

Year 3

The light-house stood on the cliffs. There were rocks at the foot of the cliffs. The fishing boats could see the light house from a long way out at sea.

Year 4

Flow is now evident. Independence in moving towards a personal hand is beginning to show.

I lay on the roof of the wash-house, and looked at the clouds flying past. The iron roof was warm from the heat of the sun. Down below, cars droned in the street. I thought how good it would be to fly a plane. I put on my leather helmet, and climbed into the cockpit. The whole wash-house shook when I revved the engine. Then my plane took off, and I climbed in a wide spiral. I could see the city spread underneath me. Houses and streets lay in squares, like a checked tablecloth, and the motorways were full of cars.