

Dear Parents/Carers,

In Literacy this week, we have begun a new unit of work using the poem – *The Sound Collector* – by Roger McGough. We have watched and listened to the author read his poem and analysed his work. Splitting into small groups, the children have then performed and recorded themselves reciting the poem. There is a copy of the poem on the back of this letter if you would like your own personal performance. Next week, we will continue poetry by writing our own poems with similar style and theme.

In Numeracy, the children have been rounding numbers up or down to the nearest 10, 100 and 1000. Recalling the little rhyme – ‘4 and below let it go, 5 and above give it a shove’ has been adapted appropriately when rounding numbers in their hundreds and thousands. This has been a thought provoking topic as we have discussed when we might use this skill in a real life situation – quantities, money and distance were the top three answers. Next week, we will be learning about negative numbers.



In CCL, we have completed our puppets and are now ready to perform to our Year One audience. Good luck to the children next week as they take part in their puppet shows. Staff and pupils are looking forward to seeing the puppets and hearing each of the stories they have selected.

Finally, ‘Thank You’ 3R for the delicious buns you brought into school today for our weekly bake sale. Remember, next week it will be 3H selling buns.

Many thanks,
Miss Robinson and Mrs Hirst

The Sound Collector – by Roger McGough

A stranger called this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried it away

The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops
On the window pane
When you do the washing up
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning
He didn't leave his name
Left us only silence
Life will never be the same