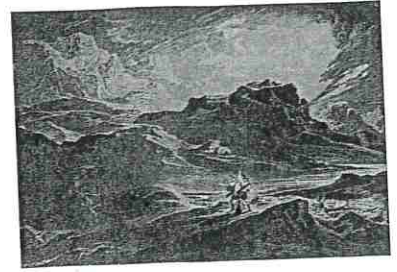


Tuesday 1st October
L.O: We are learning to write poetry



The Heath,

Big snakes slither
gloomy paths wind
baby wolves howl
foxes sit on big hills
Mice skweek in the dark caves
Wolves howl in the foggy
gloomy caves

↑ what do they do?

the wind goes over the heath

✓ This is a wonderful poem Oliver! ✓

EBI- what is a better word than ~~goes~~ goes?