



Bickley Primary School
Nightingale Lane, Bromley BR1 2SQ

All Different, All Equal, All Achieve



Headteacher: Ms Elizabeth Blake BEd (Hons) NPQH
Deputy Headteacher: Mrs Cara Moon BEd (Hons)

Telephone: 0208 460 6790
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4th February 2021

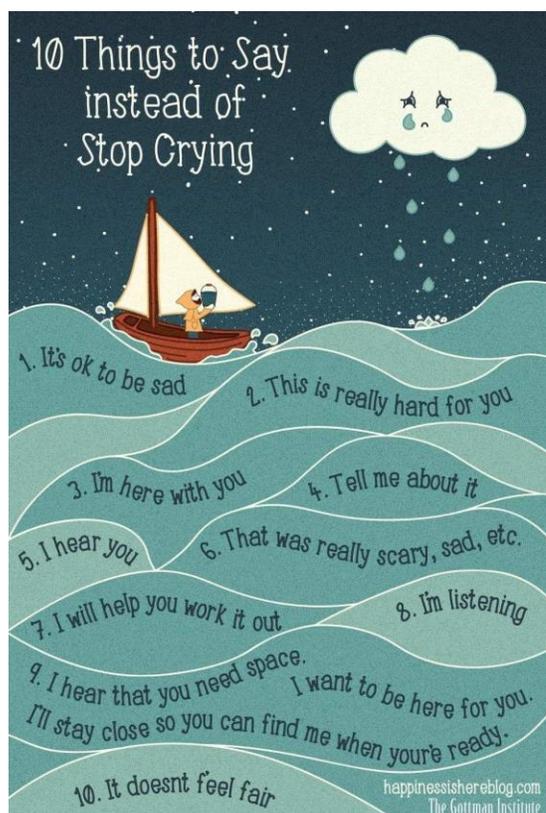
Dear Parents and Carers,

I hope you are all keeping well and coping at this difficult time.

Now that you and your children are nearing the end of the fifth week of home learning, I imagine that it may be increasingly challenging to motivate your child to learn at home. The daily news continues to be mainly depressing, but there are glimmers of hope to suggest that the date for children returning to school may be creeping closer. Over 10 million people have now had their first vaccination, and we seem to have passed the peak in terms of new infections.

However, if you are having daily battles with your child when it comes to home learning, please know that you are not alone. Children will always respond differently to their parents compared with how they respond to their teachers, and it is normal – but painful – to expect strops. If you think that your child needs a bit of a boost and some extra motivation, please email your class teacher and let them know. They could send your child a message, have a quick chat to them on the phone, or even send them a certificate for good work.

Miss Nabdo, the Family Liaison Officer, is also available to talk to parents and children who may be struggling. She can be contacted on amy.nabdo@bickley.bromley.sch.uk Here are a couple of things that she sent out earlier this week, if you haven't seen them:





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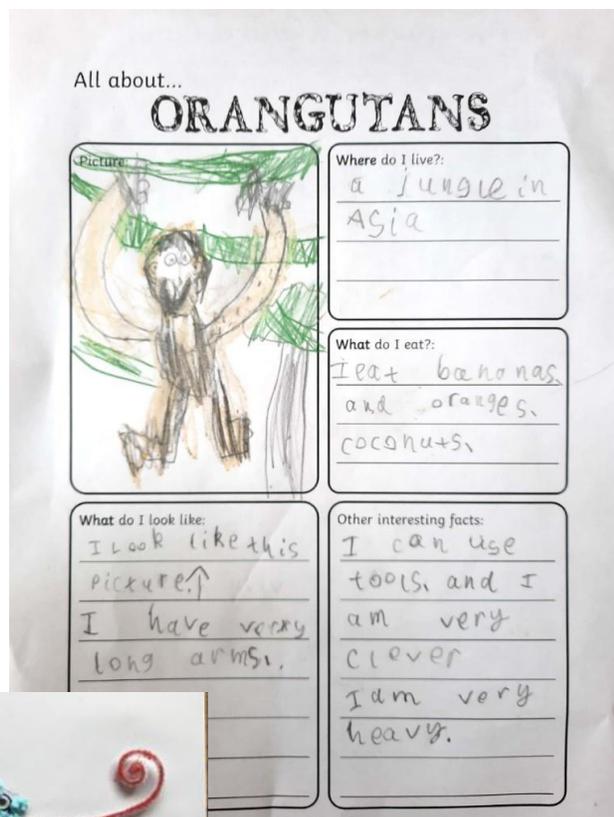
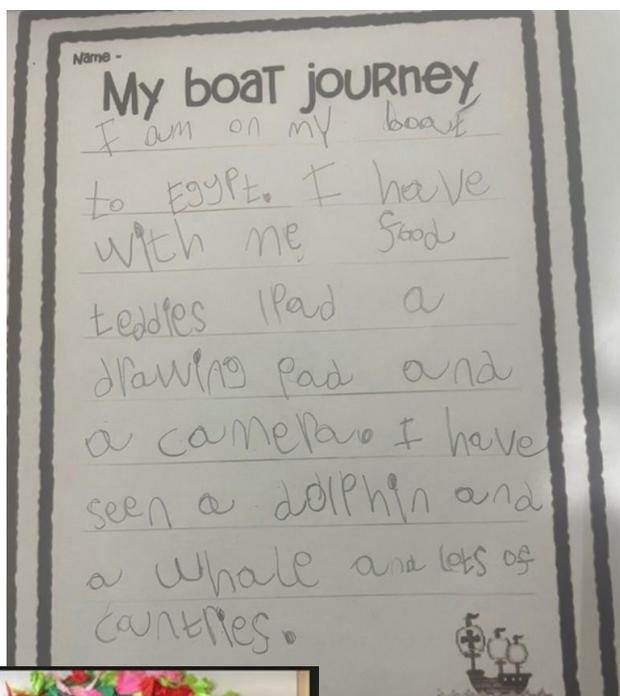


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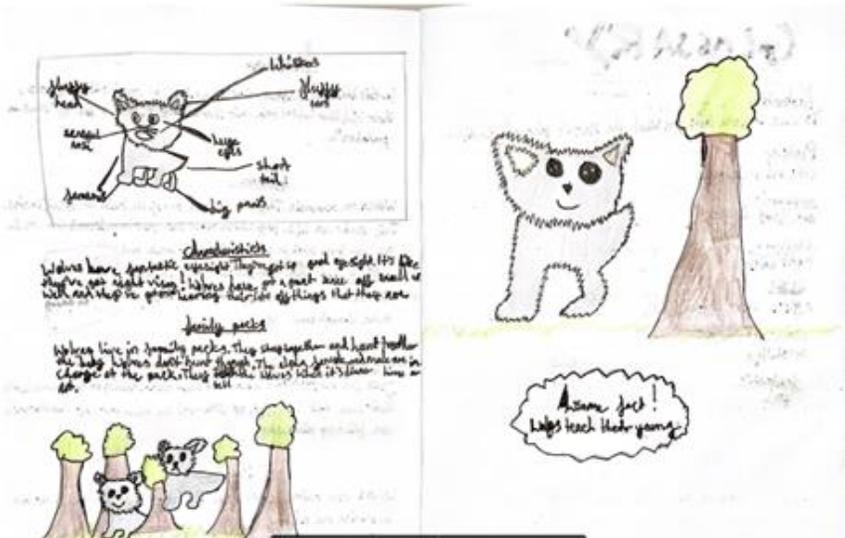
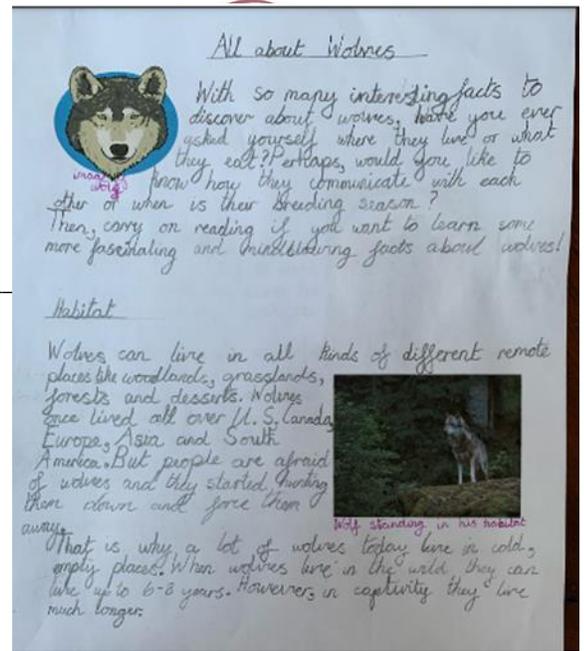
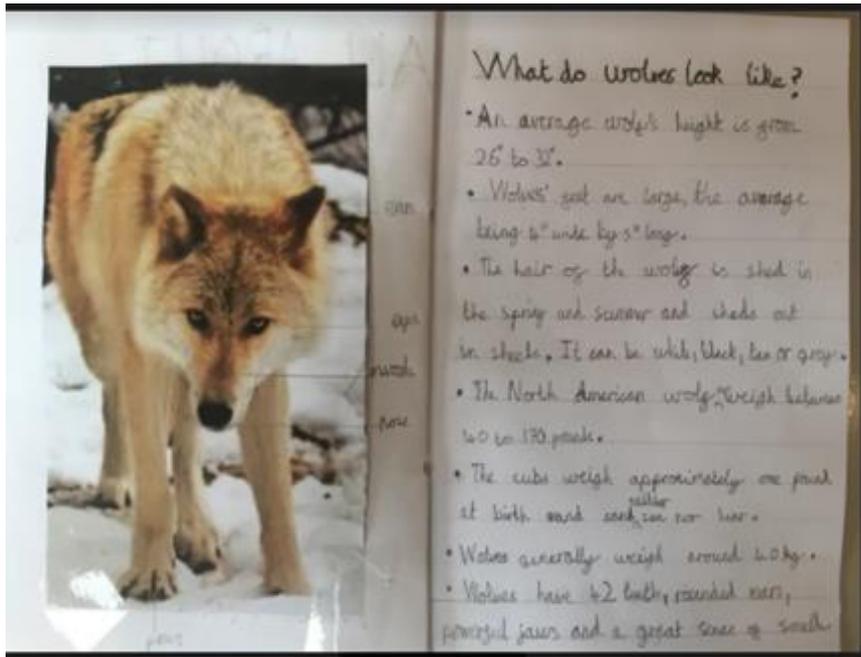
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We have already begun planning for the children's return and how we will ensure that we identify and fill gaps in the children's learning as a result of school closure. This includes thinking about an adapted curriculum, as well as using the Catch-Up funding for 1-2-1 and small group tuition during the summer term.

Please try not to worry. All children will have difficult days and you will know whether or not it is appropriate to 'put your foot down' or to suggest that your child takes a break and returns to the work when they are in a better frame of mind. You and your children are doing a great job. Here's some proof!



is Trust
limit
y Roa



Treasure

Darkness looms like a monster,
Surrounding me,
Thunder plays it's drums loudly,
Echoing in my ears,
Rats scamper in the mountains of rubbish like mini hurricanes,
I keep my head down like them,
Searching through my gold mine.

Beasts follow my shadow,
And strong smells envelop me like swirling fog,
Slowly, Powerfully,
This is it.

My house is a palace, sturdy and strong
My treasures priceless,
The sun lazily touches its fingertips,
Gently shining them into my palace,
The beasts are gone.

And I will keep on digging, in my gold mine, surrounded by my treasures.

Key

- Pink= Similes
- Blue= Metaphors
- Purple= Personification

Treasure: Setting Description

A normal day in the rubbish dump. My senses tingle with the possibilities of the day. Anything is possible in a rubbish dump. But many people tend to avoid it. Maybe it's the landscape surrounding it. Maybe it's the metal littering the floor. Maybe it's me. I think they avoid it because of everything about it.

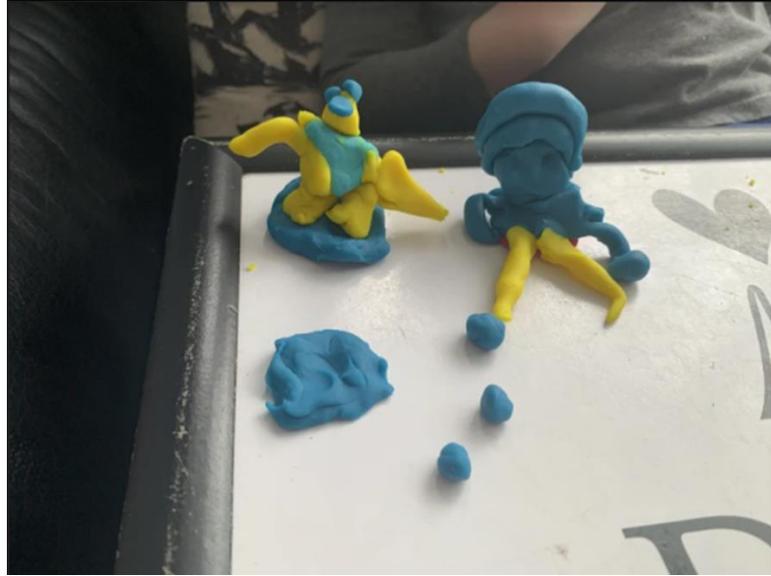
The sun never seems to come out. It hides away behind the dusty grey clouds, as though hesitant to shine its light down onto the metal treasure. Instead, the light that comes down is yolky and dull, as if sick. I yearn to give it medicine. This makes the dump gloomy and dull. Wherever I look, it seems as though the metal goes on forever and ever just miles of treasure, stretching out into the distance and far beyond. Broken cars, sharp and bent knives, jagged bits that once used to make a magnificent, useful machinery. Now reduced to this hellish place. It is a treasure to me.



My Pictogram

KEY: 1 picture is worth two vehicles

		TOTAL
motor bikes		0
cars		44
pedestrians		8
bicycle		2
vans		8
buses		0



Dark, emerald and massively shady,
 The rainforest isn't for the lazy.
 So flaming hot you feel nothing but thirst,
 Until weightful rain clouds descend and burst!
 (Jett)

Character Description

I stretched wearily in my sleeping bag as dawn broke. The rainbow of light filtered through the holes in my makeshift tent. I shivered, and pulled my shabby patchwork scarf tighter around my neck. The wind blew through the cracks in the fabric of the tent. My hand felt the floor next to me for the cold metallic frame of my rusting glasses. The world beyond was silent, no birds calling, no bustle of the busy streets. Just the occasional clatter of rubbish in the wind. I placed my glasses precariously on the bridge of my nose. Cautiously, I stepped outside, my stiff legs complaining. My bedraggled coat flapped about as the wind continued mercilessly trying to subdue me with its ice-cold fingers. A cola can skipped along in front of me. I pulled my fraying woolly hat down further over my ears. Tufts of my grey hair teased my eyes as they played about. I could feel the wind biting at my rosy cheeks. The place I lived in was a sight to behold. Although through an eye unlike mine it may be perceived as trash; to me it was treasure.

J. Blake

Well done, Bickley! We're proud of you all!



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