

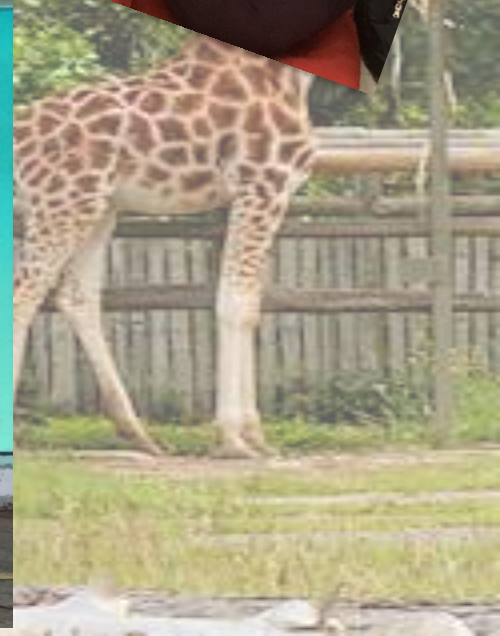


# Remarkable Rainforests





We kicked off  
this term with  
a trip to  
Chester Zoo.





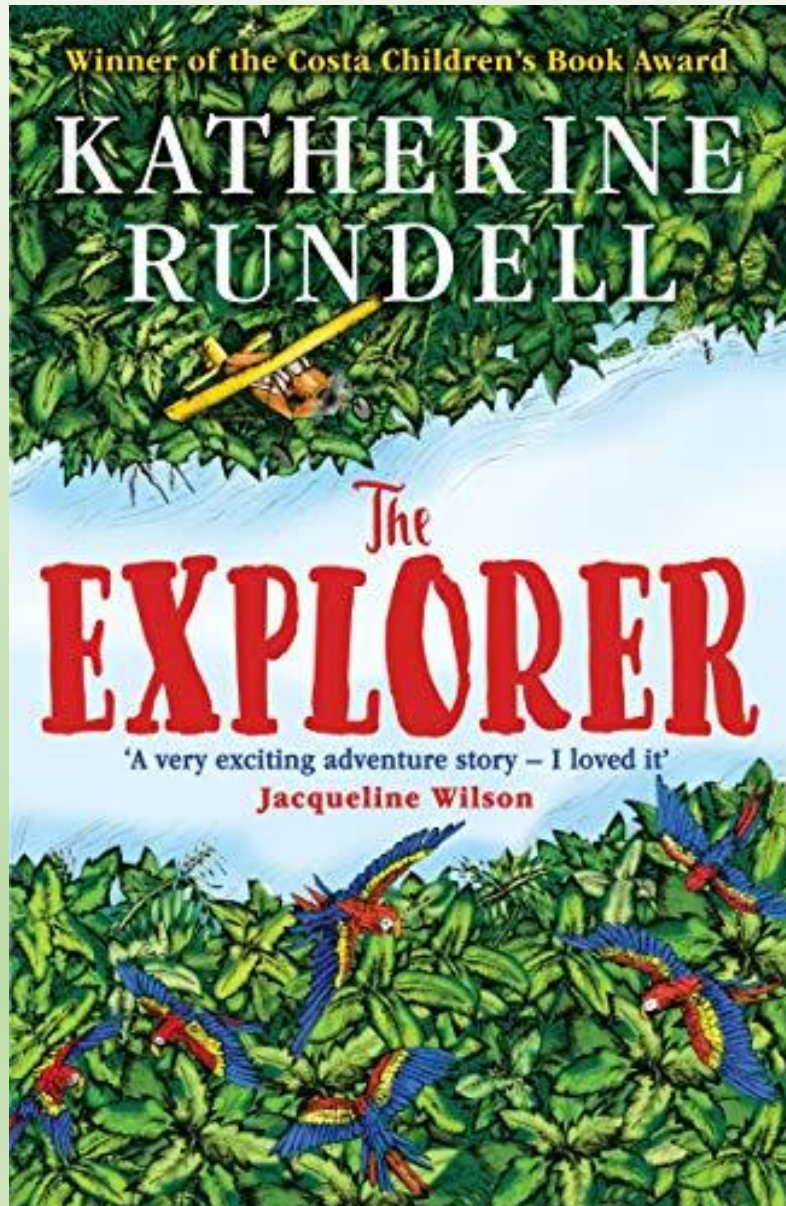


Children had a brilliant time on their Educational Visit, learning all about the world's rainforests.





# Our Focus Text: The Explorer by Katherine Rundell



From his seat in the tiny aeroplane, Fred watches as the mysteries of the Amazon jungle pass by below him. He has always dreamed of becoming an explorer, of making history and of reading his name amongst the lists of great discoveries. If only he could land and look about him.

As the plane crashes into the canopy, Fred is suddenly left without a choice. He and the three other children may be alive, but the jungle is a vast, untamed place. With no hope of rescue, the chance of getting home feels impossibly small.

Except, it seems, someone has been there before them .



Children have been immersed in the topic of the Rainforest. They have enjoyed reading 'The Explorer' by Katherine Rundell and discussed the plane crash and the characters in the story. Children looked at a variety of examples of flashbacks and wrote their own.

**LO: To write a flashback story**

**KATHERINE RUNDSELL**  
**THE EXPLORER**  
 A STORY ABOUT A PLANE CRASH IN THE RAINFOREST

Children have been immersed in the topic of the Rainforest throughout the past few weeks. They have enjoyed reading 'The Explorer' by Katherine Rundell and discussed the plane crash and the characters in the story. Children looked at a variety of examples of flashbacks and wrote their own. Children discovered different ways to write emotively. Rainforest Word banks were created and added to when children heard or read descriptive vocabulary. The use of a semi-colon and a colon in a sentence was taught and children looked for ways to include them in their writing. The children have also learned about the past progressive tense to use within the flashback.

**Purpose:** To write a flashback story about a plane crash.  
**Audience:** KS2 year groups in Celebration Worship.  
**Formality:** Informal to show characterisation.

Surrounded by thick, jade foliage, the muddy snake-like path twists and turns around me; exotic parrots weave and dive between the idle sloths hanging from the rough trees. Amongst the broad tangle of lush lianas, orangutans swing impudently from tree to tree. A tsunami of sweetness from the deliciously-sweet, syrupy mango I was given; soothing wisps dance through the still trees. The stilting, searing sun gleaming through me like a laser beam-sucking all the energy from my body; fragrant perfume of exotic flowers (which have brought me into a trance) fills me with delight. At that moment, it started to rain and the campfire died out - smoke filled the air and the smell was horrible...but recognisable. Then it hit me: I was back in the pallid plane on that dreadful evening.

The rumble of the plane slowly began to swell as the plane was climbing into the sky. A nauseous-looking girl and her clingy little brother were perching nervously on the edge of their seats and the younger boy, who seemed as though he was having the time of his life, was chewing his seatbelt. I looked out of the window at the astonishing view: perched on trees and exotic birds. Then, all of a sudden, the pilot was making horrible grunting noises and gasping for air. Disastrously, the plane started to fall out of control through the -seconds before- beautiful trees. A plane lurched me forward into the pilot's seat, it happened: we were all screaming. Concerningly, the pilot's face became a repulsive shade of green. He died out for his final movement - he turned the engine off and...

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Friday 1st April 2022

Sitting on the cold, damp floor, leaves blowing past as a gust of wind travels past; trees as tall as sky scrapers towered over me. Long vines strangle the trees above, birds perched on the branches of trees. Flies buzzing went by swiftly. Within minutes, the rain started pouring down. Hissing from the trees, echoed around the forest. A sudden vibrant smell, grew up my nose and messed with my senses. Suddenly, I heard a plane hovering above me. All of a sudden it took me back to the plane accident - it was horrifying.

The shaking of the plane was throbbing through my head; the pilot was sat next to me, he was desperately tapping the joystick trying to get the engine to work.

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Thursday 21st March

Sitting on the damp, wet log, birds of all colours meander and sing across the towering trees. Perfume-like flowers, which look like rainbows, perch proudly in the ground acting like royalty. Amongst them, a parade of dragon flies hovered around me - lightly tickling my skin. The sticky, sweltering air stuck to my skin like a harmless, soft mask - making me feel relaxed. Suddenly, in front of the fire, Max started crying: the sound took me back to that dreadful day on the plane.

The racket of the engine was ringing in my ears, next to my head. The pilot was aggressively cosing the small, colourful joy-sticks. Nervously, I listened as abnormal noises escape from the old man's mouth: growling, worrying and gasping. My oversized cricket jumper, which was red, making me feel like a lonely fire. All of a sudden, the plane was going to the left and wobbling to the right. The engine stopped... BANG! The old man's face turned grey like his fluffy silver moustache; he was fighting for breath for breath, like a starved parrot. I panicked. He was swirling and turning towards the rainforest: everyone was screaming. "Flying vehicle" was dipping into the trees; my heart was pounding fast as a jaguar. Everything went blank. 3 familiar voices screeched as we escorted off the plane swinging down from vines like monkeys. By the time we reached the forest floor, the plane was covered in fire flames; smoke and ash fell from the sky and spat on my face like sparks of gunpowder. We are lucky to still be alive...



Children discovered different ways to write emotively.

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The use of a semi-colon and a colon in a sentence was taught and children looked for ways to include them in their writing.

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Friday 14 April 2022

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Audience: KS2 year groups in Celebration Worship.  
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Sitting on the damp, squelchy forest-floor, the warm humid air wrapping around me as I gasp for air. Up above, the brown furry monkey swinging on the branches. The squaking of the unidentified, luminous reds and blues dancing up above as I gaze down at the ground blocking my feet from the sun's unbearable heat. The sweet smell of the mysterious, bold coloured flowers. Walking through the rainforest, the bright tropical birds flying through the sky gracefully. As I was walking, I was greeted by a wave of vines: After breaking through, I came across a carpeted floor covered in majestic bluebells. That led to a small, abandoned, wooden den. In the den, there was a brown, old, wooden table that stood in the corner. On the table there was a pack of matches. As I sat on a hard, yellow, rusty chair, the next thing I knew was that I was taken back to that tragic day sitting on the plane...

As I look out the window I soon realised the plane was going down. The ear-piercing sound of the whistle of the plane was drilling through my head like a spear. Under his breath - I couldn't catch what he was saying - as he nervously tapped the joystick in a panic. I was beginning to feel hot like I was cooking in my own skin. Suddenly, the plane was lurching to the left and pitching to the right. I felt sick to the stomach, vomited, and he was frantically gasping for breath. The engine of the plane was growing increasingly louder until it was inaudible. The pilot was desperately trying to keep the plane under control, despite trying to keep the nose as the rainforest was beginning to get dizzy. Everything altered to a black gloom. Glass shattered, abundance of smoke. I was choking on an seat over shards of broken glass. Immense pain spread all over my body. The pilot was no more in sight. Anxiously, I called the plane, using the vines to support me as I climbed. The plane was covered in ash. I climbed in a bright light and a

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The engine was tearing me, as I clutched together. The nose of the plane dipping down as the forest floor came spinning towards me. All over sudden, the plane was leaning to the left and ricocheting to the right. I could feel the air around me getting hotter and hotter. The pilots face was as pale as a pillow. He was grasping onto the throttle. The engine was fighting with fear in the trees. Then a hault - and the plane was yanked like monkeys. A Saurian of flames lit up from left to right. The vines all climbed flames lit up what happened to me!

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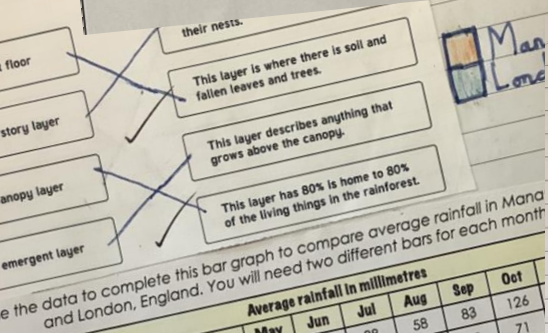
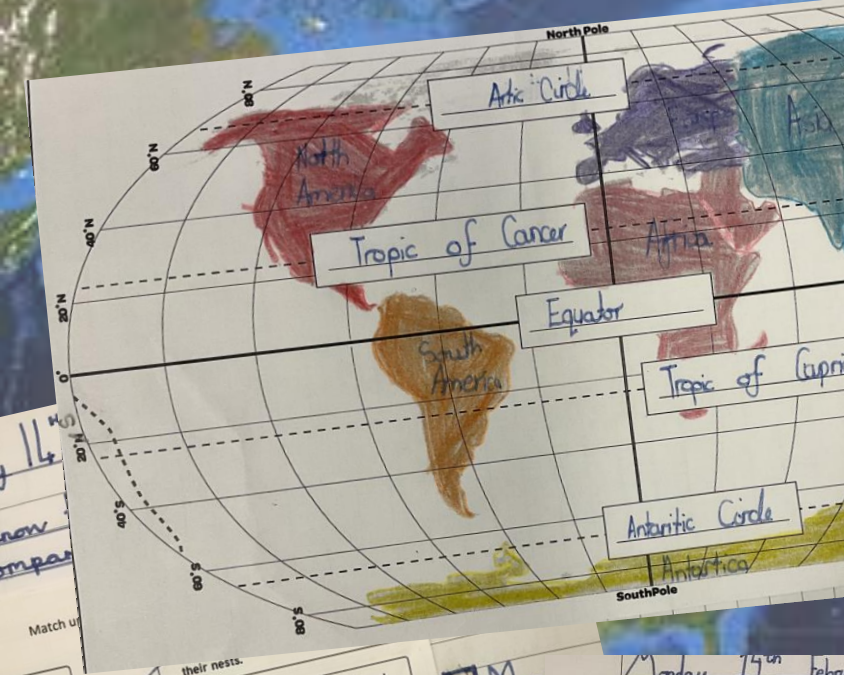
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Gazing up at the sky, I watched two chocolate brown monkeys play fighting over a banana. Overhead, the huge tops of the trees were like massive, green umbrellas, protecting us with their thick, waxy leaves. The forest floor was so low down compared to the towering trees above us - they were like the rainforest giants. Blood-red flowers surrounded us; they were as tall as Max. There were so many different shades of green that I never even knew existed. Like snakes, vines slithered around trees and joined trees like rope bridges. All of a sudden, I heard laughter and screaming: Max had just pushed Gus into the babbling brook near by. A host of dragon flies came by us - their fluttering wing fanned my face. Suddenly, the smell of smoke from our campfire took me back that awful day: the crash and I lost sense of the world around me.

With a shudder and a bang, the engine screamed. The pilot desperately tapped the joystick making the plane climb higher. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him turn a shade of grey and green. Worried, he started to belch and cough loudly. It got worse; he was now fighting for breath. I felt sick not knowing what to do. Suddenly, he cut the engine. Silence dawned upon us. My whole body was shaking with panic. Everyone was paralysed with fear. My ears were ringing. What was going to happen? Would we survive? I was full of questions that no one knew the answer to. Max gripped my wrist tightly; he was saying something but I couldn't hear him. The plane was going up, down, but right before soaring down



In topic, we have located the rainforests of the world using longitude and latitude.



Monday 14th February 2022

LO: To know the climate of the rainforest and compare to surrounding areas.

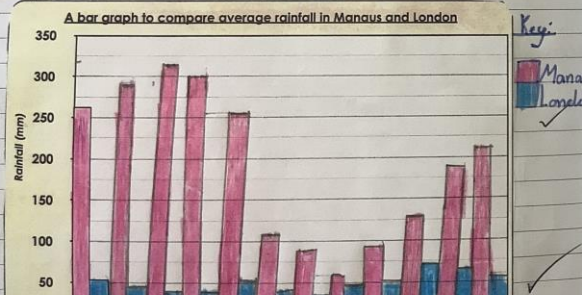
Review and do

Match up the information to the correct layer

✓ forest floor	This layer is where most birds have their nests. ✓
✓ understory layer	This layer is where there is soil and fallen leaves and trees. ✓
✓ canopy layer	This layer describes anything that grows above the canopy. ✓
✓ emergent layer	This layer has 80% of the living things in the rainforest. ✓

Average rainfall in millimetres

	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
Manaus	260	288	314	300	256	113	88	58	83	126	183	217
London	52	39	35	43	51	43	41	49	50	71	63	53



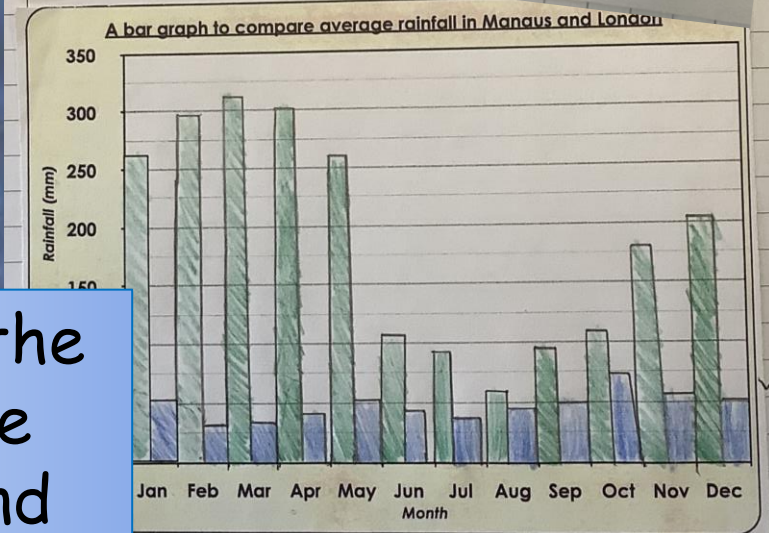
1) March has the biggest rainfall difference which is 279mm. London is 35mm and Manaus has 314mm.

2) August has the least rainfall difference which is 9mm. London is 49mm and Manaus has 58mm.

3) I can see that in London's hot seasons their rainfall decreases but in Manaus the rainfall increases. I can also see that Manaus has more rainfall than London in all the months. I see that in London the rainfall amount is quite close through a year but in Manaus they separate through a year. Great observations.

We analysed the climate of the rainforest and compared it to our own.

emergent layer



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We have learned about the four layers of vegetation in the rainforest.



The trees on the emergent layer are very tall and reach up to heights between 40m and 80m. Because the trees on the emergent layer are very tall, their trunks are quite thin and they have very weak roots. The emergent layer is very high up so they get the most sun, as a result the leaves are very thick, tough and waxy. There are a few animals that live on this emergent layer and they are mostly monkeys and birds.

#### The canopy

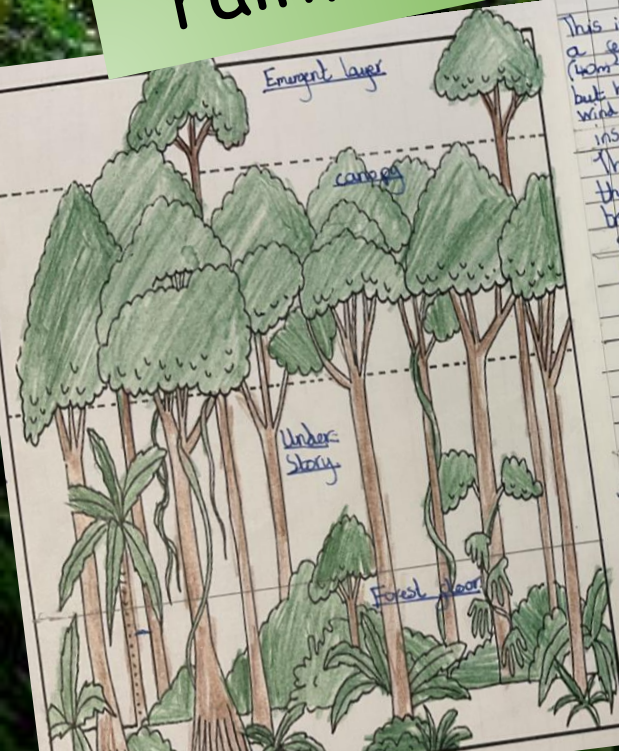
Below the emergent layer is the canopy which blocks 98% of the sunlight getting below the canopy. The canopy can also block 80% of rainfall so it is basically a green umbrella. Two thirds of the rainforest animals live here such as sloths, iguanas, monkey, birds, snakes and many more.

#### The Understory

The next layer below the canopy is the understory, in this layer the trees grow up to 10-15m tall. The trees in the understory grow very quickly and it is very dark because only 2% of sunlight gets to it this layer. It is very <sup>moist</sup> and covered in vines and quite a large amount of insects, and small <sup>mammals</sup> insects and reptiles live here.

#### The forest floor

The last layer, which is beneath the understory, is the forest floor. The forest floor has poor soil but nutrients come from rotting plant debris and remains of dead creatures, leaves and branches. The forest floor has many animals living there such as tapirs, elephants, anteaters, <sup>gophers</sup> gophers, reptiles and large mammals. Insects are also found in the forest floor.



This is the tallest layer and there is only a few trees that grow but can grow as high as 80m. The trees have thin trunks and weak roots but have all the sunlight. There are a lot of strong birds, monkeys, bats and insects like there.

This is the biggest layer and has 3/4 of the animals. It's made up of leaves from the trees and blocks out 98% of sunlight and 80% of rain from the ground. Plants in the canopy are trees, vines, flowers and moss. Monkeys, sloths, lizards, orang-utans.

It has very little sunlight so plants can't grow tall but trees live there. The conditions are perfect for moss and algae to grow. They can grow on tree trunks and vines. Reptiles, frogs, small mammals live there. Lots live in tree trunks to get up with water.

This is the bottom layer and has very poor soil but nutrients come from plant debris. Decay quickly thanks to insects, fungi, hot conditions. Large mammals, gorillas, tapirs, tigers and jaguars all live there.

We have included key facts about each layer of the rainforest.

Only 2% of sunlight gets to the ground. 80% of rainfall falls from the canopy. Animals live there such as snakes, monkeys, orang-utans, iguanas, birds and sloths. Very little sunlight blocked from the canopy layer. This is the understory layer, plants can't grow here. Also, moss and algae grow so trees can live there. There are some animals that can live in this layer: bats and frogs but animals can live in tree trunks that have water in them like amphibians. They lay eggs in there.

This is the forest floor layer. This layer has very poor soil. Some nutrients come from rotting plant debris!!! Animals that live on the forest floor: frogs, reptiles, gophers, anteaters, tapirs, tigers and insects.





We have explored the lives of the people living in the rainforest and compared their way of life to our own.

Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> March

L.O: To write a diary entry describing a typical day from the point of view of a child living in the rainforest.

Dear Diary,

I awoke to the sounds of the rainforest. I lay in my hammock as the sun beamed down on me making my skin warm. I knew it was time to wake up so I clambered out of bed and put my loin cloth on. As I walked into the living quarters, I smelt fresh fruit (my favourite). I was ravenous and couldn't wait to tuck in. My mum was there with a joyful smile on her face as always. I gave her a big hug and gobbled up my breakfast.

Like every other morning, I must do my chores. First, I took a stroll down to the river to collect some water for my family, what a struggle this was. Next my mum told me to go pick out some sweet potato although I argued of course my mum won so I sauntered down to the garden and picked out some juicy sweet potato, I handed it to my mum she was delighted, "atleast she was more cheerful now".

Finally, after a long morning of jobs my dad finally came home with a full basket of fish! He started cooking on the hearth it smelt sensational. At last, the fish was done, my stomach was churning. The fish was put out in front of me and before I knew it, it was gone, how scrumptious.

After lunch, I was able to have some freetime so I decided to get ready for the feast. Me and all my friends sat in a circle and painted each other's faces it was so much fun! Then we all stuck sticks to our faces - it doesn't get into my nicest clothes

and I was ready to party.

At last, it was time for the feast we had: fish, tiger legs, roasted bugs and many different fruits. There were people dancing and playing music, it was extraordinary (I loved it!). The food was AMAZING! It was that much fun I never wanted to leave.

After a fun filled night it was getting late so I wound back down to the living quarters and climbed back into my hammock once again as the moon glistened on me, what a marvellous day!

See you soon diary

Coco x

Monday 14<sup>th</sup> March  
L.O: To write a Diary Extract

Dear Diary,

Once again, I was woken from my everlasting snooze by the glistening beams of light peering through the thatched roof of our shabona. An enchanting choir of birdsong and the rustling of leaves inspired me to spring out of my hammock and collect my breakfast from mother. I was jumping up and down because I could smell my favourite - juicy berries and flavoured fruits!

After I'd scoffed down my breakfast, I was forced to start my first job of the day: it was wearing baskets for fishing (which was extremely boring), ready for taking down to the sapphire-blue river. After that, I went to help my mother gather the plates from breakfast; there were suprisingly a lot of them. Next, we stumbled down towards the crystal river to rinse any leftovers. I ended up getting distracted, and I'd wandered further into the depths of the forest. It was not long before I'd realised it was getting dark and slightly colder. As I started to panic, I darted back to our shabona.

The afternoon was overloaded with activities including a family fishing trip. We filled our arms with the baskets of the river. My father and headed towards the far end waited by mother at the side of the river and I patiently of waiting, we we luckily able to walk to our shabona with an enormous smile on our faces. I really enjoyed our family fishing trip because we had soooo much but most of all we managed to catch a lot of fish!



29<sup>th</sup> March 2022.

To write a diary entry describing a typical day from the point of view of a child living in the rainforest.

diary,

It was another extraordinary day, I woke up to an orchestra of birdsong - just like everyday. I realised it was time to get up because I could hear the sun's exquisite fingers dancing on the walls of my hammock as the only thing I woke up for was my scrumptious breakfast my mother had prepared for me. Exhausted, I gradually slipped on my loin cloth and headed towards the mouth-watering smell of breakfast.

As I entered the room, I realised my favourite breakfast had been made - crushed fruit, nuts and roasted insects. Without hesitation, I devoured all my luxurious breakfast and the crunch of the delicious insects made me shudder it was that delectable.

After my breakfast, I decided to get on with my boring jobs. First, I had to go collect sticks of firewood for when the boys came back with some fire. As I could not find any around the abundant

We then wrote a diary entry of a typical day from the point of view of a child living in the rainforest.

to the sopranos. The sound of the flowing water joined as I placed my rather large clay pot in the water.

When I arrived back at the shabono, I knew it was lunch because the mouth-watering scent from the hut had drifted through the woods.

Friday 1st April 2022.

To write a diary entry from the point of view of a child living in the rainforest.

Dear Diary,

I woke up with a beaming smile on my face as I was reminded by the shimmering strip of light that it was a busy day. Unusually my hammock was feeling extremely comfortable and I did not want to leave. Unfortunately I had to evacuate as I heard my name being repeated by my mother. I rapidly put on my loin cloth and rushed down to make a quick snack to eat as I needed to quickly head to my least favorite part of the day - cleaning the dishes.

As soon as I finished my first job of the day I hurried over to collect some firewood for the big feast. The men and boys were busy hunting for delectable meat. Gathering the wood me and the other girls had collected. I thought to myself how lucky being a boy actually is as they can do fun activities and we are left to the boring, gloomy occupations. Luckily my friend Lilly snapped me out of my glum, dismal daydreams and I quickly scrambled back to finishing my second job of the day.

I trekked back to mum to fill my empty stomach, delighted I saw cooked jaguar sitting on the damp leaves. As soon as I scogged down my lunch I hurried over to thank my brother for hunting a mouth-watering meal, as usual he bragged about how he is the all-time pro at hunting and better than everyone else. I finally headed over to my final job which was my favourite. I joyfully skipped to the final job which was gathering the water for the

Monday 28th March

To write a diary extract.

Dear Diary,

Once again, my eyes were opened to the shimmering rays of sunlight. The insane jaguars were prowling, the mischievous monkeys were howling at **I AM IN THE MORNING!!!** So I jumped out of bed, grabbed my loin cloth and went outside for breakfast. I had fruits and my little brother had papaya.

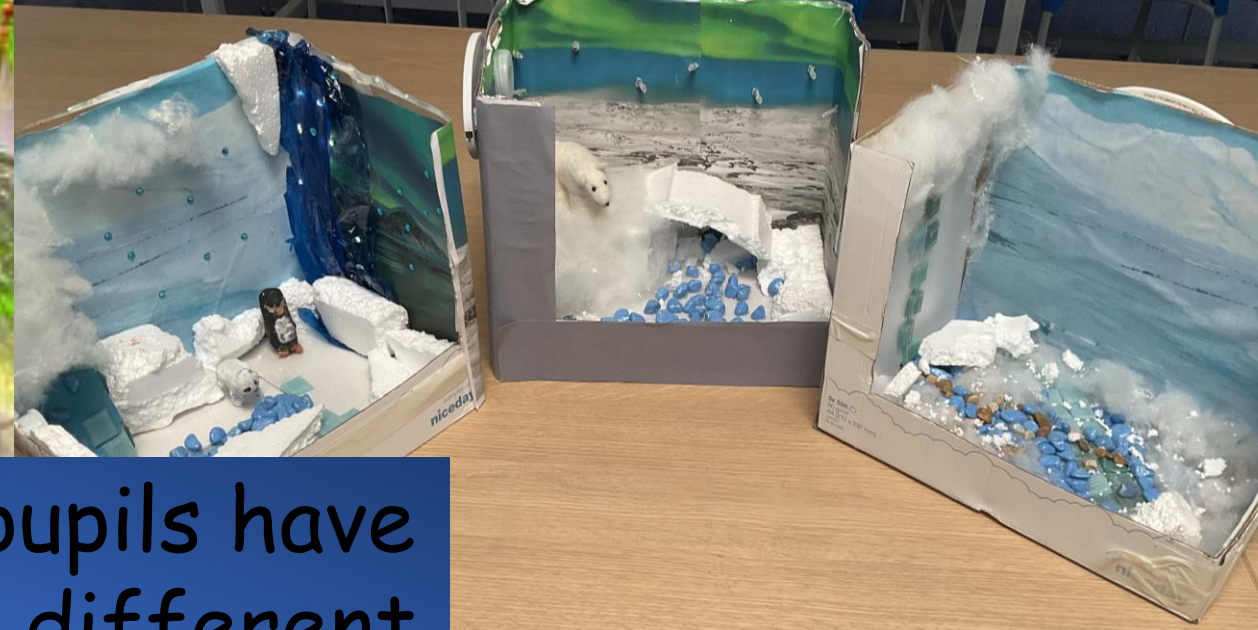
Right after breakfast I went out to help my aunt pick berries and nuts for the festival tonight and it was a success. Next, it was time to collect the boys from their morning hunt. We all sat down ready for lunch with friends and family and luck it was my favourite: igpir, coco beans and roasted beetles. I was amazing, the beetles were my favourite part! Before I help wash up, my mum shouted at me saying "He need to be ready!"

The first thing I did when I was getting ready for the was to pick my paints. And then my mum helped me first piercing in my nose. Whilst everyone helped out with I played out with my friends, Jacopa, Mian and siblings, we played and played until the feast. We all sat ate fish and for dessert, we had the berries that I picked. We laughed, we danced and we had fun until dusk.

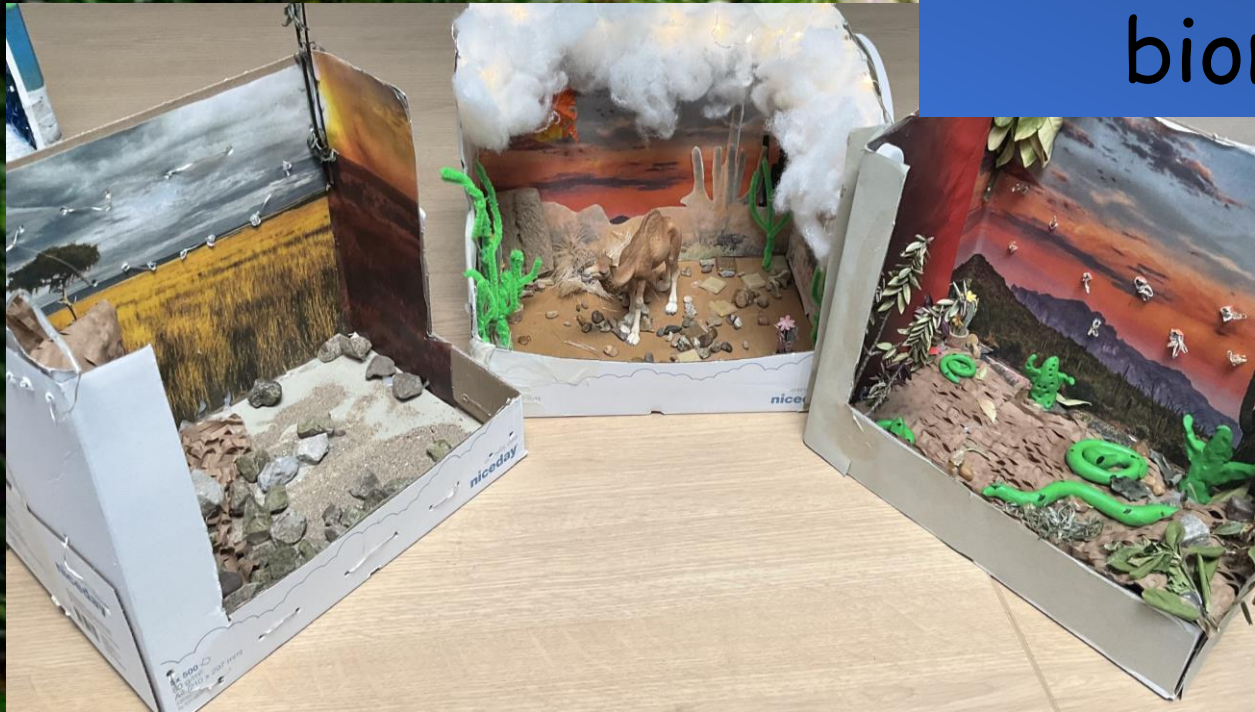
But it was time to settle down, the glistening stars the sleeping Shabono. The moonlight dancing around as we sleep, the sound of night animals ringing in

Well I better get some rest, in about to fall asleep.  
Mika.





In DT, pupils have created different biomes.....





# In art, pupils have researched the life and works of the French artist, Henri Rousseau.

**Form**  
Rousseau paintings were often painted in layers with animals hiding between layers so that they blend in.

**Process**  
Rousseau was a surrealist artist (deliberately made things look unrealistic). Because Rousseau was a naive painter, he was a naive artist - no formal training - people mocked his sketches. His work was nothing botanical quite made when Rousseau often painted using bold purple colours - green and red. Rousseau often painted on a colour wheel. His choice of subject was exotic scenes of jungles and jungles.

**Henri Rousseau**  
Henri was born in Laval in Mayenne, France on 21st May 1844. Sadly, his father died in 1868 so Henri moved to Paris with his mother. His dad was a plumber.

**Henri Rousseau**

Rousseau painted Clemence, the daughter of his landlord, the 6 children. Unfortunately, only 1 survived beyond childhood. Clemence died in 1888, and Rousseau married his 2nd wife, Josephine Noury in 1892.

After he left school, Henri worked for a lawyer, and then he joined the army, leaving from 1863 to 1867.

Rousseau went to high school in Laval, his home town. He was an average pupil, although he did very well in art and music lessons.

Henri Rousseau was born in Laval in Mayenne, France on the 21st May, 1844.

Henri's father was a plumber.

Henri Rousseau only started painting seriously when he was in his 40s.

Rousseau became a full-time artist at the age of 49.

Rousseau married Clemence Barraud (the daughter of his landlord) and they had 6 kids!! Unfortunately, only one survived beyond childhood. Clemence died in 1888, Rousseau married his second wife Josephine Noury in 1892.

Some of Rousseau's most famous paintings include: Tiger in a tropical storm, The sleeping gypsy, and The Hungry Lion.

Henri Rousseau died on 2nd September 1894 in Paris. He was 50 years old.

**Henri Rousseau**

Henri Rousseau was born in Laval in Mayenne, France on the 21st May, 1844.

His father died in 1868 and Henri Rousseau moved to Paris to look after his mother.

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**Henri Rousseau**

Early life: Henri Rousseau was born in Laval, Mayenne, France, on the 21st May 1844. He was the youngest of six children. His father was a plumber and he was a painter at 49.

Family life: Rousseau married Clémence Bataillon, the daughter of his landlord. He had six children but only one survived. He died in 1910 and he moved to Paris to work after his father died in 1868.

Death: Henri Rousseau died on 2nd September 1910. He was 66 years old. He was buried in the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris.

**Henri Rousseau**

He was born on 21st May 1844 in Western France.

He became a full-time artist when he was 49.

He never set foot in a jungle and he got his inspiration from books and the botanical gardens.



He taught himself to paint.

He had six children and only one survived.

He died on 2nd September 1910.

His father was a plumber.

Beautiful work Will (1hp)

Rousseau's best-known paintings depict jungle scenes, even though he never left France. His inspiration came from illustrations in children's books and the botanical gardens in Paris.

**Henri Rousseau**

Henri Rousseau was born in Laval, Mayenne, France.

Once he'd left school, Henri worked for a lawyer before joining the army, serving for 14 years (1863-1867).

In 1868, Rousseau's father died so Henri moved to Paris to work after his mother.

Originally he worked as a government official before becoming a tax collector.

His child-like paintings only started in his forties and then he became a full-time artist at 49.

He never actually went to an art school. He was a self-taught artist.

He was born on the 21st May 1844.

He died on the 2nd September 1910 aged 66.

Rousseau went to his local high school in Laval.

He was an average pupil, but his strengths lay within art and music lessons.

He married the daughter of his landlord, Clémence Bataillon. They had six children but only one survived.

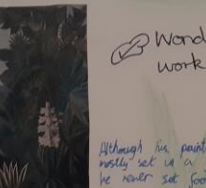

Clémence died in 1888 so Rousseau married Josephine Noury in 1908.

Rousseau's most famous paintings include:

- Tiger in a tropical storm.
- The hungry lion throws itself on the alligator.
- The sleeping gypsy.

Wonderfully presented work on Henri Rousseau. (3hp)

Although his paintings are mostly set in a jungle, he never set foot in one.

**Henri Rousseau**

Died on 2nd September 1910.

His father was a plumber.

Married Clémence Bataillon.

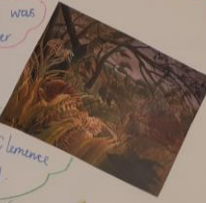

He didn't like school but enjoyed music and art.

Only started painting at age 49.

He was born on 21st May 1844 in Western France.

Had 6 children but only one survived past childhood.

He taught himself to paint.

**Henri Rousseau**

Henri Rousseau was born in Laval, France on May 21st 1844.

Henri Rousseau died on September 2nd 1910 in Paris at 66 years old.



His art was called 'Post-Impressionism'. This is an abstract style of art. This means he didn't try to make his paintings realistic.

Rousseau started painting at 49 while also playing violin on the street for money.

Henri moved to Paris to help his mother after his father died and became a tax collector.

School: Rousseau went to high school in Laval, his home town. He was an average pupil although he did very well at art and music lessons. After he left school, Henri became a tax collector before he joined the army.

Beautiful work Sophie (3hp)





The home learning project this half term was to create a mask based on a rainforest animal.

