

St Levan Primary School
where all children SHINE...for life

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6th October 2023

Dear Families,

Today, with streams of glorious sunshine through the windows, an Autumn glistening dew, shared with the sound of excited children demonstrating their mathematical knowledge on the playground, has been a fine way to finish the week. Puffins experienced an enthralling trip to Geevor mine on Monday, learning so much about the Cornish cultural heritage and I look forward to seeing the children's experiences and thoughts highlighted in their books and their classroom within the coming weeks.

This week has been national library week and we've spoken together about why it is important to love reading and all that it encompasses - being able to read, choosing to read and spending time reading. Astrid, Sadie, Bertie and Alanya have thought about how our reading shed could be enhanced and we are also looking to have support from the Cornwall Library Service to further enhance our own school library in Puffins. Children have shared the many different ways that they read - a quiet space, in the morning, in the evening and whether they prefer reading alone or being read to? As one child said - Mr Francis, reading enables me to learn as much as I can and be transported to my imagination.

Looking ahead, Tuesday of next week is World Mental Health day and Miss Ferguson and Miss Finch will be planning an exciting array of activities for the day after swimming and Capoeira. Looking further ahead, you may have seen from the diary dates, there is a planned open afternoon for you, as parents to come into school and learn alongside your child on Thursday 19th October. I'm sure you've all pencilled this into your diaries and there be more details to follow next week!

Thank you for your continuing support,

Stars of the Week

Choughs – Taya – for amazing determination in writing – you did your Arabic letters with such precision & care!

Puffins – Calum – for demonstrating your passion for learning everyday – we love hearing about everything you've been finding out about and also for being a supremely kind human!

Attendance (YTD)

- Whole school = 92%
- Choughs = 88%
- Puffins = 94%

★Congratulations!★



Huge congratulations to Astrid whose entry to the Morrab Library Short Story Competition has won first place!

Astrid attended an award ceremony at the library where she learnt she had actually won. Incredibly, first prize was £100! We are very proud of you Astrid. Her story emaN-oN is attached for you to read.

We are also very proud of Holly whose story Sally and the Worm made the first round of shortlisting!

Well done to everyone who took part. You were all so determined and tried your absolute hardest!

Thank you to Morrab Library for running the competition and we look forward to future events they run!

EmaN-oN

He slid down from the ceiling effortlessly; leapt down from the table noiselessly, and slunk around the classroom like a rabbit exploring a new burrow. 10-year-old emaN-oN, the boy who had been cruelly, ruthlessly and heartlessly rejected by his classmates, was ready for that night's cleaning, tidying and sprucing the place up. He was a kind-hearted boy and had taken it upon himself to take over the cleaner's duty. It had been 2 years since he had dared venture out of his home in the roof of Puffins class in daylight. The room was an unusually orderly, welcoming, spacious place in school hours, yet when it was locked up for the night it became sinister. In the darkness, every chair threatened to trip him up, every poster doing its best to dive onto his head, coated with tangled cinnamon-brown hair as it was.

As emaN-oN stretched his fingers out from underneath the nest of fabric he called a bed, he realised he could see the pale moonlight filtering through them. He knew he had no time to lose, he sprung down to the floor, scraping his knees in the process. EmaN-oN knew he needed to make a friend to anchor him to this world, or he would fade away into the darkness.

The clock struck 10 and the children filed in through the ancient oak door. He quickly dropped down from the white-washed ceiling into a vacant chair, as he did so, he felt a wave of nausea wash over him. His legs were vague shadows, his arms a muddle of hazy smoke. The teacher came over and exclaimed,

"Hello, are you joining our class today? Could you maybe sit somewhere else today, Holly wanted to sit here. Maybe you could work next to her." She patted the blue, plastic seat next to where he was sitting. A young girl, about nine in age, with a mop of tangled blonde hair on her head, lowered herself down into her seat.

"Hello." The girl murmured quietly, "My name's Holly." She nervously peered at him. "You're new here. What's your name?"

"EmaN-oN." He replied.

"No, it's not, your badge says No-Name." She stated this with an air of puzzlement and confusion.

"Quiet at the back!" The teacher yelled over the babble of voices. "In case you haven't noticed already, we have a new addition to our class. Please give a warm Puffins welcome to... Sorry, what's your name?"

"EmaN-oN." He repeated.

"Please give a warm welcome to... EmaN-oN!"

As the applause died away, EmaN-oN felt a new feeling welling up inside him: one that made him want to laugh, and skip, and smile. He had found a friend, someone to share the rest of his life with.

Written by Astrid, age 9.

(EmaN-oN (No-Name) was inspired by the boy with no name from the photo of St.Levan in the past we saw on our school trip to Morrab Library)

Sally and the Worm

The wind rustled through the leafy green trees as Sally, whose hair was as messy as a birds nest and who always carried a pocket knife in her left shoe, elegantly danced through her fragrantly smelling garden. Although it didn't used to be that way... When she was small, this lovely garden was all a stone drive; a drive way of rubbish. A pongy pit. A gravelly grotto.

Now... this is...the story...of...HOW IT CHANGED

The previous occupants of number 3 Rose Lane, had had a penchant for concrete and as such had decorated their gardens with tons of the grey stuff.

One sunny Saturday, Sally slipped into the garden, singing, "I wish my garden was beautifully filled with trees, not this horrid rubbish dump from my worstest, most baddest night dreams. It's not fair..."

SUDDENLY, she noticed a dull pink head peeking out of a raggedy worn crack in the concrete of the tarry pavement, a worm? A worm! "Why are you moaning, you got everyfink!" (A talking worm!) "And nothing to worry about. Well, you are silly, look at me I'm stuck in this tarmac with no juicy green leaves to munch on, I gorge myself on them! I'm almost starved to death, not only that I'm also almost dried out. What do you think you are doing moaning about nothing. HuH! Children these days!"

Sally was taken aback, so, in her mind of astoundedness, she asked the squeaky worm their name.

"My name? My Name? At a time like this you ask for my name? Outrageous! It's Squiggles. Anyways, can you help me? I'm stuck after all, can you HELP me? Now that I've found you, you'd better do something about it."

"OK," pronounced the less astonished Sally, easily picking up the bossy worm.

"What we need here is..." they both said at the same time, "A couple of trees."

"To grow trees you need soil." Squeaked the worm.

"I know how to make soil," mentioned Sally. "You need a compost bin and worms to chomp it up."

So they called Squiggle's worm friends who made lots of nutritious soil for them, which covered the tarmac pavement.

"How do we get leafy, green trees?" Sally worriedly spoke. "Planting trees would take too long, what shall we do?"

"I Know!" Sally excitedly shouted. "We'll go to the park, it's only next door after all, and I'll use my magic pocket knife to transfer them." Sally had never told anyone this before, her pocket knife had come from her great aunt, a beautiful fairy. So they carefully prised trees, including: willow; birch; elder; rowan and loads of other magnificent green things, like the great oak out of the soft grassy ground, planting some young ones too.

And that is the end of our story...THE END!

By Holly, age 9 St Levan School

Glorious Day at Geevor (and Levant)!



Monday's trip to Geevor and Levant was absolutely amazing! Clint and his team taught us so much and we are extremely grateful to Levant for showing us their working steam powered beam engine that was built in 1860. The trip really helped us make sense of how the Industrial Revolution shaped mining in Cornwall and how in turn mining shaped Cornwall. Thank you to Sophia and Cassandra for joining us as well!

"It was so dark down the mines! I wanted to stay there longer!" CS

"Best school trip EVER - it was all just so exciting!" AP

"I LOVED panning for gems AND we got to take them home!" SB

"Seeing the beam engine at Levant was my favourite bit!" FB

"I did like the steam engine best of all!" TTE

"I loved getting to operate the winch at Levant!" CH

"Clint is SUPER FUN!" OS

"The whole day was really interesting. I loved seeing the machines from the past." AS

"Some of the rooms there had my surname!" OG

"WE all thought the steam powered engine smelled like cake!" AL



Which object is the most bendy?

We tested how the shape of different objects could be changed by bending, stretching, squashing and twisting.



Blind Date with a Book

In Reading Club this week, we enjoyed having a blind date with an unknown book.

This was a great way of trying a book you might not ordinarily choose. We enjoyed this so much we'd like to do it with everybody!

