

Year 5 Humanities

Year 5 pupils are learning about WW2 and have studied The Blitz this week. They focussed on ARP's and the impact the Blitz had on Britain's cities and its people. As a piece of extension work, they were asked to write a poem about the Blitz.

Here is a lovely acrostic poem written by Ellen M

Adolf Hitler must be defeated.
Throbbing air raid sirens hum.
Raining bombs from the sky.
Optimistic behaviour from residents.
Coventry and others have been hit.
Iron lined Anderson Shelters don't hold up.
Tornados crash as we shoot.
Internment still carries on.
Explosion of bombs destroys buildings.
Search Lights are spotting planes.

And this one by George M

Sirens Of The War

Dusk has passed,
And sirens start their screeching,
Dark silhouettes can be seen,
Scrambling to their shelters.

Above, it looks like a godly
Lightning storm, illuminating
The grey clouds menacingly,
Against the coming chaos.

An explosion, if you could
Call it that, rings in your ears,
And a deafening crescendo
Falls a couple of yards away.

Out of the door, tripping
Over roots and flowers,
Clanging shut the iron door,
And finally, some safety.

Eventually, the muffled thuds
And endless screaming,
Begins to die down,
This won't be the last raid.

And this by Jack C

Midnight blitz

Midnight in the blitz,
Sirens wailing, whimpering,
At the sound of the whistling Nazis bombs,
Racing through the air,
Loading, then exploding.

Midnight in the blitz,
Frantically running to shelter,
Panicked faces,
The occasional cry,
Then the voice in your head saying,
That could be me next,
Making you run even faster,
From the whirring viciousness of the V2.

Midnight in the blitz,
Cold and terror stricken,
Curled in a ball,
In the corner of the room,
Of the Anderson shelter,
With no food,
Tears in my eyes,
Thinking to myself,
Be brave,
Be strong,
Be courageous,
Just like dad,
After all,
He's the bravest man in the world,
Fighting in the air,
Against the evil Germans,
And that monstrosity of a man,
Adolf Hitler.