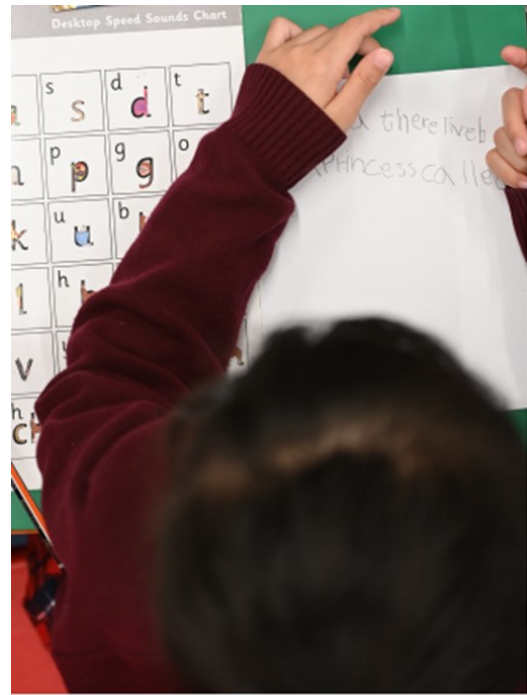




Edition 1  
November 2023

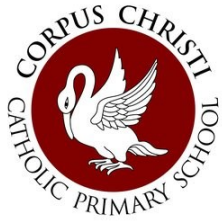
# 'We Are Writers! Magazine'



'Be who God meant you to be and you  
will set the world on fire.'

St Catherine of Siena.

Celebrating writing at Corpus Christi!



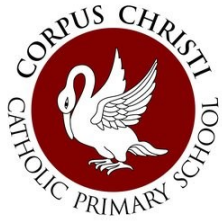
# Welcome!



Welcome to our very first edition of 'We Are Writers! Magazine'. Here you will find pages packed with incredible writing from the children of Corpus Christi. In this edition you will see a range of writing produced by children across the school. From Foundation Stage to Year Six, each class has produced writing inspired by a text or a given purpose to write. I have loved reading the contributions chosen by teachers for the magazine. The children have put in so much effort, showing their creative and conscientious qualities in their writing. I hope you enjoy reading this term's collection, and that the children do too!

Keep your eyes peeled for next month's edition of 'We Are Writers! Magazine' when you will see more of our children's wonderful writing!

Mr Duncan



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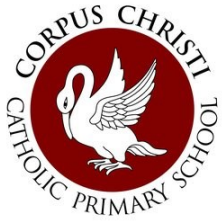
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# Writing News

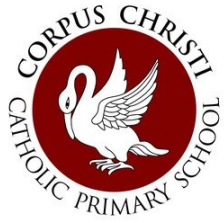


The children have been working really hard with their contributions for this, our first edition of 'We Are Writers'. Not only that, but they have also been writing their entries for the prestigious BBC 500 Words writing competition, the UK's largest children's writing competition. Please enjoy reading a selection of entries in this month's edition.

A very big well done to St Patrick's Class who showcased their marvellous poetry work to their parents and the whole school in their class assembly. Do enjoy reading a selection of their poems in 'Poetry Corner' as well as a poem by Joseph Coelho that they shared in the assembly.



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# BBC 500 Word entries



Please enjoy these extracts from some of our children's entries into the BBC 500 Words story writing competition. Well done to everybody who entered

## The Sleepover Mystery by Tia

It was a stormy evening, torrential rain poured down as the doorbell rang. Mrs Barkley opened the door with a fake smile,

"Why hello girls. Come in, Stephanie is in the living room," she said pointing to the left, where the living room was.

The girls went into the living room where Stephanie sat watching TV.

"Hey!" cried Flora, happily, they all hugged and Stephanie suggested they watch a movie.

"So what movie girls?" asked May.

"I was thinking maybe 'Beauty and the Beast'?" replied Clara

"YES DEFINITELY!" exclaimed Stephanie "I will go get popcorn!" They all sit down on the sofa and turned on Beauty and the Beast, Zoe moaned, "I need the toilet"

"Okay be quick though," replied Clara

They continued watching but Zoe didn't come back.

## THE ACCIDENTAL NIGHTMARE MACHINE by Marcus

One night, Bella and Ash, two siblings who were curious little kids that loved their dream machine, a machine that transported you into a dream that they would not know what dream they would have. They were going to start the dream machine when they heard a horrible sound coming from it. As they were starting it up they realized they had arrived next to a haunted mansion as part of their dream or now NIGHTMARE! They realized something was wrong but they could not figure out what. It was at that point they realized they had accidentally made a nightmare! Ash and Bella were so curious that they instantly entered the HAUNTED MANSION! When they entered the first sight made them SCREAM! It was a ghost but the ghost said "SSSSHT I am a friendly ghost and I know the way out of here." Bella and Ash thought for a moment "yes" whispered Ash "show us where to go." After that they were led to a locked tunnel. The ghost said "to open the door you must find and lure a little pet mouse called bruslenutsprouse. So Bella and Ash set off to find the mysterious mouse called bruslenutsprouse. They had been walking for hours and hours but still no mouse "where is that mustleliktrouse thing anyway?" said ash. "I think its bruslenutsprouse." said bella. But then they saw a poor little mouse holding a key. Bella and ash put on baby voices and said "are you bruslenutsprouse?" The little mouse replied "yes, and please hold this key, oh by the way you must have been led by my friend ghost. He gets dramatic with the poems but now you can open the tunnel and leave." So bella and ash set off to get back to the tunnel. When they got back to the tunnel, they saw it had vanished in front of their eyes and suddenly ash was gone too! Afterwards Bella found herself waking up to the sight of being in SPACE! At first she was confused but then she heard Ash screaming and shouting BELLAAAAA BELAAAAAA and in seconds she saw him and gasped in

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# Poetry Corner



## Autumn Change

Leaves look like fire,  
The leaves are changing colour,  
Crunching as I step.  
By Maya K



Take a pinch of white  
snow for the fur,  
Take a drop of sharp  
knives for the claws,  
Stir in darkness for the  
snout,  
Mix with the fierceness of  
a lion,  
Put this all together and  
you have a polar bear.  
By Annaliese



Wearing a coat of ivory and crimson,  
The stealthy ninja of the school field.  
As fast as a cheetah,  
Red like flame.  
It's a pointy-eared hunter.

A brute.  
Whistling,  
Howling,  
Like a train braking,  
Screeching

Prowling stealthily,  
Pouncing silently,  
Prowling low to the ground,  
Tip-toeing hungrily.

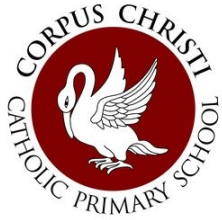
We are enchanted when we see  
Stuart.  
I am curious.  
Some are mesmerised.

Animals are vulnerable,  
Petrified.  
Running away with dread.

The Ninja  
of the  
School Field  
By Harvey



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# Poetry Corner



## M.O.R.E.R.A.P.S.

By Joseph Coelho

The M.O.R.E.R.A.P.S. are a trick  
to help you with your writing.  
They add a kick to language,  
Make writing more exciting.



### M

**M** is for **Metaphor** –  
saying one thing is another.  
'The sun is an oven.'  
'The world is everyone's mother.'

### O

**O** is for **Onomatopoeia** –  
words that are also sounds.  
'Whoosh went the wind.'  
'Howl went the hound.'

### R

**R** is for **Rhyme** –  
words that sound the same.  
You can put a cat in a hat.  
Or simply try rhyming your name.

### E

**E** is for **Emotion** –  
happy, worried and sad.  
Great writing shares a feeling  
from the good to the bad.

### R

**R** is for **Repetition** –  
But don't repeat any old word!  
Find a phrase with a musical rhythm  
that sounds like a song from a bird.

### A

**A** is for **Alliteration** –  
words sharing the same starting letter,  
used in the tongue-twister  
that made Betty's bitter batter better.

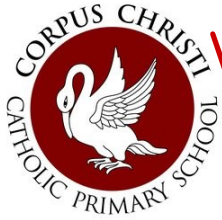
### P

**P** is for **Personification** –  
human features ascribed to a thing.  
I looked to the sky and saw  
the sun's bright shining grin.

### S

**S** is for **Simile** –  
using 'as' and 'like' to compare.  
For instance, 'When mother gets angry  
she snarls like a rampaging bear.'

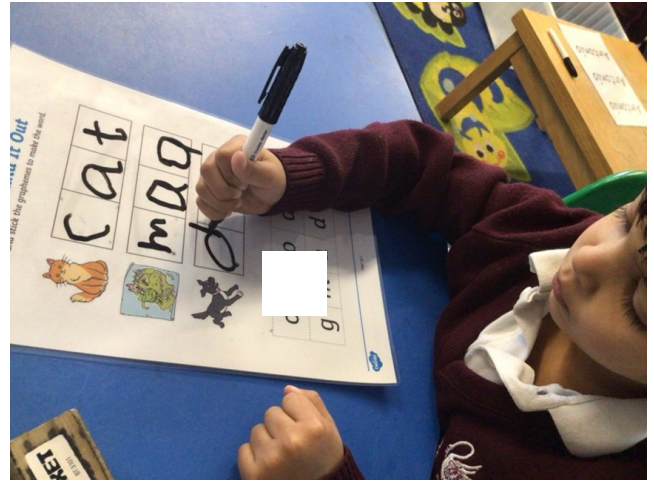
The M.O.R.E.R.A.P.S. are a wonderful way  
to add a punch to your writing.  
Master them like a juggler,  
make your words ripe for the biting.



# Writers of the Month!

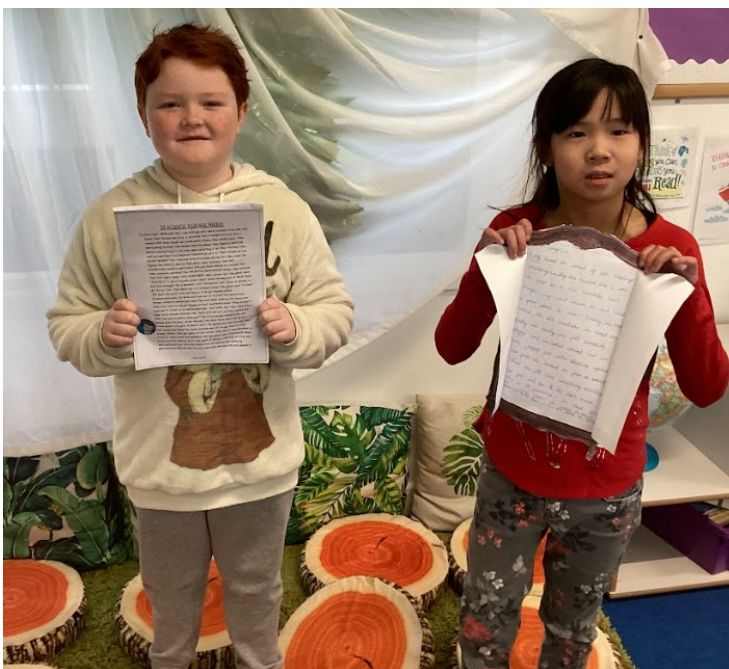


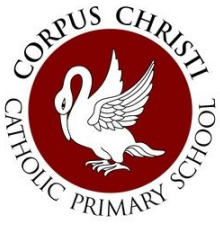
Our early years Writer of the Month is Daniel from St George's Class who has made great progress this term with learning to sound out and blend CVC words.



Congratulations Daniel!

We have two Key Stage 2 Writers of the Month. Tsz Wing in St Patrick's Class has made incredible progress in her writing this term. Her vocabulary, and use of punctuation have improved out of sight and she is producing beautiful pieces of written work. Marcus in St Andrew's class has shown the school values by being conscientious and creative in his 500 words story entry! Well done for focusing so hard on polishing your story and persisting with your writing.





# Foundation Stage



Reception have been looking at Traditional Tales this half term. They read the story of 'The Three Little Pigs' and made warning posters with beautiful illustrations which they labelled using their phonics knowledge and sound mats.

Well done to Evie and Miu for their fantastic posters!




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# Year 1




LO: I can write sentences to create a short story for the adventures of Traction Man.



Firstly traction man runs into the smelly foamy water. The evil dishcloth is trying to catch Traction Man. The evil dishcloth catches <sup>Traction man</sup> and then scrubbing brush saves Traction Man. "Well done scrubbing brush"

By Charlotte  
St. Pius

LO: I can write sentences to create a short story for the adventures of Traction Man.

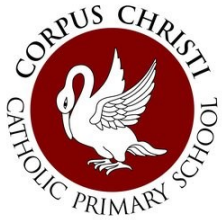


First traction man dives into the dirty water of the sink. then he is looking for the lost sieve. But a poisonous cat will sniff him but scrubbing brush saves him. Finally traction man says you can be my pet.

By Jude  
St. Pius

In year 1, the children have really enjoyed reading 'Traction Man' by Mini Grey. Charlotte and Jude have written their own short story about Traction Man.

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# Year 2



Year 2 have been reading 'Cotton Wool Colin'. They have written some lovely diary entries in role as a mouse from the story. Well done to Joshie and Mabel for their superb work!

Dear my big brother cheddars-----  
 I am writing to tell you about my extraordinary adventure!

First Mummy wrapped me in cotton wool because when I didn't have it on she would be worried about me and Mummy got the idea from Grandma.

Next, a giant boy (who was actually small in real life. It's because I'm a mouse it seems he's giant!) threw me into the freezing water and I screamed when he said I'm a snow ball because I knew he will throw me!

Later, a hungry dog was streaming along the bank where I was in and spot

me, while I was paddling to the riverbank looked at me and shook his head, a Wiffy because it thought I looked like one with my fluffy white cotton wool and pecked me with its yellow beak and some of my cotton wool came off!

Then, a peregrine falcon (who thought he was lucky) saw me and said I'm a fat white rabbit and he chased me and I moved my tiny little legs as fast as I could to get away the fox until I jumped in to a small hole that the red fox couldn't fit in it. All my cotton wool came off!

After that, I made myself out of the tiny hole hoping I could hide the dog and fox a way. I shivered fast so I sat on the ground making a long pos fish, and stayed until my pyjamas were dry. I walked all the way home to find my mother. She was happily. Where is your cotton wool? She asked me. Any thing could have happened to you, everything did happen to me, I said. I got scared, I got chased, I got pecked, I got thrown, but I swam, and I ran, I was brave, and mama, I'm alive. Please can I go out tomorrow without my cotton wool? I asked politely. Mabel hesitated. Yes, you may.

Finally It was tomorrow, and I got ready to go off side with out my cotton -

What an excellent diary entry 22 The Burrow  
 Joshie! Squeakyland  
 Mouseville  
 MS12 34  
 St David  
 Star writer  
 FF  
 Friday 4th November 2022

Dear my brother Russy  
 I am writing to tell you about my very crazy adventure

First mummy rapped me up in cotton wool and then I was ready to go next when I was waiting a big dog threw me in the freezing water! After that a fish of my size tried to peck my cotton wool and my fluffy cotton wool started to fall off! After that a red fox chased me because he thought I was a fat white rabbit. He snapped and snapped at my cotton wool and all of it came off! Later on after my pyjamas had dried I went home. My mum was shocked. Love is your

shouted, good bye, Colin! But, make sure you were a coat. Yes, mama, I called her with my cool spiky hair style. Little do I know, there was a creepy cat outside house. I screamed, and I gathered up all my courage, took the collar off, and defeated the cat. I tingled it, I called and thought about the scary times, but it was all worth it.

## Celebrating writing



# Year 3



Year 3 have written play scripts based on the Roald Dahl classic 'The Twits' and have even been acting out these play scripts. Well done to Fifi, Chloe and Carolina for their hard work and excellent scripts!

<p><b>Characters</b> Mr and Mrs Twit</p> <p><b>Scene – The Wormy Spaghetti</b> Inside <u>The Twits</u> house at the dining table at dinnertime.</p>	
Mr Twit	What are you looking at? ( <i>shovelling spaghetti into his mouth and beard</i> )
Mrs Twit	Oh, nothing. Just looking at the birds outside ( <i>looking behind her</i> )
Mr Twit	You're acting suspiciously, why are you chuckling? ( <i>staring at Mrs Twit</i> )
Mrs Twit	Don't be silly. Do you like your spaghetti? It's really nice ( <i>naughtily</i> )
Mr Twit	It is so sour! I hate this kind ( <i>shouting loudly</i> )
Mrs Twit	Well I think it is the best spaghetti ever made ( <i>looking over at Mr Twit</i> )
Mr Twit	Fine. Well you have this but I want the normal spaghetti ( <i>getting up and stamping his foot</i> )
Mrs Twit	Do you want to know why it's so sweet and sour? ( <i>feeling ready to burst with laughter</i> )
Mr Twit	Why? Why? Why! ( <i>looking mad</i> )
Mrs Twit	Because it was worms!! ( <i>bursting with laughter</i> )
Mr Twit	Nooooooooooooooooo!
Chloe Wright, Year 3 St Cecilia.	

<p><b>Characters</b> Mr and Mrs Twit</p> <p><b>Scene – The Wormy Spaghetti</b> In the stinky kitchen. Mrs Twit turns up with the spaghetti.</p>	
Mr Twit	What are you looking at? ( <i>taking a mouthful of his spaghetti</i> )
Mrs Twit	Just stop wondering about and eat up <u>you</u> food! ( <i>crossly</i> )
Mr Twit	Oh, what an ugly goat you are ( <i>angrily</i> )
Mrs Twit	Pardon me? But would you be so kind as to not say those things in front of me! ( <i>furiously</i> )
Mr Twit	No chance!
Mrs Twit	I have had enough of your attitude ( <i>looking over at Mr Twit</i> )
Mr Twit	You are the least clever Twit I have ever seen in the universe!
Mrs Twit	( <i>whispering to herself</i> ) He does not know what I've put in his spaghetti .... Yet!
Carolina Do Canto <u>Carrelo</u> , Year 3 St Cecilia	

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**Characters**

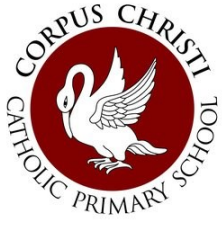
Mr and Mrs Twit

**Scene – The Wormy Spaghetti**

Mr and Mrs Twit are sat in their grubby, messy kitchen.

Mr Twit	What are you looking at?
Mrs Twit	Nothing Darling <i>(her left eye slightly twitching)</i>
Mr Twit	You are up to something and I'm going to find out what it is! <i>(watching Mrs Twit with the eye of an eagle)</i>
Mrs Twit	Well eat up while it is still hot, you don't want it to go cold.
Mr Twit	I guess so <i>(shoving his food into his mouth)</i>
Mrs Twit	Do you want to know why your spaghetti was gross and bitter? <i>(looking over at Mr Twit)</i>
Mr Twit	Why?
Mrs Twit	Because it was worms! You fool! <i>(laughing wickedly)</i>
	Fifi Gomes, Year 3 St Cecilia

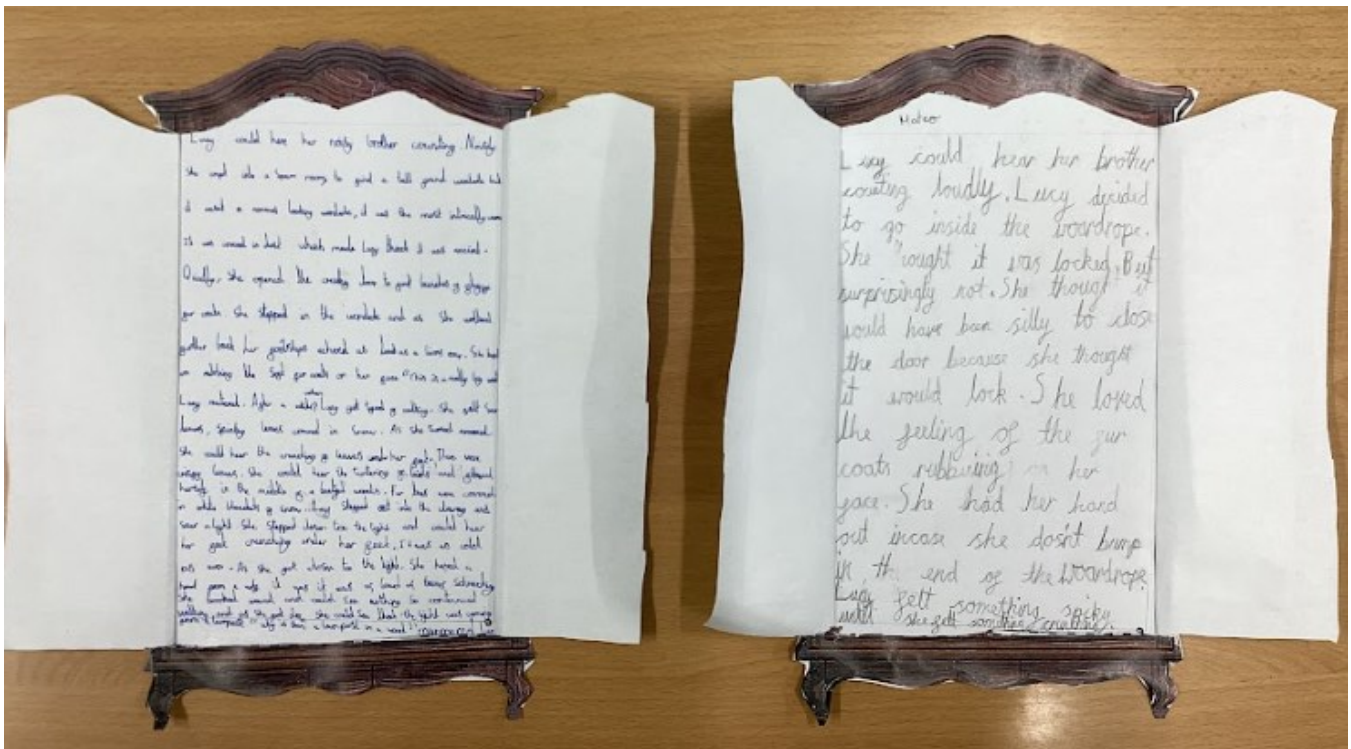
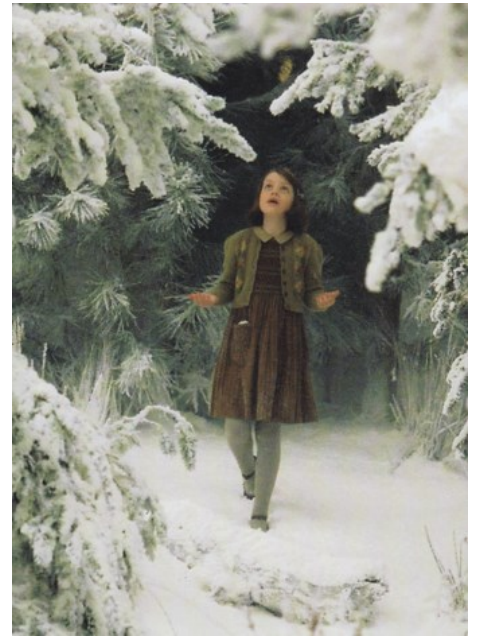




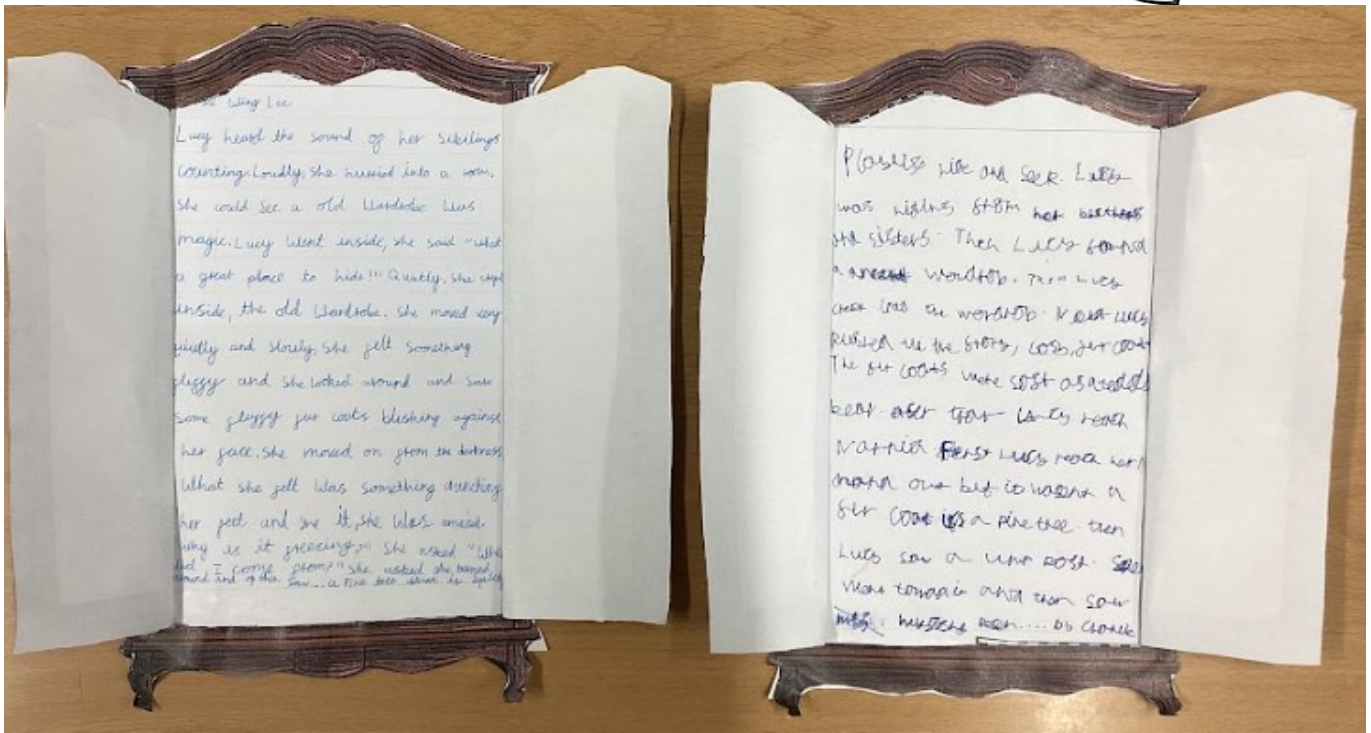
# Year 4



Year 4 have been reading 'The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe'. We wrote some beautiful setting descriptions of a wintry Narnia and Lucy's entry into that magical world. Well done to Charlie, Dylan, Tia, Tsz Wing, Sarang and Mateo for their fabulous work!

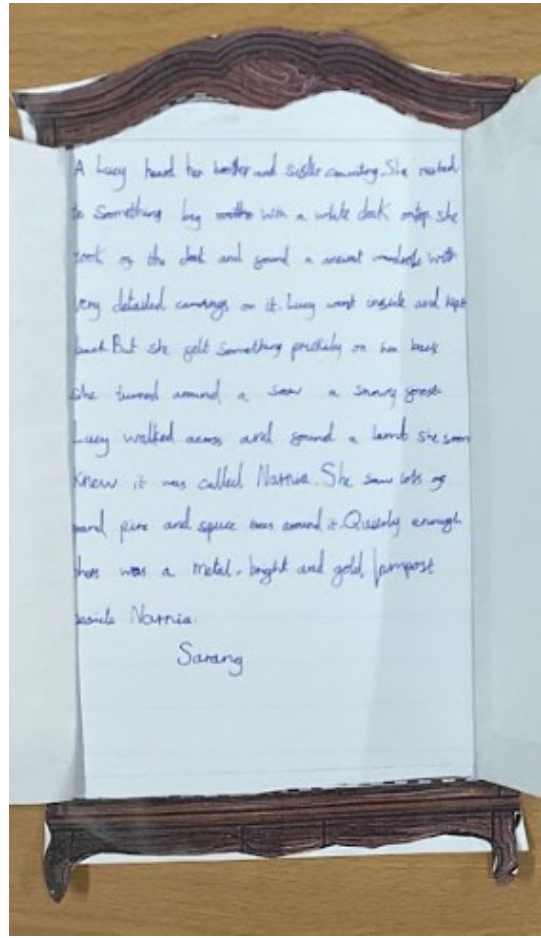


Celebrating writing at Corpus Christi!



Lucy Lee  
 Lucy heard the sound of her siblings  
 counting. Loudly, she hurried into a room.  
 She could see a old Wandoo like  
 magic. Lucy went inside, she said "What  
 a great place to hide!" Quietly, she crept  
 inside, the old Wandoo. She moved very  
 quietly and slowly, she felt something  
 shifty and she looked around and saw  
 some shifty fur coats blushing against  
 her face. She moved on from the darkness  
 what she felt was something shifty.  
 her feet and she it, she was amazed  
 why is it glowing?" she asked "What  
 did I come from?" she asked she heard  
 behind her of the sun... a fine day when the sun

P... like old sea. Lucy  
 was nighty 6:30 her bedtime  
 she sisters. Then Lucy found  
 a secret Wandoo. Then Lucy  
 crept into the Wandoo. Next Lucy  
 pushed up the story, Lucy got out  
 The fur coats were soft as a rabbit  
 coat. After that Lucy went  
 to the first Lucy room her  
 mother one but it wasn't a  
 fur coat was a fine the then  
 Lucy saw a white rock. She  
 was amazed and then saw  
 Lucy: must be... by choice



A Lucy had to enter and sister country. She roared  
 to something big with a white dark on top she  
 took of the dark and found a secret wandoo with  
 very detailed carvings on it. Lucy went inside and the  
 book. But she felt something prickly on her back  
 she turned around a saw a shiny good  
 Lucy walked across and found a lamb she saw  
 knew it was called Narnia. She saw lots of  
 wood pine and spruce was around it. Quietly enough  
 there was a metal, bright and gold, fourpost  
 inside Narnia.

Sarany



# Year 5



Year 5 have been writing newspaper reports. Their amazing articles are all about a gold discovery in the grounds of Corpus Christi! I hope year 5 have not been keeping all the treasure for themselves!

Well done to Méabh and Wilfred for using speech and relative clauses effectively to make their writing more cohesive.

Daily News		THE DAILY NEWS	
Gold Found in School!		SCHOOL SURPRISE: GOLD FOUND IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL!	
	<p>Mr. Robinson, who is a year 5 teacher, said that there was something wrong about a child called Billy. The year 5 teacher also noticed that one of his students had become popular over one night.</p>		<p>She was outside on duty, she noticed that her pupil was crowded with body guards and covered in gold from head to toe!</p> <p>So, she decided to go to Mrs Baxter (the headmistress) office and tell her were happening. Mrs Baxter declared that she couldn't believe that they were hiding this from her so she decided to have an assembly about it. Marching into the assembly hall, she told the school that any type of gold is banned or else they will go to her office.</p> <p>It appears that now children are not going to school. It is believed that the children will keep the gold and move far away from the area.</p>
<p>The golden items found</p>	<p>"I am astonished by the masses of gold," declare Mr. Mazzila, "This boy even has body guards."</p> <p>The teachers are trying persuade the children to hand in the gold. As a result of this they are putting children into detention.</p> <p>We discovered that the gold was coming from a creature called If you see this creature call us on 007-889-469</p>	<p>A Golden playground!</p> <p>Yesterday, an unusual amount of gold was found in a school called Corpus Christi in New Malden. It is believed that a child in year 5 is giving out lots of golden objects to the sweets, which is causing huge crowds and distracting children from their learning.</p> <p>Miss Fernandez, a year 5 teacher, noticed that one of her pupils, that is very shy, became popular overnight. She said that when</p>	<p>Yesterday, an unusual amount of gold was found in a school called Corpus Christi in New Malden. It is believed that a child in year 5 is giving out lots of golden objects to the sweets, which is causing huge crowds and distracting children from their learning.</p>
<p>Last Thursday, an unusual amount of gold was discovered in Corpus Christi Catholic primary school New Malden. It is believed that a year 5 child has been handing out gold which has caused disruption in and outside of school premises.</p>			

Celebrating writing at Corpus Christi!

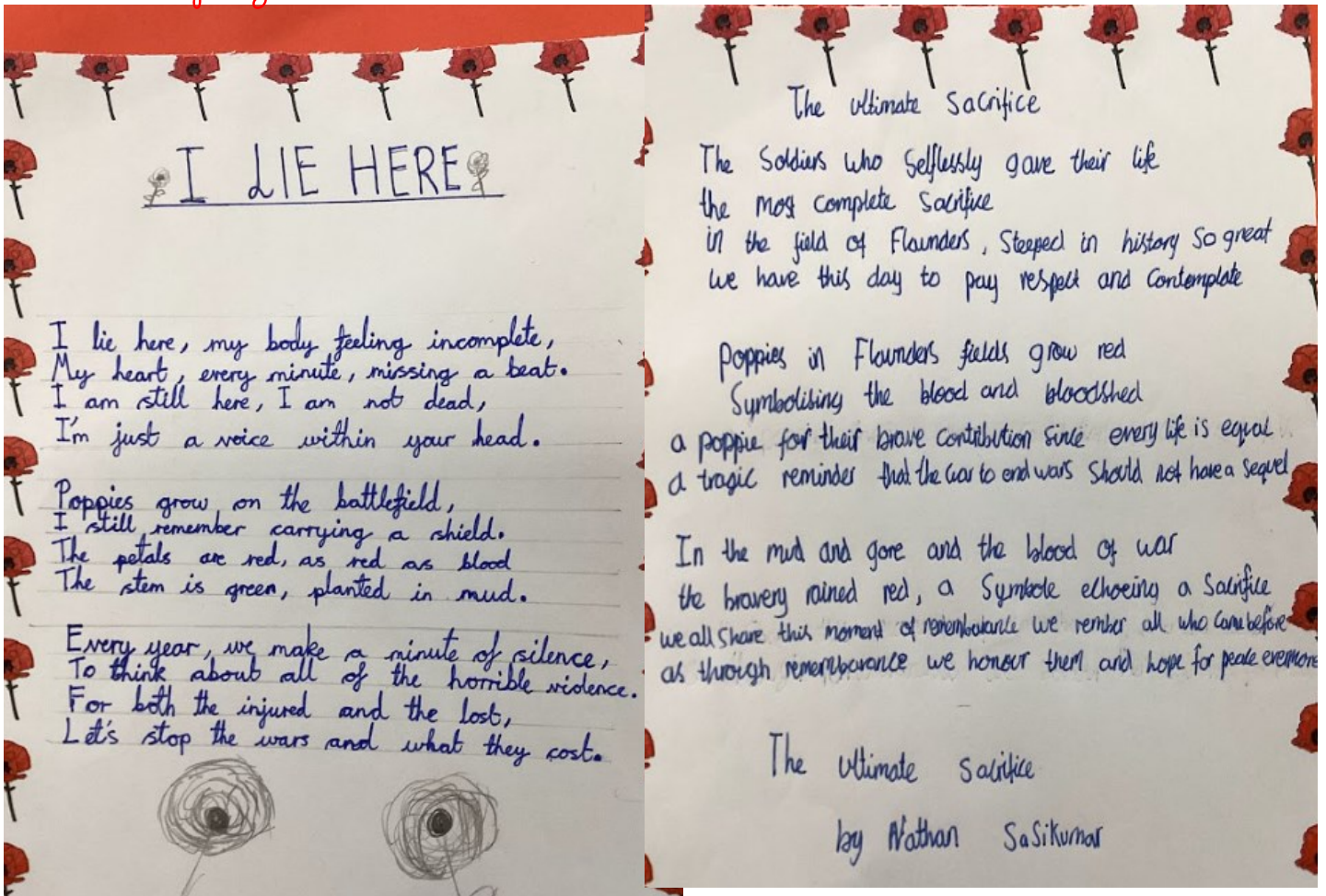


# Year 6



Year 6 have been writing some incredible reflective poetry on the theme of Remembrance which we have been exploring in school this month. Well done to Scarlett, Nathan, Hinata, Fabian, Ella-Rose and Ava for their amazing poems about the sacrifice made by our armed forces.

Lest we forget.



Celebrating writing at Corpus Christi!



**I LIE HERE**

I lie here,  
Duty called and I went to war,  
though I'd never fired a gun before,  
As I tried to fight to live today,  
all my dreams were blown away.

I lie here,  
As I lie here beneath the ground,  
there is no voices, there is no sound,  
As a red and black flower, grows on each chest,  
I remember the start of this impossible quest.

I lie here,  
Now on the 11<sup>th</sup> month, 11<sup>th</sup> day and 11<sup>th</sup> hour,  
We have a one minute silence while wearing a  
flower,  
As we share this moment to remember, those who  
died in war,  
we say our prayers and thank you's, we couldn't  
ask for more, I lie here.

I lie here

I lie here, the opportunity to shed my final tear,  
Unaccompanied without the loved ones I currently can't hold dear,  
So here I lie, being tortured to feel defeat,  
But like the rising, Auburn Sun, I know I have succeeded in a great feat.

Here I lie, a gate to freedom for my nation,  
The crack of gunfire and bang of bombs have finally left the station,  
Yet beyond the sight of my motionless belly,  
I spot a single poppy that blooms beside my belly.

Heavenly light shines upon the glower at the end of the grave,  
A sign that life shall carry on after we have spent our days,  
They conjure a melancholy that brings a smile to my face,  
Everlasting love as they swirl in all their grace.

So here I lie, tears of blood staining my soul,  
Along with a warm sense I have completed the goal,  
And for the future generations, a word of advice,  
Appreciate those who fought because it come with a price.

By Ella-Rose Bland

I fought for you

Death and dying all around,  
so many soldiers can't make a sound,  
I fought for you with all my might,  
slowly but quickly losing my sight,  
Thinking of my family in the future,  
no death or dying because that's a horrid feature.

My wound rained red like the perfect poppies,  
surrounding grave with lots of boddies,  
The poppies are graceful as they dance with the wind,  
the gunshot that killed me is still pinned,  
As the poppies grow in the huge fields,  
they surround us soldiers, we are not appeated

I fought for you, for world peace,  
I fought for you, so war could cease.  
Now it's time to remember,  
on the 11th of November,  
So people gather, pray for us,  
for it's time for us to let out our last big hugs!

by Scarlett S.

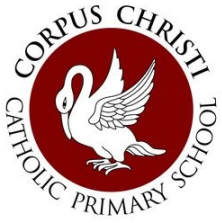
I lie here

On this hour,  
I lie here in this grave  
I lie here on the hour of 11 on the day of 11  
I lie here standing tall like poppies with petals red and leaf of green.  
I'm amongst the army of people into one incomplete  
I lie here for my country and the people of this land  
I lie here for this new generation.

I lie here to wonder if im asleep, I lie here still and incomplete.  
I lie here with jack and bob oh I miss those old days  
I lie here calling and hoping no war continues  
I lie here like a poppie  
I lie here with those pinching my face

They shall not grow old

by Julian Barber



# 'We Are Writers! Magazine'



Thank you to all of our amazing Corpus Christi writers.

We hope you enjoyed reading the children's hard work.

Celebrating writing at Corpus Christi!