



English

2003/4



English

As usual there was plenty of activity in and around the English department this year. 8S enjoyed a trip to London to see the ghostly thriller 'Woman in Black'. This spooky spine chiller had everyone gripping their seats. Mr Doble was unruffled. Continuing the theatrical theme, Mrs Gearey escorted all Year 8 boarders to Rye Community Centre for a production of *Rebecca*, starring David Chaplin as Max de Winter. A further trip to London for Year 8 combined history, art and literature. The Globe Theatre in Southwark provided the venue for a *Macbeth* workshop led by a member of the Globe Theatre Company. The pupils really benefited from working on the actual stage with professional guidance.



The collection of books in the Millennium Library continues to grow in both variety and breadth. It boasts a superlative selection of challenging and innovative texts, both fiction and non-fiction.



This year's CE results far exceeded all expectations with many candidates gaining A and A* grades. The SATS results were also extremely good with level 5 awarded to all candidates.



Year 3	Pages 2 - 6
Year 4	Pages 7 - 8
Year 5	Pages 9 - 10
Year 6	Pages 11 - 14
Year 7	Pages 15 - 16
Year 8	Page 17

**Year 3****Lambing Report**

On Monday 26th April, 3R and 3J went to Road End Farm. We were very lucky with the weather, as it was a lovely sunny day. John the Shepherd showed us around and we saw two lambs being born, one needed a little help. We walked across two fields to see lots and lots of sheep. We saw an orphan lamb who tried to follow the bigger lamb around to try and get some milk. One sucked my finger. Shepherd John had to rescue a lamb from dying. We had a great time!

Helen Butcher

Year 3 went to Mr and Mrs Mair's Road End Farm on Monday the 26th April. We saw two lambs being born and also held a lamb. We saw a lamb with no mother and John the Shepherd had to rescue a lamb as well. He showed us what he does to make the lambs tails fall off so that they are clean. We got to keep a ring as a souvenir. Year 3 had a lovely day at the Farm.

Cecilia Gray

RAIN IT'S DRIPPING IT'S DROPPING

It's dripping, it's dropping
It's splashing, it's splashing
That's the sound of the rain on my window pane
The thunder is drumming right through the air
There is nothing around me
It's simply bare

Florence Flood 3R

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

Robin Hood and Little John left the camp for a walk in the wood. They had walked at least a mile when they heard horses and men marching. After that they climbed a tree to look. There was a small cosy Tudor cottage, but not too far off were the Sheriff's men. "We have to warn those people."

They ran very cautiously to the cottage, but it was too late. "Stop in the name of the King!" said the Sheriff. He was with them, but Robin Hood and Little John fought the men. Then the soldiers ran off without the sacks of food. "How can we repay you?" But Robin Hood and Little John had already gone.

Ben Crisford 3J

Robin Hood and Little John were walking in the forest, chatting away to each other. Just then they could hear horses, and when they peeped through the bushes they saw it was the Sheriff's men taking food from a cottage. Robin said "I think we should help those people". After Robin and Little John had seen the Sheriff's men, they crept up to the cottage, but by the time they got there they were already stealing some food, then Robin said "Stop! Thieves!" "Why should we? It's an order from the Sheriff." So Robin Hood and Little John chased the Sheriff's men. It was a long chase and then they caught them and had a big fight - in the end they won. Then they had a big feast and in the end they were sick.

Peter Dunn 3J

THE BAD MOTHER DUCK

Once there was a mother who laid four eggs. This mother was a duck and in the eggs there were four baby ducks. One day all of the eggs suddenly hatched, but the fourth did not crack. After an hour or two the egg still did not hatch. After an hour the mother got fed up and flew off, but after the mother left the egg hatched. The baby duck did not know what was going on, but he did know that there was a kind of red fox in front of him and... when the mother duck came back the baby duck was gone.

Be patient!!!

Edgar Duthie-Jackson 3R



THE MOJO BIRD

The Mojo Bird would only be found in ship wrecks, usually in the Queen Mary wreck. It's harmless unless you make it angry. Then it's deadly. It sharpens its beak on the rotten wood. Mojo Birds are very intelligent. They are fast, if you can catch one. You can hang by its beak. It is blind, but it can smell very well. The Mojo Bird only has one eye. Its beak is long and squiggly. The Mojo Bird's eyes are as sweet as a mouse. Its razor sharp claws are deadly. The Mojo Bird has no feathers, instead it has snakes, and one leg.

Casper Fraser 3J

The powerful Mojo Bird eats little girls and plants. The Mojo Bird has a flexible sharp beak which can kill things as quick as a flash. It has a single wing like a hang-glider and he lives on a mountain. His eyes stick out and can make people melt. The feathers are long, blue and swishy and they can make fire. Its claws are very sharp and can make gold. The only way to kill a Mojo Bird is to make it fly into a volcano.

James Wylson 3J

THE SQUIRREL AND THE PUMPKIN

Many, many, many years ago, in a dark forest there stood a gloomy twisted tree. On the tree there was a holey moth-eaten tree house. In the tree house there was an evil pumpkin. Down below in the tree there was a thin narrow hole. A squirrel was looking for a home, when suddenly he saw the tree. He scurried down another tree he was looking at and inspected the tree and started to move in. The pumpkin was unaware that the squirrel had moved in, but he soon found out! The pumpkin decided to play tricks on the squirrel. The first trick was to shave off the squirrel's hair. So in the night he shaved off all of the squirrel's hair. In the morning the squirrel went to look in the mirror and screamed! The second trick was to take away the squirrel's after-shave. The squirrel was starting to notice what was happening. The third trick was to take away the squirrel's teddy bear. The squirrel decided to hide to see who was doing it. In the morning the squirrel called the squirrel brigade. The pumpkin was sent to court and it was decided that he was guilty. He was sent to prison... da da da dom!!! The squirrel lived happily ever after.

Freya Maynard 3R

THE STORY OF TUTANKHAMUN

In 1902 a man called Lord Carnarvon had a serious car crash in his sports car. When he went to his doctor he told Lord Carnarvon to go and visit a hot country. Lord Carnarvon chose Egypt. In 1922 a man called Howard Carter discovered a tomb. Before he found the tomb Howard Carter met Lord Carnarvon who gave him money to pay his workers. Lord Carnarvon paid Howard Carter because he was interested and wanted to see a tomb. In 1922 Howard Carter found a tomb. Before Howard went into the tomb he covered back up the steps of the tomb and went to send a telegram to Lord Carnarvon saying *I have found a tomb seal 'intact'*. Lord Carnarvon went to Egypt with his daughter Lady Evelyn Herbert on a boat. They took two weeks to get to Egypt.

Howard Carter and the Egyptian Governor met up with Lord Carnarvon at Luxor. When they all got to the tomb, they uncovered the steps and went down the 13 steps. There was the seal 'intact', Intact means that the tomb had not been robbed. The way to tell if the tomb had been robbed was if the seal was broken. When they got through the door there was another door. Howard Carter made a little hole in the top left hand corner and then lit a candle and passed it through to check for any dangerous gasses. The candle did not go out, which meant that there were no dangerous gasses. When Howard looked through, Lord Carnarvon asked what Howard saw, Howard replied *I see wonderful things*. Everywhere Howard looked, he saw *the glint of gold*. Inside the tomb there were three golden beds carved into animals. The animals were a typhoon, a lion and a cow. A typhoon is half hippopotamus and half crocodile.

Barnaby Blackstone 3R



Tutankhamun was a young boy pharaoh. He died at the age of 18. People think he was murdered because of what his mother and father did. Howard Carter, an archaeologist found his tomb in 1922. Lord Carnarvon had had a car crash in 1902 and was sent to Egypt to recover. He met Howard Carter and gave him the money to find the tomb. Lady Evelyn Herbert was Lord Carnarvon's daughter.

In 1922 the tomb was discovered by a water boy poking around with a stick. After that 13 more steps were discovered. Howard Carter sent a telegram to Lord Carnarvon saying *Found tomb in Valley of Kings. Seal intact come quick*. It took two weeks for them to come. They met in Luxor and went to the tomb. They went down the steps to the tomb. Howard Carter made a hole in the top right hand corner of the door then said *I see wonderful things* then he said *I see the glimmer of gold everywhere*. He then passed a candle through the hole to see if there were any dangerous gasses. They went in the tomb, there were three animal beds. There was a cow, a lion and a typhoon. There were also baskets of flowers and two life size statues of Tutankhamun. That night Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon went back to the tomb. They made a little hole in the tomb and crept through to the little boys resting place. Then they went back and covered the hole with a basket. In 1925, the bandages came off the mummy. Lord Carnarvon died in 1923.

It took 10 years to take all of the objects to Cairo. 140 pieces of jewellery were found in the bandages. Howard Carter and Prime Minister Pasher argued which newspaper should have the story. Howard Carter said The Times of London, but Pasher said an Egyptian paper should, because this was in Egypt. With that Howard Carter slammed the door shut with the lid of the tomb swinging above the young boys resting place. Howard Carter died in 1939.

Cecilia Gray 3R

THE UNFORTUNATE BOY

Safe, but curious, a young gifted boy sat silently but stiffly. He felt that something was watching him. He felt scared, he thought he would go and see what was going on. As soon as he got up, a chandelier fell from the ceiling. Everyone jerked. They all said "are you alright on?" He slowly nodded. Now he knew something was after him. He walked out of the room and heard a terrifying sound. He walked back into the room to find everybody dead on the floor. The boy ran upstairs, everybody was dead there too. "HELP!!!" he shouted.

The creature must have heard him because he heard footsteps behind him. He ran down the backstairs. He had lost it. He thought he would go for a walk to calm himself down. It was pitch black and he could only faintly see the garden path, but he carefully walked down it. He got lost in a thick forest. Suddenly he heard a voice say "don't go any further". "Good, someone's here" he said as he looked down to find a crinkly hand around his neck. The scared boy heard the voice again "don't look round, won't like what you will see," the evil woman said.

You know all those friends in the dining-room, it was me who killed them and me who cut the chandelier." "You're being stupid you know." The woman strapped him to the floor with rope to die from the cold. But he didn't die from the cold, he died from shock. His spirit jumped out and frightened the evil woman to death. So the boy came back to life and so did all of his friends and they lived happily ever after.

Molly Nicholson 3R



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Barnaby Blackstone 3R



WHAT TIME OF DAY DOES A DINOSAUR COME TO DINNER?

What time of day does a dinosaur come to dinner?
Why does he always get thinner
Was it because he ate the cat?
Is that why he got so terribly fat?
But why does he always get thinner when 'I' invite him to dinner?
Because the cat is not there
And the cupboard is bare
And there's nothing in the world to eat!

What time of day does a dinosaur come to dinner?
Why does he always get thinner?
Was it because he ate the dog?
Is that why he looked like a log?
But why does he always get thinner when 'I' invite him to dinner?
Because the dog is not there
And the cupboard is bare
And there's nothing in the world to eat!
Cecilia Gray 3R

WHAT'S THAT KEY FOR?

What's that key for?
Is it for the door I never really saw?
Is it for the desk or for the chest in which Dad puts his fancy vest?
Or is it for the front gate?
Or the box of stuff for the fete?
Maybe it's for the drama box
Or maybe it's for the cupboard with pills for chicken pox
What is it for?
I need to know!
Giorgia Rowe 3R



Year 4

BLACK

B is for black as dark as night
L is for limousine with blacked out windows
A is for ash dark in the fire
C is for coal that gets a fire started
K is for karate, the art of self defence
George Barker 4C

Brown

Potatoes all hidden under the soil
Chocolate melts in your mouth
Eggs all warm and round
Cakes very sticky and tasty

Mud squidgy and squelchy
Chickens with warm brown feathers
Skin tanned in the hot tropical sun
Leaves crunch under your feet in autumn
Archie Todd 4S

Pink things

Birthday cake with beautiful candles,
Candy floss very sticky and pretty,
Balloons floating in the air,
Parrots squawking and talking,
Tulips swaying in the breeze,
Flamingoes hopping on one leg,
Pink dresses hanging on a peg,
Pink is bright and fun for everyone
Arthur Walsh 4C

Orange

Carrots, sliced for eating
Paint for painting pictures
Flames for burning things
And cats purring very quietly.

A pencil as sharp as can be
Paper dry and plain.
Then there's an orange all ripe and juicy
And there's a goldfish floating anywhere.
James Wardle 4C

Blue

The sky is blue as far as you can see
And down below swimming with fishes is the sea.

Corn flowers waving in the breeze
Look up and see budgies in the trees

The blue balloons float in the air
It looks as if they were never there

The rosettes shine in the sun
And everyone's got one just for fun.
Susie Nagel-Davies 4C

Yellow

Yellow horses prancing in the sun light
By the buttercups in the grass.
Their manes wave in the wind.
Inside warm and snugly the owners talk
And drink their wine smooth and delicious.
The sun sparkling on the lawn.
The sun warms up and lightens the world.
Stephanie Colvin 4C

Red

Poppies swaying by a grave,
Balloons popping at a birthday.
Traffic light stopping cars go by
Rosy cheeks after running.
Red Arrows shooting in the sky.
Flags way up high, to represent a country.
Apples crisp and crunch in your mouth,
A rosette to show you have won.
Louise Stockdale 4G

Red

Roses spiky with beautiful red petals
Poppies growing near the war graves.
Blood oozing out of your wound
Apples crisp and crunchy when I eat them.
Strawberries sprinkled with sugar and cream
Tomato, a fruit with little seeds in.
Red Arrows, noisy as fast as light,
A sports car speeding through the night.
David Roberts

Silver

Fish swimming past the reeds,
The moon glowing in the night sky.
A plane darting through the sky,
A tap sparkling on a sink.
A medal shining on its pin,
Jewels shining in a treasure chest.
A ring glimmering on a finger,
Metal glowing in the light.
John Wheeler 4G

Silver

Stars glinting in the shine of the moon.
Stones standing still, never moving a muscle.
A mouse scampering across a slippery floor.
Keys jingling when you pick them up.
Bracelets round and shimmering in the light.
A sports car shooting quickly by.
Antonia Bohane 4G



Jack and the Meanstalk

The tree was gigantic and fat. It towered above the village and everyone stared at the massive monster. It had big branches, leaves were falling everywhere. The tree blocked out the sunlight.

Everyone was trying to think of a plan. Suddenly Mrs Watsit thought of a plan. 'I say, why don't we get a colony of beavers from the local river?'

Next day lots of people went to the river and picked up all the beavers there were. They rushed back and put the beavers down. The beavers went straight for the tree and gnawed on it until it was just a stick. When they put the beavers back, they had a big party with steamers and confetti. Everyone was having fun. All the children were playing. There was only one person not present; someone who was inventing something.....

Henry Doherty 4C

Jack and the Meanstalk

In the morning the big tree stood there creaking and swaying in the breeze. The tree had thin branches with no leaves and the villagers still moaning with no light at all still holding their lanterns and torches.

The villagers gathered together ready to listen to Professor Jack. So they all were there while Jack had a plan. Jack told them to gather all the wood worms in the village and place them in a huge tub. So on they went searching for wood worms, the tree still blocking the light from the sun.

When in the morning there was an enormous huge crane attached to the tub of wood worms. Later it was time so the crane picked up the tub and started to lift. The tub went sailing up in the sky until it was in position and then with all the villagers looking up high in the sky the crane tilted the tub and all the wood worms came out gnawing and biting the tree. So later nothing was left but a pile of tiny pieces of wood.

And so to celebrate they all lit a fire and danced. The fire was lit with the wood left over and with a bang fireworks went sailing through the sky exploding in all kinds of colours. Professor Jack was happy once again.

Charles Williamson 4G

The Shy Koala

One day it was very hot and dry and the sun was baking. The nasty kookaburra was laughing at the shy koala eating some eucalyptus leaves. The eucalyptus trees were all over the forest, they were very tall.

The koala would not come down from the tree because the kookaburra was making a joke about him for not coming down the tree. The koala hated the kookaburra. The koala finally ran away from the kookaburra.

David Roberts 4G



Year 5

A smile is something special
A sign of joy and hope
People smile everywhere,
On the phone or on a tightrope!
But humans take them for granted -
Something everybody might do,
But if I started smiling at you,
I bet you'd smile too!
Isobel Wingrad 5I

Hanged
The girl looked up at the scaffold
She saw the noose and the drop,
She knew that when she fell
Her life would become a full stop.
She saw the prince who was smirking,
She saw his bandaged up hand,
The girl heard the floorboards squeaking,
Underneath her cold bare feet.
She looked out into the crowd
And saw her mother on a seat.
She was summoned to her doom.
Her heart gave a leap and a jolt,
And soon the rope was around her neck,
And then her life ended with a halt.
Isobel Wingrad 5I

Professor Twist
I present you Professor Twist,
A conscientious scientist.
Trustees exclaimed, 'He never bungles!'
And sent him off to distant jungles.
He camped on a tropical riverside.
One day he missed his loving bride.
She had, the guide informed him later,
Been eaten by an alligator!
Professor Twist could not but smile,
'You mean' he said, 'a crocodile!'
Harry Buxton 5I

WHY?
Why is the sky so blue?
Why does the pigeon coo?
Why does the cat have a tail?
Why did God invent the snail?
Why?

Why have spiders got eight legs?
Why do chicks come out of eggs?
Why don't foxes in day time show?
Why do trees so slowly grow?
Why?

Why is the sea so deep?
Why do fishes never sleep?
Why do questions of every kind
At bedtime come and fill my mind?
Why?
Imogen Bassett 5I



RIDDLE

My first is in yellow
But not in ask,
My second is in egg,
But not in wind,
But not in you,
It blows in the churchyard
And that's my clue!

Answer; yew

My first is in mango,
But not in berries.
My second is in apples,
But not in cherries.
My last is in yam,
But not in pears.
It is full of blossom,
But it's not used to make chairs.

*Answer; MAY
By Dodie James.*

The Hedgehog

The trees are swaying, the horses neighing,
Everyone is so alert, from the tiny robin to the fierce crow,
Everything is silent, except for the pounding, the shaking of the ground.
All the eyes I see are frightened, terrified, maybe even petrified.
There they are, big black creatures with small red slits for eyes.
As they come nearer I hear the flapping of wings, the pounding of horses'
hooves,
The rustle of squirrels scampering up an ivy covered tree.
I see nothing, everything is hiding in its own little hide-out.

There's one small animal which hasn't got a hide out, not even a home.

The Hedgehog.

The poor creature tries to curl itself into a ball,
He's too small to compete with the big bellowing creatures right behind
him,

All the animals are muttering
"He won't survive, he's too weak."
But the little creature said to himself,
"I will, I will survive."

He turns round just in time
To see the big black creatures pounding towards him.

Alice Reid



Year 6 Christmas Poems

The Three Kings

The three rich kings,
Carry gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh,
Dressed in kings' finery,
As they follow a bright star,
Their path to Bethlehem.

The star they follow,
Brings great joy and mirth,
To the kings travelling, along that road,
Their path to Bethlehem.

When they reach the stable,
Where the lord lay,
How the kings' hearts melt,
At the innocence of the tiny king,
They've reached Bethlehem.
Bradley Hayes

Sad donkey,
Innocent donkey,
Upset eyes urging him to carry on,
Holding his heavy weight on his rough back,
Clip, clop goes donkey, slowly plodding on.

Proud kings,
Three colourful kings,
Flamboyant, intricate robes, sweeping behind them,
Three gifts - myrrh, frankincense and gold,
Bright star before them.

Kind shepherds,
Hopeful shepherds,
Wearing rags with staffs in their hands,
Travelling onwards, Sheep behind them,
Still trudging on, over those vast lands.

Resting donkey,
Sleeping donkey,
Lying in a stable,
The baby is born, Jesus we call him,
A sleeping child, in a cradle.

Kneeling kings,
Praying kings,
Giving gifts to the baby Jesus,
The star is hanging over the stable,
They say, "Here is the boy, the boy who will lead us!"

Exhausted shepherds,
Caring shepherds,
Sacrificing a lamb for the baby boy,
Angels rejoicing outside the stable,
Everyone singing with happiness and joy!
Eleanor Hazael 6H

The Guiding Star shines in the sky,
Where the great new baby Jesus lies.

The Wise Men come with gifts from abroad,
And lay them down in front of their Lord.

The Shepherds come to the stable to see,
The new Jesus Christ on Mary's knee.

A crowd is gathered around the King
Outside the stable the Angels sing.

The crowds are happy and full of mirth
Because of a tiny but special boy's birth.
Sophie Oulton

Visitors

With crowns all shiny,
Robes of splendour.
Across the desert from afar,
They travelled to Bethlehem following a star.
Gold for a king!
And frankincense,
Myrrh for everlasting life...

Their crooks so tall,
Their garments so poor.
Leading the sheep.
To find that barn,
Where that boy was born
Offering a lamb to him!

The angels sang out loud,
And told the shepherds,
Where to find the infant.
They gave a sign of joy,
And chant about the heavens

The little boy so innocent
And poor, lying there
In an unimportant manger.
Pitiful and insignificant,
Was that baby boy.
Edward Bridge

Jesus is a gift for us all,
So important
And yet so small.

The donkey travels, perseveres,
Drooping eyes,
Furry ears.

The journey is ending
Very soon
The star much brighter than the moon.

Jesus has come;
Brings joy and mirth
He is happy at his birth.
Lucy Baker

Gifts brought to Jesus

The wise men follow the star to see,
Baby Jesus lie peacefully,
They follow the light,
To see a new born baby sight.

The baby's innocence softens their hearts,
They lay their gifts and then depart.

The donkey brays,
And then the shepherds present lays,
A new born lamb the shepherds bring,
To the baby they see as king.

They kneel and praise,
Their heads then raise,
They gaze upon the baby Jesus,
Is this the king that's going to lead us.

The baby's innocence softens their hearts,
They lay their gifts and then depart.

This is the Lord that comes down to earth,
He brings us happiness and great mirth,
Our great king lies there in the stable,
Rocking gently in his cradle.
Savannah Lawson



My magic box
 My box is fashioned of oak
 It has squiggly circling patterns
 As shiny as dragon scales
 I found my box in the dark woods of the Amazon rain
 forest
 I will put in my box

A special sight of the sparkling sun
 A big blazing Brazilian beach
 A windy mid winter's storm
 I will put my box

The last petal from a sun flower
 A rich ruby from a golden crown
 The last sail from a Viking ship
 I will put in my box

A millisecond and a twenty-five hour day
 A rat with a long tongue
 A toad with fur.

I shall fly in my box
 Over the great Amazon rain forest
 Then rest ashore on a
 Beautiful beach
Peter Weston Smith

Mouse with Wings

Once upon a time there was a bat which they call mouse with wings. The lion and the eagle were fighting over who should be the leader of the jungle. The owl said, 'Let's have a competition'. Owl told the animals to join in the tug of war but the bat didn't know which side to help because he was half-mouse, half-bird. In the first round the bat helped the lion because the lion was stronger.

They lost so the bat asked if he could change sides to be with the eagle. They lost so now he wanted to change sides again, but the animals said, 'Go away! We don't want you for either side'. So the bat went back in his cave and never came out again.

Moral: *Don't change sides when things looks hard.*
Warat Thavisin

No sign of any hope

The waves swish back and forth
 The tide is heading for the north
 The clouds in the sky are truly black.
 In the distance a boat appears
 Fighting the winds to get to the pier
 Suddenly a freak wave hits the boat
 He chucks a bottle inside a note,
 It says, 'Help, help, and help!'

Still no sign of any hope,
 Bang, lightning struck the sail
 Quick, he needs the water to be bailed.
 The massive bang of the thunder
 Follows the lightning with a shudder.

In the distance he sees a light
 Strongly in the midst of night.
 Along comes the boat of life
 Just before he stabs himself with a knife.
 He dives into the boat at last
 Forgetting about the past.
Calum Marris 6B

HAIKUS

Raindrop

Falling from grey skies
 Dripping off many umbrellas
 Back to the river.
Eleanor Hazael 6H

Fire

First a cosy warmth
 But left alone it will spread
 Leave nothing behind
Pascale Hughes 6H

Knife

A weapon, so sharp
 Used in trouble and in strife
 Kills in many ways
Edward Bridge 6H

Butterfly

From caterpillar
 To pretty, short lived insect
 Winged beauty appears
Mary Fowler 6H

Stars

Shining in the night
 Glinting in the moonlit sky
 Small but yet so big.
Sophie Oulton 6H

Knife

They say it cuts clean
 But wounds are not clean
 They injure
 In wrong hands take life
Savannah Lawson 6H

Spade

In youth makes sand forts
 In adult it wins money
 It then digs a grave
Savannah Lawson 6H

Rose

Unfold petalled flower
 Inside you will find scent
 A new world of hope
Rosie Nicolson 6H

Pencil

The pencil has power
 Speaking love but also hate
 We must use it well
Toby Crisford 6H



Descriptions

The Wolf

In the dark black dead of night deep in the pinewoods of Canada, the wolf is hunting. He moves around sleekly with his ears pricked and nose twitching; he slowly lifts his head and howls at the moon. His fur is ruffled and his eyes glaring, searching for his prey. He catches sight of a rabbit. He moves silently towards it showing his white, sharp, teeth. He jumps baring his sharp, long claws he begins to tear at the rabbit shaking his bushy neck. The long dark night had been successful.

Rosie Nicolson 6H

The Hedgehog

Silence in the deep dark wood, only the pitter patter of tiny paws can be heard as the hedgehog scurries his way back to his nest. He stops, sniffs the air with his wet black twitchy nose and listens for any sign of danger. He hears a snap of a twig and curls up into a ball and stays there for a while in his own spiny home of protection.

Toby Crisford 6H

The Fox

At midnight in the wood the fox pokes his head out of his den. He looks around and sniffs the air. Then he moves away from the den and leaves the cubs behind. He creeps through the undergrowth without a sound. He makes his way to the field and listens for a rabbit. He comes here often and he knows where to look. He creeps stealthily through the dried sweet corn stalks and breaks a twig. He stops and listens again. Then he sees a rabbit. He stalks it and then jumps up high with his bushy tail in the air and catches it. He carries it back through the wood and to the den where the cubs are waiting. They pounce on the unfortunate rabbit and start eating.

Louise Garner 6H

The Gorilla

Under the canopies of the thick green branches the gorilla rolls like a bundle of rags in the under-growth. It tumbles from bush to bush trying to smell some food. It scratches and then rummages again. It swings around the thick branched trees. It wakes the rain forest in the morning with its loud long calls.

Thomas Harvey 6H

The Snake

A rustle of leaves, a flick of a long pointed tail, a low hiss is all the warning it gives. Its prey realises too late its being stalked; its huge pointed fangs glint in the midday sun. Its long sharp head darts forward, with one swift bite its all over. It slithers onto a large-sun baked rock; its thin over lapping scales look like armour as it soaks in the sun's rays. As time passes it gives a soft hiss and zig-zags off into the undergrowth.

Joshua Powell 6H

Story beginnings.....

Old Man Turns Young

Old man Lum was his name. He suffered from amnesia and arthritis. He had a humongous scar down the side of his face; you could have easily mistaken it for a curved blade in a knife. His skin was as corrugated as a buffalo's backside. Everyday was a battle to stay alive, because if he sat back and relaxed during the day he would die a slow and painful death.

Lum always had someone to make his breakfast, help him up the stairs and everything else he needed doing. It takes him ages to go up a dozen stairs or so. He takes his medication twenty times a day.

Old man Lum eventually got up the stairs and into bed. He took ages to get to sleep but when he did he was woken up. A very extraordinary figure appeared in front of him. Then he was out cold for the night...

Daniel Cope



SCARY Woods!

Walking my dog, Skippy, in the dark wood which was lightened up by the huge white moon above us. The leaves softly blew away like waves travelling through the cool fresh air, smoothly spreading on my face, and landing to my feet. I hear an owl whistling and a wolf howling as if they were calling to me. A strange body was behind a tree: it looked familiar. I slowly jogged near it, turned the corner and dodged the trees. There, it felt colder like something was wrong. With my small shiny eyes, I saw lying on the hard filthy ground, against a tree was the skeleton of my dog Skippy. "Ahhhh!!!"

Marie Cotten-Rhein

Child in Iraq

It was cold on the ground so I got up and walked,
Anywhere you looked no one ever talked, ever talked.
The ground was littered with blood and rubble,
Today and tomorrow just more trouble.
'Stay inside and be safe,' they said,
'Stay inside and be safe.'
I said to myself as the world turned round and I was left on my face.

Alexander Whincup 6H



Year 7 Bonfire Night

'Mum....please.' I irritably pulled my scarf down from my face to reveal a gruesome scowl. 'Oh darling. Pulling faces won't help!' My mother opened her huge mouth and bellowed out a hollow laugh. I grimaced. 'Look mum,' I said, pulling off my scarf so I could speak properly. 'Can I just go? I'm warm enough!' Mum hesitated, then after a few seconds of silence, during which I took a few hasty steps towards the door, she finally shooed me out into the cold and told me to be back by 10.

The front door closed silently behind me and I turned my mind to the night ahead of me. It was going to be such fun. The weather was perfect for a bonfire. A huge black sheet covered the sky above me and a few scattered stars twinkled like diamonds. I shuffled down my garden path and quietly closed the black iron gate behind me. I scanned the road. Poppy was supposed to be picking me up but I couldn't see any sign of life in the inky blackness. A cat meowed in the distance breaking the stunned silence.

Suddenly, I caught a slight movement in the corner of my eye. A black figure was running down the hill towards me, occasionally stopping abruptly to check the house number. I smiled. It was Poppy. 'Pops!' I shouted, running towards her. 'Flossy!' she cried. I could make out her grinning face now. Moonlight reflected on her flushed cheeks. And then she was gone. Just like that. A crumpled head twitched below me. And then a groan protruded out of it. 'Ouch!' I said shortly. 'That must have hurt.' Poppy's face appeared from under the mound, but instead of a grinning face turning towards me, her cheeks were streaked with tears. 'Come on,' I said sympathetically, pulling her onto her feet. 'We're late.' 'Yeah,' she sniffed. And with that, arm in arm, we made our way towards the village green.

Even now, when I'm 28 years old, have two wonderful children and a loving husband, I can still remember that night as the best night in my whole life. The fireworks were amazing: exploding balls of fire illuminated the air like great torrents of rain showering down on us. The sight made me feel happy, like I had not a care in the world. The huge squealers carried me up into the starry sky. I took no notice whatsoever of the people gasping beside me and the silent screams coming from Poppy's mouth every so often. The little children shouting behind me found no way inside my train of thought. It was just me and the fireworks in our own little world. Fountains of flames rained down on us, showering me with beauty and colour. I wrapped my furs closer around me, for I was cold, and for the first time that night, I was pleased that my mother had made me wear them.

Flossy Roberts

With an explosion of bright, dazzling light, the third firework blew up in the night sky, as Nick and George sucked on a chocolate ice cream, watching. Their parents were chatting and drinking champagne, and already, Nick and George were bored. It would be a while before the sausages would be ready to eat. 'I know!' exclaimed Nick, 'let's go explore that forest over there.' Nick gestured in the direction of a dark and foreboding forest. 'Yeah, let's,' replied George excitedly.

Nick and George crossed the field where the party was, in the direction of the forest, leaving their ice creams behind. Unknown to the boys, a girl, smartly dressed, saw them enter the forest, and with a sigh, she left her mother's side and followed them. When would they ever learn?

The forest was dark and creepy and Nick and George were both scared and excited. In the distance, small explosions could still be heard, emitted from the fireworks. A voice from behind the boys made them jump. 'What are you doing here?' It was Lucy Blodenhof, a girl in their class, who was a real snoop and tell tale. 'We...er,' began George, uncertainly, but Lucy cut him short. 'When I tell your parents what you boys are doing in here, you will be in deep trouble.'

Nick then did what he had always wanted to do and pushed Lucy into a large pile of leaves. Then he and George ran and ran until they were sure they had got away. They returned to the firework display. As they arrived, so did the sizzling, succulent sausages. Nick and George gratefully accepted the food, along with a drink. The boys ate, hungrily, watching the fireworks explode. Nick looked over at all the other children and a shiver went up his spine. Lucy wasn't there.

Freddie Nagel-Davies



Gas

It comes, the fog of death,
The green sea of oblivion.
The breath of Hell's dark jaws.
It rakes the men without pause.

Into the trenches dank,
Through the holes, into the flank,
Men gasping, coughing, choking,
It sends them all to sleep.

Green tendrils snaking, sliding, floating,
All they touch will die.
Those green snakes of infinity,
The terror within our eye.

Anthony Moore

The letter Q!!!

Quite what quails quail about
Remains the quintessential part of society.
However, quails need qualification
For their quincenary
This then results in querulous quibbling,
Leaving everyone quite quizzical.

Christopher Goldsack

What is the sun?

The sun is a yellow tennis ball,
hit into a fresh clear pool.
It is a golden discus,
flying across the sky.
It is an orange paintball,
shot at a pale blue wall.
It is a drop of lava,
fallen into a sweet blue sea.
It is a yellow acorn,
Floating along a river.

Imran Iqbal

English

2003/4



Year 8 - see leaver's profiles