

Thursday 7th May 2020

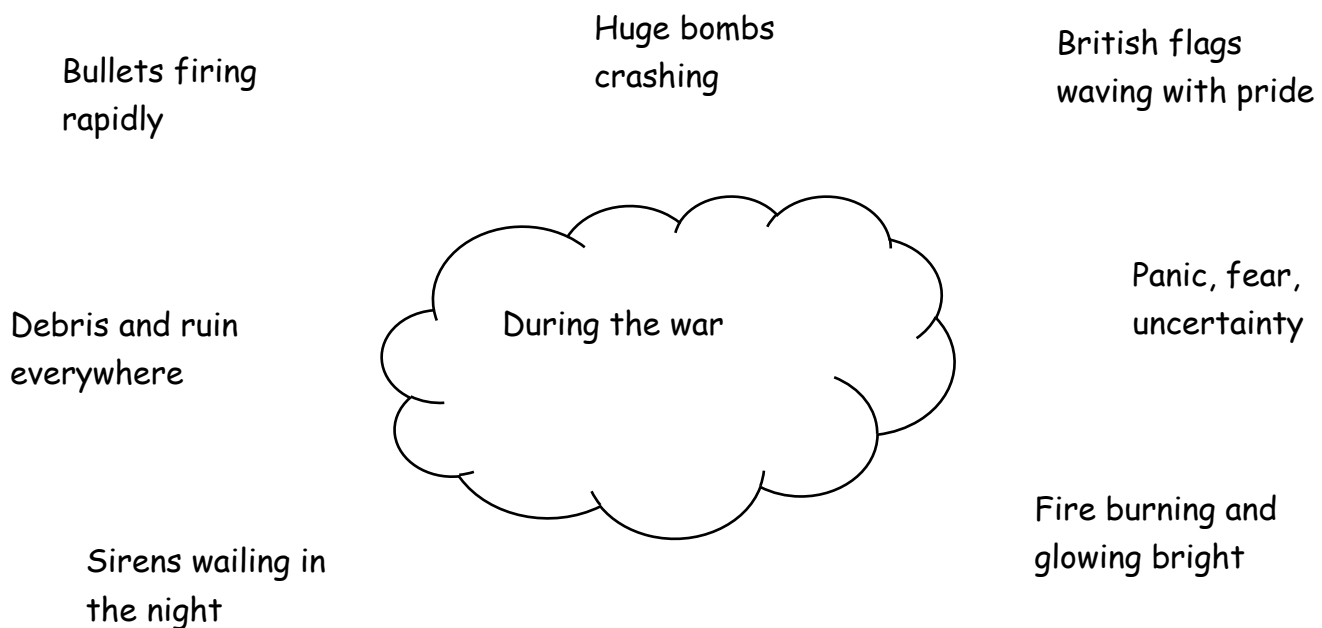
LO: To create a poem to celebrate VE day.

In order to create a poem about VE day, first we need to know exactly what it is!

Have a look at the two video links on the website and pause it every so often to write down any key notes or vocabulary.

We are going to create a poem with two sections. This doesn't mean it has to only have 2 verses though, it can have more.

Section 1 is going to be about what it was like during the war. Let's plan this section by drawing a thought bubble and thinking of descriptions, feelings, thoughts that may have happened at the time.



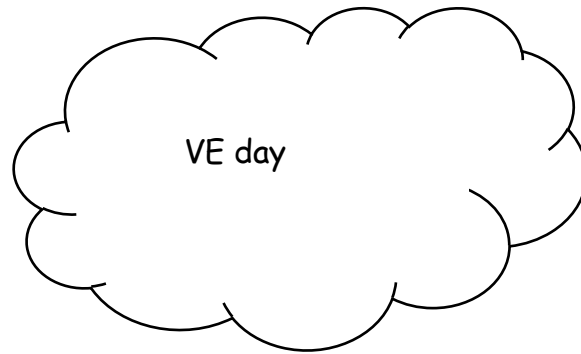
You should now have generated some ideas for you to include in the first section of your poem. Now let's move onto the next. On VE day, what might you see and how might you feel?

Delight beaming
from my face

The glorious sun
shining brightly
on us all

Waving flags of
red, white and
blue

Trumpets, drums
blasting all around
me



The wafting smell
of deliciously, fresh
food

Celebration,
cheering, chants
of freedom

Dirty faced men wildly waving
from the train that returns
them home

As mentioned before, I would like our poem to have two sections. The first section should be about what it was like during the war, the second should be about what it is like now, on VE day. I want you to imagine you are a child living in Britain, 1945 and the war has finally been declared as over. This poem should reflect how you feel and why. Your poem can have whatever rhyme pattern you like. It doesn't even have to rhyme at all as not all poems do. Mine is written in rhyming couplets:

Example:

The world used to be so cold and dark,

A lantern would be the only spark.

Our food was once so small and dry,

At night I could hear my sister cry.

The sirens would wail, and we would go,

Into the shelter down below.

Boulder-like bombs would crash from the sky,

All I could ask myself was why,

And would this all be over soon?

All I could do was gaze at the moon.

But today, everything has come to an end,
Finally, the world can begin to mend.
I stepped outside... the things I saw!
Huge flags waving, wait there's more,
Neighbours and friends smiling with hugs,
Everyone spreading infectious love.
Food galore, delicious and sweet,
Beautiful dresses with a neatly ironed pleat.
But the best thing of all I saw that day,
Was the arrival of the big war train.
With fathers and brothers hanging off it with pride,
When finally, someone caught my eye.
A man with eyes dark brown like mine
Came running towards me, I began to cry.
He scooped me up and said I had grown,
At last, finally, my dad is home.

Use my poem to help you, I can't wait to read yours. Post them onto Seesaw when you're finished. 😊