



Newsletter 19th June

In this week:

- Dance
- Year 6
- Year 4
- Lockdown Diaries
- School Games Challenge

An amazing creation by Harry in Y4 – introducing his hedgehog tower!



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](https://www.facebook.com/HopelandsPreparatorySchool)

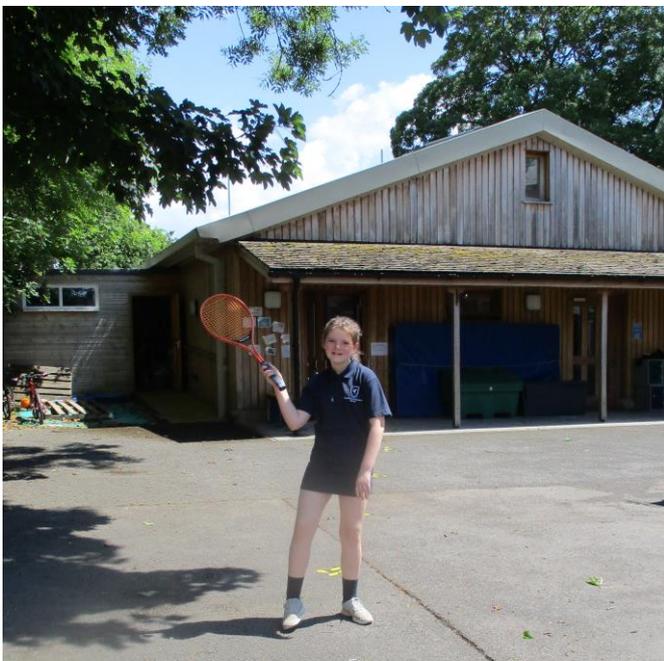
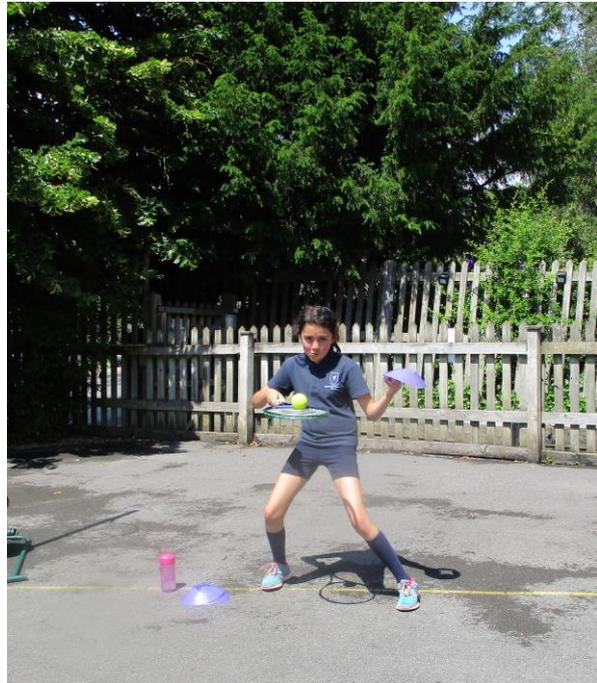
Dance

The children love their dance lessons, not only do they get to have fun with their friends they are also improving their spatial awareness, muscular strength, endurance, and aerobic fitness. Here are the Reception children working on their coordination and balance.



Year 6

Year 6 have been perfecting their tennis skills this week. Blue skies, fresh air, and teamwork – all brilliantly done in line with the social distancing rules, well done Year 6.



Year 4

The children have been working on their poetry skills this week, here are a few examples.

A life without dreams.

Keep your dreams close for if
You let them free they will scatter
And die. Dreams don't come and go as easy as
Rain falling from the sky. A life with no dreams
Is like a book but its last page is missing
You don't know the end.

A life with no dreams is
a shriveled-up leaf a poisoned frog with no leap so
you shield yourself from an abandoned destiny. Dreams
can come crashing down as quick as waves. Storms
brew up as quick as a dream falls to the
grave of sea.
It is a black out with no light to guide you to your
Dream so you don't take a wrong
Turn to your path to find your dream.

Written by Alice

A life without dreams.

Life without dreams
is a shrivelled leaf
Hope has faded
and imagination shattered

Life without dreams
is a darkened lightbulb
pleasure decayed
and joy collapsed

Life without dreams
is poisoned water
Confidence cracked
and appreciation withered

Life with dreams
is a tree blossoming
supporting the dim lives of
others

Written by Noah

A life without dreams.

My dreams are withering away,
Every single night and day.

My hopes and dreams are like an abandoned home,
My thoughts for dreams feel all alone.

A room without dreams will darken the night,
My room without dreams will never be light.

My room is cheerless, sunless and grey,
Without dreams my hopes will wither and decay.

I hope that dreams are here to stay,
And that way I will never have a sunless day.

Written by Cara

A life without dreams.

Life without dreams is a leafless tree burning in
the sun

Life without dreams is a smashed vase scattered
on the floor

Dreams are essential in human life, without
them we are lost and deserted

Dreams are a staircase to reality yet to be
climbed

Life without dreams is a cracked egg shattered
everywhere

If you do not have dreams you are lost in the
deepest forest alone.

Dreams are who we are, they are our personality
and our soul.

Written by Daniel

Lockdown Diaries by Mr Piper

Lockdown Diaries 9

As we sped along, the happenings of the last dramatic hours flashed through my mind: the Major requesting my presence in London; the briefing in the secret MI6 HQ, accessible only through the trap door underneath the Albert Memorial; the odd encounter with Rudi; the unexplained appearance of Quentin. What was the thread that linked all these events? Bella was asleep in the front, and soon I heard the deep contented rumble of snoring from Quentin in the driver's seat. At least I knew I was safe for the moment, so I let my eyes close and instantly dropped off to sleep.

Dawn brought further mysteries. It reminded me of those wonderful lines from William Finch:

'Dawn bears a tray with gifts galore,
Alas, she drops them on the floor.'

You see, as I opened my eyes and looked out of the window, I found we were passing that layby on the road between Stunbridge and Bishop's Gravery, just before the Bolt roundabout. You know the one; it's where Venetia Trench-Bonnet cut straight across and got ahead of the rest of us on the annual London to Bridport sports car challenge. Well, you may remember that in the layby there is usually a sort of caravan thing selling burgers and the like. It was there today. Uncle B's Burger Bar. Nothing odd about that, you may think. However, when I tell you that the man on fried onions, still in full uniform, was the Major, you will understand why I was suddenly wide-awake. And as we sped on, a mop of tousled hair appeared furtively from behind a large jar labelled 'Sauce'. A coincidence? I think not!

Lockdown Diaries 10

I had hardly processed this information before the car slowed to negotiate the famous Bolt roundabout, Quentin flipping down through the gears until we were doing no more than 120 or maybe 119.

Just as we swung left there was a bang and the glass of the window just above my head splintered into a thousand pieces. The bullet, for bullet it was, missed me by inches, and it struck old Quentin in what I would describe politely as the 'upper thigh.' What a bit of luck! You see, if I hadn't been tucked down behind the seat, my tale would have come to a sudden stop, and what a disappointment that would have been!

Of course, Quentin came from sturdy stock. His father was famous for one of those dogfights during the Battle of Britain when he had sent some sniffing Pekinese running off with its tail between its legs. Oh no, Quentin might have let out pathetic groans or gasps, but he just wasn't that sort of chap. No, he screamed very loudly and fainted.

I leapt into action. I jumped into the front seat and, opening the door, shoved him out onto the carriageway; he would be safe there if the oncoming steam roller managed to stop in time. Then, grabbing the wheel I did a three-point turn and headed back towards that layby where the Major was even now serving out a double helping of onion rings to a chap wearing – yes, you've guessed it: it was none other than Rudi.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

School Games Virtual Challenge 1 Results & Challenge 2

The First Challenge

KS1 Activity – to roll a ball around your body whilst seated

KS2 Activity – throw a ball against a wall (2m away) and catch - as many times as possible

Inclusive – Hit a balloon in the air as many times as you can without it touching the floor

The results are in:

Fine	267
Rowling	267
Dahl	220

Well done to everyone who had a go! Congratulations to our joint winners - Rowling and Fine both scoring 267!

Challenge 2 - 'Go the Distance'

How many kilometres can you and your family travel? Track using any exercise app. Watch the attached video for more information. Record your kilometres travelled and send them to kwalker@hopelands.org.uk by Wednesday 24th June.

