

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 adding and subtracting a single digit number to a 3 digit number and we have been encouraging them to do this mentally. We began the week looking at calculations which do not cross the boundary. Eg  $233 + 6 = 239$ /  
 $138 - 4 = 134$

By the end of the week, we were solving problems which required an understanding of how we cross the boundary. Eg  $233 + 9 = 242$ /  
 $173 - 5 = 168$



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' 3T for the delicious buns you brought into school today for our weekly bake sale. Remember, the first week back after the holidays will be 3H's Friday Bake.

Many thanks,  
Miss Tingle 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