

Reception Class



After reading the story of 'The Three Bears', the children made bowls and toast for them



The Reception Class visited the Toy Museum in Brighton. They wanted to find out how old toys were different from their own toys.



Year 1

visit to the rock pools at Saltdean



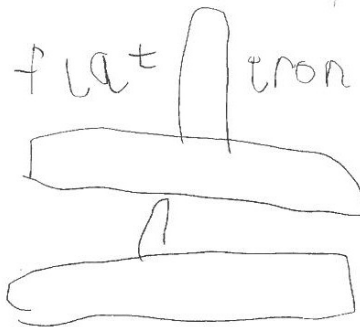
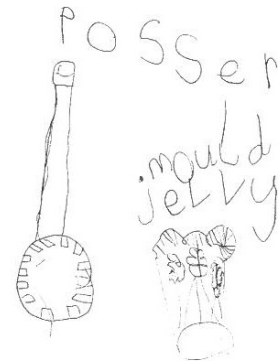
Year 1 visited Brighton Museum and handled some Victorian kitchen utensils. They made drawings and wrote a description of the utensils.

I saw a jelly mould. It is made of copper and tin. The jelly is made of fish. It has a crown and feathers on top.

Lucy D'Orsaneo, Year 1

The iron is made of metal. It is very heavy. They put the iron on the cooker.

Francesca Norris, Year 1





Year 2 program the Roamer Turtle to move within a square

Portraits and Descriptions by Year 2



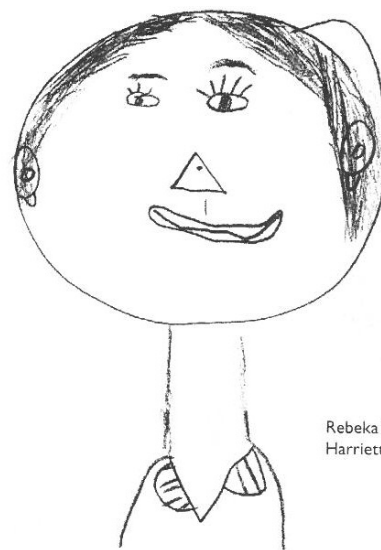
Beatrice by Maddie

THE SWIMMER

My hair is brown gold and it's dark and it's short. I read very well but I sometimes miss words out. My skin is pale pink. I play nice games and I learned to swim in Italy. I know how to swim in the pool at School.

My lips are ruby red. I do funny things. My hair is swishy. My eyebrows are fuzzy. They are creamy brown and white.

Beatricia Baynes, Year 2



Rebeka by Harriette

THE PLAYER

My nose is like a spotty ladybird. My eyes are blue and they are like a blue bird. My mouth is quite small and very red. My eyebrows are thin and sometimes I think they are gone. I like playing with my baby brother on the slide. He giggles, he, he, ha.

Rebekah Sutton, Year 2

Autumn Term 2002

Years 3 and 4 took part in a programme set up by the National Gallery. 'Take One Picture' encouraged schools to look at Uccello's 'St George and the Dragon' and make their own interpretation in a variety of media.

Years 3 and 4 recreated the painting in collage, and produced some poetry, cartoons and drama based on the painting.

Mrs H J Hawtin, Head of Junior Department

A poem about Paolo Uccello's 'St George and the Dragon'

Dragon so strong and fine
Like a knight.
You lash out at George
Trying to kill him
With your mighty great teeth.
The princess at your side.

You're waiting for George
To pull out his lance
So bright and silver
Like a beautiful snake
Suddenly!
It lashes into your heart.

Tatjana Frankland, Year 4



Year 4

MY FRIEND THE MOON.

A white bump in the night sky
 Like a giant snowball.
 Alone with an astronaut.
 Nothing but craters and rocks.
 The sun his friend always
 Behind him
 Supporting his delicate light.

His radiant beauty
 Fragile as rice paper.
 His light shines out
 His eyes and the craters
 Are like his freckles.

At the break of dawn
 The moon goes to sleep
 And the sun takes his
 Place in the day.
 I can't wait till
 Tonight to see my friend the moon.

Zara Hyde, Year 4

THE NOISY WOOD

Golden streaks of light peeping through
 To the dark wood
 Leaves colours crisp brown dark, dark, red
 gold.
 On trees, on the ground
 The lonely wood
 Quiet dark shadows
 Of tall mysterious trees
 Wind howling flowing through the wood
 Leaves crackle wind howls
 Creatures scattering on the ground
 Or in trees
 The wood is like a big big jungle
 Birds flapping their wings
 Trees' bark
 Dark black, brown
 Badgers walk back to their homes.
 In the night owls hunt for food
 Foxes hunt
 Birds fly back to their nests
 The wood is asleep.

Emma Burgess, Year 4

INSIDE THE WOOD

Dark mysterious shadows
 Overlooking the crisp golden brown
 Of the leaves hitting the ground.
 Rustling and crackling of the leaves
 As feet pass over them.
 Dappled light shining through
 The thin canopy leaves and branches
 Swaying in the gentle breeze.
 Blood rushing through my soul
 With a warm welcoming
 Wind brushing around
 The mysterious
 And peaceful
 Woodland

Lily Oakley, Year 4

WILDERNESS WOOD

The crisp gold brown leaves fall to the ground
 Spiders crawl on the leafy blanket
 The light can hardly get through
 The canopy of the branches and leaves.
 Wrens and robins sing from the distance.
 Spread their wings as far as they can go
 And flap up and down.
 Whistling wind blows the branches and leaves
 Till the light can show through for a bit.
 Then gets cut off again
 Faint voices can be heard from the distance from far away
 A gentle breeze comes to rustle
 And make quick movements from things near and far
 Flying bugs come and go
 Badger marks are left on the ground
 Bugs crawl on the blanket of leaves.

Ellis Ward, Year 4

WHAT ELIZABETH THOUGHT

I could see Mary didn't look herself.
 Her eyes were dull and puzzled
 She looked displaced and her thin hair was ragged and knotting.
 Eventually she started crying.
 Then she stopped and smiled.
 "I'm going to have the Son of God", she said.
 "It's magnificent!"
 She hugged me and said she was meeting Joseph near Judea.
 I waved goodbye and said "We've been blessed Mary"
 "We've been blessed".

Bethany Dubow, Year 4

THE MAGIC BOX

I will put in my box

My baby cousin crying
The snarl of a sniggering sabre tooth tiger
The terrible sound of a terrified turtle

I will put in my box

The sweet birds that flew in the room in Mauritius
The amazing heat of Dubai
The cry of upset babies.

I will put in my box

The sound of an elephant singing
Vegetables that are bad for you
A panther as a house pet.

My box is fashioned from
Happy memories, its hinges are made of
Family love and its lid is made of
Thousands of friendships.

In my box I shall
Go on holiday every day
And buy presents for my
Teachers every day.

Zara Hyde, Year 4

OUR BOX

I will put in my box the splash of a swimming seahorse,
Swaying seaweed by the sandy shore slowly sinking into the salty
sea.
The silent shimmering swish of a shark's tail.

Humming humming-birds hovering above a huge honeysuckle
against the Hawaiian horizon.
Tall tropical trees in the Tasmanian sky.
Crabs craftily crawling in the Californian sun.

Blue bananas going bonkers.
Popping pineapples playing the part of a panther.
Gigantic gabbling grapes growing into geese.

My box crystal clear kindness is the lid.
Its hinges heroic heroes heading up the high hill.
Its walls wonderful worlds making peace.
Its floor full of friends' friendship.

I'll windsurf the wild windy wiggly waves of wealth in my box.
Bethany Dubow and Nico Howells-Green, Year 4

Year 5**THE OWL**

The owl's eyes are always wide open
Glaring at the scattered leaves
On the floor waiting for his prey
His face has beautiful white feathers
As soft as cotton wool
His beak is a pointed as a knife
His wings are layered with white feathers
His feet clasped to the tree
Waiting to swoop down and catch his prey.

Jessica Kerrigan, Year 5

AN OWL AT DAWN

His face is chubby and round
As white as snow
Stupendous, magnificent striking eyes
Gleaming like a lamp
His wing is rough yet still smooth
Like tadpoles swimming around in a stream.
His pointy claws are like razor blades
Like sharp nails and curved like sea waves
He stares down at his dinner
He swoops silently to catch it
Clutching his prey
He returns to his tree to chew it
Swallowed in an instant.

Ciara McGrath, Year 5

SILENT OWL

His twinkly starlight graceful eyes
 Gleaming in the dark
 Trying to find the perfect prey
 To feast on through the night
 Eyes are dark as chocolate
 His face is like a snowstorm
 His head is like a carousel that
 turns around and around.
 Wings gliding through the air
 As soft as cotton wool.
 His claws are as sharp as kitchen knives
 He smells his prey getting closer
 then he swoops down and snatches
 it rapidly.
 Then feeling proud of himself
 he takes his prey home
 to feast on.

Lilli Greening, Year 5

THE MISTY HUNT

The owl's eyes are vast and gigantic!
 Shining like the misty moon,
 Helping him to hunt down animals,
 With the speed of nightfall lightning,
 A snowy heart shaped face,
 Blending into the mysterious night,
 His beak pointing down sharply,
 Like a bended strong hook,
 Picking at the ground,
 Long, round wings flapping so gently,
 As if it's cutting through the mighty
 Strong wind like sharp blades,
 Claws looking like metal,
 Ready to grab his lunch,
 The owl swoops through the air,
 Lowering every second,
 Towards the glistening lake,
 Getting closer to his prey.

Rebecca Weatherley, Year 5

THE OWL AT NIGHT

Massive, mighty marble-shaped eyes
 Glaring at everything moving in the dark, gloomy night
 The owl's glossy, shining beak
 Feasting on everything he loves to eat, snapping on the owl's
 prey with his fierce sharp beak
 His gorgeous shaped wings
 Gliding in the crisp, windy night directing him everywhere he
 wants to go, the owl swoops down on its prey
 Grabbing it from its perch
 Tearing its prey to get the lovely juicy meat
 Now the owl is happy and it flies back to his nest.

Lois Goble-Lamley, Year 5

THE MIDNIGHT PREDATOR

Wide awake, on the lookout,
 Staring focused into the woodlands
 Beady and white his eyes concentrate on the midnight wildlife.
 He's constantly turning to a rustle in the woods
 His eyes seem crystallised and frozen.

His face is shaped like a flattened heart
 A snowy glistening white always alert.

The owl's beak is hooked and curved
 It pricks into the dark, starry sky
 Appearing like they are seeded bread.
 Ready to glide off a high branch.
 Then he swoops down and catches his prey
 and clenches onto it, until the arrival at
 the hollow in an old oak tree. The Owl
 The most beautiful bird!

Tallulah Frankland, Year 5

LATE AT NIGHT

His eyes are gleaming yellow
 At night they sparkle, like stars
 As he lands on the rough floor of the
 forest his prey awaits him
 When the animals see the spotlights
 swooping down they scurry back into
 their homes.

His face is round and fluffy
 But his beak is small and pointy
 He loves to swoop around the woodlands
 Till morning cracks the sky.

His wings are giant and beady
 and his feathers look like they are covered in seeds.

His feet are hard and wrinkly
 Claws curved like a hook
 He loves to fly around the sky
 and catch his prey
 with his knived claws.

As he sways down to the tough crumbled
 floor he grasps
 His prey, a little dormouse
 But he is still hungry he needs more.

Ysabel Lancaster, Year 5

MIDNIGHT HAPPENINGS

Beautiful eyes as the moonlight twinkles
 Watching in the woodland intense and bold
 A huge flat face.
 Crisp and white like satin sheets
 The sky blazing like a white fire
 On the owl's attentive face.
 Amazing wings spread out like angels
 Swooping gracefully down
 Only making calm movements
 Claws out at the ready
 Knowing the only thing to think of was its prey
 As quiet as a mouse
 Planning when to triumphantly hurtle down
 Toward its worthwhile trophy.

Julia Hollis, Year 5



THE NIGHT HUNTER

It was a moonlit night and her vast beetle amber eyes,
 Shone brightly like the stars.
 Her hooked-like beak as keen as a blade
 The snowy colour around her amber eyes.
 She clicks her beak
 at a sound of a rustle and turns her head
 Her wings flap gracefully.
 Gliding along with the wind rustling her feathers
 Suddenly she turns and hurtles to the ground
 Her sharp hooked-like claws open,
 As she spreads her wings out wide
 And reaches for the forest floor,
 She grabs a mouse and soars back into the sky.
 Back in her nest she feeds it to her young.

Sarah Arak, Year 5

THE PREDATOR

Huge, beady, massive, round
 eyes flickering lightly in the moonlight.
 Glowing slightly as the owl turns
 looking for a woodland.
 Beak as sharp as snapping
 Scissors shining light searching
 out its prey.
 As it circles the night.
 Wings spread as it soars through
 the air.
 Hazelnut brown like a bristled brush.
 Landing suddenly with a flutter
 of its feathers.
 As it snatches a mouse.
 Face shaped like a squashed
 heart.
 Gobbles up the mouse greedily
 Like the predator it is.
 Moon glows darkly as the owl
 swoops past it.

Sofia Bodger, Year 5

THE HUNTER

Mighty, marble eyes
 To stare around the sky
 Twinkling here and there
 His curved face spins around gently
 Bobbing up and down
 As he goes
 The snow-white colour of his face
 Is noticed wherever he goes
 His beak so stubby
 But as sharp as a needle
 Curved like a hook
 It suddenly snatches up his prey
 Wings so gently flapping
 In the calm, cold wind
 The grey, brown colour of the outer wing
 But inside the glistening white
 You see again
 The hooked claws
 As sharp as blades
 Swoop down speedily
 And grab the prey
 The owl swoops down
 with widely spread out wings
 And grabs the dormouse greedily
 When the owl is back in his nest
 He chews it
 Like he's never eaten before
 The magnificent owl
 A bird of prey.

Holly Welsh, Year 5

AT NIGHT

Gleaming eyes like starlight
 Glistening eyes like moon
 Black gleaming eyes
 Heart-shaped face
 The colour of pure white
 Soft and furry like a bear
 Curved beak
 Jagged for their prey
 Pointy as a dart
 Sharp as a razor.
 Beautiful wings spread out
 Getting ready to fly
 White wings with brown patches
 and spots of black.
 A mouse scampering on the ground
 Then swoosh the barn owl catches
 the mouse.

Tiffany Ip, Year 5

THE OWL FROM THE HOLLOW TREE

His face is shaped like a heart,
 As white as snow his delicate fur
 Eyes, wide open, willing to hunt at night
 His wings are like splintered wood
 The colour of crisp golden leaves
 His claws are pointed like a nail
 Ready to grab his prey
 He silently glides around at night
 When he hears or sees some movement
 He stops
 And descends rapidly
 He clasps his prey into his hooked claws
 And swoops back up to his hollow tree
 Waiting for more movement
 In the dark woodlands.

Frederica Prescott, Year 5

MIDNIGHT FEAST

Twisting, turning, fawny face
 Heart-like head
 Piercing beak
 Beady eyes
 Gleaming eyes
 Searching for his prey
 Like a ball frozen in the sky
 Long slender wings
 Feather by feather they fit together
 Chocolate-brown feathers
 Seed-like grey
 Lots of different layers
 His piercing talons grip anything
 Tearing it slowly to bits
 It swoops silently across the pitch-black sky
 As it spots a treat
 Unaware of its presence.

Ella Fallon, Year 5



THE OWL

Wide magnificent sparkling eyes.
 Within a round feathered head
 Glaring into wilderness,
 The head swivels right round
 Feathers are all over him
 Golden ...
 He perches in the barn
 His beak is as sharp as a shiny new fishing hook
 And his talons are as sharp as needles
 They are ready to clasp his unsuspecting prey
 Massive wings stretch 2 metres across
 Brown-golden mustard colour
 He spreads out his wings
 Glides down
 He opens out his talons
 Lines up his prey
 Swoop! Yes, he's got a fox cub
 He takes off and heads home
 To feed on his catch.

Amy Martin, Year 5

Year 5

Weather Poems

WIND

As the sun rises on a cold and frosty morning,
the mist wafts about the air
covering buildings like
a tidal-wave flooding a
beach.
As the day carries
on the mist fades away,
then a big storm of whistling
wind blows through the
trees and windows
sounding like howling coyotes.

Lois Goble-Lamley, Year 5

SNOW

As snow drifts down from
the sky peacefully,
the blizzard is on its way.
Children get excited and run outside
to play.
As the storm calms
down everything is white,
but little tiny snowflakes
are still left in sight.
As the snow hits the ground
it sounds like a leaking pipe
Plip plop, drip drop.

Lois Goble-Lamley, Year 5

SNOW

Soft, soft snow waltzing down the street
Wafting in a slow dance, drifting to the
ground.
Settling on the pavement
Forming a sparkling white heap over the gutter.

Now it's starting to plunge into a deep puddle
It is dropping fiercely
It's blustering our houses until it gets caught
By crashing into windows.

Now the snow has settled and changed
Into a sunbeam
Making icicles drop
and causing the glory of snow
To be finished and disappear.

Tallulah Frankland, Year 5

MIST

I can just see the rugged sea through the mist,
Peeking through the chalky atmosphere,
Splashing against the crumbled rocks like
ice splintering on a chisel.
Mist, flooding around me like a silk blanket
Swirling as it wraps around my body.

Frederica Prescott, Year 5

WIND

Wind blasting at my face,
Stinging my eyes as it blows
Trees falling down all so suddenly around,
The wind whistling as it howls,
Plant pots smashing as they fall,
Soil everywhere,
Look outside, the sea's so rough,
And seagulls hanging in the air.

Frederica Prescott, Year 5

MIST

The mist swirled around and around
Like a twister that has just been set loose
Seeming to push against everything
Trying to make it move
The mist blundered into a white foamy fog
Suddenly it spun and dived into the sea.

Ella Fallon, Year 5

WIND

The wind whistled past my ears and seemed
to racket through my brain
It tore leaves off the scrawny trees and threw
them about until they were cracked and battered.

Pounding windows
Crashing roofs
Thundering frames
It seemed to howl like a coyote
Billboards crashing down and killing people
I pushed my way against the wind trying to move
The wind rushed around the houses and knocked
chimney pots off them.

Ella Fallon, Year 5

Year 6

THE PEACEFUL WOOD

Shafts of sunlight peer through the entwined branches – arms of kings guarding from the outside world. Bracken crunches and leaves quiver in the gentle breeze.

Scuffling squirrels and mice scamper through ferns seeking fallen acorns and seeds.

Birds chirrup while butterflies flit, their delicate wings lifting them from flower to flower.

Talitha Dubow, Year 6

THE EERIE FOREST

Trees looming over me, like witches cackling, tearing my clothes. Twigs snapping beneath my feet making me jump, slugs and snails, munching gungy green leaves, crawling up my muddy trainers. Thorn bushes smirking, laughing coldly when I trip over the thick roots sticking up out of the ground. The smell of rotten leaves, a scattered compost heap. The dark blue stream trickling, blocking my path, the reflection of the misty moon upon it.

A chill down my spine. Something creeping closer, I can sense it.

A dark shape brushes past my leg.
'It's only a mouse.'

'No, that can't be it. I can definitely hear breathing.'

I look in all directions, panicking.

'If I run I'll fall into the river.'

A bony hand grabs my shoulder, pulls me back into the darkness.....

Lauren Howells-Green, Year 6

THE PEACEFUL WOOD

Birds swoop gently over low branches of swaying oak trees.

The crystal clean water of the stream flows softly.

Flowers silently creak open for their first breath of fresh spring air.

A warm sun glistening over the hilltops.

Honeysuckle and flowers blooming in the crisp air, mixing with the smell of ripe fruit and berries.

Smooth ground of yellow and green grass feels soothing as it gently passes across the soles of your bare feet.

Tree barks are smooth and gentle.

Soft thuds of animal paws as they wander around.

Baby animals are being born, opening their eyes to look at the world before them.

Little insects flying around with no care in the world.

As it turns to evening, young snuggle down in the soft armchair of a mother's lap.

Clare Calder, Year 6

THE THING

A crisp, cold breeze blows our hair. Our feet crunch and squelch into the leaves and mud. It's as though we are following the shivers creeping down our spines.

"Lucy!" I cry, "Where are you?"

The only reply a high-pitched breathing: "Heeee!"

"Heeee!" It's coming closer I can tell ...

Trees like spying monsters bend over me, swaying in the icy wind.

Even in gloves my fingers are numb.

Something pulls me back and runs to hide beside a tree.

"Lucy? Is that you?"

I walk cautiously towards the black shape.

"Heee"

I freeze.

Coldness scratches my cheek.

I fall backwards onto hard stones, the thing looming over me,
an eagle
watching its prey.

I can't look.

I shut my eyes tight.

I hear a thud.

All I can see is darkness.

A terrifying scream cuts the air.

"Lucy?" ...

Georgia Crumpton, Year 6

BIRD, OH BIRD

Bird, oh bird, how sweet, how soft,

Flying so high in the sky, soaring, swooping,

Flying so high bird, oh bird.

So innocent, so pure trying to fly so high.

Bird, oh bird, how many colours do you have

Orange, blue, green and red,

Bird, oh bird, master of the sky,

Even through the unpleasant days still

We see the beautiful colours.

Canitta Hart, Year 6

THE TIME MACHINE

Cally stood stock-still, she had no idea where she was, if she could get back or if she was actually dreaming. She pinched herself just to make sure she wasn't dreaming. Cally spun around quickly. The singing had stopped and the mirror . . . well, it had vanished.

There was a door at the other end of the room. It was a white-painted, wooden door which blended in well with the cream, honey-coloured walls and rectangular windows, about four altogether, spaced evenly around the room.

Cally walked cautiously across the wooden planks towards the door. The door led onto a street which looked like a tornado had swept through it recently. Houses were crushed, bricks strewn across the road, trees uprooted and half the road was flooded.

Suddenly, a burst of quiet singing erupted from the building next door to the one Cally had just stepped out of. She stepped into the building and sidled into the room from which the singing came. She scanned the faces to see if she could recognise anyone. There were at least ten children and a teacher, one hand firmly gripped on a cane and the other writing sums on a blackboard.

One child noticed Cally and turned round to face her. Cally's heart missed a beat, because facing her in that chair was her own mum. She had the same olive-coloured face, hazel brown eyes and long black hair. Cally had no idea what was going on, but she figured that, somehow, she had gone back in time to when her parents had been at school. So her dad must have been somewhere in this school too.

Cally left the school and ran back next door into the room with the mirror. She tried vainly to enter the mirror again, but it had turned back into solid glass.

She ran out quickly and began to sob. She was crying so much she didn't see where she was going and ran smack bang into a man. "What the - ? Oh, youths today don't take any notice of where they put their feet!" he cried. "P-please sir. Can you help me find my way back home? Only, I'm not from around here. I'm . . . well, I'm from the future!" sobbed Cally. "From the future? Well I never . . . Well dearie, you are in luck. I just finished building my time machine and you can be the first to try it out. My name is Professor Vaughn."

"Well, thank you, Professor Vaughn. I'm Cally." "Follow me, Cally! You will be back in no time!" cried Professor Vaughn enthusiastically.

They rounded the corner, and there in front loomed a tall, wide barn which had puffs of smoke emerging from the roof. Once inside, Professor Vaughn lifted off a sheet and revealed his marvellous time machine. It was like one of the carts used in Victorian times without the horses, with a big tank on the back, which was emitting puffs of smoke.

"Well, step in! What are you waiting for?" asked Professor Vaughn. Cally stepped in and looked at the controls in front of her. "Right. In here, you put the year you want to go to and in here the time. Good luck, Cally, off you go!" shouted Professor Vaughn above the noise of the tank. "OK, so Year 2003. Time, hmm . . . 13:15" muttered Cally to herself. Suddenly smoke encased them and there was a flash of light before Cally was whisked off. "Goodbye Professor Vaughn, thank you!" Cally managed to shout. There were flashes of light smoke and a whirring sound and Cally found herself lying on her bed just in time to hear the front door bell ring.

Alyson Parkes, Year 6

SIMILES BY YEAR 6J

My big sister Joy is like a teddy bear
But however sometimes she can be
like a tree standing firm in the ground.

Sarah Flatt

My mum is like a comforting bed with
silk sheets for her skin and a bouncy personality.

Hollie Clarke

Mrs Bonner is like a fun, happy whirlpool.

Hollie Clarke

My mum is like a beanbag you can cuddle up with.

Alyson Parkes

My sister is like a kettle as she has no sense of humour and
gets hot and flustered.

Phoebe Maskey

My mum is like a big fluffy pillow although she can be as
strong as a wooden table.

Canitta Hart

My mum is like a bed that I can
curl up and sleep on.

Eloise Hordell-Welton

CONKERS GO BONKERS

It sits in its shell like green slimy pond weed,
When it finally drops, millions fall,
Children rush to pick them up,
They rip the holder off.
Finally they drop it, but what a shame
The cane comes down as fast as wind
Oh the life of a conker.

Eloise Hordell-Welton and Alyson Parkes, Year 6

THE MAGNIFICENT ANIMAL

As the long-necked animal strolls through the African plains,
 It wobbles slightly as it reaches for leaves from the high trees.
 Its manner is as calm as water in the drying water pool.
 The proud, exotic creature vulnerable to the hunter,
 Oblivious to its unknown danger as if it were blind.
 Its gangling, stick-like legs step over innocent animals
 Lifting brownish dust as it goes.
 Its tail flickers buzzing flies away, as the yellow,
 blinding sun beats down.
 It lowers its slender neck to drink from the mucky liquid,
 Sends out ripples as its tongue touches the warm refreshing
 fluid.
 The tall, spotted, giraffe, elegant above the rest.

Gabbie Savell-Stewart, Year 6

THE PREY

The prowler spies on the innocent victim, the prey,
 He sneaks low below the tip of the grass and foggy mist,
 As quick as a flash he lets loose his deadly spring,
 His powerful jaws snap hungrily at the antelope,
 At the end of the deadly feast he leaves nothing but
 broken bones laying on the grass,
 For next time the lion's near, beware, beware
 Beware, beware.

Hollie Clarke, Year 6

ELEPHANT

Lolloping through the wilderness,
 Flattening anything that dares
 Get in the way of his monstrous feet.
 Gullumphing on the sandy plains
 A poacher after him please, oh please
 His trumpet blows
 Letting the rest of the elephants know.

A gunshot fires,
 Beware, Oh beware
 The poachers are after you
 Beware beware
 He plods on with the last of his breath
 He flops down on the ground dead.

Sarah Flatt, Year 6

ZEBRA'S STRIPES

Black and white

Cheetah's eyes glimmer so bright,
 You can see them shining even
 on the darkest night.

Buffalo lonely and quiet,
 Thinking of his life on a constant diet.

Hairy monkeys go ha, hoo, ha, hoo,
 They were swinging from tree to tree
 Two by two.

Elephants heavy, fat and rude,
 Always in a big, bad mood.

Phoebe Maskey, Year 6

ANIMALS

Every time I go to the zoo,
 I like to see zebras.
 They have got black and white stripes,
 Like a watermelon!

Giraffes are very tall, how can you wash them?
 To wash the stomach, you need a long mop.
 To wash the neck, you need to climb on a high ladder.

I am a big hippo, if you see me,
 You will be scared.
 Because of my big mouth.

Elephant, elephant, you are big,
 Huge back, sweet face, plus big ears,
 A pretty tail and a long nose, with its shower head.

Lion, lion, tell me, why you like to race with other animals.

Romana Amato, Year 6

HOW DO YOU SEE HIPPOS?

Hippos are graceful awesome giants.
If you watch them swimming in water,
Perhaps you will think they are ugly,
Perhaps you will think they are gross,
On the other hand I think they are serene,
So choose what you think about hippos.

Are you afraid of hippos?
Really, there is nothing to fear,
Even though its mouth is huge.

Greenery is a hippo's favourite dish,
Really it will not eat you,
Although it could kill you,
Could you walk up to a hippo?
Even I could not,
For if you disturb them you could get a nasty shock
Usually hippos just waddle around,
Land walking is not a hippo's most graceful motion.

Claire Thring, Year 6

SLOWLY, SLOWLY

Slowly, slowly,
The hippo walks,
He's hungry, ever so hungry,
He spots his food by the water's edge,
Small and thin,
Black and red, with punk-styled hair.

Slowly, slowly,
He lumbers towards the edge,
His ginormous mouth opens up wide,
Cautiously, slowly, he plods up close,
As quick as a flash, he gobbles his food,
Chewing, munching, tearing his food,
Before you know it, he's back in the water,
Peeking out,
Waiting patiently for his food.

Alyson Parkes, Year 6

THE GIRAFFE AND I

I walk in a striding motion,
Through the Savannah plains,
High above the others chewing and munching,
At trees.

When I rest for the night I am still
And listen to the gentle breeze,
Blowing and rustling the leaves.

I am alerted in the middle of the night,
I hear a piercing scream,
I wake up and find myself lying in my bed!

So what could have been that piercing scream?
Thoughts running through my head.
Then Dad comes in and says,
Come on get ready and this is what I said.

Dad I had this dream, this very,
Confusing dream, I dreamed I was a giraffe.
My Dad sat down and looked at me,
And really began to laugh!

Eloise Hordell-Welton, Year 6



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Achievements 2002/2003

Junior Department

Art Prize

Georjana Clarke

Creative English Cup

Eloise Hordell-Welton

Jean Gray DT Shield

Year 3

Mansell Cup for Music

Sarah Flatt

Baker Cup for Mathematics

Laura Lansdale

Music Prize

Holly Welsh

PSA Progress Cup

Sarah Arak

Senior School

AWARDS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

Year 7

Academic Scholarships

Clare Calder
Talitha Dubow
Zara Powell
Claire Stokes
Catherine Tait

Honorary Academic Scholarships

Hannah Cane
Alyson Parkes

Art Scholarship

Domenique Duplain

Sports Exhibitions

Ashleigh Robertson
Claire Stokes

Drama Exhibition

Eloise Hordell-Welton

Year 12

Sixth Form Academic Scholarships

Fiona Barley
Stephanie Baxter
Yu Ting (Tina) Fong
Julia Fortune
Rebecca Marchant

Honorary Sixth Form Academic Exhibition

Nicola Johnson

Sixth Form Business Studies Exhibition

Chun-Yan (Fiona) Ho

Sixth Form Music Scholarship

Selina Austin

Honorary Sixth Form Sports Scholarship

Charlotte Ridge

Heather Ford Sports Bursary

Charlotte Ridge

PRIZE LIST

Year 7

Year Prizes

Anna Grown
Bethany Hancock
Vivian Lord
Ruth Griffiths

Progress Prizes

Jessica Taylor
May Turner

Junior Music Prize

Anna Grown

Award for Contribution to the Life of the School in Year 7

Sidonie Williams

Year 8

Year Prizes

Claire MacNeill
Larissa Huber
Sze-kei (Claudia) Ching
Harriet Butterworth

Progress Prizes

Marisa Amato
Laura Thompson
Sophie Leak
Charlotte Leak
Peta Golding

Award for Contribution to the Life of the School in Year 8

Sze-kei (Claudia) Ching
Abbey Gibbons

Year 9

Year Prizes

Naomi Pine
Rachel Strong
Kitty Brandon-James
Georgina Bennett

Anna Millyard Prize for Exceptional Progress

Lok Ting (Carol) Pau

Progress Prizes

Min (Minnie) Huang
Mira Patel
Olivia Antoniadou

Miranda Graham Shakespeare Shield

Natalie Audley

Special Award in Art and Design Technology

Chia-Chia (Gina) Ou

Junior Art Prize

Min (Minnie) Huang

Junior Physical Education Cup for Achievement

Rebecca Ridge

Year 10

Year Prizes

Siu Man (Shirley) Mok
Katherine Lower

Progress Prizes

Sheida Besozzi
Xia Yan (Kitty) Zhang
Emma Wilkins
Kwai Yee (Sally) So
Rosalie McBride

Science and Mathematics Prize

Siu Man (Shirley) Mok

Emelia Papadamou Shield for Progress in English

Michelle Mezny

Prize for Progress in English as a Second Language

Xia Yan (Kitty) Zhang

The Cole Award for Musical Contribution by a Boarder

Kiu Kiu (Shealfiin) Chan
Siu Man (Shirley) Mok

Award for Contribution to the Life of the School in Year 10

Siu Man (Shirley) Mok
Josie Latham

Year 11

Richenda Todd Cup for Best Results at GCSE

Julia Fortune

Outstanding Achievement at GCSE

Rebecca Marchant

Overall Achievement at GCSE

Charlotte Ridge

Special Achievement at GCSE

Lydia Colasurdo

Effort and Achievement at GCSECharlotte North
Yu Ting (Tina) Fong**Jack Williamson Prize for Improvement in Mathematics**

Charlotte North

The Friends of St Mary's Hall Technology Prize

Katrina Stalker

Senior Physical Education Cup for Achievement

Charlotte Ridge

Senior Physical Education Cup for Effort and Improvement

Stephanie Baxter

Award for Contribution to the Life of the School in Year 11

Charlotte Ridge

Year 12

Elliott Prize for General ProgressWing-Shan (Queenie) See
Chor Kiu (Sara) Tsui
Yu Ye (Joyce) Lu
Yisi (Mary) Dai**Prizes for Effort and Achievement**Anna Mojab
Tsz Sum (Ada) Luk
Chang (Jennifer) Shan
Jia (Tina) Liu**Natalie Bloom Symposium Cup**Esi Essel-Koomson
Alaina Belameh
Katie Beves**The Young Enterprise Special Achievement Award (Oki Doki)**

Soo-Kyoung (Soo) Baek

Award for Contribution to the Life of the School in Year 12

Soo-Kyoung (Soo) Baek

Year 13

Outstanding Achievement at A LevelSarah Johnson
Lin Qian
Maria Redman
Atousa Saddighzadeh
Rokhsana Saddighzadeh**Overall Achievement at A Level**

Ka-Yan (Ada) Cho

Special Achievement at A Level

Charlotte Bishop

Prize for Effort and Achievement at A Level

Cheryl Hughes

Philippa Graham Classical Languages Shield

Maria Redman

Special Award for Achievement in Religious Studies

Sonia Vincent-Gill

Senior Music Prize

Maria Redman

Senior Art Prize

Charlotte Bishop

Bishop Award for Contribution to Drama

Joy Flatt

Award to the Co-ordinator of School Guides

Charlotte Bishop

Senior Server's Award

Sarah Johnson

Head of Boarding Award

Mona (Azlin) Dato Alimin

Head Girl's Award

Kuukua Essel-Koomson

Award for Contribution to the Life of the School in Year 13

Sarah Johnson

DESTINATIONS OF SIXTH FORM STUDENTS 2003Saphy Ali
Neda Rahbar Baharan
Charlotte Bishop
Wai Yee (Joey) Cheung
Ka Yan (Ada) Cho
Mona (Azlin) Dato Alimin
Philippa de Boissiere
Kuukua Essel-Koomson
Joy Flatt
Laura Gibbons
Claire Hart
Jennifer Hasson
Mu Zi (Hazel) Ho
Cheryl Hughes
Sarah Johnson
Larissa Kanagalingam
Trang Nguyen
Lin Qian
Maria Redman
Atousa Saddighzadeh
Rokhsana Saddighzadeh
Phuong Trieu
Sonia Vincent-Gill
Zulekhha Waheed
Emma Watkins
Bing Yin (Carmen) WongGap Year
Greenwich
Queen Mary College
Manchester Metropolitan
LSE
Greenwich
King's College
Kent
Kingston
Gap Year
Kingston
Brighton
Liverpool
Surrey
Durham
Gap Year
City University
LSE
Trinity College London
Leeds
Bristol
Imperial College
Durham
Queen Mary College
Oxford Brookes
WestminsterInternational Business
Performing Arts (deferred entry)
Hospitality Management
Actuarial Science
Law
Classics & Law
Statistics
Drama

Media, Cultural Studies with Drama
Health & Fitness Management (deferred entry)
Accounting
Law with European Studies
Mathematics

Banking & International Finance
Economics
Music
Law and French (deferred entry)
Maths and Computer Science (deferred entry)
Chemical Engineering
French
Biology
Business Management & Philosophy
Commercial Law

A LEVEL PASSES 2003

Saphy Ali	English C, Theatre Studies B, Classical Civilisation C
Neda Rahbar Baharan	Accounting E, Business Studies E, Persian A
Charlotte Bishop	Art A, Business Studies B, Theatre Studies A
Wai Yee (Joey) Cheung	Accounting E, Further Mathematics D, Mathematics B
Ka Yan (Ada) Cho	Accounting B, Further Mathematics A, Mathematics A
Mona (Azlin) Dato Alimin	Classical Civilisation D, English C, Law D
Philippa de Boissiere	Classical Civilisation C, English A, French B
Kuukua Essel-Koomson	Business Studies D, Mathematics C, Physics D
Joy Flatt	Classical Civilisation B, English B, Theatre Studies B
Laura Gibbons	Business Studies C, History D, Law D
Claire Hart	Business Studies D, Law C, Theatre Studies B
Jennifer Hasson	Business Studies C, English B, History D
Mu Zi (Hazel) Ho	Chinese A, Law A, Mathematics B, Physics D
Cheryl Hughes	English C, Law B, Religious Studies B
Sarah Johnson	Further Mathematics A, Mathematics A, Physics A
Larissa Kanagalingam	English B, Mathematics A
Mei-ki (Maggie) Lam	Chinese B, Mathematics C, A/S Further Mathematics E
Trang Nguyen	Accounting C, Further Mathematics A, Mathematics A
Lin Qian	Further Mathematics A, Mathematics A, Physics A
Maria Redman	English A, French A, Latin B, Music A
Atousa Saddighzadeh	French A, Mathematics A, Spanish A
Rokhsana Saddighzadeh	French A, Mathematics A, Spanish A
Phuong Trieu	Chemistry C, Further Mathematics A, Mathematics A
Sonia Vincent-Gill	Classical Civilisation B, Religious Studies A, Spanish B
Zulekhha Waheed	Biology C, Chemistry C, Physics D
Emma Watkins	Business Studies C, Classical Civilisation C, English C
Bing Yin (Carmen) Wong	Chinese A, Law B, Mathematics B, Physics D

GCSE RESULTS 2003

An asterisk indicates an A & A* Grade – Grades A B and C only are listed

Olugbeminyi Ajayi	9
Lucy Antram	9***
Selina Austin	9*****
Fiona Barley	9*****
Stephanie Baxter	9*****
Lauren Byrne	9***
Kirsty Cameron-Clarke	8
Pui-Yue Chan	5*
Isabel Chapman	7
Lin Xi Cheng	4*
Pui Man Chu	5
Lydia Colasurdo	8*
Alexandria Conn	9*
Laura Davies	9
Yu Ting Fong	7*****
Julia Fortune	9*****
Chun Yan Ho	6*
Yifei Hong	7*****
Neallie Howard	9**
Elizabeth Johns	9*****
Nicola Johnson	9*****
Ami Kondo	4*
Rebecca Labertouche	6
Yuen Man Lau	6**
Rebecca Marchant	9*****
Christelle McCracken	9*****
Vashikeh Miller	9*
Rachel Nicholas	9*
Charlotte North	9*
Huong Pham	5*
Hui-Yeung Poon	6**
Charlotte Ridge	9*****
Katrina Stalker	9*****
Alexandra Stuart-Hutcheson	9*****
Sha Sha Sun	4*
Anna Vincent-Gill	9*****
Vusisizwe Tebe	9
Georgina Tunbridge	4
Suk-han Wan	6*
Ka-Wai Wong	4*

GCSE IN YEAR 10

Kiu Kiu (Shealfiin) Chan	1*
Hoi Yee (Candice) Cheung	1*
Yi Chu (Esther) Hu	1*
Pui Shan (Maggie) Lok	1*
Ka Yan (Gigi) Mak	1*
Siu Man (Shirley) Mok	1*
Kwai Yee (Sally) So	1*
Chung Wun (Vanessa) Wong	1*
Xia Yan (Kitty) Zhang	1*

COMPUTER LITERACY AND INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY

Sophia Akram	Rebecca Kanagalingam	Kwai Chi (Danielle) So
Christine Barclay	Sophie Kent	Kwai Yee (Sally) So
Sheida Besozzi	Josie Latham	Michelle Smith
Kiu Kiu (Shealfiin) Chan	Po Yi Lee	Helena Yazdian-Tehrani
Hoi Yee (Candice) Cheung	Victoria Lefeue	Emily Ward
Amy Cowen	Jia (Tina) Liu	Lauren Whyte
Laura Davies	Pui Shan (Maggie) Lok	Jasmine Wighton
Keli Farkas	Katherine Lower	Emma Wilkins
Rachel Flatt	Ka Yan (Gigi) Mak	Leonora Woolgar
Sarah Harman	Rosalie McBride	Linqiao (Hatley) Yang
Tyla Head	Siu Man (Shirley) Mok	
Rosie Holman-Nicholas	Natalie Paddenburg	

**ASSOCIATED BOARD OF
THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC**
Grade 8

Siu Man (Shirley) Mok, piano Merit
Maria Redman, singing Pass
Ka Yan (Ada) Cho, piano

Grade 7

Corolla Tsui, piano Pass

Grade 6

Charlotte Ridge- flute Pass

Grade 5

Hoi Yee (Candice) Cheung, piano Distinction
Ching Ying (Ruby) Ho, piano Merit
Katherine Lower, theory
Kiu Kiu (Shealfiin) Chan, trumpet Pass
Rachel Flatt, violin
Rosie Holman-Nicholas, piano
Rosie Holman-Nicholas, flute
Katherine Lower, flute
Naomi Pine, piano
Wing Hei (Gloria) Wong, piano
Corolla Tsui, piano

Grade 4

Emma Wilkins, piano Distinction
Vivian Lord, guitar Merit
Christine Barclay, clarinet Pass
Kitty Brandon-James, saxophone
Mu Zi (Hazel) Ho, singing

Grade 3

Amadea Hills, clarinet Pass
Larissa Huber, clarinet
Josie Latham, clarinet
Pui Yu (Pinkie) Lau, piano
Ka Yan (Gigi) Mak, violin
Naomi Pine, singing

Grade 2

Anna Growsns, singing Merit
Lok Ting (Carol) Pau, guitar
Georgina Bennett, piano Pass
Sophie Bowles, singing
Tsz Kwan (Alice) Cheng, piano
Long Ting (Monica) Cheung, piano
Po Yi Lee, guitar
Michelle Mezny, flute
Sabine van der Sande, clarinet
Sidonie Williams, piano
Suet Kwan (Karen) Yu, piano

Grade 1

Vivian Lord, piano Distinction
Jessica Gordon-Hall, flute Pass
Jessica Hancock, violin

**GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF
MUSIC AND DRAMA**
Grade 4

Kwai Yee (Sally) So, drum kit Merit
Kiu Kiu (Shealfiin) Chan, drum kit

**NEW ERA ACADEMY OF SPEECH
AND DRAMA**
English as a Second Language
Gold Award

Wing-Shan (Queenie) See Distinction

Silver Award

Wing-Shan (Queenie) See Distinction

Bronze Award

Wing-Shan (Queenie) See Pass

Intermediate Grade Level 2

Soo-Kyoung (Soo) Baek Pass

Senior Level Grade 1

Soo-Kyoung (Soo) Baek Distinction

**STAGE TECHNIQUE
(Acting Duologue)**
Silver Medal

Selina Austin/Charlotte Ridge Honours

Bronze Medal

Selina Austin/Charlotte Ridge Pass

Grade 9

Nicola Johnson/Anna Vincent-Gill Distinction
Georgina Bennett/Kitty Brandon-James Pass

Grade 8

Brittany Lock/Zara Miller Distinction

Grade 7

Brittany Lock/Zara Miller Distinction
Natalie Audley/Georgia Rushton Distinction
Kitty Brandon-James/Georgina Bennett Pass

Grade 6

Natalie Paddenburg/
Charlotte Ward-Caddle Distinction
Larissa Huber/
Laura Thompson Distinction
Natalie Audley/Georgia Rushton Distinction
Abigail Williams/Emma Frew Pass

Grade 5

Ashley Tomlinson/Daniella Woudman Pass
Larissa Huber/Laura Thompson Pass

Grade 4

Keli Farkas/Sarah Harman Honours

Grade 3

Sinead Barnes/Stefanie Brooks Pass

Grade 2

Sophie Bowles/Rosina Campbell Pass

**STAGE TECHNIQUE
(Acting Solo)**
Grade 9 Advanced

Claire Hart Distinction

Grade 6

Amadea Hills Distinction

Grade 5

Claire Hart Distinction
Lucie Sherwood Distinction
Naomi Pine Pass

Grade 3

Rosalind Caldwell Honours
Jessica Gordon-Hall Pass

SPEECH AND DRAMA
Grade 6

Naomi Pine Distinction

Junior Medal

Amadea Hills Pass

**ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE.
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
PRELIMINARY ENGLISH TEST**

Hiu Lam (Phyllis) Chan Pass
Tsz Kwan (Alice) Cheng Pass
Yuk Ting (Zita) Cheung Pass
Tse Ching (Elizabeth) Chow Pass
Ka-Yu (Rita) Fong Pass
Ching Ying (Ruby) Ho Pass
Nga Lai (Kaori) Lao Pass
Huijun (Jenny) Li Pass
Jingting (Ivy) Mai Pass
Ka Yan (Gigi) Mak Pass
Wing Yi (Emily) Ng Pass
Jia Yi (Christine) Wang Pass
Ka Wai (Rita) Wong Pass
Wing Hei (Gloria) Wong Pass
Xia Yan (Kitty) Zhang Pass
Lin Xi (Lindsey) Cheng Merit
Guxia Hong Merit
Yi Chu (Esther) Hu Merit
Min (Minnie) Huang Merit
Chia-Chia (Gina) Ou Merit
Yee-Ting (Kathy) Wong Merit

**FIRST CERTIFICATE
IN ENGLISH**

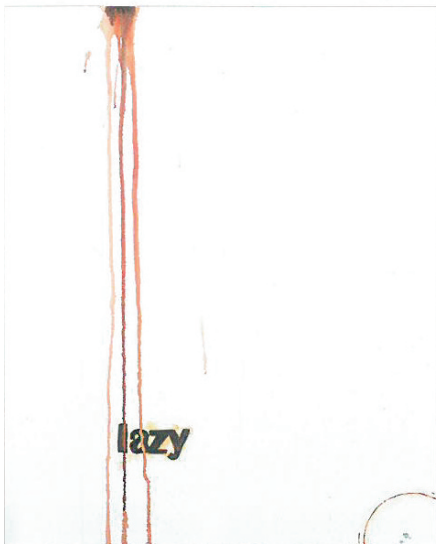
Ami Kondo
Yi Yan (Priscilla) Koo
Yuen Man (Amy) Lau
Huong (Carol) Pham
Chang (Jennifer) Shan
Suk-han (Suki) Wan
Wai Sum (Christine) Wan



Vanity

The Seven Deadly Sins

by Charlotte Bishop, Year 13



Sloth



Avarice



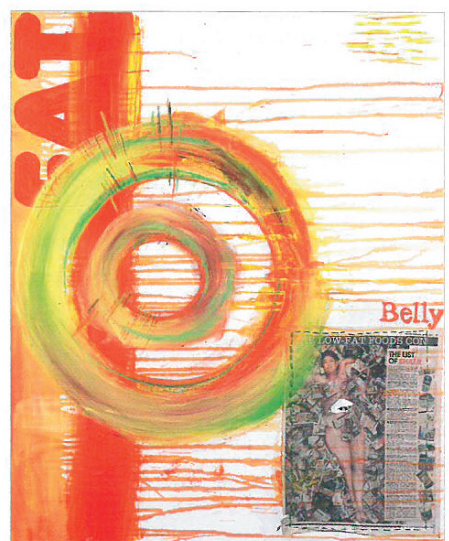
Lust



Wrath



Envy



Gluttony