

Recreation Road Infant School

Newsletter 6

February 2014



World Book Day

We will be celebrating World Book Day on Friday 6th March. Please come to school dressed as a book character. Norfolk Children’s Book Centre will also be holding a book sale in the afternoon where the children can use their £1 vouchers.

School Meals

You may be aware that from September 2014 a Free School Meal will be available for every child in Infant Schools. We are interested in how many of you would take up this option . This term’s menu is available on our website –look in Office- School Meals. Please complete the slip at the bottom of the page and return to us. This will then help us with our planning.

Attendance

Please remember that all term time holidays are unauthorised. We are working to encourage good attendance and punctuality from all children and so are celebrating classes in each year group that have the best weekly attendance.

Year R- **SWALLOWS** Year 1- **CHAFFINCH and OWLS** Year 2- **WRENS** *Well done!*

If you do have a holiday or visit somewhere in Britain or abroad could you send us or bring us a postcard/photo. We are creating a display sharing what we have learned on our visits/holidays.

Creative Writing

We have seen some great pieces of writing from Year One and Year Two. The Year One children are being encouraged to challenge themselves and make use of feedback and assessment on their writing. We hope to have lots of “published” books by Easter and so if you would like to make books at home with your children please bring them in to share. Over leaf we have printed a class poem by Wrens (Year 2). Thanks to all the hard work and magical ideas.

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Free School Meal Provision

From September will you be taking up the option of having a free school meal ? YES/NO

Child’s Name.....Current Class.....

Please return this slip to our school office. Thanks

A White Page of Colours

Poem Written by Wrens: February 2014

Yellow is like sand falling through your fingers like thousands of tiny comets.

It moves like the sun beating hot in the sky.

Yellow tastes of butter or sour lemon fizzing on the tip of my tongue.

Sometimes it tastes of hot chips by the beach, or mustard burning.

It is hot, like the burning sun bouncing off my head.

Brown is the colour of trees swishing in the breeze,

It sounds like crunchy leaves beneath my feet.

Brown can move like a wren fluttering away as quiet as a robber,

Or like a barn owl swishing through the trees.

It feels like mud trickling off my fingers,

Delicious, like chocolate melting in my mouth,

But sometimes brown is not edible.

Red feels like the burning fire beneath my feet.

A friendly colour but it can be cruel on my grazed knee.

Like ketchup rushing over my tongue, or red sweets getting close to my mouth.

Red is like fire dancing in the light.

It can be as sweet as a ripe strawberry or the colour of evil,

The colour of the monsters eyes in my dreams,

Moving like fire, burning wood into ashes.

Green feels like spiky grass that has just been cut,

Sometimes it feels like grapes in my mouth or cold mint ice-cream.

Green sounds like leaves in the wind,

Leaves fluttering in the breeze, slowly falling down.

Blue moves like the sea whooshing against a ginormous cliff,

It smells of the salty ocean on trips to the beach.

The sea rushing through my hands,

Blue swishes over the soft sandy beach.

The colour of the summer sky when all is calm.

Like a dark cave when night falls,

Black is like the deepest rushing river.

Glamorous, sometimes black keeps me safe from all the other colours.

But black is also my enemy, trying to kill me, a dark night sky.

Is it really a colour?

As hard as a rock stranded on a beach, it roars in the dark sky.