

White Woman Lane Junior School



Nebula
where stars are born

Remote Learning for Each Year Group

27 April and 2 May 2023

We are unable to provide live lessons on the strike days as those teachers not striking will be teaching their own classes and should not cover for those who are striking.

Therefore, we have put together a selection of things that your children could do, with or without a computer. You can select those that are best for your child and your situation. They are not expected to submit their work.

There are general and Year group suggestions linked to their current or prior in school learning.

We would ask all children to do at least some of the following, where appropriate:

- Continue with TT Rockstars practice – this is for Years 3 - 6. Children know their log ins.
- Continue with Spelling Shed. Children know their log ins.
- Read your reading books.
- Continue with Spelling Shed practice.
- Practise your spellings of the year so far. See if you can improve how many you get right. Look back and see if you can recall all or some from the previous year.
- Find a book to read for pleasure, or to share with an adult or read to a brother or sister

Useful web links

- Look at BBC bitesize <https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize>
- Look at the Oak National Academy <https://www.thenational.academy/>
- Cosmic Yoga <https://cosmickids.com/>
- BBC Supermovers <https://www.bbc.co.uk/teach/supermovers/ks1-collection/zbr4scw>
- Phonics Play <https://www.phonicsplay.co.uk/>
- Phonics Bloom <https://www.phonicsbloom.com/>
- Reading – Oxford Owl <https://www.oxfordowl.co.uk/>
- Fine motor activities <https://www.yourtherapysource.com/fine-motor-activities-free-stuff/> for ideas and free printables.
- Draw with Rob https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCBpgrJijMpk_pyp9uTbxLdg

- ICT games <https://www.ictgames.com/mobilePage/>

POETRY UNIT

Poems for children to read aloud, recite and perform.

Choose a poem and learn it by heart.

The following collection of poems has been compiled to assist you in finding suitable poems for this purpose. Some are classic poems, others are more contemporary – all of them are suitable for children to perform and read aloud.

Learning to retell a poem from memory is challenging and with this in mind the selected poems have been chosen for their use or rhythm, rhyme and imagery.

The collection of poems has been organised into four sections: Reception, KS1, Lower KS2 and Upper KS2. But you can choose anyone of them you like!

This is not an exhaustive collection, personal choice is really important, if you love a different poem and you think it would work as a poem to learn by heart, then use it.

Tips to help you learn the poem

Listening to the poem

An adult can read the poem aloud or alternatively recordings of many of the poems can be found online:

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org>

<https://www.youtube.com>

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Preparing a recitation

- Try emphasizing different words and phrasing
- Try different tones of voice in different parts of the poem.
- Think about pace, volume and timing.

You could record yourself to help you learn it!

- If you can, record yourself. Play the recording back to help you learn it.
- You could also record the poem with a pause after each line or couple of lines, and then repeat aloud as you listen.

Embody it – movement is a powerful memory trigger

- Sing, chant, clap, dance or drum
- If you have enough space, walk as you say the lines aloud – try different speeds, and stops and starts, to fit the poem's pace and rhythm.
- Move it – make up movements, actions and gestures to go with lines of the poem.

Make a poem poster

The process of handwriting is linked to memory and the action of putting pen to paper can help improve recall;

- Write out the poem and decorate it with patterns and pictures
- Draw a series of pictures/visual clues to help you remember the poem.

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Reception	Choose a Poem
	<p>Big Green Crocodile A great big green crocodile lay down for a nap. I lay down beside him until he went...SNAP! A great big brown lion lay down on the floor. I lay down beside him until he went...ROAR! A small furry teddy lay down with a yawn. I lay down beside him and slept until dawn.</p> <p>Jane Newberry</p> <p>BEwARe! There's a ... jaw-snapper teeth-gnasher river-swimmer dives-for-dinner fish-catcher back-scratcher cave-seeker winter-sleeper forest-dweller grizzly-fella sneaking, lurking here and there...</p> <p>you beware - it's a BEAR</p> <p>James Carter</p>

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I am angry

I am angry. really angry. angry,
angry, angry. I'm so angry
I'll jump up and down. I roll on the ground
Make a din. Make you spin
Pull out my hair. Throw you in the air
Pull down posts. Hunt down ghosts
Scare spiders. Scare tigers
Pull up trees. Bully bees
Rattle the radiators. Frighten alligators
Cut down flowers. Bring down towers
Bang all the bones. Wake up stones
Shake the tiles. Stop all smiles
Silence birds. Boil words
Mash up names. Grind up games
Crush tunes. Squash moons
Make giants run. Terrify the sun
Turn the sky red. And then go to bed.

Michael Rosen

Bathtime

It's a bit of a laugh, in the bath -
there's bubbles and squeaks
when I slide on both cheeks
playing with toys
and making a noise
wrinkly skin
and shampoo on the chin
there's dancing about
when it's time to get out
It's a bit of a laugh, in the bath!

Matt Goodfellow

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The Owl and The Pussy-cat

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear

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	<p>Billy McBone Billy McBone Had a mind of his own, Which he mostly kept under his hat. The teachers all thought That he couldn't be taught, But Bill didn't seem to mind that. Billy McBone Had a mind of his own, Which the teachers had searched for for years. Trying test after test, They still never guessed It was hidden between his ears.</p> <p>Billy McBone Had a mind of his own, Which only his friends ever saw. When the teacher said 'Bill, Whereabouts is Brazil?' He just shuffled and stared at the floor</p> <p>Billy McBone Had a mind of his own, Which he kept under lock and key. While the teachers in vain Tried to burgle his brain, Bill's thoughts were off wandering free.</p> <p>Allan Ahlberg</p>
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Years 1 and 2	Choose a Poem
	<p>The Morning Rush Into the bathroom, Turn on the tap. Wash away the sleepiness -</p>

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Splish! Splosh! Splash!

Into the bedroom,
Pull on your vest.
Quickly! Quickly!
Get yourself dressed.

Down to the kitchen.
No time to lose.
Gobble up your breakfast.
Put on your shoes.

Back to the bathroom.
Squeeze out the paste.
Brush, brush, brush your teeth.
No time to waste.

Look in the mirror.
Comb your hair.
Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry
Down the stairs.

Pick your school bag
Up off the floor.
Grab your coat
And out through the door.

John Foster

The Witches' spell

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

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For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

William Shakespeare (from Macbeth)

Daddy Fell into the Pond

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,
THEN
Daddy fell into the pond!
And everyone's face grew
merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed!" *Click!*
Then the gardener suddenly
slapped his knee,
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked
as if they were daft,
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.
Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond
WHEN
Daddy fell into the pond!
Alfred Noyes

On the Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong
Where the Cows go Bong!
and the monkeys all say BOO!
There's a Nong Nang Ning
Where the trees go Ping!

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And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.
On the Nong Ning Nang
All the mice go Clang
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!
So its Ning Nang Nong
Cows go Bong!
Nong Nang Ning
Trees go ping
Nong Ning Nang
The mice go Clang
What a noisy place to belong
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

Spike Milligan

Cats

Cats sleep
Anywhere,
Any table,
Any chair.
Top of the piano,
Window ledge,
In the middle,
On the edge.
Open drawer,
Empty shoe,
Anybody's
Lap will do.
Fitted in a
Cardboard box,
In a cupboard
With your frocks.
Anywhere.
They don't care.
Cats sleep
Anywhere.

Eleanor Farjeon

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	<p>Please do not feed the animals Please do not feed the ostriches sandwiches or the polar bears éclairs. Do not offer the wombats kumquats or the rattle-snakes fruit-cakes. Remember that piranhas are not allowed bananas or partridges sausages. Never approach a stork with things on a fork or the bustard with a plate of custard. No leopard likes anything peppered and meerkats dislike Kit Kats. Remember that grapes upset apes and meringues do the same for orang-utans. Most importantly- do not feed the cheetah your teacher.</p> <p>Robert Hull</p>
Lower Key Stage Two Years 3/4	Choose a Poem
	<p>Bed in Summer In winter I get up at night And dress by yellow candle-light. In summer, quite the other way,</p>

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I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

Robert Louis Stevenson

Walking with my Iguana

I'm walking
with my iguana.
I'm walking
with my iguana.
When the temperature rises
to above eighty-five,
my iguana is looking like
he's coming alive.
So we make it to the beach,
my iguana and me,
then he sits on my shoulder
as we stroll by the sea . . .
and I'm walking
with my iguana.
I'm walking
with my iguana.
Well if anyone sees us
we're a big surprise,
my iguana and me
on our daily exercise,
till somebody phones
the local police and
says I have an alligator

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tied to a leash.
When I'm walking
with my iguana.
I'm walking with
my iguana.
It's the spines on his back
that make him look grim,
but he just loves to be tickled
under his chin.
And I know that my iguana
is ready for bed
when he puts on his pyjamas
and lays down his sleepy head.
And I'm walking
with my iguana.
Still walking
with my iguana.
With my iguana
with my iguana
and my piranha,
and my chihuahua,
and my chinchilla,
and my gorilla,
my caterpillar
and I'm walking . . .
with my iguana . . .
with my iguana . . .
with my iguana . . .

Brian Moses

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Gran Can you Rap?

Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap
When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap.
Gran can you rap? Can you rap? Can you Gran?
And she opened one eye and she said to me,
Man, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen.
And she rose from the chair in the corner of the room
And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom,
And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head
And as she rolled by this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping gran this world's ever seen
I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.
Then she rapped past my Dad and she rapped past my
mother,
She rapped past me and my little baby brother.
She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide,
She rapped through the door and she rapped outside.
She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.
She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street,
The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet.
She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red
As she rapped round the corner this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.
She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill,
And she disappeared she was rapping still.
I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen Man,
Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran.
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a - tip-top, slip-slap,
nip-nap, yip-yap,
hip-hop, trip-trap, touch yer cap,
take a nap,
happy, happy, happy, happy,
rap-rap-queen
Jack Ousby

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The River

The River's a wanderer.
A nomad, a tramp,
He doesn't choose one place
To set up his camp.

The River's a winder,
Through valley and hill
He twists and he turns,
He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder,
And he buries down deep
Those little treasures
That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,
He gurgles and hums,
And sounds like he's happily
Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,
As he dances along,
The countryside echoes
The notes of his song.
The River's a monster
Hungry and vexed,
He's gobbled up trees
And he'll swallow you next

Valerie Bloom

Jim

There was a Boy whose name was Jim;
His Friends were very good to him.
They gave him Tea, and Cakes, and Jam,
And slices of delicious Ham,
And Chocolate with pink inside

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And little Tricycles to ride,
And read him Stories through and through,
And even took him to the Zoo-
But there it was the dreadful Fate
Befell him, which I now relate.

You know- or at least you ought to know,
For I have often told you so-
That Children never are allowed
To leave their Nurses in a Crowd;
Now this was Jim's especial Foible,
He ran away when he was able,
And on this inauspicious day
He slipped his hand and ran away!

He hadn't gone a yard when- Bang!
With open Jaws, a lion sprang,
And hungrily began to eat
The Boy: beginning at his feet.
Now, just imagine how it feels
When first your toes and then your heels,
And then by gradual degrees,
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees,
Are slowly eaten, bit by bit.
No wonder Jim detested it!
No wonder that he shouted `Hi!'

The Honest Keeper heard his cry,
Though very fat he almost ran
To help the little gentleman.
``Ponto!'' he ordered as he came
(For Ponto was the Lion's name),
``Ponto!'' he cried, with angry Frown,

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`` Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!''

The Lion made a sudden stop,
He let the Dainty Morsel drop,
And slunk reluctant to his Cage,
Snarling with Disappointed Rage.
But when he bent him over Jim,
The Honest Keeper's Eyes were dim.
The Lion having reached his Head,
The Miserable Boy was dead!

When Nurse informed his Parents, they
Were more Concerned than I can say:-
His Mother, as She dried her eyes,
Said, `` Well-it gives me no surprise,
He would not do as he was told!''
His Father, who was self-controlled,
Bade all the children round attend
To James's miserable end,
And always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.

Hilaire Belloc

The door

Go and open the door.
Maybe outside there's
a tree, or a wood,
a garden,
or a magic city.
Go and open the door.
Maybe a dog's rummaging.
Maybe you'll see a face,
or an eye,
or the picture
of a picture.

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	<p>Go and open the door. If there's a fog it will clear. Go and open the door. Even if there's only the darkness ticking, even if there's only the hollow wind, even if nothing is there, go and open the door. At least there'll be a draught.</p> <p>Miroslav Holub</p>
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Upper Key Stage 2 Years 5/6	Choose a Poem
	<p>Sonnet 18</p> <p>Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date; Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.</p> <p>William Shakespeare</p>

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IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

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In Flanders Fields.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

How to Cut a Pomegranate

'Never,' said my father,
'Never cut a pomegranate
through the heart. It will weep blood.
Treat it delicately, with respect.
Just slit the upper skin across four quarters.
This is a magic fruit,
so when you split it open, be prepared
for the jewels of the world to tumble out,
more precious than garnets,
more lustrous than rubies,
lit as if from inside.
Each jewel contains a living seed.
Separate one crystal.
Hold it up to catch the light.
Inside is a whole universe.
No common jewel can give you this.'
Afterwards, I tried to make necklaces

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of pomegranate seeds.
The juice spurted out, bright crimson,
and stained my fingers, then my mouth.
I didn't mind. The juice tasted of gardens
I had never seen, voluptuous
with myrtle, lemon, jasmine,
and alive with parrots' wings.
The pomegranate reminded me
that somewhere I had another home.

Imtiaz Dharker

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Would frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Would twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat.
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp.
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:

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What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

The Magic Box

I will put in the box

the swish of a silk sari on a summer night,
fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,
the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly
a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene,
a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,
the last joke of an ancient uncle,
and the first smile of a baby.

I will put into the box

a fifth season and a black sun,
a cowboy on a broomstick
and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,
with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.
Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box
on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,
then wash ashore on a yellow beach
the colour of the sun.

Kit Wright

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