

THANK YOU RUSHEY GREEN! - HELP US to HELP ALL

We have come to the end of our second week of remote learning and what a great week it has been! The children have been enthused and motivated to learn, which has been lovely to see. The teachers have been extremely happy with the number of children who have been attending their live lessons, submitting their assignments and responding to advice and feedback given. Also there has been some evidence of great work produced this week, I have been impressed with the quality of work.

I would like to take this opportunity to say a big thankyou to you all for your continued support during these unprecedented times. As always you have helped keep the children motivated and you have responded positively to Google Classroom. I hope we can continue to work well together to ensure our children have a great opportunity and the best possible online learning.

However ! it is not all so positive for all children. Thank you to our amazing RGSA and governors we are crowdfunding to raise money to provide those children without a device to learn at home.

Can you help? Please SHARE on social media, DONATE money if you can, DONATE an old device if you have one, we would love to hear from you.

<https://gofund.me/71b76422>

TURKEY CLASS

What a fantastic week of online learning. Well done to Year one who have tried so hard. We are so proud of you children who have been logging in everyday! Look at the amazing work you have done!



In maths we looked at making 20! We looked for different items around the house and used them as concrete objects to help us make different number sentences to 20!

For art Year one drew their favourite Teddy Bears. We looked at the shape that make up the bear and the colours and textures.



BLUE PETER ON YOUTUBE



We have launched [Blue Peter on YouTube](https://www.youtube.com/bluepeter) at CBBC and we were wondering if pupils and parents would be interested in this, for entertainment outside of home-schooling hours now we're in lockdown.

Blue Peter is the longest running kids TV show in the world and we are uploading videos to it that are suitable for 5-11 year olds. We have world record breaking challenges, arts and crafts, environmental videos, cooking and baking how tos, inspirational films, gaming, celebrity appearances, dance routines and music performances. We also feature ways of getting a Blue Peter badge, behind the scenes footage and extra content about our incredible presenters Adam, Lindsey, Mwaksy, Richie and Henry the Blue Peter dog. If you think your pupils would be interested in this, please do send this out to your parents and ask them to subscribe to <https://www.youtube.com/bluepeter> - (it's obviously completely free to subscribe!) and don't forget to watch the live programme on CBBC at 5.00pm every week, or on BBC iPlayer.
The Blue Peter Team!

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Llywodraeth Cymru
Welsh Government

SPAIN CLASS

In 6S we have been learning about the features of mystery writing. The children had to create their own mystery starter. The pupils produced some excellent pieces of writing. Please read the two examples below from Romell and Marwa:

Mystery Story

I had just come back from a late shift. I was really tired. I had been hallucinating. I could see wolves, charcoal like the night. Screams of agony from nearby felt like hallucinations but it sounded so.. real. I felt so ill, I had no other choice but to go through the alleyway. It was eerie but it was quick. I had come down to the last turns where I peered to see a liquid red substance. It must have been my hallucinations, I thought. As I headed down, these squeals got louder and longer; I never knew if these two things coincided. The wolves left. The screams got louder. I heard breathing, gasping for air. Trying to be a detective, I licked this red substance. I thought it was ketchup.. but it wasn't. The squeals sounded like a woman, maybe 2, 3 years older than me. Sirens sounded as I walked, with no pace at all. I thought if I were to turn left, nothing but a crying doll with a realistic voice would be there. No way Jose. It was a woman, dying. The hospital wasn't far. I thought that I could carry her to the hospital. My girlfriend wouldn't be happy that at 2am, her boyfriend had come back.

Running with urgency, I never knew who was behind me. I never knew who was beside me. Luckily no-one had brought their cars out as the police would be trialling night patrols. The hospital! I was just there until...

"Hands behind your back!" they surrounded me as they left the woman to almost .. rot. It was almost impossible to move. They had tased me, I shook in pain as my blood-covered hands turned somehow into the world's worst serial killer.

They however took me inside the hospital. At least one thing about them was correct. My hallucinations got worse and worse - I felt like I was going to a police station. I felt like that woman for a while. I wish I was that woman.

By Romell

Mystery Story

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas as I staggered onwards towards the deserted house. The wind wailed and in the eerie half-light, the trees were wicked witches whispering menacingly to me as I bowed my head against the driving rain. I approached the house with trepidation. I stopped at the gate, metal roses entwined around the wrought iron, and gazed open mouthed at the crumbling turrets like rotting teeth. Although the lower doors and windows were boarded up, the upstairs casements swung in the wind as though a hidden hand was opening and shutting them. Tiles had slipped off the roof in places, revealing the gaunt roof timbers like a skeleton beneath flesh. A black crow taunted me with its cackling and cawing as I edged nearer and nearer towards the door, a lion's mouth waiting to swallow me whole.

The front door was left slightly ajar perhaps for many years, or maybe because someone was already in there. I unhurriedly gave the rotten door a gentle push, as the echoes of its creaks shook the whole building. Still shaking with absolute dread, I stepped in, and onto the dusty rug in front of the door. The spacious hallway was dull and smelt of dust mixed with old age. The wallpapers were ripped, as if a cat had scratched them off, and on these walls, were paintings of what seemed to be rich people, their eyes following my every move. I shivered. To the right was an old wooden stairway, leading up to the second floor. Each step looked so worn out, that if you were to walk up them, you would fall right through them, and into a dark, damp pit of doom.

Straight ahead, were two rooms. A kitchen, from all the shattered plates and cups, and a dining room with a long wooden table and chairs that had been thrown about. On my left, was the pitch-black sitting room. I soon realized that there were no ceiling lights in any of the rooms. I looked around the room more. There were large bookshelves against each of the walls with thick books buried in dust. There was no television, just a sofa and a once-burning fireplace; the thick smell of the once-burning fireplace had spread around the room, choking me up on the inside.

It was then that I heard it. A door creaked open. I hastily turned around, wondering if I was just imagining things. This sound was different from the front door entrance's sound. It sounded... deeper. The ticking of the rusting grandfather clock a few metres away from me, irritated me. It was torture. Then, I heard a whisper of a croaking voice. "Come with me child..."

By Marwa

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Years 2-4

**Tuesdays, 4.30pm
from 11 January**

Years 5-8

**Fridays, 4.30pm
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