

News from Gloucester

Mrs Jill Winterton joined the department in September to help with the Reception Class in the afternoons and to organise the after-school care for the younger children. The children enjoy her sessions very much indeed and can be seen going home clutching something precious they have made with her. Mrs Winterton seems to have an endless supply of creative ideas and the children have settled happily in her capable hands.

Still on the subject of after-school activities, the Thursday Club continues with an enthusiastic group of children. They have enjoyed crafts such as papier maché, modelling with dough and clay, weaving, puppet making, cookery and collage, as well as indoor hockey and games. Ballet classes now take place after school on Monday and Tuesday and several children are participating in Miss Whatling's lessons.

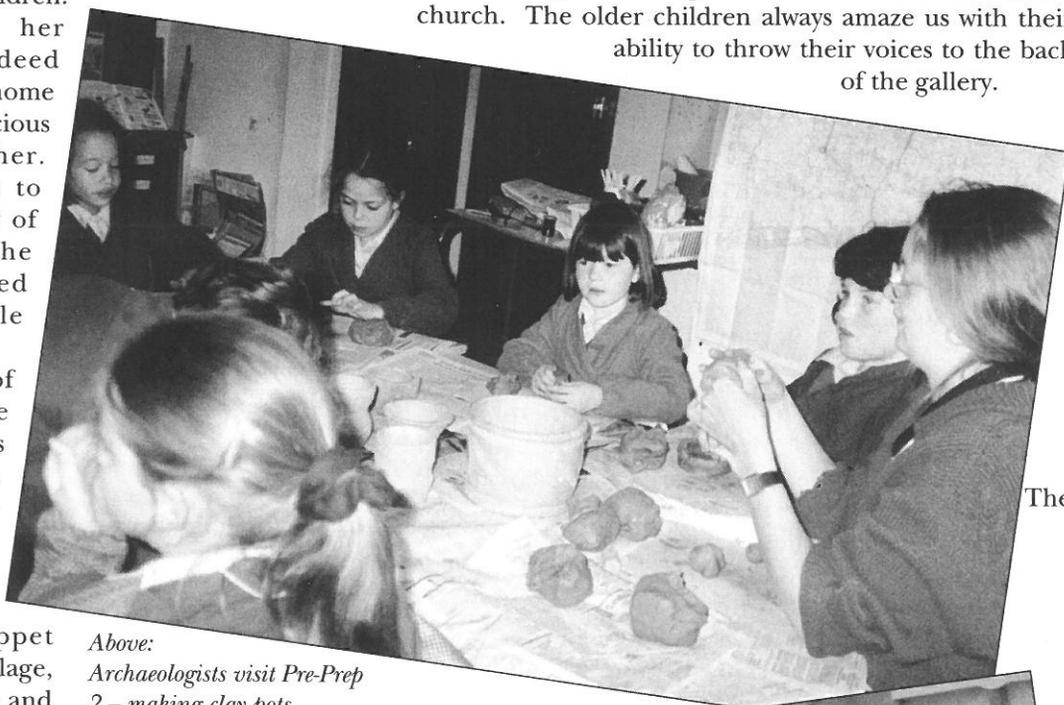
The Reception Class moved upstairs into the large room, with an enviable view of the sea. The younger children enjoy being on the same floor as the older ones. It has been a successful move.

We now have a beautiful, new, multi-coloured library area upstairs and are now in the process of stocking it with non-fiction books. It has transformed a rather dark corner into a very special place and the staff and children have been very excited about the new books and furnishings.

Our Nativity Play was inspired by a story entitled 'They Followed a Bright Star', by Joau Alavedra. The original poem for his daughter was written in 1943 and composed in the atmosphere of war. This original version ended with a hymn to peace and it became Alavedra's contribution to the Peace initiative in which

he, Albert Schweitzer and others struggled for world peace and against nuclear armament.

The children, as usual, performed with great poise and dignity. It is quite a feat for a four-year-old to stand on the stage and sing in the vastness of St Mark's church. The older children always amaze us with their ability to throw their voices to the back of the gallery.



Above: Archaeologists visit Pre-Prep 2 - making clay pots.

Below: The Nursery Nativity Play.



Rainbow Theatre Company performed *Winnie the Pooh* to us in November. As ever, a most enjoyable and worthwhile experience. It is a wonderful sight watching the faces of the children as the actors display their skills.

It is always difficult to write about all our activities but we hope we have given you a little taste. Life in Gloucester is lively, interesting and enjoyable. The children have endless energy and enthusiasm and are a joy to teach.

V.B.

The Year in Elliott House

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,"*

The girls from Elliott House, listening to these words at a recent Shakespeare Workshop (performed by the Rainbow Theatre), can have had no idea of the truth and relevance of that statement at all levels.

In Elliott we are used to welcoming the new Lower Preps in September and bidding Transition farewell the following July. Classes move on within the building and the changes are generally minor ones – a fresh face in the class, a new occupant of the teacher's desk, a different classroom, etc.

This last year was rather different. We had to say goodbye to two very familiar faces – that of Mrs Vivien Jewsbury, Head of the Junior School for the previous three years, and that of Mrs Pat Hyde, who had been cleaner in Elliott House and St Mary's Hall for nearly 20 years. It was not all 'sweet sorrow' but both felt more was to be gained by their having time for their own interests and families, and were looking forward to a 'brave new world' of time enough to finish the newspaper, sew, bake and get out and about that those in the 'tempest' of a working routine merely dream about.

Into one of those spaces came Mrs Maggie Jemmett, as Head, who was welcomed into the office in Elliott in August, both figuratively and literally, and to whom staff, parents and pupils alike have since presented their triumphs and tribulations, not to mention their unnamed art overalls and myriad phone messages! We wish Mrs Jemmett a happy and successful time in the post.

Mrs Kate Hudson, new to Elliott, though not to Gloucester where her daughter is a pupil, has joined forces with the form teachers to provide valuable individual help for those who need it. She is qualified to teach dyslexics and those with other learning difficulties and her patience and positive approach are already greatly valued by all who work with her.

Musically, the Prep department has been 'greened' by 'Planet Rescue' and taken 'Bach to the Future' by LP2 last July. Harvest, Christmas, and summer Garden Party performances by the choir and orchestra have testified to the enthusiasm and considerable skills of Junior singers and musicians. They are representing the school in a wider context at a choir concert and musical workshop day in May and we have every confidence in their success under the calm and conscientious influence of Mrs Aviss.

The classes have had their exits too, of course, mostly on visits to give them hands-on opportunities and a chance to see in real life what they have seen, read and talked about in the classroom. There has been a steady increase in the number of outings as the teachers have found that the imagination and interest of all concerned is fired by their experiences. What emerges seems to be

a soaking-up of atmosphere and the development of understanding which goes beyond mere information. The 'feel' that the children get from their day lingers on and helps them to appreciate the facts at a much deeper level. To old favourites like the British Museum, Pavilion, *Mary Rose*, Cuckmere Haven, Fishbourne, Lewes Barbican Museum, Coombe Farm, Wilderness Wood and Preston Manor have been added, this year, trips to the Engineerium, Singleton Open Air Museum, the Downs, the Workshop Pottery in Brighton and Newhaven Fort, where Trans celebrated VE day in traditional style on May 8th. Rainbow Theatre then hosted a 'We'll meet again' morning with more evacuees from Elliott House dressed for the part.

Last year LPI's work on India was greatly enhanced by the involvement of one of our parents, Mrs Dhillon, who gave us a first-hand insight into life in the Punjab, and culminated in a colourful dancing display by the pupils for Garden Party. As you can see, horizons of all kinds are being extended.

So, while in Shakespeare's cameo, the children 'creep like snail, unwillingly to school', we hope that the learning that goes on in Elliott encourages our pupils to 'put a girdle round the Earth in forty minutes' – the length of one lesson!

D.L.T.

Nursery News

The move to Gloucester House has been a great success. Numbers are steadily growing and the benefits to children, parents and staff are numerous.

We enjoyed two minibus visits during the Autumn Term. We followed 'The Story of Bread' and visited a farm, windmill and bakery and also went to Friston Forest as our topic was 'Autumn'. The children collected items for class discussion, climbed trees and waded through boot-deep puddles.

Parents watched the Christmas Nativity with pride and a few tears. Many were very surprised at their children's confidence in performing both in the group and individually. They really were wonderful.

Our Spring topic is 'Weather and Clothes' and we look forward to visiting Eliza's farm to meet the lambs and learn about wool.

The twice-termly minibus trips form an important part of the curriculum, giving the children 'hands-on' experience and another step forward in independence.

J.T.

Junior School Creative Work

The Killer Python

In a small village in India, a rather large python slithered out from its hole in an abandoned home. It had been abandoned ever since the family had found the body of their dog, which had two small holes punctured in its leg. This dog had been the very dog interested in the python and had bitten off several centimetres of its tail. The python had then, of course, lashed out at the enemy.

The python glided across to the crack under the door, where it paused to make sure no humans were about. This was almost midday, and no-one was outdoors, so the python slid out from under the door and into the nearest occupied home's cellar, and looked for rodents.

Up above, the people decided to eat, and several went down to get some food. The python was alarmed by their sudden appearance and slithered behind the nearest food container. Soon, a man picked up this container, and the terrified python lunged at his ankles.

This sort of attack happened several times, and the people in the village thought that it lay in wait for them, but did not abandon their houses as they had nowhere else to go. They always knew it was the same python because of the blunt tail.

Soon an Englishman heard about the python whilst on holiday near the village, and the news about it spread round his home town.

A group of scientists also heard about the snake, and decided to capture it for testing on. People usually would not let them capture an animal because it was cruel, but it would seem good for these people. The scientists immediately began making arrangements.

As soon as they arrived in India, they drove their van straight to the village. They soon heard about the abandoned house, and decided that the python was the sole occupant now. They went in, treading very softly so as not to make any vibrations, and saw the hole. They stood absolutely still and silent outside it, and then the long shape of the python slithered out. It was going away from them, and had not bothered to look around, as the house was always empty. As soon as the scientists saw the blunt tail and knew it was the snake they were after, one of them, using a pole with a loop on the end, grabbed the python with it just behind its head before it had time to attack.

Back in England, when they had named it Stumpy, they tied its mouth and, keeping it in a box with central heating, tested it on various things, then took out its venom and sold it to a pet shop.

Carol Topley, Transition A

The Sleeping Volcano

The day is 15th June, 1995. My name is Marie-Anne Stark and my best friend, Hannah Foster, has just got the job she has wanted for ages. She is a vulcanologist. We live in the Canary Islands and Hannah's boss has asked her to go and check out Volcano Emma. She has kindly offered to let me go with her, but I was a bit worried in case it might be active.

'Please go with me, it wouldn't be fun without you. It's exciting. Please!' Hannah pleaded. Hannah wouldn't leave me alone, so I decided to go. But it was because we were only 19 years old.

We were going on the 19th June and I was half-excited and half-nervous. The day had come to pack for the fine day trip. I packed everything such as shorts, anorak, cardigan, T-shirts and a burn-proof hat (just in case). The day went quickly. I lay in bed thinking about the next day. I thought to myself, it's not so bad, I mean, I will have my best friend with me, and I went to sleep.

The day had come to go the volcano. I met Hannah at the airport and we got in the plane. It was a five-hour journey. We were hot and sticky and it was a long trip and all the food we had was apples and water. We finally got there. Hannah said, excitedly, 'Isn't this fun? I have been waiting for this moment for the past few days.'

'I'm not so sure. I mean this is not exactly the zoo.'

We got out of the plane, and I was nervous. We started walking and I was hot. I sat on the dirty, muddy floor and looked in my back-pack and I had a map of the Canary Islands, two apples, a can of 7-Up and a big bottle of mineral water, and a £10 note. I said to Hannah, 'I am hot, tired and sweaty and I have to survive a five day trip with this.'

Hannah looked in my bag. She gave me a funny look and said, 'I'm sorry, but we have only got 100 metres to go until we reach Volcano Emma.'

So I gave in, and after about 15 minutes we reached the volcano. I got weak in the knees. Hannah gave me that kind of look which makes you feel sorry for her. The volcano was very high and we had to climb up it. I crawled, one arm and one leg at a time. It was so hot I could have fainted. Hannah wasn't tired. She just kept going as if she had an endless supply of energy. Hannah knew everything there is to know about volcanoes and she was positive that this volcano was dormant.

We finally reached the top. I was relieved. Then we went. I was trembling, scared and worried as we crept down the volcano. After ten minutes of climbing down we reached the bottom and I flopped and Hannah got out her notebook. She studied every stone and wrote down anything, and picked everything up that would fit in her pockets. After half an hour of me resting and Hannah studying, the volcano started to rumble and shake. 'Oh dear, and double Oh dear, the volcano is

starting to erupt,' said Hannah, nearly panicking. We both climbed as fast as we could and I was so scared and panicky. We climbed out of the volcano and I said to Hannah, 'I thought you said that this volcano didn't erupt!'

'I thought it didn't,' said Hannah as we were running. We were going straight now. There was magma, lava, ash, basalt, crater bubbles and everything was hot and sticky and runny lava. It was partly exciting because everything was happening. By now we were about two miles away from the volcano and we watched it blow up. I was an experience I will never forget.

Larissa Kanagalingam, Transition A

Fountains of Hot Lava

Hi, my name is Joanna. I am 13 years old and I live in Portland City, close to Mount St. Helen, with my mum, dad, and my brother, James, who is 14 years old.

My Uncle Max is coming to stay with us for a week because he wants to do an experiment with a piece of pumice rock. He is a vulcanologist. He is coming this afternoon! Tomorrow he is going to take James and me to help him, but little did we know what was going to happen!

Yes! it has finally come, the day my Uncle Max is going to take us up to the volcano's cone. Uncle Max drove to the foot of the volcano and parked the car. Then we got everything we needed and started to climb to the top. When we were halfway up (an hour into the hike) the mountain began to shake, and all of a sudden boulders, ash, and poisonous gases were shot hundreds of feet up into the air. The volcano was erupting.

As we started to race down the steep mountain, hot, runny lava came pouring out of the crater. As we were running down, Uncle Max slipped and one of his shoes came off, and the lava was running down fast behind. Uncle Max got up and ran down to us and then we watched Uncle Max's shoe quickly disappear into a river of lava.

We were nearly there, at the foot of the volcano, but when we got to the bottom - disaster! The lava split into two rivers and one of them had completely covered Uncle Max's car and was starting to cool down. There was no way of getting back home, so we walked about three miles and then we came to a coach stop and, thank my lucky stars, a coach was just pulling into the layby, and we got on. We had a very narrow escape!

When the coach pulled up outside our home, Uncle Max said, 'I don't want to be a vulcanologist any more. I think I will be a builder. And I never got the pumice either!'

Victoria Hastilow, Transition A

Far Away Land

There is a bright sun so very bright,
There is a dark, dank, cold night,
There are lands far away, that have not been visited to
this day,
There are lands we have not seen with trees so green.

Spring has come with the sweet young flowers,
Partly open, bright and gay.
Then come the autumn hours,
To wither them away.

Tiny birds chirp songs of praise
All the summer long.
But in dark, dank days
They forget their chirpy songs.

There's a place where angels sing
Non-stopping praises to their king.
Christ our Lord is ever near,
Those who follow him.

But we cannot see him,
For our eyes are dim,
There is a most happy place,
Where we can all see his face.

Who shall find that bright, cheery land?
Who shall be right?
There holy children should stand
In their robes of white,
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our ever-lasting rest.

Kate Smith, Transition A

Exams

Revision, I hate it!
Pages of maths, loads of comprehensions,
Not many days to go now.
This time next week they will all be over.
Will I sleep tonight?
Will I still be chanting tables in my head?

We are all sitting in different places,
Everyone has serious faces,
I turn the sheet over to see the questions,
Some are not as bad as I thought they would be.
Someone has finished already! Why not me?

Thank goodness it's over,
Oh! what a relief.
No more exams, for a while at least!
I'll keep my fingers crossed and hope I do well,
I shall find out next week,
When time will tell.

Victoria Hastilow, Transition A

The Old Doll

As the ten-year-old twins trudged along the pavement, coming home from school, they could not resist the temptation of going in the house next door. The twins' names were Ann and Audrey. They both has autumn-flame hair, with brown eyes and pure white skin.

As they emerged from the rubble, the girls spotted a tatty and battered doll. Ann had always wanted an old doll to dress and look at. So they pulled the figure from the skip and trotted home.

The girls slipped up the stairs and put the doll on the easy chair.

'Dinner,' called mum.

Audrey came rushing down stairs while Ann fussed over her new item, putting junk jewellery on it.

After dinner both girls forgot about the doll, and watched television until bed-time. Ann took the doll to bed that night, quite pleased with her find.

'Audrey, wake up! Can you hear that – the banging? Look, my doll, it's gone.'

The two girls held hands and crept to the kitchen. As they switched on the light they saw milk everywhere, the fridge open, food everywhere, Ann's junk jewellery and the doll. The girls turned to get Mum, but as they did so 'Hi, die, die, die!' screamed the doll.

The doll chased them up the gloomy stairs, catching Ann's ankle. Audrey tried to choke the doll. Nothing. As the doll made its way up to Ann's throat, back came Audrey with a suitcase, snapped up the doll, and, with Ann, buried the doll on the site next door.

In the morning everything was okay, except the mess.

'Look, a doll was sitting on here when I came down this morning,' said their mum as she walked out of the door.

'Hiya, girls.'

This time they were ready. As they chased out the front door and across the path to where the rollers were flattening the path, the doll followed. The girls dodged a roller but one thing didn't – the doll!

Jessica Warner, Transition A

Out of My Window

Cars purring up the street like cats. Their white eyes picking out the way. In the distance street lamps like a row of candles. The sky inky black, not a star to be seen. A light peeps from behind a curtain, it seems to be looking at me. At the end of the road a block of flats loom, giants above the houses. Cars coming round the corner as if saying 'Please can we play'. Indicators winking, house lights peeping. The traffic gets less until all there is on the road are parked cars in a long queue.

Sarah Johnson, Transition P

The Jungle

Going to the jungle,
Noisy, steamy and damp,
Hissing snakes in the grass,
Very scary!
Roaring lions in their dens,
Monkeys in the trees,
Very smelly in the undergrowth,
Tickling leaves on my chin,
Stomping through the wet grass,
Wearing wellies of course.

Birds twittering in the trees,
Animals stop and pause,
Trying to get through the jungle,
Getting tangled up,
All the little insects going up my back,
Very, very itchy and annoying,
Seeing animals fight,
Should I stop them?
No way would I.

And suddenly all is quiet,
All the animals gone away,
Then I see a man,
Chopping down the trees.
So that's why
All the animals have gone away.

Nicola Haines, Transition A

The Potbellied Pig

As I walk through the farmyard,
Cold and wet,
I want to find something.
Have I found it? No, not yet.

But then suddenly I see it,
All muddy and fat,
As big as a football,
Well, not quite as small as that.

I look and stare at this Potbellied Pig.
It rolls around in the cold slushy mud,
Twisting and turning.

I want to go in the pig pen,
And pat its big fat belly.
I wonder if it could run?
I bet it couldn't do that.

It's fat and chubby with a very big belly,
The pig eats pellets,
They are brown and very smelly.

Oh, if I had a pig as perfect as this one,
I would be as happy as could be,
Looking at it staring at me.

Annie O'Sullivan, Transition A

Lost in the Andes

I'm really excited because my two brothers and my identical twin and I are going to South America. We are all going to Cerro de Pasco. We will go camping in the Andes. My Mum and a friend called Bill are coming with us.

At the moment I'm at boarding school with my twin Jessie. My two brothers are at another boarding school because this one is only for girls.

It is three days until the school holidays and five until we go away. My Dad isn't coming with us because he died when Jessie and I were babies. My brother Philip has a parrot called Kiki. He is fourteen. I'm only eleven. My brother Jack is a pain sometimes. I don't know why, it's just one of those things.

Now it is Sunday evening. Tomorrow at this time I will be on a plane to South America. You know when you want something to happen quickly and it takes twice as long to happen. That's what it feels like now.

Hip, hip, hooray, it's Monday and our house is in a mess. Socks and items of clothing scattered across the floor. Kiki's been stealing all the strawberries from the jam and has had a few hard taps on the beak. When this happens she goes off in a sulk and mutters to herself: 'Poor Polly'.

It was a long trip on the plane from London to the airport in Peru. It took a while to get to Cerro de Pasco. We rented a little sort of cabin in a holiday place. It had four rooms: one for Jessie and me, one for Philip and Jack, one for Bill, and one for my mum. We were staying in the cabin for a week, then camping in the Andes for a week. After that we would go back to the cabin and stay there for a few days before going back home.

The cabin had a kitchen and dining room in one, with a lounge and a bathroom. There was also a garage for the car we rented.

We've been staying in the cabin for six days and tomorrow we're going camping but my mum isn't coming because she's hurt her hand and the doctor said she has to rest it. She is going to stay in the cabin while the rest of us go camping.

We are going as far as we can by car and then meeting a guide with donkeys where the road ends. The guide is going to take us to a mountain with tunnels inside it. We're going to explore them. We all go on donkeys. Our guide is called David. He is a Peruvian but can speak English well. Tonight we're going to camp in the open in tents. David said we would get to the mountains at about lunchtime tomorrow. We have set up camp near a stream so we have plenty to drink.

Mum packed plenty to eat. It's a bit like a feast. We had tinned pineapple and Kiki's beak was covered in pineapple juice. She nearly ate the whole tin!

When I woke up next morning I couldn't see a thing because it was so misty. I was sharing a tent with Jessie. We were scared and we couldn't see Jack and Philip's tent or Bill's or David's. It was a cloud resting on the

mountain tops, David told us. It was quite difficult to have breakfast because we couldn't see much.

After breakfast the mist cleared a bit. We could just about see the sun. We mounted our donkeys and started riding. The mist became even worse but David led us on through the mist. I could feel we had left the track. David seemed to be worried about it. We stopped to have lunch in a little shelter. The mist had almost cleared by the end of lunch. We could see where we were. It was a place with a stream nearby and it had grass for the donkeys. The shelter was more of a cave. It went quite far back into the mountains. It was a nice place, with trees.

Jack went to have a look around. Jessie and I looked at the map with David to try and find out where we were. I went outside to see if I could identify the mountain with the shelter. The top of the mountain looked as if it had fangs because the rocks were all jagged. I went back to look at the map to see if I could find a mountain which looked as if it had fangs on it. I found it but the part of the mountain we wanted to go to had been torn off the map.

We have been here for five days now. We don't want to move too far away in case we become even more lost. We have had enough food so far.

Now it has been nine days. We're hoping Mum will send a rescue team to rescue us. It's lunchtime and we haven't much food left. Suddenly we all heard a helicopter in the sky. We fetched some red blankets and waved them. The helicopter saw us and came down to land nearby. It was from a rescue team because Mum had reported us missing. We were taken back to base where Mum was waiting for us. We were supposed to fly back to England today, but now we're flying back tomorrow.

Victoria Stalker, Transition P

My Puppy

Soft, glossy, silky ringlets of fur,
As white as snow,
Velvet ears falling to the ground,
And eyes that seem to glow.

Naughty habits puppies have,
Such as chewing a perfect rose,
Sometimes decides to chase the cats,
And always seems to pose.

Sometimes puppies are as good as gold,
And always do what they are told,
Some are good as can be,
But my puppy is best for me.

Cassandra Streeter, Transition P

Once on a cold and frosty morning

I sit by the Aga watching the Scotch pancakes gradually turning golden, the dog sitting on my feet. My hands are warmed by a mug of cocoa. I rub butter into a pancake with my knife. It smells delicious. When I have finished I will go for a walk. As I squeeze my toes into my boots and put my scarf on, I remember to get my coat and the dog lead.

As I climb over the stile I slip on the grains of ice. The cattle trough is frozen like a sheet of glass. I trudge over the field which is very slippery. We start our climb up the hill, the grass still brushing against my boots. I am surprised Ben is not cold. The sun is rising over the beacon on the other side of the valley. It looks as if the sky is on fire with pink, red, orange and yellow flames. It is getting hard work as we climb higher and I am really cold. The grass looks like tufts of crystals and when I breathe out it looks as if I am blowing smoke. I am nearly at the top and the wind is blowing in my face. The view is amazing. I can see the whole valley and Seaford Head with its white cliffs and lovely beach. The waves are rough today and there are white heads on the waves. The sea is forget-me-not blue and matches the sky. The chimneys smoking far below look cosy and warm. The trees are black silhouettes against the white frosty fields.

We start our way back down the hill, running almost out of control! The wind is blowing my hair back. Stop, a slope. I get down and crawl down a steep slope. Ben goes slower too. Then we are at the bottom, another frozen cattle trough and some icy puddles where we slip and slide. We're very cold. We make our way back across two more fields and across the slippery stile and through the gate, Ben at my side.

We go into the kitchen, cold and tired, and have a hot drink by the Aga.

Jenny Commin, Transition P

Looking Through My Window

Outside my window I see an owl looking at me,
Through the mist, I see the grass by the trees.
The leaves swirl and twirl to the ground,
All animals are asleep.

The mist dances in the breeze across my back garden.
The clouds climb overhead looking so sad.
Then all of a sudden it starts to rain, as if someone is crying,
Then someone shouts, 'It's only thunder.'
The trees sway in the wind,
And the rain dies away.

Georgia Hamilton, Transition P

Once on a cold and frosty morning

Once on a cold and frosty morning, I, Kira Chatwin, woke up. I looked at my alarm clock. It was 5.55 a.m. I jumped out of bed and got dressed into my white T-shirt, jeans and my navy jumper. I ran silently down the stairs and put on my trainers and thick, woolly and comfy coat. When I was ready I crept out of the house, closing the door quietly behind me.

I walked slowly round to the apple orchard where I saw a cocker spaniel and a black kitten. As I walked towards them they tore off in the other direction looking back at me with big eyes. I tempted them with food. It worked! The cocker spaniel padded softly up to me and took the biscuit from my hand. He then followed me round like my shadow. But the kitten would not come near me. Jasper, which is what I called the puppy, came home with me.

My mum wanted to keep him but my dad was a little less easy to persuade. He slept in my room that night and the next day my dad said that I could keep him. As I opened the door to go to school I heard a very faint 'Mee, mee.' It was a kitten. She pushed past me and ran to meet Jasper. He bent down and the kitten scrambled up onto his back.

'Another pet, mum,' I shouted. 'Come and meet Meeky.'

Sarah Johnson, Transition P

Saturday Job

Iwould like to work where I go riding. I ride every Saturday at ten o'clock, but I would like to work there because it is fun to groom horses and catch them from the field. I love horses and I hate leaving them when I finish my ride. Sometimes they have mornings when you can groom them. It is hard work when they have been rolling around in the field because they are dusty. You have different brushes, some are harder, some are softer, and you have to pick their feet out. They learn to trust and love you.

Elizabeth Reed, Transition P

A Showjumper

Iwant to be a showjumper when I get older because I like horses and also you earn lots of money. Jumping is fun as well, but dangerous. I would like to be famous like John Whittaker and the others. Also, when I win the round, the money given to me I would give to my family and keep some of it for myself. I would probably have three horses. I would also have a groom. If I didn't make it to be a showjumper, I would like to be a vet. I would like to be a vet because I like handling animals. I also like healing animals and seeing what's wrong with them. For my hobby I would like to be a potter, but the main thing I would like to be is a showjumper.

Dee-Dee Holmes-Raynor, Transition P

The Snowman Who Came to Life

I love snow, it's great fun and exciting. I like messing about and especially building snowmen. Every night in winter when I go to sleep I wish and dream about a snowman coming alive. We play games and have fun. We plait each other's hair and do wondrous things.

It's snowing. I jump out of bed, put my thermal underwear on and all my other clothes. I race down the stairs at fifty miles an hour, straight into the back garden. This snow's great fun. My snowman's head won't stay on so I put extra snow underneath and it still falls over. The head's on now but it's still not done.

I wish, I wish I might have this wish. I wish tonight my snowman might come alive. What's that?, I think, by George it is my snowman alive! I put my slippers on and my nightgown, and go outside, and there my snowman is dancing with next door's cat. I go up to it and say, 'Care to dance?' It nods its head. We dance round and round in the blazing white snow. Who said wishes don't come true? We play and dance, sing, climb trees and, oh, he's my best friend in all the world. We have a snowball fight. Gosh, he can make big snowballs! We play hide-and-seek, he cheats by lying in the snow. Oh, I hope it goes on for ever and ever.

The sun starts to come up. Where's my snowman? I can't see him. Please don't say he melted!

My snowman is gone, melted away. I build another one, but it's not the same. That night I wish for my snowman to come back. He's here, he's knocking on my window! He says, 'You have to make real friends, not me. I'm just a lump of snow.'

I've done what the snowman said and he's right, but he's still my best melted friend in all the world.

Amy Blackburn, Transition P

A Painting of September

I'm going to paint a picture,
Of fresh September days,
The air is cool,
It gives you a boost,
No time to sit around and laze.

A sheet of paper,
White as snow,
I'm going to let my paint brush flow.

Blue is the sky,
On which clouds will lie,
Fluffy, puffed, and light,
Little balls of candy floss,
I want to rise up and take a bite!

Emerald, crystal, glittering, shining,
Is the sea in which I will swim,
Floating around on my sunbed of sea,
In winter the seashore is grim.

But now it glitters from yellow, the sun,
Round and beaming hot,
Tanning me as I lie in its rays,
There are folk in the sun, on a yacht.

The orange, red leaves falling down,
Some with the Midas touch,
Gold as the gold in a treasure chest,
I grab for some in my hands to clutch.

Complete is my painting,
Now I go,
And I leave the painting which was once white as snow.

Nicola Ghiaci, Transition P

Fat-so

Purring on the end of my bed,
His little tired, sleepy head,
Tail is flicking up and down,
His eyelids flicker, and then he frowns,
He rolls over, then gets up,
Strolls up the bed,
And licks my face to say goodnight!
Then in the morning I hear . . . miaow!
I've fed you Fat-so,
Don't be a pig.

Charlotte Gumbrell, Transition P

Hamster

The soft, warm, velvety fur,
Glossy coat of skin,
Whiskers, dry and long,
Her little paws
Don't like to be touched,
The tiny, little ball of gold,
Her cream and ginger complexion,
The quick, darting movement
Of the small hamster,
The ears so delicate, and nice,
As sweet-natured as can be.

Karina Antram, Transition P

Puppy

Black, charcoal, shiny coat,
Whiskers thin and dainty,
His velvet ears, delicate,
While running through the wind
They are floating like swans on a lake.

His paws are big
And the pads squashy and grey.
He swiftly runs, chasing birds as they fly,
A white patch under his neck,
Long tail always wagging,
Happy as can be.

Jenny Hasson, Transition P

My interview at Preston Manor

On the way to Preston Manor I sat next to Emily. When we got there Jemma's mum and Hana's mum took some pictures, just as Mrs Taylor arrived in her car with Claire, Rishma and Rebecca. Then a woman opened the door. We all walked in. We lined up in a straight line and faced the front.

Then the housekeeper, Mrs Story, came in. She talked to us about Preston Manor. Then she took us into the dining room. She showed us how to lay a rich Victorian dinner table. After that Miss Rose, the head housemaid, showed us how to make a water lily out of a napkin. As soon as we cleared the dining room we were led into the drawing room where Miss Rose talked to us about cleaning. Then she split us into two groups.

We went with Miss Rose and the other group went with Mrs Story. Miss Rose took the group who were Allana, Hana, Grace, Katie, Sonal, me, Claire and Ella. We went up to the owner of the house's bedroom. This room had to be extra clean because the room belonged to the lady of the house. Miss Rose told us about a girl who was a housemaid, she did not put any flea powder in the mattress and the lady of the house got bitten by a flea. Then we walked into the man of the house's bedroom. This bedroom was important too. The man of the house had fixed a cord so when he pulled it would unlock the door and the maids could come in. Miss Rose also talked to us about the fire ladder. It was a very funny looking thing.

Then we went to Miss Rose's room. It was very small and dark. She gave us jobs to do. Allana, Ella, Sonal and I had to make the bed. It was much more complicated than your own bed so we found out. Then we were shown how to clean a carpet. We had some dried tea leaves. We sprinkled them on the carpet so that the dust would not fly up and settle on the furniture and would have to be cleaned again. We were also told that we would get one bath a week and if you were an upper servant you would have a hip bath and of course all the servants and owners would have a pot under their bed.

Then we were led down to the washing room. Miss Rose gave us jobs to do. Allana, Hana and I had a job of drying or getting out a lot of water from the clothes. We had to either rub them

together with our fists or rub them up and down a wooden object with glass and bumps in the middle.

Grace was an oddman so she had to clean the shoes. Katie had to dust the clothes. Claire and Ella were having a lovely time beating the carpet with a carpet beater. Sonal was washing the clothes. She was using an object with a stick and a metal thing on the bottom with two holes where the water went in one and came out the other. Then Miss Rose showed us a mangle. It would have been used to dry the clothes. The clothes were put through the mangle and the water was squeezed out. Then Miss Rose showed something that would have been used a bit earlier. Then we lined up ready to go and have a lesson with Mrs Story.

Now the groups had a swap. My group went with Mrs Story and the other group went with Miss Rose. My group started off by making gingerbread. We made the mixture first. Mrs Story weighed the butter. Then I was chosen to weigh the sugar. Then Ella got to beat the butter and the sugar together. Hana was chosen to crack the egg - she was very nervous to crack it in case it went on the table. The Victorians had a saying which was WASTE NOT, WANT NOT. It was a very important saying to the Victorians. Next into the mixture went the flour. Sonal sieved it. Then Allana mixed it in. Then the finishing touch, the ginger. Allana also mixed that in. Then we made shapes but only two people did that.

Hana, Grace and I made baked apples. We had to cut the core out of the apple and stuff it with raisins. Then Mrs Story showed us how to make lemonade. First you need a jug full of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon full of sugar and some bicarbonate of soda powder. It all came over the top of the cup.

Then we went into the place where the maids eat. It

Lucy weighing the sugar



was not nearly as grand as the upstairs dining room. It was small and dusty. Mrs Story showed us how to polish the silverware. Then she took us over to the little table where some stale bread was. She showed us how to make breadcrumbs. Mrs Story told Hana and Grace to clean the fire. Claire, Ella and Sonal polished the silverware and Allana, Katy and I had to stick pins in the lace because it was going to be ironed. What we had to do was stick pins into some lace which was pinned to a cushion. While we were doing that Hana and Grace were complaining about cleaning the fire.

Then Mrs Story led us into a hall where there were lots of bells. Each bell had a different sound because they were for different rooms. The biggest bell was for the back door. Greengrocers, butchers and others always used the back door. Then we all walked back to the hall. Mrs Story said we all worked very well. She picked two people who were Hana and Katy and Miss Rose picked Grace and Allana. Mrs Story said thank you for coming. She told us her real name which was Helen and Miss Rose was called Frances.

Then we went into the shop. I bought a postcard and a pencil sharpener shaped like a cash register. I had a great time at Preston Manor.

Lucy Lynch, UP

Adventure on Rugrat Island

It all started on the hot-air balloon ride I had been waiting for for a long time. Suddenly a bird came and sat on it with a nut. The nut fell off and BANG! The hot-air balloon had popped.

Luckily I wasn't on my own. There was Allana, Lucy and Jim who was controlling the hot-air balloon. Jim was 21, Allana was 8, Lucy was 8 and I (Sonal) was 9. We are all older now.

When we had crashed we saw a sign and on it was written 'Phil Vill'. All the people living in the houses were baby boys like the ones from that cartoon *Rugrats*. Jim thought we should split up and find an adult, so we did, but we went in twos. Jim went with Allana and I went with Lucy. We got lost and we didn't see one adult. I was getting scared because there were so many babies all playing in the streets, not worrying about anything at all. I think Lucy was getting very scared too.

After about ten minutes I saw one head that stood up above the others. It was an adult and he was Jim, with Allana – you know, my friends, the ones who had been on the hot-air balloon with me. Lucy and I, and by the looks of things, Allana and Jim, were all glad to see each other. We walked a little forward and at last we got out of that place and I was glad.

The whereabouts of the place we were was unknown by any of us, but like 'Phil Vill' this place had lots of babies too. It was a park. Again, no adults anywhere. I was beginning to think that this was an adult-free island.

We walked out of the park and followed the path until we got to Tommy Field. It was a very nice field.

Luckily there was only one baby this time, and he was the farmer. He was also from *Rugrats*. We decided that we would take a walk in the field to see what Farmer Tommy was growing. This was a nightmare. Farmer Tommy was growing more babies, and they looked just like him, Phil, Lil, Chuckie, Susszie and Angelica (they're all from *Rugrats*). We were beginning to think that everywhere we went there would be lots and lots of babies.

This time we got to Chuckie Wood. It was a normal wood but it was full of BABIES! We tried to talk to Chuckie but like in the cartoon he only talks to babies he knows.

Next we walked up the path and got to where the path split in two and there was a sign pointing each way and one said 'Lil Vill' and 'Lil Park' and the other said 'Tommy Forest'. We went towards Tommy Forest and we had to cross Susszie River which had lots of people who were called Susszie. Susszie happened to be Lucy's favourite character in *Rugrats* so she looked over the side of the bridge and she fell in the river. Jim shouted to make us run down the side of the river to go and save Lucy but she was going too fast so we couldn't save her. When we got to the end one of the many Susszies saved her and helped her out. We said thank you to Susszie for saving Lucy and went on.

Here was 'Chuckie Mountain'. We clambered up to the top with great difficulty but when we were nearly there I slipped and fell. I was trying to grab hold of something and luckily I did. I don't know exactly what it was. I tried to climb back to the top and I succeeded. We sat at the top for quite a long time until we heard something. It was a police helicopter and so we all waved our hands about and screamed HELP!

They heard us and said in a loud voice, 'Climb up this ladder carefully and come one by one,' so we did. I went first followed by Lucy and then Allana and Jim.

When we were at the police station the police asked us our phone numbers and told our mums and dads where we were and they came to get us.

Sonal Desai, UP

Peach

Peach smells like fresh paint and fresh air breathed in (all of it in).

Peach tastes like a soft, juicy, watery fruit.

Peach sounds like a soft round shape, sweet, calm, cheerful and light, like a tiny bell.

Peach feels like a hairy, soft, light feather.

Peach is a beautiful colour, gently swirling in the sky.

Rebecca Arghiros, UP

Ted's Story

It was very noisy in the teddy bear factory. All the men were working hard on the machines. There were lots and lots of teddy bears being made – big ones, small ones, shy ones, fat ones, sad ones and happy ones, but they were all just teddy bears. Well, that's what everyone thought. It was starting to get late and everyone was going home. All the teddy bears were put on a big trolley ready for the next day. That morning the inspector came to check all the teddy bears were okay and handsome enough to go to the shop. All the teddy bears that were not handsome enough got sent back to the factory, unsewed, and made again. All the rest of the teddy bears got sent to the shop. It was two weeks away from Christmas and there were lots of children in the shop choosing Christmas presents. One little girl ran up to one of the teddies and gave him a big hug. The little girl's mum came in and said, 'We'll see.' Then her dad came in. 'Do you want to come home and get an ice cream?' he said. 'Yes,' said Jane – that's the girl's name.

As she ran out of the shop her mum grabbed the teddy bear and bought it. She hid it in her bag and went outside. When they got home her mum hid the teddy bear in the attic – little did she know what was going to happen. Up in the attic it was dark and there were lots of cobwebs. 'Hello,' shouted the teddy bear, 'Is there anyone up here?' he said.

'Yes, I am,' said a low grumbly voice and there sitting in the corner of the attic was a very old teddy bear. 'What's your name?' said the old bear. 'I don't know. What's yours?' said the new teddy bear.

'I'm called Grumbles,' said Grumbles.

'Oh, well, hello Grumbles,' said the new teddy bear. Two weeks went by and Grumbles and the new teddy bear had a lot of fun playing, although Grumbles had to sleep a lot too because he was very old, but they still had lots of fun.

It was Christmas morning and Jane opened a big box and inside was the new teddy bear. 'I'm going to call him Ted,' said Jane. But as time went by it got near to Jane's birthday and because she had played with Ted so much, his fur was falling off. For Jane's birthday treat they went to the beach and had a picnic. Of course, Jane took Ted and Ted took Grumbles. Jane decided to take them both down to the sea. But unfortunately for Ted, Jane dropped him into the sea by accident. 'Mum, mum,' shouted Jane. Her mum looked up and saw what had happened. Then Jane's dad said, 'Don't worry!' He ran into the sea. When he got Ted out of the sea Ted's arm was all soggy and a bit of it had fallen off.

The next day Jane had to go to the doctor's because she had a sore throat. Jane said to Ted, 'We are going to the doctor's today so he can have a look at your arm.' Ted rushed off to tell Grumbles, but Grumbles said, 'You go with Jane. I'll stay here.' When they got to the doctor's the first thing Jane said was, 'Ted's hurt his arm.'

'Well, who's Ted?' said the doctor. Jane held Ted up. 'Oh,' said the doctor. The doctor bandaged up Ted's

arm. 'Here you are, Ted. You can have a pretty ribbon for being so good,' said the doctor as he tied it round Ted's neck.

'Say thank you,' said Jane.

'Now, what's wrong with you?' said the doctor.

'I've got a sore throat,' said Jane. The doctor looked at Jane's throat. 'Tonsillitis,' said the doctor. 'You have had it so many times I think you should have your tonsils out.' So the doctor made an appointment and the very next day they went to the hospital.

'Can Ted have his tonsils out too?' said Jane.

'Well, does Ted need his tonsils out?' said the doctor.

'Yes,' said Jane.

'Well, okay,' said the doctor. That night they put Jane to sleep and she had her tonsils out. The next day they went home. Ted told Grumbles all about his adventure at hospital but of course he never did have his tonsils out.

Alexandra Mitchell, UP

Once upon a time there was a shop called Buy and Sell and it sold lots of beautiful teddy bears. Some big, some small, some yellow, some brown, every one different in its own way. There was one teddy bear that was very different from the others but it was very expensive. Everyone looked at it but they just could not buy it. One day a little girl came in the shop and her name was Suzie. She had curly brown hair and always wore her hair in bunches. She was the prettiest girl you have ever seen. Her dad let her have whatever she wanted and the one thing she wanted most was the special teddy bear. After all her shouting, she got it. Everyone at school was jealous of her and didn't play with her because she had the special teddy bear. She looked after it very well and loved it very much. It was like a best friend to her so she didn't really mind if no-one played with her. One night when it was very dark the teddy bear got up and walked across the room. He looked around and saw something shiny. He walked over to it and tripped. As he tripped he woke the little girl and she saw that he was alive. He was lying on the floor and he couldn't move his arm. The little girl picked him up and bandaged him up. He said thank you and walked back to the little bed that she made for him. The morning came and they all woke up. Now Suzie knew that teddy was a very, very special teddy bear and put a ribbon on him. Ted smiled and said thank you once more, he also told her not to tell anyone about him being alive because he was meant to keep it a secret. They always shared each other's secrets and they loved each other very much. After a while Ted got all ragged and old, Suzie still liked Ted but not as much as she used to for she was about 13 years old and kept him in a box in the cupboard. Ted was quite upset for he now had no-one to play with. But the real truth was that Suzie was scared that her friends would laugh at her and call her a baby. So every night Suzie checked on Ted, in the end she showed her best friend that she had a teddy bear. She didn't laugh but said, 'I've got one too!'

Ella vanBreda, UP

History muddle

One morning Christopher Columbus woke up and said golly time flies! I am going to find the new world! I haven't even packed my suitcase! Christopher finally squashed all his baggage into the suitcase and carried his mobile phone. He met his crew at a pub called the Pirate's Arms. He and his crew walked to the *Santa Maria* and cast off. They passed three tug boats and a ferry. A week later they ran into a storm and Christopher fell into the sea. After floating on his back for what seemed like an age Christopher found himself being washed up onto a small island with one palm tree. Christopher soon found out that he couldn't phone back to Spain because his mobile phone was water-logged. He was very annoyed. 'Typical,' he said. Christopher decided to explore the island (he didn't really have to explore the island because as soon as you get on the island you can see all of it, but he really just wanted to walk round). When he was walking he met a talking dog called Blacky and she had a bottle, a cork, a piece of paper and a pen. Christopher asked Blacky if he could use her things. Blacky said, 'You can't use the bones but you can use the other things and by the way, you are turning into a jackal.'

'A what?' said Christopher, 'as sure as my name's Christopher Columbus I am not turning into a jackal.' Look in the water then,' said Blacky. As soon as Christopher looked in the water and saw a jackal's face on top of a man's body he fainted. When he recovered Christopher wrote a letter, put it in the bottle, put the cork in and watched it float away.

The Owl and the Pussycat were sailing in their pea green boat practising their poem which they kept getting wrong. The pussycat was just in the middle of one of her lines. She was saying, 'Oh let us, oh look there's a bottle!'

'Just leave it,' said the owl. Soon they sailed to the island. 'Hello,' said Christopher, 'my name's Christopher Columbus.'

'I am owl,' said the owl.

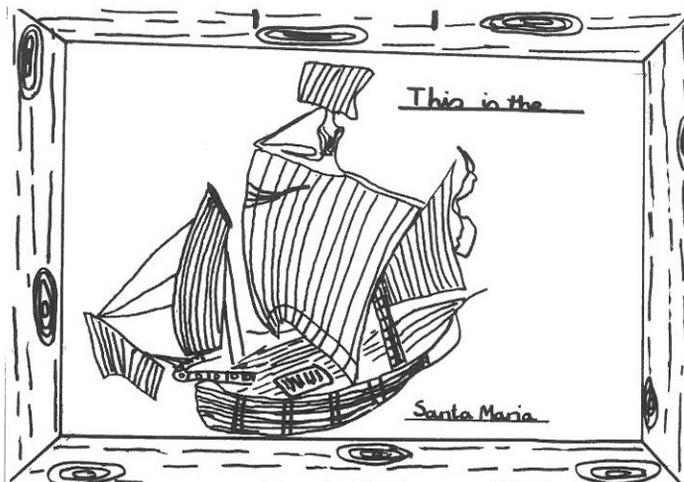
'And I am a pussycat,' said the pussycat.

'We live in that pea green boat,' they said.

'Oh,' said Christopher.

'We will teach you our rhyme,' said the pussycat, so they went through the rhyme three times and they kept changing the words and saying he was wrong. Soon a turkey came to the island in a boat, married the owl and the pussycat, mended Christopher's mobile phone and turned Christopher back into a man, and then the *Santa Maria* sailed up to the island and rescued them and took them all back to Spain.

Naomi Hyde-Smith, UP



Deveena Patel, Trans A

What's the matter with Rudolph?

One cold winter's eve Santa said, 'Come on the, you lazy reindeers, time to get ready.'

'I don't feel very well,' cried Rudolph.

'Why, what's the matter?'

'I'm cold,' shuddered Rudolph.

'We're all cold,' Blitzen mumbled.

'I think I've got flu,' Rudolph wailed.

'O, no,' Santa groaned, 'we'll have to take a lamp with us because nobody has got a bright nose like you have. Mrs Claus will have to look after you.'

Rudolph started to moan.

'Stop moaning!' screamed Dasher. 'A reindeer can't get any sleep around here.'

The next morning, 'It's Christmas!' yelled Santa

'O, help,' muttered Cupid.

'It's Christmas time again,' repeated Santa.

'Oh bother, I was just dropping off to sleep,' blubbered Comet, stretching.

When all the reindeers got back from the journey Rudolph was feeling much better, and he still is.

Katie Salt, UP



Adventure on Nursery Island

One day I had a big row with my mum, so I decided to run away with a little boat to swim with dolphins in the sea which is in Florida. I was jogging about on the waves about to jump in and I saw a beautiful sight – a mother dolphin with a little young dolphin. I jumped in the cold dangerous sea but I didn't have any equipment. It was freezing but worth doing it to see the dolphins swimming around free. Suddenly the dolphins disappeared. There wasn't a boat in sight, then I saw an odd sight in the distance. It was an island but orange. I swam to this odd place, into a bay where I could see a mermaid with golden hair and a lovely shiny tail. She came up to me and asked, 'Who are you, what are you doing here, you're not a mermaid are you?'

I replied, 'My name is Suzi, I am ten years old, I ran away from home with a boat I had saved up for. I'm lost and no, I'm not a mermaid.'

'Oh, you must be a human being, a girl.'

'Yes, that's right.'

When the mermaid came out of the water her tail disappeared and became two legs. She took me to a village made of gingerbread. Before we got to the village we passed a Yellow Brick Road.

The village was amazing, now this was a dream come true. At the end of the village was a sweet shop made out of sweets. When I looked round to see the mermaid she was gone. 'Oh, great!' I said to myself. I walked to the sweet shop. There was a little hedgehog and a cat running it. A piglet was getting some sherbet lemons and a mint. Everywhere you looked there were jars, packets and boxes of chocolate and sweets. I didn't buy any but I was tempted. That second, Tabitha with her three kittens (including Tom) came into the shop, the three kittens dressed in bonnets and silk cloaks for the two girls, and for Tom a blue jacket and trousers. Miss Tabitha had a lovely silk cloak on. She offered to take me for a tour too, to which I responded, 'Oh, yes please, thank you very much, this is very kind of you.' The three kittens pleaded for sweets and they did get some in the end. Tabitha said we would go past the mountains first. So we did, up and down, everywhere over the mountains. All three adorable kittens played by the river throwing sticks and stones into the river, seeing whose twig would go the furthest. After a while they stopped using the stones because they sank. Then we went on the bridge. Further on they saw a lovely pond called Frog Prince Pond. Tom found some frogs and toads but they didn't turn into princes. After that Tabitha told Suzi about Little Bo Peep's Forest and the sheep. Nearly everyone thinks that the sheep have been eaten by the wolf so no one has gone there for years.

Tom loved the fields because there were lots of bundles of hay, so he could make a big mess, having fun.

We were heading towards the Hundred Acre Wood but decided not to go in case the kittens got even more dirty. We passed the Wishing Well. We continued towards the rocks by the sea. Then Tabitha started to sing a lovely tune. She was sitting on the rocks with her kittens. The dolphins started responding to her and came up to the water line. Suzi climbed on to one of the dolphin's backs. They said their goodbyes and thank you's, then the dolphins swam into the sunset with Suzi. Then an amazing thing happened. Suzi became a dolphin, swimming free.

Georgina Batten, UP

Introducing Myself

I've got brownish green eyes with long brown curly hair and light brown skin. I've got some freckles. I think I've got a medium size nose. I don't have a fringe – it's brushed back with my hair.

I love animals and I get annoyed with my brother easily. I don't like much food but I love pizza. I love rides like the Vampire and the log ride at Chessington. We went with my friend Claire and her family which was great.

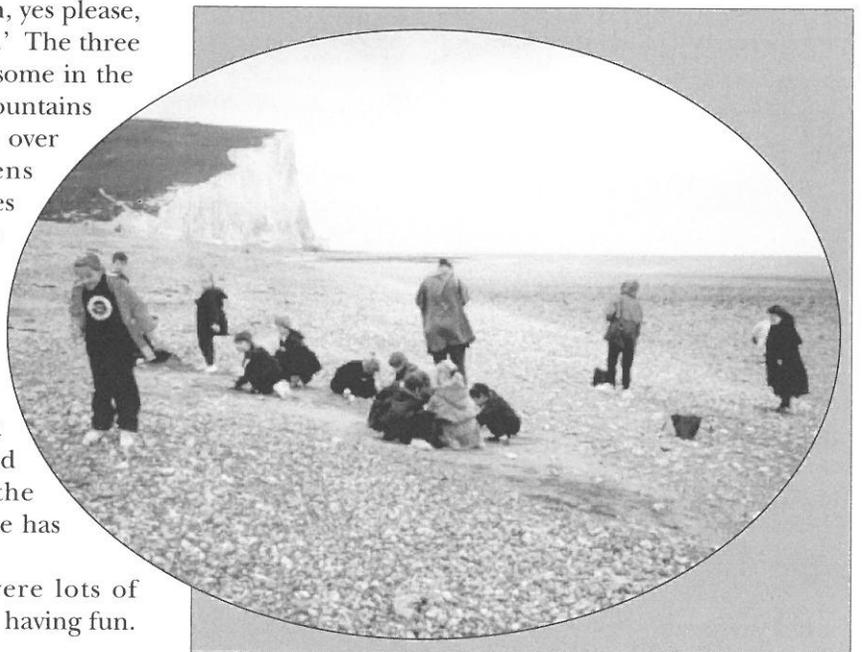
I love seeing animals and drawing animals. I like swimming in our swimming pool and going down our water slide. I like watching T.V. and playing sport.

I love eating chilli con carne. My mum's chilli is lovely. It's all spicy and juicy and pizza four cheeses is all juicy too and lovely.

I'm scared of spiders and once I opened the door of my cupboard, started flicking through my clothes, and then I saw this huge spider on the first outfit in my cupboard.

My favourite country, I think, is Italy. I've never, never been there but I really want to. I think it will be brilliant if we ever go. My Dad's been there and he thought it was great.

Allana Austin, UP



An hour of spinning

Today, Mrs Booth came to do some spinning with us. First Mrs Booth talked about sheep and their wool. When you are choosing your wool make sure the sheep hasn't been ill that year, because if it has been ill the wool will break easily and it will be hard to spin with. They are shorn once a year. The sheep from the south have shorter staples than the sheep from the north. Staples are curly like someone with curly hair. She passed around some staples of wool for us to look at and keep.

To get the wool ready we had to use the carders. The carders get all of the grass and straw out of it, and also separate the fibres. Once Mrs Booth had done the carding she made a thing called a rolag. The rolag looked like a wool sausage. The carders are like two big grooming brushes.

Then Mrs Booth started spinning. The spinning wheel she used was an Ashford spinning wheel invented by Mr Ashford in the year 1940 in New Zealand. This type of spinning wheel is made out of beechwood. Then the whole class had a go at spinning. While everyone was waiting, Mrs Booth let us have a go at carding. When I was watching Mrs Booth doing the carding it looked easy, but when the carder got round to me it was very hard because the brushes kept getting stuck together.

When it was my turn to have a go at spinning, it was

Antoinette Delicata listens carefully to Mrs Booth's instructions and attempts to spin a rolag into wool.



harder than it looked. After this, we all had a go at treadling, that was hard too. Then Antoinette asked if she could have a go on the niddy-noddy. A niddy-noddy is a stick with two little sticks on each side and it is made out of beechwood. The niddy-noddy made a skein which is like a wool necklace and the skein makes a ball of wool. I really enjoyed spinning, it was really good fun.

Katie Lower, LPIL

So Exciting

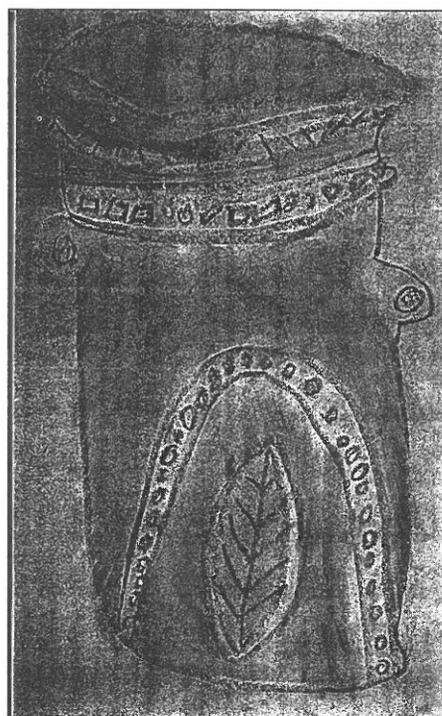
The smell of Saxon pottery
Everywhere
A pot there
A pot here
I've drawn a Saxon bucket.
I'm really excited
I won't wash my hands
I've held real Saxon things.
Now that's enough.
I'm so dizzy!
Sara King, LPIL

My visit to the Barbican Museum, Lewes

On 26th January we went in the mini-bus to Lewes. We went into the Education Room with Sue Potter who taught us about Saxon artefacts. I was excited and it was fascinating looking at real Saxon artefacts. I drank it all in and tried to remember it all. We handled real Saxon artefacts. I almost sank through the floor to think of it. It couldn't be true but I had to believe it!

It was snowing hard and we had to return to school, so I was disappointed not to go into the actual museum and do some more work.

*Jonathan Young,
LPIL*



*Saxon pot:
drawing by
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Nicholas, LPIL*

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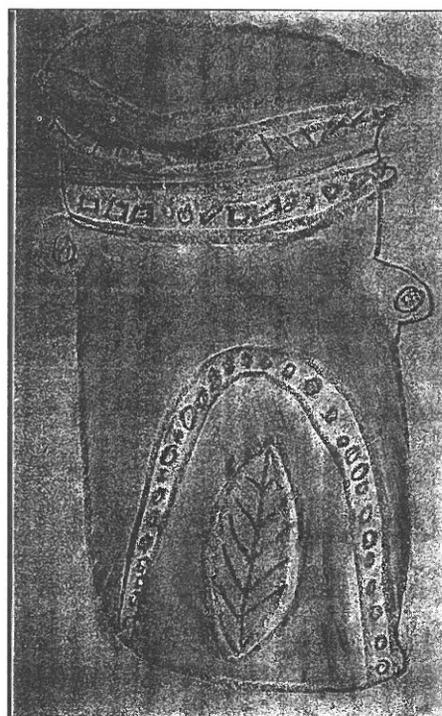
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Nicholas, LPIL*

Snow

Snow all beautiful and white,
Like a fluffy crystal blanket.
My garden looks strange, everything is covered.
Cat prints in the garden,
Birds pecking at the frozen pond,
Children sledging down the hills,
What fun!

Old ladies stuck at home,
scared they will fall.
Worried parents are nervous to drive their
car.
Tramps all shivering and cold,
Crashed cars and broken bones.
Rebecca Marchant, LP2M

What Winter Brings

Feathery snowflakes falling down,
Melting as they touch the ground,
Delicate and intricate patterns,
Each one is unique.

Children playing in the crisp white snow,
Throwing snowballs, laughing and shouting,
Icicles hanging from roof tops;
Everyone wraps up warm,
In woolly scarves, gloves and coats.
Freezing breath in the air;
Slippery ice upon the ground.

Mr Snowman, with coal eyes and a carrot nose
Stands fat and smiling in the park.
Slowly, the clean, crunchy snow
Turns to slush under the warm sun,
Drip, drip, the icicles disappear.
Dirty, messy snow is left behind.
Danielle Horro, LP2M

