

# PRIME TIMES

Sections Internationales  
Sèvres · Boulogne · Chaville

FROM THE INTEGRATED AND WEDNESDAY  
PRIMARY SECTIONS



## Editorial

By Catherine Potter-Jadas, *Head of Primary*

I can imagine that you are all as happy as we are that this year draws to an end. Teaching is a perpetual learning experience, but I think this is one experience we could all have lived without. On the positive side, we have been forced to look at other forms of presentation of the work we do with the children and I am sure that much of what we have created and been forced to use will become part of our repertoire of teaching tools in the future so, in a way, it has opened new horizons. This edition of Prime Times is a bit 'light' for obvious reasons, but we are pleased to be able to showcase the poems of the winners and runners up of the poetry competition we began this year. This idea was initiated by Mr. Parker and has had a profound effect on our teaching across the board resulting in the children being exposed more regularly to poetry during the course of the year. As he will be leaving us, I think it only fitting that the competition in years to come, carries his name: The Parker Poetry Contest would be a fitting memorial to his time with us. We are sorry to have to have to say goodbye to him and to Jenny Bateman-Irish and Corinne Tarbet, who have worked tirelessly for years in our extension programme. The extension afternoon programme will also be saying goodbye to Joanna Lhonore as we are delighted to announce that she will be moving over to the Integrated programme in September. Thanks must be made to the whole primary teaching team, the speed with which they adapted to the Covid conditions and embraced its difficulties was astounding and made me proud to be part of such a team. It only remains for me to say, once again, thank you to you all for the tremendous job you have done in supporting your children and ensuring that their education has continued without interruption during these strange times.



## Editorial

By Ralph Tidmarsh, *Head of Primary Extension Programme*

There once was a school for bilinguals,  
Though this year they weren't allowed to mingle,  
They wrote poems instead,  
Teachers taught while in bed,  
And their parents drank wine and ate pringles.

Of course this is only partially true. Well done to everyone, adults and children for all the progress made this year. Our warmest wishes go with Corinne (8 years with us: P1, P2, P4 and Little Peas) and Jenny Bateman-Irish (5 years with us: P4 and P6) as they leave SIS and of course to all our leaving students. Please come back and visit us when you pass through, we'd love to see you again!

## A Short Message from Mr Parker

Dear everyone,

I'm taking the liberty of writing a message in this edition of Prime Times, as it's the last time I'll be working on it.

I just want to say a very fond farewell to all of you. I've had a wonderful time teaching at SIS, and I feel truly privileged to have so many beautiful memories to cherish. Being part of such a good team allowed me to grow as a teacher, and being blessed with such curious, friendly and interesting students inspired me greatly. It was also A LOT of fun.

I'm tremendously excited by this next chapter in my life, and the possibilities that it will present to merge my twin passions of music and education. Of course, it's a little scary, but I am certain that it is the right thing to do, because I'm doing what I love. Furthermore, your support and encouragement has strengthened my resolve and my belief in this project, so thank you.

I wish you all the best in the future, and I hope that those of you who might wish to stay in touch know that I would be thrilled to do so.

Thanks for everything,  
Mr Parker/John



## LITTLE PEAS



Big tree  
 Little tree  
 Big tree  
 Little  
 Trees trees in the wind  
 Trees trees giggle  
**By Alice, P2WB**

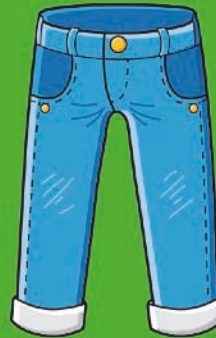


Dad is tired so he has a nap.  
 He falls off the bed and into the gap.  
 To stop him falling I put a net.  
 Then I took him to the vet.  
**By Joseph Saperia, P1WB**



Sea blue  
 Skli [sky]  
**By Luca, P1WT**

little tree  
 big tree  
 little  
 In the wind They've  
 got a giggle  
**By Lewis, P1WB**



Blue are my glasses  
 Blue are my pants  
 But not the ants  
**By Noam, P1WS**

Blue sky  
 Blue butterfly



Blue bubble gum  
 Sticky and sweet  
**By Louis, P1WT**

The black cat sees a big rat.  
 The little dog ran after the fast  
 green van.  
 The hot pot cooks a lot.  
**By Lewis Lemaire Ellis, P1WB**



The cate ate a rat  
 That was wearing  
 a hat!  
**By Antoine, P1WS**

I hear the sea in the shells,  
 Flowers in the bright sun and,  
 Vanilla ice cream,  
 The sunflowers turning to the sun,  
 And my daddy's sweaty armpits,  
 And sand between my toes,  
 The grass tickling my feet and the  
 Orange butterflies,  
 Slipper sun cream and,  
 The waves breaking.  
 I love summer.  
**Summer by Camilla Habibala, P2IB**



Have you ever seen a dog in the fog?  
 Have you ever seen a brick click?  
 Have you ever seen a fox box?  
 Have you ever seen a bee sneas?  
 Have you ever seen a shrimp stingch  
 Have you ever seen a snow grow  
**Have you ever seen by Mia Nelmes Schwartz, P2IS**





one two three climb that tree  
four five six fiddlesticks  
seven eight nine now I'm fine  
**By Alma Bureau Tarbet, P2WP**



What is White?  
Clouds are White.  
What is a violet?  
the sunset is violet.  
**By Clement Goldsmith,**

My cat is in a pot and she is not hot.  
I see sum bots in sun pots a bot is hot. "We see a ben in a pen with a hen" said Ken. I see a vet the vet is wet it hase a set. I see a cat and a bat on a mat. A vet met a wet pet with a set. A cat on a mat with a rat and a hat. Ben was ten said Ken to his hen. A man went to a van and he ran. I love a bun and the sun to have fun. I love my dog and my frog nog.

**By Maya Edson, P2WF**



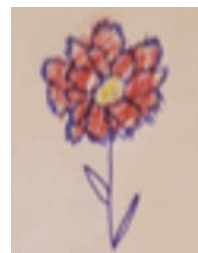
Nothing stops the P2s from doing science; here are some of their 'moving models'.

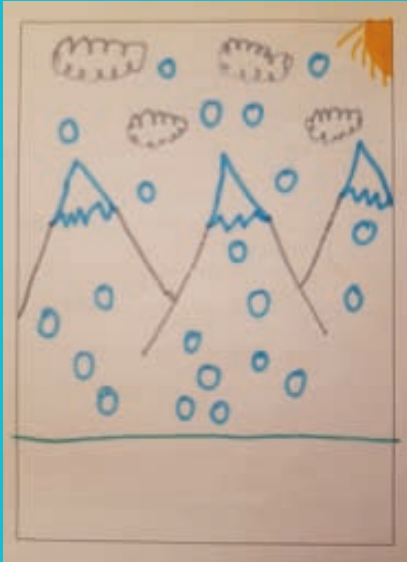
A piece of pie.  
A piece of cake.  
A crocodile sweet.  
That's what I bake.  
I've got a tummy ache.  
**Sugary by Emma Tyler Leruste, P3IS**

In the classrouroom I read very well.  
Up the stairs we walk calmly And slowly.  
In the library I sit And I feel calm.  
On the playground we run Fast We scream like lions.  
My scool is perfect for Me.  
**A walk through my scool by Leo Breuil, P3IB**

Chocolate  
Yummy, delicious chocolate  
Yummy, delicious chocolate... Crack... crack  
as crunchy as corn as nice as winning  
**Chocolate by Victor Fion Leote Carvalho, P3WQ**

Roses are red  
The clock is white  
The flowers are pretty  
Dinosors bite.  
**Roses are by Ella Dlamini, P3WK**





A happy funny dog,  
liked to swim in the fog

One day he ate a bone  
and rang like a fone,

He likes to wag his tail when  
we walk on a trail

He can't chase a cat because he is big and too fat.

To who my love is tro I even pic up his poo.  
**My dog by Rose Richmond-Brown, P3WS**



Winter is white and blue.  
It is winter.  
It is the mountains.  
It is snowy and cold.  
It is Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer.  
It is presents.  
It is cookies.  
It is fun.

**Winter by Caitlinn Policand, P3WK**

Lamb  
Roasted Lamb  
Good Roasted Lamb  
As healthy as Pork and  
We do champ! Champ! Champ!  
**Lamb by John-Henri Maisonneuve, P3WQ**

We will take care of the planet  
and will recycle all the plastic.

We will save the frogs,  
and put them on logs.

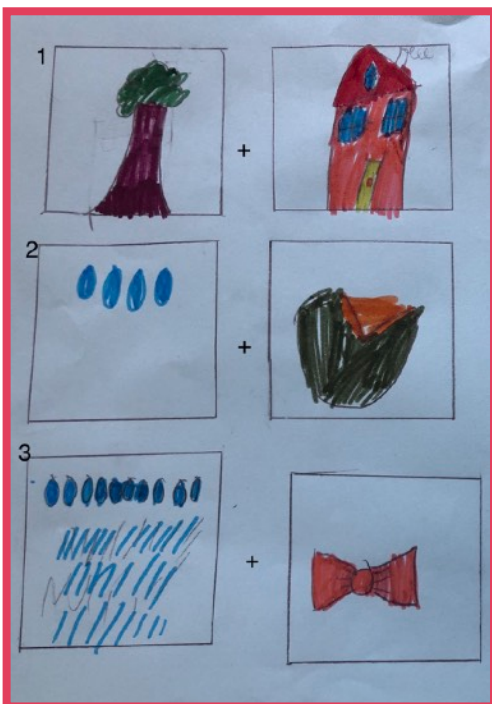
We will clean shiny cans,  
and turn of purple fans.

We will play lovely flute,  
and put on our boots.

We will clean the blue sea  
and rescue the black and white bees.

We will be a huge band,  
and rescue the green land.

**Save our planet by Yasmine Achchaq, P3WS**

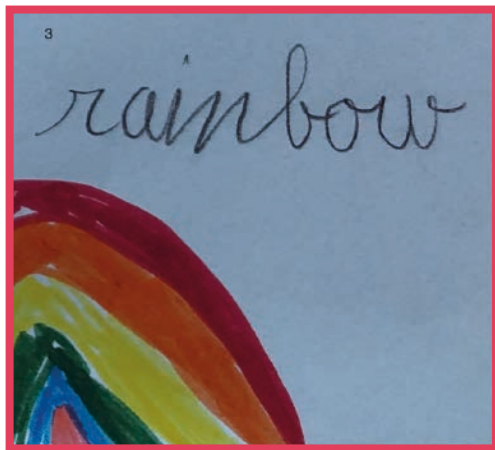
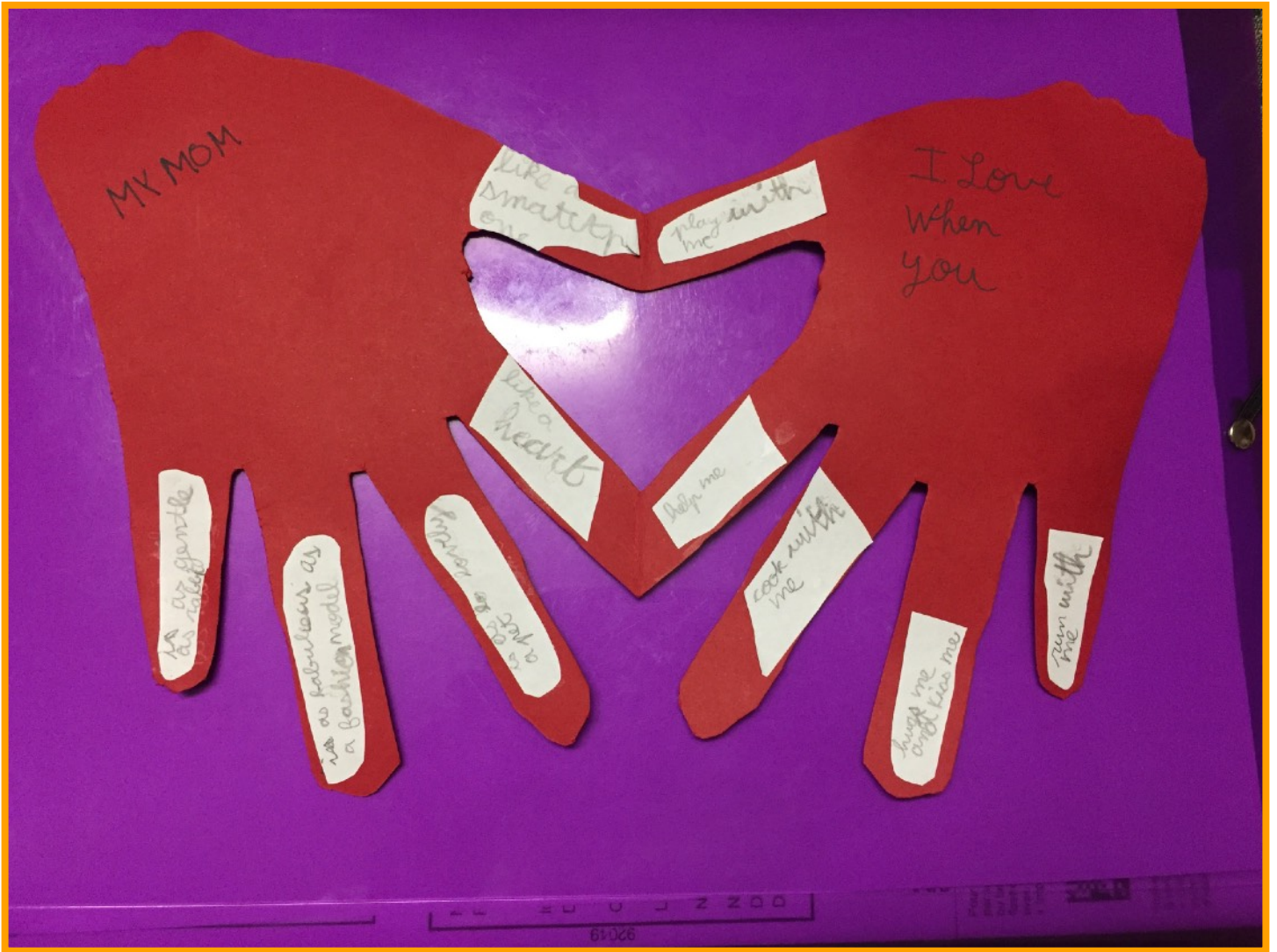


When P3K learned about compound words, they made compound word riddles. Can you guess the answer to Lily's riddles? (Answers at the bottom of page 6)



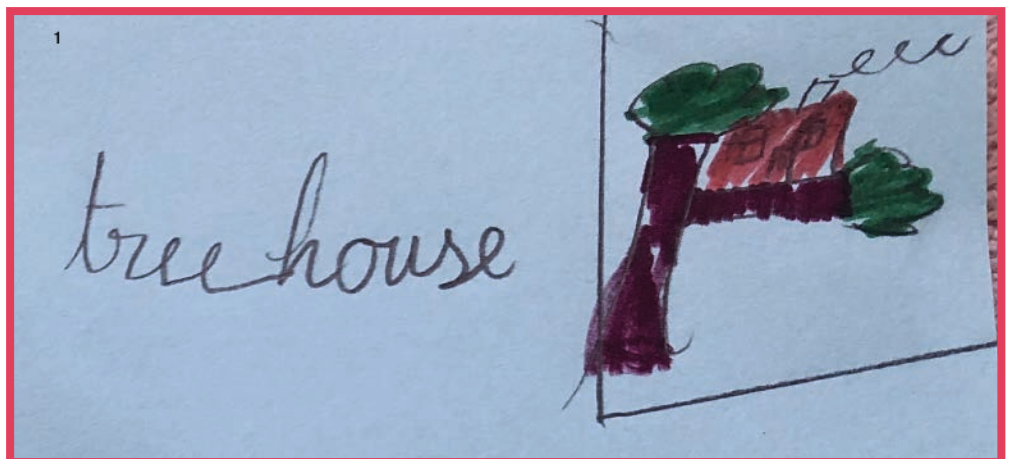
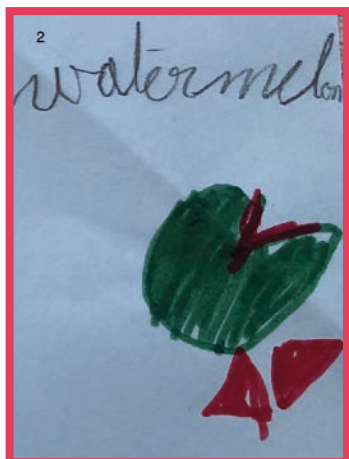
Mom's and Dad's Day Crafts were successfully done by both P3 classes during live sessions





Answers to riddles on page 5:

1. Treehouse
2. Watermelon
3. Rainbow



## School

I love school,

It's so cool,

But sully today,

I can't say hooray.

For today is a weekend,

But I can not bare to see the end,

Of this amazing week,

From the science I do seek.

I need to do homework in my bed,

I need the math facts to stay in my head,

For school is the best,

Even in Everest.

By Camilia Lakhdari-Moroccan P4IS

My chair dances around  
My chair jumps on the ground  
My teacher yells at me I always  
fall on my knee

All my friends call me classe  
trouble

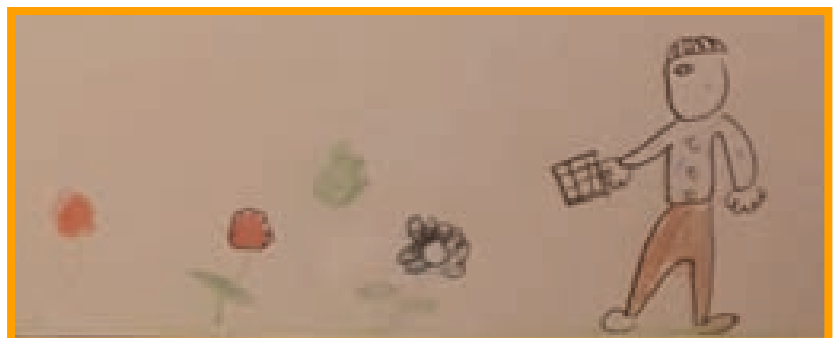
writing homework is imposible  
Because he does puble buble  
I call him classe mate trouble  
He calls me Double

my favrit part of the day  
It's when I get out of his way

**Moving Chair by Scotty  
Boucherrab, P4IB**



Grass growing in the fields  
Flowers blooming in my garden  
Rain falling on the ground  
Chocolate in my freezer  
Rain on my body  
Spring  
**Spring by Lawrence Croucher, P4WS**



# Whales

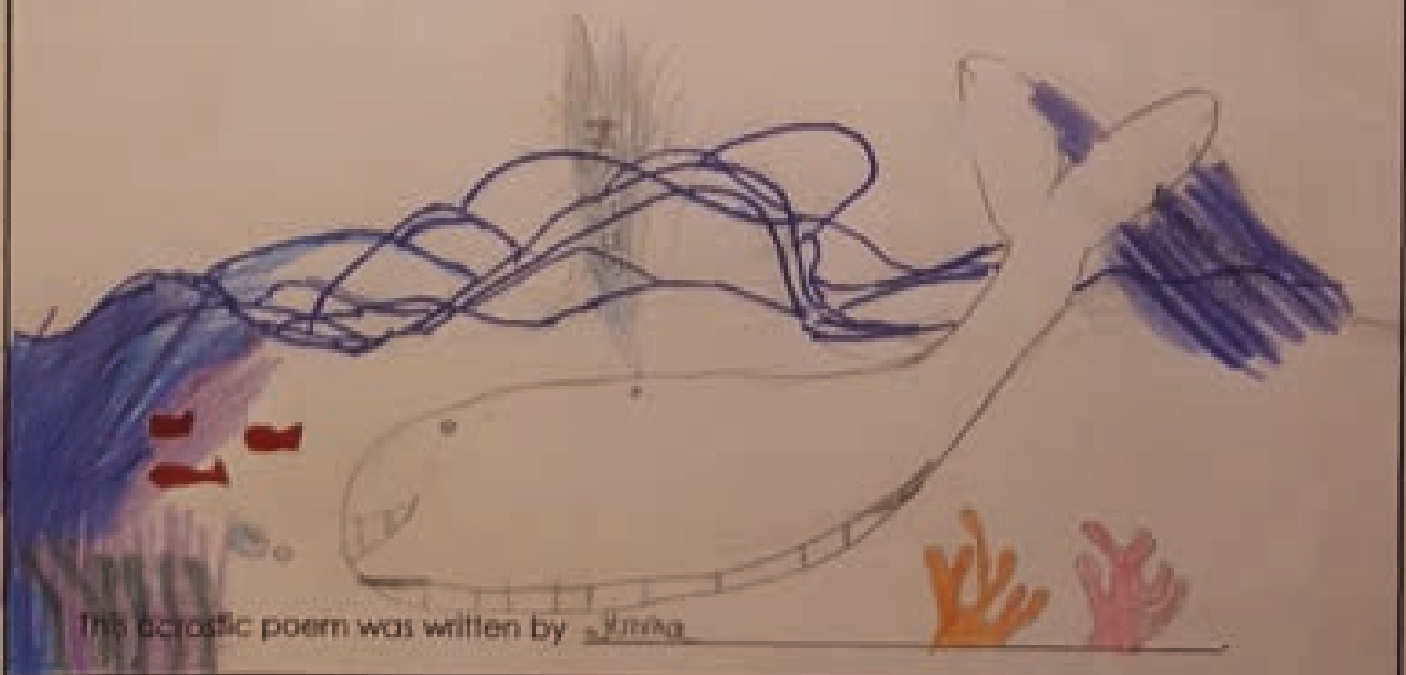
Watery and wet

Huge noisy bodies

Agile with its movements

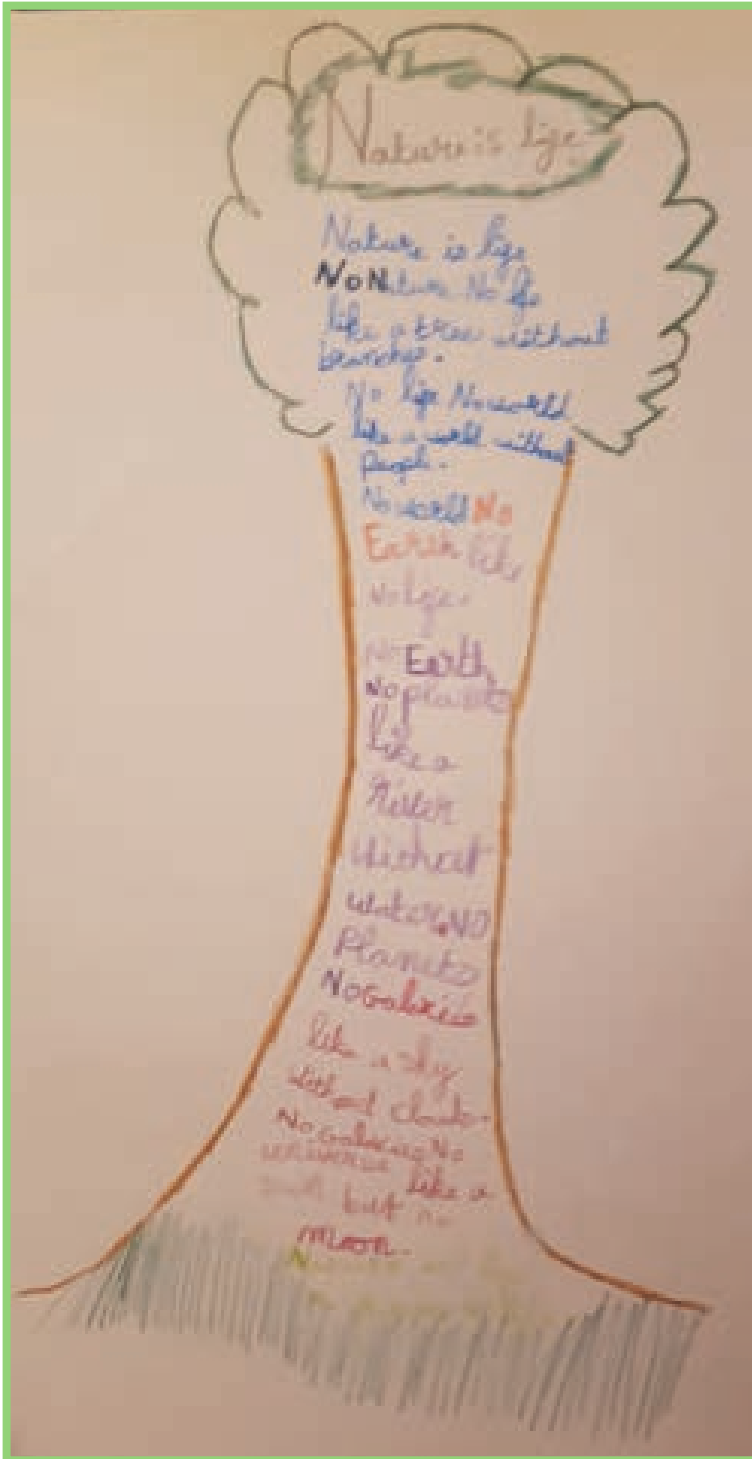
Loud and echoing voices

Elegant twisting tails



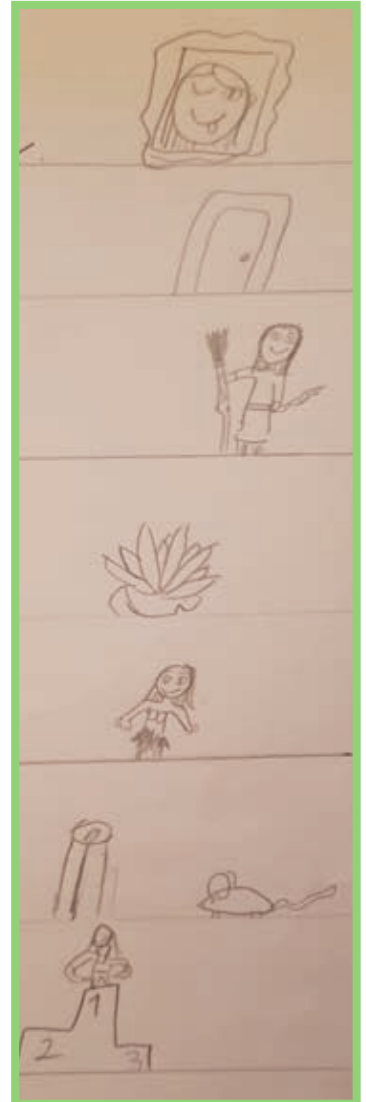
The acrostic poem was written by Amia





Nature is life  
 No Nature No life  
 like a tree without branches.  
 No life No world  
 like a world without people.  
 No world No Earth like No life.  
 No Earth No planets  
 like a river without water.  
 No planets No Galaxies  
 like a sky without clouds.  
 No Galaxies No universe  
 like a sun but no moon.  
 Nature is life  
 No Nature No life  
**Nature is Life by Jahayna, P4WG**

Its white like snow  
 It smells like perfumes  
 It sparkles like roses  
 Its round as a tire  
 Its soft like a cushion  
 Its cosy like a house.  
 Its beautiful like a water fall  
 Its a cake  
**By Alienore, P4WG**



I am nice as my photo that's in my room.  
 I am tall as an old door that is going to fall.  
 I am smart as a young witch who goes to school.  
 I am beautiful as a flower that grows.  
 I am colourful as a Tahitian girl dancing.  
 I am mysterious as a mouse who steals cheese.  
 I am proud as someone who wins a game.  
**I am by Vivane Moloney, P4WS**



# Puppy

Pretty! pretty! little puppies,

Unbelievably cute,

Pleasant to own,

Puppies are very superb

Yell WOOF! WOOF!



This acrostic poem was written by Heloise Aschard



I am tall as a nice and beautiful city.

I am little as a cute blue button.

I am quiet as a tiny cute little mouse.

I am beautiful as a colorful butterfly.

I am intelligent as my fabulous brain.

I am smooth as a cute little fish.

I am cute as a tiny little baby bunny!



I Am by Claire Chuzeville, P4WS



## P4IB playing with air and things that fly



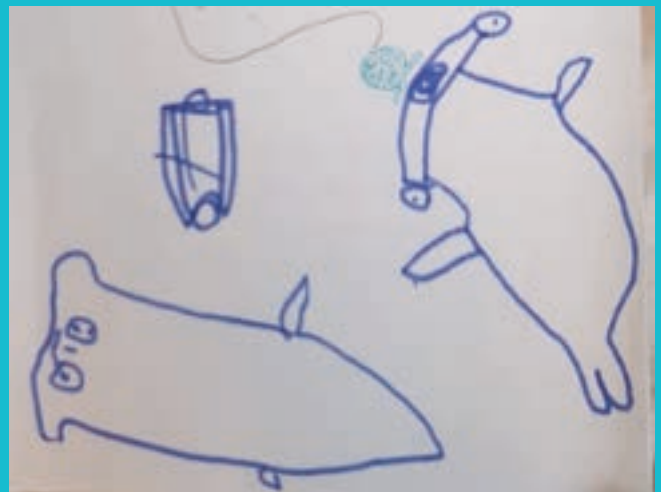
### William Stec

1. Mine flies 3 or 4 meters away.
2. In the video she talks about thrust, lift and glide.



As a clear gust of night wind  
Always eating a fish in one gulp  
and the giant of the ocean  
The man eater and the Thor of the world's  
oceans.

**Shark** by James Madelin Forshaw, P5IS







When in Rome...  
P4IS

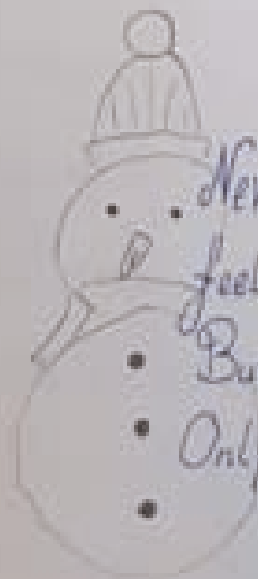


# Snowflake

The ice butterfly  
Gliding through the sky  
Always, forever cold  
But survives and moves on



Through the mountain peaks it goes  
Like a traveler that travels  
Gradually descends on a flower  
and suddenly melts



Never will it fly again  
feel the mountain peaks  
But she could now swim in the water  
Only to be teleported to the sky.



In P5WM, we wrote our own legends. To start, we created a superhero and “baddie” character. Here are some of our character descriptions:

My “baddie” is my horrible brother, Bango The Killer. When he was five, he had a mutation. One night, he went to bed normally, but in the morning he was a monster. His body didn’t change but he was green and in an awful mood. Now he’s always in a bad mood and hates everybody. He has no mercy for everyone. His super power is the Powernite. It’s a special rock with an enormous force. The Powernite was incrustated in his hand, in the night. Lots of monsters are friends with him and when he sees a poor person he kills him. I need to stop him!!!

By Paul Abergel

Baddie’s, the hideous poach gang. A gang of humans who keep trying to capture animals to sell them to people. The gangmaster is very determined, greedy and gets easily angry. He is teeny tiny but he is quick as a lion. He is best at catching cute koalas. Poach girl Teressa is brave and energetic but she hates animals and she captures colorful parrots. The baddest of them all is gigantic, grumpy and aggressive like a tiger. He captures all kinds of animals. His name is Firebox. In my fight with them I caught Teressa and now she is in jail. I know that her team-mates will come to free her. It is a trap so that when they come I shall capture all of them. (see attached illustrations)

By Charlotte Troulay-Wong

My name is Spaghetti-Pants. When I am not being a super-hero I look like a regular person. As a superhero, I am round and extremely long (2 meters) and thin. But! I can stretch to 299 meters long when necessary. My enemy is Sauce Bolognaise (SB), but I also fight against his sidekick Broccoli. SB wants infinity! For him every plate must be completely covered with Sauce Bolognaise (and sometimes dried Broccoli). SO I am protecting S.A.L.T. which can take every single thing off the plates. SALT = Super Avenging Liquidy Thing. All of our battles take place at the dinner table and in the dishwasher.

The problem began when SB and my parents died of a sickness. At first we were friends but after our parents died we were so sad that we stopped speaking. Now I am in danger because I’m fighting my own friend Sauce Bolognaise and Broccoli. On a regular day SB is nice to other people and looks very basic. When he fights Spaghettipants (SP) is looks brave but on the inside he isn’t. SP knows this because he sees through everything. SB’s special power is putting sauce bolognaise on everything. Because Sauce is drippy and easily goes through the bars of the prison he can get out. If SP punches him it just goes through him. SB just wants everything to be disgusting. He doesn’t have any friends anymore after he and SP stopped talking. But sometimes he lets Broccoli go on plates, but only if he’s cold.

By James Bichot

My name is Oliana and I am the superhero of the nature. I am all green. I am very hairy they are baby plants and my hair is dark green like the grass. My eyes are also green and I had a green dress made of leaves. I don’t have shoes, I’m bare feet. I have 3 super powers. I can shrink down, I can transform into any plant and I can fly with my freind, the wind.

One day there whas a party in the forest city of Jacktol. There where many people. And after the party I saw a lot of wrapping paper every were, some tissues every were. I was shocked, really shocked.

I went to see the president to talk to him about that. He put me in prison but I could escape because I could shrink down. Since then, I transform derty people into plants.

By Emma Calderon

A hacker called Helmut hacked a hopeless web site  
While his hacker friend Frank quietly fried fish,  
“Stop hacking Helmut and have some of my lovely halibut.”  
“No Franck, forget it, I’ve other fish to fry!”  
*The Hackers* by Edgar Jarry Flynn, P5WH



The curtain was good at hiding things from people.  
He could keep secrets  
Better than anyone  
Sometimes he would like to jump out his window and join  
the wind  
But it was hopeless  
The window would not let him go  
His only dream was to be free.  
He thought of a life in the blue sky,  
With little tweetie birds flying next to him  
Seeing houses down below,  
As little as ants...  
But he was prisoner of this boring life that he hated.  
*The Curtain* by Garance Chaptal, P5WA

“Boom, bang, zoom” shouted the yellow!  
“Blast” argued the red!  
“Slam” screeched the green!  
“Woosh” whispered the blue!  
“Get back in your beds boys!”  
exploded their mother.  
*The Fireworks* by Oscar Verrier-

I really love basketball  
Because it’s so fun  
You can play in the sun  
It’s obviously the best game  
‘Cause it’s never lame  
You can pass or dribble  
Or shoot from the middle  
Of the wide, awesome court  
Which is never too short  
To basketball practice I love to come  
This sport is awesome!!



*Basketball!!* By Selma Lakhdari Merceron, P5WA

I’m dead said the bread  
Of course not said the pot  
Maybe said the tea  
Fair and square said the chair  
It’s true said the tissue  
Oh bother said the sofa  
What a pity said the coffee  
I want to cry said the pie  
He’s breating!  
Who said that?  
*Living Room* by Eléonore Hediard, P5WS

When I  
see a ghoste  
I am paralyzed  
When I see a vampire  
I freak out but  
When I see a  
skeleton I say  
HHIII!!!



*I am not scared of Skeletons* by Gabriel Rochette, P5WS



Death



Your soul.

Such a fragile thing.

Easily fragmented by words.

Words that sting.

Gravelly voices,

Mocking laughter,

All the heat and light slowly fading, *evanescing*,  
as if slipping through your fingers.

Replaced by darkness, cold, glacial wind,

Hollow trees growing barren branches.

Dead, black leaves on the ground.

I walk.

I advance.



I cut my hand on a razor-sharp spike.

Scarlet blood oozes out.

I turn around, my vision blurred.

My hand connects with another thorn.

Another fountain erupts.

My vision fails me completely.

My legs give way.

And I fall, fall, fall, fall amongst the dead leaves and razor thorns.

One of them pierces my heart.

That was it.

Sleep was beckoning to me. I spread my arms wide, and gave in.

It felt like a dream.

Except it wasn't a dream, and my eyes would never open again, for the sleep was

ETERNAL





# ASHAMED

Shut all the windows, I don't want to be seen,  
Close all the doors, I don't want to be heard,  
• Take all my possessions, I don't deserve them,  
Abandon me alone, I can't afford to make more mistakes...

Maya  
Khan

It was on a boat  
it was in Ibiza  
It was in Spain

I saw a Dolphin  
So cute  
As cute as a cat

So sublime  
As sublime as  
A Dimond,  
Twisting through  
The blue sky

When I looked  
Down at my feet  
I looked back  
It had dissapeared

***Dolphin* by Maxime Vielle, P6IB**



I was born up in the sky,  
As a cloud couldn't stop to cry.

Will I was floating on my way down,  
I saw a human who had a big frown.

Then I hit the ground with a splash,  
Luckily got back together in a dash.

As I finally see the sun,  
The kids come out to run,  
They jump on me and somehow have fun.

The kids have a big smile,  
As a wait there for awile.

It's my time to go,  
Up through a secret and invisible flow.

Now when I'm back in the sky,  
I wonder why people cry.  
***Water Drops* by Xavier Thenot, P6WL**

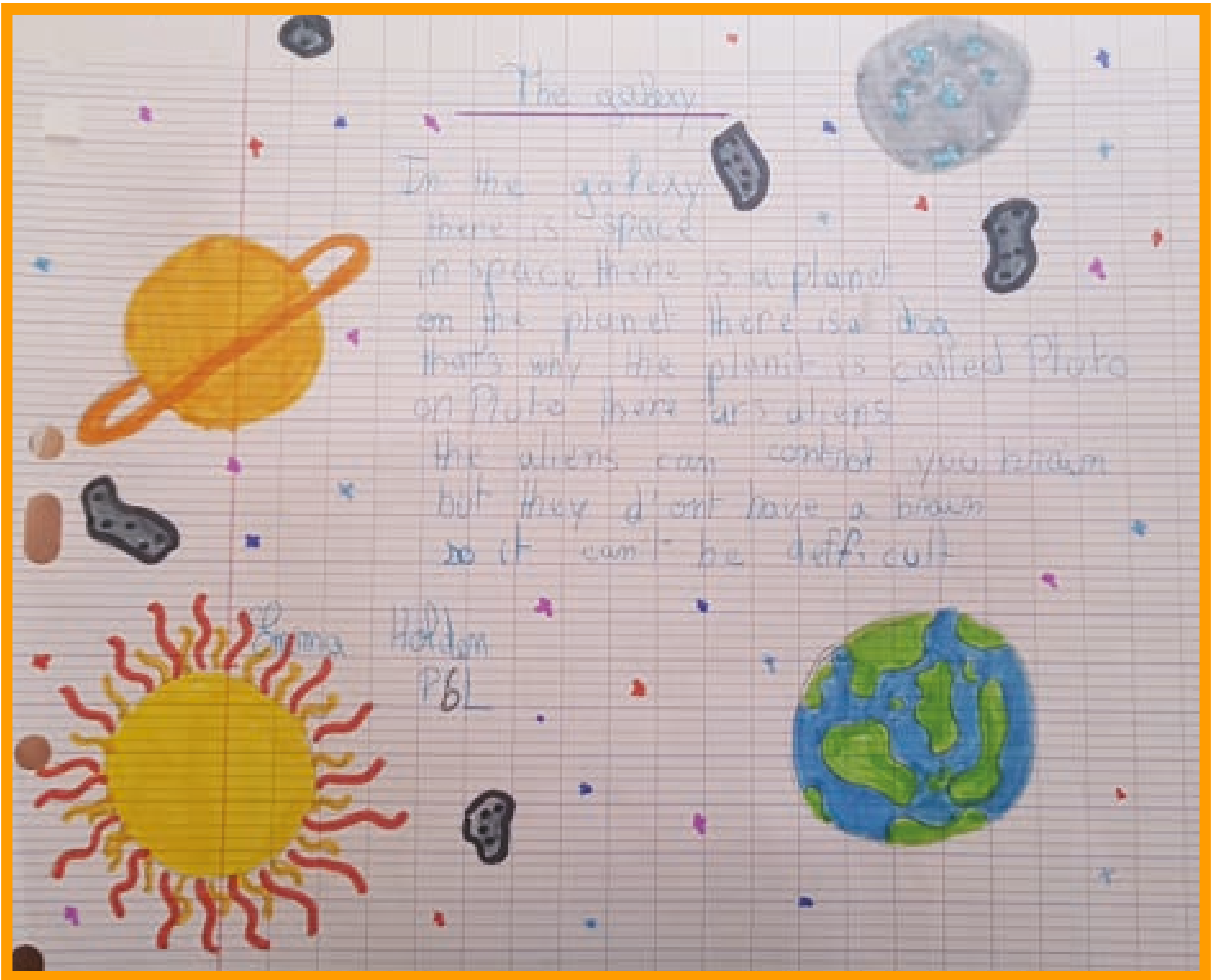
I am a funny guy who likes nature  
I wonder what I am going to be in the future.  
I hear the world and the nature who are sick  
I see the plants and animals dying one after the  
other  
I want to make it change but I don't think I can  
do it  
I am a funny guy who likes nature

I pretend to be a normal kid  
I feel really sad for everything that is living  
I touch the world's heart and it is really slow  
I worry for the future  
I cry for the world who is really sick  
I am a funny guy who likes nature

I understand the problem  
I say that one day the world will not be  
I dream of a univers with out poluted air  
I try to make it finish  
I hope it will stop one day  
I am a funny guy who likes nature.  
***I am* by Abel Fonteneau, P6WA**







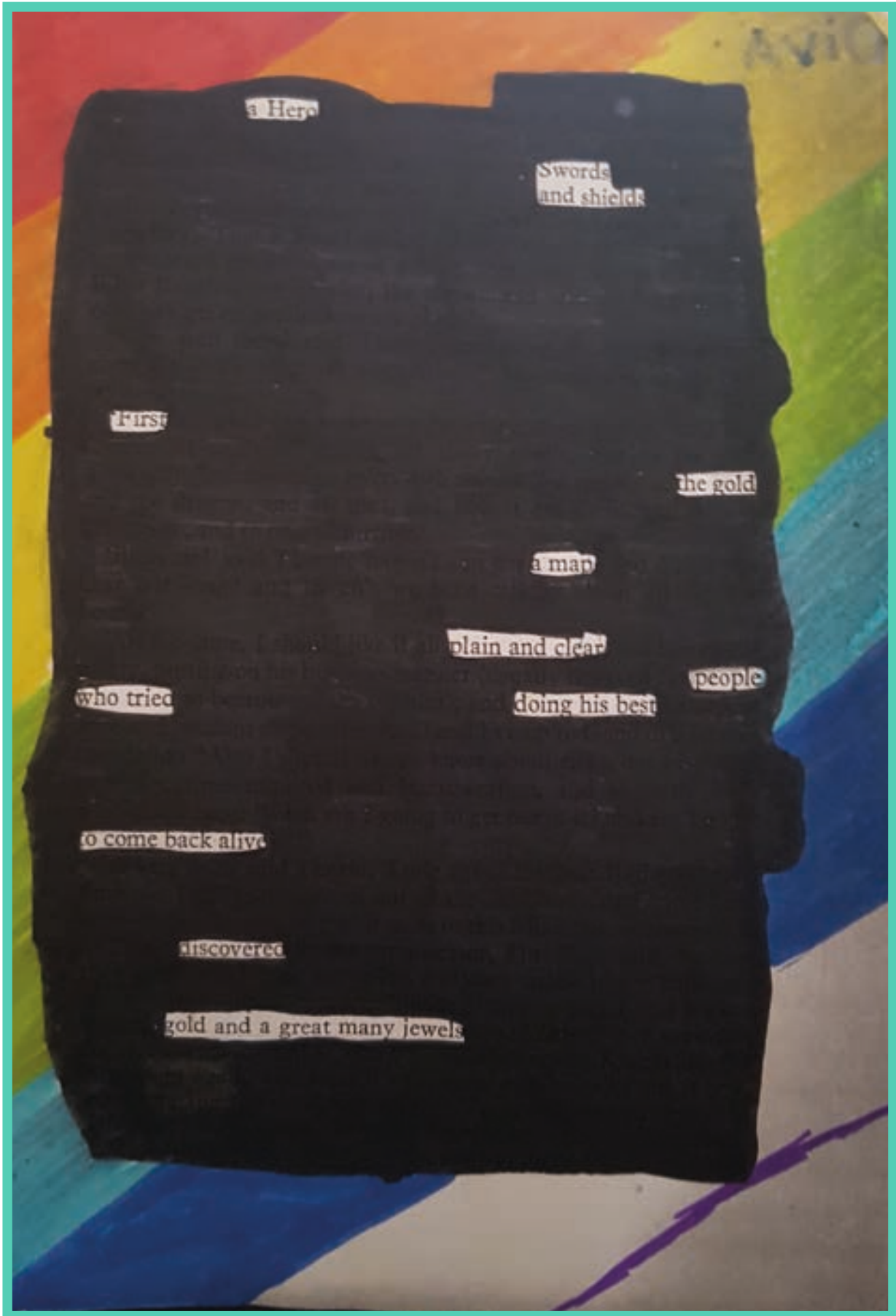
I am a brainy girl, who is crazy about Harry Potter.  
 I wonder if I will still be alive in 2109.  
 I hear the sound of the sea, and raindrops at night.  
 I see my dream of becoming a great author like J.K. Rowling become real.  
 I want that bullies and racists see what they're provoking.  
 I am a brainy girl, who is crazy about Harry Potter.

I pretend that I'm soaring around the world with my best friend.  
 I feel in some years (or centuries), everybody will live in peace.  
 I touch the soft fur of my adorable cat.  
 I always worry about me, never succeeding.  
 I cry about me dying and my family.  
 I am a brainy girl, who is crazy about Harry Potter.

I understand that not everybody can have whatever they want.  
 I say everybody gets to have a chance.  
 I dream of meeting Emma Watson.  
 I try to hold onto my dreams.  
 I hope someday, everybody's dreams will come true.  
 I am a brainy girl, who is crazy about Harry Potter.

**I Am** by Caroline Davies, P6WA



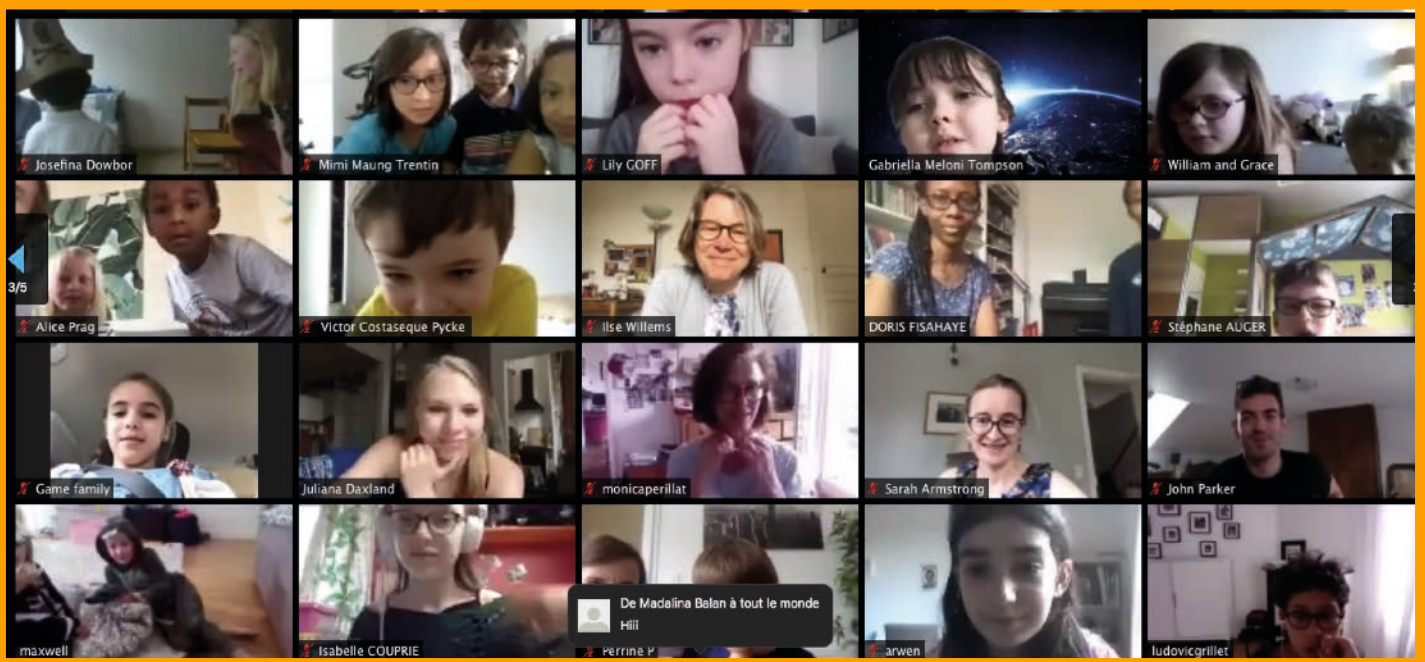


*A Hero, Swords and Shields* by Diva Chhajlani, P6WL/P6IS

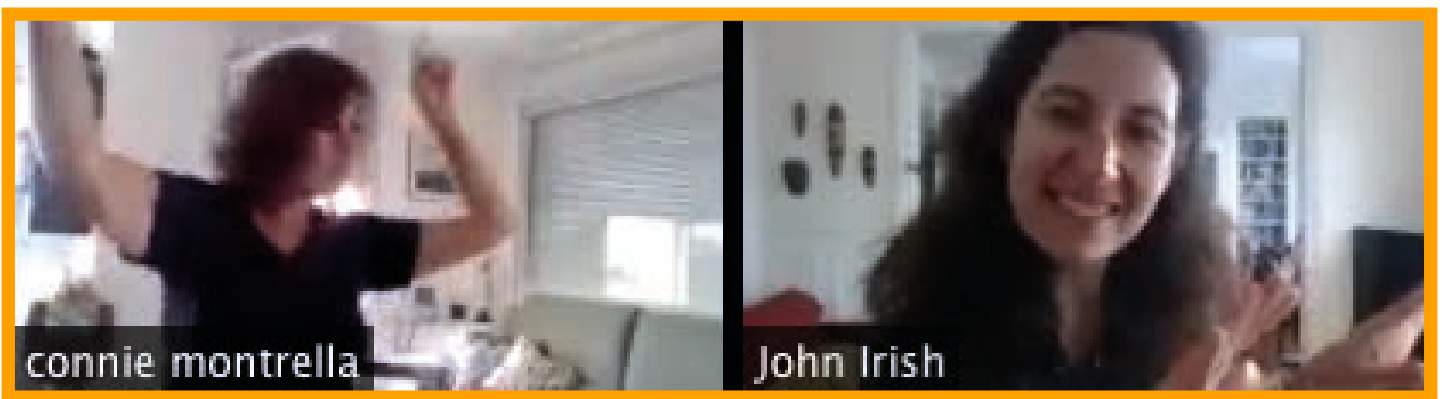


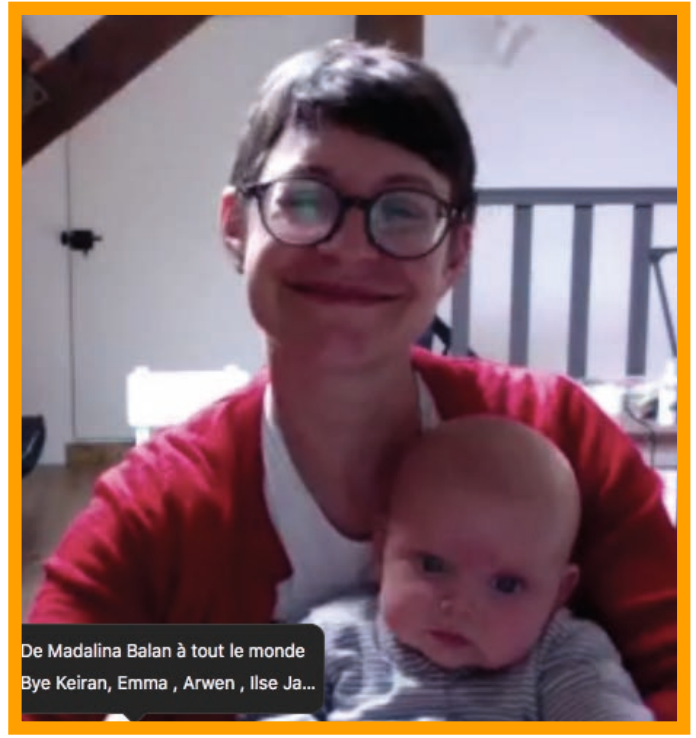
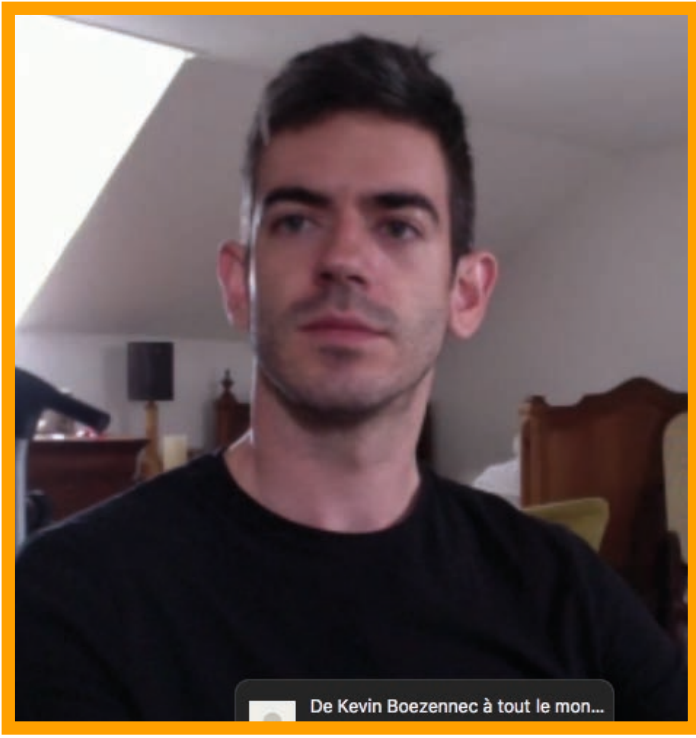
# SIS Primary Summer Fair (Zoom Version)

Thanks to sterling efforts from all the teachers, parents and children, the SIS Primary Summer Fair went ahead, despite obvious limitations. A great time was had by all, and the spirit of the SIS community shone through everyone's screens. Thanks, of course, to Mr Tidmarsh for once again delivering the goods! Have a wonderful summer, one and all!

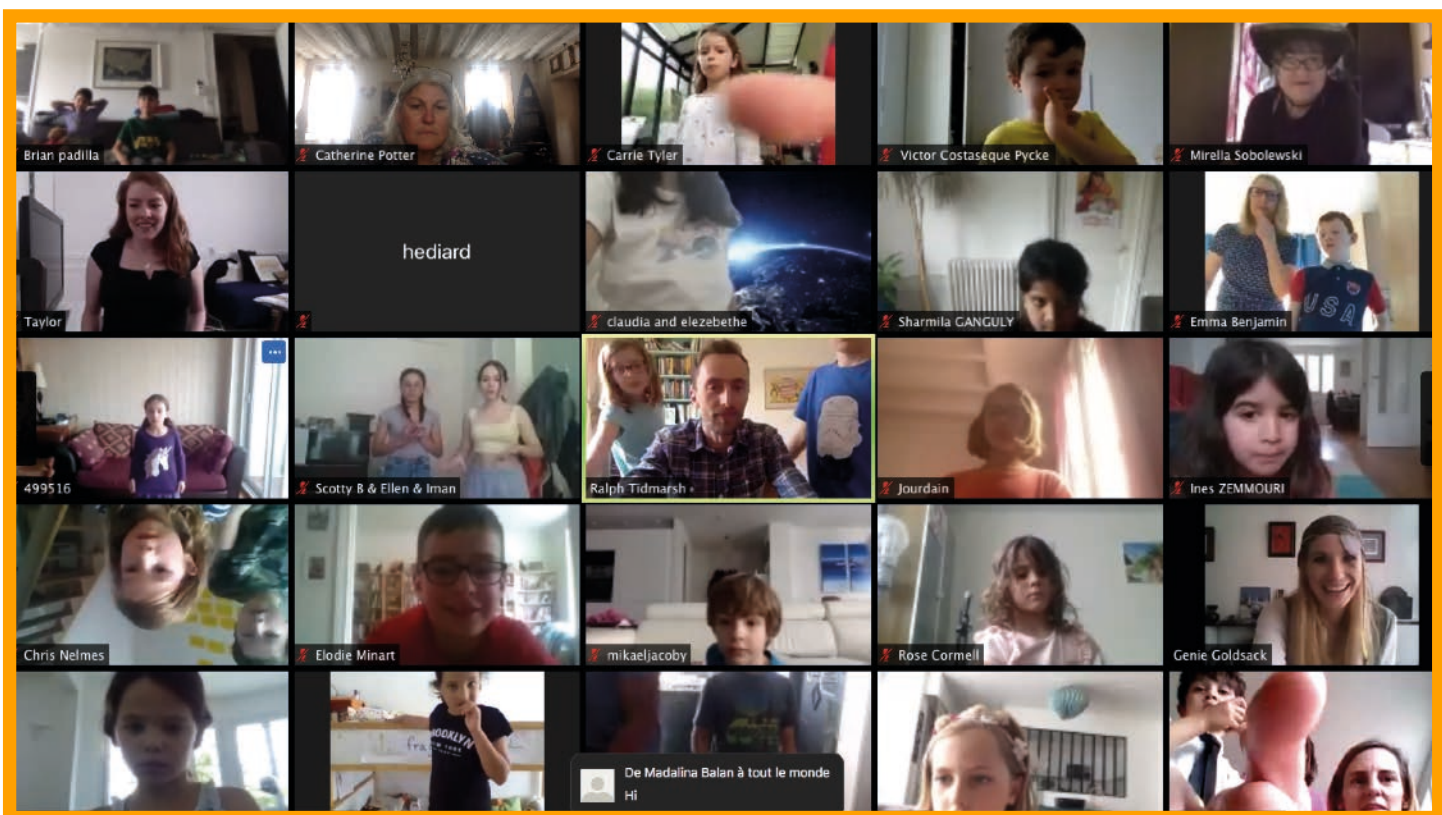


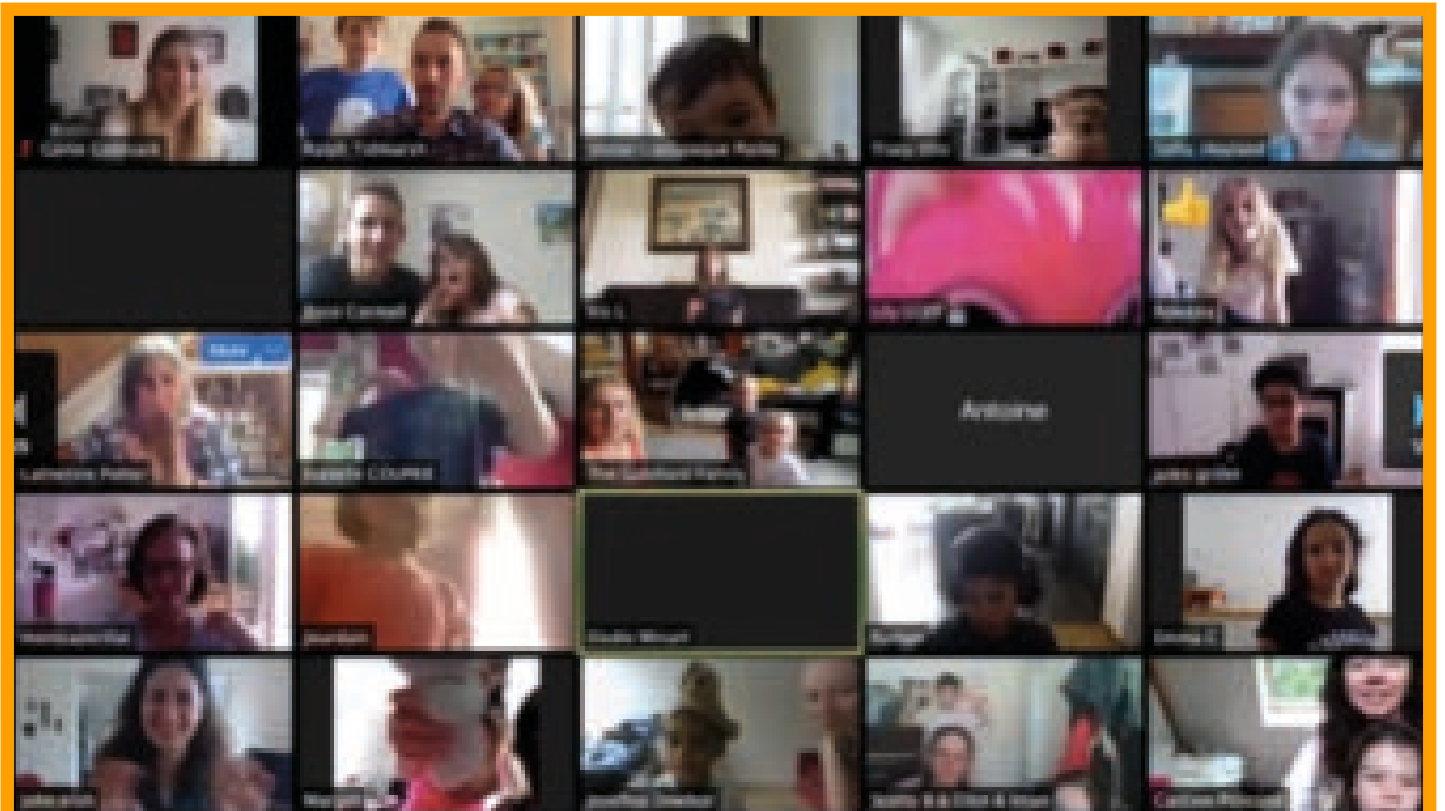






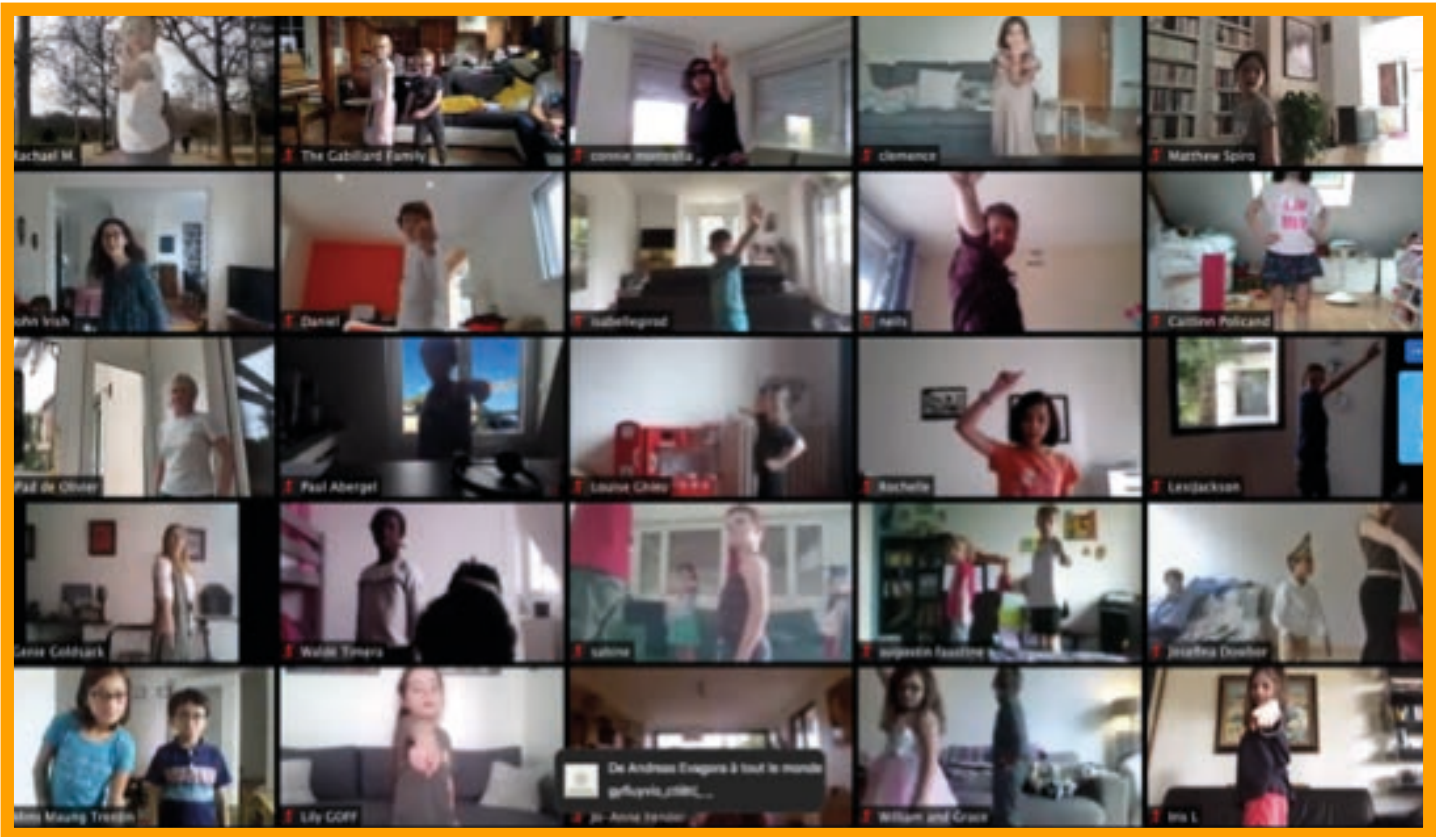
















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