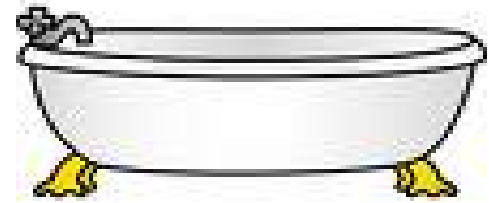


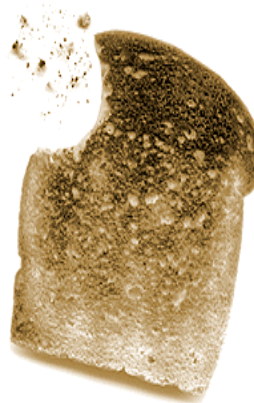


## The Sound Collector

A stranger came this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
Put every sound into a bag  
And carried them away



The whistling of the kettle  
The turning of the lock  
The purring of the kitten  
The ticking of the clock



The popping of the toaster  
The crunching of the flakes  
When you spread the marmalade  
The scraping noise it makes



The hissing of the frying-pan  
The ticking of the grill  
The bubbling of the bathtub  
As it starts to fill



The drumming of the raindrops  
On the window-pane  
When you do the washing-up  
The gurgle of the drain

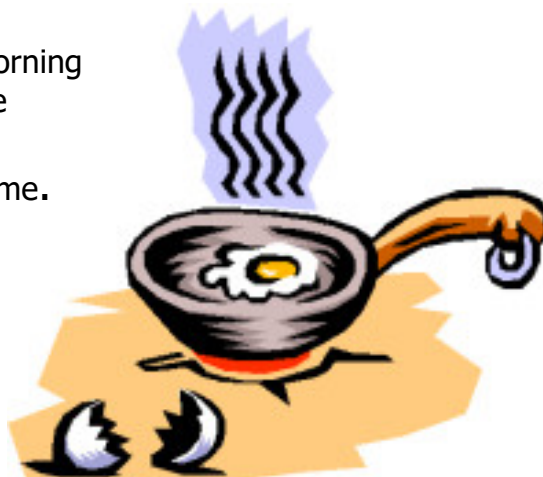


The crying of the baby  
The squeaking of the chair  
The swishing of the curtain  
The creaking of the stair



A stranger called this morning  
He didn't leave his name  
Left us only silence  
Life will never be the same.

by Roger McGough



## The Colour Collector

A shadow appeared this morning.  
Cloaked in black and grey  
Put every colour in a sack  
and carried them away

The scarlet red ~~box~~ of the tablecloth  
The honeycomb yellow of the sun  
The aquamarine of the vase  
His colour taking spree had begun.

The bone white of the plates.  
The chestnut brown of the stairs.  
The blush pink of the rose  
The sunset-red of the chairs.

The inky black of the crow  
The snow white of the goose  
The emerald green of the trees  
Will he ever set the colours loose

The golden yellow of the laughter  
The tangerine of the fire  
The charcoal grey of the smoke  
as it ascends higher.

The navy blue of the sky  
The misty white of the milkyway  
The butter yellow of the stars  
The rose pink of the dreams  
floating away.

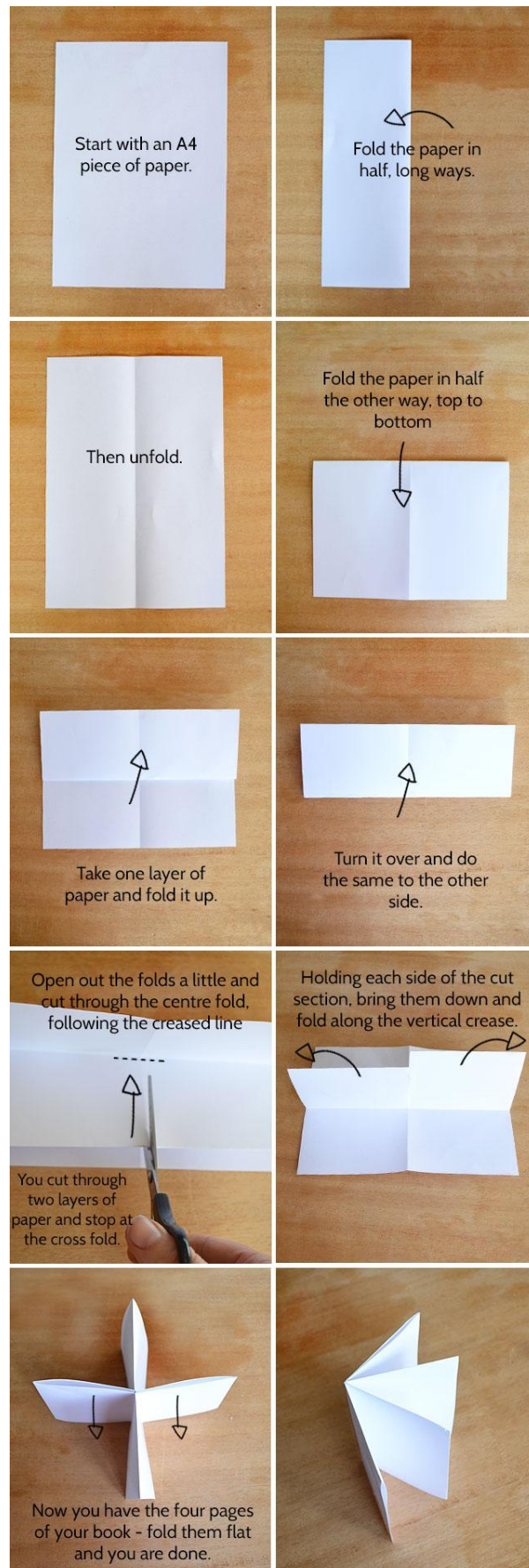
A shadow appeared this morning  
He didn't leave his name  
Left us only in monochrome  
Life will never be the same

Connie

An example of a COLOUR COLLECTOR poem.



## How to Survive Year 6 – Make a book from one sheet of paper!



## The Jefferson's House



### Story starter

When the Jefferson family were out, their house came alive with activity. Every morning, when Mr and Mrs Jefferson headed off to work, and their two children ran along to the bus stop to catch their ride to school, the signal for 'all clear' would sound, and out of the woodwork the little people came...

### Question time – You don't need to write these answers down, just have a chat with someone about it!

What happens at the Jefferson House when the family are all out?

How many of these 'little people' are there?

Is it just at the Jeffersons' house that they live?

Do the family know that they are not alone in their home?

How do the 'little people' avoid being seen?

What would happen if one of the Jeffersons made the discovery?

### Perfect picture

Can you draw a picture showing where these 'little people' live inside the Jeffersons' house?

