

Grounds Week- Deer Class

Deer Class had a great week in the school grounds. We were able to focus our whole week of literacy in the grounds.

1. We started our week by sitting silently, with our eyes closed, to help us to imagine what a poppy in WW1 might have felt out in the fields. The wind, temperature, noises were all discussed and started our journey into poetry writing.



2. The children then went into the woods to find three different items that they could personify. They took sugar paper with them and had to work in groups to write down sentences based around items that they had found.



3. The Children have ended their week by performing their poems in front of each other in an end of writing performance up in the reading area of our woods. Below are some examples of the poems.

All is loud,
shells tearing everything in their path.
I can hear the wind howling like a wolf,
telling me it won't end well.
Metal bird-like creatures buzz above me,
contorting my ears with the sound of evil.
All is loud,
all is loud.

My heroes,
battling to their bones.
Their spirits torn apart,
their glory taken away.
It is painful watching soldiers die,
because it lives with you forever.
Every time I see a soldier,
I can only picture him dying.
My heroes
my heroes.

The sickening trenches,
just like hell.
Lice, rats and disease
are everywhere.
No laughter and jokes,
just sadness and misery.
Mud is a creature, be
trying to engulf you.
The sickening trenches,
the sickening trenches

All around me,
I can hear the screams of death,
running through my soul.
My heart drops deeper into darkness,
as the tanks rumble by.
The shadows run up above,
covering all evidence that can be seen.
No silence can be heard,
not even inside me.
All around me,
All around me.

Soldiers my heroes,
fighting for peace,
fighting for me.
Day and night,
I see them suffering,
suffering for me.
I see bravery in their eyes,
ready to die.
Soldiers my heroes,
Soldiers my heroes

Nowhere is safe,
not even the trenches,
Lice marching in, out, everywhere.
The gas beams above me like an angry cloud,
ready to crush my lungs into dust.
I can see mud,
engulfing men to their death.

Nowhere is safe,
Nowhere is safe.

No silence at all,
thunderous tanks ripple along the ground,
like an unstoppable wave.
Shadows swallow the sunlight,
howling in pain.
Bombs burst around me,
pulling me towards darkness.
No silence at all,
No silence at all.

We will remember you,
lives of the brave brilliant men swept
Screams echoed around me,
I was stuck, stuck forever.
The soldiers spirits floated away,
all I could see was empty souls.
There was no more glory,
never will be.
As each soldiers lives ended,
my heart sank, deep.
we will remember you,
we will remember you.

The sickening trenches,
I saw dead bodies lay motionless.
Barbed wire sliced,
through the soldiers skin.
Goosebumps spread up my arms,
fear engulfed me.
Rats ran across the mud,
hoping to runaway from this hell.