



School News from Copley Junior School



Copley Junior School Remembers

During the week of Remembrance Day children in our School Council prepared and led an assembly about this year's commemoration of 100 years since the end of World War One, why we wear a poppy at this time of year and we reflected on those who have served our country in times of conflict.



After our assembly the School Council placed the remembrance pebbles they had prepared around the school grounds.

If children found a remembrance pebble, we hoped they would take a moment to think about all the people in the armed forces and their families. Once children had had their moment with the pebble, they chose to either leave the pebble for another child to find so they could have a moment to remember, or they could keep the pebble.

We always support fundraising for the British Legion and this year children were able to buy a poppy, poppy reflectors that clip onto school bags, rubbers, pencils and pencil sharpeners and rulers.



As part of their history study of 'A Child's War', Year 6 learned about the experiences of children who were evacuated in World War 2. We have shared one of the poems written by the children below.

The Steam Engine...

... halted next to the platform,
and whistled like a howling wolf.
It was the devil in disguise,
engulfing its frightened passengers,
in suffocating smoke.
Like a callous dictator,
it ordered its passengers to board.
Dangerously, it slammed its doors shut.
Its carriages were like cells holding prisoners,
terrified cargo trapped inside,
all their hopes and dreams left behind.

Like a kidnapper in the night,
snatching children from their families,
the powerful beast dragged the evacuees away.
The puffing python prowled,
towards an unknown destination,
leaving a trail of venomous mist,
polluting the air around it.
Cutting through the countryside,
it sped like a thief on the run,
as fields and trees flashed by in a blur.
Devouring anything in its path,
it roared along the track like thunder,
furiously chugging with savage laughter.

Like a snake, it hissed,
as it slithered in to the station.
Underneath the moonlight,
Its blinding headlights pierced the darkness.
Screech!
Its brakes unleashed an ear-piercing scream.
The monster had arrived.



We look forward to sharing more of our school news soon.

Best wishes
E.A. Crayton
Head teacher