Year 6 have been studying the second world war in their history lessons. Their literacy texts linked to their topic this term. The books were ‘The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas’ and ‘Rose Blanche.’ Both books are extremely moving and highlight the horror and futility of war. Please have a look at some of the fantastic work the children have completed in their literacy sets.
The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas

Year 6
For our first piece of writing, we wrote a letter from Bruno explaining to his friends that he has moved to a new house.

Wednesday 8th January 2014

Short Writing

REMEMBER!
All good writing needs to have:

A clear structure
Statements which make sense
Interesting and appropriate vocabulary
An appropriate tone for the audience
A range of connectors and sentence openers

Success Criteria
RECOUNT

I can write a series of events in chronological order.
I can include a mixture of events and feelings.

suitcases! That was the moment I was told the news. Apparently, Dad’s boss (Furth) has big ideas for him. The sort of jobs only adults can do because it’s top-secret technical job. As a result, we were all to up sticks and move out of Berlin.

When the sun was slowly waking up, I hesitantly climbed into Dad’s car. I instantly missed the sweet aromas of Berlin and the sound roar of traffic. Baffled, I opened the car door to see a run-down, neglected house in the middle of nowhere. There was no soul in sight although I still had my family. Depressed, I reminiscence about our great times together. Harsh realities struck me as I realised we might be here for a while.

Luckily, Gretl says were staying here for the foreseeable future. Which only means a couple of weeks (hopefully). Lars and Maria and Lars punished them self trying to make everything spick and span. Even though it might take months. Exploring further, I looked at the garden and glanced at weeds and vines like a tangled jungle. Leaves were scattered around everywhere you’d think we’d had a party. I saw Dad getting ready for the commander. He had a pressed tie and starched shirt.

To go now. Maria’s cooking. I’ll write to you soon.

Tuesday 3rd March 2013 1940

Dear Karl, Daniel and Martin

You were probably wondering why I haven’t been at school for a while. My parents told me the most alarming news this morning.
For our next writing task we imagined we were the characters of Bruno and Gretel and wrote character profiles of each other.

Some of us clearly understood how frustrating siblings can be and added in some of our own insults!

Name: Gretel (or Mis ‘Hopeless Case’)

Occupation: Mostly to (try) to look her ‘best but just making herself worse’ look worse than me. She states that she knows more than me but when I don’t know the simplest things, that the place outside is clearly not a farm.

Hobbies:
- Makes every strand of hair perfect in the bathroom when some people need it for other uses.
- When bringing friends over she joins in, in making fun of how small I am but she is just stupidly tall.
- She is addicted to playing with dolls, sorting them out and holding them.

Personal characteristics:
- Frustrates with dada soldiers, acting sophisticated but is only a total.

Name: Bruno (or Bruno Bagoon)

Occupation: Exploring places that he shouldn’t: bathroom, mums’ room, dads’ room and especially my room! Also, stopping me from looking perfect.

Hobbies:
- Sabotaging my sleepovers with my friends.
- Wasting my time sliding down the banister.
In week three, we transformed a section of the novel into a playscript. The dialogue showed a conversation between Bruno and his father.

**Scene 5 (Based on Chapter 5)**

**Cast List:**
Bruno
Father

(Bruno awaits outside the door of his office nervously planning his actions before going inside. He knocks timidly on the enormous mahogany door.)

Father (Bellowing) Enter!

(Bruno enter the splendidous office his mouth wide in awe and amazement)

Bruno: (Anxiously and tentatively) Father, how much longer do we have to stay here?

**Dialogue:**

**Bruno: (Batted!) Did you upset the Fury, I just don't understand why he would send you here - this lonely, deserted place?**

**Father: (Shouting) My boy, of course not! I have important business to commence with. Why would I want to upset the Fury?**

**Bruno: (Annoyed and frustrated by laughter) Please do not laugh! I saw people in their pyjamas, what does that mean?**

**Father: (Surprised by Bruno's reaction) You shouldn't be worrying about them. There aren't even human, let them be - don't even dare to consider them as human!**

**Bruno: (Confused) Now I know this. Although what I am going to say sounds quite strange, I saw people - women and men separate. Do you know why?**

**Father: (Leaning over shoulder and looking at the floor) I told you not to worry! You ought to be doing something else other than examining people out the window! Get up with questions cog**

(Exchanging words between Bruno and Father)

**Bruno: (Whining) Father, why can't we go back to Berlin? It's so much better landscape as well! Not like out there!**

(Exchanging words between Bruno and Father)

**Bruno: (Cry) Father, why can't we go back to Berlin?**

(Exchanging words between Bruno and Father)

**Father: (Exclaiming) ENOUGH! NOW GO!**

(Exchanging words between Bruno and Father)
We then rehearsed and performed our playscripts to the class, making sure that we followed the stage directions and said the lines with the correct tone.

Some of us were quite scary as Father!
In chapter seven, Bruno gets himself in a spot of bother when he falls off his swing. The servant Pavel risks his own life by tending to Bruno’s injuries. After talking about how Pavel might have felt during these events, we then wrote a top-secret diary entry from the perspective of Pavel.

We have been trying hard to use new vocabulary – can you spot any impressive words?

**Dear Ricky,**

I had just finished cleaning one of the cars when I heard Lieutenant Kotler calling me. He commanded me to fetch a tyre for the boy standing next to him. Even he even called me a rude name right in front of them; I felt so humiliated but I had to obey it. As he constructed the swing precariously I laughed silently at the knots he failed to do, but intuitively I knew this accident was going to happen...

And then it happened. I heard a piercing shriek and saw him crash to the ground like a rocket. I knew that would have happened; it was so transparent but now what can I do? If I touched him, I could be killed for that! I couldn’t

When I went into the kitchen I heard a high-pitched ear-splitting scream. At once I rushed to the window, only to see master Bruno sprawled on the grass like a carcass. My intuition told me that I should help him although I was not in a great position to do this—but I mustn’t cause any harm. I brought him into the kitchen although it was very unhygienic and hot. When I finished putting the bandages and plasters on him I told him that that it’s not surprising that you fell off that swing off that swing... Death trap. As I told master Bruno to go quiet, I heard footsteps coming from the front door. So I peeked round the corner of the kitchen door. I saw red lipstick. For a second I thought it was Maria, but she is not aloud lipstick anyway. Then I realised that it was, mum, who burst out of the kitchen with great speed but I stumbled across her. She was very concerned about Bruno but she didn’t ask because she saw the terrified face on Pavel. So without thinking, she said to me, that if anyone asks he should tell them that I cleaned up Bruno.
In our next writing lesson we used our senses to imagine the horror Bruno’s mother would have been met with on a tour of the concentration camp.
After learning how naïve Bruno was about what life was like on the other side of the fence, we thought about how he might persuade Shmuel to let him go to the other side. Here are our persuasive letters to Shmuel. What persuasive techniques can you find?

Firstly, I think I should come to your side because my new house only has three floors, can you imagine how disgusting that is? You can't even slide down the banister! In our old house I could look out of the window without tip-toeing, however, in my new house I have to secretly stretch to look outside! Surely you can see why your side is much more fun, it wouldn't be fair not to let me come and play in your house full of other children, open window's and adventures. Great persuasive!

However, I am also an experienced explorer. But, I can't do anything with these filthy clothes but if I was in on your side of the fence, I could wear those comfortable pyjamas that you guys wear all day long. How lucky are you? Once, I came to your side I can teach you about everything about exploring Blas you've got bag badges and when once I've got one we can be called "The Exploration Team." Okay the name might need a little bit of work. However, we can still go exploring "what ever" day, night, rain or shine. *will be the* We will have the best days of our lifes me and you, side by side we can be better than Christopher Columbus, the founder of America.

I know you will let me in we're best friends. We can do this? see you soon bye.

From, Bruno, your best friend.
The end of ‘The boy in the striped pyjamas’ is quite shocking, we won’t spoil it for you in case you haven’t read it yet. Safe to say Bruno’s mother was left feeling as though she needed to write to her husband, the Commandant, and so imagined that we were her husband and replied to her letter explaining what we felt had happened to their dear son Bruno.

My heart, Laura,

I cannot express the emotions I am feeling right now. Thank you for your letter, dear one. I love you all the children, desperately. I am here with you in pain. I felt weakened with guilt as I was reading your letter. Please don’t hate me...

Bruno is my son. I will never leave him. I have conducted a series of investigations about what happened to our beloved son. I was surprised, but I can tell you that my findings will not lighten your heart. As the beautiful sun rose, I went to the camp. My heart was pounding against my chest like an inhuman bomb landing in Berlin. I knew that something was wrong. It was that moment when I encountered a pile of Bruno’s clothes and books, which were abandoned by its owner. I knew that I had to find out about what had happened to Bruno. After my arrival, I went to the camp, then went to the gas chamber. There was no answer to my son’s disappearance. I came to the theory that Bruno went to the camp, then was gas chambered. I hope that a day will come when we will be reunited once again.

Laura

Ralf

Dear Laura,

I think you’re managing to find some hope in these terrible times. I am praying to enjoy spending time with you.

When I realized that Bruno was lost, I felt desolate. I was rageful. Even though it has been hard to express, I decided to find out what had happened. I have been suffering since that day. I have been having sleepless nights and rest, half thinking that some of it would be my fault. I hope telling you this is not my suspicion, that Bruno may have broken into the camp, perhaps he didn’t want to stay in that Nazi prison. Despite praying that it’s not true, we are haunted by the warning, ‘may this never happen again.’

Although I share your despair, I beseech you to find your way to forgive me. Of course, it will take time, dear one, before I can return home. I am in Berlin soon enough to be the best father and husband I can offer. It will be a terrible test in our lives. You must remember that we still hold dear in our lives and that one day, we will be reunited in harmony.

For now, I go on fighting for our great nation and so should you. My best loved wife.
To support our Topic work on **WW2**, we have been reading *Rose Blanche* by Roberto Innocenti.
In partners we thought what Rose would ……

We imagined we were Rose in the middle of the crowd.

We knew that we had to include interesting adjectives and a simile.

SEE
- starchyed uniforms
- red, white and black flags

SMELL
- engine fumes
- gentlemen’s cigar smoke

HEAR
- laughing and cheering
- merry tunes

FEEL
- shivering with excitement
- overwhelmed with happiness
EXAMPLES

Surrounded by a crowd (obviously shuffling slowly to get out) I was totally squeezed in between people, I wondered why this was so sudden. Suddenly I spotted huge tanks buzzing past the crowd, Soldiers passing past us as if we had done some thing to them, but they were wearing starched, brilliant, care full stitched, black and white suit. I can’t take my eyes off their gently polished boot. They were as shiny as the sand. In the distance I could smell the engine fumes that came out of the tank and litened in the air then not.

In the distance I could smell Soldiers smoking cigars around the corner of the pavement and it was filling my nostrils. And I could smell the oil dripping from the shields and gunfader liging in the air. As I turned my eye, I could see Soldiers getting into the trucks and I could hear the marching band playing another song my ear drums almost pop from the deafening sound. I was shivering with excitement!
Writing Tasks

**RECOUNT**

The little boy in the picture was caught by the Mayor when he tried to escape!

First, we did a drama activity to imagine how the boy felt.

Next, we wrote the story from his point of view.
It seemed as though I'd been trapped in the dark truck for hours, huddled up against other children, packed like sardines. Suddenly the truck shuddered to a halt. It was now or never! I reached out my trembling hand and pushed open the door. The door squeaked. I was frightened that a soldier might catch me. I clambered out as quietly as a mouse. My heart was pounding. I couldn't think straight. I just needed to get out!

After peering around me, I ran threw the cobbled streets fast as a lightning flash. I heard the soldiers bellowing stop! or I'll shoot but I didn't stop as fast as my legs could carry me. I was petrified.

Overwhelmed with terror, I sprinted until I bumped into the mayor. He was wearing a very nice hat and tie. Then one of soldiers came and started to shout, at me tears were coming down my cheeks. The mayor was looking very proud.
We thought carefully about the conversation that they would have had.

We planned a range of questions that Rose would have wanted to ask Herman.

PLAYSCRIPT

At one point in the story Rose meets children outside a concentration camp.
Act 2
Scene 1

Cast: Rose, Herman.

Rose: (Creeping through the forest, towards the barbed wire)

Herman: Hello........ Who is there? (Looking around nervously)

Rose: It's me, Rose again. How are you?

Herman: I am really hungry (Rubbing his belly)

Rose: Don't worry I've got lots of delicious treats. (Opening her satchel)

Herman: What? (Licking his lips)

Rose: I've got carrot cake, cookies, apples. I was going to bring sp...

[Rose signs off]

Herman: (Waves goodbye) Bye. Rose see you another time.

Rose: Just before I go..... can I ask you one question? How long have you been here?

Herman: I'm not sure maybe a year but it could be longer. The soldiers never tell us anything.
Tongue twisters are a great way to warm up our voices and facial muscles. We did a few before every Reading for Fluency lesson!

One-one was a race horse.
Two-two was one too.
One-one won one race.
Two-two won one too.

If Stu chews shoes, should Stu choose the shoes he chews?

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Try them out for yourselves!!!
We looked at specific texts which needed to be performed with emotion and expression!

This is a poem by Siegfried Sassoon from WW1.

We thought about how the soldier would be feeling when he wrote the poem.

Suicide in the Trenches

I knew a simple solider boy,
Who grinned at life in empty joy,
Slept soundly through the lonesome dark,
And whistled early with the lark.

In winter trenches cowed and glum,
With crumbs and lice and lack of rum,
He put a bullet through his brain,
No one spoke of him again.
In this lesson we read the Playscript that we had written during the week.

One partner performed the role of Rose and the other pretended to be Herman.

We have really enjoyed studying this book and learning more about life during the war.

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**Rose:** (Looking at her watch)

*Oh look at the time, I had better go*

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**Rose:** (breathing heavily) Sorry I'm late Herman. It was hard to sneak away today. My mother was pestering me bout my homework.

**Herman:** (smiling weakly) We are just glad you came.