

Dear Parents,

Our fourth week of Holmewood@Home and hopefully the roller-coaster ride I spoke of previously has become more predictable for everyone. The highs for staff are seeing your children's smiling faces each day on our monitors and experiencing their engagement in lessons and activities. Of course we still miss them enormously.

The children are continuing to develop and showcase so many skills, more than we could have ever predicted at the start of this approach to learning. They remain amazing in our eyes.

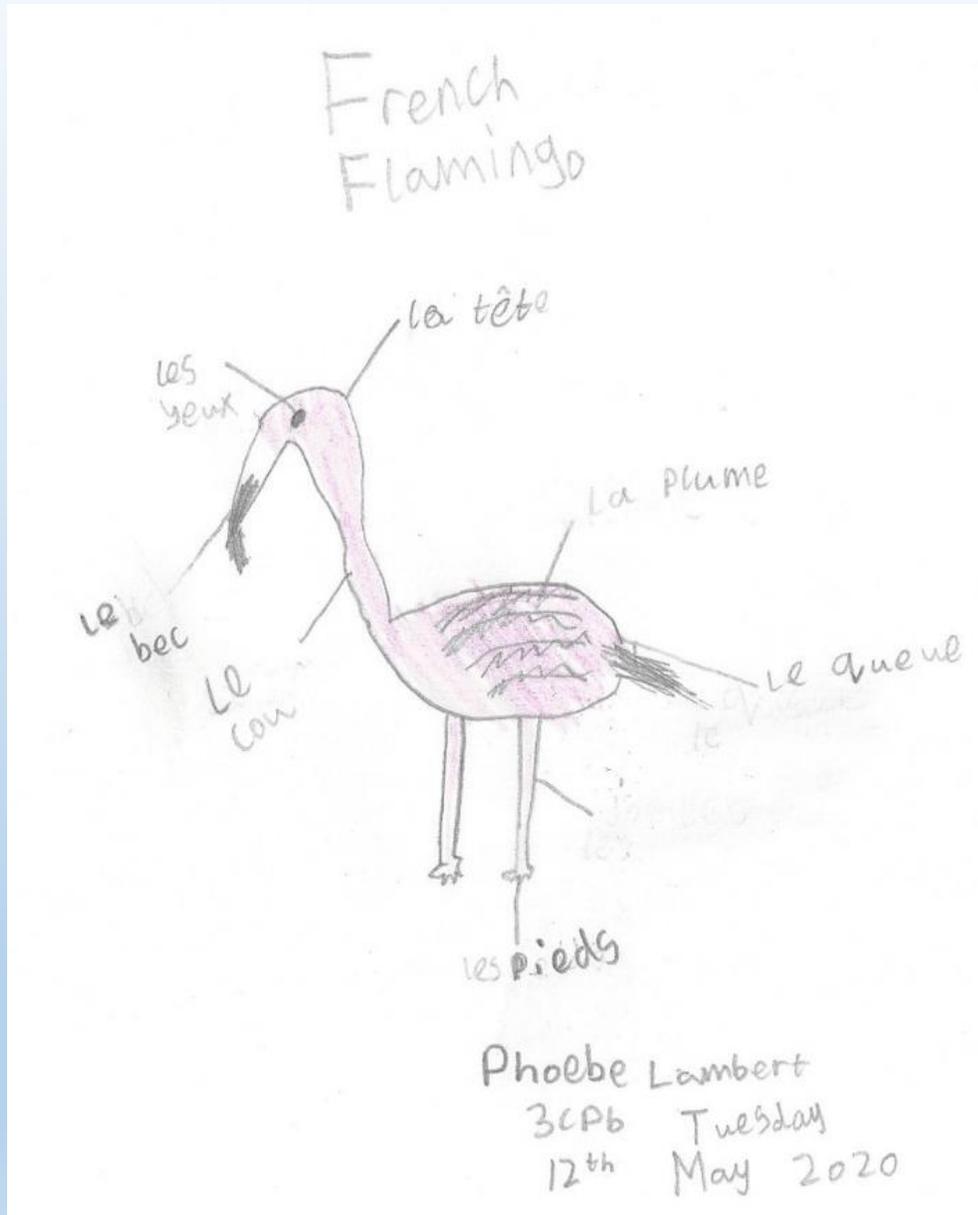
No video this week but an 'amuse bouche' of some of the work which has been submitted throughout the Lower School.

Wishing you a happy and sun-filled weekend.

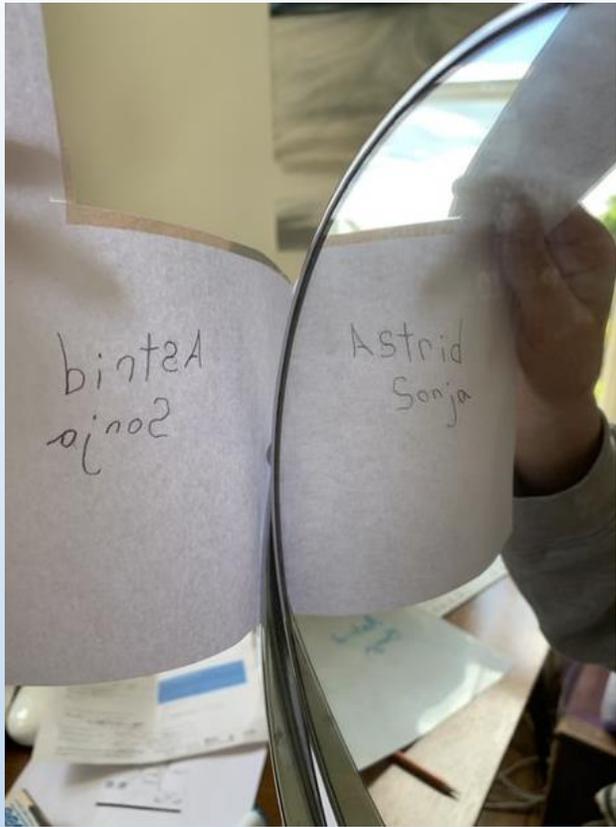
Take care,

Kate Spoor

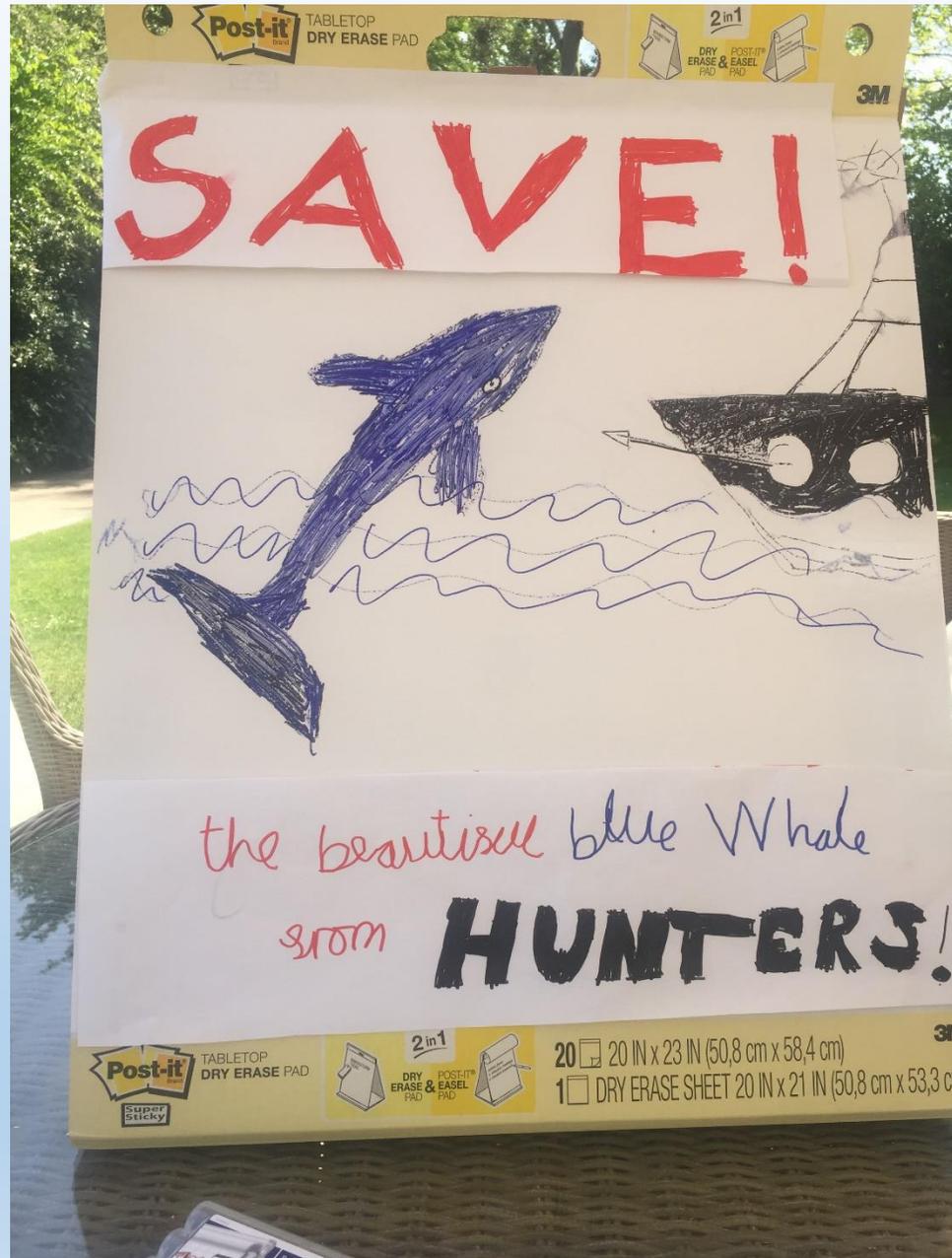




Français!



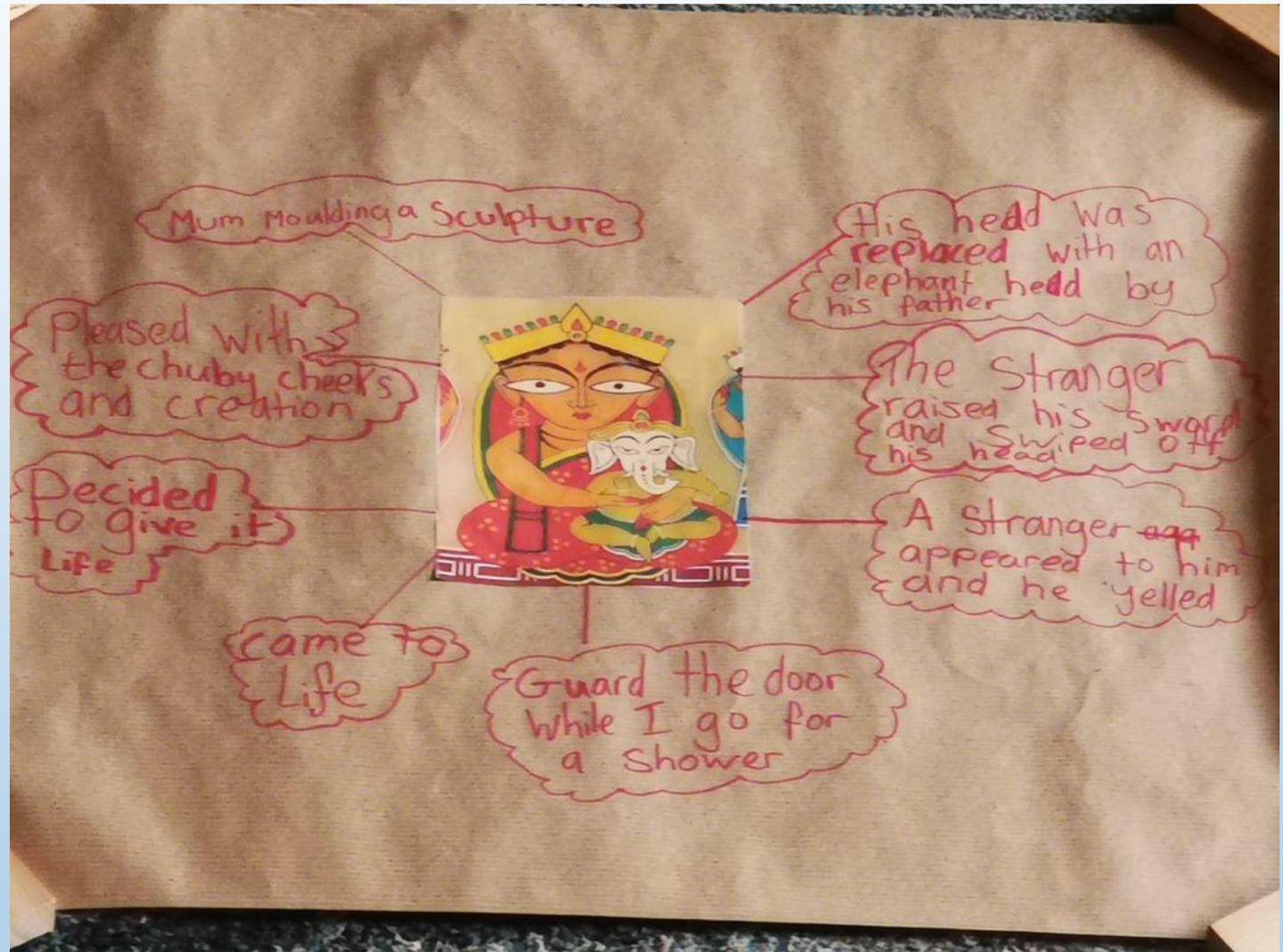
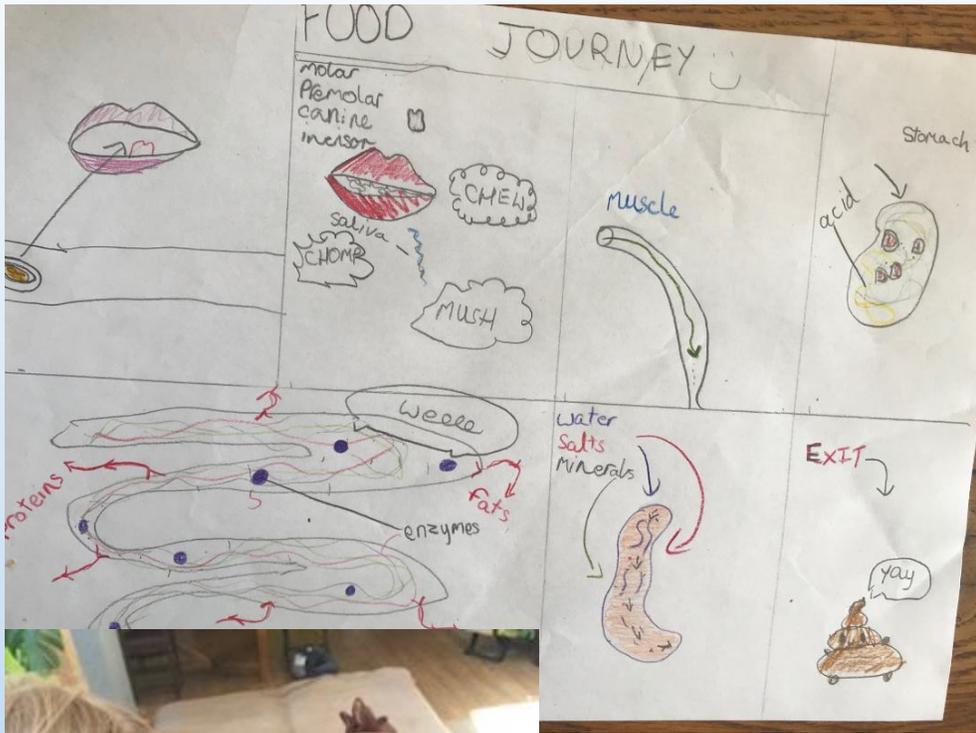
*Experimenting
with mirrors!*



The start of my Robin Hood story...
*Everyone marched along carrying shovels and in Robin and Much's case, swords and arrows. Every 10 or more steps they thought they heard something but it was either a bird or a tree whistling in the wind. Tentatively, they climbed the rock hard mountain and stepped inside the gloomy castle...
... to be continued.*

Harriet





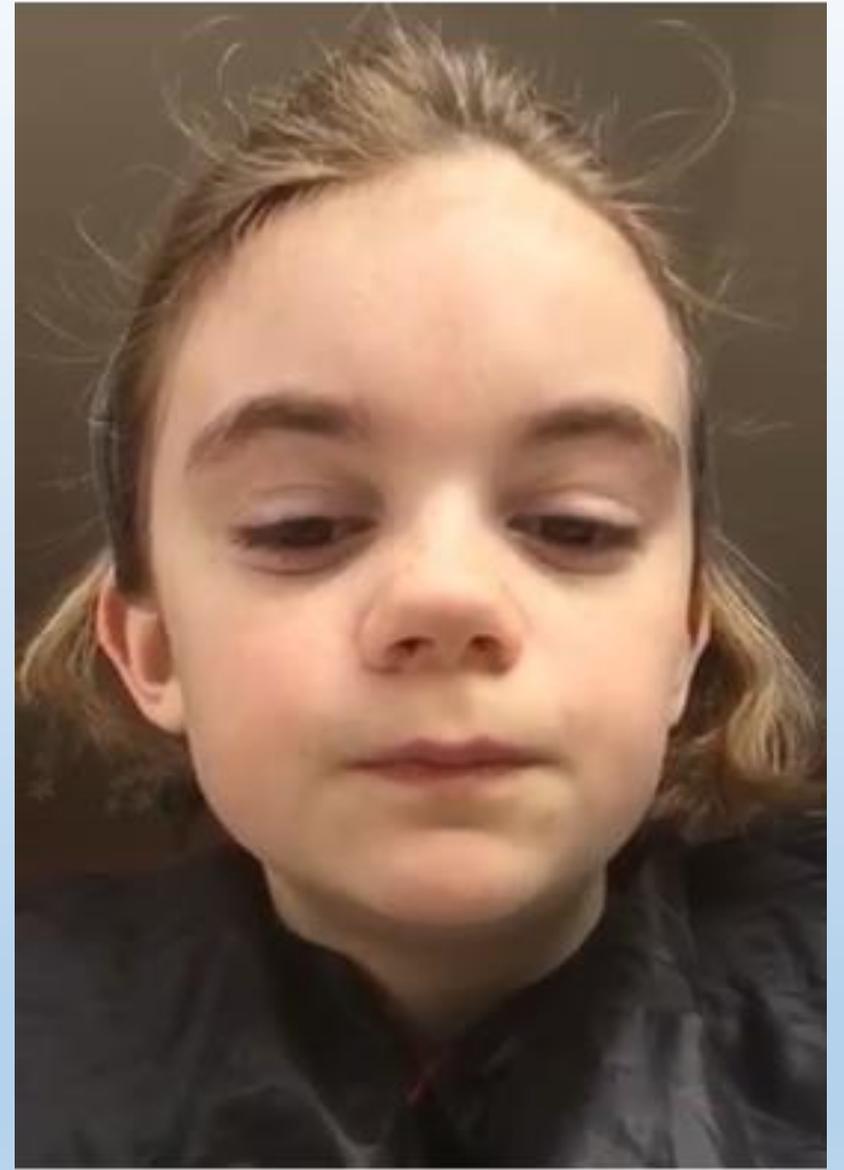


Macbeth's Diary

3rd February 1561

Dear diary,

Today was my official coronation! Though I am a bit worried about having killed the king. I am thinking of killing Banquo now because if he finds out that I have killed the king then he will blurt it all around the castle and I will be executed. I also think that I will have to kill his son because otherwise he will find out that his dad is dead. But then again, I am not sure whether to do it or not because he has done nothing wrong to me and is completely loyal. For now, I will just sleep on it and hope for the best.



Cooking up spells!

The clanging and banging of shields and swords filled the air the sounds of battle, the cries of victory, the cries of pain. Limbs and bodies, legs and arms even heads littered the ground. The survivors stand strong and tall as the enemy flees, as they are slashed down the sounds die away and the cries of victory ring loud and clear. The smell of blood filled the air taking over all other smells, so overpowering that all you could think of, would I be next?

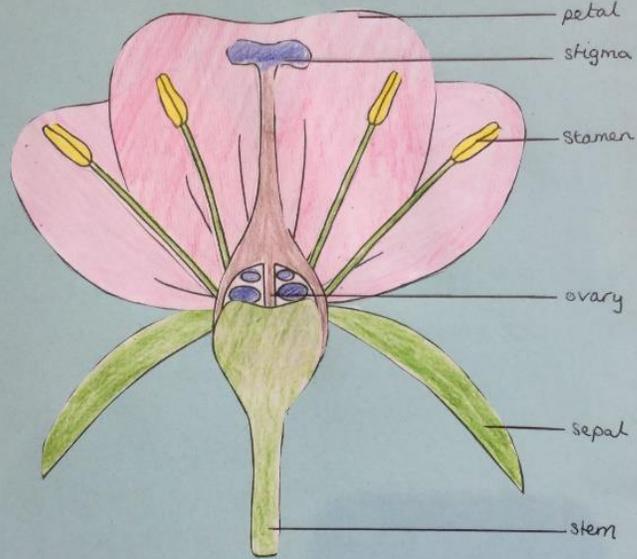
The landscape was desolate, not a tree to be sighted but upon the horizon and village not much more than sixteen houses but there was something strange about this village, it was deserted, no sound, no people at all, not a single animal stirred. The grass was a lush green but now was ruby red from the blood of the fallen soldiers.

Then a weird mist came it was like being under water, it engulfed you, swallowing you up then deciding you tasted bad and spat you out. Swirling like a tornado three figures loomed in the darkness ahead. The three figures loomed out of the darkness the first one had pasty skin she had would-be-nice-hair if it wasn't for her other distorted features her nose was crooked and broken her fingers could throttle a man in seconds. her eyes were the sort of eyes that you would find on a pig. The second one was not much different but she had ugly horrible hair that went well with all her other horrible features. The third one was pasty eyed and had stubs for fingers she also had big elfish ears which twitched menacingly. And all together they sang all hail Macbeth the king, all hail Macbeth the future king of Scotland. All hail Macbe... their voices trailed away as they disappeared just as ominously as they had appeared.

By Christopher

Betsy George

Parts of a flower



The lemur lives
in the branches of
Tropical Rainforests
in East Madagascar.
These trees are flowered.

The lemur opens the flower,
and sticks his snout inside,
to get nectar.

As he does so, his snout gets
covered with pollen, which he carries
to the next flower. The pollen mixes
with the new flower and makes seeds.

THE Black And White ruffed Lemur (only in Madagascar)



by Catrin



In the eyes of a virus

My name is Covid 19,

I jump from person to person,

Hoping to find a home,

People all see me as a bad virus,

But all I really want is a place to live,

I may harm the vulnerable,

But I don't know who is and who isn't,

For some people I'm just a cold or cough,

I don't mean to harm anyone,

In a way I'm helping people because they are spending more time with their families,

I may be stopping lots of fun trips,

But it means people notice the fun things they have around them,

I'm making a better union,

People are coming together to help others,

So soon I will find a good home and that will be the last of me

Isia Thomas 8

Just in case you missed this earlier in the week.....

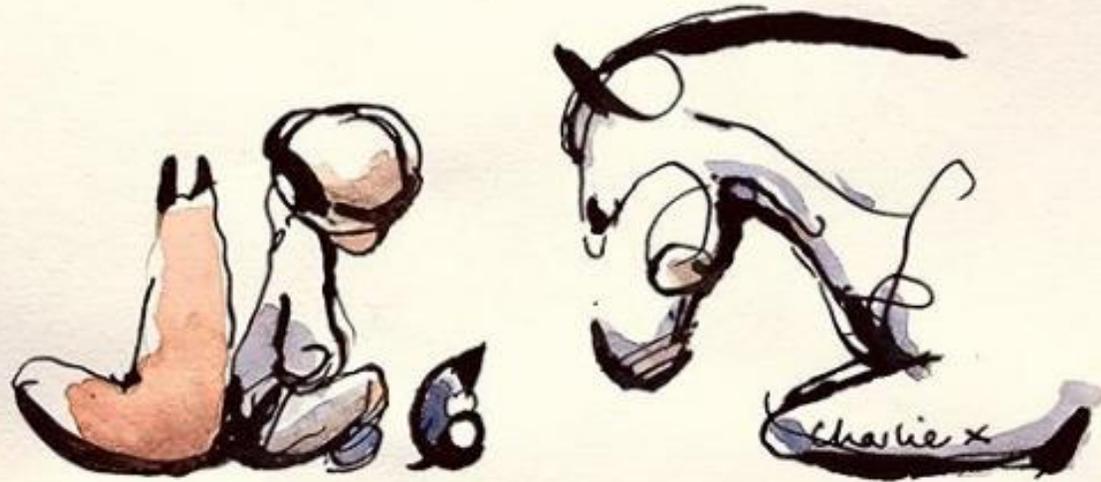


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A Message From Us #WeMissYou #InThisTogether

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2viPsRTUcz0&feature=youtu.be&fbclid=IwAR3xF8GFzqDAZwiXBkzCCPnj2p4hOjXPVQ9_RsGUZA0gmgAOWUSm0fnjS-A

"What else do you think?"



"I think," said the horse,
"we are doing better than
we think."