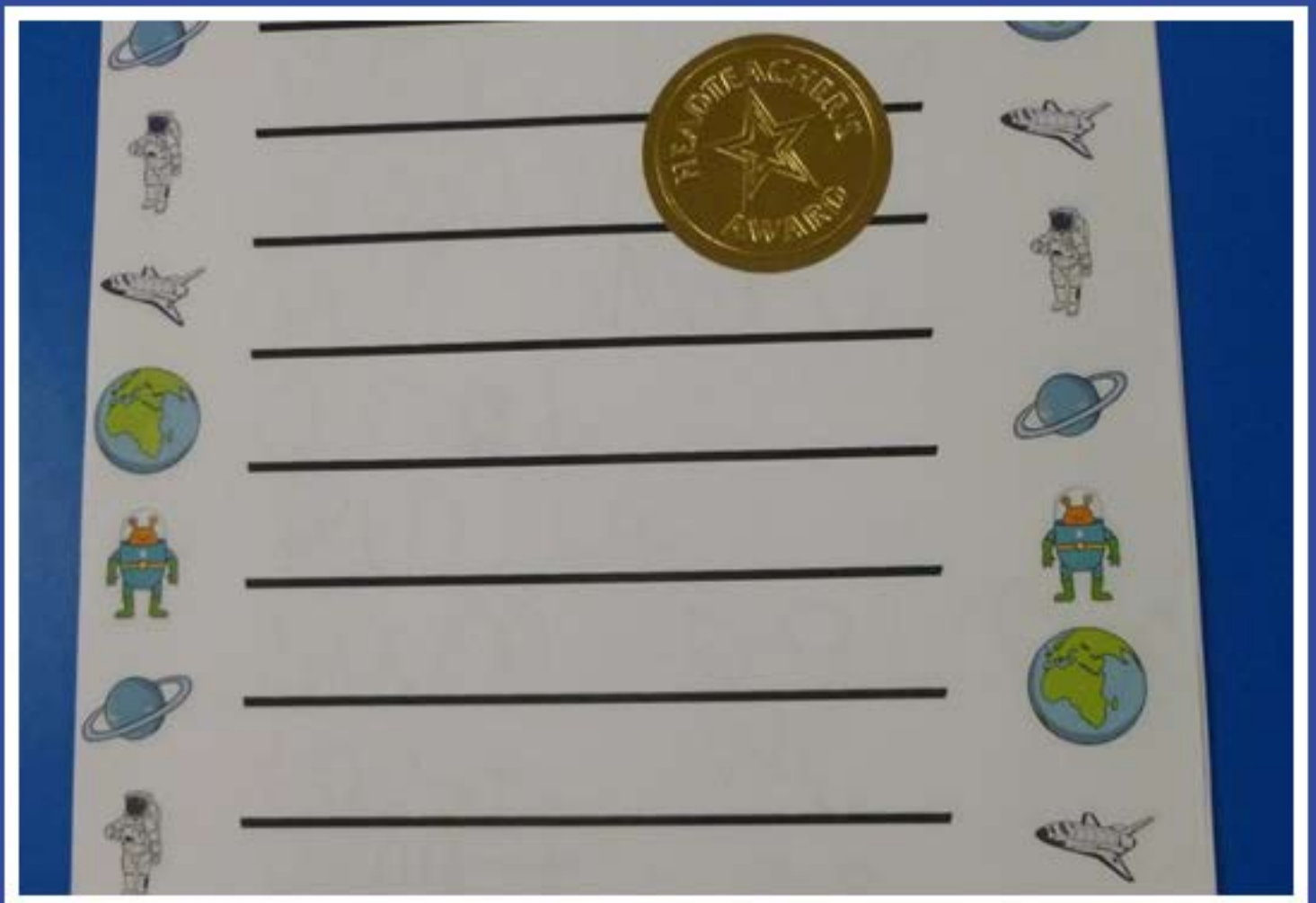




Farnborough Primary School

# Best Work Gallery



January 2018

### **Best Work Gallery January 2019**

<b>Name of Child</b>	<b>Class</b>	<b>Context of the work</b>
Leonie	Pixies	The Reception class went on their very first school trip to The Planetarium to support all their learning about Space. Leonie wrote an amazing recount of the trip the next day - she remembered so much and tried really hard to write on her own.
Benjamin	Elves	Year One have been learning about Chinese New Year. They have also been reading a story called 'The Magic Paintbrush'. Ben has done a great job retelling the story; he has used some strong vocabulary and his sentences flow well.
Harriet	Unicorns	This lovely piece of work is written by Harriet. The writing explains the beginning of a story about the events of the Great Fire of London. It follows the life of a butcher called Kieran.
George	Merpeople	This term, we have been reading a book called 'Vlad and the Great Fire of London'. As part of our writing, we were focusing on improving our vocabulary when describing a setting. Well done to George for his great writing.
Anselm	Pegasus	In Year 3 we were rounding off our Chocolate topic with a focus on Fairtrade. The children spent time researching the Fairtrade organisation and were then set the task of writing a persuasive letter to the Prime Minister to encourage more U.K shops to stock Fairtrade goods. Anselm has done a fantastic job!
Lyra	Phoenix	During English lessons the children have been studying the book 'Oliver and the Seawigs' by Philip Reeve and Sarah McIntyre. The children were completing an extended piece of writing over the week to retell the events from a chapter. The writing below is the part where Oliver realises his parents have gone missing and he decides to try and find them. In the meantime, he comes into contact with a talking albatross, Mr Culpeper and a mermaid, Iris. Well done to Lyra for her piece.
Olivia	Griffins	In Year 4 we were writing a diary entry stating how we felt as a member of Beowulf's army on their way to fight Grendal, and ultimately save King Hrothgar's Kingdom. The journey over the North Sea was long and treacherous. The key focus was on the use of fronted adverbials, higher level expanded noun phrases whilst writing in the past tense. Well done to Olivia for her work.
Joel	Centaurus	In Year 5 we have read the story 'The Lost Happy Endings' by Carol Ann Duffy. This book inspired the children to imitate the style of the author. The children have been taught many figurative devices such as personification, metaphors and similes. They have used their senses to build a picture for the reader that will totally engage them. Joel has done this particularly well in this piece.
Gracie	Dragons	We have been studying the book Stormbreaker by Antony Horowitz. We chose to rewrite a section of the book focusing on developing our figurative language, comparing the junk yard to a forest. Well done to Gracie for her hard work and focus.

Friday 11th January

L.O: To plan and write a letter about fairtrade.

Dear Prime Minister

I am writing this letter to express my huge concern about the lack of fair trade products in the shops. Please Mrs May we desperately need your caring help! For most fair trade goods there is a Fairtrade minimum price which acts as an important safety net, protecting farmers from fluctuating market prices. The amount of fair trade products are dropping. Fairtrade will stop child labour so children can have a greater education, a greater education leads to a better university, a better university leads to a better job and that leads to a great future.

Fairtrade is the only certification scheme that offers such a unique minimum price protection for farmers. You're the best person I know for this job! In addition, a Fairtrade Premium is also paid into a communal fund for workers and farmers to use as they see fit - this could be on education or healthcare for their children.






15.1.19

Mrs May I and the farmers trust you that you are the one that's kind and powerful enough so you can finally stop child labour once and for all! We (the farmers) believe that you will be the one to save the children (that right now are technically workers) from starvation, exhaustion and dehydration. I hope you save their life because if you don't I'll bust in the middle of breakfast and stand on the podium to say "Thank you May is the worst prime minister to grace the land!" You don't want farmers and their children to live and stay in poverty forever do you? I thought so, so let them have a



Monday 28th January 2019

L.O: To write a description of a historical setting.

Steps to Success	Teacher Assessment			
				
To use a thesaurus to improve vocabulary.				

On the 2nd of September, 1666  
I was ~~walk~~ <sup>trudging</sup> past the  
royal bakery. I ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> smell  
~~the bread~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~delicious~~ <sup>delectable</sup> smell of bread  
wafting out through the window.

I crept into the bakery and  
what a sight I spied! I spotted  
three loaves of ~~scrumptious~~ <sup>scrumptious</sup>, mouth-watering bread  
in the ~~old-fashioned~~ <sup>old-fashioned</sup> oven. I  
could hear the crackling of  
the ~~fire~~ <sup>fire</sup> in the bakery.

At night, the bakery is a  
whole different place. Its fire is  
not burning and ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> there is  
no light. It is very gloomy  
at night.

On the 2nd of September 1666, I was trudging past the royal bakery. The delectable smell of bread was wafting out through the window.

I crept into the bakery and what a sight I spied! I spotted the loaves of scrumptious, mouth-watering bread in the old fashioned oven. I could hear the crackling of the fire in the bakery.

At night, the bakery is a whole different place. Its fire is not burning and there is no light. It is very gloomy at night.

By George

Oliver was puzzled as the golden horizon set. He looked up and saw clouds like fluffy cotton balls drifting across the sky. The rain had passed and the grey sky was lit up by a glorious rainbow. As the rainbow faded the moon swung between light and an eerie gloomy sky. He then decided that he wanted to stay because there was no point going home without his mum and dad. Oliver then took out his sandwich and ate it. "What are you eating?" asked Mr Culpeper.

"Tuna mayonnaise" replied Oliver. Oliver thought that Mr Culpeper was disgusted.

"Yuck" said Mr Culpeper, I prefer things raw. He dipped his beak into the water and ate it. Oliver put his head on his bag and took out the blanket and slept.

As time went by Oliver heard a crash. Just then he woke up, he thought that must be a dream. "OW" came a loud shriek. Oliver was very confused where the voice coming from? "Mum, Dad" shouted Oliver. He could not find where the voice was. Oliver then saw a mermaid, he thought that mermaids weren't real. "hello" said the mermaid "did you move this island?"

"No" replied Oliver.

"My name is Iris" she murmured.

"My name is Oliver" he answered.

"Come closer you're just a blur, you look odd" said Iris.

This was offensive to Oliver but he was polite and not a rude boy.

Written by Lyra

As Alex Rider stood outside the breakers yard, fragments of shattered, glinting glass was scattered everywhere around the twisted tree trunks, with tiny metallic, rusty leaves drooping off the branch - like windscreen wipers. He looked around for his uncle's car, but still it could not yet be seen. A trail of metallic trees, whose crooked branches blocked out the pale sunlight cast a shadow over him. Alex looked up and down trying to find a way into the breakers yard, so he decided to sneak through the entrance for the abandoned car area.

Trying to keep himself calm, his eyes darted around, trying to spy anyone. Nothing. So he ran as swiftly as he could. Panting like a dog, Alex had made it; there was absolutely nothing stopping him now! A pathway formed by the dead broken tree trunks, of long forgotten cars, long-forgotten, with their jet-black windscreen wipers gently moving in the white, frosty breeze. Every single car at the breakers yard, was a piece of junk, and Alex was starting to wonder if his uncles car was even there... until, he could see that the dark grey clouds had passed over the sun; out of the corner of his eye, he could see a shiny black BMW and recognised the number plate. Could it be? Could it really be? All of a sudden, a screeching sound of metal scraped across a machine, Alex winced and covered his ears. As the sound passed he knew that somebody was there with him. He had nowhere to go but in his uncles car. Clambering in the BMW, he left the door ajar in case he needed to escape.

Alex searched around, and at first glance, he could clearly see that this no car crash... blood and shattered glass was scattered all over the car seats and bullet marks were planted on the leather car seats. Alex could see that the death of his uncle did not fit with the police's story.

As Alex Rider scoured the BMW, he could hear a distant noise of two men sauntering towards him. He thought for a moment, the immediately, Alex dived forward into the front seat of the car and pulled the door shut. A shiver flew down his spine as he realised he was fine. For now...

All of a sudden, Alex had a patch of shade covering him; he realised that the men were there! Tucking his legs in as close to his body; Alex took a breath and tried to think about something else.

After long minutes of waiting for the men to pass, Alex cautiously peered out the windscreen, trying hard to not be seen. Alex started breathing heavily as he could now feel that the car was off the floor.

Horrified, yet trying to stay calm, Alex thought that he might die, and nobody would know! Just a few moments before, Alex had seen a silver ford making its way down into the lethal crusher, and soon it might be him.

Gracie

LO: To write a diary entry on Beowulf's Journey.

Dear Diary,

Never before have I been on such an astonishing journey in my entire life. All of it started yesterday afternoon when I was just about to board Beowulf the fearless warrior's immense ship under extremely gloomy skies. Some of my close friends were there and my intelligent cousin Edina, came as well. Most of the shipmates were very enthusiastic about going but I was feeling immensely apprehensive. This is because I didn't want to fail Beowulf. Luckily, there were only 50 people coming onto the colossal ship so weren't all crowded into an uncomfortable corner. Pacing closer to Beowulf's gargantuan boat, I was creeping extremely sluggishly. Nervously, I took my first few steps onto Beowulf's splendid, magnificent boat. Curiously, I bounced on the wooden boat and it was immensely creaky and fragile. After that, I knew it would be a rocky ride.

As the brown, wooden boat was released into the huge body of water, the sky began to become darker like midnight, and gradually storm clouds filled the air. I began to feel very nervous and worried, it seemed like there was a storm arriving. Of course, I couldn't have been sure, but my adrenaline pumping uncontrollably. I knew something was terribly wrong when many of the native seagulls were flying away from the direction we were heading. As we continued sailing on Beowulf's destructive, large ship a hideous, deathly storm was crashing above the salty blue ocean. The almighty Beowulf noticed it immediately; I was flabbergasted at the thought of being in an immense storm. The storm, full of lightning and chaos, was pacing closer, I was petrified. Suddenly, thunder rumbled causing everyone to bash on the sides of the ship and many beings, including me, had a wave of sickness. The wretched smell feathered around to everyone, the commotion was unpleasant.

By Olivia

Harriet

It was a calm year in 1666. The Autumn had been swirling the multi- coloured leaves around London. The plague was still going round. But people didn't care because they just wanted to have a great time.

Kieran was a very friendly butcher. He worked in a shop next to the sign 'Pudding Lane'. Every day people came to his meat shop. The more people came to Kieran's shop the more popular it became. Kieran was as wealthy and healthy as a king! 'What's the best kind of meat?' They would ask him.

Thursday 7th February 2019

L.O: To write the beginning of a story.

Steps to Success	Teacher Assessment
To use different sentence types.	
To use varying sentence lengths.	
To use subordinating sentences.	

It was a calm year in 1666. The <sup>autumn</sup> ~~autumn~~ had been swirling the multi- coloured leaves ~~was~~ around London. The plague was still going round. But people didn't care because they just wanted to have a great time.

Kieran was a very friendly butcher. He worked in a shop next to the sign "pudding lane". Every day people came to his meat shop. The more people came to Kieran's shop the more popular <sup>it became</sup>. Kieran was as wealthy and healthy as the king! "What's the best kind of meat?" they would ask him.

The 1st of September was just like the other day. Kieran had been a very busy day because he had served ten times people as he normally does! "I've sold all the meat" he said. "Time to go home" he said to himself.

"I should probably go to shop in case I have a busy day again" he said. and he ~~straight away~~ <sup>straight away</sup> he went to sleep. When the day turned to midnight London turned silent.

The 1<sup>st</sup> of September was just like the other day. Kieran had been a very busy day because he had served ten times people as he normally does! "I've sold all the meat" he said. "Time to go home" he said to himself.

"I should probably go to shop in case I have a busy day again" he said. Straight away he went to sleep. When the day turned to midnight London turned silent.



including speech in my writing.

Oliver was puzzled as the golden horizon set. He looked up and saw clouds like fluffy cotton balls drifting across the sky. The rain had passed and the grey sky was lit up by a glorious rainbow. As the rainbow faded the moon swung between light and an eerie gloom sky. He then decided that he wanted to stay because there's no point going home without his mum and dad. Oliver then took out his sand witch and ate it. "What are you eating?" asked Mr Culpepper. "Tuna mayonnaise" replied Oliver. Oliver thought that Mr Culpepper was disgusted. "Yuck" said Mr Culpepper. "I prefer things raw." He dipped his bear into the water and ate it.

By Lyra

Oliver put his head on his bag and took out the blanket and slept. As

As time went by Oliver heard a crash. Just then he woke up he thought that must be a dream. Then came a loud shriek. Oliver was very confused where was the voice coming from? "Mum dad" shouted Oliver. He could not find where the voice was. Oliver then saw a mermaid. He thought that mermaids were not real. "Hello" said the mermaid did you move this island? "No" replied Oliver. "My name's Irio" she mumbled. "My name's Oliver" he answered. "Come closer your just a blur you look odd" said Irio. This was offensive to Oliver but he was polite not rude. ✓

Then Irio told him about a time she was singing to Walrus. I thought I saw a hand some fisher man but it was a walrus.

By Lyra

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> January 2019

L.O: To describe a setting using figurative language.

As Alex Rider stood outside the breakers yard, fragments of shattered, glinting glass <sup>was</sup> scattered everywhere around the twisted tree trunks, with tiny metallic, rusty leaves drooping off the branch-like windscreen wipers. He looked around, in search for his uncle's car, but still it could not yet be seen. A trail of metallic trees, whose twisted branches blocked out the <sup>strong</sup> sunlight, cast a shadow over him. Alex looked up and down trying to find a way into the breakers yard, so he decided to sneak through the entrance for cars area.

Trying to keep himself <sup>calm</sup>, his eyes darted, trying to <sup>spy</sup> ~~see~~ anyone <sup>to see</sup> ~~to see~~ if anyone <sup>was</sup> there. Nothing. So he ran as fast <sup>swiftly</sup> as he could. Poking like a dog, Alex had made it; there was absolutely nothing stopping him now! A pathway formed by the dead, broken car trunks of cars, long-forgotten, with their <sup>jet-black</sup> windscreen wipers <sup>white & sooty</sup> gently moved in the breeze of the ~~winter~~ trees. Every single car at the breakers yard, was a piece of junk, and Alex was starting to wonder if his uncle's car was even there... Until, he could see that the dark grey clouds had passed over the sun; and out of the corner of his eye, he could see a shiny black BMW and recognised the number plate. Could it be? Could it really be? All of a sudden, and screeching sound of metal scraped across a machine, Alex winced and covered his ears. As the sound passed, he knew that somebody was there with him. He had no where else to go but in his uncle's car. Clambering in, he left the door on a jar in case he needed to escape.

By Gracie

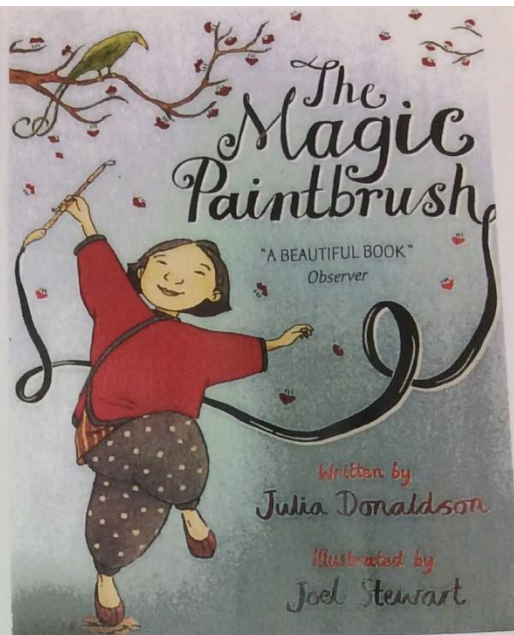


Date - 17th January  
LO: To retell a simple story

I

TS

TAS



One hot sunny day there  
was a girl called Shen and  
she was drawing in the sand  
a boat. Next there was  
a man who said do not  
paint for well off people  
but only for the poor.  
Shen went home but when  
she got home the Emperor  
said paint a tree with  
golden coins on each twig.

One hot sunny day there was a girl called Shen and she was drawing in the sand a boat. Next there was a man who said don't paint for only wealthy people but only for the poor.

Shen went home but when she got home the Emperor said paint a tree with golden coins on each twig.

By Benjamin



Dear Prime Minister,

I am writing this letter to express my huge concern about the lack of Fairtrade products in the shops. Please Mrs May we desperately need your help! For most fair-trade goods there is a Fairtrade minimum price which acts as an important safety net, protecting farmers from fluctuating market prices. The amount of Fairtrade products are dropping! Fairtrade will stop child labour so children can have a greater education, a greater education leads to a better university and a better university leads to a better job and that leads to a greater future.

Fairtrade is the only certification scheme that offers such a unique minimum price protection for farmers. You're the best person I know for this job. In addition, a Fairtrade premium is also paid into a communal fund for workers and farmers to use as they see fit - this could be on education or healthcare for their children.

Mrs May, I and the farmers trust you that you are the one that's kind and powerful enough so you can finally stop child labour once and for all! We (the farmers) believe that you will be the one to save the children (that might technically now be workers) from starvation, exhaustion and dehydration. I hope you save their lives.

The farmers and I believe in you!

Yours Sincerely

Anselm



### The Witch

"Hello, little girl!"

A wizened old woman stepped crookedly out of the shadows. Her long pointy nose neared Jub's face. Weary of this stranger, Jub backed away. The old hag's, ruddy face was hidden behind a layer of wrinkled skin like thin, crumpled paper.

Frozen in fear, Jub quickened her pace but stumbled over a trapped tree stump. A stench of bog water stung Jub's eyes. The Witch's hair looked like a buzzing nest of steel snakes wriggling. Her bloodshot eyes looked icily through Jub, piercing a wound in her heart. Loose skin hung on her scrawny arms, as well as her chin and nearly everything else on her body. Jub tried to hide her green sack from the witch's glare, but it was too late....

"What's in the sack, dear?"

Jub stuttered for words, " I have to get going, Miss..."

Embers of anger boiled in the witch's eye, "What's in the sack I said?"

Jub did not answer, the witch's anger grew.

"I'll be takin' this, my little angel!" snatching the sack.

And with that the wicked woman hobbled off into the shadows, with a rapid pace.

Tears swelled in the little girl's eyes. Wiping them with her sleeve Jub hid her head in her hands. An eerie silence fell over the forest. Before Jub had met the witch, she had felt like the forest was home to her, but now she felt alone and humiliated. Where the trees had once

been open to the bright orange sky, they were now closing in and blocking out the sunlight, becoming a magnet of misery.

While Jub lay in her hole that night, she replayed everything that had happened in the past few hours. Thinking about how dramatically the encounter with the witch had been, how she had taken her the sack of 'happy endings'. Jub contemplated this for a few moments, and then thought about the consequences of the event. What would happen to the happy endings? Her job. And most importantly, what would happen to all the boys and girls dreams. Without happy endings, their dreams would become nightmares. The thought tightened the knot at the pit of her stomach and sent a shiver of frost down her spine that made her bones rattle. Jub closed her eyes, forcing all the negative thoughts out of her mind. She tried to think positive thoughts but Jub soon found there weren't any. Rolling over in her bed, she gazed out of the entrance of her hole. There was a beautiful full-moon staring at her. An owl hooted its lullaby. Sleep struggled to come, quickly.

By Joel

## The witch

'Hello, ~~may~~ little girl!'

A wizened <sup>her</sup> old woman stepped crookedly out of the shadows. A long ~~crooked~~ pointy nose beared Tub's face. Still weary of this woman stranger, Tub backed away. The ~~to~~ old hags, ruddy face was hidden behind a layer of wrinkled skin like thin, crumpled paper. Frozen in fear, Tub to quickened her pace, but stumbled over a <sup>trapped</sup> tree stump. The ~~witches~~ <sup>witch</sup> hair ~~was a~~ <sup>looked like a</sup> buzzing nest of steel snakes wriggling. Her bloodshot eyes looked ~~not~~ <sup>heart</sup> icily through Tub, pearing a wound in her ~~sword~~. Loose skin hung on her straggly arms, as well as her chin and ~~to~~ nearly everywhere else <sup>on her body</sup>. Tub tried to ~~test~~ <sup>the witch's</sup> ~~hied~~ <sup>eyes</sup> her green sack <sup>from</sup> <sup>the witch's</sup> eyeshot, but was too late.

'What's in the sack, <sup>dear</sup> little girl?'



Tub stuttered for words.

'I have to get going, miss...'

embers of anger boiled in the witch's eyes.

'What's in the sack, I said!?!'

But when Tub didn't answer, the <sup>anger</sup> ~~anger~~ <sup>grew</sup> ~~grew~~.

I be taken this, my little angel! <sup>hobbling</sup> ~~hobbling~~ <sup>into the sack</sup> ~~into the sack~~.

And with that, <sup>hobbling</sup> ~~hobbling~~ <sup>into the sack</sup> ~~into the sack~~.

with a rapid pace. Fears welled in her <sup>up</sup> ~~up~~ the little girl's

eyes. Tub wiped them with her sleeve and hid her

head in her hands. <sup>AM</sup> ~~There was~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~audience~~ <sup>series</sup> ~~series~~ where

fell over the forest. Before she had met the witch,

Tub had felt like the forest was home to her,

but now she felt alone and humiliated. <sup>where</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>the trees</sup> ~~the trees~~

had been open to you could see the bright

orange sky, were now <sup>closing</sup> ~~closing~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in, blocking out~~

midnight and being a magnet <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ misery.

While ~~the~~ Tub lay in her ~~who~~ hole that night, she

replayed ~~everything~~ <sup>past</sup> ~~everything~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ had happened

the <sup>last</sup> ~~last~~ <sup>few</sup> ~~few~~ <sup>hours</sup> ~~hours. <sup>Thinking</sup> ~~Thinking~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~how~~ she had~~

~~so~~ dramatically encountered the witch, how she

had the mean old hag had to spat at her and taken

the sack of 'happy endings'. Tub contemplated

this for a few moments, then <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ thought about

the consequences of the event. What would happen

to the happy ending, her job. And, most import-

-antly, what would happen to all those boy's

and girl's dreams. What without without happy-

-endings, their dreams would become nightmares.

Tub ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> thought ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> sent a shiver of

great ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> her spine that made her

bones ~~rattle~~ <sup>rattle</sup> ~~rattle~~ <sup>rattle</sup> to Tub closed her eyes,

forcing all the negative thoughts out of her mind.

she ~~tried~~ <sup>tried</sup> ~~tried~~ <sup>tried</sup> to think of positive thoughts, but

Tub soon found there weren't any. she rolled over

in her bed to look out the entrance entrance

of her hole. There was a <sup>moon</sup> ~~moon~~ <sup>shining</sup> ~~shining~~ <sup>at her</sup> ~~at her~~

full-moon out tonight. An owl hooted it's <sup>good</sup> ~~good~~

-night. sleep came <sup>quickly</sup> ~~quickly~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ Tub.

\* highlighted the first of the plot of her character.

Super work using speech to move

the action on.

Remember to look at your sentence

starter for impact.

Dear diary,

Never before have I been on such an astonishing journey in my entire life. All of it started yesterday afternoon when I was just about to board Beowulf, the fearless warrior's immense ship under the <sup>the extremely gloomy weather</sup> ~~horrid weather~~. Some of my <sup>close</sup> friends were there, and my <sup>intelligent</sup> ~~brother~~ cousin, Edina came as well. Most of the shipmates were very enthusiastic about going but I was feeling immensely apprehensive ~~because~~ and still am. This is because I didn't ~~don't~~ want to fail Beowulf. Luckily, ~~it's~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~was~~ only were only 50 people coming onto the <sup>only</sup> ~~colossal~~ ship so we weren't all crowded into a uncomfortable corner. Facing closer to Beowulf's ganganbuan boat, I was creeping very extremely sluggishly and nervously, I took my first few steps on on to Beowulf's splendid, magnificent boat. Curiously, I bounced on the wooden boat and it was immensely creaking and fragile. After that, I know it would be a Rocky ride.

42. As <sup>brown</sup> the wooden boat was released into the <sup>large</sup> body of water, the sky began to ~~get~~ be increasingly cloudy as if it was about to begin



storm. It was confusing but no-one took much notice, & we all thought it was fine but, we should've been alarmed. I began to feel very suspicious, of the nervous and worried, it seemed like there was a storm <sup>arriving</sup> coming. Of course, I couldn't have been sure, but my adrenaline was pumping and building up. I knew something was terrible, not anything could've gone horribly wrong. So we continued sailing on Beowulf's destructive, & large ship, a hideous, deathly storm was crashing above the salty, blue ocean. The almighty Beowulf noticed it, and immediately, I was flabbergasted at the thought of being in an immense storm, crashing waves and the smell of the huge amount of sickness. The storm, full of lightning and chaos, was passing closer & and I was petrified. Suddenly, thunder rumbled causing everyone to hush & on the sides of the ship and many beings, including me, had a wave of sea sickness. The wretched smell feathered around to everyone, the commotion was unpleasant.

2 up level language where needed!

\* I knew something was terribly wrong when many of the native seagulls were flying away from the direction we were heading.

\* The sky ~~got~~ was beginning to become darker, like midnight and gradually, <sup>stormy</sup> clouds filled the air.

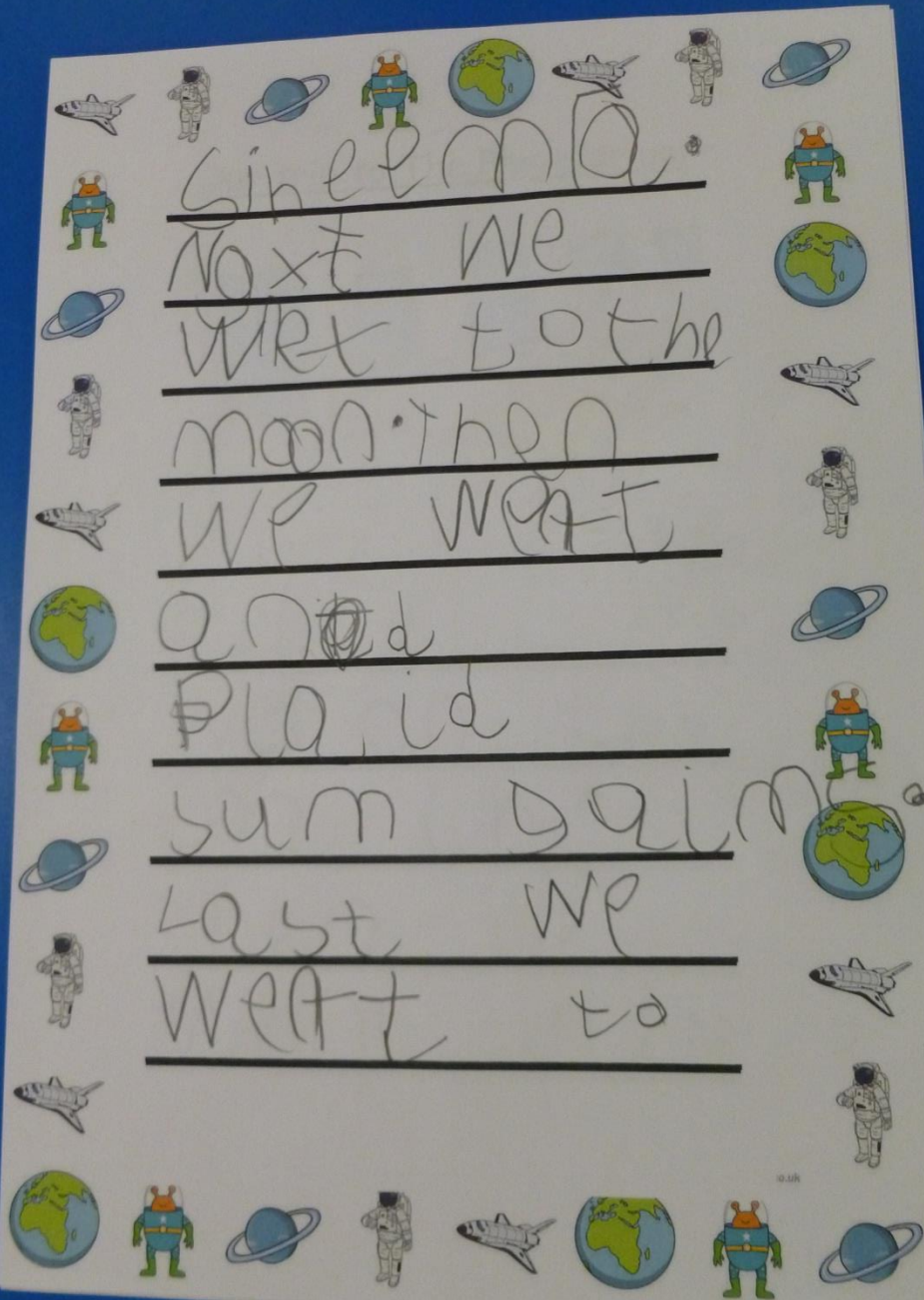
\* My adrenaline was pumping uncontrollably.

Our trip to The Planetarium

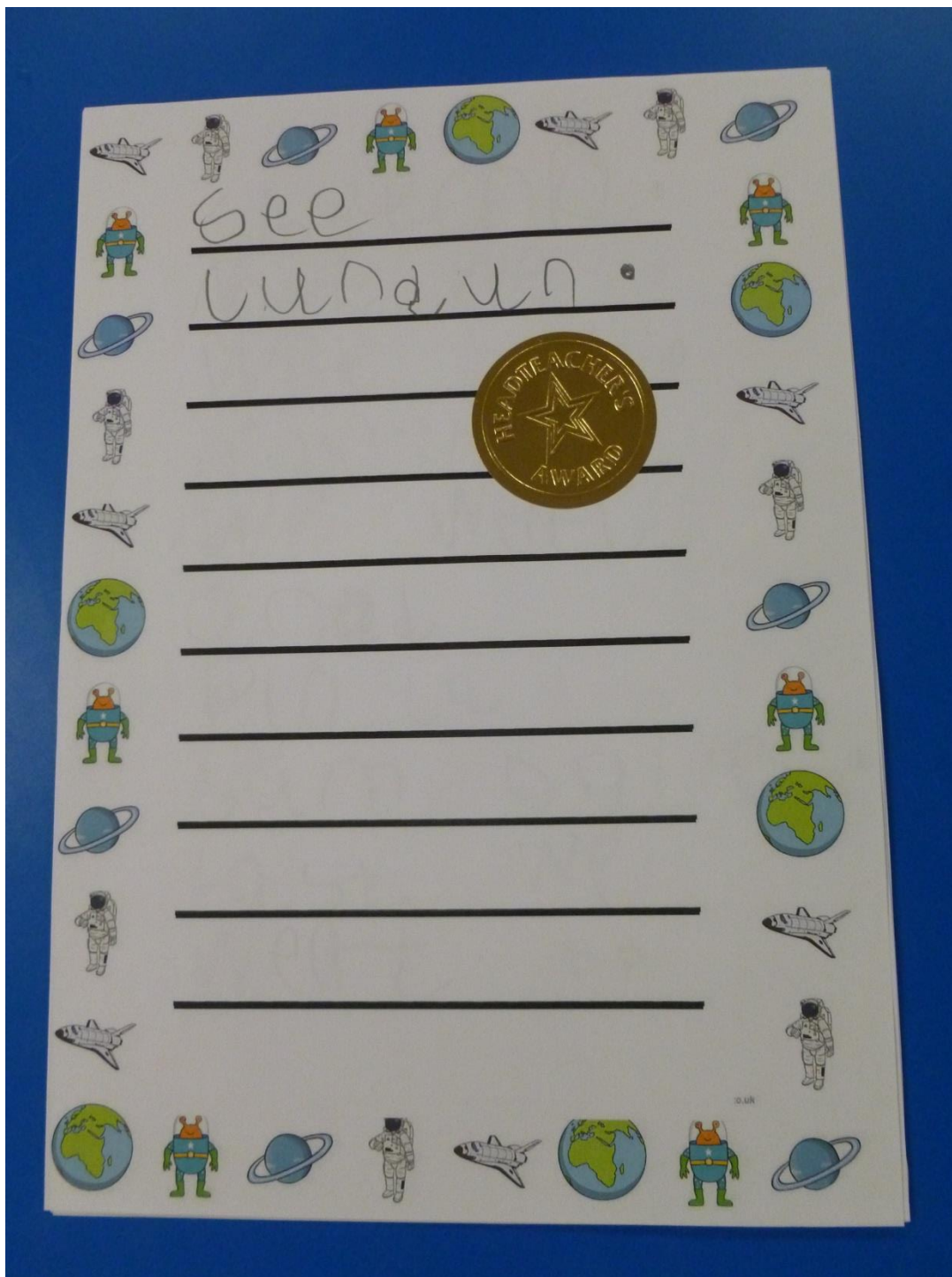
First We  
Went on the  
Coq, Ch.  
Then We  
Went in the

By Leonie





By Leonie



By Leonie