brother is right.

What looked to be Dr Hanawati's letter was underneath the sandwich. It wasn't a short one either, but a good five or six pages long, and covered in stale breadcrumbs. The paper was tissue-thin and a lovely, unusual blue colour. I scanned it for a signature, which – oddly – was at the bottom of the very first page. Like most people's it was a squiggle, but I was able to recognise the 'H' at the start of the name and the 'ti' at the end, to know this was what I was looking for.

I sat down in the nearest chair. It felt strange to be about to read a dead man's letter. A bit eerie. A bit sad. But, I was intrigued to hear what he had to say.

Dear Ezra, it began,

You will know how hard it is for me to admit to being wrong, but I must tell you, your instincts regarding the Egyptian canopic jar were right all along: it does, I fear, carry a terrible curse. We should have left it in Egypt where it belongs. The death of a young boy just days after he discovered it in that queer little rock-face tomb was no accident. Nor should we have argued and fought over the jar. We were good chums, Ezra, but we let the jar breed bad feeling between us. It poisoned our friendship,

I'm sad to say.

Many years ago you told me never to darken your door again, and I respected your wish. Now I find I must communicate with you. I have important, terrible news. Neither of us knew there was anything inside the jar, did we? Yet recently I've discovered it holds a secret.

Let me explain. For years the jar stayed packed away in my attic, all but forgotten. Last month, something changed. For some unknown reason, the jar began to play on my mind, and when I retrieved it from the attic, I heard a rattling sound, indicating an object was inside. It struck me as strange that neither you nor I had heard such a sound when we brought the jar home all that time ago, in such unhappy circumstances.

On removing the lid – which took considerable effort – I found a papyrus scroll, rolled up tightly, folded and tied with a leather thong. There was also something stuffed into the base of the jar – a scrap of old linen, probably – that I couldn't dislodge.

It was the scroll that captivated my interest, and so I set about trying to translate it. The writing was hard to decipher. It wasn't the hieroglyphs I would have expected to see on an important document,

but the informal demotic Egyptian of a personal account. I spent hours – days! – at my desk, poring over this discovery. As finds go it was almost as exciting as our first sighting of the jar itself – remember that, Ezra? How we swooned when we saw it on that market stall! We could not believe Mr Carter had dismissed it as an 'insignificant' piece. How stupid he would feel now if he could read this translation. When you see whose name appears at the very start of the account, you will understand my elation.

Yet I have to warn you, my excitement was short-lived. On commencing the translation, I was overcome with a terrible feeling of dread; I can't describe it more eloquently than that. These past couple of weeks I've suffered nightmares, headaches, fevers. The doctor says it is nervous exhaustion but I know it is something more sinister, Ezra, something linked to the jar. Of course, no one believes me. My own dear wife looks at me across the dinner table each night as if I were insane. I assure you, I am not.

The jar is back in its box. I cannot bear to look at it or even have it in my study with me any more. Every day I live in fear of some nameless terror. The curse is upon me. Much more of this and I will

have to rid myself of the jar, for my safety and well-being. Perhaps I might return it to you, who always understood its power better than me?

Meanwhile, I send you what of the scroll I have translated so far: there is more to come but my progress is proving slower with what remains. You will be interested to read it, I know, and can, I hope, be of help.

Your old friend,

Selim Hanawati

I sat with my head in my hands. The letter was a lot to digest. How uncanny that Professor Hanawati had guessed something awful was going to happen to him. It made me more scared for Grandad, too, because the letter confirmed that the curse really did exist. So why, after all these years, had it started up again? And what was wrapped in linen, in the bottom of the jar? There was no mention of the hotel Grandad spoke about, either.

The remaining sheets of paper in my hand were the translation, I guessed. Grandad was right, the writing was tiny and cramped, so much so I had to move closer to the lamp to read it properly.