

The Visit

As Sheila quietly sat in her armchair she heard children in the street outside playing, shouting to each other, and shrieking in an excited way. She remembered how she was once like that, free to move without pain, looking forward to what life would bring, never knowing what would happen in the future. As she sadly reminisced, her thoughts were broken by a knock on the door. Sheila was expecting a visitor, a social worker. She called out, 'I'll be there in just a minute.' Sheila had a special technique for getting out of her chair, because her back was in such a bad way that it took time and was a slow procedure.

When she reached the door she put on the safety chain as a precaution, and opened it slowly. There in front of her was a tall, young man with a smart suit, glasses and hat. He smiled and said, 'Hello Mrs Harraway, I am Mr Chambers. I have come to talk with you about possible home help. I'm the social worker you spoke to on the phone.'

'Ahh, yes,' said Sheila, trying to feel positive about the idea of someone helping her. She had always thought she would stay well enough to look after herself, but this was obviously not the case.

'Won't you come in? I've made some tea,' she said, unlatching the chain.

'I hope you didn't go to too much trouble,' said Mr Chambers, wiping his feet as he entered.

'No trouble at all,' Sheila said, thinking of the pain that had shot through her back as she tried to reach for the jam off the top of the shelf.

She showed the young man into the living room. 'Won't you make yourself comfortable?' she said. She then slowly proceeded into the kitchen to gather her tea tray which she had already prepared. As she carried the tray into the living room she remembered how, earlier that morning, she had tried her utmost to clean and tidy it, but because she

had such arthritic fingers she found it very painful.

Would she have to tell this stranger, this social worker, the trouble she had cleaning, getting out of chairs and into baths? As Sheila thought of this she became very uneasy and disconcerted.

'Well, Mrs Harraway, I believe that you are finding some aspects of daily life hard.'

'Emmm, yes, yes I suppose I am finding some things difficult,' Sheila admitted reluctantly, pouring the tea.

'Would you like to tell me about those things?'

'Well,' Sheila said, sighing, 'for some time now I have found ...' she broke off; how could she tell this stranger she had troubles in keeping herself clean; how could she tell this youthful man she found it frightening going to town on a bus?

'Yes?' the social worker probed gently.

'Do you take sugar?' Sheila asked, nodding at the tea.

'No thank you,' Mr Chambers answered. 'What do you find hard or uncomfortable, Mrs Harraway?'

'Well, I have very bad arthritis in my joints, especially in my fingers, so I find it hard to grasp and hold on to things.'

'I see. Do you find doing general housework difficult? Do you have any relatives who help you? Do your neighbours pop in regularly?'

'No, I don't see much of my neighbours. I do have a daughter, but she has a family and lives in Scotland, so I have to try and manage everything on my own, but it's so hard and I don't enjoy it. It is just so painful.'

'Mrs Harraway, do you have any special aids to help you around the home, to make your life a little easier?' enquired the social worker, 'for example, rails on the sides of the bath, non-slip mats, hospital

taps which you don't have to twist and untwist, things like that?'

'No, not at all,' answered Sheila. As she talked to Mr Chambers she gradually felt a little more at ease for he spoke to her with interest and understanding.

'Do you have many friends?' he asked.

'No I don't, but I do have a bird as a pet; he talks so he keeps me company.'

'Really,' said Mr Chambers with enthusiasm. 'I would love a bird, but I go away to functions and on trips quite a lot, so it would be difficult. May I see him?'

'Of course you can,' Sheila said, with delight. As she guided him into the bedroom she began to feel that maybe she could open up to him, maybe it would turn out right.

Later, the young man began asking more questions.

'I see,' he said, jotting down what she had said on a pad. 'So do you feel that you can look after yourself, or would you like someone to check on you or bring you meals, like meals-on-wheels for instance? Maybe you might prefer sheltered housing?'

'Well, I haven't given it much thought; I'm not really sure,' Sheila answered nervously. She could tell that to the social worker, kind as he was, she was just yet another elderly person, just yet another case for him, whereas for her it was her whole future. However, she told herself that she should be less pessimistic and regard all offers of help or housing as at best a privilege or, at worst, just kindness.

'Well, Mrs Harraway, I have made notes on your situation, but I want to reassure you that you won't be rushed into anything. However, think it over and I'll come and see you in a few days.'

Sheila smiled and nodded in agreement. She did have deep reservations but was happy to know that the social services were there if she needed them.

Sarah Bridgewood, 4P

Life is too short

Life is so precious, but yet so short,
It should never be wished away.
The beautiful birds, the wind and waves,
will still be here each day.
The sun in the morn will always rise,
The moon will always set.
But our lives will be only a memory,
to our children, who are not here yet.

Oh how we wish to be sixteen,
but when we are we will moan.
Why cannot people love their age,
and be glad it is all their own.
When I am old, and life is shortening fast,
I will say, 'How stupid I've been.'
For if I had not wished days away,
I could still be sweet sixteen.

Emma Chapman, 3F

Five ways to get out of going to school!

Oh Mum, my tum!
(Now here's a good one)
I think the world will explode!
(Then punch yourself then desperately say)
Oh look at my bleeding nose!
Hide your shoes under the bed,
And say that you've hurt your toes!
Or say that you've woken the dead!
All of these things are very good ideas,
Though my mum won't ever believe me!

Katie Overton-Hart, 1K

At the Dentist

When I was at the dentist,
A little while ago,
I had to have some gas,
It's the best way to go.

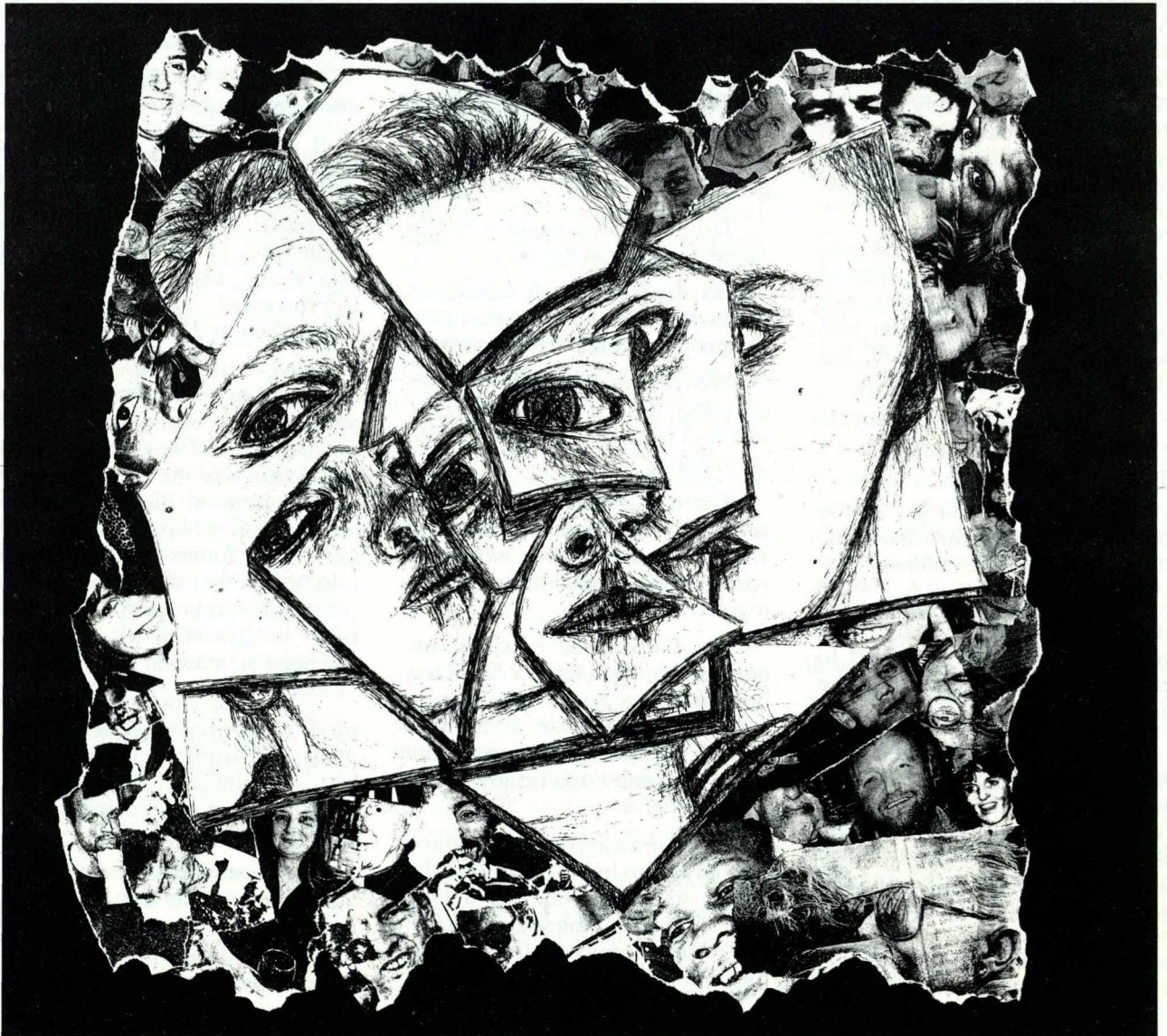
I had to have a filling,
Just like the time before,
But every time I have one,
It feels like I'm at war.

I s'pose it's my fault,
All the sweets and bubble-gum,
But I just can't stop it,
'False teeth here I come'.

My dentist must be getting sick,
I'm forever going there,
He's going to have to put up with it,
His poor head is nearly bare.

Rachel Motteram, 2Z

Josie Gander, 5S



Happiness and Unhappiness

The day had finished and the light was fading slowly like a sweet unforgotten taste in your mouth. Many people were at home but the last commuters still scurried to their trains. In the park, a few birds still flew, but many were sitting in the trees chattering to each other like excited children. This and the sound of the fountain were the only sounds audible.

A couple were sitting on one of the park benches holding hands. They were smiling and hugging each other and from where the tramp could see, looked very in love. He couldn't remember if he had ever been in love or what 'love' meant. He only knew what hate was and what it felt like to be hated. He'd never felt the love from another person apart from one person. He took another swig from his bottle of scotch as he always found that it improved his memory. He remembered his mother, his beautiful, sweet, smiling mother. Why did she have to die? The shadows were lengthening and the darkness was sweeping over everything like a dark cloud.

The couple smiled once again at each other. They had been going out together for exactly two weeks and felt so happy together. They had met one evening through the girl's boyfriend and she had dumped him to go out with Darren, her new boyfriend. Every night, Amanda met Darren after work and they would go and sit in the park and talk. This evening was no different from any other. The way they felt was the same as well, because every time they were with each other they felt so happy, but once parted they felt as if a whole chunk of that happiness had been taken away. The street lights came on, but still they remained there.

A man sat all alone in a business suit staring at the ground. He had gone for a job interview that afternoon at a major company and would earn a lot more money if he got it; and he had. However, he had no-one to spend the money on. His wife had died many years ago in a car accident, leaving him childless. He

had always wanted children, but after his wife had died he could find no-one else who would or could be as good as she. He was excited about the prospect of this job, though. Imagine all the new people he could meet and all the debts he could pay off. He had been unemployed for several months and had run up massive debts, but now he had the job, he could afford to pay everybody off. He was happy and excited about his new job, but having non-one to share the good news with left him feeling empty. He began to walk home as the birds began to quieten into an occasional cheep and a small flutter of feathers every now and then.

As the darkness drew in, leaving the streetlights glowing like paint spilling from a pot, everyone drifted home. The couple said their last goodbye, the man went home, but the tramp, he had no home and stayed on his bench with a few drunken companions. The trees rustled as the wind blew, but as the few party-goers left the safety of the bars the wind had quietened down into a small murmur. The evening, filled with the quietness that only night can bring, finally drew to an end and morning began, conveying its own sweet uncertainty.

Madeline Farr, 4P

Auntie Joyce

One morning, in May, Auntie Joyce phoned. I answered.

'Hello, Canavan,' I said, promptly.

'Hello Louisa.'

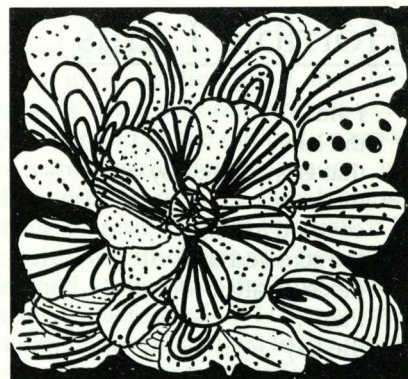
'Auntie Joyce!' My voice brightened up as I heard the reassuring voice of my much-loved Auntie. 'I haven't spoken to you for ages. Did you get my letter?'

'Oh yes. It was lovely. I was so proud. I showed it to all my friends, who were very impressed with your writing. It was such a kind thought. Thank you so much.'

'Oh, that's all right. How's Uncle Albert?'

'He's fine. Just as lazy as ever. Honestly, I'm sure he's fit and healthy, but he doesn't seem to have any energy! I don't understand it!'

'Yes it's strange, seeing you cook him such delicious meals!'



Rachel Gordon, 1i

'Yes, well. Now what did I ring about? ... Ah yes! Can you put Mum on please, I want to ask her something.'

'What?'

'You'll soon find out, Louisa.'

Mum spent ages on the phone. Finally, she came into my bedroom and said in a happy, excited kind of voice, 'Would you like to spend the weekend at Auntie's?' I was stunned.

'Yes! Would I just.'

'Well, then, it's all settled. Dad will take you up on the train, and Uncle Albert will bring you back.' My mother's words rang in my head. I'd never been to Auntie's house on my own. I was certainly growing up.

(Four days later I'm back from Auntie's house)

The train trundled into the station. I was peering out of the window. 'What a lovely weekend! Philip will be so jealous,' I thought to myself.

Suddenly I saw my brother waving frantically at me, and the faces of my happy parents, smiling at me. Uncle Albert got my bag down from the rack as I fumbled with the door, desperately trying to get out.

'Hang on, Louisa, let me do it for you.'

'Thanks.'

Mum and Dad must have been sick of my voice when we got back home. I talked all the way from the station about the lovely time I'd had.

When I was tucked up in bed that night the phone rang. It was about Auntie. She had had a sudden heart attack.

I'll never forget that night. I thought about Auntie Joyce and cried. I never cried so much. Poor Uncle Albert, what will he do?

What will I do?

Louisa Canavan, 1i 1990-91

Horrible I Ams

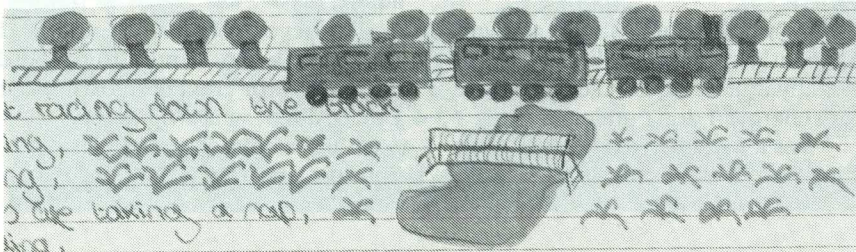
I am
the car
that is splattered by oil
the path
covered in soil
the screwed up
piece of silver foil.
I am
the hay
eaten by mice
the hair
that is covered with lice
the voice
of the man that is never nice.
I am
the core
at the bottom of the bin
the cotton
jabbed by a safety pin
the baked beans
stuffed in a tin.
I am
the tooth
with the decay
the shore
with the polluted bay
the leftovers
at the end of the day.

Sarah Dyer and Laura Harvey 2Z

The train went racing down the track

Clickety Click,
Clickety Clack,
The train went racing down the
track,
Whirling, steaming,
Gliding, gleaming,
Many passengers are taking a nap,
Some are reading,
Some are sleeping,
Soon we shall run out of seating,
The train is really filling up,
Not to mention speeding up,
Soon it will be pulling up,
For all you can see the hill it will be
climbing up.

Charlotte Crutchley, 1i



Rush Hour

The boom, the noise,
The crackle of lights,
Everything is going on,
People rush around,
Don't seem to notice all the sounds,
People mutter, 'The trains are late,
I really don't have time to wait.'
The cooker is on,
The toast is burnt,
What a hectic city this is.
Vanessa Cuddeford, 1K

The Pig

A beautiful animal is the pig,
Forever eating, it gets quite big,
Very fat, majestic and proud,
With a grunt rather loud,
But what I like most
Is the way a pig boasts,
Of its lovely, short, curly tail.
Selena Hoskins, 1K

The Race

A few battered old cars and the
occasional Jaguar are squeezed
between the traditional Land Rovers
and cheap Japanese copies: some
genuine workhorses, splattered with
mud, others pristine and clean, a
third, maybe fourth car.

Boots are opened, hampers seen,
with every imaginable drink visible.
It is drinks all round.

There are whoops and shouts of
delight as old friends greet one
another. People are introduced,
new, temporary friendships are
forged. The high-pitched, resonant
sound of county voices is
intermingled with those of country
folk. People parade in their green
wellies, tweeds, cords, anoraks and
felt hats, sporting the inevitable field

glasses. There are dogs pulling on
leads and young, lanky, jean-clad
fillies talking to self-assured young
men home from school or university.

An air of excitement and
anticipation pervades, so tangible
one could almost extend one's hand
and touch it.

Then a reverential hush
temporarily descends, accompanied
by the sound of hooves and bridles
and distinct smell as the horses enter
the ring.

People whisper to one another
conspiratorially, as though imparting
some secret knowledge, while those
to whom all this is new strain their
ears to what is being said.

People melt away, bookies shout,
bets are made, the race is about to
begin.

Eleanor Clarke, 4Y

The family tree

The mother stood on the bridge at
midnight

Her lips were all a-quiver
She gave a cough, her leg fell off
And floated down the river.

Her daughter from Jarrow
Whose mouth was exceedingly
narrow
Ate with a spoon
By the light of the moon
But all she could eat was a marrow.

Her charming young sister named
Hannah
Got caught on a flooded savannah.
As she floated away
Her sister they say
Accompanied her on the piannah.

Their young brother from
Dumbarton
Though he could run like a spartan.
On the thirty-ninth lap
His braces went snap
And his face went a red Scottish
tartan.

His big brother from Leeds
Swallowed a packet of seeds.
Within just one hour
His nose was a flower
And his head was a riot of weeds.

Nicola Rogers 1K

Is there any excuse for reading novels?

I am a self-confessed bookaholic. The first thing I see beside me in the morning - apart from my alarm clock - is a teetering pyramid of books. The approximate value of these bedside readers in £150, and along with those hidden in my drawers and the three dozen-strong collection I have at home, they add up to a sizeable fortune.

The other symptoms of this terrible disease are that my friends only truly believe I am ill when they notice I do not have a book welded to my hands and my favourite form of contact is when I am cajoling someone to lend me a novel. I live for the moments when I find the latest title released by my favourite author and hibernate in between.

And am I ashamed of such an atrocious habit? The answer is simply: no! Why should I devise excuses for my favourite pastime and why should I be apologetic for doing something I enjoy? Granted, reading novels is a rather solitary hobby and arid bookworms can turn into recluses. However, I am certainly no hermit. I enjoy the company of my

friends, and meeting new people does not induce me to break out in a cold sweat. I can talk for hours on end and embarrass myself as well as any extrovert can.

Critics say that novel-reading is of no intellectual worth and that such readers are merely trying to escape into fantasy lands of romance and adventure. I hate to contradict, but there are other titles apart from Mills and Boon's and second-rate murder mysteries. One of the best examples of this is the highly-regarded nineteenth and early twentieth century writers such as the Brontë sisters and John Steinbeck. If English teachers around the world feed their students these authors' works, surely they cannot all be wrong?

However, after saying this, I have to admit that none of my 'book-money' was spent on classical titles. I enjoy reading modern-day titles from the fantasy section of the bookstores; I have since I was twelve. They may be the most unrealistic of all fictional settings, but it is upon them that I have based my style of writing. I have found that whilst it may be difficult for others to capture the reader's interest in plots set in everyday life, it is just as challenging to make the alien environment of imaginary worlds seem realistic and plausible. Certainly not all fantasy novels reach

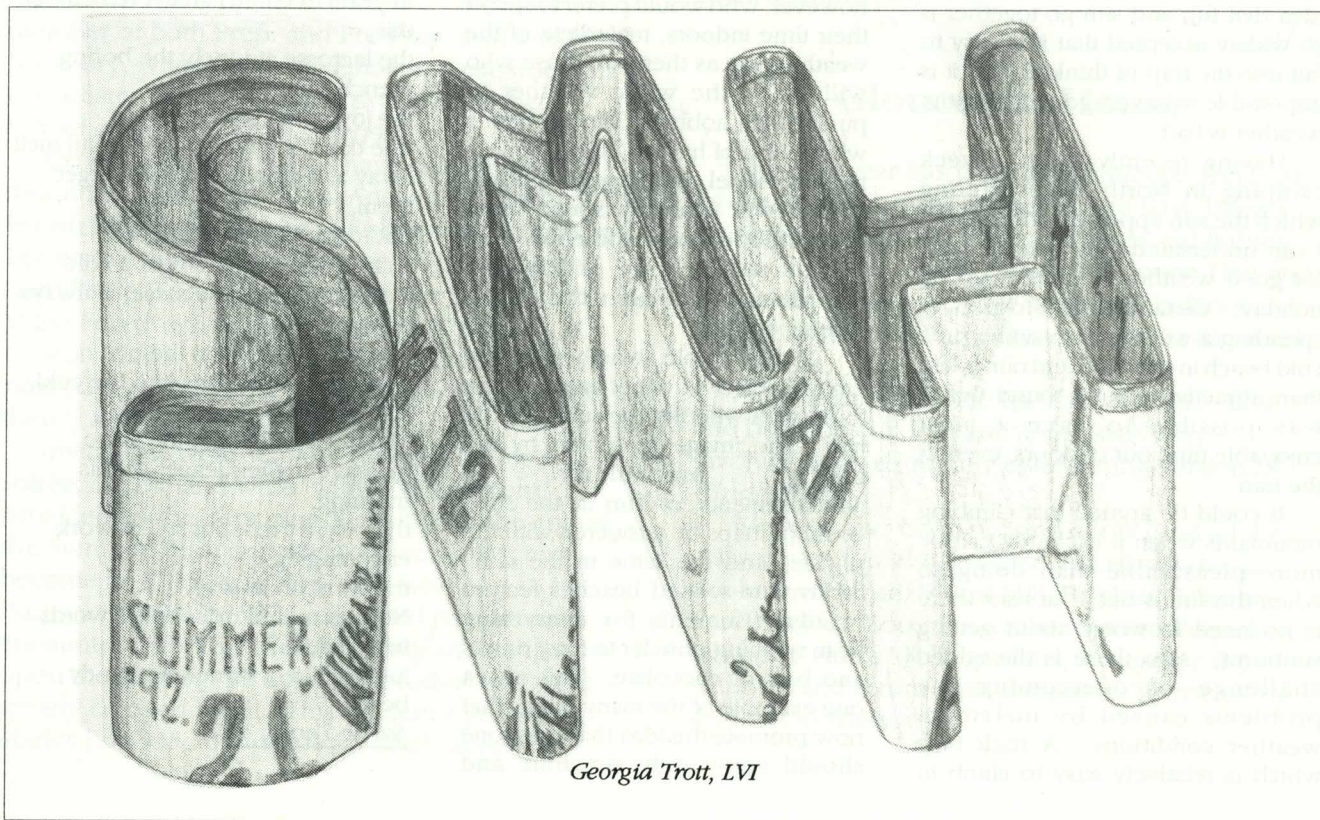
such standards, but then, I am not referring to these.

A much earlier use I had for novels was when I was much younger and in the difficult process of learning a different language - in this case, English. I hated being made to read jumbled text which I could not understand, but as I learned I found that the jumble was actually interesting. As I have grown older, I have progressed to the more complex and mature versions of the fairy-tales which I loved. It was because I enjoyed reading these stories that I learned all the grammar and vocabulary that I did. They were far better teachers than my dull text-books.

In this age of television and videos, I often hear people complaining about how young people should unglue their eyes from the screens and read a good book. I already do, but how many parents would urge their children to do the same if they thought that it would decrease their I.Q. or turn them into day-dreamers? We all know the answer to that question.

Well, I have made my points on a topic which lies very close to my heart - literally - but I am wondering if I can ask a question too. Is there any excuse for not reading novels?

Kaythi Yin, UVI



The children have continued to work hard in music, drama and dance - Garden Party was an opportunity for the children to put on a concert with a selection of their work over the year.

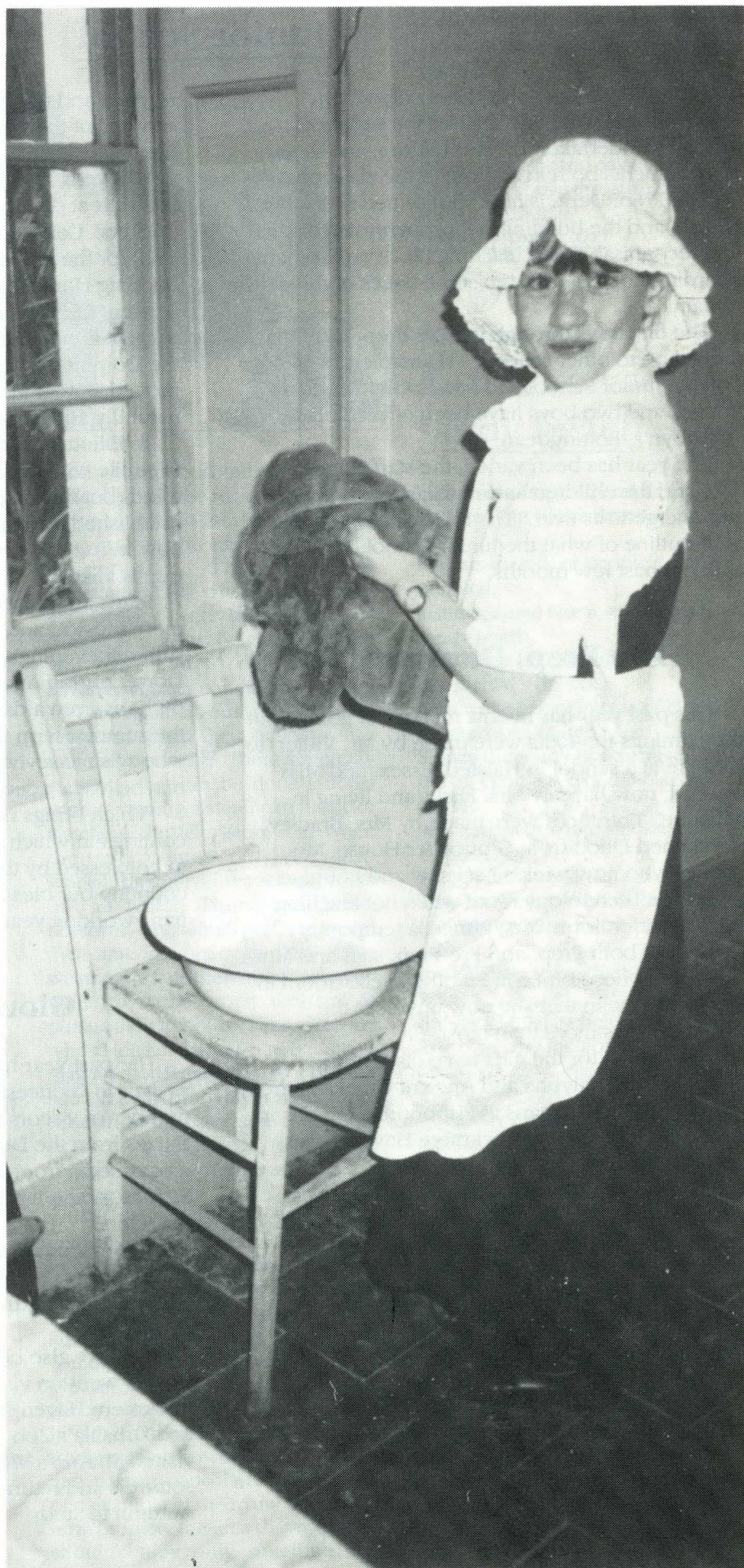
Our Harvest and Christmas celebrations in St. Mark's were very special occasions. The Nativity Play, in particular, filled with excitement and expectancy, was a delightful start to the Yuletide season.

Finally, the children have been particularly active in their fund-raising. In October they read for 'Readathon' and raised £350 to help children suffering from leukemia. One November Saturday Gloucester House opened its doors for a mini-fair, to raise money for the Guide Dogs for the Blind. Mr. Bond and his dog Ollie had become friends of the children during the summer term when they visited in conjunction with the children's topic work. Thanks to hard work and enthusiastic spending of pocket money, the fair raised the grand total of £240.

Recently the children participated in a sponsored 'Swim for the Dolphins'. Once again they excelled themselves - this was reflected in the parents' faces as they left the swimming pool. Having counted lengths, many parents found they had underestimated their children's ability, and had to dig deep into their pockets. Many thanks to all parents for their support in the above activities.

It is always a pleasure to reflect on the past year, but we now look forward and eagerly anticipate the activities and achievements to come.

S.V.



Junior School Creative Writing

A Magical Land

1 Mother said Katy and Joe could buy some shoes. So off they went. When they got there they were sitting down patiently. It was a flying chair, a wishing chair. Off they went on an adventure. It was a land called Magical Land. Look over there. There are some beautiful strange animals. Oh yes said Joe. Come on this is an excited land so they went in to the distance and they saw a castle with a witch inside it. The children ran up to the castle and they looked into the window. The children knew what the witch wanted to do to the animals. She wanted to capture the animals to get their power. We must save the animals. But how said Katy. We can make a disguise as her slave. Thats a great idea said Katy. So they dressed in their disguise. Knock knock. Hello said the witch are you my slaves. Yes. Come on in and hide my key in a safe place. Ok. They took the key and locked the witch in the castle and they lived happily ever after.

Tara Rothstein, PP2T

2 Once there was a land where magic animals lived and once it was all gold and then a witch came and turned a piece of land into winter for ever. Then the witch got a net and went to catch one of the animals. She saw Unish the unicorn and got ready to throw the net over her and took her back to the castle and locked her up while she made a machine to take the power away from her and then she put Unish into the machine and put her wand onto Unish's horn and that put the magic into the wand and then she let Unish go and then Unish went and got all the other animals and told them what the witch had done and they decided that they should get the magic back

for Unish so that she could be as powerful as she was before. They all went to the castle and saw the witch they went and hypnotised the witch to give them the wand when they had the wand they got Unish's magic and gave it to her and then they gave back the wand and un hypnotised the witch and went home and they all lived happily ever after.

Sarah Johnson, PP2T

Bath Time

1 I went up stairs to have a bath
I heard the water whooshing fast
I suddenly saw there was a flood
I called 'Mummy, mummy, come!'
'What,' she said.
I said 'Mummy there is a flood.'
Mummy mopped it up.
'There,' she said, 'try again.'
I said, 'No thank you, mummy.'
Jodie Gee, Lower Prep. 1B

2 Splash around,
Muck around,
Do what you like.
Eat Cadbury's chocolate in the bath,
If you like.
Turn on the cold tap and the hot,
The get ready to relax.
Have cocktails in the bath,
If you like.

Francesca Parker, Lower Prep. 1B

Bonfire Night

Rockets that are whizzing up and
whirling down,
Zooming around, off the ground,
Curling in, whirling out,
And going everywhere round about,
Colours that belong to the bonfire,
Red, orange, yellow and gold,
Keep us warm when the air is so cold,
Mum tells you to be safe,
Don't go too near,
My dear, beware, beware.
Katie Mokhtar, Lower Prep. 1B

At the Firework Fair

Crackle sparkle pop
Fireworks make me hop
Make the jumping beans inside me
Like the others all beside me.
The catherine wheels go whizzing round
Spreading sparkles on the ground.
Rockets shooting stars about
Making all the children shout.
When the fireworks are done
The fair brings up some merry fun.
Swings and slides, roundabouts and rides
They're all fun you know.
Then the rain disrupts the fun
And the fair goes home as suddenly as it comes.
Everyone runs to get out of the cold
And the children want their teddies to hold.
Everyone goes to bed and turns out the light
And to the moon we all say good night.
Alexandra Bartlett, Lower Prep 1B

Feelings

Happiness

Happiness is pink, sweets are sweet and tasty,
happiness is perfume, and little children playing all together.
Hearing happy laughing is happiness too,
which sometimes makes you rather light blue.
Happiness makes you feel joyful and important.

Olivia Sherwood, Transition T

Surprise

To me the colour of Surprise is yellow,
It smells like a sweet primrose newly bud,
The look of Surprise is like a big present (addressed to you) with a big bow on it,
Surprise sounds like a light flutter of a butterfly's wings,
The feel of Surprise is warm, soft and cuddly,
And the taste of Surprise is sweet, like strawberries and cream.

Elizabeth Vivian, Transition T

Loneliness

Loneliness is white, dancing about with a tint of blue.
It tastes like sour fruit and stale chocolate,
It smells like a musty room, unwelcoming.
Loneliness looks like a dilapidated house sold and sad.
Loneliness feels like a cold stone floor,
It sounds like a drill going on forever, the drill and You forever.
That's Loneliness.

Kate Baker, Transition T

Joy

The colour of joy is pink,
The taste is sweet,
The smell of joy is clean air,
It looks like a smile,
It sounds like laughter,
And feels like a hug.

Lisa Coulter, Transition T

The disappearing jewels

Tom had just arrived at his cousins' house. He was going to spend the whole of the Christmas holidays with them. Tom and his cousins, Johnny and Lauren went into the living room and turned on the TV. The only programme on was the news. Lauren was just about to change channels when a news flash came on. It was about some disappearing jewels.

'The people who find the jewels will receive a reward of £1,000,' read the newreader.

Johnny and Lauren's Dad was a police officer and in his office he might have some files about the jewels.

'We can go to Dad's office tomorrow and read the files.'

The next morning the three cousins went to the office with a torch, some sandwiches and some sun glasses. They found the files and took them to the beach where they ate their sandwiches and read the files.

'Hurry up, Lauren. Read the files.'

'Here it is. It says two men were seen at the time of the robbery running away from the Tower of London.'

'So it was the Queen's jewels which have been stolen.'

'Wait, there's some more. One man was 28, had dark hair and was about 5ft. 8inches. The second man was about 25 had blonde hair and was about 5ft. 11inches,' said Lauren.

'I'm going to look at the caves, do you want to come?' asked Tom.

'Ok, wait a minute. I'll just put my coat on,' said Johnny.

'I'll come too,' said Lauren, finishing her sandwiches.

When they arrived at the caves they saw two men who fitted the description. The taller man was stacking up some boxes which the smaller man was bringing to him. The cousins hid behind a rock and watched the men. Then the men sat down and had some Coke. While the men were sitting down the three cousins made a plan.

'I will sneak into the cave with Tom and you get your bike, ride to Dad's

office and tell the police to come and arrest the men,' whispered Johnny. 'Why do I have to go?' complained Lauren.

'Just go!'

Lauren ran off to get her bike and the boys sneaked into the cave. Tom had a penknife with him and made a hole in one of the boxes. Inside were the jewels.

Then they heard a police siren. The men jumped up and the boys started to kick and punch the men.

Finally the police arrived and arrested the men. The police gave a reward to the cousins. Tom, Johnny and Lauren had a nice Christmas and couldn't wait until their next case.

Lucy Dinning, Transition T

The best surprise

Have you ever had a surprise, well I've had a really good surprise that nobody else had. I mean how many children do you know that have been on their parents' honeymoon? I was shocked when my mother said, 'You're coming with us to Holland for our honeymoon.' I was shocked because most children have to stay at home with someone from the family. My sister Charlotte came as well but she can't remember much.

When we arrived in Holland it was very late so we booked into our hotel. The hotel was called The Grand Hotel (I think) and, boy, was it big. The next morning we had breakfast in the breakfast hall, it had every kind of food you could think of. After breakfast we went sight seeing.

After a tiring day we went to a restaurant where they gave us lots of sweets. Of course I ate them in bed (shh!) so my mum didn't see. We stayed in Holland for about a week then we went home. The next day (at school) I was allowed to sleep all day because my journey home was so long!

Serena Dougan, Upper Prep

Soft Sizzling Summer

The soft, warm sun beaming down,
People sunbathing at the beach,
Nobody whosoever can frown,
Especially when the sun is beaming down.

Bright blue skies with fluffy clouds,
Accompany the bright yellow sun,
Lots of people go for a jog,
Come back with a frown,
Especially when the sun is beaming down.

Flowers blossom in full bloom,
Hoping water will come very soon,
The fruits are ripe on the trees,
And in the flowers are the bees,
On the riverside the only sound is
The dripping of water and
The rustling of
Leaves.

The birds are singing,
A lovely tune,
When the sun comes,
After the moon,
The sun is hot,
Cows need some shade,
So they huddle under a tree,
Exactly like you and me,
Rabbits are hopping,
Around the field,
They need a protector like a shield.

People go on holidays,
Beaches, parks and summer plays,
All you want to do,
Is dive into a pool,
Let's have drinks which are
Nice and cool.
I love the summer with the
Bright yellow sun beaming
Down on me.

Emma Rothstein, Transition B

The Autumn Breeze

The Autumn breeze has come.
A clear blue sky and a golden sun.
At sunset the sun disappears to a part
of the world,
Where the sun disappears to another
part of the world,
Where cold is feared.

The Autumn breeze has come, all
leaves turn into a
Shade of brown and to an end the
leaves' lives come.

The trees all sweat from the red hot
sun.

And the rivers gleam like the very hot
sun sinking in the water.

The moon which lights up the dark
black sky,
Owls of the night which fly very high.
The flies of the night which fly
through the sky,
and they fly and fly till morning is
nigh.

The rustle of leaves,
The whistle of trees, the crashing of
waves,
the sounds of the deep sea water,
the crashing of the sea.

Sarah Cockburn, Transition B

Welcome the Spring

Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
Bringing sunshine and showers,
And winds which are warmer.
The frost disappears,
The sunshine breaks through,
To lighten the world,
After its seemingly everlasting sleep.

Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
We plant the seeds,
And watch them grow,
We hope that the veg. will grow,
The leaves turn bright green.

Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
With animals quite near,
Baby birds cheeping for food,
Pigs are snorting in the mud.

Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
We can't wait,
Because Easter is near,
So is the 'New Year',
Especially the Spring Fair.
Emma Rosenberg, Transition T

Welcome the Spring

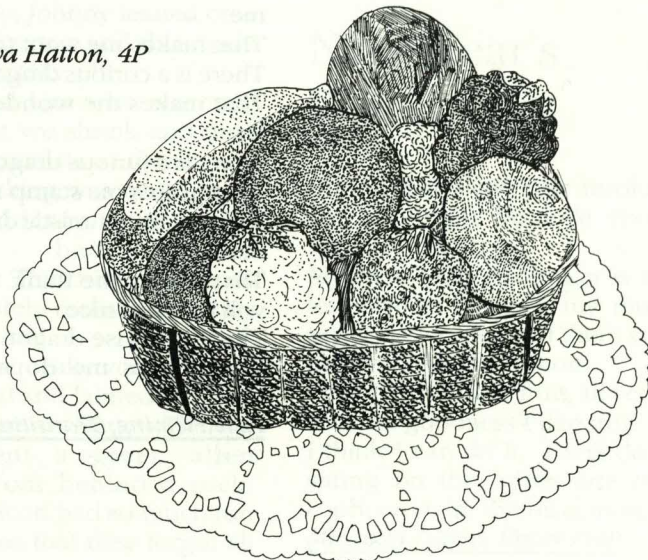
Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
Bringing sunshine and showers,
And winds which are warmer.
The frost disappears,
The sunshine breaks through,
To lighten the world,
After its seemingly everlasting sleep.

Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
We can hear the birds singing,
And the animals crying,
And young chicks are hatching and
popping from their egg shells,
While the foxes are hunting after
their long winter sleep.

Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
The plants are growing at last,
and the crocus and daffodils,
Are stretching upward to the sun.

Welcome the spring,
The spring is here,
Bringing with it Easter,
And the New Year,
the spring fairs are starting,
People are shouting for joy,
So shout hip hip huray,
And welcome the spring.
Nicola Walters, Transition B

Maya Hatton, 4P



Monsters

'When will we be there?' I asked mum impatiently.

'Soon, very soon,' she replied. 'In fact we shall be there in roughly fifteen minutes if my watch is right, dear.'

'Thanks mum,' I said

When we arrived at the hotel I thought we could just go straight to our rooms, but no, we had to wait another fifteen minutes just to get our key.

In case you don't know yet, our family trip this year was to Scotland.

We had travelled by aeroplane.

The next day I woke up at six o'clock as I couldn't sleep, because we were all going to visit Loch Ness to see the sights and most of all the Loch Ness monster. Not that I believe in it of course!

It was absolutely freezing outside and we had to sit in the car for ages, while dad was warming up the car, but finally got there, one hour later though.

First we had lunch in the restaurant then we went to Loch Ness bay.

Suddenly mum cried out, 'Oh no, I left my purse in the restaurant, George! You must go back with me.'

'Oh okay,' he shouted back angrily. 'But what about me?' I asked.

'You'd better just stay here away from the edge so you don't fall in the bay.'

'We will only be a few minutes,' called out dad as he walked away. I was sitting on the wall a few yards away from the edge, looking into the bay, when out of the water popped a leg - a green, fat leg. 'Surely not,' I told myself, 'You must need an eye test or something, that's all.' Just then a fiendish-looking face popped out of the water, and I do not mean an average-sized face, I mean the size of a car.

I kept on telling myself it's not true but I know what I saw. Just then mum said we had to go. I tried telling mum what I saw but she just said I'd had a tiring day. If you ever visit Scotland please take a look. I am sure I saw the Loch Ness monster!

Charlotte Sabel, Transition T

The Monster Wakes

It was midsummer. The midsummer festivities were taking place. Fanfares, fun fairs, feasting. Singing, fencing and fighting all going on at the same time.

The sound of merriment and laughter echoed through the land. It floated along to the dark pool. The babog - Alfin's bane - opened a flickering poisonous yellow eye. It knew nothing of pleasure or of man. Nor understood them, and so hated them. It heard the laughter and singing in its foul slimy den. The festivities went on for 24 hours at a time. So when all was dark, the babog glided along, without a sound, and then - when the light came back at 5 a.m., blood was splattered on the grass, and eighty Danish warriors were gone, along with a clown, two jugglers and a wrestler. Even in this, the babog felt no pleasure. It crept back to its den and, glutted with blood, slept for many moons.

It was five years later that it awoke and again heard the singing and laughter. Again it glided through the mists. This time would be the last. Alfin's descendant Afrin, was ready for it. She waited there at the fairground in the dead of night, unarmed. It arrived. She grabbed its arm. The arm tore off. Talons and all. Using the razor-sharp claws, she hacked the thing's head off.

Morgan Charlesworth, Transition T

Slithering Snakes

Slithering, slippery, slimy, squirmy snakes,

Their creepy bodies give me the frights,

I dream about them on scary nights,
Those slithering, slippery, slimy, squirmy snakes.

Slithering, slippery, slimy, squirmy snakes,

When I see them I shake like a leaf,
And of course I have chattering teeth,

Those slithering, slippery, slimy, squirmy snakes.

Slithering, slippery, slimy, squirmy snakes,

I hate those snakes; in fact I don't like them at all,

They're so black and shiny, short or tall,

Those slithering, slippery, slimy, squirmy snakes.

Abigail Malpass, Transition B

Dragons inside me

There is a jolly dragon inside me
That makes me jump about.

There is this noisy dragon inside me

That makes me want to shout.

There is a curious dragon inside me
That makes me wonder why bees fly.

There is a furious dragon inside me
That makes me stamp my foot.

There is an optimistic dragon inside me

That makes me think the weather will turn out nice.

There is a wise dragon inside me
That makes me do my prep on time.

Kate Fleming, Transition B

A Space Adventure

It was Christmas morning and Johnny, Liza and Scott had just woken up finding presents around their beds. They all quickly opened them and Johnny had been given a shiny, blue crystal, Liza a big book about space and Scott a small statue of earth and a chart showing all of the planets in our solar system.

'What weird Christmas presents we've been given this year,' said Liza who was really hoping to get some perfume and clothes.

'Look over here,' Johnny said surprised. He was pointing to a big parcel which stood behind the Christmas tree. Scott walked towards it and saw there was a label. It said: To Liza, Scott and Johnny, Love from Uncle Harold xxx. Hope you have fun!

The children all opened the big parcel. Inside the parcel they saw a medium-sized space-ship model. 'What's so good about a silly space-ship model?' said Liza who was rather disappointed.

'Well, Uncle Harold is a scientist,' said Johnny.

'And all scientists are nutty,' interrupted Scott.

The children forgot all about their strange Christmas presents and went to bed. Later that night the children all woke up and looked at their space-ship model. They then realised that they had shrunk and were actually able to go inside the space-ship, so they did so. Unfortunately, Johnny leaned on a rather large button and this made the spaceship take off.

'Oh no!' cried Liza who was very scared. 'First we shrink and then we fly in a space-ship model.'

'I knew this thing was weird,' said Scott. Suddenly BUM! The space-ship had landed somewhere. The children got out and immediately realised that they were on a planet.

'Boo!' said a squeaky voice.

Liza screamed and fainted.

'Hello, you are in Mars.' Then at that moment a green alien appeared from behind a rock. Johnny and Scott had so much fun with the aliens that they forgot all

about Liza. Johnny then remembered Liza and five aliens went in search for her. When they found her an alien said, 'She's go-go.'

Scott then looked puzzled, 'You mean she's dead?'

'Yes,' replied an alien.

'But how come?' asked Johnny, shocked. 'Is there a way to get her back?'

A big alien spoke and said, 'Need Blue Crystal, someone steal it.'

Johnny took out a blue crystal from his pocket which he had been given for Christmas. The aliens gasped, 'You are the evil one!'

'We are not, we come from Earth.'

'Prove, prove,' said the aliens.

Remembering that he had a small chart showing the solar system, Scott showed the aliens it. The aliens then realised they were wrong and in a flash Johnny and Scott found themselves in their beds and next to them was Liza snoring.

'It was true wasn't it?' Scott asked Johnny.

Johnny felt something hard under his pillow, he looked under it and saw the shiny blue crystal.

'Yes,' replied Johnny, 'it was.'

Do you know who was the evil one and stole the Blue Crystal from the aliens?

Adela Hussain, Transition T

New Year's Resolution

I think that New Year resolutions are important because you can improve.

My New Year resolution is to eat less sweets because my mummy says I eat too many of them so I am barely allowed a biscuit.

I will have to have fruit, all I can say is thank goodness I like fruit.

I think I can do it. I will do it by sitting on the other side of the cupboard with the biscuits in.

Miranda Lutkin, Upper Prep

Bottle of perfume

When I was about three years old, my mum and my grandmother were in the kitchen. While they were in the kitchen cooking my brother and I went into my room. On her dressing table we found a bottle of perfume and there was a knob. If you pressed the knob a long whooshing sound could be heard and some watery stuff would come out. It smelled beautiful just like the flowers in the garden. My brother and I found it so interesting that we took the bottle into the garden. Then we went round the garden spraying the perfume. When it was finished my brother and I went into the kitchen and my brother said 'Mum have you got another one of these things?' My mum was so angry because it was a £60 perfume and dad had given it to my mum for her birthday. What a disaster!

(extract from 'My autobiography')

Rima Gudka, Transition T

Scared of the dark

When my mother sends me to bed
My heart thumps with utter dread.
To think whatever's in my room,
Is going to bring me to my doom.
So I run up the stairs,
Into my room,
Jump in my bed,
Is it my doom?
Everything's gone quiet
I wonder why?
I peep over my cover to discover,
But to my utter surprise
There's nothing there.

In the morning I wonder what's in store,
behind that scary bedroom DOOR

Beth Zawde, Transition B

My Family

My family are really weird! My mum's a sort of Dame Edna Everage. She runs about shouting 'Kate, Jenny, come on possums, supper's ready.' I really hate it. Then she says to my dad, 'Darling, can we go to my home country, Australia? I do so remember those days without those rascals Kate and Jenny.' That really makes Jenny my mad little sister really mad and she starts crying.

My dad is also mad. Since he married my mum he started going mad. He has had twenty-one jobs as a window cleaner (he kept breaking the windows), two jobs as a salesman, twenty jobs as a wine merchant (he kept stealing the wine), and sixty jobs as a newsagent. All together that makes 103 jobs.

He stays at them for about five minutes each. That makes about twenty hours and five minutes he's been working. Sorry, dad, only joking.

Well, on with my story. My sister. Well I have a lot to say about her. She moans and groans and worst of all is a pain in the neck. She runs about shouting, 'Hey baby I love your Cavie fulliers ...' And don't ask, I don't know what that means. She is the worst.

But me, I am just perfect.

Katherine Hasson, Transition T

Stormy Weather

Stormy weather is on its way
Treading in puddles, big ones today
Out come ducks to swim and play
Raining weather makes a duck's day
Muddy fields where cows lie around
Yearning for some dry ground.

Wet and windy, that's no fun
Everybody wants the sun
All the ships head straight for docks
The crew wet through straight to their socks

Happy at home curled up in the warm

Eddy the cat stays out of the storm
Rain and winds they quickly go
followed by oh no! Snow.

Jill Seymour, Transition B

The Dream Map

I had a pretend map. There was an island on the map. It was called Pirate's Park. It was full of pirates. Pirates were digging everywhere. The sea was full of mermaids and fishes and whales and octopi and sharks. I wished I could go there and take back with me lots of treasure and my family will be rich. I looked at my map every day. One day I went to sleep wishing I could go there. I had a dream. My dream was I was at Pirate's Park and I met a nice pirate and he made me a pirate and I was rich. He even gave me some of his treasure too. I even saw the mermaids. Every day I stayed in the sun with bags of treasure beside me. I thought to myself this is my dream wish I've had so much fun I never want to leave but suddenly I woke up so it was a dream. But then when I sat up there was treasure all over my bed and we were rich for the rest of our lives.

Ruth Evans, Lower Prep. 1B

The message

I've been on this island for so long now and I'm bored with coconuts. I've had them fried, boiled, baked and I've even tried to freeze the sweet milk, but now I don't like coconuts and just want to go home. Home! That's it I'll write a message in a bottle, and they'll find it and rescue me.

I ran around the island jumping for joy when I tripped over on a chest. I got up startled, and opened the chest. Inside was a bottle and cork, stationery set and food. This was just what I needed for my message so I started to write straight away.

Here is what I wrote:

Dear Sir/ Miss/ Mrs/ Mr/ Lord/ Lady/etc

I am ship-wrecked on an island in between Africa and South America.

I write to you in the year 1992. My name is Charlotte Alice Overton-Hart and I am lost. Please can you rescue me. If so, I would be most grateful if you could bring some food with you (not coconuts).

Thank you

Charlotte Overton-Hart, Upper Prep

Stormy Sea

The sea sparkles when the sun shines,
The glitter throws itself everywhere,
The birds swoop down and catch their fish,
The sun fades and rain splashes.
Splash, splash, splash.

It is rough, the fishermen run for their lives,
Waves are going all through the village,
Boats are sinking fast, men are drowning,
It has calmed down, the rain has stopped.

Amy Drinkwater, Lower Prep. 1B

The Application

33 Sillwood Road

Brighton

5.11.1891

My Dear Mrs Bryant,

I am writing to apply for a job as a kitchen maid in the household of General and Mrs Neil Kinnock V.C. I am an honest and an efficient worker and never let rats near the kitchen. I am thirty three years of age. I have had the honour of working for Mr Andrew Roy Hallaway Lloyd and his beloved sister Miss Sara Anne Lloyd of 78 Sillwood Street, Brighton for eighteen months and then Miss Lloyd got married and became Mrs Sara Anne Rathbone. So I went to work for Mr and Mrs Rathbone. I enjoyed working for them but two years later they had two children little devils they were and when they went out I had to look after the children and all they did to me was pull my hair, jump on me, play horsie and try to climb up the lace curtains. I'd like to change jobs because I would like to have a change once in a while. My afternoon off is Friday 8.11.1891 when I could arrange to come for an interview. I enclose my references. I remain your obedient Servant.

Helena Beatrice Potter
Alicia Lloyd, Upper Prep

The first page of a book entitled

The Mystery House

It was a dark and stormy night and Molly was wrapped up in her bedclothes. She couldn't sleep. She felt a tingle down her spine. She wanted it to be day. She didn't want to have to go to sleep. Somehow she felt bad. A cold rush of wind blew her curtain and knocked over her vase, she heard her mum turn off the lights and get into bed now she was lonely.

Since she was alone Molly decided to read. She was only on her second chapter when a gust of wind blew through the window sending icy chills down her spine. The house started to tremble, the legs fell off Molly's bed and some floorboards moved and she went whooshing down faster and faster she heard a woman's laugh she turned just to see a white ghostly figure which looked like her Grandma

Joanne Kline, Transition T

The first page of a book entitled

The Mysteriously Locked Attic Door

It was a dark foggy afternoon. Jenny and Jon were bored in the sitting room of fussy Auntie Isabelle's cottage, which was three miles away from the nearest village, and their aunt had gone there to buy some shoes and dresses.

Suddenly an idea popped into Jon's head.

'Why don't we explore the attic? I know Aunt Izzy says it's haunted, but ghosts don't exist. Don't tell me you believe in ghosts as well?'

'I don't either,' Jenny replied, 'but take a torch otherwise we won't be able to see.'

And up the stairs they went, but when they got to the door it was locked.

'Bother,' said Jon, 'I remember now that Auntie Isabelle keeps all her keys in her room. I bet she's locked her room and taken the key with her!'

'Let's go and take a look.'

Suddenly they heard a door bang and someone shouted 'Jonathan, Jennifer. I'm home.'

The children ran to their room and opened the first magazines they

found, no matter how boring they were. Then the aunt appeared.

'I do hope you're not bored,' she said looking uneasily at them.

'No Aunt Isabelle,' they answered sarcastically. She took the rubbish away then went out.

'We'll try again next week,' said Jon to Jenny.

Next week they told the parrot to get the key through the bedroom window while their aunt was out. Jenny and Jon bribed the parrot by telling it that they would give it an extra cracker for dinner.

As soon as the parrot had given Jon the key, Jenny stuffed the parrot's cage with crackers and they both raced up the stairs.

At the door Jon took the key out of his pocket. It was old and a bit rusty, like the door lock. He put the key in, turned slowly, then pushed the door. Nothing happened.

Suddenly the door opened slowly of its own accord. The children looked at each other. 'Shall we?' said Jon looking at his twin sister.

'I'm game if you are,' she answered without a look of fear.

They switched on the torch and went in.

Sarah Cheung, Transition T

At Night

Sitting there, petrified,
Waiting for them to come,
Them, meaning the killers.
Creeping on my balcony.
Waiting there till my light goes out.

Hot chocolate in my hands,
Still sitting there.
Nearly paralysed with fear,
Waiting to see the shadow behind my curtains,
Waiting waiting.
Here it comes,
Or is it just the wind?
But no, now they're hiding, creeping
back to the door
Gone!

Katie White, Transition B

The person

It was a beautiful sunny day. The trees were still and the birds were singing. The air was warm and the sky did not have a cloud in it. It felt as if heaven had fallen down to earth from up above. I thought it would be a lovely day to go walking so I went and asked my Mum if we could go walking in the countryside. She was not in the mood for walking so I went and asked my friend Karen who lived next door. She said she would love to go walking but not in the countryside.

'Perhaps we could walk into town, or something,' Karen said.

'That's a good idea,' I said so off we set. As we were walking Karen said 'You know that ruined house in Cattle Down Road, why don't we go and explore inside it?'

'Explore inside it?' I said 'No way Hosay, there might be ghosts or something in there.'

'Don't be a baby,' Karen said. 'There's no such thing as ghosts. Come on, it's just over there.'

So off we went to this ruined house. There was no door or anything.

As we stepped inside the floorboards creaked. To the right there was a room with a door. Karen opened it and to our surprise there sitting in the corner of the room was a thin, pale figure. The person was wearing old raggy clothes with open-toed sandal shoes.

'Who are you?' the person asked.

Karen said her name and I said mine.

'What's your name?' I asked.

'Katie,' she said.

'Anyway, why are you here?' I asked. 'Because I have nowhere to live,' she said. 'This has been my hiding place since I was four. I get my food from the dustbins. I am now ten. My family were so nasty to me so I ran away. I hope they never find me here.'

I said to her, 'Come with me.' I took her home to my Mum and she said she could stay with us for as long as she likes. So she stayed until she was twenty two.

Samantha Barnett, Transition B

Washing Day

1 Washing, washing all day long,
I wash this and that.
Oh no, not another sock lost!

Where's that shirt?

Its gone.

Oh no, I've put a tissue in the wash,
It has stuck to the skirt.

Bother!

Alexia Fleming, Lower Prep. 1B

2 Here we go another day of that dreadful washing day.
Never allowed to go out and play on that dreadful washing day.

My brother would say come on it's your

Turn to do that dreadful washing today.

It always seems more washing on my washing day.

When dad comes home he finds the dryer broken.

I said I didn't do it but I wish I'd never spoken.

Up to bed with no tea but that's another washing job done for me.

Louisa Redfern, Upper Prep

3 If I had my way
I would stay at home all day
Washing my brother's clothes.

First I'd put in his socks and shirt
The the washing powder
And then my skirt.

I'd push them in all together
Not one at a time like my mother
I'd turn on the switch double quick
Not caring that I'd broken it.

The machine had exploded
bubbles everywhere
I had to turn the whole thing off
It sounded as it would take off
That would make my mum so very cross.

Louise Paddenburg, Upper Prep

Worst things

1 Wash day. Wash day
It's my worst day
Wash day, wash day
It's my worst day of the week.

It's washing all day.

It's the worst time of my life and the worst thing for me.

It's the worst thing in the world.

Marina Arygrou, Upper Prep

2 My worst thing is when I have to dance.

My worst thing is when I have to go to sleep.

I hate playing with dolls and Barbies,

It is the worst thing I know.

I hate doing R.E.; it's so boring.

I hate going for walks in fields.

I don't really like listening to opera, even though my dad puts opera on the stereo.

I really hate getting changed.

There are not so many things I hate, I'm glad.

Tina Gloggengieser, Transition B

Witchela the Witch

A fearsome witch,
Called Witchela,
Lives in a cold dark cave,
With cobwebs in every corner,
Spiders crawling,
On the floor,
And a cauldron,
Which bubbles day and night.

She has a long,
Pointed nose,
Tangly black hair,
With bugs crawling up it,
Her eyes are like pumpkins,
She's a rotten old hag.

Witchela has a cat,
Called Wiggy Wag,
Her fur is all black,
Sparkling green eyes,
She sleeps all day,
In the black cauldron,
Once she jumped in,
When it was bubbling hot.

Witchela is a dirty old hag,
She wears a black
Cloak with holes all over,
And a bendy pointed hat,
Big black boots,
With holes in the sole.

Every day she breaks
A broom,
But not to worry,
She's got over a hundred in store,
At night she visits the moon,
And tries to get hold of
A twinkling star.

So beware of her,
The weird old hag,
And don't forget,
Wiggy Wag.

Zeal Bhavsar, Transition B

Things that matter to Pre-Preparatory I

At the weekend I was ill. My body was hot but I felt cold and I felt sick. Mummy let me watch the television all day.

Georgina Batten

Tootsie was licking my nose when we were going to the car.

Adelaide Beard

I went to ballet and I learnt a lot of things there and I did do some tap there as well.

Emily Hoare

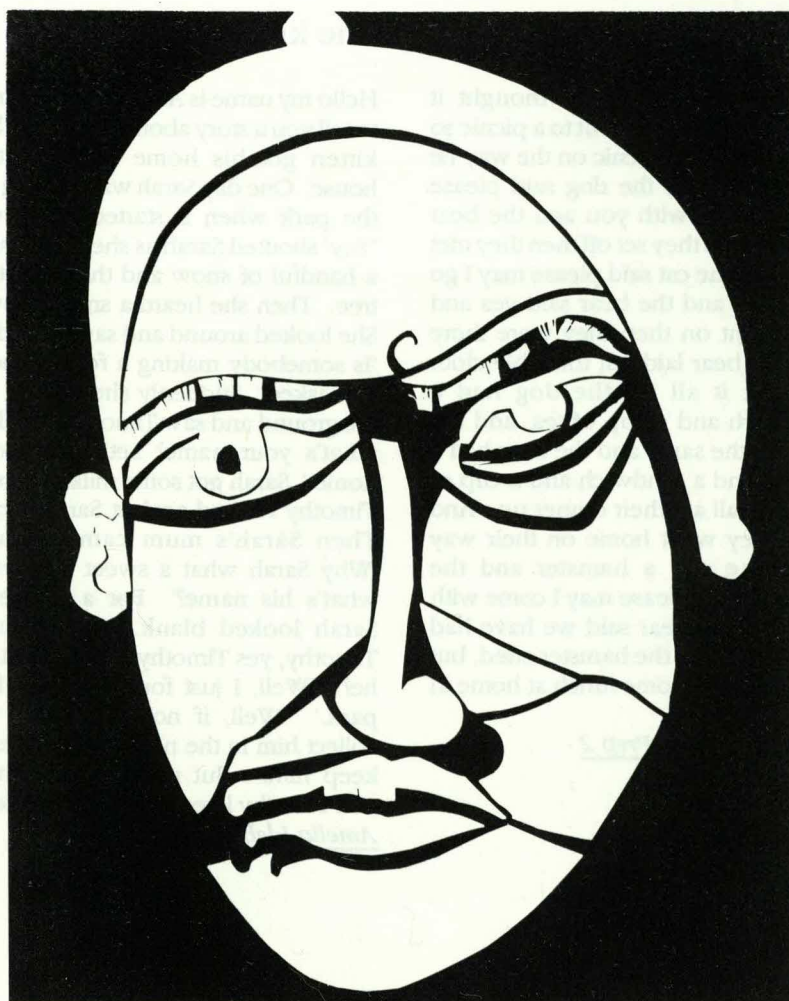
We went up on the Downs. We saw some mushrooms.

Jemma Cowen

September: My Mummy has got a baby in her tummy it is born in January it is going to be a late Christmas present.

January: I went to bed and in the morning my Mum and me washed my little sister Phoebe and Phoebe did not want to come out.

Emily Maskey



Pamela Maxwell, 2Z

Pre-Preparatory I Pets

My cat is called Shelley. She doesn't eat my fish and my cat is good and my fish are called Flip and Jack.

Allana Austin

I would like a puppy. I would take it out and feed it. I would call it Scruffy.

Rishma Patel

I would like another cat because I would because I've got three cats. I used to have four cats.

Michael Collins

The pirates and the sunken treasure

One afternoon two pirates were walking on the island and they were looking at the water and it suddenly began to bubble and they went over to have a look and they saw lots of fish swimming around a big brown box and the pirates just stared and they went into the water and one of the pirates screamed aaaaaaaa because a jelly fish stung him and he fell onto the box and while he was on the box the other pirate saw the key and he helped the other pirate up and they opened the box and they saw all the jewels.

Charlotte Gumbrell, Pre-Prep 2

My best friend

My best friend is my mummy because she's very loving and kind and helpful because she lets us put the cups and plates in the sink and when

one of my friends comes round she doesn't shout at me and leaves us alone and doesn't disturb us and mummy has got blonde brown hair and a very pointy nose and quite short and freckles and her hair is clipped up with a slide and most of the time she wears jeans and she's got curly hair.

Jenny Hasson, Pre-Prep 2

What is gold?

Gold is a fairy's wand and a golden dress.

Gold is a glistening shoe on a fairy's foot.

Gold is a ring and a golden rose.

Gold is the sunshine.

Gold is the colour on my shoe.

Gold goes with silver too.

Gold is a star that twinkles in the sky.

Gold is brass.

Gold is wrapping paper too and a heart that says

I love you.

Victoria Hastilow, Pre-Prep 2

Pre-Preparatory IV Class Poem

Hot
Boiling, sweaty day
On the beach, paddle or
Swim to get cool, sea breeze
cools, umbrella shades,
dark glasses protect your
eyes from the glare
of bright light
Sun.

The teddy bear picnic

One day a teddy bear thought it would be nice to go out to a picnic so he set off to his picnic on the way he met a dog and the dog said please may I come with you and the bear said yes and they set off then they met a cat and the cat said please may I go with you and the bear said yes and they went on then they were there and the bear laid out the table cloth and set it all up the dog had a sandwich and a cup of tea, and the cat had the same and the bear had a biscuit and a sandwich and a cup of tea they all ate their dinner up. And then they went home on their way home he met a hamster and the hamster said please may I come with you and the bear said we have had our picnic and the hamster cried, but you can have some lunch at home in the garden.

Kate Smith, Pre-Prep 2

The Shiny Sky

Stars twinkling one by one.
Shiny stars glittering in the garden light.
The moon biggest of all
Big and round And plump.
Snoozing away until the sun comes out.
The stars glistening Saying bye bye
As the stars fade
The sun comes out.

Salha Soussi, Lower Prep 2

Fireworks

Fireworks night is here
It seems very exciting to me.
Golden rain and bangs fill the air
Swishing hissing puffs of pretty colours.
Popping out of all the smoke
Smells of potatoes and sausages.
People going ooh! aah!
Sparks of green and yellow.
This all happens in my back garden
When I am in bed nice and cosy
The fireworks are still going on but I don't care.

Catherine Collins, Lower Prep 2

The kitten in the snow

Hello my name is Amelia. I am going to tell you a story about how Timothy kitten got his home in the Patel house. One day Sarah was playing in the park when it started to snow. 'Yey' shouted Sarah as she picked up a handful of snow and threw it at a tree. Then she heard a small miow. She looked around and saw nobody. 'Is somebody making a fool of me?' she asked. Suddenly she looked at the ground and saw Timothy. 'Hello, what's your name? Let's take you home.' Sarah got some milk for him. Timothy rubbed against Sarah's leg. Then Sarah's mum came home. 'Why Sarah what a sweet little cat, what's his name?' For a moment Sarah looked blank. 'Er, er, um Timothy, yes Timothy.' 'Who's cat is he?' 'Well, I just found him in the park.' 'Well, if nobody comes to collect him in the next week we can keep him.' But nobody did come and Timothy lived happily ever after.

Amelia Ideh, Lower Prep 2

My best day in Paris

On new year's day my Mum and Dad took me to Paris for three days. On the second day I woke up early after a nice sleep. The beds were comfortable. The hotel was lovely except for the waitress who acted as though she had a custard pie on her head and she dropped a tray of glasses. After our sleep we got washed and dressed and we went down for breakfast. It was lovely. It was the best breakfast I have ever had. It was cream cheese on a roll and orange juice and tea. After we had our breakfast we went upstairs to get our coats and went outside. First we went to Gallerie Lafayette. It was a big, big shop. I bought some clothes there. Then we went back to the hotel to have some lunch and had a rest. When it was dark we went to see the Eiffel tower. That was the best part of the holiday. We even went up it. There was a café up there and a couple of shops. I bought a necklace. I love Paris. It was excellent. Then we went back and had a peaceful rest.

Antonia Edwards, Lower Prep 2

Life in the Victorian farmyard

1 I woke up at five in the morning I was really tired. I wore old heavy boots and old clothes. You had to get really wrapped up. When I got up I went outside to milk the cow when I had two buckets full I took them to the house on a yoke. I had my breakfast then, but half-way through I had to go and feed the pigs. They had kitchen scraps for food I wouldn't like to be a pig. I never had a chance to finish my breakfast. I went out to clean the pig sty. The pig kept getting in my way, I hated winters. I let the geese and hens out and fed them. I went into the hen house and collected eggs, I thought that part was all right. I fed the calf, a sweet little thing. Whenever the woman called me I had to do everything she said. Like pumping the water for the horse to drink.

Marianna Katsouris, Upper Prep

2 My name is James. I wake up at 5 o'clock in the morning. 'James, James, come on the cows won't wait all day long you know.' I went into the cow shed to milk the cows. After I had milked the cows I carry the buckets of milk into Mrs, she makes butter and cheddar cheese. My next job was to feed the cattle and calf and then collect the eggs from the hen house, feed pigs, clean out the pig sty, give a drink to the horse and the cows. This was all before breakfast! Old Mrs. didn't like you sitting down, she would never let you finish your breakfast either. Mrs. says 'I don't know what we pay you for, James.' I don't get very much money anyway. The only time I ever get any peace is when I'm with Eric the ploughman. Once a month he goes to the forge to see the farrier to have the horses' shoes replaced. I asked the farrier 'Can't I be a smith when I grow up?' 'You're not strong enough lad, anyway your parents won't be able to afford to pay for seven years of training.' When I got back to the house I had a good night's sleep ready for the next day.

Laura Maxted, Upper Prep