

Please complete writing activities in work book. I would love to see your child's progress! Thank you, Mrs Bradwell.

I hope you all managed to enjoy the snow at the weekend!

I thought today we could write some poetry with a winter theme.

Start by reading the following poems about winter.



#### The Snowman

Once there was a snowman Stood outside the door Thought he'd like to come inside And run around the floor; Thought he'd like to warm himself up By the firelight red; Thought he'd like to climb up On that big white bed. So he called the North Wind, "Help me now I pray. I'm completely frozen, standing here all day." So the North Wind came along and blew him in the door, And now there's nothing left of him But a puddle on the floor!

## White Snow

The snow is white and clean.
It makes a lovely scene.
It covers cars, and trees,
and streets,
and makes the world go
"hush."

It looks so very pretty until it turns to slush!

by Helen H. Moore

## Skiing

I'm very good at skiing.

I have a kind of knack

For I can do it front ways

And also on my back.

And when I reach the bottom

I give a sudden flop

And dig myself in sideways

And that's the way I stop.

Marchette Chute

#### Snowman Sniffles

At winter's end a snowman grows a snowdrop on his carrot nose, a little, sad, late-season sniff dried by the spring wind's handkerchief. But day and night the sniffles drop like flower buds —they never stop, until you wake and find one day the cold, old man has run away, and winter's winds that blow and pass let drifts of snowdrops in the grass, reminding us: where such things grow a snowman sniffed not long ago.

# Lost Gloves

They don't come out till the winter months
But stay in hiding. Then slowly one by one
They show themselves, dangling from railings,
Sitting on the tops of posts and pillar boxes,
Settling, fingers spread, on walls and fences;
Or simply lying on pavements or in parks.
Gloves. Leather Gloves, woollen or cotton,
Brown or black, blue, pink or holly-green,

Or bent back. Sometimes they're crumpled, Sometimes frozen into a pointing shape.

There's never more than one. Never a pair.

The lone gloves. The lost gloves. But look: Here comes a kid, looking quite warm,

And look at those gloves: one red mitten And one grey woollen, rather too large.

GERARD BENSON

## Winter

Winter crept through the whispering wood, hushing fir and oak; crushed each leaf and froze each web – but never a word he spoke.

Winter prowled by the shivering sea, lifting sand and stone; nipped each limpet silently – and then moved on.

Winter raced down the frozen stream, catching at his breath; on his lips were icicles, at his back was death.

JUDITH NICHOLLS

### **Snow**

And now there's not much left to go of all that swirling driving snow

that fell for days and made our row of white-roofed houses shine and glow as bright as Alps, a week ago.

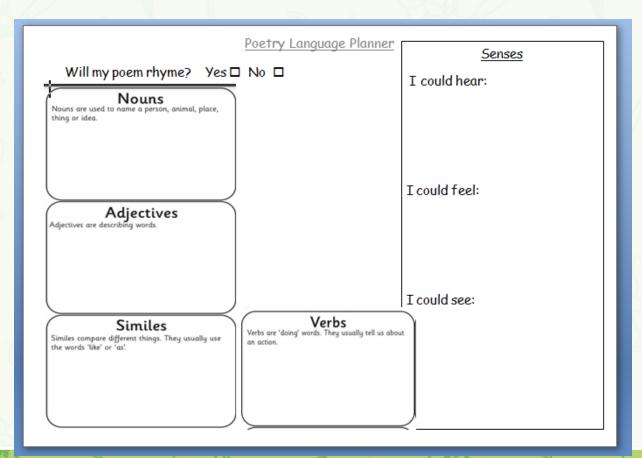
It soon slid free down wet slates and showered from eaves and slipped off gates and gutters ran small glinting spates

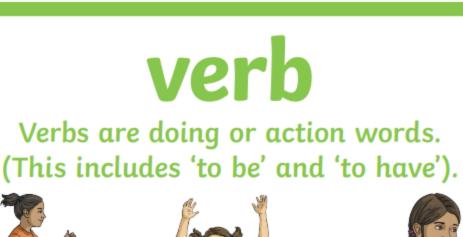
of water melted from the snow that lit our street just days ago.

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https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/snow/

# Activity 1 – Fill in the Poetry Language Planer to help you plan your poem.















Nouns are used to name people, animals, things, places, or ideas.

















Adjectives describe nouns or pronouns.



delicious cake



sparkly diamond



beautiful flower

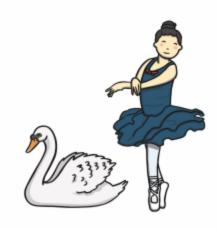




Similes say something **is like** something else.



Grandad is wise like an owl.



She is as graceful as a swan.



Activity 2 – Use your ideas to now write your winter acrostic poem.

I would love to see your poem or even hear it if you would like to record it and send it by a video or voice recording.

Good Luck!

Acrostic Poems

An **acrostic poem** is a **poem** where certain letters in each line spell out a word or phrase. Typically, the first letters of each line are used to spell the message, but they can appear anywhere.

https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/z4mmn39/articles/ztdvw6f

