



Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> October

L.O: We are learning to write poetry



## The Heath

Misty fog covers <sup>rs</sup> the <sup>cold</sup> cold grey sky. A deserted ~~at~~ perch on the skeletal branch. A howling wail echoes ~~are~~. Witches screech snow behind the house. Silly out bats fly out from the pitch black cave.

✓ was beautiful Miss Joy!