



YEAR 6 KITES

Class Teacher: Mrs Barnes

Supported by Mrs Lines and Mrs Thomas

Important diary dates and reminders

SATs week – 13th through to 16th May

Bikeability Level 2 Course - Year 6: w/c 20th May

Class Update

alma

In English, Kites have begun writing their end of unit piece based on the video stimulus 'Alma'. The class have planned their story annotating this with devices such as pathetic fallacy, environmental verbs, show not tell descriptions, tension via short sentences and negative layers. The children look forward to sharing their

final dual narratives with you, a purposeful driver to create impactful and emotive pieces!

Furthermore, the class have revised Grammar and Punctuation terms, creating a poster whilst collaboratively answering questions – to engage and to enable discussion. We have also looked at a couple of reading papers focusing on how to answer questions fully by lifting quotes from the text and by ensuring our responses are fully developed and not ambiguous!

In maths this week we have explored shape and angles, investigating vertically opposite angles and angles in triangles and quadrilaterals. Additionally, Kites have responded to questions regarding pie charts and percentages, bringing forward and applying prior knowledge. In history we used primary sources to find out about the working conditions of children in factories and in science discussed the components of blood and their functions. In art, Kites continued to experiment and form ideas for their end of unit sculpture.



We have packed in an enormous amount again this week and I know that a three-day break is welcome!

I am not setting homework this weekend – a complete rest for all!

Mrs Barnes 😊

alma

LO: To write my narrative based on an animation.

A gust of wind brushed a blanket of snow from the cotton-candy-like clouds that hovered in the sky. Soft snow trickled down as a girl slipped into a rear-by alleyway; the wind curled around high buildings, whistling. The crisp snow crunched under her boots; she spread out her arms and a grin sprang onto her face; her cheeks cherry-red from the bitter breeze. The frosty weather snapped at the young girl, but she danced on; the bobble stuck to her hat bouncing down the cobble street that glistened with sparkling snowflakes tickled her nose; she hopped on through the powdery streets.

5.24 The girl suddenly stopped in her tracks, a black chalkboard loomed in front of her eyes; Names had been scribbled on, and a slice of white chalk lay dusty and used on the frame. The young girl stared at the chalk; her piercing green eyes darting from the board of names to the chalk. A smile bounced onto her face, her hands grasping the white powder; she placed it on the board and wrote her name, joining the others.

The letters B-A-R-B-R and A were written in a misty white colour and cursive-like font. A grainy chunk of chalk dropped from the girl's hand; she stood by the vast black chalkboard turned over her, Barbara's name out amongst the many names; Charles, Vanessa, Sam, Barbara beamed, a grin leaped onto her mouth, her cheeks still rosy from the bitter frost. She pulled down her cotton scarf, the air around her suddenly grew still; she tensed, goosebumps prickled down her neck and along her spine, her eyes wide.

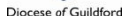
as each jilled the silence as the rusty door creaked open. She wheeling round, dily bounded over and nudging it cautiously open - creak inside...

Inside the shop was no warmer; as soon as she dily edged inside icy coldness snaked around her, caressing her face and stinging the small girl's bare skin. A deadly silence seceded the room, only to be penetrated by the creak-out creak of the door as it slowly she closed behind her. The room was jilled with dolls. A cat-comb of them lined the walls, coated by thick layer of dust. Hundreds of black, glassy eyes stared down at her, with small smiles playing across their porcelain masks. dily gazed around, her eyes settling on a small victorian looking doll, tall and thin. She had long, silky black hair, as city floor length dress with many velvet bows. Her eyes were large and liquidly, as if they were jilled with tears. But the child's face was as poor and pale as a young beggar girl. The just girl above her had a wide dress, bright white, and laden with lace including the corset, but her eyes were more midnight black, and angry like a whirlpool of darkness. Standing beside her, was a small meticulous model in a sailor suit. His small, carefully painted pupils had been rubbed off, so milky-white white orb-like eyes bore into the back of dily's skull. Her eyes combed the room for her doll; before spotting the doppleganger.



alma

Fig 1



John 15:13

