



Newsletter 26th June

One of the poems published last week in the newsletter was attributed to the wrong child – please accept our apologies.

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 Liberty

In this week:

- School Games Challenge – Winners!
- Year 6
- DT Project
- Year 1 & 2
- 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

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

School Games Challenge - Winners!

Congratulations to everyone who took part in the School Games Virtual Competition – I am delighted to say that we won 2 certificates! One was for the inclusive challenge and the other one was for participation levels. Miss Walker is very proud of you all.



CONGRATULATIONS TO

Hopelands Preparatory School

**FOR THE MOST CHILDREN PARTICIPATING IN THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE
VIRTUAL SCHOOL GAMES BALL SKILLS CHALLENGE**

Awarded on behalf of the Gloucestershire Local Organising Committee



WE FINISHED FIRST!

**IN THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE VIRTUAL SCHOOL GAMES
INCLUSIVE BALL SKILLS CHALLENGE**

This is awarded to

Hopelands Preparatory School

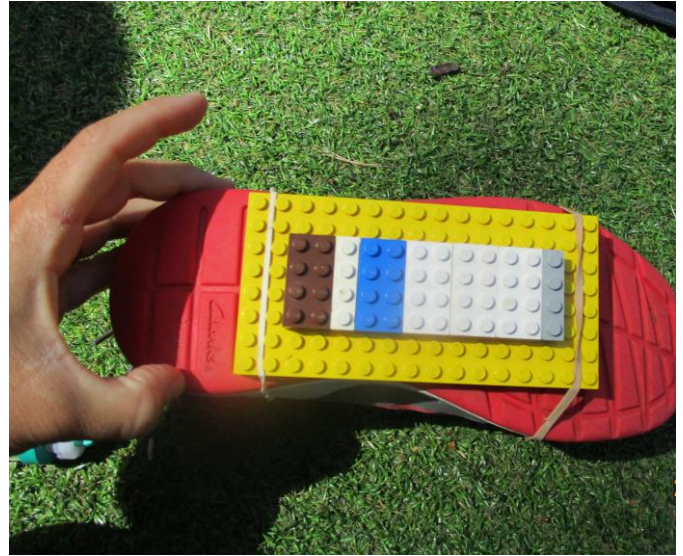
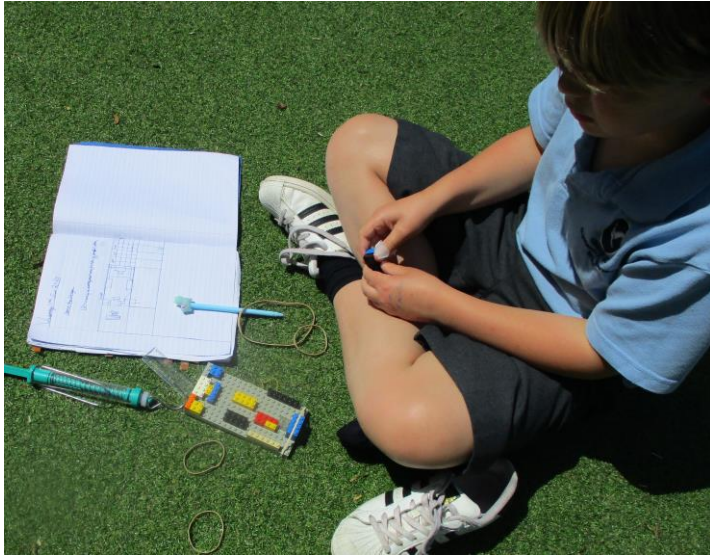
On behalf of the Gloucestershire Local Organising Committee



Year 6

This week Year 6 have been looking at the invisible impact that forces have on sport. Pupils used Lego™ bricks to model a 'sports shoe sole' and explored how friction is affected by different stud patterns.

Under blue skies they did the testing and measurements socially distancing on the AstroTurf.



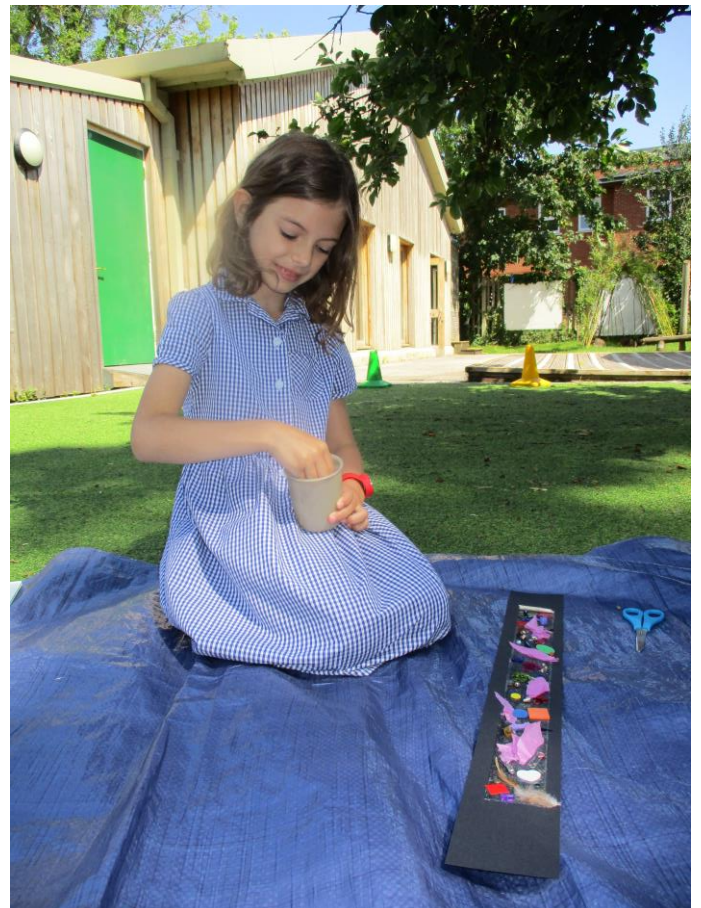
DT Project

One of the DT projects which Miss White set the children when virtual learning was taking place was to 'Design a Chair'. Pupils were asked to look at the specific settings for chairs i.e. purpose, function and the design principles and then they were given the task to design chairs for either; comfort & relaxation, rocking a baby to sleep, reception area for an art gallery or to design any chair they like, for any purpose. Eva made a fantastic 'bear' chair for her teddies – well done Eva, your teddies are very lucky to have such a lovely handmade chair!



Year 1 & 2

Year 1 and 2 read 'Max and the Rainbow Hat' this week. This is a lovely story about a little bunny who is sad that a rain cloud follows him round all the time. He makes a rainbow hat so he can protect himself from the rain and so he can talk to his friends without them getting wet. His hat makes him happy and the rain cloud disappears. Afterwards the children made their own colourful headbands, using a variety of craft material.



Lockdown Diaries by Mr Piper

Lockdown Diaries 11

Seconds later, I brought the buggy to a halt inches from where Uncle B's Burger Bar had been seconds earlier. It was nowhere to be seen. There was, however, a small tower block on the layby. This had escaped my notice as we sped past moments before. I climbed out and instantly found my foot was caught in a discarded onion ring. Bella noticed it at precisely the same moment and, springing out of the car with a joyous woof, grabbed it and sent me sprawling in the process.

Now normally, I would have had severe words to say about doggy discipline, as you may imagine, but as I lay on the ground, I spotted something protruding from the bottom of the car.

It was a leg, a human leg, and it clearly belonged to someone and that someone was – you will hardly believe this – hiding in the boot of the car. The other leg, I surmised, was actually in the boot, which is quite appropriate really, along with the rest of whoever it was attached to. Always assuming it was attached.

I shuddered. I rose to my feet and opened the boot of the car. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the darkness inside and before that occurred a voice called out:

'Number 11 ..'

Lockdown Diaries 12

If these diaries are ever made public, it is hard to imagine. Already the pieces of a web or rather the threads of a jigsaw of deadly complexity were beginning to make a picture, diabolical picture, and now that number 11 could be the turning point. It was certainly an odd number.

'Eleven?' I queried.

A response came from the darkness, but quieter now, so quiet that it was inaudible. I leant forward and instantly understood. I had omitted to put on the brake and the car had drifted away silently, careering off downhill towards Bishop's Gravery. I thought of giving chase but resolved to leave that option for later. Perhaps Quentin whom I now imagined flat out in the road would bring it to a halt. Meanwhile, I wrote the mysterious number on my trusty notepad, taking the wise precaution of writing it backwards in case it fell into the wrong hands. Then I headed off towards the entrance of the tower block.

The sign above the portico read Tower Block.

I pressed the buzzer. The glass doors swung open silently and I passed through into the hallway. A woman attired in blue silk gown came forward to meet me, smiling, and threw her arms round me.

'Oh,' she cried, for she was overcome with emotion. 'After all these years. You!'

'Yes, me,' I responded truthfully. 'Yes indeed.'

TO BE CONTINUED.....