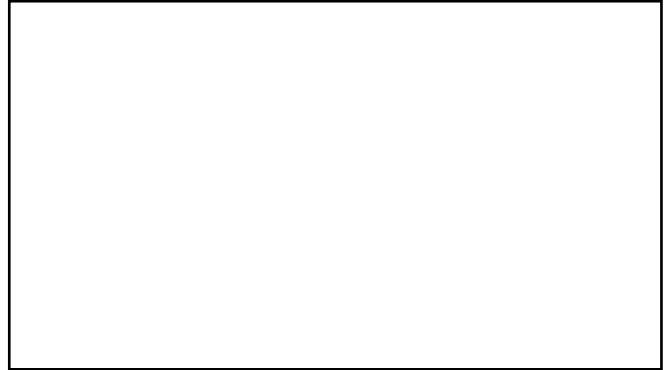


Monday 8<sup>th</sup> February

## On Our Walk

Listen and read the poem *On Our Walk*, written by Frances Stickley. She is a Nottinghamshire author and has a whole collection of poems in her book, *In Residence*. Take a look at each verse of the poem and draw a picture of what the people in the poem are imagining at each location.

On our walk this morning, will we pass the building site,  
where diggers roar and rumble in the early morning light?  
“What if,” Mummy wonders, “they find gold beneath our feet?”  
What if there were treasure buried underneath the street?”  
We can just imagine how the giant gemstones gleam!  
We roar along the road and move our arms like those  
machines.



On our walk this morning, will we pass the swirling stream,  
where frogs leap over logs and clouds of silver fishes teem?  
“What if,” Mummy wonders, “there’s a hidden coral reef?”  
What if whales and mermaid tails are splashing underneath?”  
We almost feel the seaweed tickling our feet.  
We flap our arms like fins and splash in puddles down the  
street.



On our walk this morning, will we pass the deep, dark wood,  
Where dogs, all on their morning walk, are rolling in the mud?  
“What if,” Mummy wonders, “there are dragons in the skies?  
What if they use autumn leaves and boulders for disguise?”  
We can almost hear the whoosh of wings above the trees.  
We scatter leaves like dragons breathing fire into the breeze.



We tighrope on the church wall underneath the crooked spire.  
We join in with the songbirds as they form a morning choir.  
We chuff and chug like steam engines and choo-choo past the  
station...  
...“All you need,” says Mummy, “is a good imagination”



Use your understanding of the poem to answer these questions

What does Mummy imagine to be buried under the street?

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What sound do the diggers at the building site make?

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What word is used to describe the stream?

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What do you think the people in the poem are imagining themselves to be when they splash in the puddles?

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What are the dogs doing on their morning walk?

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What do you think the people in the poem can actually hear instead of the whoosh of dragon's wings?

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In the line 'we tightrope on the church wall' what do you think the people are doing?

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