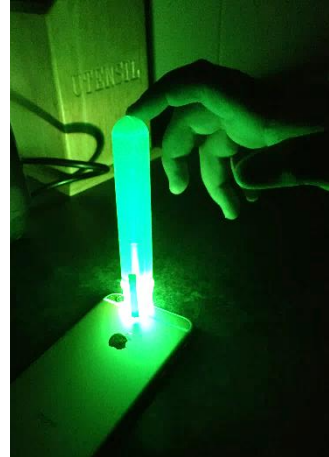


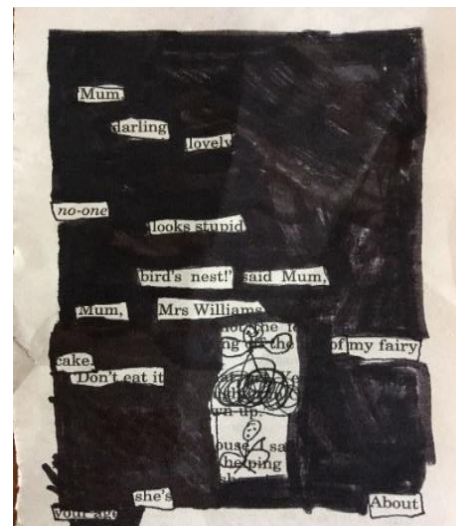
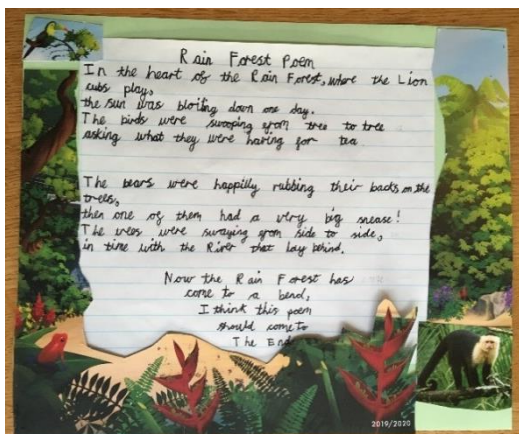
Mehretu Class (Y4)

Lucas has kept busy making a snail home, baking bread, carrying out experiments, and watering the garden.



SAM'S HOME LOCKDOWN DIARY SPRING 2020
MEHRETU CLASS - YEAR 4

Charlotte W has been writing poetry:



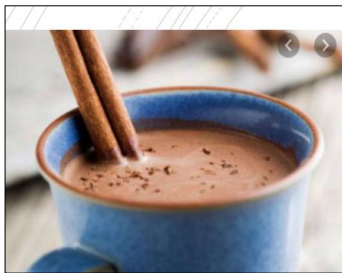
Mehretu Class (Y4)

From Martha, the first paragraph of her story:

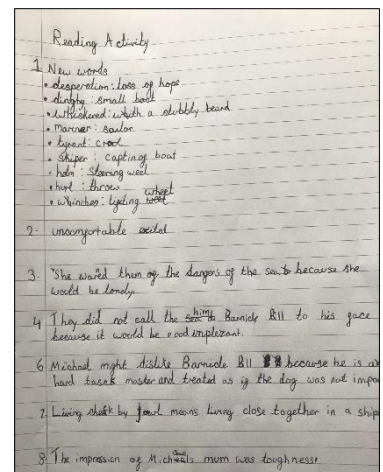
Dew of the Jungle by Martha (aged 8)

One day a seven year old girl named Dew went on a picnic with her Mum and Dad. Her smile was cheeky and breath-taking. On one glance at the miraculous child's smile you would fall under her spell. Dew's parents had brought a delicious picnic which included; chicken wings, cheese, egg and mayonnaise sandwiches, ham and cucumber sandwiches, blue cheese, grapes, apples and cocktail sausages. Dew's eyes darted to her Mother's backpack every now and then as the trio strolled along the busy streets of London. As the three approached the woods, Dew slyly jumped up, grabbed her mother's backpack and strewed the picnic blanket across the mud coated ground. She tore open the backpack and gobbled up all the cocktail sausages. Her mother frowned but her father gave her a look that said, 'that's my cheeky little sausage'. After she had gobbled up the punnet of grapes and five chicken wings she went for a lone walk in the woods. She brought a blue water bottle and walked and walked and walked. Suddenly rain starting pouring down but she didn't care. She walked and walked and walked. Hours became days, days became weeks, weeks became months until a year had passed and she stood there tiny and helpless in a vibrant green jungle. A sweet smell of petrichor filled the large forest around her. Without warning a tiny dew drop fell on her nose and shimmered blindingly as the clouds parted above her and the sun shone down on the glistening dew drop. Strangely, the dew drop began shifting and scrawling something in water on Dew's hand. It spelt, Q.U.E.E.N D.E.W. Her eyes where as wide as plates as the shifting dew drop sat in her hand. Although the dew drop had no face features she somehow felt it was smiling warmly at her.

Leila has been reading, and did a project on the Incas, Mayans and Aztecs. Here is a fun fact from the Mayans:



The Mayans favorite drink was hot chocolate with some spice.



Florence has been working hard:



Mehretu Class (Y4)

From Otter, and excerpt from her story

The bunny's first adventure

And a story of how anyone can be a hero among others

Chapter 1, The start

A flowing river rushed down to the rocky shores while many creatures ran through trees. Eventually one mother called and then another, then another. Many shrill whistles of animals from all around Rodehome woods called for the younger animals to come in. You see around here the time had come for every single creature to come in to eat. Although, like you, I can understand little to none of what they are saying, just by observing you could comprehend what is going on. Once lunch had been eaten they all went back out. There were lots of mutts racing past bushes and through mud.



Daisy's invented creature, and some writing:



The Golden Mole

This Golden mole lives in the ground,
But is blind so some good can not be found,
They live in the desert,
And appear in the dirt!
They have claws on each hand,
Which they use to swim in the sand,
Golden Moles look for termites,
In the gloomy nights.

Dear Diary,
I was finding a hat in the jungle
so I could become a member of my tribe.
I only had a song and everyone else has
spice animals. All of a sudden a monkey
grabbed my hat, I couldn't get it back!

Until a huge chameleon got it back for
me. I didn't exactly know what it was at
first but then I worked it out. I had never
seen one before (I accidentally poked it in the eye,
and its eye was really weird). The chameleon
was changing colour, well that was strange.
We were hiding and we we leaped...
we went crashing down and the chameleon
got trapped! A bird started swooning and my
tribe came they were going to kill the
chameleon. Although, I had a plan I left all
the hats I had been collecting there and
I let the chameleon free and we rode away
THE END