

THE SECOND LOCKDOWN EDITION SPRING 20-21

Pandora's Box

Dear Pandora.

I am writing to warn you about that gold covered box that Zeus gave us for our wedding. Zeus is a mighty powerful god but that makes him dangerous. I know the box has silver linings and a gold key and is made out of bronze. Please trust me.

Like I said, Zeus is powerful and dangerous and it might be a challenge if you open the box because you might kill everyone! Zeus tied poor Prometheus to the side of a tremendous cliff because he disobeyed him and gave man fire, but he might do something worse to you. I don't always trust Zeus. You should not trust Zeus. Zeus is a big, mighty, powerful, clever sneaky god and he has a short temper.

Your life is amazing. You live in a beautiful marble palace with servants, food, water and me. Do you really need to see what is in one small box? I'll buy you ten boxes that look the same as that one and you can open them all you want. See I can buy you so many things to stop you thinking about that box.

Do you know the saying curiosity killed the cat? If you do imagine you are the tiny cat. If you haven't heard the sadly tragic yet true saying it means the cat was curious and took a look or tried something and whatever it was it killed it. It is not safe to be curious about something that you have been told to not do.

P.S DO NOT OPEN THE BOX!! REMEMBER THE CAT!! Xxx

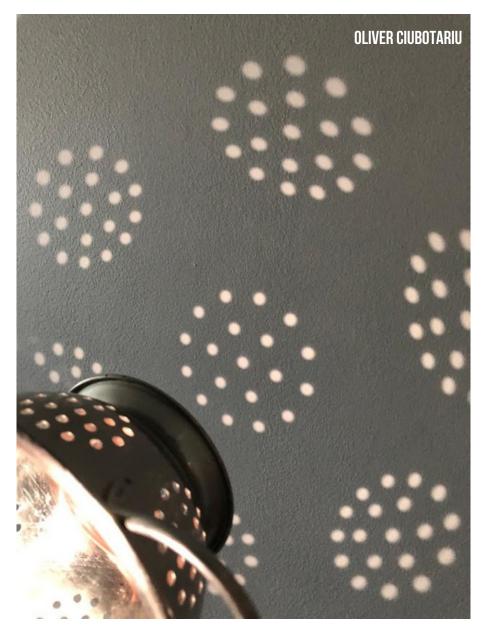
Love Epimetheus

ADAM BOYES PREP V



Photography by Prep III

'An Exploration of Light' and 'Things We Love'

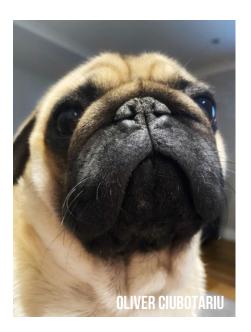












Spring Word Clouds by Prep I













Spring Flowers by Kindergarten



















The Air Raid

Nobody likes being 'boomed' - I mean bombed. From the first day, no one got used to it. It became a lifetime habit. Every day, everyone would hope their house would not be split into pieces.

I was doing nothing. Bored. Until... the sirens went on! I found everyone rushing and pushing. Well? I was used to it anyway. I got to the underground station. Thousands and thousands of people pushing and shoving. Some people came prepared, some people came with nothing. Worst of all were those people who were screaming and crying as if it were the first time. And the echoes... I did not say it was unusual to scream and cry, but they were actually very annoying. The sirens went off. The most horrible thing was not the 'booming' bit, it was the silence.

Silence was rushing everywhere, not a sound. However, slowly, noises were fighting back as people continued screaming and shouting. I had no doubt about it. The air raid had just begun. Everyone went quiet again.

Suddenly, booming noises began everywhere. People were hoping their homes would not be split open. Some people did not care about their houses, they just wanted their soldier husbands back safely. Booming and cracking noises went everywhere, the ground began to shake. People quietened down, hugging tightly together with their friends, children, sisters, sons, brothers... Some people did not seem to care, some people seemed sad, some angry. I could understand those who felt angry.

The horrible silence came again, it didn't mean anything to anyone other than...boom! Lots of bombs began dropping again and the ground began to shake. Suddenly a feeling came out of me. A horrible feeling. I felt alone, as if no one was with me. Even those citizens who were there, crying, screaming and shouting. Still I felt alone. Then the screaming stopped, only crying. I only felt sadness, anger and fear. Then the all clear siren sounded. Is it over? Is this the end?

People were pushing and shoving again, as if it was just the start. I hoped that even part of my house had survived. As I walked back, fires were crawling and eating everything in their path. I felt the fire was trying to surround me and burn me up. I looked up at the sky. It was orange. The sky was alive with fire. I was scared.

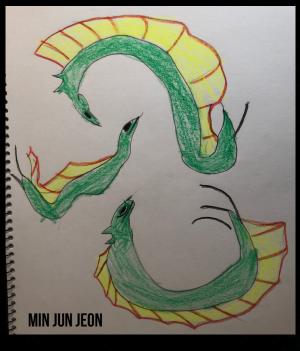
Arriving at my house, I saw that half of it had been destroyed by a bomb. Nothing could cover my fear and sadness...

KAYLEIGH CHUNG PREP VI



Mythical Creatures by Prep IV







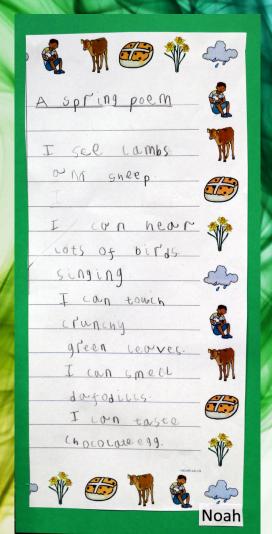




A Spring Poem by Prep I



CARLY JOHNSON







N<mark>oah Ciub</mark>ota<mark>riu Myra Saxena</mark>

Lockdown Sounds by Prep III

The blowing of the trees
The whistling of the wind
The tapping of the keyboard
The slurping of the coffee
The humming of the ipad
The ringing of the phone
The shouting of the baby sister
The ringing of the door bell
The talking of the Amazon driver
The opening of the box

DANIEL AMORIM-HUNTER

The tweeting of the birds
The cracking of a twig
The swaying of the branches
The swishing of the leaves

The crying of a baby

Not wanting to eat his porridge

The hissing of a kettle

Boiling water for my dad's tea

The noise of a laptop
Buttons clicking and clacking
What's that awful sound I hear? Ah
Its my mum's squeaking chair

MAIA BVUMA

The tapping of the dog's claws on the polished wooden floor
The turning of the key in the heavy front door
The sound of the Nutella lid opening with a pop
The noise of my tummy when the food is too hot

OLIVER CIUBOTARIU

The ticking of the clock
The creaking of the floorboards
The tapping of the window
The whistling of the wind

The zooming of the cars
The barking of the dog
The clicking of the mouse
The tapping of the tap
The purring of the cat

The spilling of the cup
The guzzling of the bottle
The kicking of the ball
The scraping of the knife

The snapping of the branch
The whistling of the robins
The rattling of the bin
The scraping of the skate board

The barking of the dog
The ticking of the clock
The sneezing of my brother
The stamping of my brother

The scrubbing of the sponge
The shaking of the bottle
The clicking of mouse

The spraying of the can
The flushing of the toilet
The turning of the tap

The opening of the gate
The speeding of the car
The noise of the printer
The snoring of my dad

The smashing of lego
The stamping of feet
The talking of Mrs. White

The writing of the pencil
The screaming of my brother
The unwrapping of food

LAYLA-RAE DESAI

JENSEN PAYNE



Dear Sparta

Help! I have sent Pheidippides with this letter to ask you to help us, the Persians are about to have invaded Athens. I know we are enemies at war but the Persians have outnumbered us with 25,0000 people. Our hoplites are brave, fearless and strong but we can't beat them with all their warriors and we sent Pheidippides 240 miles two days and two nights, we don't want to let him down.

If you help us we can give you some slaves and steel rods for currency and if our tribes unite we can almost outnumber them. We know that you have your moon festival but do you want that to be your last ever festival? Personally, I would think an entire country is more important than one single festival.

I know that we have been war enemies and we have a lot of differences. Like your children are warriors at a young age and my children learn things like mathematics and reading. But we need to put our differences aside and fight together like real warriors would, and you would be called heroes.

Pheidippides has run 240 miles for two days and two nights and he is exhausted and he is going to have to run back to Athens. How can you turn down a request from him if he has run 240 miles to get to Sparta?

Yours hopefully,

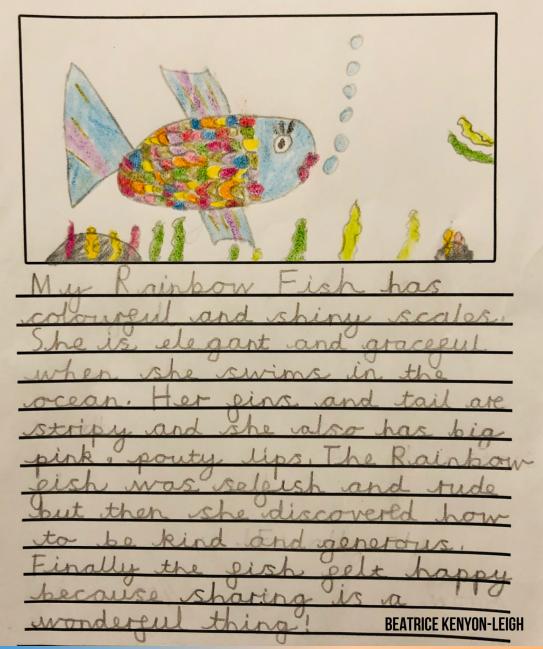
General Miltiades RAJ BASU PREP V





BEATRICE KENYON-LEIGH Prep II

The Rainbow Fish by Prep II

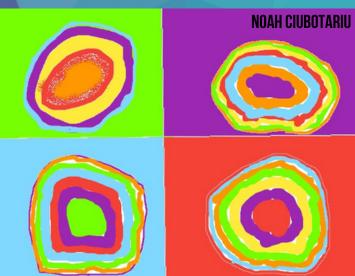




Digital Art: Kandinsky by Prep I







Medusa



The Labyrinth

Cautiously, I stepped through the entrance to the maze.

Although there was definitely no sunlight, the maze had a greenish glow. I saw the ball of string that I was clutching that was once pink - now it was dark green under the damp light. The walls were covered in a thick layer of red paint, or so I thought. Blood.

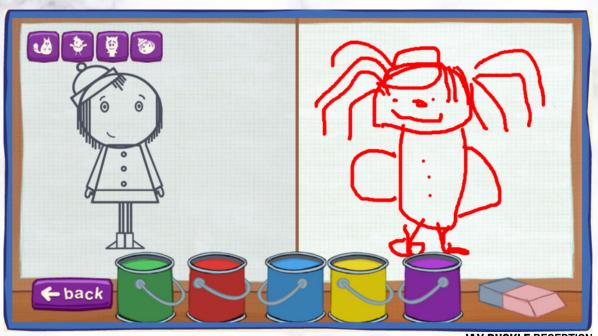
Everywhere I looked, I could see the string that was on the floor, I was going in circles. I gathered up all my courage and stormed into the maze again shouting: "Come and face me Minotaur!" Was that the right thing to do?

I thought of the cruel tyrant King Minos and I was now more brave than ever so I shouted again: "Come out you beast!!" Then I heard it. Deep breathing that scared me so much I nearly fled this terrifying labyrinth and a ferocious bellow that shook the maze itself, but I wasn't afraid because I had thought of my father, who he had trusted me on this quest so I charged deeper into the labyrinth.

I was face to face with the Minotaur, Its crimson bloodshot eyes glowed in the darkness, and it was as tall as a giraffe, however, more vicious. It had the teeth of a dragon and its horns were as sharp as an eagle's talon, then I noticed that it was carrying a twisted club. As it raised its malevolent weapon, I raised my sword, together they bashed and the impact nearly knocked me over, I tried to hit it again but then it hit me. I had noticed its weak spots though. It was slower and bigger so I began overpowering it by jumping and sprinting and then I stuck it on the neck. It had been done.

KAIWEN CHEN PREP V

Digital Drawing Skills



JAX BUCKLE RECEPTION

Spring by Kindergarten













Chaperon Rouge by Prep IV

I was walking through the forest on the crunchy, twig infested path. I found an ancient bridge, it looked beautiful. Around I saw this broken down town. As the curious person who I am I went to explore it. I was looking around until it was getting very dark. I found this place which looked welcoming that I could set up camp.

I fell into this dream right after I had made the fire. In the dream I saw black serpents, they seem to like dark places. Suddenly I woke up. I couldn't control my breathing because I was so scared. As it was I picked up my bag. I heard a cracking sound. I went over to the wall and saw this big shadow. I tried to refrain myself from screaming, but it had already found me.

ISAAC BURROWS

It was a bright, shiny day. I was out on a walk. I was exploring this unusual ancient forest. There were soft, furnished leaves against my knees. There was a bridge which lead to a village. What kind of village was this I asked myself?

This village was harshly damaged. The residents had perished. Probably it had died down in World War II which happened thirteen years previously. The year now being 1958! I sat down to sleep and I was in a dream.

In the dream I had black snakes chasing me and rocks had engulfed over the entrance to the outside world. I suddenly realised this was no dream. I was being chased! Those same snakes, although my running was fast, I could see they were catching up to me.

RAGHAV NIJHAWAN

It was a calm day. I had just woken up, the forest trees were a lovely emerald green so I decided to wander around the forest. As I was exploring I saw an ancient village, or the remains of it. I decided to sleep there for the night because it was getting dark.

Suddenly, I had a dream that dark spirits were emerging from the trees. They started chasing me, suddenly I woke up. I heard a bang! I was terrified. So, I put by back against the wall. I could hear this growling noise I turned around. It was the dark spirits!

I ran for dear life, my heart was pounding. I was panting. I went under this broken tree, a dark spirit nearly ate me. I carried on running then I suddenly had to STOP!!! It was a dead end.

AMELIA BVUMA

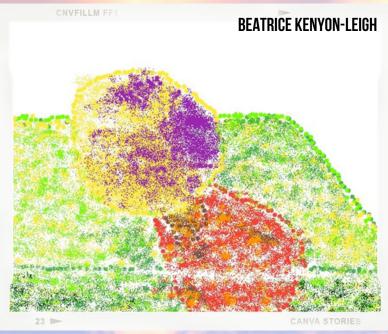
Digital Art by Prep II

The children have used a variety of techniques to create digital artwork, including Seurat's Pointillism, Mondrian's lines and Kandinsky's swirls - and have sometimes combined all three.

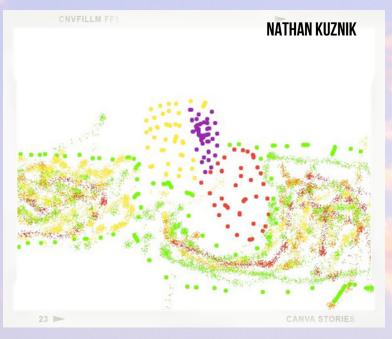






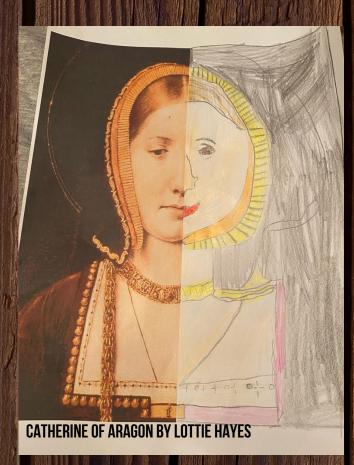


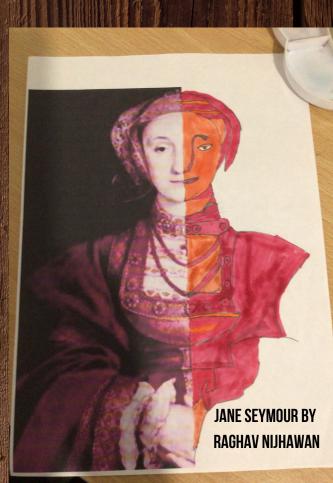




Henry VIII's Wives by Prep IV

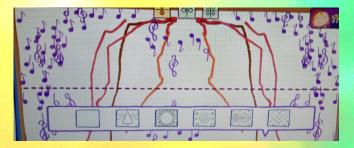




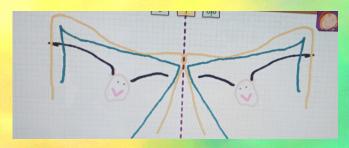




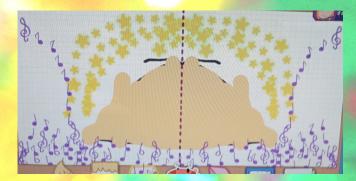
Digital Symmetry by Reception



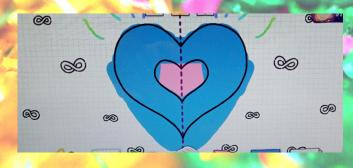
ASHER SALIM



ISHA JOSHI

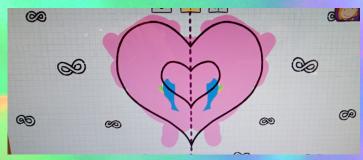


TOBAN SHARPLES-BROWN

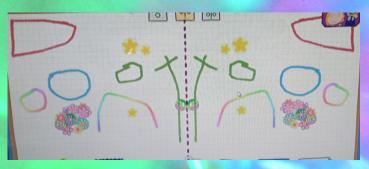


FLORENCE GERRARD

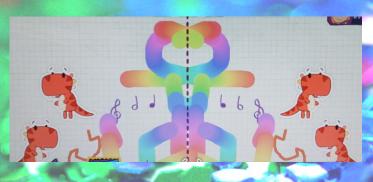




ALICE BAILEY



AUSTIN ROYLE





Magic Box by Prep III

I will put in my box
The cuteness of a sausage dog
The feel of an angel's wings
The tears of a magical dragon

I will put into my box
The oldest meow of a cat
The trunk of the biggest elephant
A string of hair from a very old man

I will put in my box
The wood from a very small cottage
Salt from the deep deep sea
And sand from ancient Egypt

LUCIE BLAKE

I will put in my box

The orange sky from the sunset and sunrise

The cotton wool fluffy clouds in the sky so high

The birds singing and flying from tree to tree

And then my neighbours walking past my garden

Shouting 'hi' to me!

The lovely smelling flowers in a vase standing tall
All the family pictures that hang on our wall
The light reflecting on the glass from the outside
world

The sound and the light from the TV that makes my head swirl!

The man in the moon as I go to bed
My warm cosy blanket as I lay down my head
On my fluffy pillow I notice how cosy I am
So I put in my box this feeling of being a happy
and lucky Sam.

SAMUEL DEVINI

I will put in my box
A wing from a angel
A trunk from a elephant
A tooth from a crocodile
Some wishes

I will put in my magic box
A warm hug
A whole piece of confidence

A mermaid's scale
A scale from giganotosaurus
Some laughter from my family

I will put in my magic box
Packed lunch
A kiss from my mum
A dance from my dad
A petal from a rose

I will put in my magic box
A heel from a shoe
A feather from a pigeon
A tooth from a sabre-toothed cat

A slice of an apple
A roar from a dragon
A fin from a whale
An eye from a shark

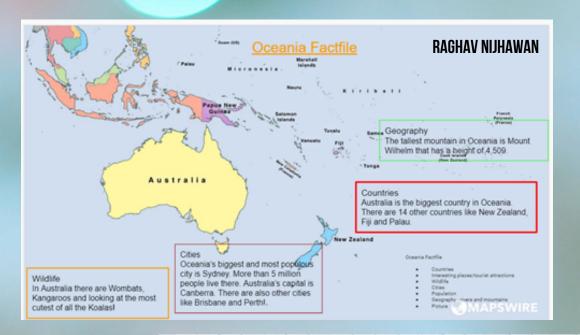
LAYLA-RAE DESAI

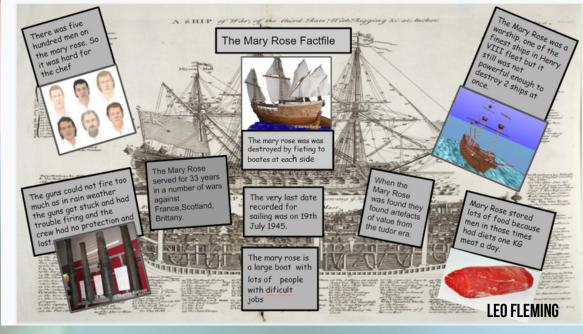
I will put in my box
The silky hair of my precious dog Rocco
Golden rays of sunshine from a summer day
Fresh green grass from a football stadium

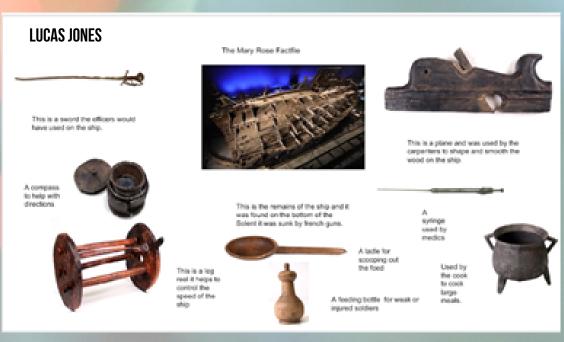
I will put in my box
The sweet sweet smell of chocolate
My family's laughter and happy times
A swimming pool with water as clear and blue
as the sea

I will put in my box
Football boots that can shoot to the sky
A feather filled bed as soft as a cloud
OSCAR TURLEY

Research Skills by Prep IV







The Air Raid

"Come on Tabby," I coaxed but my dog wouldn't move. She had her ears pricked up, something was wrong. Then I heard the sirens wailing, the noise pounding into my ears. My mum was still at home. I heard a bomb, I knew I had to get to the public shelter. I picked up Tabs and started to run. People are jostling me, all running to get to safety first. Bang! I am swept off my feet, my head is dizzy. The air has been sucked out of me. I reach for Tabby. Her leg is bleeding. I bend onto my knees to pick her up again and with all my strength start walking to the shelter. Out of the haze I see a woman with a blue uniform, disorientated. I hobble towards her, flames are burning my skin, water soaking my shoes and gas filling my sense of smell. I see the stampede of people getting further away. "Wait," I plead, tears rolling down my face. Tabby is getting too heavy to carry. In a hoarse voice I whisper, "Can you walk girl, please, for me?" She whimpers as her paw touches the floor. She can't walk. I hear the noises of devastation all around me. Screaming children, grinding engines, determined voices and I know I can't give in even though I want to lie in a heap. I can see the woman clearly now. Hobbling and clinging to Tabs I make it to the lady. She got me inside vith her arm around me. "Now then lovely, you'll be OK," she whispered, passing me a hankie. 'Bring me your dog and I'll fix him with a bandage, yeah?"

"OK," I said and passed Tabby gently into the woman's arms.

The shelter was crammed, everybody looked like ants lying on top of each other. I can still hear the whistling of bombs, the wailing was still going on. I could feel the rumbling as the bombs dropped. Was one on my house? How was mum? Will she survive this? I was so immersed in my thoughts that I didn't realise the woman was coming back with Tabby.

"Your dog should be right as rain in a few weeks."

"Thank you," I whispered, seeing my dog made tears roll down my face. I snuffled my face in Tabby's fur. The woman smiled at me.

"What's your name, sweetie?" she asked.

"Ellie," I said.

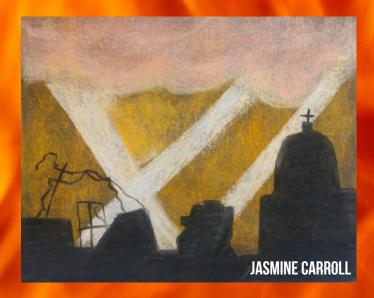
"Don't worry, everything will be fine. This will be over soon and the British will win, I'll tell you that." She smiled one last time, gave me some tea and biscuits and walked off.

When the all clear sounded everyone pushed to get out. Boiling and wanting some fresh air, I ran outside first with Tabby close behind. I don't know why I expected everything to be the same but I couldn't have been more wrong. Burst water pipes, muddy water and destruction. I needed to get home and I ran and I ran. When I got there a policeman came up to me and said, "Sorry Miss, your mother's there," in a robotic voice. When I saw my mum I ran up to her and gave her a big hug. Then, when I saw the house, I cried and cried and cried. "We'll figure it out," Mum said, and me, Mum and Tabby sat on the rubble staring at the space where our house should have been. I hugged Tabby and leant my head on Mum's shoulder.

The Blitz by Prep VI











Bridgewater School – Prep. Department

Latest news, events and much more from our Prep. Department



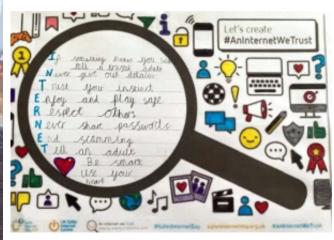




































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