

The St Michael Steiner School

Friday Bulletin

23rd October 2020



Some photos from the Michaelmas work day last month



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Ballads

In their Narrative Form main lesson, **Class 9** read Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. As well as ongoing discussions, and final essays, the students were challenged to write character ballads.

The Ballad of Miss Maudie

by A'ishah and Hannah

Miss Maudie was one who loved her flowers,
And spent time in her garden for hours and hours.

Miss Maudie really loved to bake,
And her favourite thing was making cake.
When the children came over to eat some,
They would finish the plate and lick up each crumb.

Miss Maudie was one who loved her flowers,
And spent time in her garden for hours and hours.

Jem and Dill left Scout all alone
So she talked to Miss Maudie, her mind was blown.
To kill a mockingbird is a sin
Because all they do is fly and sing.

Miss Maudie was one who loved her flowers,
And spent time in her garden for hours and hours.

There was a cold and wintry night,
Miss Maudie's house was set alight.
'Though Miss Maudie's house was no longer,
She just seemed to grow stronger and stronger.

Miss Maudie was one who loved her flowers,
And spent time in her garden for hours and hours.

It started to snow in Maycomb one day,
And the children really wanted to play.
They asked Miss Maudie for some snow,
And she said yes so her flowers could grow.

Miss Maudie was one who loved her flowers,
And spent time in her garden for hours and hours.

After the court case Miss Maudie declared
Her thoughts on how Maycomb actually cared.
The fact that they even considered Tom's case
Was a step for Maycomb in dealing with race.

Miss Maudie was one who loved her flowers,
And spent time in her garden for hours and hours.

Robert E. Lee Ewell

by Daisy and Max

Court silent, filled with dread,
Let the dead bury the dead.

“Robert E. Lee Ewell” he walked to the stand,
He beat her up with his left-hand.
She’s there in the crowd, black and blue,
An imposter, a liar, he is a cuckoo.

Court silent, filled with dread,
Let the dead bury the dead.

He’s a maniac, a drunk, an abuser!
Let us not forget how he used her.
He convinced her to tell a tale,
A plan he thought would never fail.

Court silent, filled with dread,
Let the dead bury the dead.

The system is built for men like him,
Would his death really be a sin?
That myth of dominance of the left hand,
That he who used it, the devil would brand.

Court silent, filled with dread,
Let the dead bury the dead.

A rabid dog, a mad dog, a mad man like him,
When he got too crazy, they shot that poor mutt Tim.
Seeking revenge, he threatened a good man,
And that was when he hatched a second plan.

Court silent, filled with dread,
Let the dead bury the dead.

Then came that fateful night,
With assistance from a knife,
All to save the children’s life,
Boo thus put an end to Bob Ewell’s strife.

Court silent, filled with dread,
Let the dead bury the dead.

A Ballad for Boo

by Barnaby, Jacob and Barnaby

There once was a man named Boo, who was grey.
He ne'er left his house and stayed in all day.

*People were trying to get me out.....
These little gits were Jem and Scout.
One day a letter slid through my door.
The person I saw was Jem, I'm sure.*

There once was a man named Boo, who was grey.
He ne'er left his house and stayed in all day.

*Heard the rumour bout me and my father.
"HE WAS STABBED!" "HE WAS MURDERED"... it was neither.
They thought me a killer with constant glare,
But I wasn't a killer THIS. WAS. NOT. FAIR!!*

There once was a man named Boo, who was grey.
He ne'er left his house and stayed in all day.

*I saw them pass my house every day,
So I left them sweets in a tree—how gay!
Eventually they found them, a smile on their face,
The smile was warm. I was no longer disgraced.*

There once was a man named Boo, who was grey.
He ne'er left his house and stayed in all day.

*One day Miss Maudie's house caught fire.
THE FLAMES WERE RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER!
Attention was brought to the burning house.
I put a blanket on young shivering Scout.*

There once was a man named Boo, who was grey.
He ne'er left his house and stayed in all day.

*It was the night, Halloween arose.
I saw old Bob, he looked overdosed.
He was about to strike Jem and Scout
When I went in for the saving pounce.*

There once was a man named Boo, who was grey.
He ne'er left his house and stayed in all day.

Class 2 & 3 – Noah's Ark

In Class 2/3 we worked on Noah's Ark in different ways. The children drew one big picture on the floor as it was too big for our desks and on the last day of school in this half term we hung up the picture on our wall. The children felt happy with a feeling of accomplishment. We also formed animals out of plasticine.

Dorothea van Breda



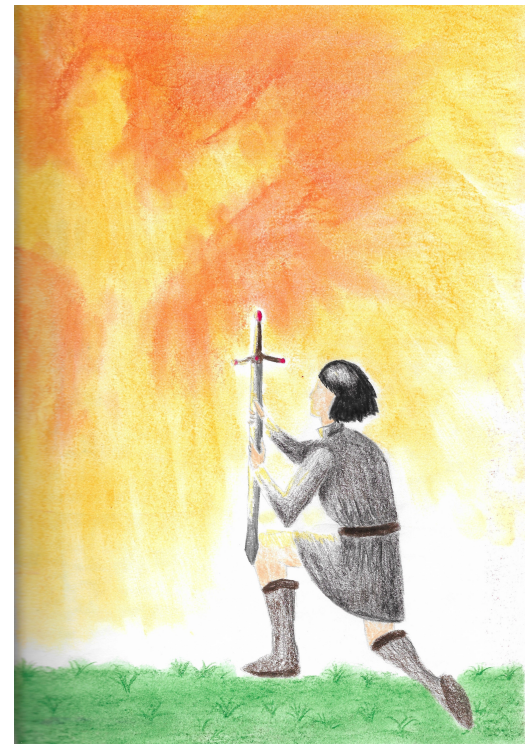
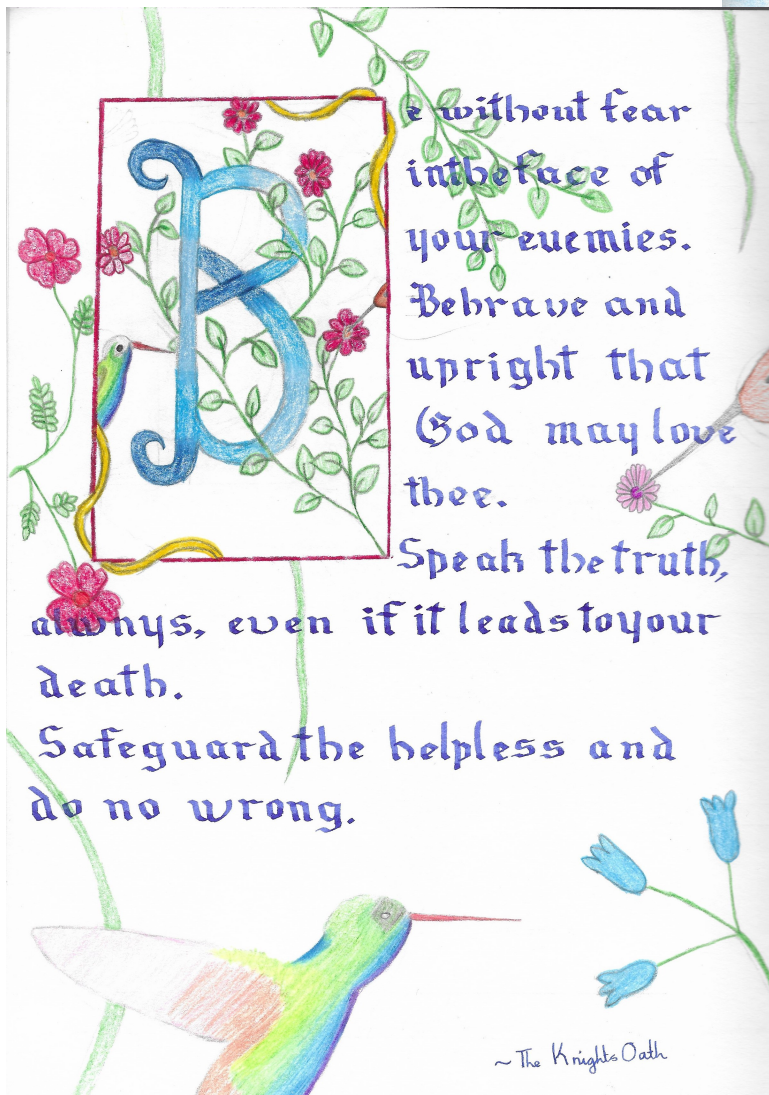


Class 7

For the last four weeks Class 7 have been studying the Middle Ages. We looked at the lives of monks, knights and peasants and their place in the Feudal System, as well as the emergence of the freer cities. The class also wrote imaginary letters and memoirs from the lives of Eleanor of Aquitaine and Joan of Arc. Towards the end of the block the class debated which invention they thought would have changed the medieval world more – printing or gunpowder?

One Friday we enjoyed a trip to Canterbury along the Pilgrim's Way to see a wonderful example of a Gothic cathedral and the place where Thomas Becket was martyred by Henry II.

Peter Brewin



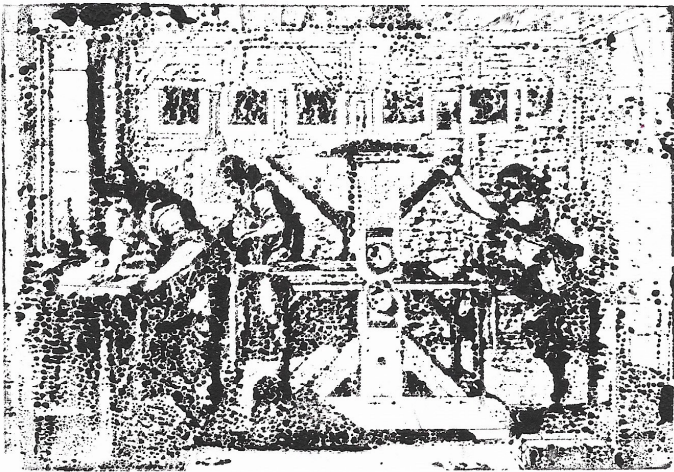


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JOHANNES GUTENBERG

Before Johannes Gutenberg invented the printing press, he was in big financial trouble. Completely broke, he wagered his last few ~~guldens~~ guldens in a game of cards, and during the game he had an extraordinary idea. All of the cards were printed to look just like the others. Gutenberg began to think. If someone had found a way to print playing... then there must be a way to print books! He thought and thought and eventually his exhausted brain came up with something. First, he needed money, and lots of it.



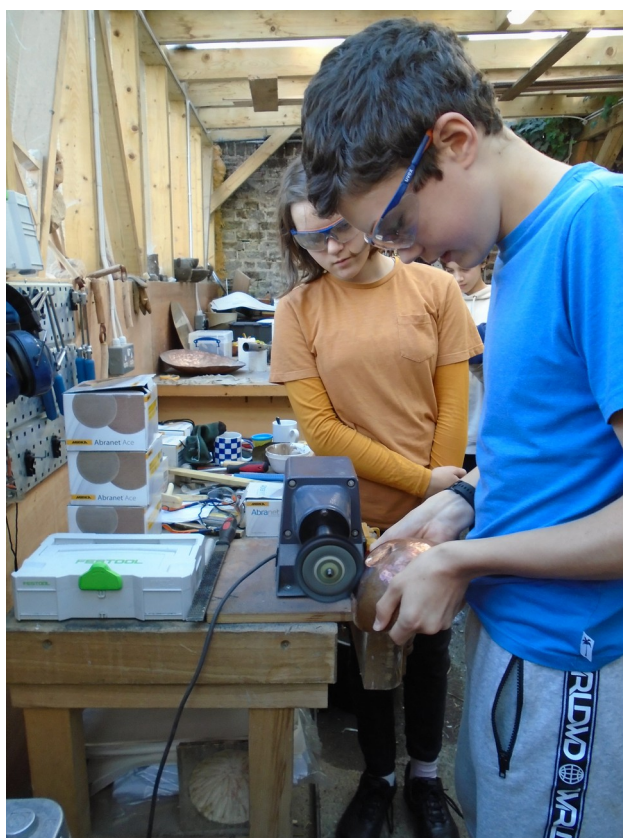
He borrowed 800 guldens off a rich man called Johann Fust and started work. He fashioned tiny lead pieces with letters and intended to

stamp out books with them. But years went by, and Fust had not seen anything interesting. Eventually, he lost his patience. Fust went to Gutenberg and berated him for his slowness. Gutenberg insisted that the press did work, but that he needed another 800 guldens. Fust gave them to him. Years later, Gutenberg had to flee for he was very deeply in debt by now, but his inventions did not go to waste. Peter Schöffer, who was Johannes Gutenberg's assistant and

Metalwork and Joinery

This half-term the tink-tinking of hammers could be heard across the courtyard, coming from Mr. Voss's workshop: classes 7 and 8 were busy making copper bowls.

The high school were also busy. Class 9 were learning the art of joinery and Class 11 produced fine pieces of jewellery.









From everyone at the school, we wish you a lovely week during the half-term holiday and look forward to welcoming the children back soon.

