



Champions



They think it's all over ...

... it is now! Though this is the end of their primary school years, the Year 6s are now setting off on a new, exciting chapter of their lives. We bid them a fond farewell and wish them the very best for the future.



CHATTER!

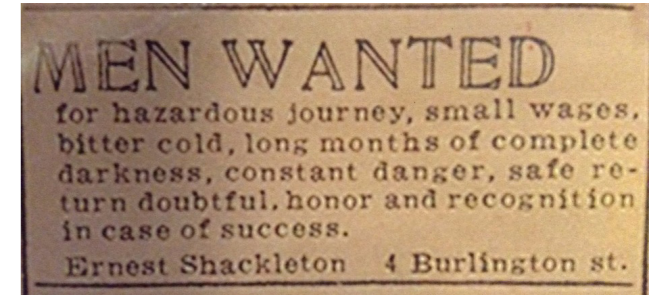
Issue 11

YEAR 6 END-OF-TERM MAGAZINE

July 2018

The Write Stuff!

Our end-of-year issue of *Chatter* showcases the best pieces of Year 6 writing, compiled by our editorial team: Phoebe, Lorenzo, Jake, Max, Emily, Imogen, Lilly and Chloe. The theme of 'Endurance' was our focus. To mark the centenary, we looked at the tragic events of World War I, and recreated Shackleton's heroic journey to Antarctica.



A Tale of Survival

We've been learning about the heroic story of Ernest Shackleton who attempted to cross Antarctica in 1914. It was one of the most remarkable stories of survival, with men pushed to the very limits of human endurance. Here Year 6 told the story using their own letters, journal extracts and narratives.

Introduced by Phoebe Hemming

Above, you can see the advert which is thought to have been placed in *The Times* by Shackleton to recruit his crew for the expedition. As well as qualifications and experience, he was looking for men who could demonstrate personal skills that would be needed during the expedition, such as grit and determination, and a positive attitude to life. In addition, he sought out

applicants offering other talents that might be useful on board during the long nights of an Antarctic winter, such as being able to play a musical instrument, sing, act or tell stories. From over 5000 applicants, 26 were picked to sail on the *Endurance*.

In Class 5, our writing task was to take on the role of one of those men and write a letter of application to Mr Shackleton...

E. Shackleton
4 Burlington Street
London SW1

Dear Mr Shackleton
Though I have many professional qualities, I believe I also have many personal qualities that would be valuable on your expedition. I play the banjo, often making up my own tunes and humorous songs. I have also sung opera and performed in front of large audiences so I could keep the crew well entertained. I eagerly await your reply.

Yours faithfully,
Charles Green, Cook
(Written by Phoebe Hemming)

E. Shackleton
4 Burlington Street
London SW1

Dear Mr Shackleton
I am a meteorologist. After qualifying from King's College, I have crewed on several expeditions, many in hostile environments. I am proud to be British. I am positive that we can enjoy success on this expedition and would be honoured to join your crew.

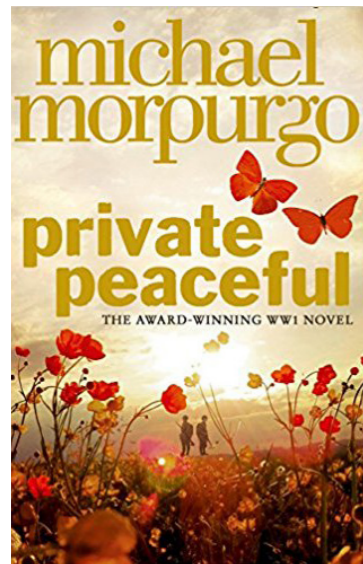
Yours faithfully,
Leonard Hussey, Navigator
(Written by Seb Parkin)

E. Shackleton
4 Burlington Street
London SW1

Dear Mr Shackleton
I believe I have the skills and experience you need. My first position was as a deckhand when I was just 15 years old. Since then I have worked on many ocean-going ships where I have gained experience with watch-standing, maintenance of the ship, lifeboats and safety equipment, and working on the rigging.

Yours faithfully,
Walter How, Able Seaman
(Written by Ben Richards)

The Great War



By Lorenzo Ashton

As part of our World War 1 topic we read Michael Morpurgo's moving novel, *Private Peaceful*, which tells the story of Tommo – a young private in the trenches who, during the long, lonely hours of one night, looks back on his life as a country lad before he and his brother, Charlie, were called up to join the war. As the seconds, minutes and hours tick by, we discover that this night will be Charlie's last. In Class 5, our writing task was to write the end of the story, but this time from Charlie's point of view as he waits - imprisoned in a barn – to face the firing squad at dawn...

Tick, Tock

It is now ten-to-one and my heart is in my mouth. I know that crying isn't an option. I must remember... Remember the smell of the damp hay in this barn just like the one at Farmer Cox's on a rainy winter's evening. Even though it stank in there, I miss it. With Tommo; coming home a bit drunk, stumbling into the house laughing and Molly waiting at the door, one eyebrow raised. Good old Molly, always smiling and happy. We should have told Tommo about us; he shouldn't have found out that way.

A mouse has wriggled out from somewhere and is nibbling away at my dry, brick-hard biscuit. It reminds me of the time Molly gave Big Joe that lovely little mouse that Joe had so much love for - and what a despicable thing Grandma Wolf did with it.

I can't bear these horrible 'stones' they give us to eat here. 'Help yourself, chum,' I mutter to the little creature as it moves onto the second biscuit.

I sometimes regret getting on the bad side of

Hanley – if ever there was a good side. But now I think of it, I had to do it. I took one for the team.

I stare at Molly's letter. I have read it so many times the ink is becoming smudged. I can't bear to think of Little Tommo. How I won't be there when he needs me; how he will never know his father. But I must stay strong and think positively. Little Tommo will have his Uncle Tommo, who loves him and my Molly as much as I do; he will take good care of them.

It's not long now. I've remembered it all. When the guard comes I will not struggle. I will not try to run. When I walk to the post, I will be humming *Oranges and Lemons*, just like Big Joe. I will take my last precious breath and pray the end comes quickly. Then all will be still and quiet. The gunfire and explosions will fade; there will be no more trenches; no more Hanley. For I will be up there with the sparrows, and Wilkie, Bertha and Father. Reunited for ever...



The World at Their Feet

We asked the Year 6s what goals they have for the future.

"When I'm older I'd like to ..."



By Chloe Hughes

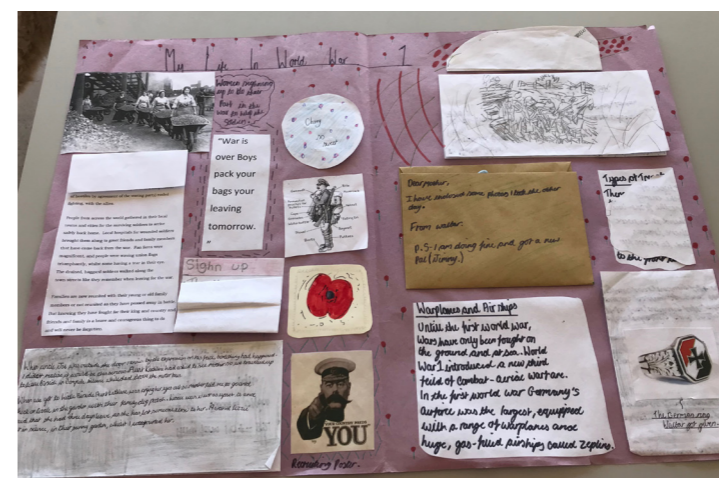
As part of our World War 1 topic, we created a Picasso-style piece of art. It was inspired by the Weeping Window installation in the Tower of London which featured nearly 900,000 hand-crafted ceramic poppies – each unique creation representing a British serviceman killed in the war. Most of the poppies were sold to members of the public, but a few have toured the country to give as many people as possible a chance to see the exhibition.

In Class 5 we were lucky enough to see the touring poppies at Hereford Cathedral. We took lots of photos and used them to help us create our own piece of art in the style of Picasso - who was painting at the time of the war.

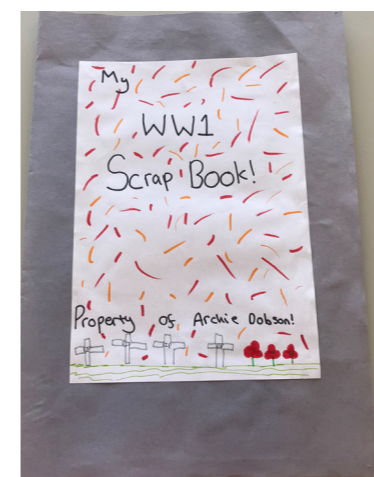
To recreate his Cubist style, we chose a shatter point in our paintings and then cut them into three or four pieces. These individual fragments were then placed together to create a whole-class piece of artwork, which you can see here. My painting is also shown below it.



Flower Power



Childhood Memories



By Lilly Collop

We used lots of different sources to research our wartime topic, including a BBC radio drama for primary schools, called *Archie Dobson's War*. The play tells the story of an ordinary family whose lives were turned upside down by the outbreak of the conflict. When war is declared young Archie is very excited - jealous, even, of his older cousin, Walter, who is called up to join the fighting. Walter sends Archie letters and mementos from the frontline, which Archie keeps in his precious scrapbook. The next few years brings hardship and loss, but as the war draws to an end, the family gathers in the bustle of the streets, reunited again.

We recreated the story in a drama class – acting out a few moments from the play, such as the scene when young boys sign up to enlist, and the street party to celebrate the end of the war.

We then made scrapbooks of our own, as if we were Archie. We did lots of research to help us with our writing and were able to include whatever material we wanted, such as maps, poems, propaganda posters, newspaper articles, illustrations of aircraft and kit for the troops – and even a telegram informing the family of Walter's death. You can see my scrapbook here...

Trapped by the ice

By Jake Robb

On 5th December the Endurance weighed anchor and set sail for Antarctica. But before long, they encountered pack ice. Progress was painstakingly slow and Endurance creaked and groaned as the ice threatened to crush her. During the long dark hours of the Antarctic winter, the crew hacked at the ice with shovels, pick-axes and chisels to free Endurance. Shackleton knew that he had to keep his crew's morale high, so he organised entertainment - such as dog racing, football matches on the ice, and parties with singing and dancing - to keep spirits up. The crew recorded these events in their private journals. Here, Max and I have stepped into the shoes of Frank Hurley the photographer and Leonard Hussey the navigator to describe these events in our diaries...



Frank Hurley, photographer



Today was our Antarctic Derby. My dogs and I managed to make it to the final, but could we win? Next to the winning post they were calling out the odds — 2:1 against me! Handkerchiefs fluttered from the 'grandstand' (up on deck) and we agreed that they would flash a light to tell us when to start. The course was about 700 yards in the distance — though in the darkness we couldn't see the finish, way past the jib boom. A lot of the men placed bets — some money, but mostly chocolate and cigarettes. Wild — our Second in Command — lined his team up against mine. We saw the light and we were off. I was in the lead for 600 yards, but then Wild took over and beat me. Lucky for Shackleton — he'd put a fiver on Wild!

Written by Jake Robb

Everyone is exhausted. The Boss has us up very early so that we can hack away at the ice that blocks Endurance's path. We work flat out, without breaks, and stop only when Shackleton believes we have done enough for the day - usually when the first man passes out! But today he decided we should celebrate the fact that it was mid-winter's day - 21st June - and pitch dark throughout, the sun did not rise above the horizon at all. Green cooked up a feast, then there were speeches - some were very funny, others seemed to go on as long as the never-ending darkness! I played my banjo and we sang our favourite songs. We drank toasts to our survival and to Endurance, and ended the night with a rousing rendition of God Save the King! God save us!

Written by Max Kite



Leonard Hussey, navigator

Rescue Mission

By Emily Moseley

The crew worked tirelessly to free Endurance, but eventually the ship's hull buckled and splintered. Water poured in and Shackleton gave the order to abandon ship. Their hopes of crossing the Antarctic were lost as the Endurance sank beneath the waves; now Shackleton's mission was to get all of his crew home alive. With rations dwindling and health failing, the men began a perilous journey across treacherous seas and frozen landscapes which would take months - and test them to their limits. Now their only hope was to find rescue from a whaling station on South Georgia.

In Class 5, our writing task was to imagine what this final leg of the journey might have been like...

The waves raged and the wind howled around Elephant Island. Second Officer Crean hastily prepared a hot meal for the crew. Sitting huddled around the blubberstove, the men ate hungrily, and slowly their strength began to return. 'What happens now, Boss?' Crean asked. As always, Shackleton spoke optimistically: "We've got food and water, and we're alive — just. The men need to rest. We'll make a decision tomorrow."

During the night the weather worsened. A howling blizzard whipped up and the crew had to huddle together under ripped tents. Percy screamed as one of the men rolled onto his frostbitten and gangrenous toes.

In the morning, Shackleton had made his decision. With McNeish, Vincent, McCarthy, Crean and Worsley, he would leave the island and make the treacherous crossing to South Georgia in the hope of raising help at the whaling station there. The others were to make camp on Elephant Island and await rescue.

As they staggered onto the James Caird — a sailing boat constructed by McNeish from the wreck of the Endurance — Wild called to them from the shore. "I hope to see you again."

"I will see you all again soon," was Shackleton's promise from the bow of the vessel.

That morning, all was calm and quiet. The waves of the crystal-clear sea gently lapped against the pristine-white icebergs, and a watery sun floated amongst the wispy clouds. It was not to last. After watching the sun rise, the men went below deck for their meal. Before long, the boat started to sway and Worsley was instructed to take a look. As he peered above deck he shouted, "Wave!" The men

scrambled to see and were confronted with the sight of a wave five times as tall as the little James Caird. It slammed into them and Shackleton, Worsley and Vincent were all thrown off their feet.

For days, huge waves battered the little vessel, drenching everything in freezing, icy water. Many times, they nearly capsized and, by the time the storm was over, all the crew were soaked to the skin and tired to the bone.

At last, after battling for 17 days, close to exhaustion and desperately hungry, they finally reached land at South Georgia. They collapsed in a stream running to the sea

and gulped the clear water as if they'd never tasted water before.

McNeish, Vincent and McCarthy, who were suffering badly, took shelter in a cave, while Shackleton, Worsley and Crean set off to make the final journey across the uncharted alpine terrain. Strapped together, they made slow progress hacking out steps on the snowy slopes. Eventually they

reached a ridge which looked down on the tiny whaling station below. Breathing hard, the men stared, but couldn't find any words.

"Well chaps," Shackleton said. "I think it might be quicker if we go down on our bottoms!"

Roaring with laughter, the three men slid all the way down. Ten hours later, the exhausted men stood outside the manager's house. Shackleton limped up the frosty steps and knocked weakly. The door was answered by a man with a long beard.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Ernest Shackleton and I have lost my ship."



What a Drama!

By Imogen Davis

Earlier this year, our Class assembly was on the theme of Endurance. It was inspired by the heroism of Ernest Shackleton and his crew as they attempted to cross the Antarctic, enduring terrible danger and hardship. In role, we recreated their perilous journey...

