

Dear Parents/Carers,

In English this week, we began a new unit of work using the poem 'The Sound Collector' – by Roger McGough. We watched and listened to the author read his poem and analysed his work. Splitting into small groups, the children then performed and recorded themselves reciting the poem. There is a copy of the poem attached to this letter if you would like your own personal performance at home! Next week, we will be writing our own poems with a similar style and theme to The Sound Collector.



In Maths, we have been counting in 50s and have been ordering 3 digit numbers. We were introduced to the words 'ascending' and 'descending' and should be able to explain what these terms mean when we are ordering numbers. Next week, we will be completing some place value assessments and times table activities.



In DT, we have been practising our stitching techniques and will soon begin to join our puppets together. In PE, we have worked on basketball skills during our outdoor session and also performed our fitness routines in groups ready to video these next week.



Thank you for your donations for our Harvest Festival. These will be collected by Smartmove who will distribute them to the homeless and those in need of help and support.

A polite reminder that children should be bringing their **reading packet (including reading book and pink reading diary)** and **homework diary** to school every day.

Many thanks,  
Miss Stephenson and Mrs Ollerenshaw

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## **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