

Szkoła Podstawowa nr 6 im. Jana Pawła II w Sanoku

„Stands at the station
a locomotive”

Erasmus+

Art contest
"Poems of My Childhood"
inspired by poetry of
Julian Tuwim

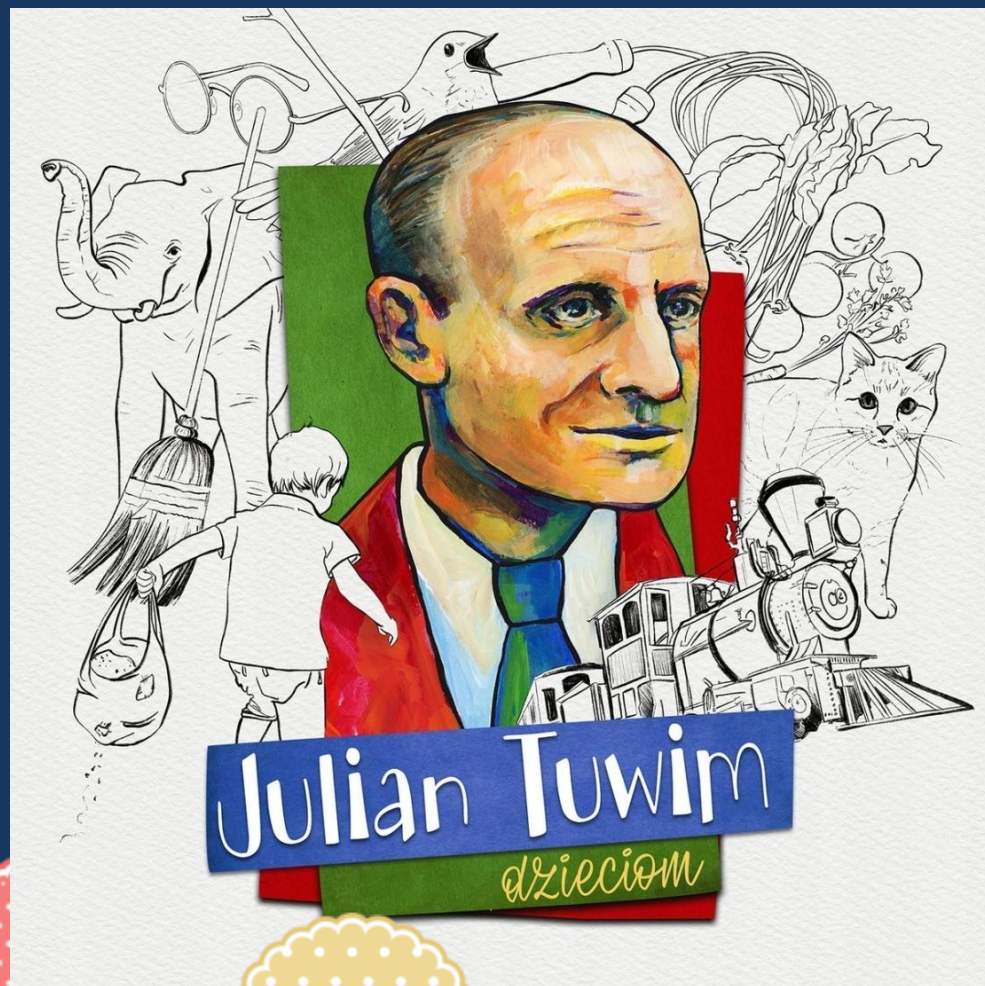
Julian Tuwim

(1894- 1953)

Polish poet of Jewish descent

One of the most read poets of the 20th century, who wrote for both adults and children.

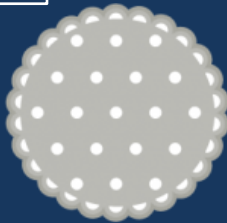
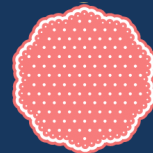
To this day, his works are moving and entertain future generations of readers.



On the 125th anniversary of Julian Tuwim's birth ,
the competition "Poems of my childhood"
was carried out in our school.

During the library time, the theater
Club, the After School Club and the
Art Classes students listened to
poems by Julian Tuwim
and created illustrations for them.

Beautiful works were created using many techniques,
from which the winners and outstanding artists were selected.







LOCOMOTIVE

A locomotive stands at the station,
Huge, heavy, huffing with perspiration, an oily
sensation!

It stands there, puffing, roaring and glowing,
Heat from its fiery belly blowing:

Whoosh - how hot?!

Shush - a lot!

Gosh - how hot?!

Like a steaming pot!

Boiling and toiling, it's ready to roll,
yet the train driver keeps shovelling coal.
Adding more wagons on wheels of steel,
heavy and huge, the train still until.



**Group Work
After School
Club**



Zuzanna B.
Year 6

Our first wagon is packed full of crowds,
the second horses and herds of cows.
In the third wagon some chubby boys
stuffing themselves full of saveloys.
The fourth wagon is filled with bananas,
while the fifth holds six grand pianos.
On the sixth wagon I see a huge cannon
I hope it doesn't flatten our wagon!
The seventh lugging oak tables and
chairs,
The eighth quite a zoo, with giraffes and a
bear.
In the ninth wagon a pen full of pigs and in
the tenth trunks, cases and things.
How many wagons? Forty in all,
I've no idea what they all hold!

And if a thousand strong men ate
a thousand steaks, clearing their plates,
and each one huffed and puffed as one,
they couldn't lift it - it's too many tons!





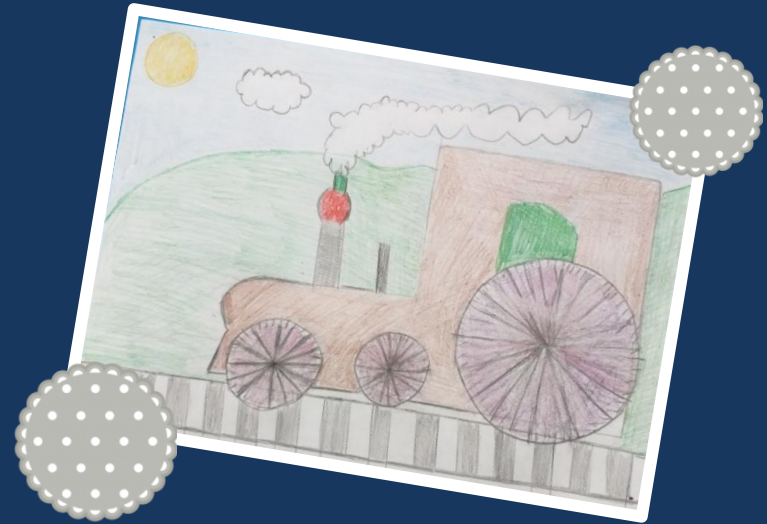
Julia N.
Year 6

The whistle blows!
Ready to go?
The chimney smokes!
But why so slow?

Lazy at first,
like a snail or a tortoise
the train is crawling
Without any purpose.

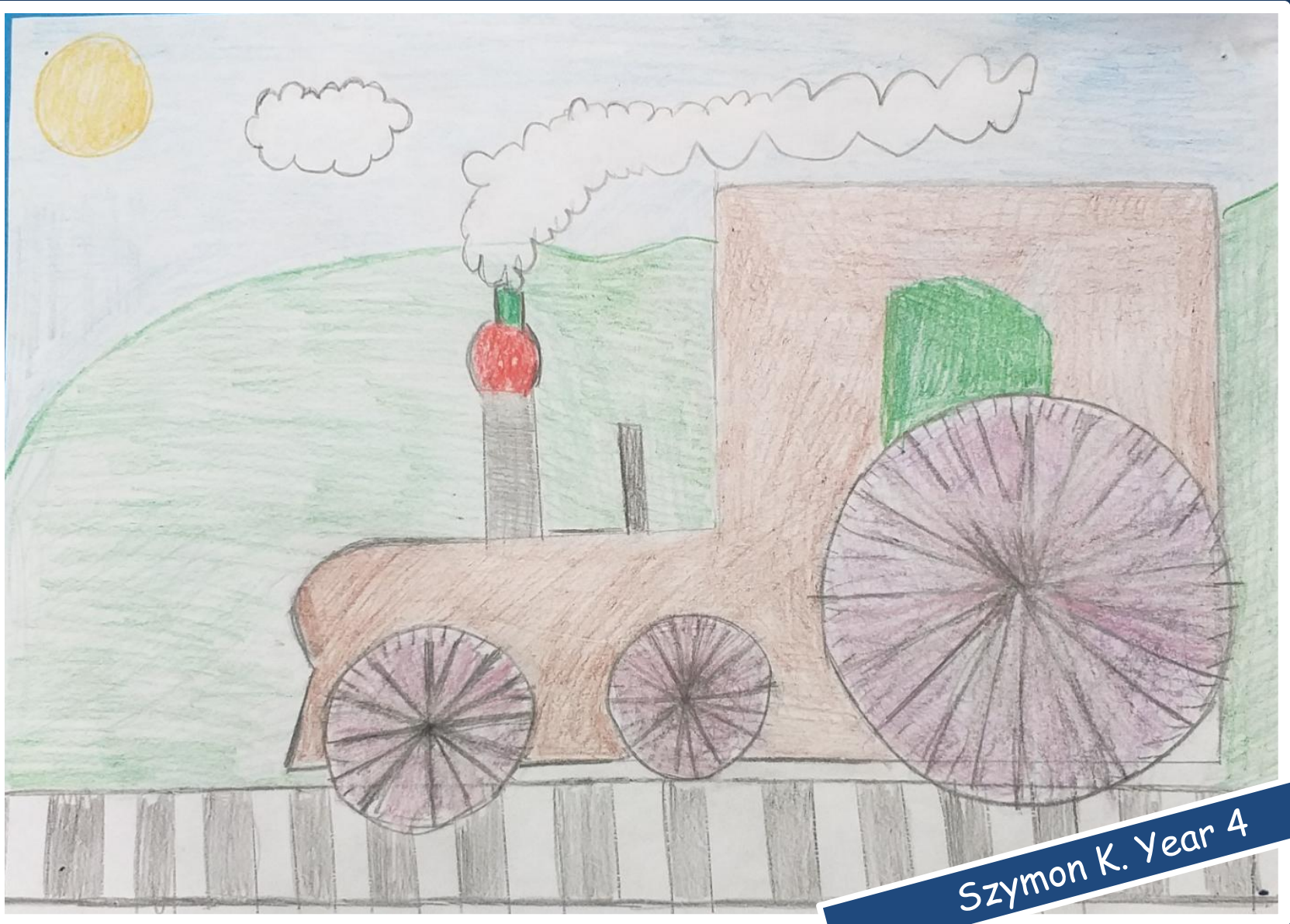
It tugs at the wagons and pulls them real slow,
The wheels barely turning, refusing to go,
but it keeps pulling and picking up speed
and knocking and rocking and rolling indeed.
But where to? Oh, where to? Where shall we
go?

Up over bridges, rivers running below,
through towns and tunnels, forests and fields
straight down the rails, a racket until
we drum out a rhythm, a beat and a rhyme
and rushing and straining to get there on time.
Lightly and sprightly floating on wheels,
as if it's a ball, not tonnes of pure steel!
Instead of machine, tired from toil,
the tiniest of trifles, a toy of tin foil.





Szymon J. Year 6



Szymon K. Year 4

But where is it from, and where does it go?
What is it, how is it, what's pushing it so?
Making it hurry and chatter and flow?
Steam, under pressure, is making it blow
hot air from the boiler, to pistons then shove.
Those pistons then pushing the wheels from above
and chasing and racing and shoving the train,
the steam under pressure still cannot remain,
and so it keeps rocking all the night through:
choo choo... choo choo... choo choo... choo choo choo!!!





Kacper W. Year 1

The ABC's

Gabriela P.
Year 6

The ABC fell off the stove,
Banged on the floor and crashed,
Around the room and corners spilled,
And got terribly smashed:
I - lost its small pretty dot,
H - broke the line on the spot,
B - bruised its belly,
A-'s legs turned to jelly,
O - popped like a balloon,
causing P to swoon,
T - lost its hat,
L - jumped into U, just like that,
S - straightened out,
R - broken right leg no doubt,
W - is head-over-heels,
discovering exactly how M feels.



Avian Radio

Hallo! Hallo!

This is the avian radio up in the birch tree,
Broadcast in the bird country, from forests to
the sea.

Please, adjust your dials and tune to our station
For the avian nation

Meets for consultation:

Firstly - to find out who knows
Which way the morning wind blows?

Secondly - where really might
The echo hides at night?

Thirdly - to stop the ado
with morning baths in dew.

Fourthly - what way is preferred
To tell a bird

From no bird?

And fifthly (plus maybe two thirds),
There'll be warbles, whistles, twitters,
Peetpillitings and Peempeeters,





Karolina W.
Year 6





Natalia B.
Year 6

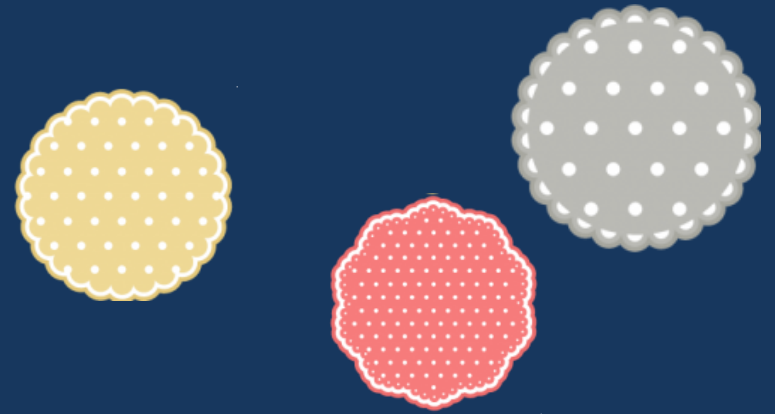
The Turnip

An old man planted a turnip in the garden.
He watched it every day.
The turnip grew, the old man wanted to eat
it,
But he couldn't pull it out by himself.
So, he called the old woman over.

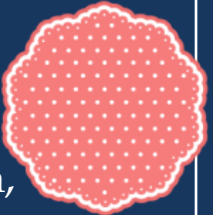
The old woman took hold of the old man,
The old man took hold of the turnip and
They pulled and pulled, but couldn't pull it out.
Someone else is needed.

Grandson run up. He wants to help them.
The grandson took hold of the old woman,
The old woman took hold of the old man,
The old man took hold of the turnip,
They pulled and pulled, but couldn't pull it out.
Someone else is needed!

So, the grandson called the doggy Mruczek
over,
Mruczek called over Kicia,
Kicia called over a hen,
The hen called over a goose,
The goose called over a stork,
The stork called over a frog and the frog called
over
A jackdaw. They all pulled it together.
The jackdaw took hold of the frog,
the frog took hold of the stork, the stork took
hold of the goose,
the goose took hold of the hen, the hen took
hold of Kicia,



Kicia took hold of Mruczek,
Mruczek took hold of the grandson,
the grandson took hold of the old woman,
the old woman took hold of the old man,
the old man took hold of the turnip.
They couldn't pull it out.
Someone is needed.
They all pulled it together strongly.
They managed to pull the turnip out, but
they all fall on each other.
The turnip on the old man, the old man on
the old woman,
The old woman on the grandson,
The grandson on Mruczek,
Mruczek on Kicia, Kicia on the hen,
And so on and so forth.

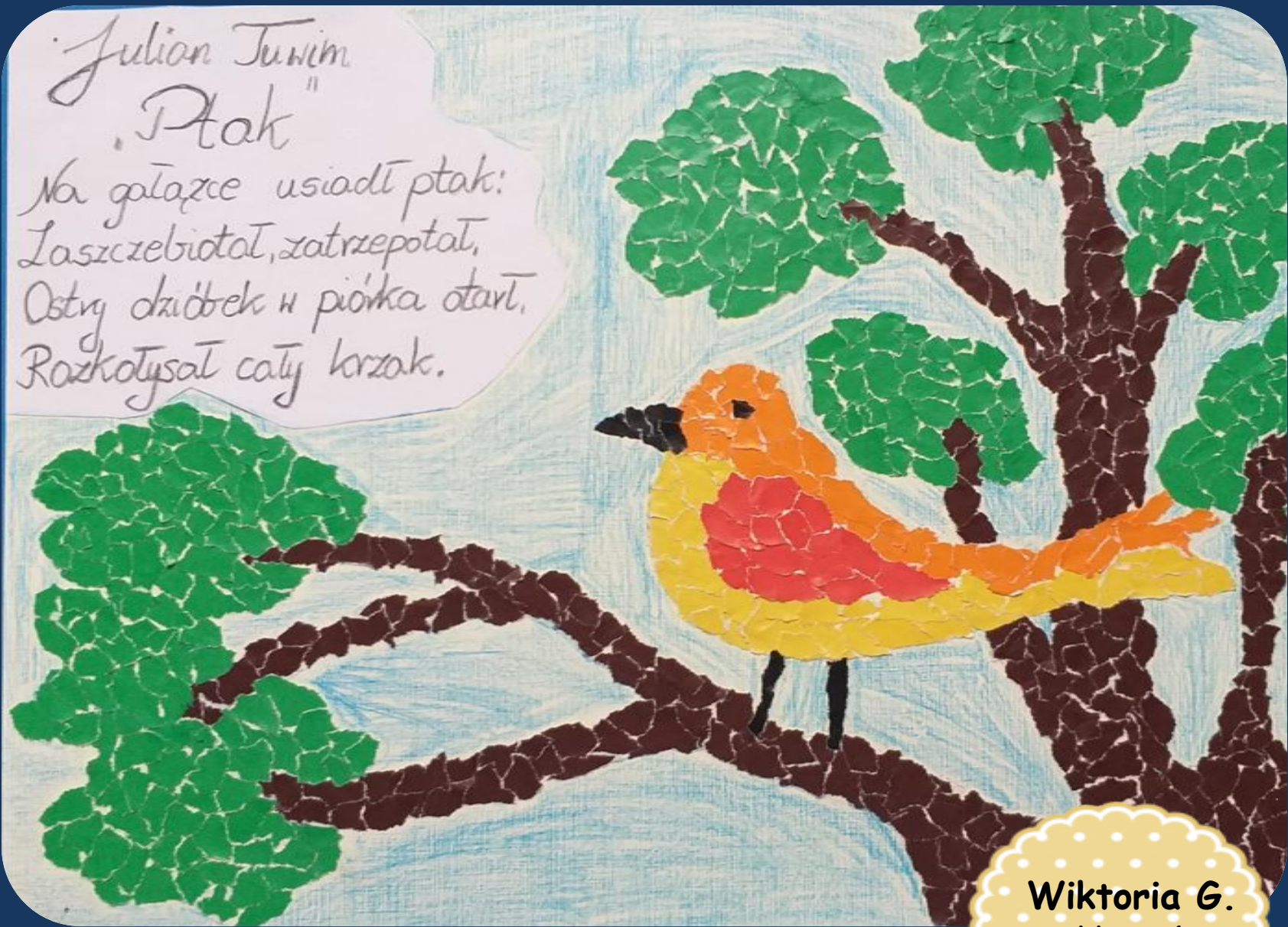




Lena S. Year 1

Julian Tuwim
„Ptak”

Na gałęzi usiadł ptak:
Laszczębiał, zatrzepotał,
Ostry dzióbek w piórka otarł,
Rozkotysał cały korzak.



Wiktoria G.
Year 1



Amelia D. Year 1

Bambo

Murzynek Bambo w Afryce mieszka
czarną ma skórę ten nasz koleżka.

Uczy się pilnie przez całe ranki
Ze swej murzyńskiej pierwszej czytanki.

A gdy do domu ze szkoły wraca ,
Psoci, figluje - to jego praca.

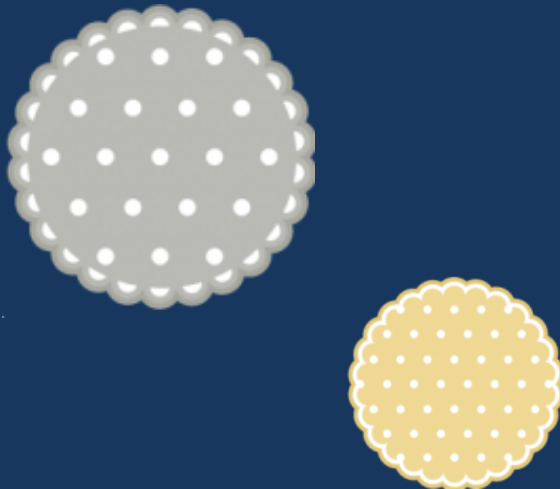
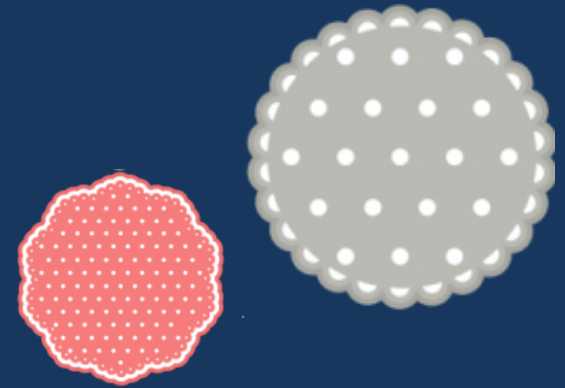
Aż mama krzyczy: "Bambo, łobuzie!"
A Bambo czarną nadyma buzię.

Mama powiada: "Napij się mleka"
A on na drzewo mamie ucieka.

Mama powiada : "Chodź do kąpieli",
A on się boi że się wybieli.

Lecz mama kocha swojego synka.
Bo dobry chłopak z tego murzynka.

Szkoda że Bambo czarny , wesoly
nie chodzi razem z nami do szkoły.



W aeroplanie

Miała babcia kurkę,
Kurkę-złotopiórkę,
Wesołą kokoszkę,
Zwariowaną troszkę.
Kiedyś jej ta kurka
Uciekła z podwórka.
Babcia za nią truchtem drepce,
"Wracaj" - krzyczy...
- "A ja nie chcę!"

A tam zaraz blisko
To było lotnisko,
Kurka się tam zapędziła,
Aeroplan zobaczyła,
A że była dobra skoczka,
Wskoczyła tam nasza kwoczka.
Wtedy babcia - hopla! -
Też na areoplan. (...)



Jakub G. Year 4

Vegetables

The cook laid down
on the table:

Potatoes,
Beets,
Carrots,
Beans,
Cabbage,
Parsley,
Celery and peas. (...)



Amelia K, Year 1



Competition coordinator : Gertruda Lubieniecka- Jakiel