



# YEAR SIX

**Dereham**  
Church of England  
Junior Academy

Well here we are with just a week left of our first term of year 6. It's been filled with a lot of learning and activity and the children should be so proud of themselves; Year 6 presents new challenges and responsibilities that they have embraced to the full.

It was lovely to see so many families joining us at our decoration cafés last week and to see the super creations made.

Yesterday, the children prepared their Christingle Oranges for our Christingle Service this afternoon. This is always a special time for our school community and we do hope that you will be able to join us.



## A gentle reminder:

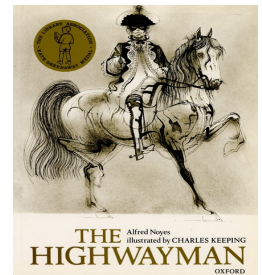
The children have been set homework for the holidays. Please encourage them to complete it. Additionally, please can you ensure that your child wears the correct uniform, footwear and P.E. kit so that they start the new year positively.

*We would like to wish you and your families, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy 2025.*

*We look forward to seeing the children back in school on Tuesday 7th January.*

*Merry Christmas*

Over the past few weeks the children have been developing their skills of creating atmosphere and characterisation in their writing through a topic related poem 'The Highwayman'.



Their first task was to write a new stanza (verse) of the poem in the same style as the original poem

Darcie (Malala) wrote:

Knowing what she had to do to save her from her own death,  
Her fingers reached the trigger as she took a sharp intake of breath,  
Suddenly echoing through the night:  
The gun went off - BANG!  
BANG! BANG!  
The blood stains of the King's men glistened in the moonlight

This week, the children have been writing a letter from the perspective of the Highwayman or Bess showing their feelings for each other and the situation they are facing.

Evelyn (Malala) is writing from the point of view of the highwayman.

My dearly beloved Highwayman  
After you had left me, tragic events began. Those despicable Red-coats had tied me up tight. I know they would beat you down after my demise. I pulled the trigger, hoping you would fear its loud, powerful bang. My soul is now trapped in my room filled with sadness and despair. Day after day after day I think, why did I take that risk? I'm missing every bit of you my love! The warm beautiful, warm sun shines through my window and birds are singing their sweet melodic tune. How can the earth be so happy during this devastating darkness in time? I can see your deep-red feathered hat lying on my bed. lifelike. The smell of fresh from down the corridor fills the room. My love. \* As I gone around the room