

Year 2

2003/4



We enjoyed the fine weather at the beginning of the Michaelmas term which enabled us to explore the local environment of the school grounds. This was followed by an exciting visit to Wilderness Wood where the children could put their new found knowledge into practice. History took us back to Tudor times and the children unanimously decided that they preferred living in the twenty-first century! Working as a team we produced a highly successful Christmas play which enabled the children to shine in many different ways.

In the Lent term, Science week was concluded with a trip to Herstmonceux Science Centre where the children were able to explore and experiment with a wide range of practical activities. In history we learned about famous people and events, with the boys in particular enjoying the gory details of the Crimean War. The events were brought to life with historical artefacts.



In a very busy summer term our topic on Africa was highly successful with the children sampling African food and learning how to live as Masai people. This was consolidated with a trip to Drusillas. The children also participated in a swimming gala, a musical concert and preparation for Sports Day where many records were broken!



SNOW CHILD?

The First Christmas

It was a long way to Bethlehem, lots of people had come to be counted. The shepherds were outside close to the warm fire. Suddenly, they saw a light engulfing them! The shepherds covered their faces, when they peeped through their fingers they saw Angels dancing above them. "Do not be afraid, a baby has been born. You must go and see him. He is God's Son. He is going to be a King when he grows up"

Quickly the shepherds scrambled to their feet and hurried to Bethlehem. The shepherds and everyone were happy that Jesus had been born. Mary was pleased that she had a son, the donkey smiled too. All of the birds and Angels danced with the moon.

Andrea Harriman, 2P, 6 yrs.



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AN UNUSUAL BIRTHDAY

Harry and his Mum and Dad were having breakfast. It was Harry's birthday and he was having three of his friends to tea after school. 'What are we having to eat?' asked Harry. 'All sorts of things' said his mum. 'There will be lots of sandwiches, jelly and ice-cream and a big birthday cake.' 'I wish I was coming home from school instead of just going,' said Harry. Just then there was a knock on the door...

Harry thought. Should he go to the door or not? Yes or no? He decided yes. It was a postman with a letter in his hand. It said on the envelope, which was embroidered with roses, to Mr and Mrs Doyle. Harry and his mum and dad were the Doyle family. Harry's dad was an author called Roddy. His mum was a till-lady. I know two of the books Roddy has written. 'The Giggler Treatment' and 'A Star called Henry'. Right, back to the story. What was in the envelope was something very, I mean very, unusual. It was a ticket saying: 'This is a ticket to train with England Football players.' Harry's dad came to see what it was. He said it was OK to go. When they got to the England training ground they met the England squad. After goal keeping practice he moved on to defending practice. Boy, was he enjoying this! 'Football' said Sven, 'is not about scoring nor winning. It is the taking part that counts.' 'A defender,' said Steven Gerrard, 'is someone who stays near the goalkeeper at the back of the pitch and tackles anyone on the opposing team and then passes to a mid fielder. A defender rarely scores.', 'A mid fielder,' said David Beckham, 'is someone who is passed to by a defender and then passes to a striker.' 'A striker,' said Wayne Rooney, 'is someone who gets passed to by a mid fielder and then shoots with all his might! This work is only for people who are good at scoring goals. If you have people who are good at defending on the defensive, that's good. You need all the right footballers in all the right positions.' When Harry and his dad got back, Mum said, 'Where have you two been?' 'Nowhere,' said Harry and his dad together. Then they chuckled.

The Bike Ride

I sat bolt upright, it was the day of the bike race. I grabbed my packed lunch and ran down to the shed. I carefully lifted the sparkling red bike onto the lawn. I biked up to the start just in time for the gun to go. Now I was on the road my bike tyres shed sparks as I skidded around the bends. Just then it started to rain, 'Bother,' I thought. I got drenched, but it soon passed. Ahead was a fallen tree; I jumped over but the others crashed! Next was a ford; I wobbled a bit and almost fell in but managed to stay on my bike. As I zoomed around the bend I saw that the bridge was broken, but that didn't stop me. I leapt over it with a giant leap and saw I was in the lead! 'Not far now,' I thought as I came to the last hill but as I started racing down it ahead was a tractor which had lost all its hay bales. I skidded to a stop and quickly helped the farmer put the hay bales back on the trailer. I jumped onto my bike and peddled like mad, I carried on to win! What a race!
Sam Buchanan, 2P, age 7



Year 2 in the snow



Zak - roller coaster Year 2



Sophia - holiday picture - seaside

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Night-time, Fright-time

Night-time, fright-time,
Please leave on the light time.

Night-time, bottles smash!
Bats flap, cats yowl.

Night-time, fright-time,
Please leave on the light time.

Night time, eyes roll.
Doors bang, witches scream!

Night-time, fright-time,
Please leave on the light time.

Night-time, pumpkins glow.
Goblins moan, vampires bite.

Night-time, fright-time,
PLEASE LEAVE ON THE LIGHT TIME!
Henry Hole, 2P, age 6

First Movement

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I'm running on the spot,
I hope I don't get too hot.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I'm in a space,
And waiting for the race.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I jump over a log,
And notice a big, slimey frog.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
Lie down, sit up,
My friend shouts 'Good luck.'

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I fly straight and fast,
Trying not to come last.

Andrea Harriman, 2P, 7yrs

First Movement

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
Bend your knees, stand up tall.
Be careful you don't fall.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
Hop on one leg,
And try not to drop the egg.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
Give it all you've got,
To win that race, full stop.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
Climb to the top of the frame,
This is a great game!

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
Racing to the finish line,
The medal is going to be mine!!

Nicholas Jarrett-Potts, 2P, 6yrs

First Movement

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
When you jump,
Don't land in a clump.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
As I hop on one leg,
I might drop my egg.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I'm standing on the bench,
I nearly fell into the trench!

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I was getting near the finish,
I did a smile I had run a mile.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
They sprayed wine at me,
Then I got stung by a bumble bee!

Sophia Carr, 2P, 6 yrs

First Movement

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I'm hopping on the bench
I'll be careful NOT to fall in the trench!

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
give it all you've got,
jogging on the spot.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
racing to the finish line,
I've got to win the wine.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
Jumping up and down,
I can hardly see the ground.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I'm looking for my space,
'when will we race?'
Jack Banks, 2P, 7 yrs

First Movement

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I've got to plan my pace,
so I can win the race.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I'm going to be so fast,
so I don't come last.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
I'll jump like a frog,
over the log.

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
My friend called Dell,
will really, really yell!

I'm training for the race,
So give me some space....
If I cross the line,
I could win some wine.

Zak Keeling, 2P, 6 yrs.