Welcome to Maple Class!

We are excited for a new school year full of learning, enjoyment, and new experiences and our first Maple class! Being in Year 6 brings new roles and responsibilities, and we are ready to embrace them with enthusiasm.

This term promises to be a busy and rewarding one. We will soon be taking part in Bikeability training to develop our cycling skills and road safety awareness.

A highlight of the term will be our trip to Kent Life for a Victorian day where we will further our knowledge and understanding of The Victorians through the many workshops and activities.

In November, as Year 6's, we will represent the school and join together with other schools in the village to mark Remembrance Day.

We are all looking forward to a fantastic term ahead!

Mrs Evans and Mrs Backshall

Things to remember:

Bring your current **reading book** to school every day. This may be a school library book or a home book. Do ask for a reading conference when you have completed your current challenge. I wonder how many of you will complete the Kryptonite challenge this year?

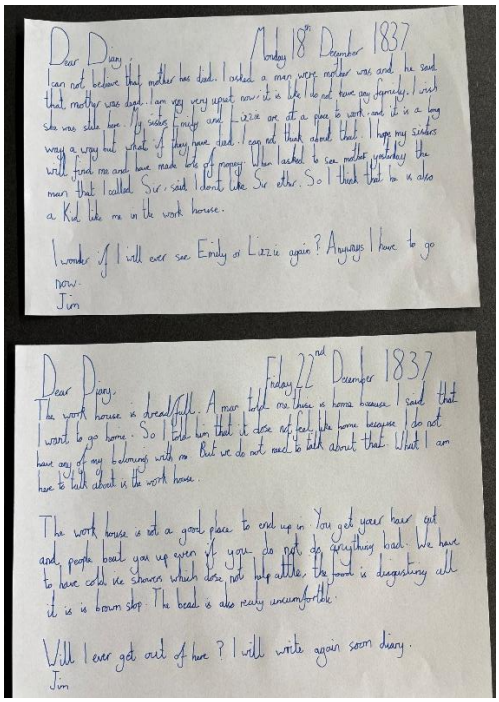
Our **PE days** are Tuesdays and Fridays. You will need tracksuit bottoms and top when the weather cools down.

Homework, including spellings are due in on Thursdays. New homework will be given out on Fridays.

Make sure you have a waterproof coat in school – I like to make sure we can have an outside break, even when it is a little rainy. A water bottle and fruit

Our learning in class:

In English we have been reading *Street Child* by Berlie Doherty, which is set in Victorian times. We have written diary entries based on the character Jim, whose family have become homeless and been taken to the workhouse.



Dear Diary,

Monday 18th December 1837

I can not believe that mother has died. I asked a man were mother was and he said that mother was dead. I am very very upset now. It is like I do not have any family. I wish she was still here. My sister Emily and Lizzie are at a place to work and it is a long way away but what if they have died. I can not think about that. I hope my sisters will find me and have made lots of money. When I asked to see mother yesterday the man that I called Sir, said I don't like Sir either. So I think that he is also a Kid like me in the work house.

I wonder if I will ever see Emily or Lizzie again? Anyways I have to go now.

Jim

Dear Diary,

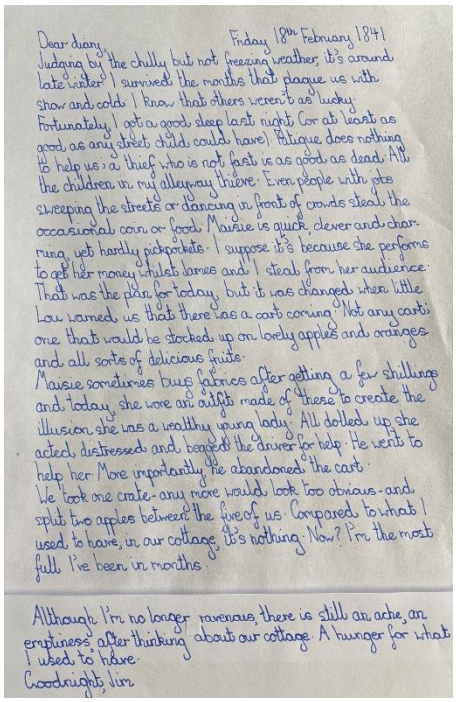
Friday 22nd December 1837

The work house is dreadfull. A man told me that is home because I said that I want to go home. So I told him that it does not feel like home because I do not have any of my belonging with me But we do not need to talk about that. What I am have to talk about is the work house.

The work house is not a good place to end up in. You get your hair cut and people beat you up even if you do not do anything bad. We have to have cold ice showers which does not help at all, the food is disgusting all it is is boorn stop. The bread is also really uncomfortable.

Will I ever get out of here? I will write again soon diary.

Jim



Dear diary,

Friday 18th February 1841

Judging by the chilly but not freezing weather, it's around late winter. I survived the months that plague us with snow and colds. I know that others weren't as lucky. Fortunately, I got a good sleep last night. Or at least as good as any street child could have. Fatigue does nothing to help us; a thief who is not fast is as good as dead. All the children in my alleyway thrive. Even people with jobs sweeping the streets or dancing in front of crowds steal the occasional coin or food. Maisie is quick, clever and charming, yet hardly pickpockets. I suppose it's because she performs to get her money whilst James and I steal from her audience. That was the plan for today, but it was changed when little Lou warned us that there was a cart coming. Not any cart: one that would be stocked up on lovely apples and oranges and all sorts of delicious fruits.

Maisie sometimes buys fairies after getting a few shillings and today she wore an outfit made of these to create the illusion she was a wealthy young lady. All dolled up, she acted distressed and begged the driver for help. He went to help her. More importantly, he abandoned the cart.

We took one crate - any more would look too obvious - and split two apples between the five of us. Compared to what I used to have, in our cottage, it's nothing. Now? I'm the most full I've been in months.

Although I'm no longer ravenous, there is still an ache, an emptiness, after thinking about our cottage. A hunger for what I used to have.

Goodnight, Jim

In PSHE as a class, we have shared some of our own interests and things we enjoy, both inside and outside of school. We added these elements in our trainer designs!







