

News & Views



Leckhampton
C of E Primary School

February 2014 Issue 5



School council have been busy discussing lots of different subjects in our meetings. We have asked for your opinions on lots of different topics such as playtimes, Maths and writing competitions. As a result of your feedback we are pleased to announce that in future editions of News and Views we will be including some Maths Challenges on the back page to get you thinking!

We will also run a termly writing competition. School Council will decide the genre for each term based on the ideas you came up with, such as: animal stories, Easter poems and Current Affairs. We will announce the theme and the deadline in assembly so listen out! The winner from each phase will receive a prize and have their work published in the next edition of News and Views.

School Council are busy working with Young Leaders and Mrs Head to incorporate some of your super ideas into playtimes too so keep your eyes out for new activities.

If there is anything else you would like us to discuss please let your class representative know or leave a suggestion in our box outside Class 6.

Sporting Success!

Congratulations to **Raiph Ackroyd (Class 14)**, who, along with his doubles partner, came second in a National Under-11s Badminton Tournament in Devon.



Miss Sullivan

By James Pearne & Ben Gilchrist

Q: What was your first job?

When I was between the ages of 9 and 14, I used to muck out the stables, and feed and groom the horses. This paid for my horse riding lessons.

Q: What is your favourite subject that you teach?

I couldn't single out one favourite subject, so instead I have picked 2! Maths is just totally amazing, I really love it!! I like literacy because of all the interesting discussions we have, and I love seeing the improvement in my pupils!

Q: Where were you born?

I was born in Aldershot, which is in Hampshire in an army hospital because my dad was in the army. He didn't see me for 3 weeks after I was born, as at the time he was in a jungle! I moved to Wembley when I was 3 or 4. Then to Devon, then Hereford and now I have finally settled in Cheltenham!

Q: Who is your favourite author?

I am a big fan of JRR Tolkien, and I love the Lord of the Rings trilogy. My all time favourite is Emily Brontë. She

wrote my favourite book, Wuthering Heights. My adult favourite is Shadow of the Wind, by Carlos Ruiz Zafón.

Q: What is your favourite time of year?

I really love spring! I love it because of the sheep, and also my birthday is in Spring, it is pretty much my season! I always feel really miserable when summer comes! I find school in spring very exciting.

Q: If you were given the chance, would you do a different job?

Although I wouldn't make any money out of it, I would love to own an old-world bookshop. I would have lots of different varieties of teapots, and lots of comfy pouffes and beanbags.

Q: What is your favourite place that you've ever been to?

I love Devon. Walking a dog along a cliff is just bliss, and I wish I could spend more time there! Barcelona is heavenly, it has got to be my favourite place in the world ever!

Q: Where do you like to relax if you've had a really bad day at school?

I love to read or watch a movie, but sometimes I go to see Miss Gray or Mrs Head for a natter.

Q: What do you like doing other than teaching?

I love doing jigsaws, and Miss Gray and I have set up a jigsaw club. We are the only members at the minute, though! I enjoy reading, playing netball, quizzes, sewing, walking, visiting friends and family, going to the cinema, talking and socialising

**** Thank you for taking the time to answer our questions Miss Sullivan. ****

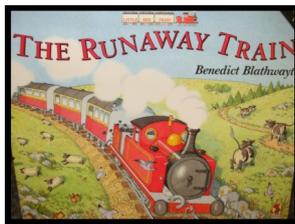
Our congratulations also go to Guy Mitchell and Zoe Robinson— house captains of St Andrew who were last term's winners of the House Cup.

In our next edition we look forward to bringing you all the news from the House Music competition...

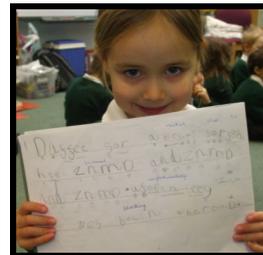
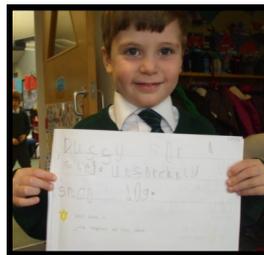


School Council have found lots of exciting writing happening from Reception up to Year 6.

In Reception the children read the story of 'The Runaway Train' by Benedict Blathwayt. They have been busy story telling and writing their own exciting versions of the story.



Here are **James Sainsbury (Class 1)** and **Grace Denley (Class 2)** with their beautiful writing:



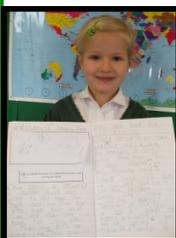
In Year 1 the children have been busy retelling the story of 'The Ugly Duckling'...

The Ugly Duckling

Once there were six duck eggs in a nest. The mother duck was waiting for them to hatch. Then one by one they started to hatch, the mother duck said, "Are we all here?" But one still hadn't opened. Then it opened. Then a old duck said, "That looks like a ugly turkey duck go and put them in the water and see." So the ducklings all went into the water they dived down deep and the turkey duck could swim! You're not a turkey duck. Then they went to the farmyard they met a chicken who said, "You're ugly!" and pecked him and they met a turkey who puffed himself up until he was red in the face and then gobbled at him. Then they met a farm boy and he said, "Shoo get out of my way." He flew over a fence and landed in a bush. Then the ugly duckling went to a swamp where the wild ducks live. The wild ducks said, "Oh you look ugly." They heard a bang! A hunt was going on, the man shot the wild ducks and then a dog came to the ugly duckling and said, "You're not a duckling. Then the ugly duckling went to a cottage, in the cottage he met a cat and a hen. The hen said, "Can you lay eggs?" "I don't think so," said the ugly duckling. The cat said, "Can you purr?" "I don't think so," said the ugly duckling. "Then get out!" said the cat. The cat swept him out, the ugly duckling went to a pond. He was really cold. But at spring time he was still alive and he flapped his wings and they felt much stronger and then he saw some swans. The duckling thought they might peck him but he looked into the water and he saw that he was a beautiful swan. The other swans stroked him with their beaks. **By Charis Grice (Class 3)**



Once upon a springtime a mother duck was going to lay six eggs. Five eggs cracked but one egg was bigger than all of them and that one had not cracked open. Then out popped two little legs and out popped his body. "Hello," said the ugly duckling. "Quack quack don't come back!" The ugly duckling ran away to a nice quiet warm place. Then it was winter and he was freezing cold. A farmer came and wrapped him up and took him inside. The children chased the ugly duckling away and then in the sky he saw a group of swans. Suddenly he saw a glimpse of himself. The group of swans said, "Join us." So he did. **By Evie Priddle (Class 4)**



In Year 2 the children have been inspired by Roahl Dahl's story 'Fantastic Mr Fox.' They came up with 3 new cunning plans for the farmers to catch Mr Fox and his family...

They trekked back to the farms and grabbed their favourite shovels. Later on they met up at the foxes' hole. Boggis shouted, "What shall we do now?" Bean replied nastily, "We start on the first hole and..." Bunce interrupted, "What first hole?"

Eventually they started work. What they didn't see was the foxes creeping out of a fourth hole and running silently to visit all three farms to eat chickens. When they had been digging for hours and hours they found no foxes! Later the next day the farmers started again. Instead they shouted down the second hole, "COME OUT FOXES!" They all shouted at the same time but there was no answer so they tried again. "COME OUT FOXES!" That time there was an answer, "NO!" replied the foxes, so the farmers gave up and foxes won by one point!

The farmers tried again by dropping a present down the hole... Immediately the foxes rushed to open the present. Inside they found a strawberry jam tart. Mr Fox shared out the jam tart so everybody had a little bit each. A while later they ate up their bit of jam tart and had a very bad tummy ache and...slowly the foxes died! "Did we win?" asked Bunce. "I think so," whispered Bean. Later that evening they all had a party because they realized that they had won! **By Eleanor Wood (Class 5)**



So Boggis and Bunce came up with a plan to dig under the Foxes burrow and pop up and shoot them. They insisted for the thin Bean to do the job. "I don't want to do it" squeaked Bean, but the farmers dug a hole and threw Bean down it. But Mr Fox dug down to Bean and made him a hostage. "Yikes" howled Bean as they took his gun. Bunce and Boggis heard his howl and came up with a plan to spill toxic down the hole. But they were playing the parachute game and the toxic bounced back up and it spilt over Boggis instead. Luckily Bunce pounced out of the way avoiding the toxic. "Are you OK?" asked Bunce.

"Eeeeerrrrrrr," answered Boggis. Bunce came up with a plan to roll a gigantic boulder wrapped in a sack so the Foxes would think it was chickens. There came six terrible moans as the sack fell on the foxes, and Bunce slid down the hole with his knife ready to chop them up. He got out his fork and plate and ate the Foxes. THE END. **By Noah Rowberry (Class 6)**

****Key stage 2 have produced some super writing recently. Due to space restrictions we have had to publish extracts from their lengthy contributions! If you would like to see more of any of these pieces please see Miss Gray for copies.****

Year 3 have written diary entries about Lindisfarne and the grizzly Viking attacks and created their own Viking myths!

I started studying in Lindisfarne on June 8th 793AD. I am a monk and I pray and worship God. I am very clever and healthy. But when I was praying and very peaceful, about a minute later disaster struck. The...VIKINGS! Came. First they killed my best friend who was growing crops and killed a few others but kept a few as slaves. Then they headed towards the Abbey, luckily they weren't coming towards my side of the Abbey. I looked out of the window and saw that they were pretty close by. One of the Vikings had long, red, scary hair and iron armour with a strong looking axe. I was frightened. My other friends were all slaves. I hid behind the curtains and when the Vikings did come I was eventually found out. My blood was as cold as ice and my heart was pumping as fast as a cheetah when I saw a Viking grabbing me ... **By Robin Craven (Class 7)**



The Battle of Asgard (A Viking Myth)

Asgard was in war with Jotenheim, but Asgard needed troops badly. In Midgard, Flinn and Alfie are just villagers but they are in the army. "Can't believe we're on watch!" moaned Alfie. "It's exciting!" yelled Flinn. Suddenly Ed their file leader came sprinting up. "Boys, we're leaving for Asgard at 5am tomorrow," said Ed gloomily. "Pack your bags!" said Ed in his normal tone which was a warming, jolly and friendly tone. So they went to get their armour and weapons and food and spare clothes and all. The next morning at 5am the boys galloped to Asgard. Many men were lost as they rode across the battlefield to get to the actual castle which was getting rammed. As they arrived at the castle a very bloody giant came thundering towards them. At the last minute a Minotaur came smashing into the giant horrendously quickly... **By James Estelrich (Class 8)**

It's all Greek to Year 4! Dramatic diary entries and powerful play scripts...

Dear diary,

Today I woke up feeling a terrible pain in my chest. "Get up Spartacus." shouted the commander at me. He handed me a bowl of grapes. Urghh!
"It will give you energy for the training sessions ahead of you," he boomed again. Then he stomped off down the dusty road. I hated the commander for giving me grapes every morning. He knows I don't like them. I put one in my mouth and pulled a face before spitting it out onto the grass. Slowly I stood up and got ready for the long run to the training camp. As I ran a mixture of nerves and excitement filled me. What task was I going to face today? Was I going to have half my hair shaved so everyone will know I'm a wimp? As I arrived at training camp I looked up to see ten stone poles, each higher than the one before. Perched on top of each was a square of wood big enough to stand on. Just then a man grabbed me by the shirt and dragged me to the lowest pole where a wooden ladder had been built to climb up. I didn't know what to do but I decided to climb the ladder. When I reached the top of the ladder I looked down at the people down below. "Jump!" they all shouted. Then I understood what to do. I stepped back to the far edge of the wood. I took a deep breath and sprinted forward, leaping off the first square of wood. The top half of my body made it safely onto the next platform of wood but my legs were left waving frantically in the air...
By Noah Kontou Goymer (Class 9)

The Story of the Trojan Horse

SCENE 4

It is all dark because it's night. The big wooden horse takes place outside the city gates of Troy. The Trojans wait patiently for King Priam to decide about the horse.

King Priam	(Thinking) Hmmm hmmm.(tapping his finger on his chin) Just let it in! (Putting his hands out)
Trojan 1	But...but... it could be a trick...(looking worried)
Trojans 2,3,4	Yes! (agreeing, looking worried)
King Priam	Not a trick! Let it in! (toughly)
Trojans	Well, okay. (opening the gates slowly)
King Priam	Ahh the horse. (a bit confused)
Trojan 2	It should be burnt! (stamping feet)
Trojan 3	Yes it should. (agreeing)
Trojans 4,5,6	Yes (itching to go)
Bodyguards	(looking at each other) mmmmmmm...
Odysseus	(frozen) Did you hear that?
Menelaus	(scared) Yes aaaaa.
Epeius	Oh no! (shutting his eyes)
Greek soldiers	Aaaa it must be a dream. (rubbing his eyes)
Odysseus	Nooo.
Greek soldiers	Ahhhh!

(The lights go down. King Priam is discussing the horse being brought in. Guards exit on the right. Epeius finds the trap door.)

By Lottie B (Class 10)

Year 5 have been writing diary entries based on 'The Highwayman' by Alfred Noyes...

9th January 1704

What a day it has been, full of anguish and despair. I knew not that Bess's fate would be so horrible. I will not live with myself after what I have done, henceforth this will be my last diary entry, for I have planned a punishment for my despicable deeds. Death! But hither let me explain my day. As the cock crowed this morning I got up to tend to the horses. I felt pleased with myself for the day before, I alerted King George's men of a Highwayman. Later, at noon, I stopped for lunch, King George's men had not come. Then, at dusk they arrived, unfortunately they bound and gagged Bess. Nothing happened until midnight, in the distance I heard hooves, it was him, the Highwayman, and my heart soared. Suddenly he turned and galloped away, for a gunshot shattered the night. Bess. I cried only hours ago. When he finds out he will return, he shall return, yet it may take time. I besought the landlord's forgiveness, but he turned me down. I have no family to go to and no fear either. I knew not what to do. I am now in an inn, spending my life's wages on a room for the night. Tomorrow between dawn and noon, I shall go. What has happened is no longer relevant. So goodbye diary, this is the end. **By Harry Priddle (Class 11)**

13th October, 1703

My dear highwayman has just left and promised to change his ways and become an honest man though I do not believe him! Surely a deceitful man like him would not be able to change his ways just like that? No, he is much too full of himself to become a truthful man as, today he said these exact words, 'Do not worry my dear. I am much too big and strong and clever to be caught out!' What must I do, for now I fear the end is near! These are now my last few words in this tiny little diary before I die!

Wait! King George's men are coming. Surely this is not good! Will I survive? I am as good as dead! **By Natalie Roberts (Class 12)**

From magnificent myths to poignant poetry– Year 6 have written some impressive pieces...

In a crummy old orphanage in Cardiff is a young girl with an extraordinary power, a power not even she knows of... It was opening day at Wood House. Amber Wild, age 11, was sitting in the orphanage garden. She felt that in the garden all the trees and the animals understood her. 'You're crazy.' That was what Emily, her best friend, had said when Amber had told her about her feelings. The anger of knowing that her best friend thought that she was crazy burned inside her like a bonfire. 'RING' screamed the doorbell, as Sue, the case worker, opened the door. "Kids," she called "We have a visitor." Amber slowly walked into the black and white kitchen. "This is Dr Artag, hopefully at the end of the day he's going to foster one of you." Amber looked up at this so called Dr Artag. He had long black hair that was scraped into a ponytail and mean black eyes. "So children," he said in a cold sharp voice. "Just ignore me. I want to see what you like to do." Amber and her friend Ircon walked back into the garden where Fligon the gardener was mowing the lawn. Sighing, Amber sat down and picked up a dead daisy. She turned it around in her hand, suddenly the once dead daisy opened up its closed petals and floated back into the soil. "Oh my gosh, Ircon did you see that? The daisy, it was dead, and then I made it come back!" exclaimed Amber a little too loudly. No one had noticed Artag lurking in the corner. Dr Artag was not an ordinary man, neither was Fligon. They were, in fact, season sorcerers. Artag was an evil Summer sorcerer, who 11 years ago fought the Wild family. To protect them from evil, Fligon had concealed them in a magic ball, but sadly Milon a colleague of Artag had used the powers of Autumn winds to take it away. Both of them knew that Amber had not one season, but four. If she was fostered by Artag he would surely kill her. Fligon knew he had to protect her... **By Eva Philcox (Class 13)**

War Memorial By Jordan Power (Class 14)

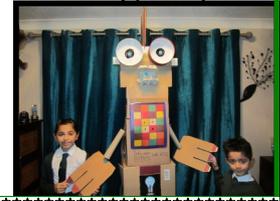
The war memorial stands eagerly glaring at people who walk past.
The flowers are waving around like they are clapping the soldiers that died.
The lamp posts shine their lights on the names of the fallen.
The wall stands firm to guard the people who have fallen.
The cars shine their headlights to praise the memorial.
The stars and the moon dance before the sunrise.



Apologies to Digby the dog whose festive photo was sent in by **Anna Maddocks (Class 11)** but was accidentally missed out of our last edition!



What did you do with your leftover boxes from Christmas? We (with a little help from our Dad!) constructed a new addition to our family...meet Boblington– our recycled robot!! **Alanah (Class 11) and Ruben Mistry (Class 5)**



Springbank Academy vs Leckhampton A Team

This game was played despite the bad weather and a muddy pitch. The game began at Springbank Academy. It began with both teams attacking fiercely. It was fairly even but the deadlock was broken by Springbank after a cross from the right hand side was tapped in by the left winger. Despite going behind, the defence including: Harry Hope and Danny Tilley held firm and did not give up. This determination was finally rewarded after a corner by Max Amiry hit the Springbank defender and deflected into the net. After the eventful half the referee finally blew his whistle. The second half started with Leckhampton on the attack and we soon went ahead after Felix Smith chipped the ball over the goalkeeper and team mate Oliver Beaney scored. Springbank then seeked a comeback, but Leckhampton had other ideas, with Edgar Gaze nearly getting on the end of Oliver Beaney's half shot. But Leckhampton finally got a third goal after Luca Briano's super through ball was finished by Edgar Gaze past the goalkeeper. Goalkeeper Laurie Ewles made a couple of saves. Then a penalty was awarded to Leckhampton, after Felix Smith's good play combining with Oliver Beaney creating a chance for Edgar Gaze to score and he did. The game was completely over for Springbank when Harry Hope's tackle created a chance for Edgar Gaze who scored. The score ended 1-5 to Leckhampton. We would like to thank Mr Mackenzie and Mr Carbin for organizing this game at Springbank Academy.



By Oliver Beaney & Edgar Gaze

If you fancy doing some baking over half term, why not give this recipe for delicious Toblerone cookies a try?

TOBLERONE COOKIES

Makes 6
Preparation 10 mins. Cooking 15 - 17 mins



INGREDIENTS

55g butter, softened, 120g light soft brown sugar, 1 egg, lightly beaten, 2 tsp vanilla extract, 140g plain flour, 1/2 tsp bicarb of soda, 1/2 tsp salt, 200g dark Toblerone, roughly chopped
Preheat oven to 180°C (gas mark 4) and line 2 large baking sheets with non-stick baking parchment. Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and vanilla extract until mixture is smooth, then stir in flour, bicarb of soda, salt and 150g of Toblerone. Drop 3 generously heaped tablespoons of dough onto each prepared baking sheet, leaving at least 7cm space between each to allow for spreading. Sprinkle the remaining chopped Toblerone over the surface of the cookies. Bake for 15 - 17 mins, until dry-looking and covered with even cracks but not quite firm to the touch. Leave to cool and firm up on the baking sheets for a few mins before carefully peeling away from the paper. The cookies will keep in an airtight tin for up to 3 days.

Contributed by James Pearne