



# Hopelands Preparatory School

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

## Newsletter 3<sup>rd</sup> July

We have been notified by BT/Openreach that they will be renewing BT telegraph poles within the area on **7<sup>th</sup> July 2020 from 8.30am for half a day.**

While works in Regent Street are in progress, our broadband and telephone will be disconnected for the duration of the works. Therefore, you will not be able to call or email during this time

Please also do not park in the road (31 – 35 Regent Street) as they need access to the poles.

Apologies for any inconvenience this may cause.



### In this week:

- School Games Challenge
- Submarine Adventures
- Maths
- Miss Cook
- Design Technology
- Lockdown Diaries

### Uniform

Schooltogs have advised that they are getting busy with bookings for their personalised visits to store, if you do need uniform please book soon:

[https://hopelands.org.uk/wp-content/uploads/2020/06/Parent-Plan\\_Schooltogs.pdf](https://hopelands.org.uk/wp-content/uploads/2020/06/Parent-Plan_Schooltogs.pdf)

### **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](mailto:lee-anne75@hotmail.co.uk)

Thank you.



For all the latest pictures and weekly activities please follow our Facebook page  
[@HopelandsPreparatorySchool](#)

# School Game Virtual Challenge 2 – Go the Distance Results

By Miss Walker

Record your distance travelled: cycling, walking, running – however you can travel

The results are in:

Dahl	1st
Fine	2nd
Rowling	3rd

We did not quite make the leader board this week but did receive a participation certificate for our efforts. Many thanks to the families who had a go and sent their kilometre's travelled in! Great work!

**Challenge 3** – please see the video for a demonstration and the inclusive challenge

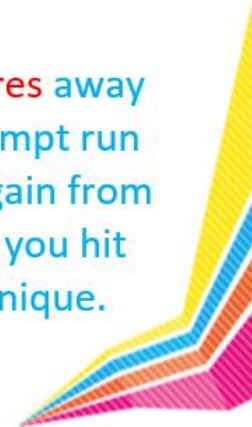
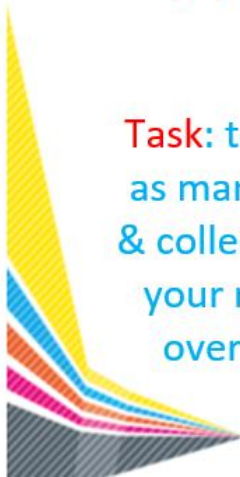
## Primary target challenge

Time: 60 seconds



**Equipment:** One ball, one bottle, one marker & a stopwatch

**Task:** to hit over your bottle placed 3 metres away as many times as you can. After each attempt run & collect the ball before trying to throw again from your marker. A point is gained each time you hit over your bottle. use any throwing technique.



**Deadline:** Ideally by the 8<sup>th</sup> July, or by 11am on the 9<sup>th</sup> please.

## Submarine Adventures

We aim to waste as little as possible at school so when deliveries come the boxes are kept for the children to use in creative play. Our talented Reception children had great fun converting a boring brown box into an exciting submarine! Using their imagination and teamwork this has now become a firm favourite during playtime.





## Submarine Adventures





## Maths

Year 4 took their maths outside to practise the 8-point compass, using orienteering skills. Mrs Elmore was incredibly impressed with their focus, understanding and teamwork.





## Miss Cook

We have said a fond farewell to Mrs Prout this term, she was a hugely popular member of staff and will be greatly missed by everyone in the Hopelands community.

In September we are delighted to be welcoming Miss Cook who will be the Class 2 Form Teacher. Miss Cook is very excited about starting and looking forward to getting to know the children. This week she did story time with the Reception children which they thoroughly enjoyed.





## Design Technology

Year 1 and Year 2 have been designing and building 3D Trojan Horses in their design technology lessons. Not only are they robust and fit for purpose they also look simply amazing! Well done Class 2!



# Lockdown Diaries by Mr Piper

## Lockdown Diaries 13

'Let us fly away together 'she went on. 'Let us leave behind this life of senseless luxury and build a log cabin on the rocky coast of Nova Scotia – and be happy! Happy!'

This sounded like a spiffing idea to me, but I had a nagging doubt. Who exactly was she?

Let me pause for a moment. You see I would not want anyone to think that my line of work is all glamour and beautiful women, champagne and fast cars, secret codes, and concealed automatics. Oh no, that's only ninety per cent of what my job is all about. The rest is mainly sleeping.

Well, now that that's clear, I shall return to my narrative.

Just as I was wondering who this woman was, she adjusted her monocle, gazed at me for no more than a second and let out a shriek.

'Who the devil are you?'

I had no time to reply for she turned on my heel and flung out of the building. Silence fell over the place. It was as if I had imagined the whole episode. She had been a dream brought on by exhaustion. That's what I thought at any rate – until I saw the package she had left behind. It looked like a chocolate box with some decorative wires. I bent down to look more closely.

I sensed that I had only to open this and the whole business would come to me in a flash!

## Lockdown Diaries 14

I was just about to pick up the box when Bella burst in, seized it and bounded out again. A moment later there was a rather loud explosion.

I was open-mouthed, I can tell you. I mean, is the world being overrun by untrained mutts simply helping themselves to whatever they fancy? I had no time to consider the matter because Bella suddenly reappeared flying in through the open door accompanied by what seemed like half of old a burger van. This was dashed annoying, as I had been about to use it to hare off to Bishop's Gravery, or somewhere.

The first task, however, was to follow up that mysterious clue, Number 11. I looked at it on my notepad. In the faint light of dawn, it looked, at a certain angle, like an equal's sign or a small bridge over the river Ouse, or a clergyman's collar.

I made my way deeper into the building, thinking that I might come upon a door marked with that very sign, maybe between numbers 10 and 12, but alas, they were all labelled in an absurdly random way, with one door marked Mrs Doreen Platt, the next Dr Eustace Finch, then Number 6 and so on.

By now, I had come to the last door on that passageway, and I was just about to give up, when I did.

As I walked back towards the entrance, I saw figures bending over the injured Bella.

'Took the full blast, poor old chap,' a voice was saying. 'Deserves a medal, by golly. How about the DSO? Isn't that the Doggy Service Order?'

'Very nearly,' came the Major's crisp reply.

**TO BE CONTINUED.....**