

Day 9 - Hours, Minutes and Seconds

Reflection

How did you go with your different ways of measuring time? Were there some that worked better than others? Did you have problems with any of them? If you had to measure something that has to go for a long time, what kind of time measurement would you choose? If you had to measure something that lasts for a short amount of time, like brushing your teeth, what would you choose? Did you think of a different way to measure time?

Book work

In your main lesson book (large red book), open up to a double page and do a border. On the first page, draw a simple sun dial and on the other page, draw some of the other clocks you have tried to make. Copy what I have written and label all the different types of clocks you draw. If you would like to add different types of clocks or timers that you tried or found in your house, that is okay. Please add these in addition to the ones I have drawn.

Write the following: The sun-dial can measure the hours throughout the day. Using the sun was the first way that people measured time, but it can't be used when there is no sun. People had to find other ways to measure time.

On a certain farm, there lived a large dog called Houser. He had long brown floppy ears, droopy eyes and was so large, he was at least the size of a miniature pony. Large as he was, he moved very, very, slowly. Houser was quite an old dog, long past his puppy years. He was never in a hurry for anything. His hunting days were over and now he simply spent his days basking in the sun, eating the food that he was given and sometimes visited other animals on the farm. Most of the time however, he preferred his own company. He was quite happy to lay on the ground and stare off into the distance, letting his thoughts drift wherever they might.

One afternoon, absorbed in his own thoughts as he often was, he padded around the courtyard, quite unaware that he was going round-and-round in circles. Eventually, a circle began to form on the ground of the dusty courtyard. High up on the roof, a grey cat looked down at the circling dog, wondering why he was going around and around. He couldn't be exercising, he was moving much too slowly. Surely, he hadn't buried a bone there and if he had, he wasn't doing much to dig it back up. Houser's nose was quite low to the ground, but he wasn't sniffing, he was simply lost in his own thoughts. Eventually, the cat had enough, it sprang down lightly to the ground and started following the dog. Large as Houser was, the Minnie was not afraid, she had watched this dog circling for so long now, she was quite certain he wouldn't bother chasing after her. "What are you doing?" asked the cat curiously. "Following these footsteps" Houser replied without really thinking and kept walking along. "Do you realise you are following your own footsteps?" Minnie replied, "aren't you getting bored? Wouldn't you prefer to spend your afternoon with friends instead of moping about the courtyard?" "Well, I don't really have any friends, but I suppose I wouldn't mind one". "I'll keep you company for a little while then" replied Minnie, but Houser moved so much slower than she was used to that she couldn't bear to follow along so slowly and so she began to race around the circle, saying a few words to him every time she overtook him. For every circle Houser walked, Minnie the cat did many, many, more.

Minnie began to tell Houser about her day and it sounded like quite a busy one. That morning itself, she had visited 10 different houses where she meowed at the door until someone opened it and gave her some milk. "I was tempted to go on" she said, "you know, the more houses that give you food the better, because sometimes they're not home or they're too lazy to open the door. But by the tenth house, I really would have burst if I had had any more milk". Houser thought that it was an awful lot of trouble to go to so many houses to get milk. He was grateful that the farmer fed him a hearty meal each day and that was enough for him. Well, Minnie spent the rest of the day walking around the town, until finally she decided to sun bake on the roof and that was when she saw Houser.

While Minnie and Houser, well, mostly Minnie chatted a little mouse peeped out from a hole in the barn and watched them with amusement. Never had he seen a cat and a dog being so friendly with one another. Sec thought of how hard it was sometimes to find fresh food for himself. Sure, there was always the compost heap, but he much preferred bread and cheese. Sec would scurry about all day perhaps to twenty or thirty houses to find the best cheeses. His was indeed a much busier day than Minnie's. Seeing Minnie and Houser being so friendly gave the little mouse an idea. If a dog and a cat could be so amicable, perhaps a cat and a mouse could be good friends too. Perhaps, he could follow Minnie around to the nice houses that give her milk and if just some of those houses would give him a little cheese too, well, that would save him running all over town. By evening, his poor little legs were sore and aching from all the running he did and he'd simply return home, hungry for more cheese. The more he thought about it, the more his little white chest puffed out with confidence. Sec scurried out of his hole and cried out "Good afternoon, my name is Sec..." but that was all he managed to say for as soon as Minnie saw Sec, she forgot all about her conversation with Houser and started chasing after the very startled little white mouse. "But I thought we could be friends" cried Sec, but Minnie like any other cat when it sees a mouse was not thinking at all, she just continued to chase. Seeing that being friends with a cat was obviously a very poor decision, Sec began to tease and taunt Minnie. Tiny as he was, he could run at the speed of lightening and if Minnie could run around Houser many times before he finished a circle, Sec could run many more times around Minnie before she finished a circle. So round and round the three animals went. By now, the horses were peering out of the stables, the pigs were grunting the birds were chirping from high in the branches and the chickens were crowding at the fence watching very intently. There was such a racket that the old farmer came out of his house to see what was going on. What he saw was a little white blur zooming around in circles in his courtyard, a grey cat madly chasing after it and his dog Houser, who continued to plod along at his own pace, barely noticing the raucous commotion going on around him.

The old farmer put two fingers in his mouth and blew a loud, piercing whistle. All the animals stopped and starred, except for Sec who promptly ran back to his hole. A hush fell over the farm and nothing could be heard, except for the soft and constant footsteps of Houser, still daydreaming in circles. "Dinner!" cried the Farmer. Houser's ears finally pricked up and his eyes shone bright. He made his way straight to the farm house, glad that he did not have to run all over town to get a good meal.