

News from Around the School

This week we have been enjoying looking at the work that our children in Year 5 have been doing, ahead of the Ancient Greece day next week. The mosaic work makes a great display in their middle area, alongside their fantastic writing. We are looking forward to seeing the Year 5 children dressed up on Monday.



The Labyrinth

After I was escorted into the stone walled maze the iron gate slammed shut. I tied a gim knot from the end of the string to the door and set off to kill the beast. As I went the slouch got worse until it was so horrendous I almost faint. Fear bubbled up my throat as I tip to through the slings, dim home of the half bull beast. After what felt like hours the weakling smell of rotten flesh was too much, as I stumbled into a wall I hit something hard and sharp. I hit the Minotaur's horns...

The Minotaur

The Minotaur roared before my body red eyes that if you dared escape in them, you would see death and die. The horns were as sharp as the finest blade in the World, and hair along with teeth as sharp as a steel trap. His hands had claws as huge and sharp as blades. He had dozens of his hands, horns as they appeared in a battle, he was almost uncatchable.

His voice is tremulous, booming, hoarse, thunders, deep and staining to the death. He smelt as hard that I could stand the stench.

The Minotaur
by Kate Reynolds

The Minotaur was right in front of me. I could smell his disgusting stench of rotting meat. Soon I would provide that smell, if I wasn't careful. It came gradually closer to me and I reached out my hand in front of me to try and see if he was there. Big mistake.

I could feel his hair, thick as toothbrush bristles and horribly greasy. I withdrew my hand quickly wiping on my clothes. Even in the pitch darkness I could see the gleam of malice and hatred and hunger in his eyes. I could hear my rapid heartbeat echoing along the dank wet walls. Taking one more wobbling step, I prepared to face my death...





The Minotaur
by Aigie Auster

Every step the Minotaur took the smell got worse. He smelt like rotting bodies. I couldn't see anything, so I reached for a candle, I wished I never saw it I was not glad.

When I saw him he was covered in hair and had two hooves. He also had horns as sharp as swords. He was half bull, half man. The scariest part was his blood, red eyes staring at me.



The Minotaur

The Minotaur was colossal, its eyes glowed. The Minotaur's shadows loomed over me only allowing me to see its menacing, horrid eyes. When the beast done its echoing roar, the torches got blown out. The Minotaur's home looked like they could piece millions of people in one go. It's shaggy, messy hair looked like a winding labyrinth on himself, but his intimidating teeth was worse and made my hair stand on end.

"The best is bigger than I imagined!" I told myself while pulling out my sword slowly.



the Minotaur by Nathan Anderson

Each step I took I got closer to the minotaur. when I got close to the Beast the smell got so bad that my eyes stings so much. A few a while of walking I got Poked I touched what poked me and shook it. I just realised that was the minotaur's horns




Well done to our girls' football team, who this week took on a team from Our Lady of Lourdes School. Our girls are growing in confidence week by week, which this week led to a clear 8-0 victory for the home team. Well done to everyone who played and thanks to Mr Morris for once again acting as referee and to everyone who came to cheer the girls on.



Congratulations to all the children who this week earned a Values Award. As always, children have been displaying lots of our Values in their work, their relationships, and in their play. Well done to them all.

Loving, learning and flourishing in community

