

Tuesday 6th June 2024

①

LO: Narnia poem.

Narnia

The Lion, the witch
and the wardrobe

The ferocious creature,
The one story feature,
He has come to save the land,
from the evil witches hand

At the sound of his roar,
The evil witch feels soar,
With his emerald green eyes,
The ice turns to water in sight

After the war,
The wardrobe opens its door,
The forest has ears,
And Mr Tumnus has a beard,

At the sight of light,
The ice falls from great height,
The cold cruel winter is gone and after,
And the Animals break into laughter.

②
Thursday 6th June 2021

Li: Narnia Poem

Discovering Narnia

They came to Narnia in pools of green,
Iredecent glows hardley seen.
Trying to go back to the place they once knew,
Waddling into water unable to go through.

Who has discovered the cold?
Normally, you are meant to do what you are told.
With Lucy's foot going Crunch, Crunch, Crunch,
Loads of snow will become a bunch.

The trees swayed as if they were dancing,
But Lucy was already prancing.
The wind started picking up the pace,
Now she was here with loads of taste.

No longer could you see the sun,
Turns out Lucy was having fun.
Going exploring really couldn't hurt,
With every step she took she filled with curiosity.

Thursday 5th June 2024

L: Narnia Poem.

When I walked into the wardrobe,
and the space was really tight.
But when I came out the other end,
it gave me such a fright.

I've never seen such a place,
with lots of snowy weather.
But when the snow fell on me,
it felt just like a feather.

I wondered how I'd got here,
I wondered how it happened.
But just then something ran past me,
and then it happened.

A man jumped out behind a tree,
and he was covered with hair.
He said his name was Mr Tumnus,
but he looked more like a bear.

I asked the man what he was,
and he said he was a queen.
And then I saw upon his head,
that he had two curly horns.

(4)
Thursday 6th May 2024

L: Narrative Poem

Winter?

I found a fluffy daisie,
all covered in fluffy coats,
when I first took my step in,
It started to smell like goats,
When I dumped my face in,
then I started to loop,
I started to get closer
then I finally got to know.

When I first opened the door
I started to feel like poor
I saw that it was winter
I started to feel better.
The snow was like ice cream
and the trees were dancing
I now felt no steam
As I was on the snow leaning

I found a lonely lamp
that was still working
It almost looked like a camp
without any parking
I gently touched it
and then I turned
As I was spying
By a person who learned

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I saw horse feet
while I was having a seat
And then the mysterious creature
was hiding behind a tree

(5)
Thursday 6th June 2024

L: Narnia poem

The portal wardrobe

Lucy went into the wardrobe,
London didn't look like a snow globe,
When playing hide and seek,
She heard a very bad beat.

She went deep into the wardrobe,
It suddenly looked like a snow globe.
The snow had an amazing crunch,
She knew this will be a lunch.

There was snow under her feet,
Narnia was nothing like Greta.
There was a shimmering lamppost,
This weather was good for a roast.

Mr Tumnus was there,
His race is very rare.
Lucy was lightened,
He was frightened.

It was very white,
There was not much fight.
Narnia smelt of spruce,
There will definitely not be a goose.

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Narnia is such a snowy place,
I do not know Mr. Tumnus' race.
The trees had shimmering ice,
The snow was the colour of rice.

The snow was very cold,
She watched as a pine cone rolled.
The witch had taken over,
Lucy's great plan was over.

⑥
Thursday 6 June 2024

L: ~~Non~~ Narnia Poem

The lion, the witch and the wardrobe

The lion, the witch and the
wardrobe.

Further I step back, Frost
ragging at my wardrobe.

Suddenly, snow at my foot,
white as the moon, unlike
soot.

A mystical wonderland,
covered in frost and snow,
the cold, frosty wind will
blow.

The crunch of snow makes
a sound.
Cautiously, I swerve around.

I saw a man, half human, half
goat.

Slowly, my mind began to
float.

I gave him his box,
but as I heard scutter of
a fox,

when I turned back, he
was gone.

Then, I just wanted to walk
on.

Now, I headed back,
the sky inky black.

The lion, the witch and the
wardrobe.

Narnia is like a frosty
snowglobe.



Thursday 6 June 2024

L: Narnia poem.

On our way to Narnia

I'm playing hide and seek,
I hope the wardrobe doesn't creak,
There is a really soft jacket,
I hope I'm not making a racket,

Going back and back and back,
I almost hit my head on the rack,
Brrrr I'm freezing,
oh no I started sneezing,

It's winter now,
The question is how?,
Now the snows so soft,
like the jacket in my loft,

The trees swayed like they were dancing,
and the birds look like they are prancing,
The air is as thin as ice,
But the weather is quite nice,

The snow has started falling,
I think this is my calling,
I see a glowing light,
this definately isn't right,

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I swiftly start to walk,
and my head starts to talk,
Theres a lampost doted in snow,
I spot a figure wearing a bow,

Quicker than lightning he dashes through
the bush,

As he runs he makes the sound woosh,
He trips and drops his stuff,
and looks like a Billy Goat gruff,

I say hello,
he doesn't bellow,
Infact he's a verfy nice fellow,

Narnia poem.

NARNIA

Ready or not, here I come!
 But im hiding in the closet, I wont run!
 Narnia is here!
 hiding like a deer.
 In the closet, fur coats,
 But I saw a half human goat!
 Im in the blisk of night.
 When snow is in sight.
 The lamp post which is metal,
 I remember the fur coats as warm as a kettle.
 The cold wind going by,
 My siblings think im nearby.
 What In the world is this dimation.
 I will thell my greinds and get attention.
 As I step in the crunchy snow,
 My siblings are my foes.

(9)
Thursday 6th June 2024

L: Nastia poem

The Secret Snowy portal

Did she ignore?
Why did she open the door?
She was trying to hide,
Somewhere her brothers wont find.

So she opened the creaky wardrobe,
And hid in the fluffy robe.
Little did she know,
Behind her was a world of snow.

She turned around,
And saw a white covered ground.
She saw the trees that glistened with their shimmering,
White coat,
And the cloudy sky with snowflakes that
float.

The wind blew softly giving a shivering breeze,
you could hear the swaying of the trees.
As swiftly as trickling water the snow fell,
What a secret wonderland was she going to tell?

Thursday 6th June 2024

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L. Noma Poem

The beginning of an adventure

Stepping into a wardrobe,
how soft the coats must feel,
but when I see some snow and trees,
I'm telling you, it's real!

Forget about the game I was playing,
the game of hide 'n' seek,

but when I get to the very end,
~~Surely~~ Surely I must take a peek.

What is this wondrous, magical place
where winter is forever?

And when the snow falls on my nose,
it feels as light as a feather.

And when the leaves blow in the trees,
I really like the feeling.

This place is super magical and unique,
I don't think I'll ever be leaving!