

Dear year 6,

So another week at home has been completed and although it's 'officially' Easter holidays we would still like you to keep up with a little bit of home learning - even if that's just to read lots. Have a look on the home learning tab, the adults have been enjoying their books! There's also a document there which has lots of different ideas for reading.

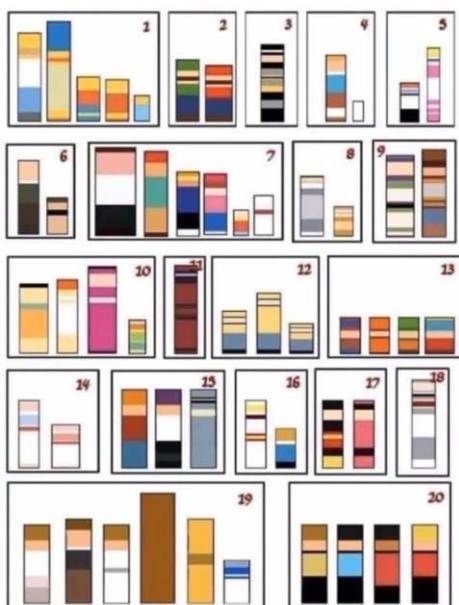
The White Rose website will continue to add on maths lessons during the Easter holidays These will remain on the site so if you don't complete any over the holidays, you can pick it up again afterwards. <https://whiterosemaths.com/homelearning/>

Thank you to those children who have emailed us through Purple Mash or on our school email, it really is lovely to keep in touch and find out what you have been doing. Thank you also to the children who have emailed their stories to us, we have been able to give you some feedback and look at how it can be improved. At the end of this letter we have included some examples of the work sent us.

You've probably heard about people hoarding pasta but have you heard about mice doing the same thing? Just ask AKDV's dad - his wellies were full of it!



So the holidays can't be all work, we hear you cry! Can you work out the cartoon characters/ TV programs for the colour below? E.g. number 1 is 'The Simpsons.'



This could be a competition you have with your family - who can guess the most?

You can either email the answers to Mrs de Roeck for checking or they will be revealed next week.

If you are missing some Science, or environmental activities, also have a look on the home learning page as we've added some for you to try. You could even try creating one of these if you wanted to.

## How to make a mini nature reserve




- 1 Choose your site**  
Choose a safe place to put your window box – somewhere like an old bench or wall at an easy height for inspection.
- 2 Gather your materials**
  - window box
  - a small log
  - yoghurt pot
  - some compost
  - a rock
- 3 Fill the box with compost**  
Always use peat-free compost and save our precious peat bogs.
- 4 Add a few features**  
Dig in the yoghurt pot and add the small log and rock.
- 5 Leave!**
- 6 Keep a diary**  
Record the changes you see. Make notes using guidebooks and take a photo every week.
- 7 Management**  
Remove out of control plants or cut them back with scissors.



**Before**



**After**

www.wildlifewatch.org.uk      with thanks to patrick roper for original idea (windowboxwildlife.blogspot.com)

Talking about nature, PE and her family went for a walk in the woods - look at what they found:



Can you guess what it is?

So, that's it for now... don't eat too many Easter Eggs! Please keep in touch and we hope to see you soon,

Love Mrs de Roeck, Mrs Cooper and Mrs Paggett.



## Father

As my father walked away to the rough, thrashing seas, a tear dribbled down my, devastated heartbroken face. He seemed so far away though he was close. The poppies showed death. My Mother seemed fine, but I knew inside she was hurting. For months we waited for my father, but he never returned. My Mother tried endlessly to keep me busy. We knew my father wouldn't be home. The day we found out my father was dead we were grief-stricken. We had lots of questions, where would they put the body? Would he have a funeral? How did he die? Would he be happy?

Dear Diary,  
today, I went to war. Soldiers forced me into joining the army. My uniform was scraggly and thin. In the cold, bitter air I felt like I was going to freeze. It was barely enough to. On the back of the truck, people caught pneumonia, hypothermia and frostbite. They didn't survive. We arrived at our base camp. My hands were sweaty, yet cold. It seemed like a nightmare. I thought I was dreaming. The captain was strict and his booming voice almost burst my eardrums. I thought of my son, how was he coping? Did he miss me? How was my wife? Have they forgotten me? I would give anything to see them again.

From  
Jim.

# MY DIARY

THIS IS GOING TO BE KEPT IN MY MEMORY FOR A LONG ,TIME IT MIGHT EVEN BE WRITTEN DOWN IN HISTORY ! I DON'T KNOW, BUT WHAT EVER I'LL DO YOU WILL COME WITH ME. FROM THE START TO THE FINISH ,EVERYDAY ALL THE MEMBERS COMING AND ME (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE) THE LEADER OF THE GOLDEN HINDE SHIP.

Dear diary,

Today is July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1579 I have all my crew members we are going to travel today. I just made sure all the things are in the correct place and looking around to see if everything is ok and secured .I waited for the twelve o'clock bell to ring so the journey would start. Now this is the start I shout "All aboard the Golden Hinde" this is it...the start of something great ... no turning back now.

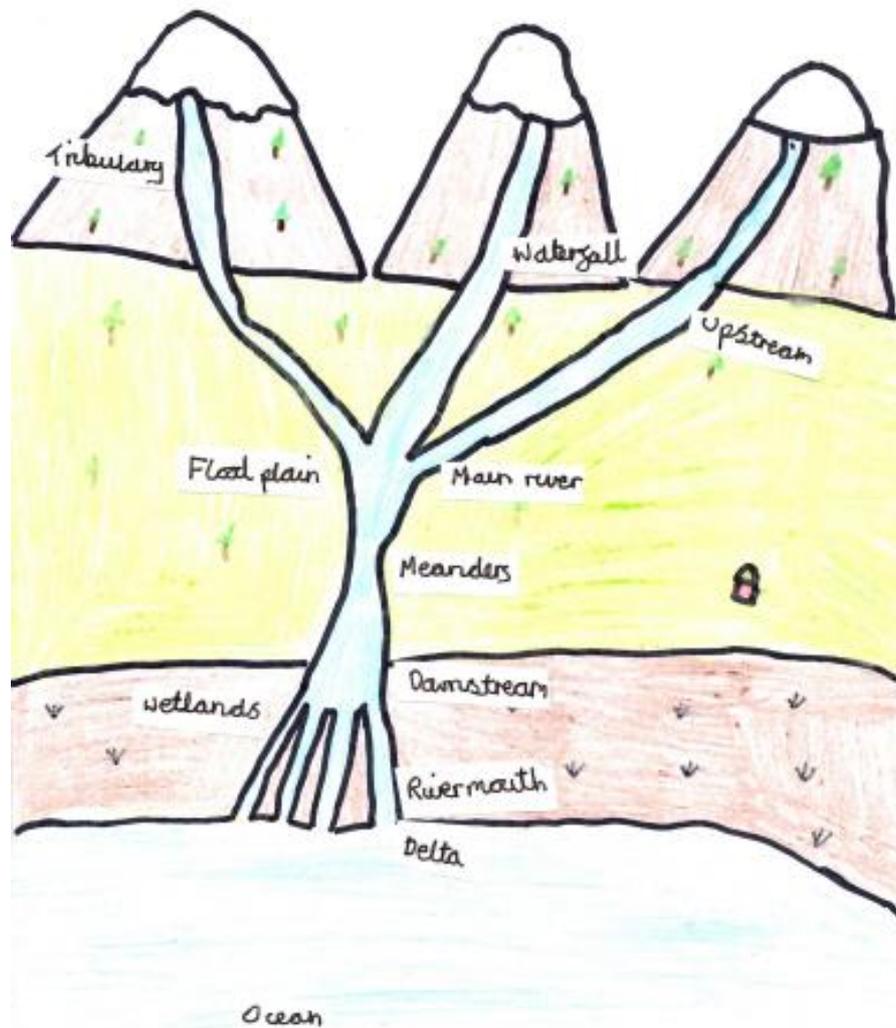
This is me



Dear diary,

We've set off more into the sea we are still in the Thames watching people wave good bye *but we can* hardly see where we started. We have reached the North sea I hear the waves hitting on the ship, I feel the cool air of the salty water. This was my dream. This was is what I really wanted.

I had a odd feeling ... something bad was going happen, I didn't know what I didn't why. We sailed on none of us scared nor sad, we only felt determined and ready, we could fight anything that came across our path.



WHEN THE WAVES SPLASHED AGAINST THE GOLDEN HIND BOAT, IT LOOKED BEAUTIFUL BUT I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING, THIS IS NO ORDINARY BOAT, IT HAS BEEN AROUND FOR OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS! THE BOAT IS HALF WOMAN AND HALF DEER AND ALSO A CREATURE OF HERCULES. THE CAPTAIN OF THIS BOAT (OR WAS) WAS NAMED SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AND HE WAS THE ONE WHO NAMED (OR RENAMED) THE GOLDEN HIND. HER NAME WAS ORIGINALLY CALLED PELICAN BUT RENAMED BY MR DRAKE IN A MID VOYAGE IN 1587.

IN 2020 I WENT FOR A TRIP, WHEN I HEARD ALL OF THIS INFORMATION FROM THE GUIDE I THOUGHT THAT THIS OUTSTANDING BOAT THAT HAS BEEN AROUND FOR A LONG TIME. AND THEN THE LADY -GUIDE- SAID MORE (TO BE HONEST I THINK THAT SHE WAS SAYING THIS JUST TO DISTRACT US FROM BEING SEA SICK). BUT ALL THIS INFORMATION MADE ME WANT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS SHIP AND THEN THE GUIDE SAID MORE WHICH MADE ME A BIT UPSET IT WAS THAT THIS WAS JUST A REPLICA OF MR DRAKE'S WAR SHIP IN THE 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY WHICH APPARENTLY SAILED AROUND THE WORLD FROM ST MARYS DOCK IN LONDON. THE THAMES STARTED TO GET ROUGHER I FELT MY BOTTOM LIFTING UP FROM THE SEAT. THEN I KNEW THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE BAD BECAUSE AT THAT MOMENT IN TIME A STORM CAME WHICH TO ME IS A BIG COINCIDENCE. BUT ALL THE MEMBERS ON THE SHIP SAID TO EVERYONE "QUICK GET IN THE SHELTER A STORM IS COMING ". AS EVERYONE RAN IN SIDE I HEARD (BECAUSE I AM A BIT NOSEY) THAT THE CAPTAIN- NOT SIR FRANCIS DRAKE- COULDN'T CONTROL THE BOAT AND I THINK OTHERS HEARD TOO BECAUSE OF THEIR FACES WHICH LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE IN HORROR WELL THEY WERE. SUDDENLY WE STARTED TO MOVE FAST NOW MOST OF US FELT EVEN MORE SEA SICK AND WE WERE ALL BOBBING UP AND DOWN THERE WAS NO WINDOWS SO NO ONE COULD SEE ANYTHING . AND THEN WE STOPPED.....

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The horn sounded. We were ready. But there was one more thing-to say goodbye. Our families were with us at the docks wishing us good luck as we loaded our hefty, substantial stocks aboard our boat with hope powering us on. Although I knew deep down something was going to happen, I shook the feeling aside as I remembered how long I had willed for this and how much I had longed for the chance; and now I had it. So me and the crew clambered aboard our mighty 'Lady Katherine' and waved to our hearts content.

After saying our fond farewells, we set sail leaving the murky Thames water behind us as we sailed out into the open sea. Whilst we headed out further and further, I felt closer to my dream yet further from my family. Although thoughts were racing through my mind faster than the waves were lifting us, i could still feel the warm adrenaline pumping around my body, as the bitter- sweet taste of the salty air flooded into my lungs. After a few days me and the crew were starting to feel at home at sea, despite the feeling of doubt creeping up on us at every second. Then as we headed down for breakfast one morning I couldn't help being proud, as I heard the gulls screeching merrily, that me and my crew had made it though many others had seized to.

After another drab day at sea, we headed down for our dinner of fried kippers and pineapple, then, whilst I was dissecting my kipper, there was a noise - noise like something was groping to the hull of the ship - but it was when the ship gave a judder I knew what it was: rocks. Once I had announced this to the crew, there was an eerie silence; it had gone from beauty to darkness. But suddenly there was a burst of worried excitement - our beautiful 'Lady Katherine' was falling to pieces and us with her. In the end we floated ashore, on drifting remains of our ship, about 2 miles from our wreck that the wild current had hauled us across to; on that island we spent many days and many nights wondering if we would ever get home.

Whilst the crew were out scavenging for food, and materials on this barren, forgotten island, I was left alone. I looked out at the cool sea harmonizing with the lovely weather and saw a tiny moving dot: at first I thought it was a dolphin so I snatched my telescope to get a closer look and I saw an old man rowing vigorously across the calm sea. Yet he was moving in the other direction, at once I leapt up waving and shouting like a maniac, then, after having my crew rush up wondering what was going on and they joined in too he finally saw us. Then went in the other direction but came back with an army small boats each willing to take us and our now limited stocks. Then he took us to mainland where we told our tale and were taken back home.