



Hopelands Preparatory School

38/40 Regent Street, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, GL10 2AD

Newsletter 12th June

In this week:

- Reporters Prize
- Fun Activity Sessions
- Class 1 - PE
- Reception
- Lockdown Diaries
- Photography Competition

Gloucestershire School Games Virtual Challenge

Further to the recent email which Miss Walker sent, please remember to submit all your scores by Wednesday 17th June. We will be working as a whole school team in the district and country competitions, and points will also be recorded for a Hopelands House Competition in school.



Second-hand Uniform

If anyone has any uniform which they wish to pass on to Friends of Hopelands please contact Lee-Anne Etherington: lee-anne75@hotmail.co.uk

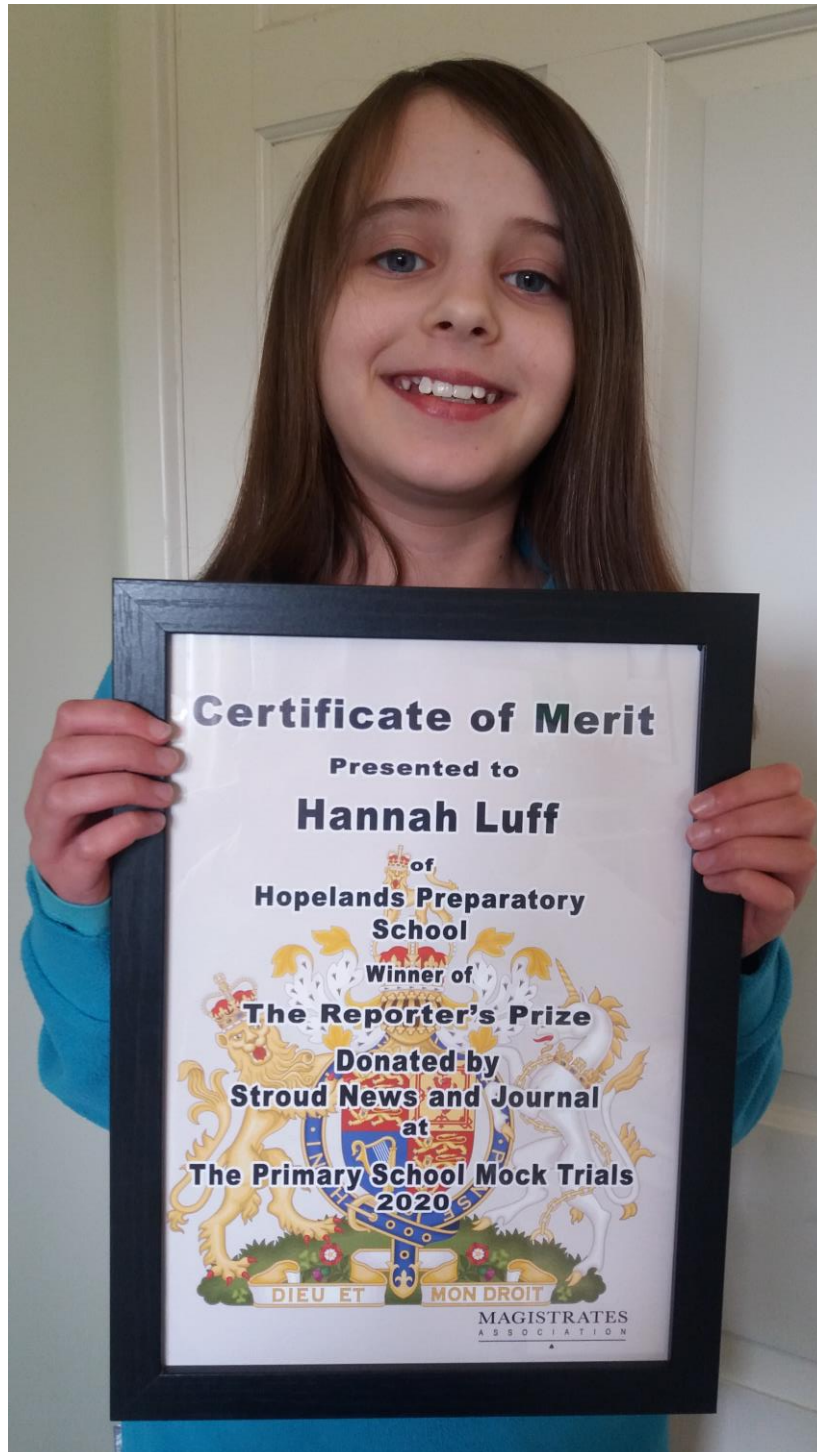
Thank you.



For all the latest pictures and weekly activities please follow our Facebook page
@HopelandsPreparatorySchool

Reporters Prize

Well done to Hannah who won The Reporters Prize at this year's Primary School Mock Trials. Over 15 schools entered so to be chosen as the overall winner is an amazing achievement! Congratulations, we are very proud of you.



Fun Activity Sessions

Amy has been doing a fantastic job of motivating and energising the children at the end of break time. Whilst they queue up on their designated hazard markers ready to go back into their classrooms, Amy has had them doing squats, jumping jacks, lunges and press ups! The children thoroughly love this and its brilliant to see them taking part. Good work Amy, you are a true star!



Class 1- PE

Miss Walker has been a complete genius planning the PE lessons and ensuring they are socially distanced! Class 1 have been busy practicing their cricket skills this week.



Reception

The reception children have been working hard by building walls in their playground!



They were also super excited to see the first shoot appear from the planting they did last week.



Lockdown Diaries by Mr Piper

Lockdown Diaries 7

I reached my club just after midnight and Cribbage, the night porter, showed me up to my room. He put my case down and I slipped a twenty-pence piece into his hand.

‘You are too generous, sir,’ he demurred, perceptively.

He gave me a respectful nod and closed the door softly – behind him. I prepared to retire. However, upon entering the closet I made an extraordinary discovery. What I saw sent me reeling, I can tell you, something I haven’t done since I did the eight-some on Burns Night. How I remember it! The aroma of the haggis and the swirl of the kilt, or was it the other way round? And then there was the sound of the pipes – until the plumber arrived, of course.

And what was in the bathroom? Not what but who. Even those of you served in Tashkent will not guess. It was Quentin Faraday.

‘But you’re dead!’ I blurted out, momentarily forgetting the usual greetings.

‘No, I’m not,’ he replied. I was not inclined to believe him. But he went on, ‘And am I pleased to see you, sir!’

It seemed an unnecessary question, but I responded plainly, ‘Of course you are.’

Lockdown Diaries 8

It didn’t take Quentin more than a few seconds to explain how he came to be in my room. He had opened the door.

‘Look,’ he said, shrugging into a black overcoat, ‘we have to go to Bishop’s Gravery without delay.’

‘Right, I’ll see you in the lobby after breakfast. Shall we say ten o’clock?’

‘No. We leave at once.’ He gave me a meaningful look. ‘I have my car outside.’

The thought of travelling to Bishop’s Gravery with Quentin was not an appealing one. He has one of those vehicles that should only be driven by great-aunts or apprentice morticians. Anyway, needs must when the devil drives, as the saying goes, so I donned the white mackintosh which is quite my trademark when I’m on a mission and we rushed out of the apartment. Quintus headed for the stairs.

‘Shouldn’t we take the lift?’ I queried.

‘We’ll come back for that another time,’ he retorted, already halfway down the first step.

In a matter of seconds, or maybe minutes – it certainly wasn’t hours – we were out of the building and walking briskly towards Quentin’s car. It was even worse than I had imagined, a two-seater in a rather coarse shade of grey. And there was a figure in the front passenger seat. I opened the door and let out a gasp.

‘Bella!’ The recognition was mutual and the gorgeous creature literally sprang into my arms.

‘Down, girl, down!’ commanded Quentin and the old Afghan leapt back onto the front seat. ‘Right, in you get. Just squeeze yourself in behind the seats. It may be a trifle uncomfortable but it’s only for a couple of hours or so.’

We set off. It was indeed extremely uncomfortable wedged behind the seats, but little did I know that this was to save my life...

TO BE CONTINUED.....









Gloucestershire School Games
 Photography Competition
 #MakeGloucestershireSmile

GET OUT - GET ACTIVE - GET SNAPPING

What makes YOU smile?

Whilst times are difficult for so many people we want to share photos of things that make you smile. It may be an amazing view, an animal, a moment, people or just something crazy that made you laugh! Snap it and send it in to info@gloucestershireschoolgames.org.uk

SCHOOL GAMES VALUES	
	Determination Striving for the best shot you can find.
	Honesty Make sure it is YOU behind the camera taking the shot & the photo is taken in June 2020
	Passion Sharing the things you love that make you feel good!
	Respect Respecting the places, people and animals you are photographing and make sure you gain permissions for the photo to be used.
	Self Belief Enter the competition, send in your entry to info@gloucestershireschoolgames.org.uk your photo could make someone else smile or be the winning entry.
	Teamwork Engage family members to help you find a great shot and encourage friends to take part.