



a Tree
ALPHAbet

West Linton
Primary School
P3

Introduction

Simon and Aonghas did, in another school, once work with a Primary 1 class, where the pupils worked together with both artist and writer to produce artwork and poem, but P3 at West Linton has been a special experience for both. This was almost certainly the youngest group who could be encouraged to attempt to produce creative work on their own.

And both artist and writer are utterly delighted with what the class produced. Not only was everyone prepared to have a go, but they were able to show, in the quality of the poems and pictures they produced, that they were able to use their imagination in a way that we found tremendously exciting.

The test of a good poem is that, as well as pleasing the reader, it will surprise, and Aonghas is happy to report that he was both pleased and surprised in poem after poem. Likewise, Simon was delighted to watch (almost nervously) as small sparks of ideas grew rapidly into blazing canopies of stencilled trees.

Having asked the class to speak in the voice of the selected trees, using the information made available to the class, Aonghas thought he should attempt to follow his own advice, to see where it led him:

tree talk

willow

1

i am a spray of wands
my leaves are soft spears
my skin, distilled, can
give you health

2

i drink the flood, but if
it takes my feet away
i dip my elbow in
and grow again

3

in spring my growing tails
give food to bees

in autumn, cut me, weave
me into a home for bees
and they
will feed you

What am I?

by Rory

I am bendy like elastic
My catkins are green like caterpillars
My trunk is wide
It gets finer and finer and grows upwards towards the clouds

I grow beside the river
My branches feed the bees and wasps
I give beds to the birds
I am attractive to look at

People cut off my branches
But I still grow taller and taller
My branches bend but do not snap
I am a willow

The Oak

By Gavin

I am the Oak
I can live up to 1000 years old
I am 600
I have lots of animals living on and in me
I am king of the forest
My seeds are called Acorns



Willow

by Abigail

I am a Willow tree,
I am bendy like elastic in the wind,
Kids come and make baskets out of me.



Oak

by Mhairi

I am a oak
Now I'm a boat, Now I'm a house
Then I'm a wardrobe in the house with a mouse,
I got tumbled by the sky then I say goodbye.



Willow

by Murray

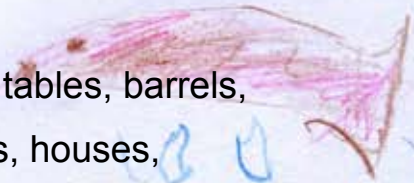
I am a willow tree,
I am very strong,
In the wind I blow about,
I need rain and the sun,
I live beside the river,
In floods I get swept away but grow again,
I live with my willow family.



The Story of the Oak

by Natasha

I make the food for a squirrel. The food is called an acorn.
The acorn hits the ground and grows into a new child oak and
will be my new child.
Most of my friends have been made into chairs, tables, barrels,
boats, paper, pencils, shelves, beds, beads, bowls, houses,
wardrobes, floors and lots lots more.
My leaves are bumpy and my bark is rough.
Animals live in me.
I am a great oak with lots and lots of stories.



Willow

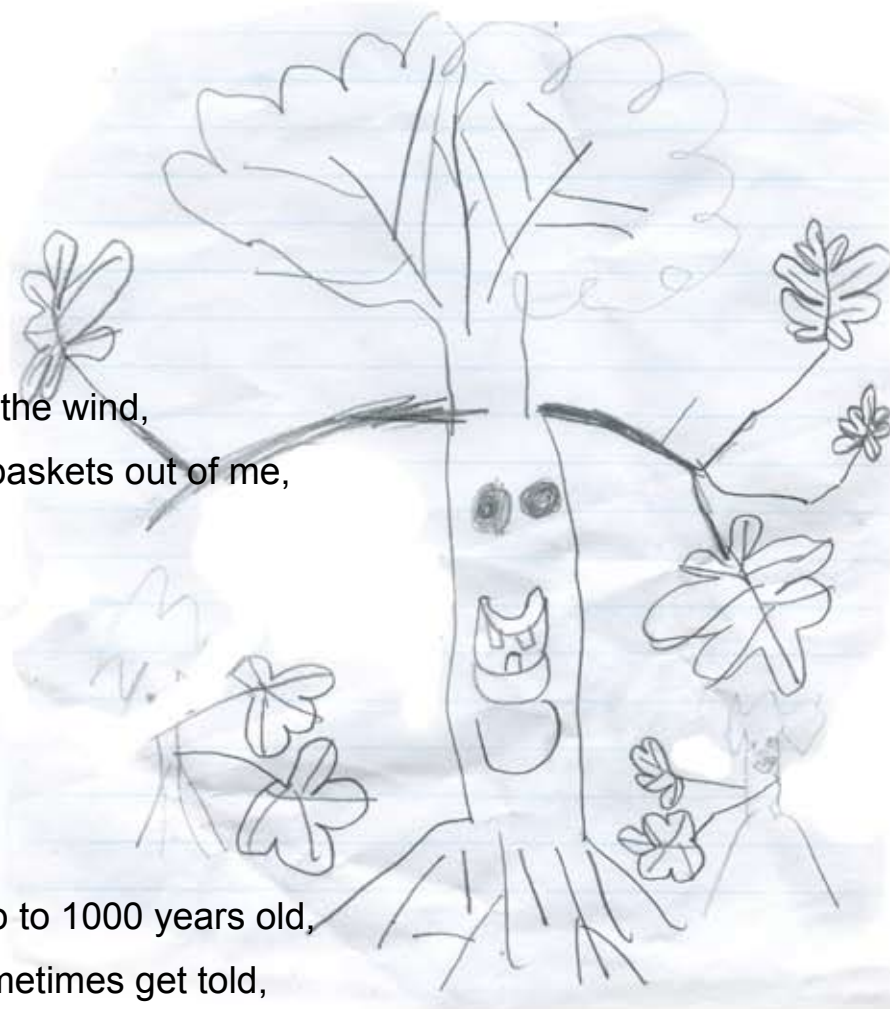
by Amy

I am a willow tree,
I am bendy like elastic in the wind,
People come and make baskets out of me,
My leaves are pointy.

Oak

by Thomas

I am the oak, I can live up to 1000 years old,
The stories about me sometimes get told,
I am mostly a wide shape but I do not spread one single grape,
My lobed leaves are unmistakable and I like to think I'm unbreakable.
My leaves look a bit like a cloud but I am not very loud.
I am the strongest king of the forest,
But there is one bad thing about me I am sensitive to the lightning tree.
My overall shape is often wider than I am high.
I also hope I am dry because of my strong bark,
I am not scared of the dark.
The colour brown is the colour of my crown,
Some animals hide inside me because I am the strong oak tree.



Oak

By Sean

I am strong

I am big

Squirrels live in me

I am yellow, green, red, brown or orange

I grow in water that is far under ground

I am made into wardrobes, floors and walls

My bark is rough

My leaves are bumpy around the edges

As I reach up my body gets thinner and thinner

Until I spread my coat of green

@The End@

Willow Tree

By Jenni

I blow in the wind just like paper

I bend in the wind just like elastic

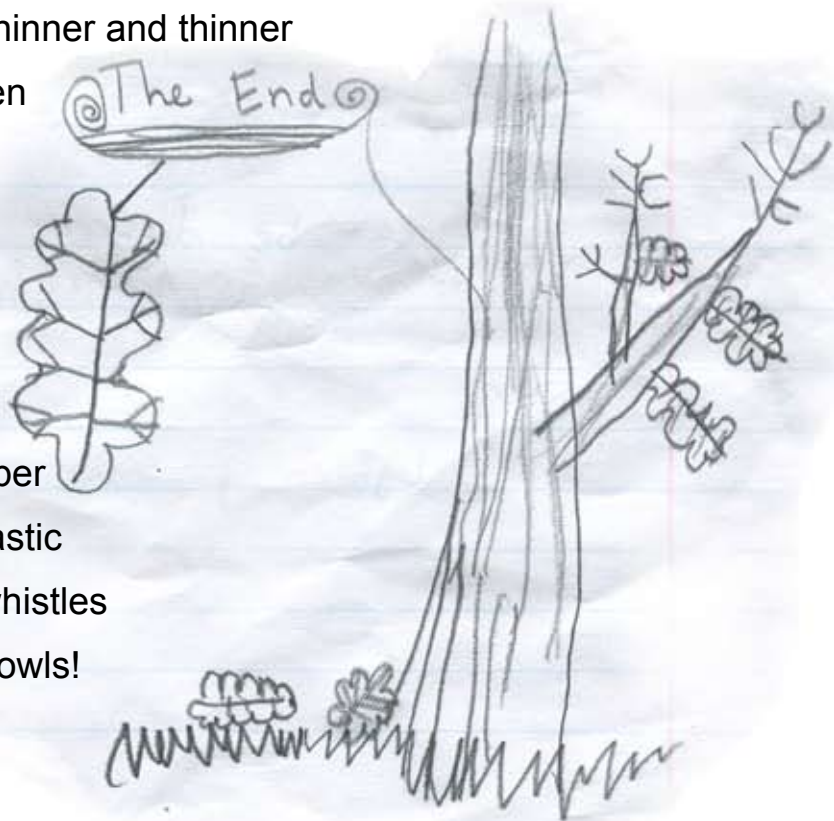
I get tared to get made into whistles

I get holes in me because of owls!

Poor me!

I grow again in spring

Not so poor me now!



Willow Tree

By Lewis

I am a willow, I am a willow

I am bendy, I am bendy

My leaves are spiky, my leaves are spiky

I can be made into a whistle, I can be made into a whistle

I can also be made into a basket,

I can also be made into a basket

Oak

by James

I am the oak, the majestic, the mighty, rough oak.

In spring I feed birds and squirrels,

In summer I impress you all,

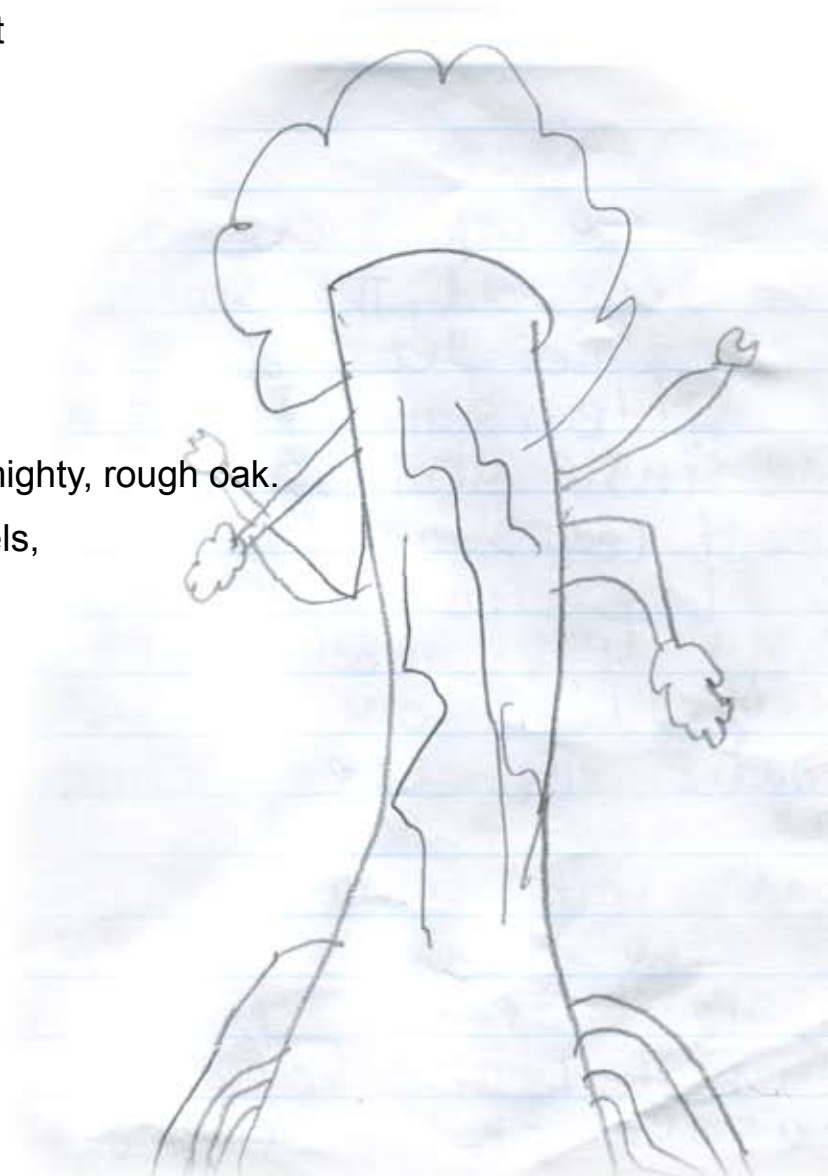
In autumn I turn bare,

In spring I am a boat,

In summer I am a wardrobe.

I used to be King of the Forest.

Boo-hoo!



The Oak Tree

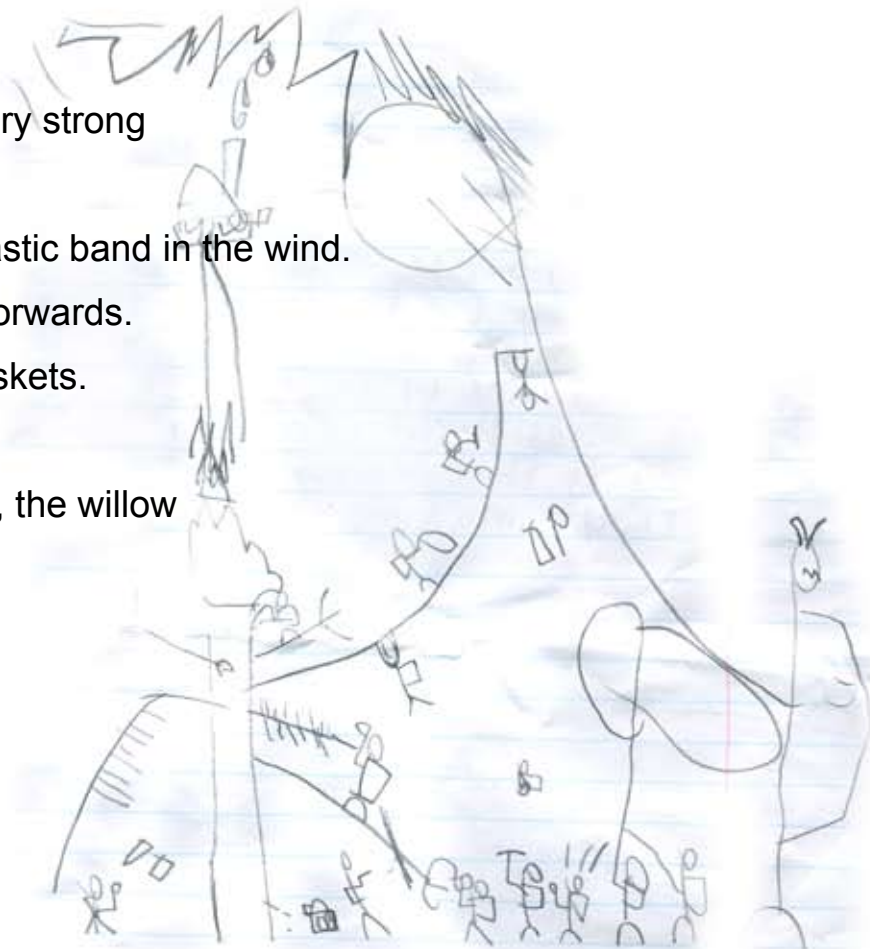
by Struan

I am the oak, squirrels eat acorns
I the oak doesn't get struck by lightning
I the oak gets made into barrels
I the oak gets the water from the pipes
I the oak am strong, the leaves look like hills in water
I the oak, lives until over 1000 years old

The Bendy Tree

by Patrick

I am bendy and I am very strong
I can make things.
I am stretchy like an elastic band in the wind.
I blow backwards and forwards.
I make whistles and baskets.
I am waterproof and
birds make nests in me, the willow



Willow tree

by Adam

I am the willow tree and am being eaten by a caterpillar
and he is very hungry.

Soon I will be eaten all up.

The next day half of the willow trees leaves have been eaten
all up. But the next day the caterpillar was full.

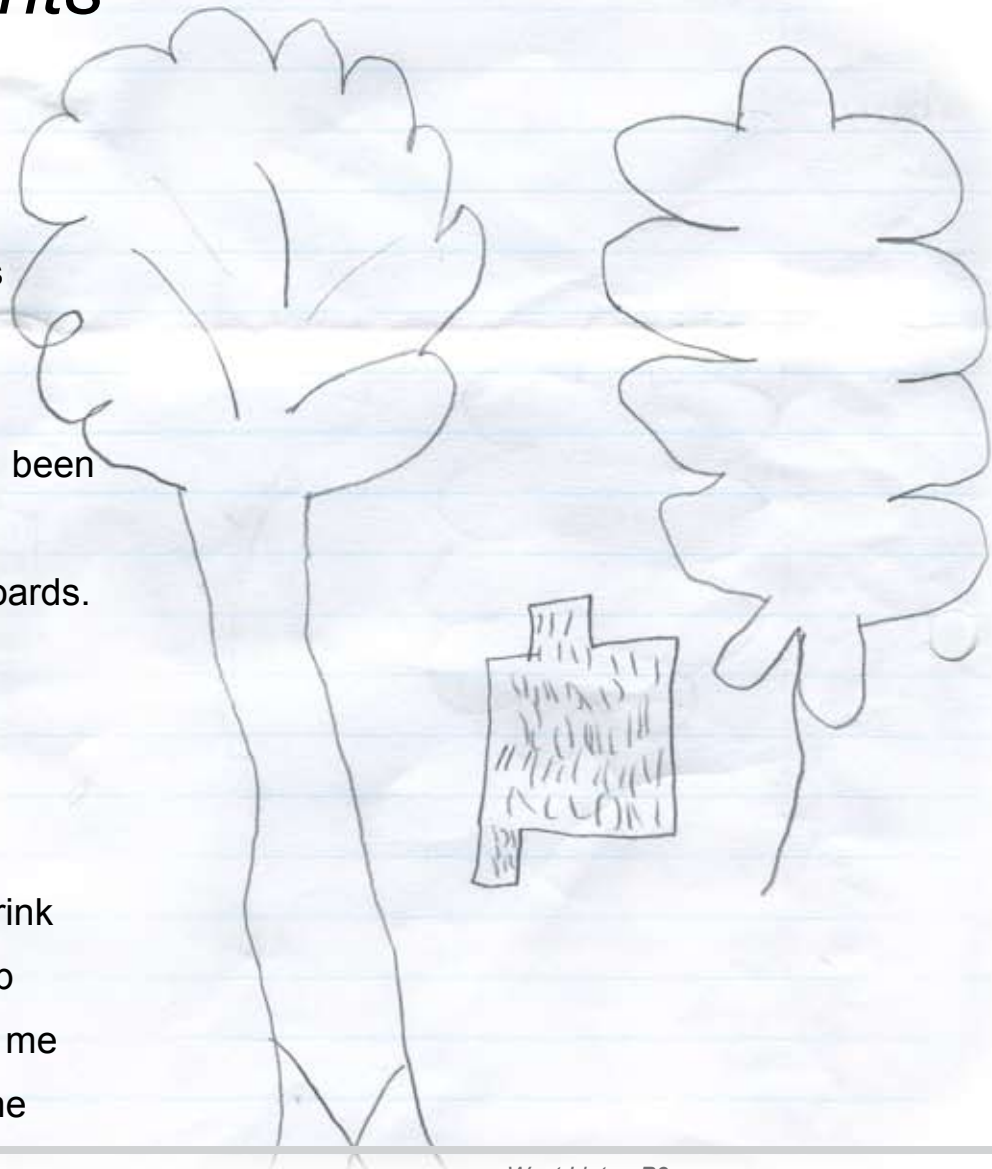
The willow tree said thank goodness.

But the willow trees leaves had all been eaten up.

Tree thoughts

by Josh

Bark belongs to me
my brothers are acorns
leaves are my property
Squirrels live on me.
Tables my friends have been
chairs as well
except I am cut floor boards.
I am very sad
Sap is my blood
sometimes I am cold.
Wood is my body
water is my favourite drink
Roots help me stand up
Birds and squirrels like me
Paper is made out of me



Bendy Willow Trees

by Libby

Willow trees are waterproof.

Willow trees bend in the wind just like elastic.

There are lots of willow trees like me. My trunk is very wide.

I am very strong. I look very pretty when I swing in the wind. I

feed bees in the spring. I get made into whistles. When I die I

grow again. Willows are quick growing trees and grow best in

wet soil. Leaves on willow trees start growing in early spring.

Willows get their name from their trailing or weeping branches.

Crack willow trees get their name because their branches

easily break if you bend them. You also get white willow trees,

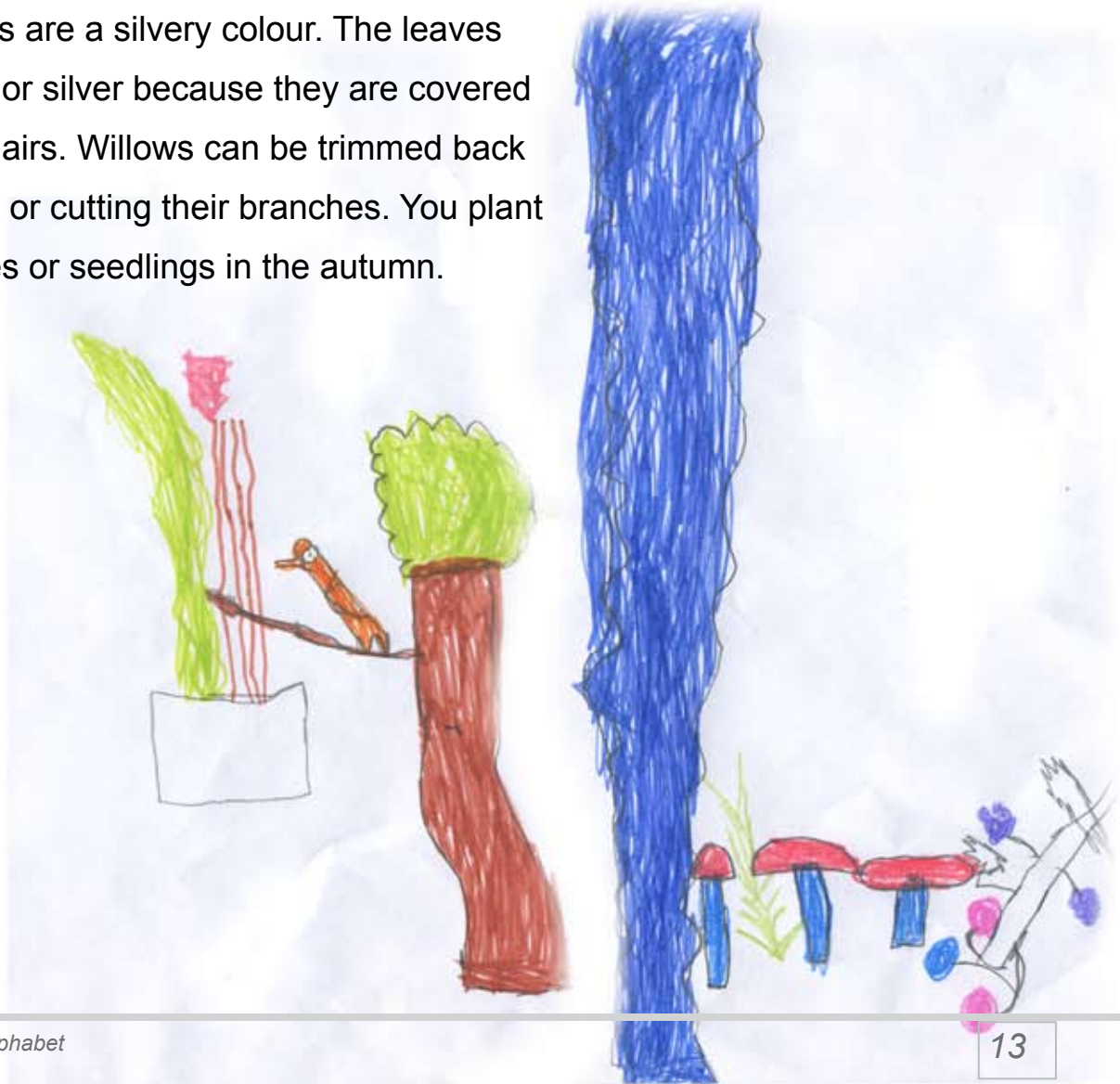
their leaves are a silvery colour. The leaves

look white or silver because they are covered

in silvery hairs. Willows can be trimmed back

by pruning or cutting their branches. You plant

young trees or seedlings in the autumn.



The Oak

Kristin

I am an oak and I am six hundred years old
I can be made into a boat or a wardrobe.
In the autumn my leaves fall off and in the winter I am bare.
and in the Spring I am covered in green leaves

Oak

by Evan

I'm the oak.
Once I'm a boat
Once I'm a barrel
Once I'm a table

Willow

by Iain

Willow, willow, there's an owl on my pillow.
Willow, willow, there's a basket beside my willow.
Willow is a very common tree
Willow is a bendy tree, just like elastic.





Willow tree

by Holly

I'm green and when it is windy my leaves blow in the wind.

My branches bend like plastic.

My trunk is thick and strong.

You will mostly see me in a forest.

I look like a caterpillar.

I am green and furry all over my body.

I give female powers.

My leaves are green and my trunk is brown.

I look very nice when I sway in the wind.

I have flowers around me and bushes and leaves on the ground and people sometimes come and look at me.

I look very pretty.

