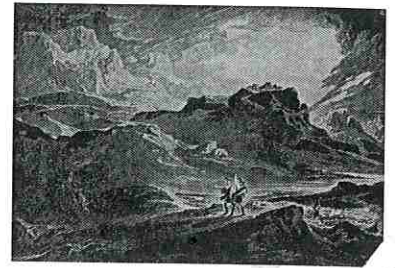




7 bo

Thursday 3rd October

L.O: We are learning to write poetry



The heath by Jaber

Haunted hoses on the creeping floor
Sleep girls climbing the bone streets
Spiders climbing among the trees
ghostly witches putting blood and
spider webs. Surfers like the secret
of fairies the sun did not come out
EVER EVER EVER.

A beautifully descriptive poem, Jasleen.
* I love your link to Ella and the secret of Rain!

E.B.1 - Each stanza begins on a new line.