THE CAMELFORD LIGHT

integrity • resilience • aspiration • community

Special Harvest Festival Edition



harvest festival





I hope you enjoyed our Harvest Festival as much as I did. It was wonderful to see the children working together to learn and perform their poems, and I was incredibly proud of the confidence, enthusiasm and teamwork they demonstrated throughout.

In a world where so much communication happens through screens, performance poetry provides children with a valuable opportunity to develop their speaking and listening skills face-to-face. It encourages them not only to read words, but to bring them to life through expression, intonation, gesture and emotion. In doing so, children gain a deeper understanding of language and its power to engage an audience.

Working together to learn a poem is equally important. Children collaborate, support one another, practise speaking and listening skills, and develop a shared sense of achievement. Performing as part of a group can also help children build confidence, knowing they are contributing to something bigger than themselves.

Performance poetry provides every child with an opportunity to shine. Children who may be quieter in other aspects of school life often find a chance to express themselves creatively through performance. It encourages resilience, self-belief and reminds children that their voice matters.

As former Children's Laureate Joseph Coelho said:

"Poetry is a place where every child can find their voice."

By giving children opportunities to learn, perform and enjoy poetry together, we are helping them develop confidence, creativity and a lifelong appreciation of the power of words.
We hope you enjoy this special Harvest Festival edition of the newsletter, which captures some of the wonderful performances, memories and highlights from a truly memorable celebration.

Class Poems

Daymer: Harvest Time
Trevone: Mud Kitchen
Summerleaze: The Sandwich
Lundy: Harvest is Here
Watergate: Gran Can You Rap
Port Isaac: Harvest Gobbler
Fistral: How I Was Raised
Bossiney: The Dragon Who Ate Our School



DAYMER



TREVONE



SUMMERLEAZE

LUNDY



WATERGATE



PORT ISAAC





HIGHLY COMMENDED POETS



FISTRAL



BOSSINEY



Our families generously donated to our Harvest Collection again this year.

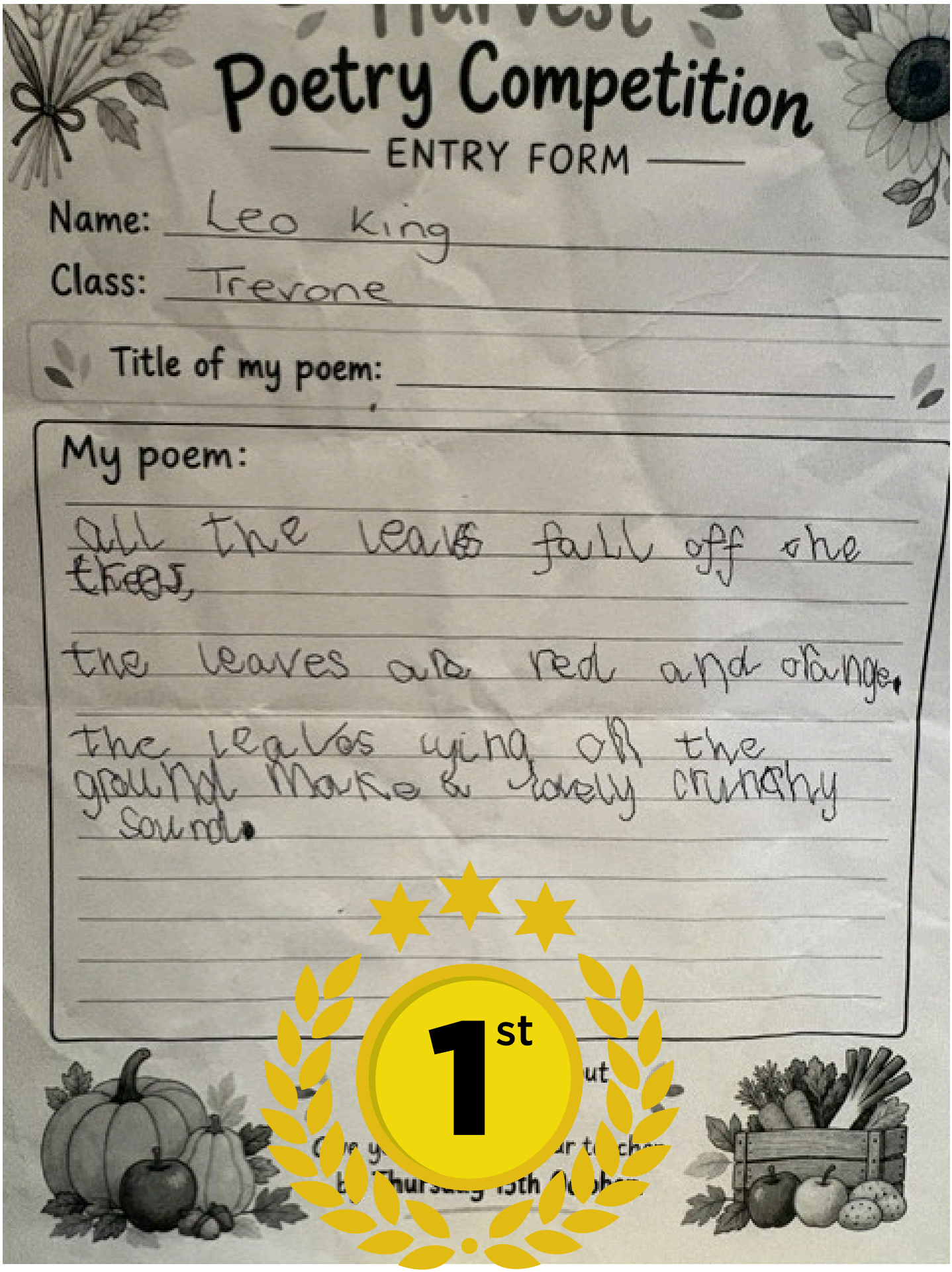




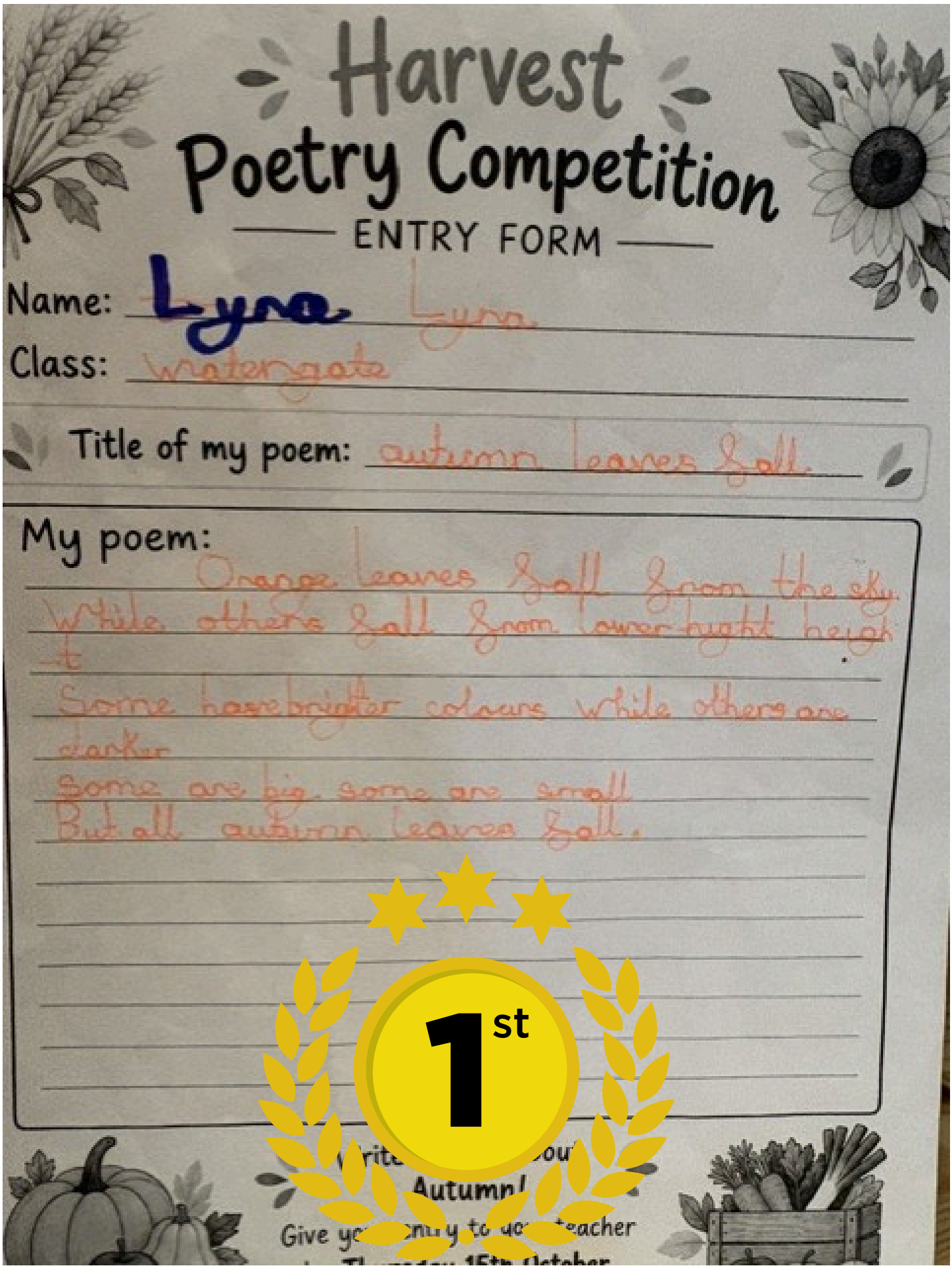


Congratulations to Mr Harvey for winning this year's Ready, Steady, Cook with his Harvest pinwheels! And a huge well done to Miss Godwin for her excellent apple doughnuts.

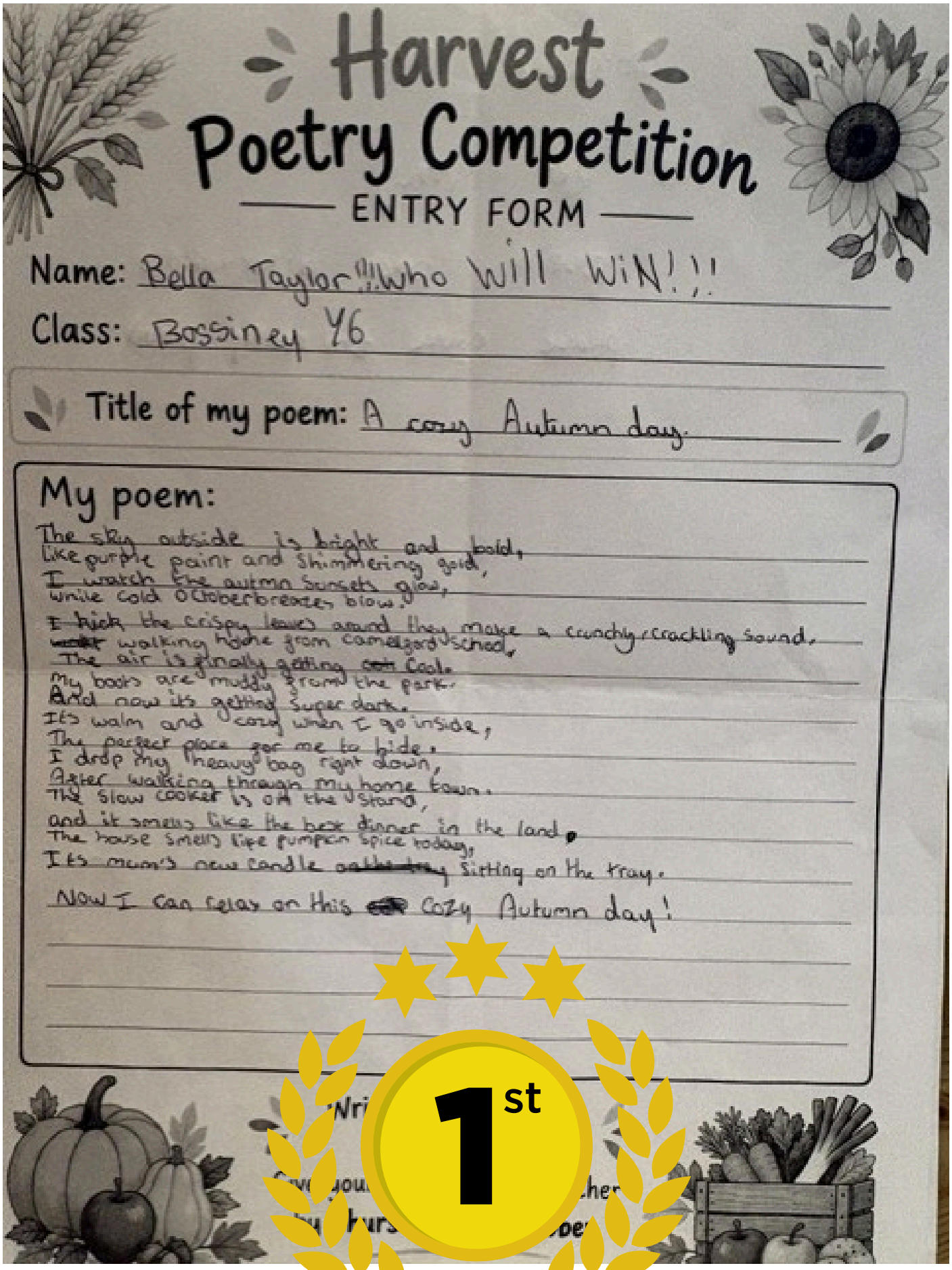
EYFS/Key Stage 1



Lower Key Stage 2



Upper Key Stage 2



Harvest
Poetry Competition
ENTRY FORM

Name: Bella Taylor!!! Who will WiN!!!

Class: Bossiney Y6

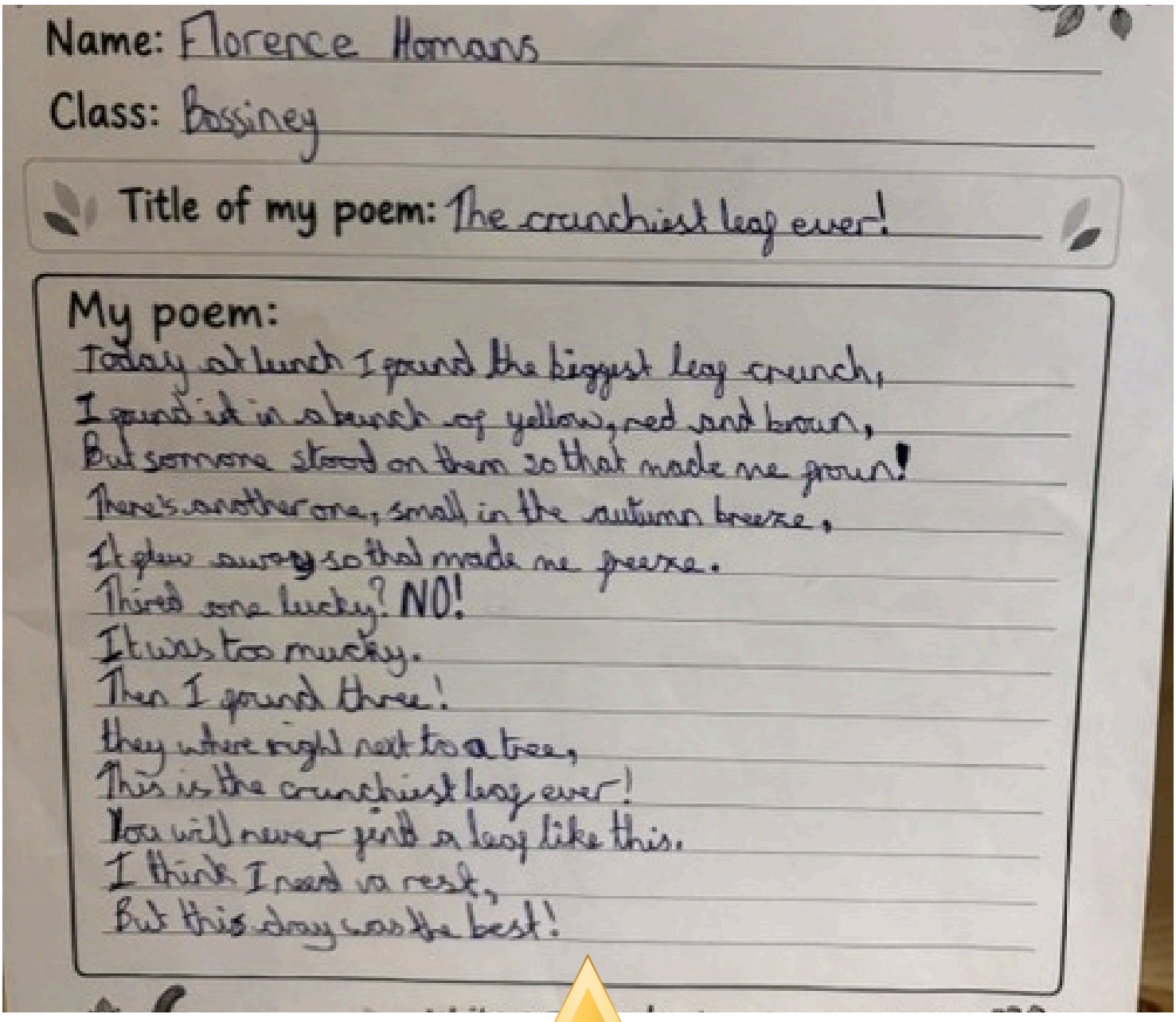
Title of my poem: A cozy Autumn day.

My poem:

The sky outside is bright and bold,
like purple paint and shimmering gold,
I watch the autmn sunsets glow,
while cold OCtoberbreezes blow.
I kick the crispy leaves around they make a crunchy crackling sound.
walking home from cameljord school,
The air is finally getting cool.
My boots are muddy from the park.
And now its getting super dark.
Its warm and cozy when I go inside,
The perfect place for me to hide.
I drop my heavy bag right down,
After walking through my home town.
The slow cooker is on the stand,
and it smells like the best dinner in the land.
The house smells like pumpkin spice today,
Its mum's new candle sitting on the tray.
NOW I can relax on this cozy Autumn day!

1st

Highly Commended



Name: Florence Homans

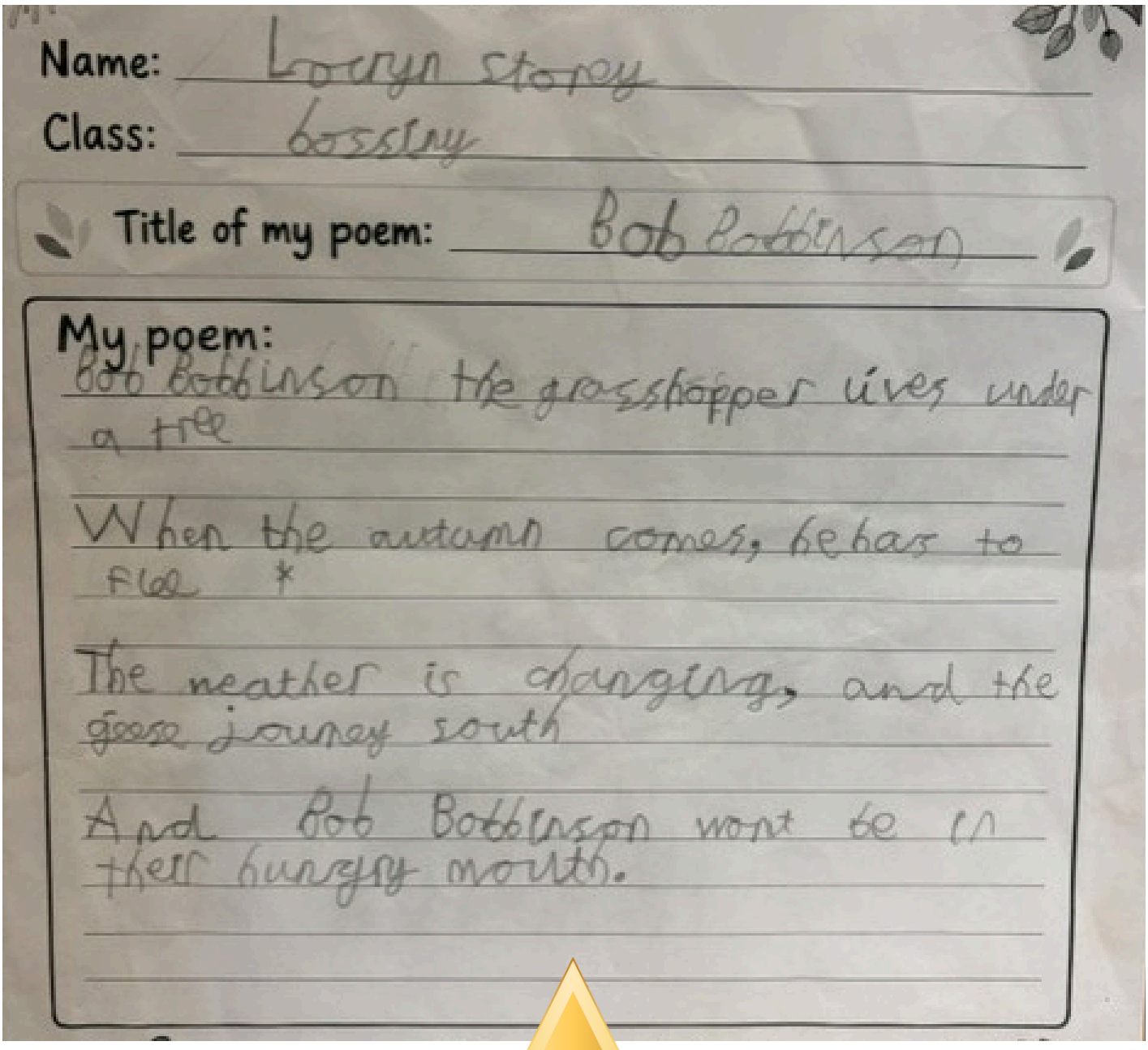
Class: Bassiney

Title of my poem: The crunchiest leaf ever!

My poem:

Today at lunch I found the biggest leaf crunch,
I found it in a bunch of yellow, red and brown,
But someone stood on them so that made me frown!
There's another one, small in the autumn breeze,
It blew away so that made me freeze.
Third one lucky? NO!
It was too mucky.
Then I found three!
They were right next to a tree,
This is the crunchiest leaf ever!
You will never find a leaf like this.
I think I need a rest,
But this day was the best!

Highly Commended



Name: Lacyn Storey

Class: bossley

Title of my poem: Bob Bobbinson

My poem:

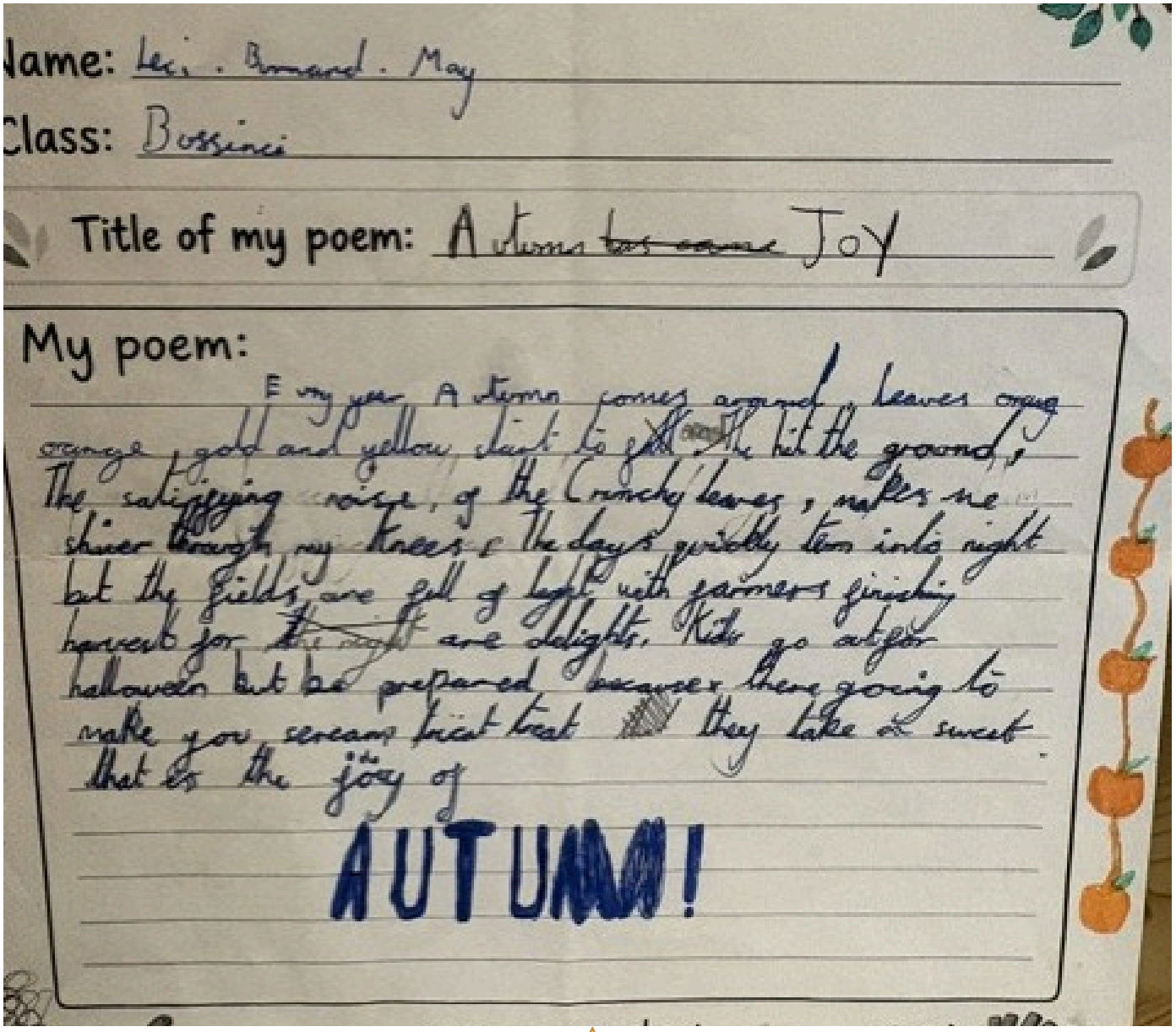
Bob Bobbinson the grasshopper lives under a tree

When the autumn comes, he has to flee *

The weather is changing, and the geese journey south

And Bob Bobbinson wont be in their hungry mouth.

Highly Commended



Name: Lei . Bernard . May

Class: Bossinci

Title of my poem: Autumn ~~has come~~ Joy

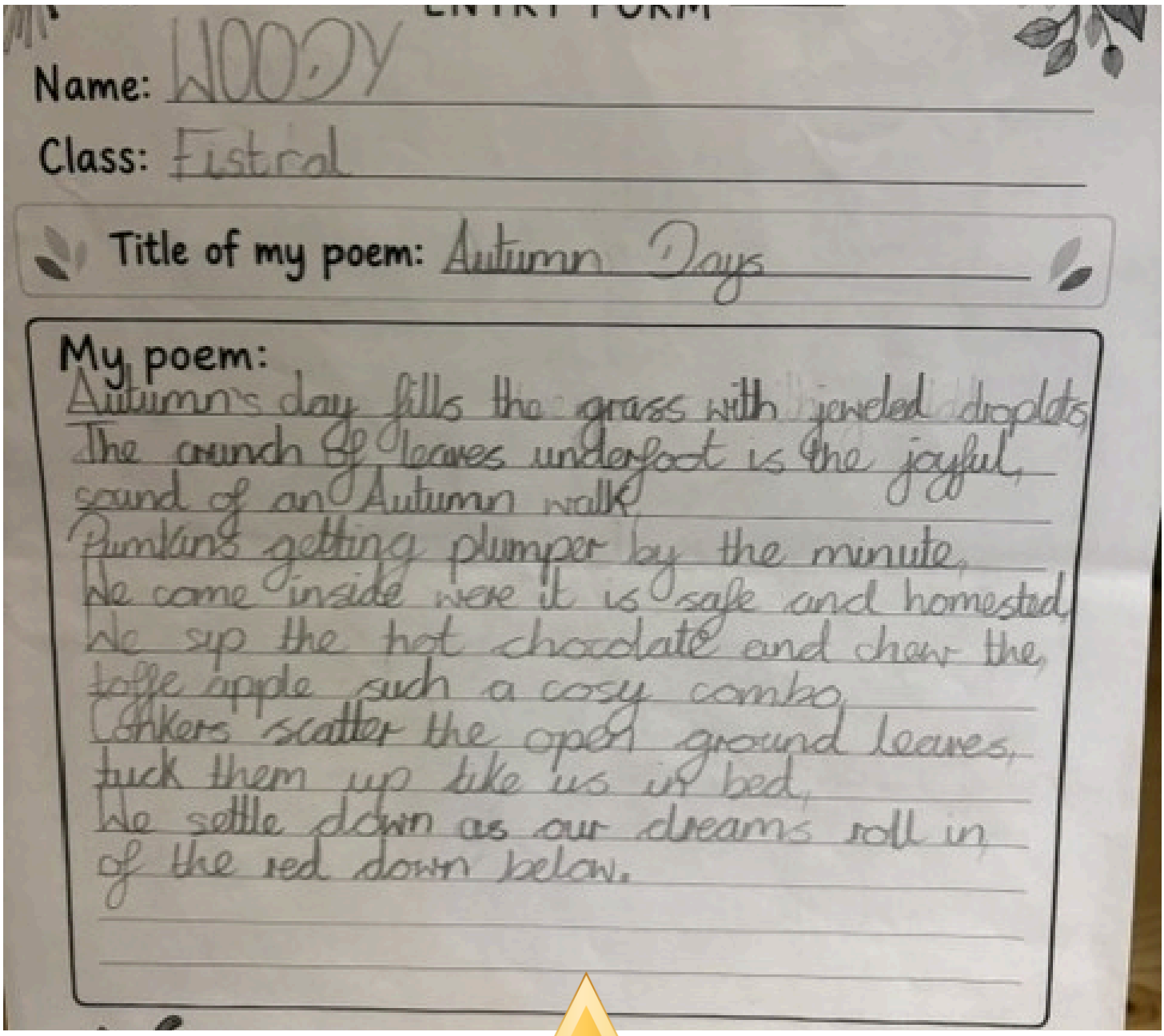
My poem:

E my year Autumn comes around, leaves orang
orange, gold and yellow, start to fall to the ground,
The satisfying noise, of the Crunchy leaves, makes me
shiver through my knees, the days quickly turn into night
but the fields are full of light with farmers finishing
harvest for the night are delights. Kids go after
halloween but be prepared because there going to
make you scream trick treat they take a sweet
that is the joy of

AUTUMN!



Highly Commended



ENTRY FORM

Name: WOODY

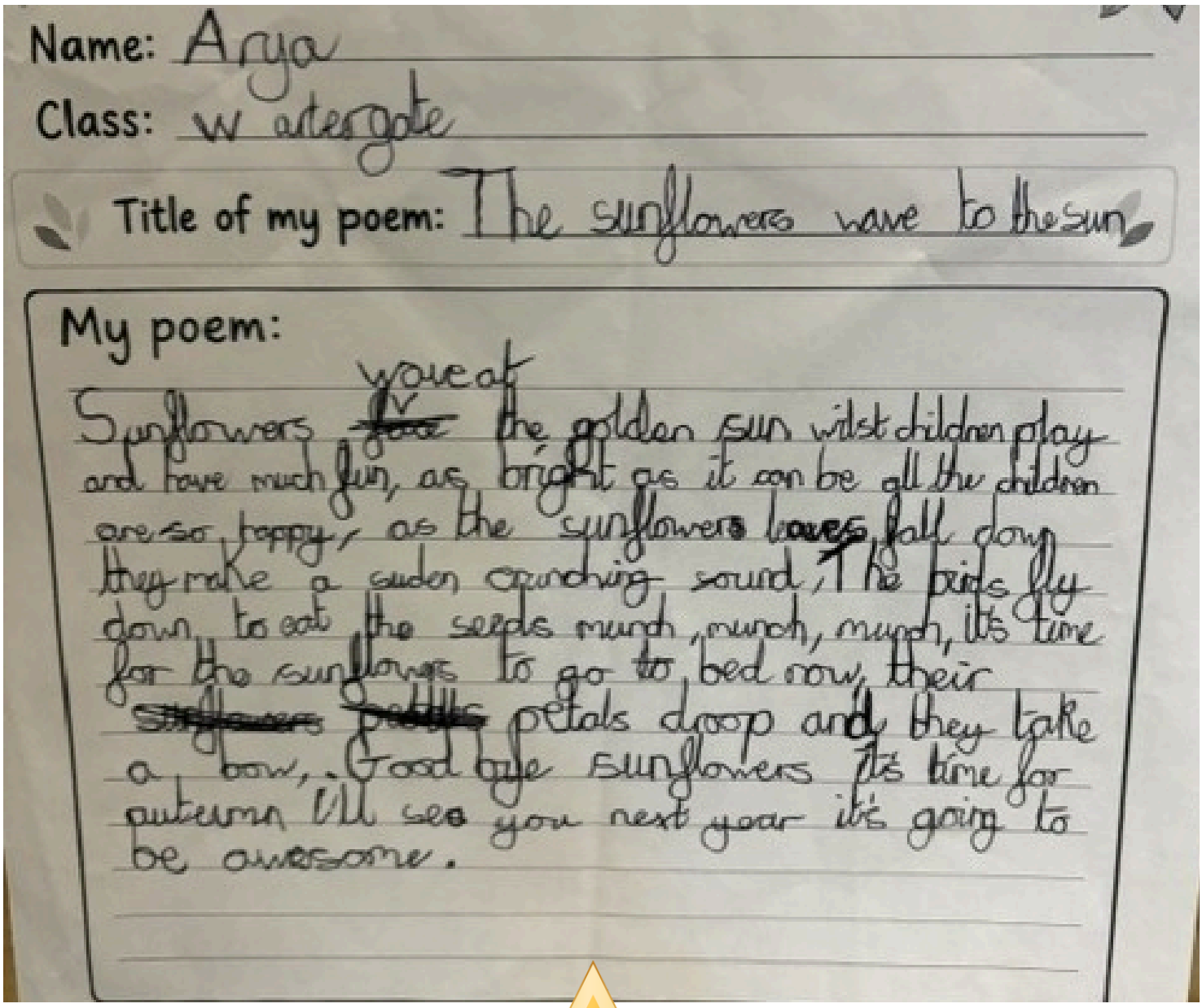
Class: Fistral

Title of my poem: Autumn Days

My poem:

Autumn's day fills the grass with jeweled droplets,
The crunch of leaves underfoot is the joyful,
sound of an Autumn walk
Pumkins getting plumper by the minute,
We come inside were it is safe and homested,
We sip the hot chocolate and chew the,
toffe apple such a cosy combo
Conkers scatter the open ground leaves,
tuck them up like us in bed,
We settle down as our dreams roll in,
of the red down below.

Highly Commended



Name: Anya

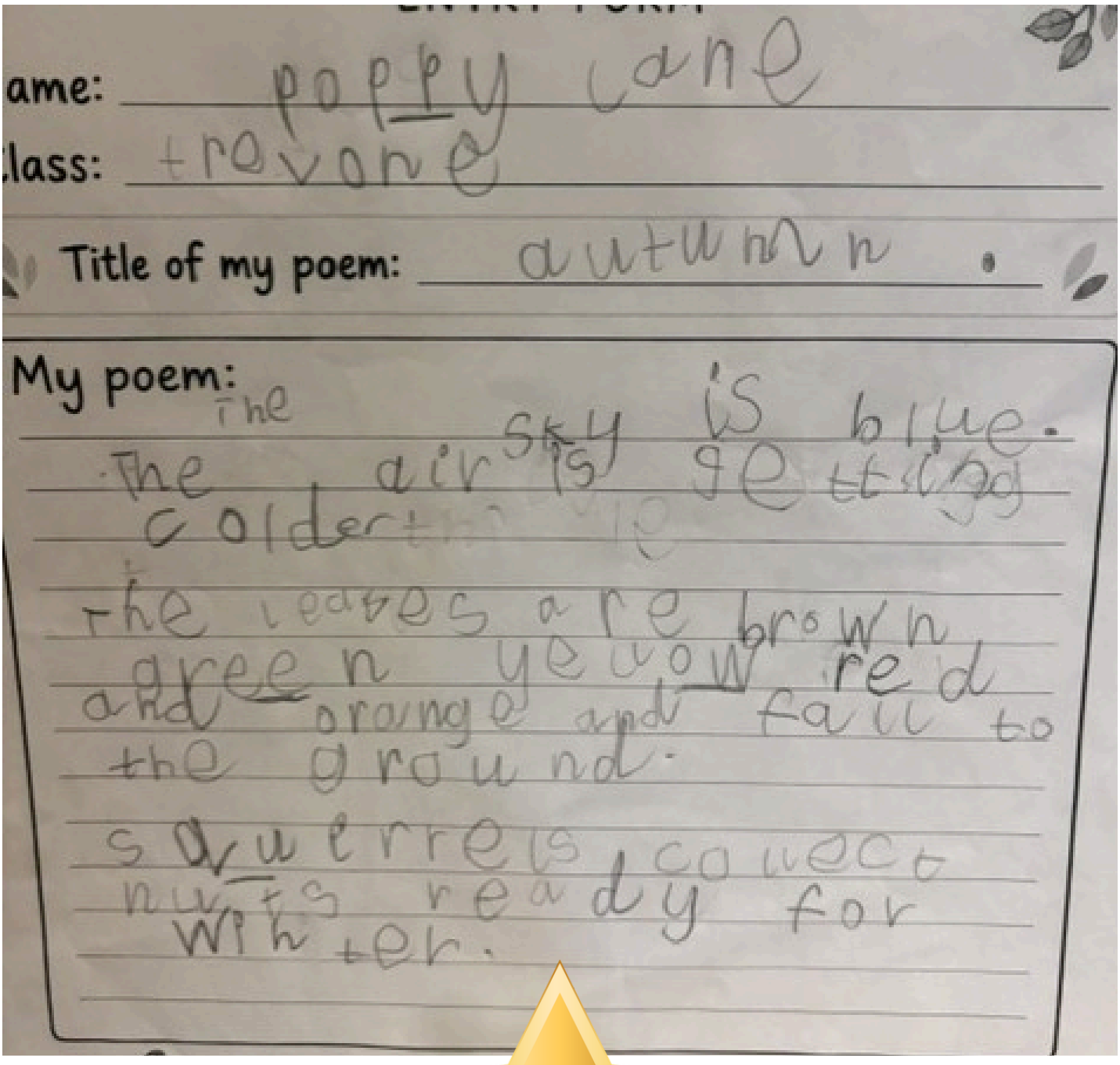
Class: Watergate

Title of my poem: The sunflowers wave to the sun

My poem:

Sunflowers wave at the golden sun whilst children play
and have much fun, as bright as it can be all the children
are so happy, as the sunflowers leaves fall down
they make a sudden crunching sound, The birds fly
down to eat the seeds munch, munch, munch, it's time
for the sunflowers to go to bed now, their
petals droop and they take
a bow, Good bye sunflowers it's time for
autumn I'll see you next year it's going to
be awesome.

Highly Commended



ame: poppy cane

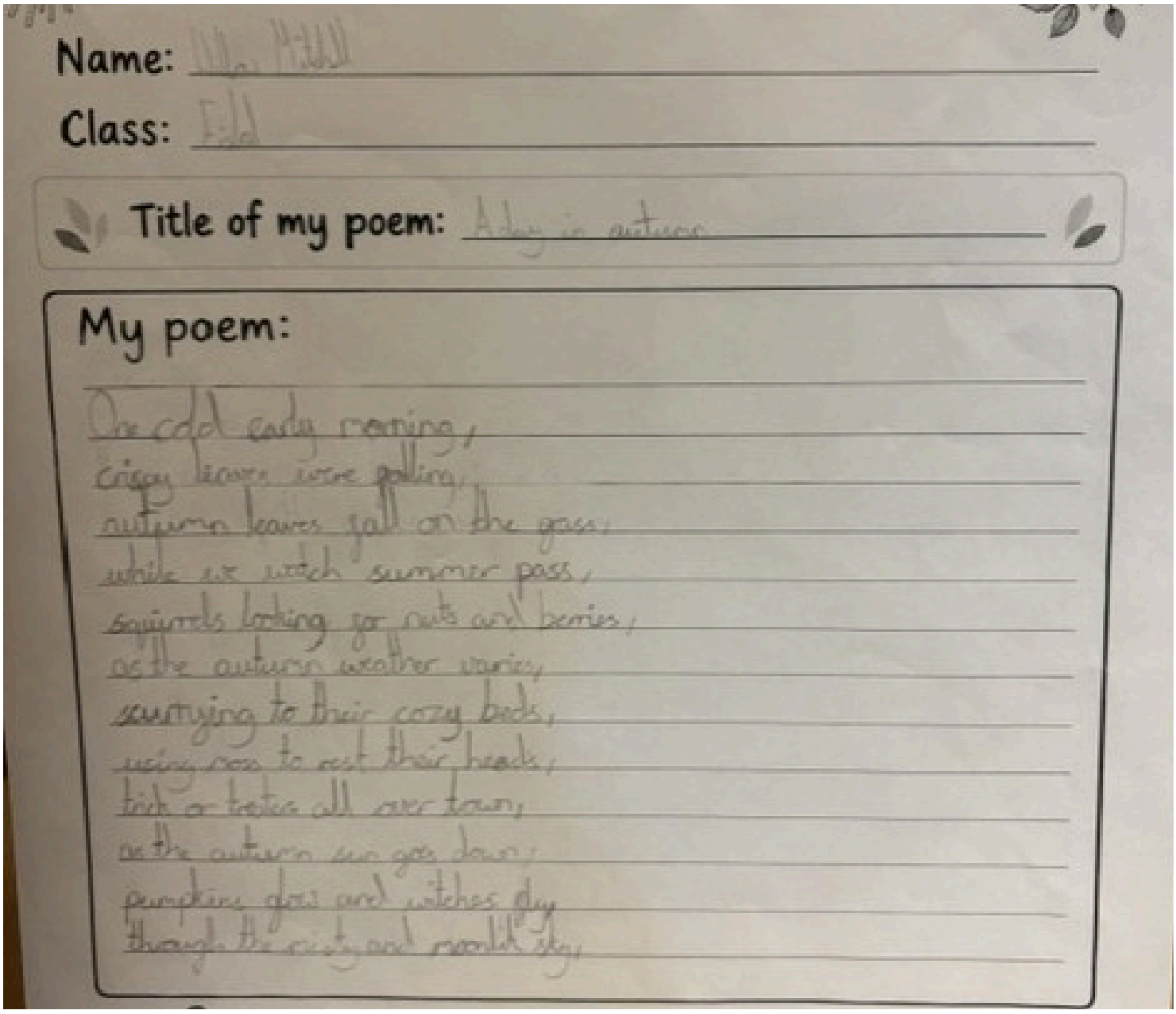
lass: travone

Title of my poem: autumn.

My poem:

The sky is blue.
The air is getting
colder.
The leaves are brown
green yellow red
and orange and fall to
the ground.
squirrels collect
nuts ready for
winter.

Highly Commended



Name:

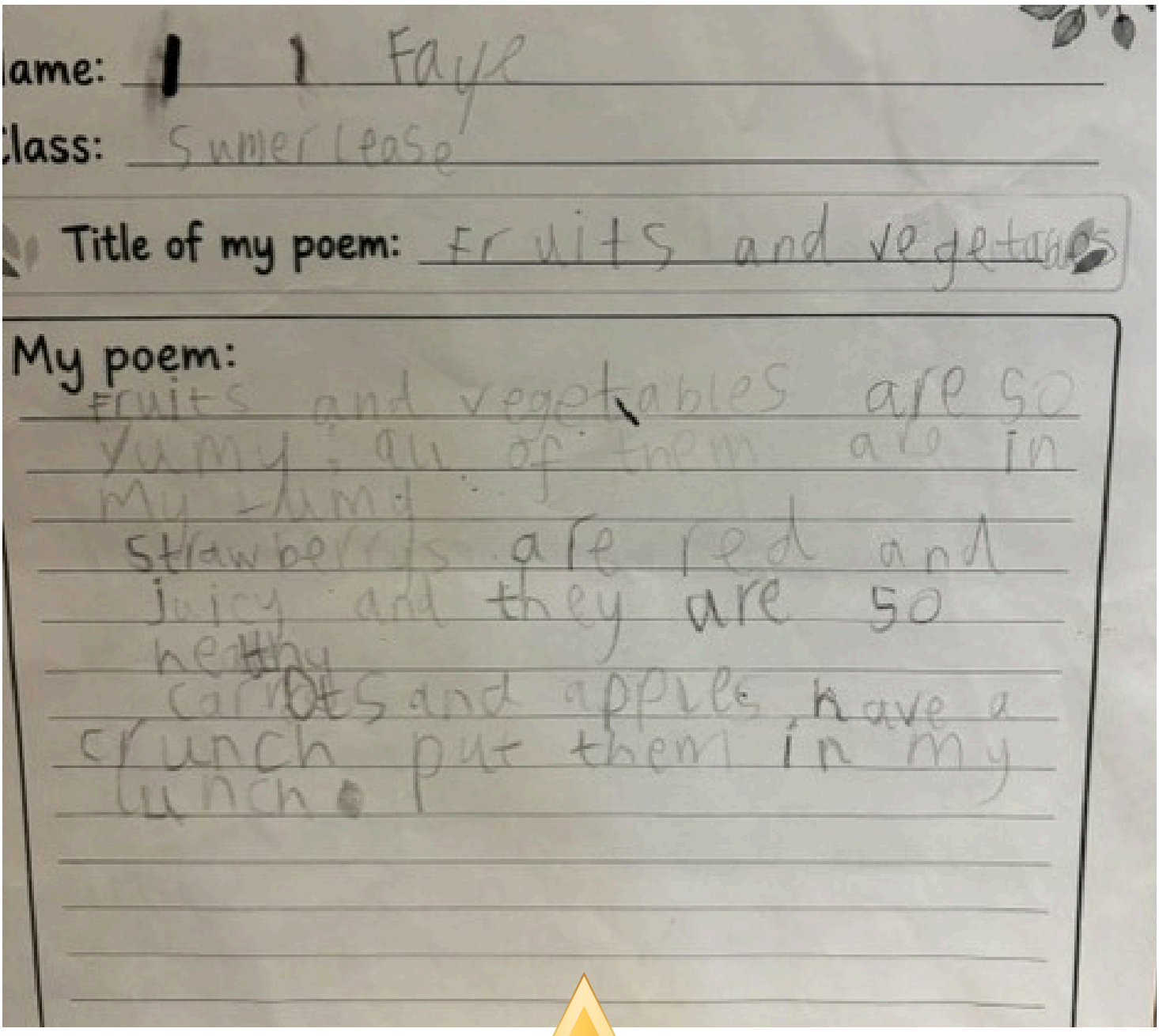
Class:

Title of my poem:

My poem:

One cold early morning,
crispy leaves were falling,
autumn leaves fall on the grass,
while we watch summer pass,
squirrels looking for nuts and berries,
as the autumn weather varies,
scurrying to their cozy beds,
using moss to rest their heads,
trick or treats all over town,
as the autumn sun goes down,
pumpkins glow and witches fly
through the misty and moonlit sky.

Highly Commended



Highly Commended



Name: Erin Mahmut

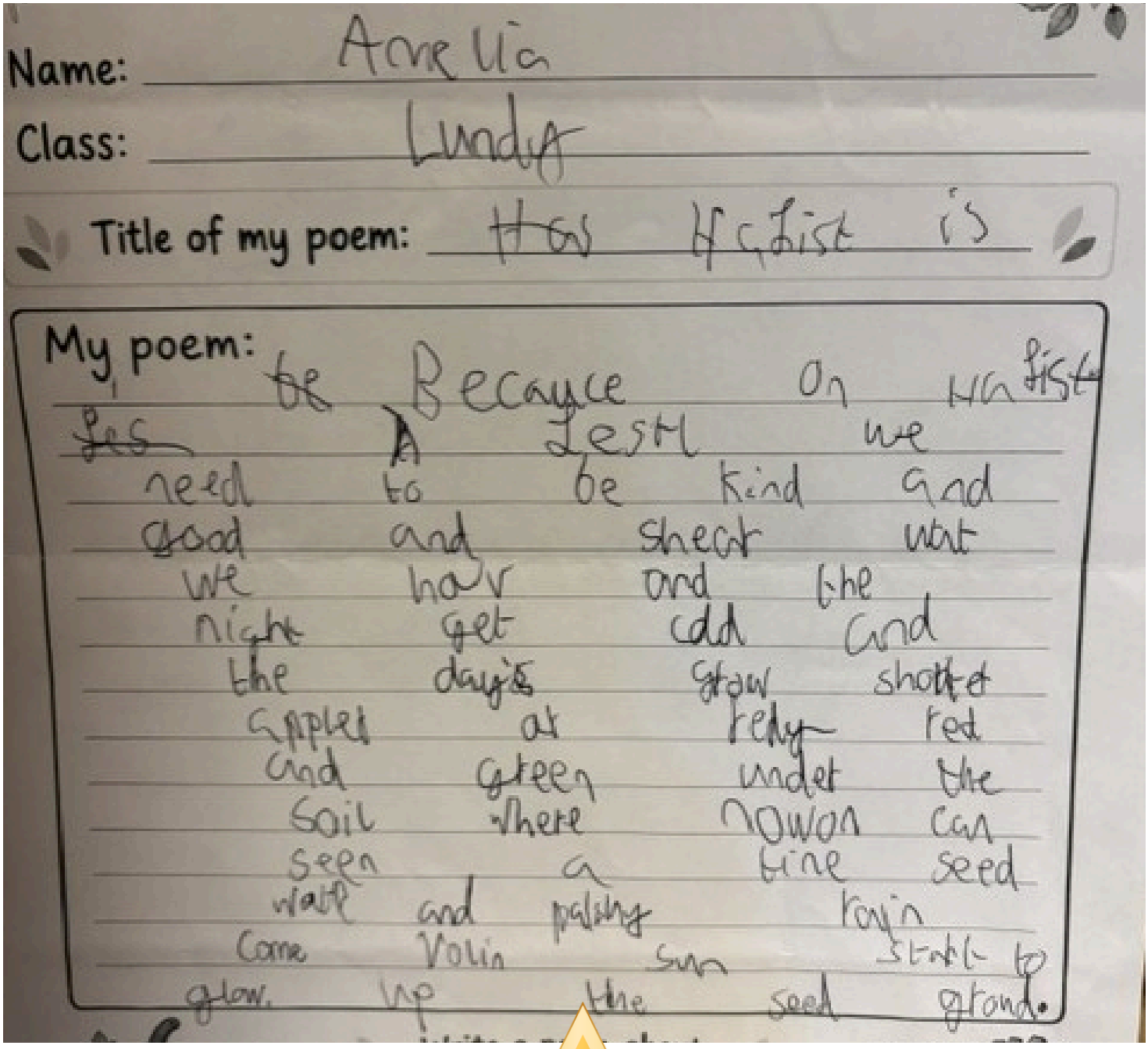
Class: Trevone

Title of my poem: Pumkinpicking.

My poem: Pumpkins.

Round and orange
Big and small
PUMPKINS grow in the
AUTUMN fall.
Ready to spooke us all.

Highly Commended



Name: Amelia

Class: Lunda

Title of my poem: How Hedgehog is

My poem:

Because On His first
We A Lesson
need to be kind good
good and hear and share and
We get days the
night at green cold
the where a snow
apples and shining under
and Rain Violin sun
Soil Come up the
seen glow. seed
water
we
need
to
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Rowan
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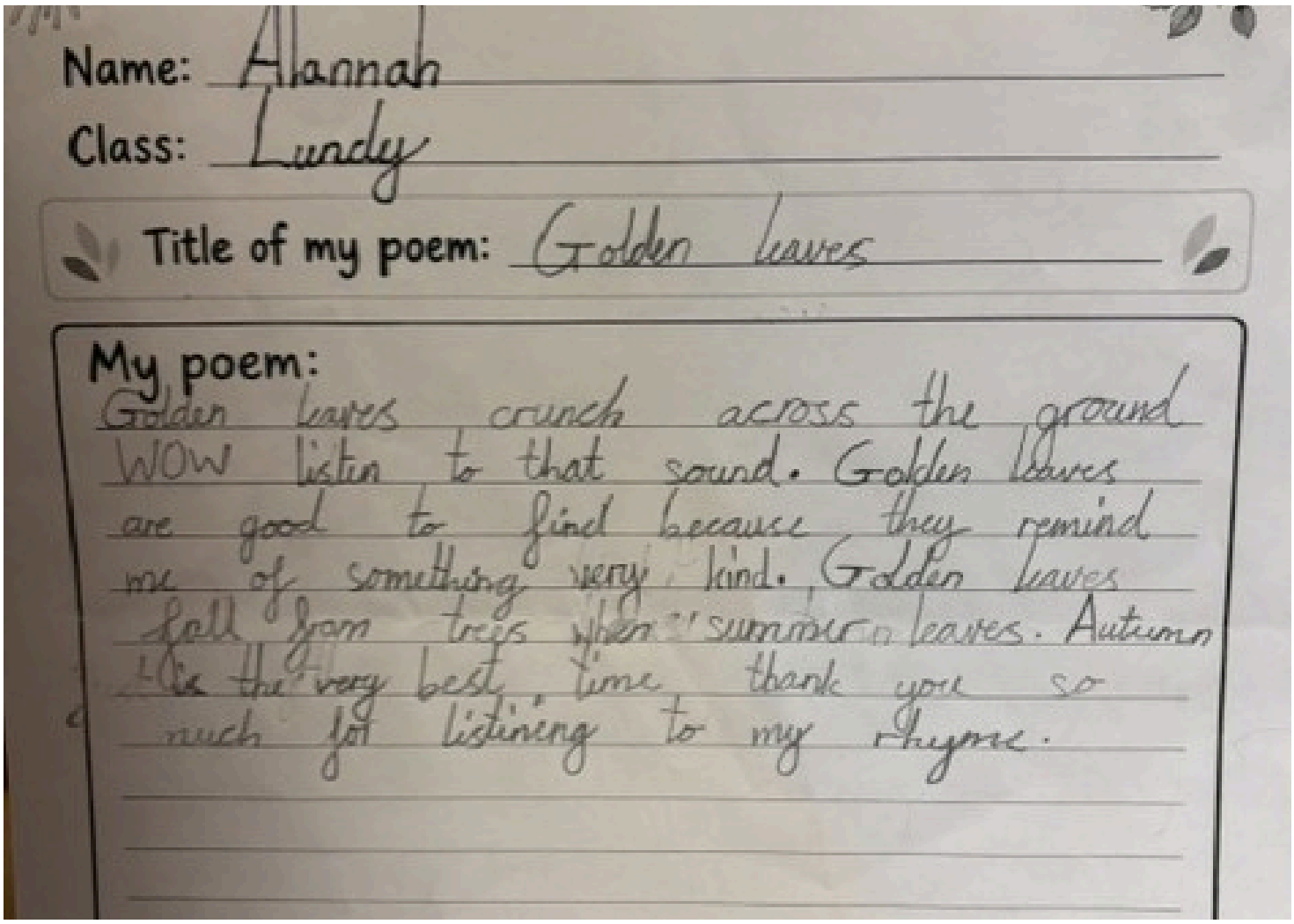
grow.

Highly Commended



Name: Alannah

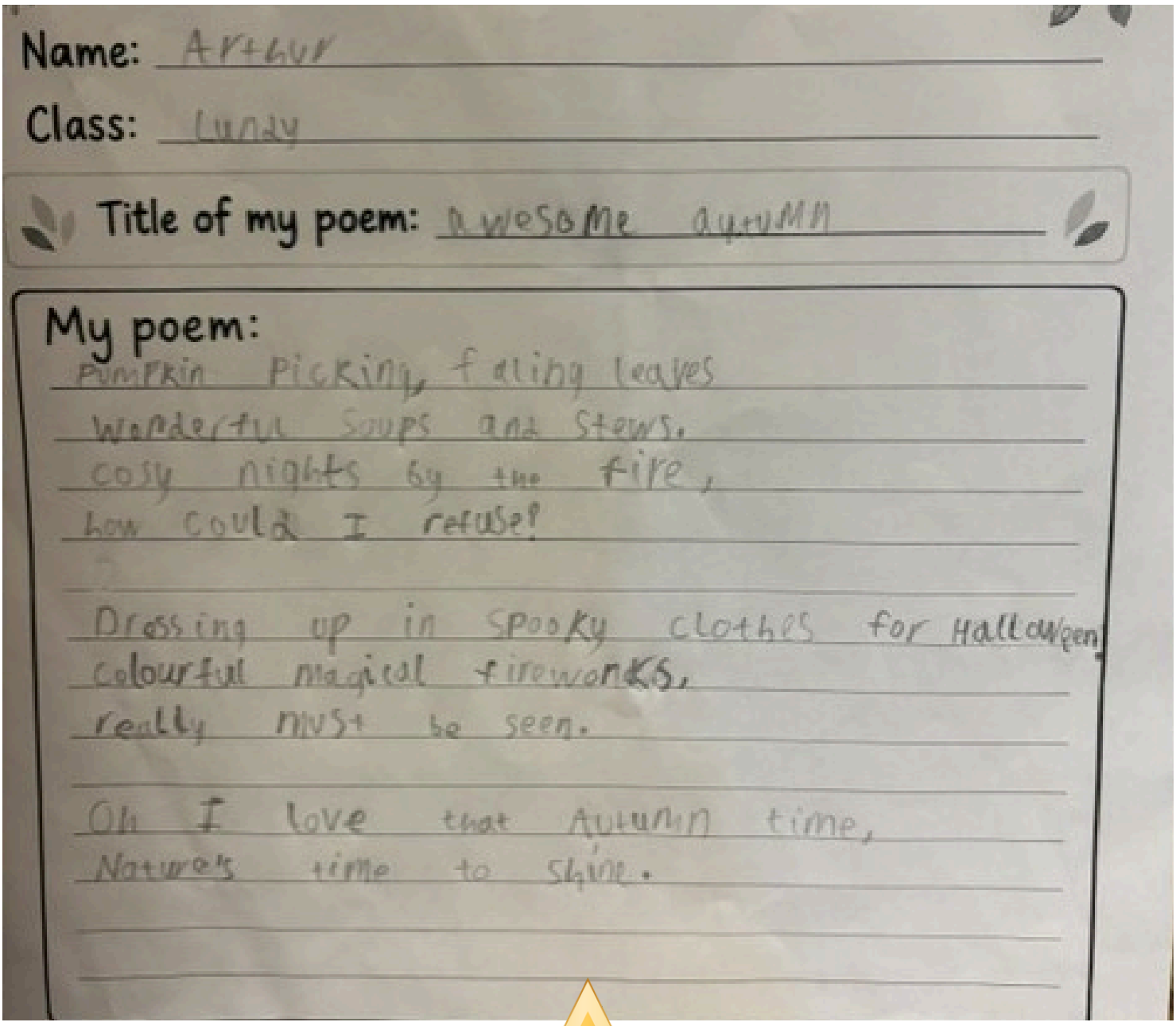
Class: Lundy

Title of my poem: Golden leaves

My poem:

Golden leaves crunch across the ground
WOW listen to that sound. Golden leaves
are good to find because they remind
me of something very kind. Golden leaves
fall from trees when summer leaves. Autumn
is the very best time thank you so
much for listening to my rhyme.

Highly Commended



Name: Arthur

Class: Lundy

Title of my poem: Awesome Autumn

My poem:

Pumpkin Picking, falling leaves
Wonderful Soups and Stews.
Cosy nights by the fire,
How could I refuse?

Dressing up in Spooky clothes for Halloween
Colourful magical fireworks,
really must be seen.

Oh I love that Autumn time,
Natures time to shine.