

Durweston CE VA Primary School

Durweston, Blandford Forum, Dorset

DT11 0QA

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Email: office@durweston.dorset.sch.uk

Website: www.durweston.dorset.sch.uk

Head teacher: Nicola Brooke



'Stand true in what you believe. Be courageous, be strong. And do everything with love.' 1 Corinthians 16:13-14

5th June 2020

NEWSLETTER

Dear Parents,



The final 'wave' of children came to school this today. Porpoises, as you can see, immediately got the hang of things! We've now welcomed back Handy Paws, Reception, Year 1 and Year 6, as well as the children of a few key workers. So far so good! We are lucky that we only have small cohorts, so keeping group sizes down to fewer than 15 has not been the problem for us that it has been for some other schools. Also, we have multiple entrances and exits and a large field. Thank you so much for everyone's co-operation this week as we all get used to our new normal.

There is still no news on when we might open to the rest of the school. I will let you know as soon as we hear anything at all.

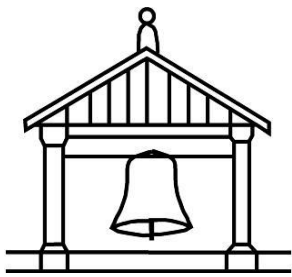
Welcome to the word of Durweston email

All children in school have now been given a Durweston email address and we have sent out a letter asking for your permission for it to be activated. At the moment, we have only really thought about using these with the older children but who knows? As I said in the letter, the children can only access emails from other 'Durweston' accounts. Obviously, there has to be a degree of trust that the children will use their accounts wisely and I am sure that most of them will. However, we can monitor them and will take action if we need.

Proud

I have seen some really super writing this week. I wanted to share with you Phoebe and Tommy's writing. They are in Porpoises and this week, were asked to write the next chapters in the story they have been reading as a class. As a school, we are often criticized for not doing well enough in writing. And yet we have children who can produce work like this. (The Flight is by Pheobe; Chapter 1 and Chapter 2 are by Tommy).





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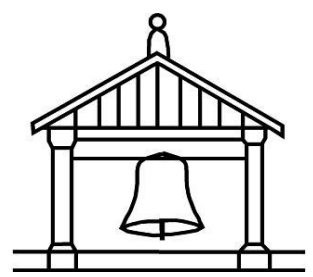
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THE FLIGHT

Max still layed there in Con and Lila's arm. They were about thirty feet of the ground now and the explorer and the city had disappeared into the thick undergrowth of the jungle.

"How is Max doing?" asked Fred.

"He's getting hotter," said Lila, her arms were shaking nervously, as Max started sending small splutters of spit out of his mouth.

Con sat there looking out the window, her eyes watering; she had never been without an adult supervising her before. It felt strange. Suddenly, the plane shook and Lila held Max closer into her, she could feel his heart beginning to slow down.

"Hurry up! He is becoming unconscious!" she shouted, her voice breaking into a mutter as she became more concerned.

Fred heaved back on the throttle and nearly sent a load of sick out of Con's mouth as the plane juttet forward. Max was getting worse as time went by he began puking up, lila nestled him further into her chest, she could now feel the heat of him run through her body.

Con had now found the navy blue compass. Together, Con and Lila stared at the arrows.

"Whatever happens we will get through this," claimed Fred proudly, "pass me the compass."

Straight away Fred recognised where he was going.

"It looks like we have three miles left," his hands were shaking uncontrollably as the plane stuttered through the air, he thought back too when he was in the plane with the others and the pilot, when they crashed Max's life depended on him he couldn't mess this up.

Chapter1

Breaking the clouds, they all sat in a worried silence as they flew over a sea of green. Occasionally, Max would murmur delusional comments, interrupting the loud silence. They couldn't keep their minds off the journey ahead. Before they knew it, they were descending towards their target.

Trees splattered over the cockpit, as they soared towards the ground, front wheels first. The explorer's words guided him as they skidded through a cloud of dust and eventually to a halt. They all clambered out the plane, shocked from the last twenty minutes, Con navigating their position. Lila cradled Max in her arms whilst Fred and Con were peering at the compass.

Hesitantly, Con announced, "If I'm right, Manaus should be right," she looked forward and pointed, "Here." Nothing was there, just of deep foliage. Confused, they all turned around and far into the distance, half a mile away was Manaus. "I meant there," said Con red-faced.

"How do we get that far?" Fred wandered.

"Guys, Max is getting worse," said Lila nervously. Max was rolling, moaning, never stopping. They all gazed over, hope draining, when in the corner of Fred's eye, something appeared. Floating on the river, was their homemade raft. Unbelievable yet true, Fred sprinted to the bank, searching for a stick to pull it over.

"Fred!" called the others, "What are you..." they trailed off in amazement.

"Good grief!" Con cried. "It's followed us here." Fred had grabbed the first stick available and was levering the raft over. Pulling with might he never knew, the raft finally floated into Fred grasp.

"Everyone, hop on!" he cried, beckoning them with his scratched, swollen hands, but none of that mattered now.

"It's a miracle!" exclaimed Lila, "We can travel downstream to Manaus!"

Everyone was caught up in the moment, climbing on to their long-lost raft and no one cared about the dangers of the jungle; they could save Max! Fred steering with his stick, set sail to the glass dome.

Almost a quarter of an hour later, they were nearing Manaus, a feeling of excitement along with them. About to jump off the raft, Fred was toppled back by a piranha leaping out of the water, snapping its teeth, and retreating to the surface. Con let out a yelp and Lila a gasp. The bank was around five feet from the raft so, due to the piranha, they couldn't paddle to the shore.

"Fred, you have to push us to the edge," squeaked Lila with a tone of fear in her voice. But the stick was trapped between two rocks.

"It's jammed," Fred said, "we have to jump."

Chapter2

"Jump?" yelled Con, "Are you insane! We 'll have to jump over a bounding piranha. Our legs will be bitten off!"

"It's a risk we 'll have to take," said Fred, still eyeing the leaping piranha.

"It's stupid," Con muttered under her breath.

"no, he's right," Lila stood up. "We've survived a fire; we've driven a plane. We can do this, and Max is only getting worse, so we have to. We just have to time it right."

"I'll go first," Fred announced, manoeuvring into position."

"How are we getting Max over?" asked Con.

"I'll carry him," replied Fred, Lila already passing over Max gently. The piranha kept leaping, biting, returning. The moment the piranha hit the surface again Fred leaped over followed by a stumbled landing. He immediately cradled Max, making sure of his comfort.

"Alright, you need to come now Lila on my call," the piranha continued its circulation; diving, returning, diving, returning.

"Go!" yelled Fred. Lila instantly bounded over with power never known, and tumbled into Fred.

"Con, jump over now when the piranha hits the water," Fred said, now with confidence.

"I don't want to," she said nervously.

"Come on, you have to," he could now see the raft starting to float downstream. Con could feel it too. She took a deep breath and – merely missing the piranha – jumped on top of the bank with a perfect landing. She looked at the others sprawled on the grass.

"Amateurs," she muttered, followed by, "Right, let's go to the hospital."

They entered Manaus, a village which seemed to be covered in vines. There was a long road splitting the village which lead down to what clearly was a hospital. they rushed down the road hastily, accompanied by strange looks from the local Brazilians. Manaus was filled with markets and stalls so there was a lot of dodging and 'excuse me'. They finally reached the hospital, greeting a lady behind a counter.

Lila hurriedly said, "Hi, miss. We're from England, our plane crashed near here and my brother was bitten by bullet ants. Could you help us?"

"Of course, my dears," she replied politely. She called over two young men which went by the names 'Gabriel' and 'Ronnie'.

"They'll take care of your brother. You'll have to wait there," she pointed to some chairs where various people were sitting. They did as they were told, so left with a nervous feeling.

Around half an hour later, Gabriel returned from the room and said, "Your brother is doing just fine. He'll be out soon." They all sighed and relaxed. "Also," he kept on going, "We've contacted some people to take you home." Fred finally said the words he had wanted to say ever since he got here, "We're going home!"

THE END.





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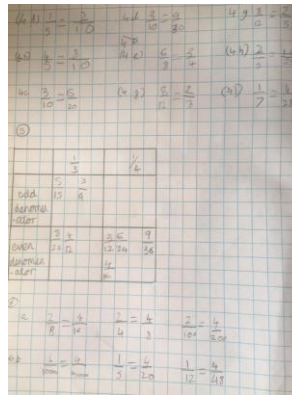
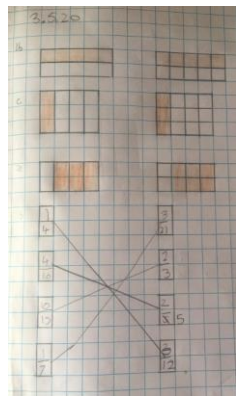


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Pretty good uh?

George D in Seahorses is very proud of his tree picture and Evie B is proud of her maths. Jenson and Ella D also sent in some great maths to Mrs Plummer this week. Don't forget to send me the work you're proud of – those who have email addresses can send it themselves!



Have a great weekend. and don't visit Durdle Door (you will have to book soon!).

Nicola Brooke



Week 5 Schoolreaders Storytime

[Schoolreaders Storytime – 'What the Ladybird Heard' by Julia Donaldson](#)

Hefty Hugh and Lanky Len are two crafty robbers with a cunning plan to steal the farmer's fine prize cow. But little do they know that the tiniest, quietest creature of all has overheard their plot, and she has a plan of her own . . .

Reading Age 6+

[Schoolreaders Storytime – 'Spells' by Emily Gravett](#)

A hopeful little frog tries to turn himself into a handsome prince by piecing together the torn pages of a spell book. There's just one problem – although Frog knows all about magical spells, spelling is another matter . . . [Optional activity](#)

Reading Age 5+

[Schoolreaders Storytime – 'Peace at Last' by Jill Murphy](#)





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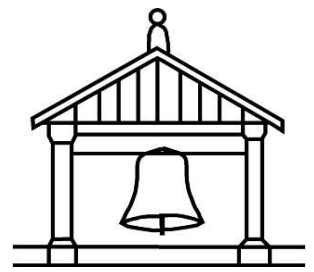
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The hour was late and Mr Bear was tired. But he could not sleep - however he tried and wherever he tried. Snore, snore went Mrs Bear. Tick-tock, tick-tock went the clock. Would he never get to sleep? [Optional activity](#)

Reading Age 6+

