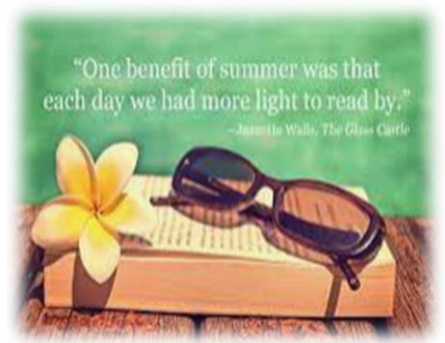


Reading Newsletter

Well that rounds off another fantastic year of reading. We thank the wonderful parent volunteers who have supported reading within our school and helped to keep our wonderful library running over the year. Your hard work has been VERY much appreciated. Dorridge children, you continue to impress us with your enthusiasm for all literary genres. We have loved hearing all of your book recommendations over the year and we cannot wait to hear all about your summer reads when we return in September. Have a wonderful summer!



Well done to our raffle winners this term:

Reception: Lara, Sydelle & Frank

Year 1: Woody, Marcus & Amaaris

Year 2: Mollie, Jack & Jake

Year 3: Aarjun, Charlie G and Orla

Year 4: Louisa, Maddox & Freddie R

Year 5: Ariel, Joseph W & Sebastian

Year 6: Sophie, Sophia, Caylan & Ollie C



Each winner has received a **£5 book token** to spend in Waterstones. Huge congratulations also to the **302 children** across the school who, as part of our celebratory reading assembly, received a certificate in recognition of reading consistently on at least 5 occasions each week. Superb! **That is 962 reading certificates achieved over the year!** **AMAZING!** Keep up all of the fantastic reading DPS – we can't wait to celebrate more successes next term.



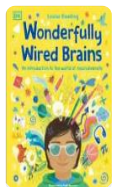
"A captivating story about shyness and strength, reassuring and empowering."

Quiet Storm (Debut novel by Kimberley Whittam)

A tender, empowering novel about family, friendship and finding confidence in who you are. Kimberley Whittam's debut novel released in June speaks to those children who are shy and quiet, those who struggle to speak up, to ask questions and to join in even when they desperately want to.

The book is perfectly timed to be a transition read dealing with some of the fears that children may have about moving to secondary school in a reassuring and practical manner.

Wonderfully Wired Brains: An introduction to the world of neurodiversity (Louise Gooding)



Our brains are unique in the way that they function, work and think. Neurodiversity can be tricky to understand, but this inspirational book challenges misconceptions and shows how the neurodivergent brain works a little differently. It teaches children about the awesome abilities neurodiverse individuals have, introduces them to advocates and challenges stereotypes to give them a safe space to feel accepted.



COMING SOON!

Many of the children will have seen exciting drawings on display in the library this term. The design ideas look incredible and the PTA have done a fantastic job this year raising funds to make this revamp happen. Your support in all PTA events really is an invaluable part in making these changes happen and further fundraising will be needed next year before the renovations can commence.

Over the Summer, don't forget that your local libraries are open and well stocked with plenty of great reading material. The Summer Reading Challenge, presented by The Reading Agency and funded by Arts Council England, encourages children aged 4 to 11 to set themselves a reading challenge to help prevent the summer reading 'dip'.

If you haven't done so already – pop down to your local library and get started! We'd love to see lots of you rise to the challenge.



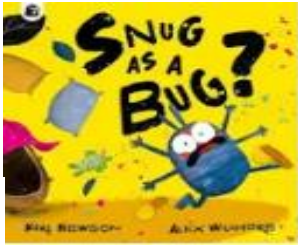


EYES

[Snug as a Bug? \(Karl Newson\)](#)

Ronald the bug is very snug in his cosy home, until he makes the mistake of answering the door to Snake, who tries to eat him!

Sadly its the start of a predator filled day for poor Ronald!

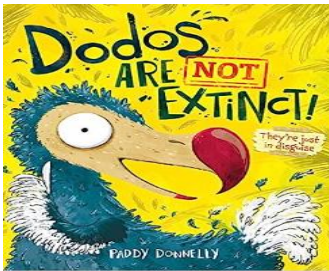


KS1

[Dodos are not Extinct \(Paddy Donnelly\)](#)

The bird in this book has a big secret to tell – they are in fact not a bird at all, rather a dodo in disguise! But dodos are extinct, aren't they?

This dodo is here to prove otherwise!

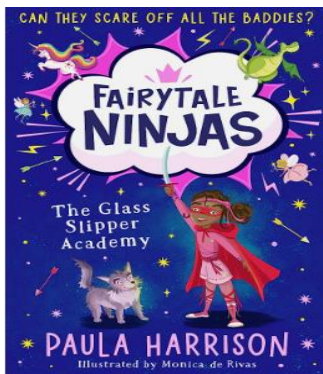


KS1

[Fairytale Ninjas \(Paula Harrison\)](#)

Nothing very exciting EVER happens in the town of Hobbleton. Then Red, Snow and Goldie are trained up as fairytale ninjas, and find that anything is possible.

A charming story that puts fairytale girls at the heart of the action. Readers will love the cute wolf pup, talking frog and contrary flying carpet.

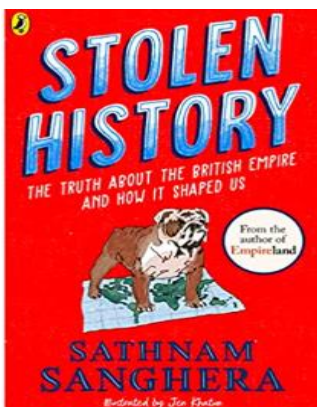


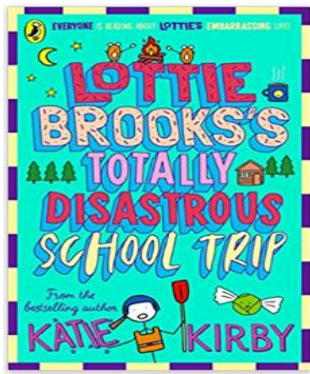
KS2

[Stolen History: The truth about the British Empire and how it shaped us \(Sathnam Sanghera\)](#)

An accessible and fascinating look at the British Empire and how it still affects our lives today. This book will answer all the important questions about Britains imperial history. It will explore how Britains Empire once made it the most powerful nation on Earth, and how it still affects our lives in many ways today – from the words we use, to the foods we eat, the sports we play and even to every grown-ups fixation with a good cup of tea!

Because how can we make the world a kinder, better place for the future, if we dont know the truth about the past?





KS2

[Lottie Brooks's Totally Disastrous School Trip \(Katie Kirby\)](#)

Lottie Brooks continues to navigate the many perils of growing up in this fantastically funny illustrated series, filled with friendship, embarrassing moments and plenty of laughs.

Only released at the start of July, this is a *must summer read* for a page turner that will have you laughing for hours afterwards!



For even more recommendations log onto:

<https://www.booksfortopics.com/booklists/summer-reads-2022-2/>

Back in May, to celebrate National Story Telling Month (an annual celebration of the power of storytelling and story sharing - bringing stories and children together), children were encouraged to take part in a Solihull story writing competition.

I am DELIGHTED to announce that we won **BOTH** categories (5-8 year olds and 9-12 year olds) AND had a further entry receive a special commendation.

Well done to all of the children that entered, your imagination was brilliant and your writing talents shone through. The judges expressed how impressed they were by the quality of writing that we entered. A special mention also to Nathan H, Zoravar S and Sophia H who were also sent a small prize in recognition of their creativity.

Here are the three winning entries for you to enjoy:

Winning Entry 5-8 year olds

Sail Away in a Story – Written by Isabella E (Year 4)

Having a mermaid for a twin isn't easy. We're not identical twins. Jamie has a fish tail and all I got was a bit of webbing behind my ears. I go to school on land, but Jamie's at Mer-School. While I'm stuck at my desk in the classroom, Jamie's class are swimming around the coral reefs on underwater nature rambles, and while I'm doing press ups in PE, they're playing dolphin water polo.

That's why I decided I was going to Mer-School too. With my home-made tin-foil tail, I thought I looked just like any other Mer-Kid. So one morning, instead of getting on the ordinary school bus, I snuck aboard the Mer-School submarine with Jamie. After all, I thought, what could possibly go wrong ...?

As I sat down, a girl called Pearl came and sat next to me. "Hello – I've not seen you before," she said. "Oh I'm new, my name is Bella". I had my hair down, slightly covering my face and make up on, praying that Jamie wouldn't recognise me, although he did have a puzzled look on his face when he sat me down.

As the submarine came to a stop, everybody started to get off, so I did too. As I followed them to the rainbow coral reef, I was getting a little nervous but also excited too. I took a seat next to Pearl and the first lesson of the day was PE. So far so good I thought, I've got a friend and no one has suspected anything – it's going to be a good day. That was until the Mer-King (the head teacher) arrived and announced a speed competition. How was I going to keep up with the rest of the Mer-Kids with my homemade tin foil tail? I wouldn't be able to swim as fast as them, but it was too late now, I had to carry on with my adventure.

We headed out to PE and it was amazing because we got to ride dolphins through crystal clear water. The competition began. First of all, I started off ok, and I was fourth in my race, but Pearl was amazing, she was much better than the boys. Luckily Jamie wasn't in my group so he couldn't suspect me anymore. I was having so much fun until, suddenly, a shark appeared out of nowhere and went straight for my tin-foil tail and it nearly bit me. The tail got stuck in his teeth and then, to my surprise, he got even more angry. As quick as a flash, the Mer-King came swimming over and used his fork and blasted him to Antarctica!! "That has done the trick," he said and asked if I was OK.

I was a little embarrassed and felt guilty as the Mer-King could see my tail wasn't real. Maybe he would tell me off and expel me from Mer-school as I shouldn't have been there. I said "Do you want me to leave?" but to my surprise he didn't and he was very kind and said "You can come any time to Mer- School".

After a fun time and a near miss with the shark, it was time to head back onto the submarine to go home. As I looked up, I saw Jamie heading towards me, furious with an angry look on his face. Oh no he had recognized me! "What are you doing here? You've really embarrassed me, wait until I tell mum and dad," he shouted. "Jamie, please don't say anything, I had such a fun day and it's so unfair that you get to go to Mer-School and

I don't. The Mer-King said I could go back anytime," I pleaded. "OK, but only if I can go in disguise to your school and see what it's like," said Jamie. "It's a deal," I said.

Now that's going to be a challenge to disguise his fishtail at an ordinary school, I thought!!

Winning Entry 9-11 year olds

A Voyage Through Time – Written by Imogen L (Year 5)

When I drew back my curtains, the last thing I expected to see in our small back garden was a boat. Or rather, it would be more accurate to say ... a ship! What on earth was it doing there? Could it be Dad's latest crazy restoration project – inspired by too many episodes of The Repair Shop? Stepping barefoot across the dewy grass toward the ship, I felt a vague sense of unease. I stood, rooted to the ground in front of it, chills spreading through my body. I heard a voice call my name. At first, I thought it was Mum, calling me back inside. Then it came again. It wasn't Mum ... or Dad ... Or any voice that I recognised. Nonetheless, this voice knew my name. And it was coming from inside the newly-arrived ship ...

'Hello,' I cried out. Suddenly, the ground beneath me shook and the soft, damp grass transformed beneath my feet into burning hot concrete. The trees and bushes of our garden faded away and were replaced by people bustling about in a sunny port with a colossal ship that they were staring at in wonder.

'It's Okay, Anna,' a Jamaican woman just like me said. A thousand thoughts rushed through my head. How did she know me? Where was I? and Why was she wearing such old fashioned clothes? I didn't know what to do, but as it looked like there was no way back to my familiar garden, I decided I would have to trust the woman and man standing next to me. The memories of where I was before this humid country were starting to fade, so this is my real life.

Suddenly my brain clicked – I must be reliving Grandma's life as a 10-year-old girl! After all, I am named after her. I looked up at the ship towering above me, like a huge, white cliff. High up on the prow, it read 'HMT Empire Windrush'. 'We're going on that ship, Anna, all the way to England!' said the man. 'Couldn't we go on a plane to England?' I asked. Somehow I still had memories of going to France on a plane with two other people. 'Of course not, Anna. This boat is the quickest way,' my Pa explained as we clambered into a tiny boat, which would carry us to the giant ship. 'Goodbye Jamaica!' I cried out, though my heart told me not to since I had just arrived here.

Grandma had once told me that she came to England on the HMT Windrush, though I didn't know anything else about it. As I stepped into it I cried 'No, I want to go home, I love it here!' 'It's Okay darling, we are going to our new home. To the mother country,' Ma tried to reassure me. 'Plus we'll earn lots of money so we can buy a big house with a garden where you can play,' Pa added. Ma showed me to our cabin where we would be for the next 22 days! I saw a young girl next door who looked about the same age as me. A few days later, I had become friends with the girl from the cabin next to us. I found out that she was from Trinidad and was called Felicity, but she told me to call her Fee. Little did I know that she would be the only friend I would have for a long time. After 22 days of gazing at nothing but sea and sky, we could finally see land. However, the air was now cold and dismal and smelt of industry and factories, instead of warmth, sun and joyous sounds and smells of Jamaica. For this was England.

After a few months, I had started going to school. School days were long, dreary hours of my life, where I experienced a lot of mean and confusing comments, which made me feel bad about my skin colouring, for the first time in my life. Until, on the last day of term, I changed everything.

There were no other black children in my school, so I had no choice but to get along with the rude, white kids. During morning break, I reluctantly approached Irene and Elsie. I thought we could play tag, but instead they started teasing me again. 'Look at your hands,' Elsie said pointing. 'They look like monkey hands ...' she teased. 'That's not true, they're just the same as yours!' I fought back. I'd had enough of being judged by my skin. Looking embarrassed, Elsie muttered quietly, 'Well I suppose they are ...'. From that day on, I was still the odd one out, but they accepted I was Anna, a girl just the same as them.

After school, I ran excitedly to the new house, which Ma and Pa had saved every penny for. This would be our proper home, not just a room to share! As I stepped inside and climbed the stairs to my new bedroom,

memories flooded back to me as the floor shook beneath me. The scenery changed to a decorated bedroom, in 2023. I realised that I was the real Anna again, living in the same house that my Grandma had first moved into 75 years before.

A couple of minutes later, my real parents came in with grave looks on their faces. 'We have sad news,' Mum said. 'Grandma died in her sleep last night,' Dad finished off. I cried for the rest of the day.

I knew then why the Windrush ship arrived in the garden early this morning. It was Grandma's way of saying goodbye, to teach me the story of the Windrush generation, since she had run out of time.

Sail Away in a Story – Written by Alana T (Year 5)

Special commendation for her work

Having a mermaid for a twin isn't easy. We're not identical twins. Jamie has a fish tail and all I got was a bit of webbing behind my ears. I go to school on land, but Jamie's at Mer-School. While I'm stuck at my desk in the classroom, Jamie's class are swimming around the coral reefs on underwater nature rambles, and while I'm doing press ups in PE, they're playing dolphin water polo.

That's why I decided I was going to Mer-School too. With my home-made tin-foil tail, I thought I looked just like any other Mer-Kid. So one morning, instead of getting on the ordinary school bus, I snuck aboard the Mer-School submarine with Jamie. After all, I thought, what could possibly go wrong ...?

I shouldn't have said that. 'What could possibly go wrong' is like a curse for me. Or, maybe it just happens anyway as I'm an unlucky person. Anyway, I snuck onto the submarine and guess what? They knew I was faking. You know the reason? The head teacher spotted me amongst the Mer-Kids just before the submarine was about to dive. According to Jamie, it was because my tail was too shiny. They kicked me out and left me on land. A tinfoil tail wouldn't work. The only option was to go to the witch's cave and get her to turn me into a mermaid for real.

The next day, we went to look for the witch. Everyone knows that she lives in a cave in the cliffs by the sea. We found her on the beach looking for ingredients for a potion. She looked like a typical witch. She had straw-like hair, a crooked nose and was wearing a black cloak and pointed hat. And guess what? She also had a toad. It was cute, even though a little slimy.

We went up to her and demanded that she turn me into a mermaid. Maybe that was the wrong way to speak to a witch as she turned me into a goldfish there on the spot, complete with a fishbowl. My new home.

As the witch cackled to herself, Jamie was staring at me in disbelief. She begged the witch to turn me back. Inside my head, I was screaming 'What's wrong with you, you daft old witch? Are you crazy?' The witch finally agreed to help, as long as Jamie gave her some of her scales to make a potion. Jamie went to the sea to turn into a mermaid and pulled off some scales. Apparently, it's like pulling out your hair. It hurts, but you will soon forget it.

With a fistful of scales, the witch still wasn't happy. She asked Jamie for her trident. Her very special trident which she uses to summon lightning.

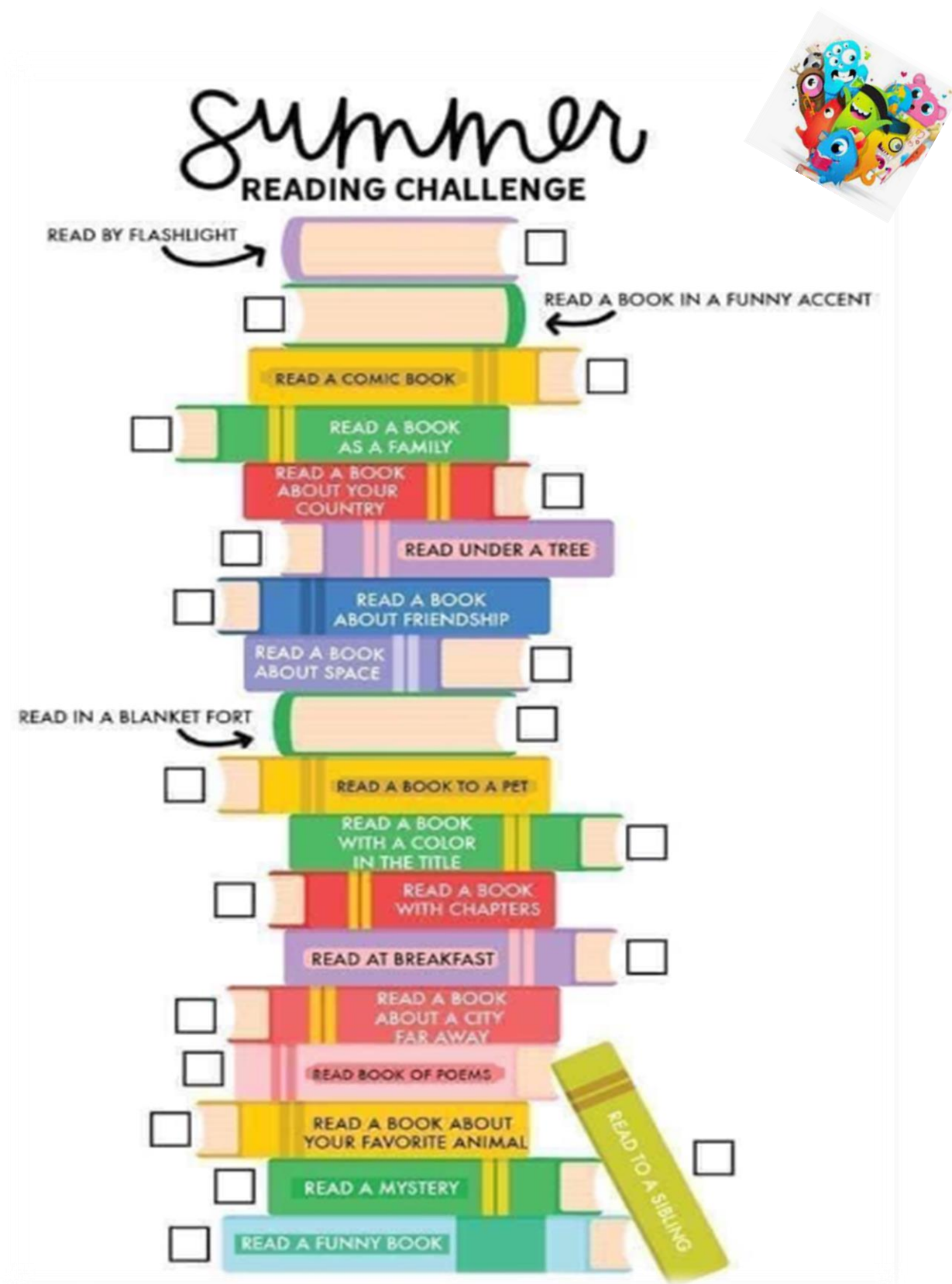
That gave Jamie an idea. She said to the witch 'turn my sister back or I will strike you with lightning.' The witch didn't believe her and cackled again, louder than before. 'Your mermaid powers are no match for mine,' she retorted. And with that, she stirred the scales into her potion and transformed into a kraken. A huge red squid-like creature the size of a house, with angry, bulging black eyes and sticky tentacles. It thrashed about, trying to squash Jamie, but she dodged out of the way.

Jamie summoned the lightning right into the kraken's head and it screamed. The witch turned back to her hideous self and waved her white flag in surrender. She agreed to turn me back if Jamie stopped the lightning storm. Which she did.

Now I'm sitting on the sand, happy to be out of the fishbowl. I've got my arms and legs back. I never want to see fish again, let alone be half of one. I missed my legs.

The moral of my story: Be happy in your own skin (or scales!).

Dojo Challenge: To earn yourself a **5 Dojo Points Prize** when we return to school, complete the following reading challenge over the holidays and show it to your new class teacher in September.



Wishing you all a wonderful summer break!

The Reading Team

