

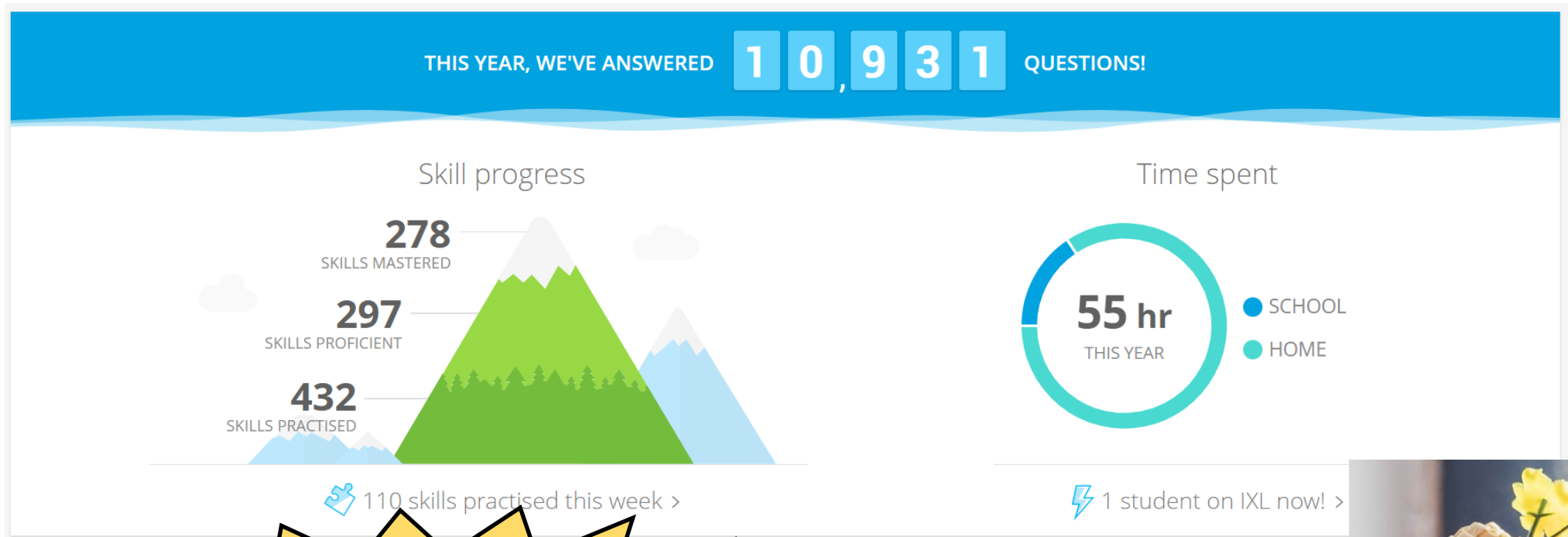
March '23 Newsletter



MRS OSH TUTORS

This newsletter is to celebrate the hard work of your children. On the following pages you can see some examples of **creative writing** from Monday's Book Club students. I know they would love to hear any messages of support for their work; feel free to email me with any comments and I will pass on.

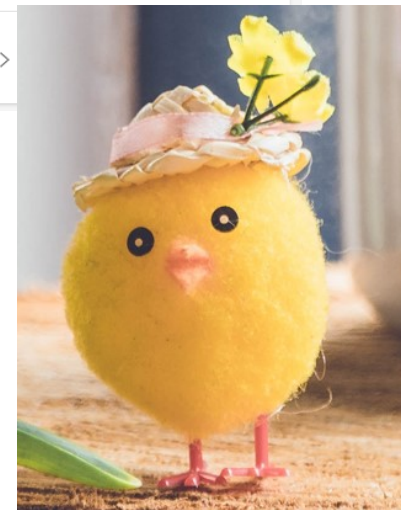
Below are some statistics showing use of the English and maths learning tool, **IXL**. The children haven't even been using it for a month and have already logged an impressive amount of work. I am seeing an impact on the knowledge and recall of those children who are using it regularly. Keep it up over the Easter break!

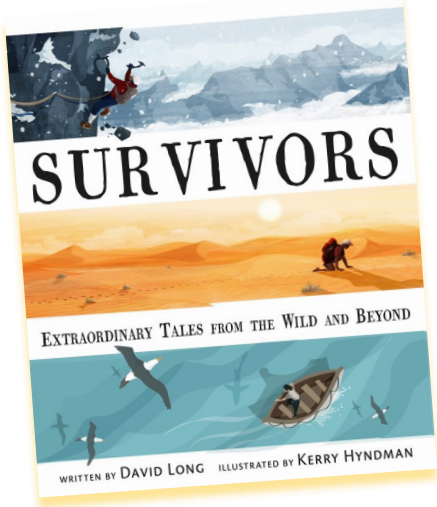


Winners of the Reading Challenge will be drawn this Saturday 1st April. The sparkly jar of cards is packed — it's awesome to see so much excitement for reading!

www.mrsoshtutors.co.uk

Please leave a review for Mrs Osh Tutors on Facebook or Google. Thank you!





I Rise

by Gemma, age 10

Gemma's poem is inspired by one of the incredible true stories in 'Survivors'. Her task was to use repetition and metaphor to convey feeling in a free-form poem, which she has done exceptionally well.

Five, four, three, two, one!

Deep breath John

Deep breath

Rising from the depths of the waters

Reaching for the light

Hoping

Praying that I will make it

Make it out of the belly of the beast

Through the treacherous journey, my thoughts go back to those I
left behind

My comrades.

My heart is pounding like a beating drum

While I wiggle like a worm

In the icy, cold water

In the bleak, bitter monstrosity

I can see, but I am blind

Weightless

I glide, propelling to the top

Hoping

Praying that I will make it

Make it out of the belly of the beast

I know the stories of the water, the way in which it can annihilate

Pulling ropes apart and tearing sheets

Water is the thing that slithers and circles round and round

Water is the thing that glides

And swishes again and again

Everything is silent

Wait!

Light!

Hold on John

Hold on just a bit more

Water is a thief, it throttles and stifles the ones below and saves

the ones

that rise

Yes I rise

I rise

I am a mustard seed

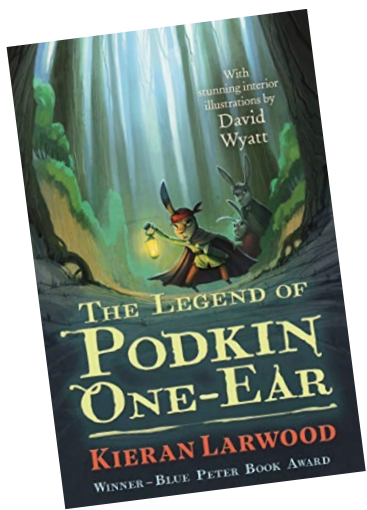
I am a rock

I am a survivor

I am John Capes.

Alarm in the Warren

by TinTin, age 9



TinTin retells the moment the terrifying 'Gorm' storm the rabbit warren, in search of the protagonists. I was impressed by his vocabulary, use of sentence length to control tension and dialogue to progress the plot.

I once worked as a guard in a ramshackle warren called Boneroot, where all the inhabitants (including me) were refugees who had fled their homes to escape from the Gorm. There was a bustling marketplace there, crowded with all sorts of rabbits.

One bleak winter's day, I was carrying out my guard duty when an army of formidable-looking warriors arrived at the entrance. I immediately carried out my usual security check.

"Show me your eyes," I demanded. I heard the creak of armour as one bent down. I looked up. A pair of dead, cold, red-rust eyes stared back at me. I was horrified. Faster than a hare with a fox on its tail, that same 'rabbit' leapt down, landing in front of me. Only then could I truly grasp how un-rabbit like it was: spikes jutted out from its armour; skulls jangled from its belt. An eyehole was the only opening in its iron-coated armour, iron being the one metal poisonous to the Goddess herself. A second

monster jumped down beside the first. I immediately recognised them as the Gorm. I had barely survived my first encounter with them and I was unprepared for another. I wanted to run, but at the same time my muscles were frozen.

My shock was interrupted by the first of the two. "Let us through and no harm will come to you." Its harsh voice echoed through its helmet. This didn't sound like a rabbit now, if it ever did.

"No, I won't," I replied firmly.

"If you don't..." the second Gorm fighter threatened. He made a slitting motion across his neck.

That did it. I punched the red button engraved into the wall on my left. The Boneroot alarm blared around us. That did it for the Gorm too. The infuriated first Gorm drew its sword. I drew out mine in response. *Screech*. The Gorm warrior swished its sword in the air towards me.

I parried it. It attacked again. I parried it once more. The other soldier stood by and watched, as if it knew its ally was going to win. Such was his strength and my determination, we could have gone on like that forever—had it not been for the element of surprise. My foe delivered a swift blow to my side, which I only just managed to defend against. Unfortunately, that was only a

deflection, meant to put me off my guard. Another jab in the other side was so powerful that I fell back and was knocked unconscious.

It seemed like no time at all had passed when I woke to the feeling of being hoisted upright. I pushed my eyelids open, and found myself face-to-face with the Gorm warrior that fought me. Compared with the rest of the Gorm army, he was a good head taller. I reluctantly took him to be the leader— I was being held up in front of Scramashank himself.

“Can you hear me?”

“Grunt,” I answered. However, I must admit, I was feeling a little bit... afraid, so it might have also sounded a bit like a whimper.

“Thought you’d hidden yourself away, didn’t you? Thought you were safe from the Gorm, down here in your stinking little pit.” I grunted again.

“It was only a matter of time, of course. We were bound to find you,” Scramashank boasted. “Just as we’ll find every rabbit in all the Five Realms. There is nowhere you can hide from the Gorm.” Listening to him was torment. His army cheered at this and bashed their swords against their iron armour, making a hideous cacophony of clanging. When it had finally died down, Scramashank continued, yanking my beard up. (The agony...)

“Enough talk. As I’m in a good mood today, I’ll give you one chance to spare your miserable life. I’m looking for some rabbits; little rabbits. A boy, a girl and a baby.” He paused, then began again.

“They have something I want. A dagger or a sword— I’m not sure what it looks like, only that it *isn't* a silver broadsword.” He snarled, but I did not know why. “If they’ve been through this festering fleapit, you must have seen them.”

I am sure there was an atmosphere of anticipation as the Boneroot rabbits waited for what I would say next...

I was furious. How dare he call my beloved home a ‘festering fleapit’! Also, I had indeed seen a small group of little rabbits, but I dared not admit it— it sounded like a plan, but we all know that any Gorm plan is malicious and evil, and I’m not as treacherous and wicked as them. Instead, I summoned up the courage to do something some would consider outrageous: I spat into the mighty Gorm Lord’s face.

There was a deafening silence as the glob of saliva trickled down Scramashank’s faceplate. What disrespect, you might think.

Thunk! He hurled me across the chamber, sending me crashing into a candle stall at the far end. Oh, the excruciating agony... Wax and flames shot everywhere, making fires spring up around me.

My fellow rabbits took this as a signal. They had crept up around the broken stalls and, ignoring the heat, those gallant soldiers prepared to fight. Soon, spears, arrows and stones were hurtling and pinging and sailing through the air, some hitting the poor, brave fighters. Violence had erupted so quickly after my predicament and I feared its outcome.

Inspired by the dark tale of Zombierella, Avery Rae used an extended metaphor to describe a small boat tossed around at sea in a storm. The comparison to a washing machine is a powerful one, creating a clear image in the reader's mind.

Boat in a Storm

by Avery Rae, age 10

The fishing boat was an old holey black sock.

It was dark as it lay alone in the washing machine of the sea.

The furious and angry water rained down on it.

Smash! Clash! Churning the water, soaking the worn, holey sock.

Grey ash clouds of powder pounding it,

The sock thrashed as it went round and round.

Bash! Bang! Then stopped but after a while commenced again,

The ferocious foam, turning the soak from black to soapy white.

The water elevated but the whirlpool of water escaped.

Glug!

Glug!

Gulp!

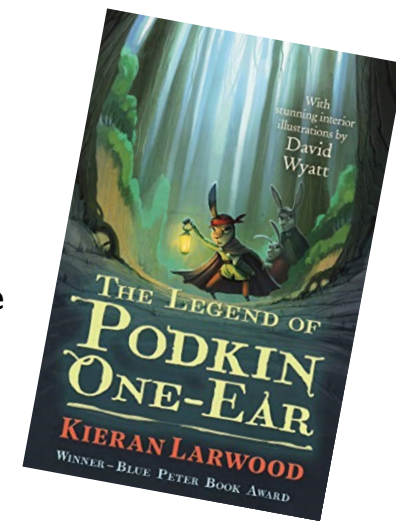
And the sock was back, all... alone.



Gemma has imagined her own scene to explain the loss of the hero's ear. Every time she writes, she challenges herself to use ambitious vocabulary, keeping her writing fresh.

How Podkin Lost His Ear

by Gemma, age 10



It was them. Five fearsome, ferocious rabbits dressed in ashen-grey iron, the metal the goddess hated. Three bewildered, perplexed and apprehensive bunnies clutching each other for dear life.

“Now, what do we have here?” the taller buck snarled slyly into little Pook’s lopsided ear. Instinctively, the tiny creature shrank away in fright. “How dare you turn your back on us, you little mite?” bellowed the other, glaring furiously, his eyes bulging like a Pug’s.

Podkin swiftly gathered his fellow lagomorphs into a tight huddle to devise an ingenious plan. Agitatedly, Paz groaned, “Why do you have to be so bossy? And look—they’re watching us again. You know they are up to something, Pod.” Podkin, blasé of the menace in his surroundings, shook his head in dismay at his sister’s admonishment.

“Come on, no one’s listening. Can you stop being so nervous all the time? We’ll be fine: the bucks have left,” reassured Podkin, snuggling Pook lovingly.

Exactly as Paz had feared however, the first of the menacing rabbits ploughed into their small group, sending a ripple of fear through their fur. Snatching the sacred Starclaw, the eldest rabbit, towering over the rest, grabbed Podkin’s midnight-blue collar,

ripping through Podkin’s vest. Egregiously, the malevolent bunny boasted, “Thank you so much for this sword! It will be very useful.” Podkin would not let that happen. He couldn’t. Indignantly, he stormed towards the gang, fists clenched, feet planted on the ground ready to pounce when needed. For one small second, the plucky rabbit thought to himself, “Is this really a good idea? I don’t even have Starclaw to help me but I must protect Paz and Pook.”

As the nefarious group of cottontails scrutinised the gutsy bunny from his stout legs to his commonplace head, they chuckled conspiratorially at him taunting, “You won’t stand a chance getting the sword back, you turnip head!”

Enraged, Podkin chased the sinister gang down, in such fury he felt no fear. He bravely caught up with them but didn’t see what was in store... Just one small step. Then pounce! As Podkin bravely clasped onto the smallest thief’s shoulders, he was brutally pulled down. Before he could scream, the larger rabbit promptly stabbed Starclaw at Podkin, aiming for his heart. Narrowly missing his aim, the weapon embedded in Podkin’s ear before being ripped free. The pain sang a devilish tune as the thieves ran off with their prize.

A Twisted Tale

by Emma, age 10

Emma has cleverly imagined a dark twist on 'The Golden Goose' in the style of Joseph Coelho's Creepy Tales.

Even though the goose was treated poorly,

She laid magnificent eggs.

Golden, delicate, dazzling they were;

Pride and joy they were to her.

Those who lived with her had sharp tongues;

Never let hatch, her little ones.

Some would say they were a pair of wrong'uns.

Selfish and spoilt, so the eggs were sold

To make themselves rich with glorious gold.

Vile, horrid, malicious and cold,

And so on the evil duo were told.

Soon they were not accepted at any restaurant;

So golden eggs were what they began to want.

The poor goose,

How she longed for a truce.

And then a devilish thought came to her mind:

How she could leave the vile couple behind.

In went the arsenic

To an egg with no chick.

She set it before her mistress,

Who gave her a kick -

THWACK!

What a deadly snack!

They were asleep,


But not in a bed,

No, the evil duo were dead!

The goose was happy;

New golden goslings grew fatty.





Reading & Creative Writing

Book Club & Creative Writing weekly classes

Every week, a small group of children from Y4-6 share a love for reading and practise their creative writing. Children discuss and discover books alongside developing a broad range of creative writing skills. They are able to chat about books with like-minded children in a safe, guided environment and are set creative writing tasks inspired by their reading. Children enjoy the light-hearted tone of these sessions but also make significant progress in SPaG and comprehension. This class is ideal for book enthusiasts who are keen to improve their creative writing abilities, receiving personal feedback and development points in every lesson.

This class is perfect for children preparing for entrance exams that include a written task in the test. We study a book each half term, developing comprehension skills and and vocabulary knowledge. Every week, children are supported to write a directed composition to which I give individual feedback on how they can move forwards the following week. I also provide vocabulary banks of words that have featured in previous 11+ exams for them to learn and apply in their writing. Read reviews from children who come to see what they think at <https://www.mrsoshtutors.co.uk/news--activities/category/reviews> and get in touch if you would like to know more.