

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 ordered numbers with up to three digits and used the vocabulary 'ascending' and 'descending' to talk about this. Next week, we will be focusing on fluency activities and using known facts to help us with problem solving.

In History, we researched different aspects of Viking daily lives in teams and then recorded our findings. Next week, we will use this information to write a letter about Viking life from a Viking child's point of view. In Music, we have been learning facts about Beethoven alongside listening to and appraising our song for the half term, 'Let Your Spirit Fly' by Joanna Mangona.

We look forward to meeting with parents/carers for the teacher/parent consultation evenings next **Tuesday** and **Thursday**. Hopefully, you will have received an email from school explaining how to make an appointment with your child's teacher. If you have not received this email or you have not been able to book an appointment online, please contact the school office **before Monday lunchtime**. Please remember to check your appointment time.

Finally, we would like to remind parents that all items of uniform should be named and that children should be bringing a coat to school each day.

Miss Stephenson and Miss Parker

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