

The Meadow Class - Autumn 2017

September

The older children organised a *MacMillan Coffee Morning*. This included advertising, requesting items for sale, making cakes in class and running the stalls. They raised a total of over £200.



October

The children visited a nearby farm, courtesy of Mr and Mrs John Chamberlain. They studied how to run an efficient business as part of a project about the local community.

The children wrote an explanation about their visit. Here is an extract of one of a year 4 child's work:

"To be an efficient farmer, the best way to store protein is in a shed and keep it shut to stop birds, rats, badgers and more spoiling the protein. Whole grain oats are stacked up in bales outside. In another shed, on the floor, was grass stacked for the Winter. Then on top cling foil (well like that) which was then covered in tyres. Then stack with more grass. Then to top it off, hay bales."

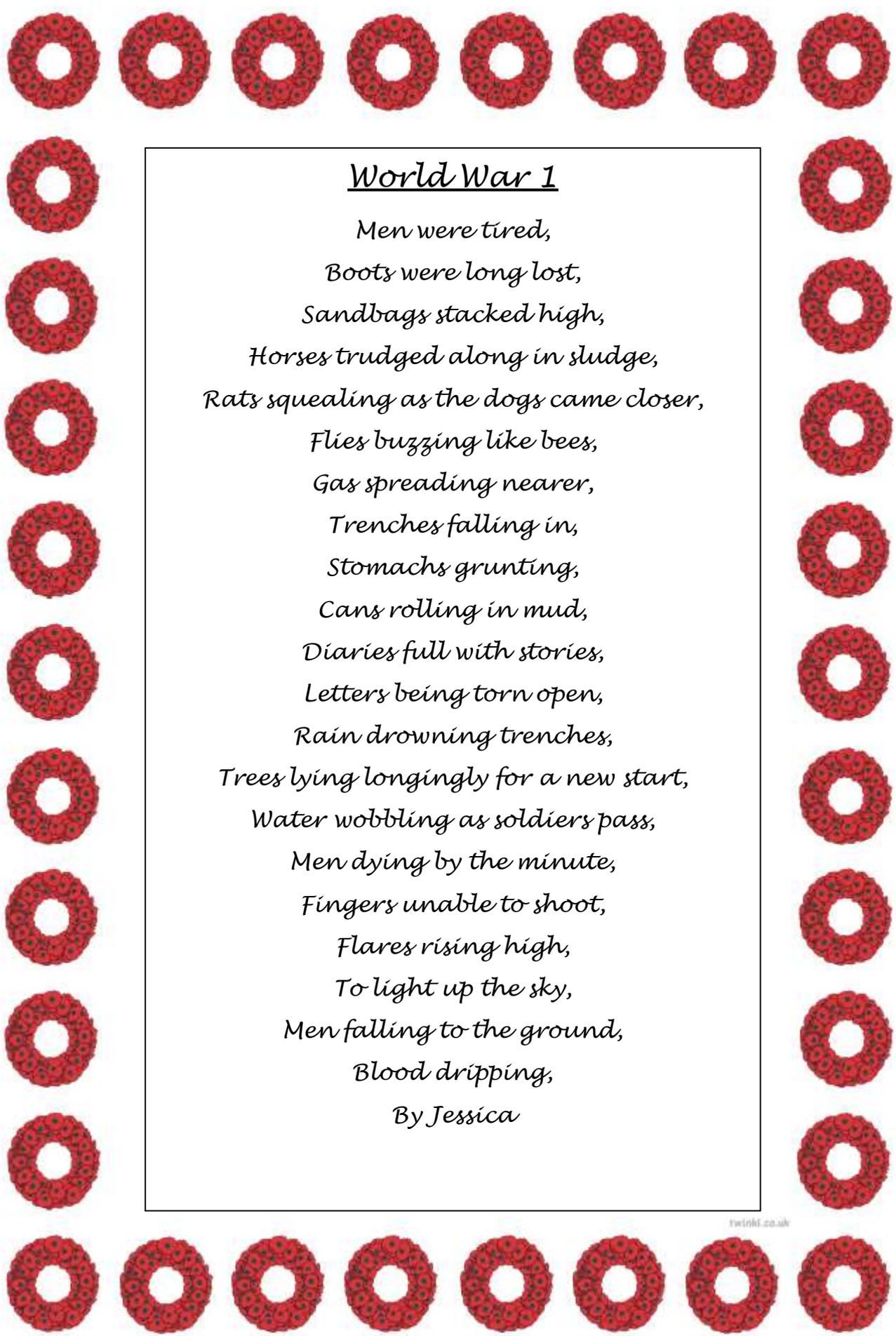


November

Children organised and ran stalls to raise money for Children in Need. Part of this took the form of a penny track from one end of the school to the other.



The children wrote their own poems to show their respect for Remembrance Day.



World War 1

Men were tired,
Boots were long lost,
Sandbags stacked high,
Horses trudged along in sludge,
Rats squealing as the dogs came closer,
Flies buzzing like bees,
Gas spreading nearer,
Trenches falling in,
Stomachs grunting,
Cans rolling in mud,
Diaries full with stories,
Letters being torn open,
Rain drowning trenches,
Trees lying longingly for a new start,
Water wobbling as soldiers pass,
Men dying by the minute,
Fingers unable to shoot,
Flares rising high,
To light up the sky,
Men falling to the ground,
Blood dripping,
By Jessica



Harry's Poem

AH! They're coming lads get ready.
 The intrepid soldiers getting an aim.
 FIRE!, the soldiers shot their bullets.
 The bullets were thrusting through air
 Targeting their foes.
 Come on! they're getting closer, shoot more quickly

The captain wasn't really generous to us soldiers.
 I don't think we we're lucky enough to have a
 generous captain.
 Still all of us were dropping like flies
 I must admit, being on watch isn't the easiest job in
 the world.
 GO GO GO! within all of the broken down buildings,
 Leafless trees, imagine fighting in that.

Harry



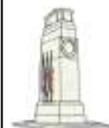


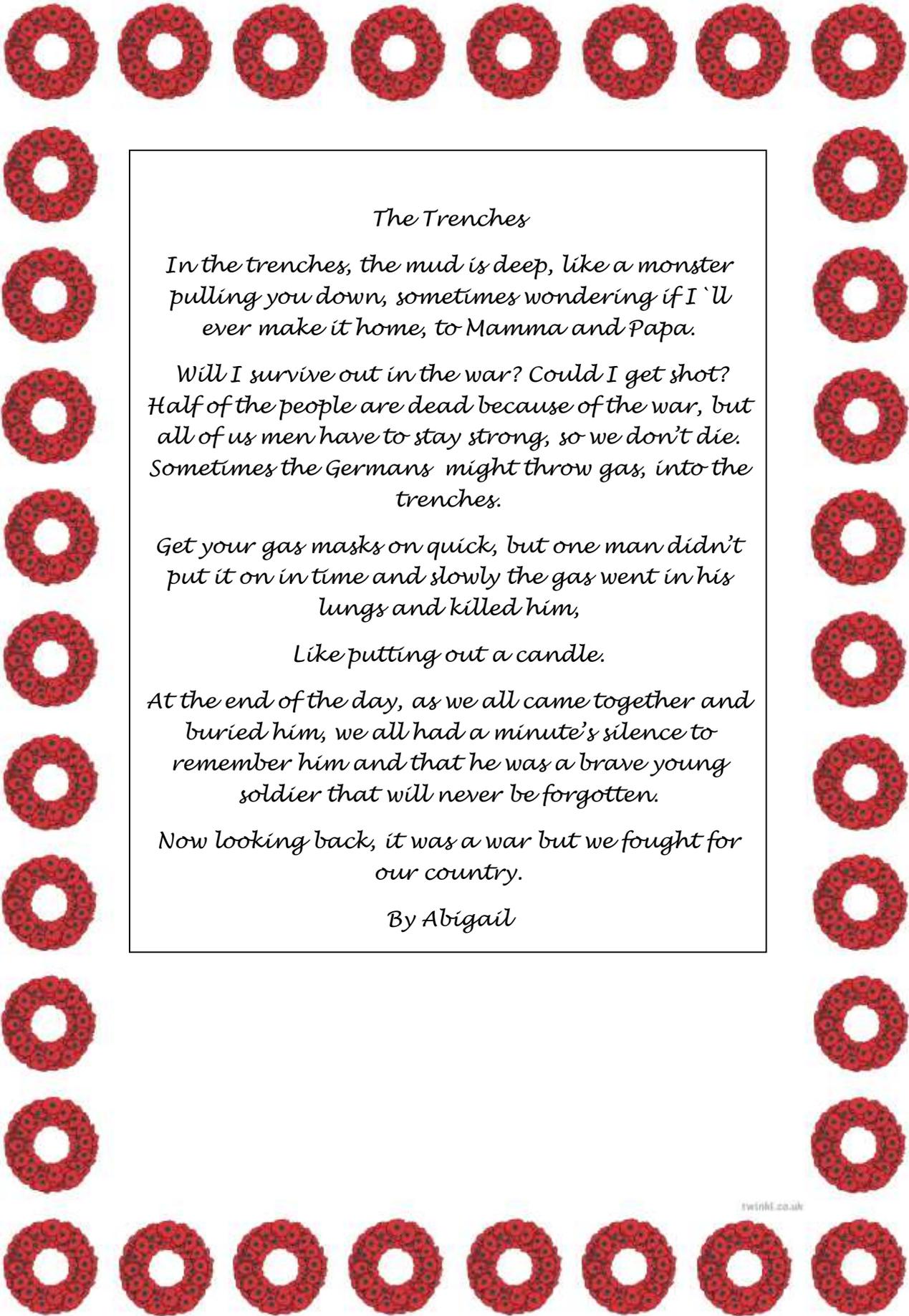
*I am asleep. I can still hear guns
punch through the air. I can still see
shells gliding and knocking people
down.*

*I can still see No-Mans Land wet,
muddy, sticky. People lying on the
floor waiting for help.*

*Sometimes, I don't want to ever wake
up. I don't ever want to go back on
the battle field. I just can't stand
the guns and the noises.*

*A beautiful place, shattered trees, all
old and broken. Green grass turned
in to wet mud. The land all ruined*
By Sarah





The Trenches

*In the trenches, the mud is deep, like a monster
pulling you down, sometimes wondering if I`ll
ever make it home, to Mamma and Papa.*

*Will I survive out in the war? Could I get shot?
Half of the people are dead because of the war, but
all of us men have to stay strong, so we don't die.
Sometimes the Germans might throw gas, into the
trenches.*

*Get your gas masks on quick, but one man didn't
put it on in time and slowly the gas went in his
lungs and killed him,*

Like putting out a candle.

*At the end of the day, as we all came together and
buried him, we all had a minute's silence to
remember him and that he was a brave young
soldier that will never be forgotten.*

*Now looking back, it was a war but we fought for
our country.*

By Abigail

