

<u>Achievement Objectives</u>	<u>Learning Intention</u> - ( <a href="#">Kid Speak Literacy Progressions</a> ) text <a href="#">Kid Created Presentation</a> - Robyn Anderson	<u>Indicators</u>	<u>Key Competencies</u>
	We are learning to	•	

Name	Week 1 W.A.L.T	Success Criteria: •	Things to include:	Resources
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Name	Writing	Comment

Example Below

Name	Week 1	
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<p>W.A.L.T describe what life was like for men and women in WW1 through a diary entry.</p>	<p><b>Success Criteria:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Describe what you were doing (different for men and women)</li> <li>• Describe what you can see.</li> <li>• Describe how you feel.</li> <li>• Describe what you can hear.</li> <li>• Explain where you are eg, France, Turkey.</li> <li>• An experience</li> </ul> <p><b>Things to include:</b></p> <p>Onomatopoeia - boom Alliteration - dark and dusty, days Simile - Brave as a lion, scattered like cockroaches.</p>	<p><a href="#">Auckland museum</a></p> <p><a href="#">Letters from the trenches</a> (look at for support)</p> <p><a href="#">BBC trench activity</a></p>
<p><b>Girls</b></p> <p>23rd September 1918</p> <p>The days are long and hard, oh how life has changed. My day is spent working in the fields tending the crops and feeding the animals, all skills I had to learn, now all the lads are gone to fight for king and country. I remember being so excited for them and how proud I was of all of my brothers, as they marched down High street during the parade before they left. If only I knew at the time it would be the last time I saw Jimmy, I've got so much I wish I had said to him. I constantly worry about Todd and Blake ( my other brothers) My heart is heavy and I fear receiving another one of those dreaded telegrams that no one wants to receive.</p> <p>But life has to go on here and we have to do our bit. Keeping busy does help , even though it's tough.</p> <p>Sally-Ann my best friend has signed up to be a nurse and she is heading to Europe soon. She is trying to talk me into it. My mum is desperate for me to stay and help out on the farm, and I do fear if I go it will be too much for her.</p> <p>I must go now and get some sleep. I have a tonne of work to do tomorrow, preserving fruit, and mending clothes and of course all of my other duties.</p>		

Boys

18th August 1917

Another day stuck in these terrible trenches. Digging, digging, day and night. The work is extremely hard and treacherous. We are digging for our lives here. If the trenches aren't deep enough then we will be easy pickings for the Turkish snipers who are deadly with the aim. Then there is the terrible shrapnel from the artillery that is being dropped on us. We call them eggs. You will often hear men scream, "Take cover the turks are dropping eggs on us!"

I've never known tiredness like I'm experiencing at the moment. A good night's sleep is impossible as my heads full of terrible thought and nightmares are the norm. The silence of the night is broken by the sounds of explosions and the crack of rifles or the clatter of machine guns. But what scares me the most is the sound of a whistle, which means men are going over the top. It will be only a matter of time before it my turn. The anxiety is horrendous. Those whom go over the top seldom return.

The sleepless night and the harsh conditions of the trenches aren't the worst thing about this place I call hell. It's the smell that really takes the prize. It's the smell of death. You can't get away from it. It attracts the most disgusting vermin imaginable, rats the size of cats, hundreds of them. Then there's the flies, constantly annoying you, in your food, crawling all over you, in your mouth in your hear. It's torture!

I miss the simple things. The cool breeze while walking down the beach. The sound of silence as i fish at my favourite fishing hole. The sound of laughter and children playing!

This war has to end. It's not the adventure I was promised. It's changed me for ever. It's hell on earth....

11th of April 1917

This is not what I thought this will be. We had to dig trenches. It was hard because the team I was in we just dug rocks. I thought it will be a good adventure to Gallipoli. But I was wrong. There were rats, dead people. I could just hear sniper rifles shooting and machine guns to. We had to eat soup and stale biscuits. The team I was in we had to charge the other team. We had to go over the top of the trenches. Tomorrow I have to go over the top. We don't know what we will get killed. The other team has machine guns. So when we leave the trench We will just die. I can just see you people dieing from machine guns.

11th of April 1917

This is not what I thought it was going to be. It's not a great adventure to go on, it is horrible at war in Turkey with all the rats and when we go to eat fly's go onto our food and into our mouth. When we dig the trenches it needs to be deep and when the whistle blows they will start to shoot at us. The snipers are hiding everywhere that is why our trench needs to be deep. Soon the whistle will blow and it is getting close to my turn to go over to the other team's trench. Sometimes I do not get why the general tells us when to go over the top and we dig until the whistle blows, then we fight but if we do not go over the top when the general tells us to, our men will kill us.

When our men go over the top there are Machine guns waiting and only some of them make it to the other side but, then they all get shot by the other team. I just wish I make it back home before the whistle blows. All I can hear is boom and bangs and lots of poison gas bombs they are the worst because the other team throws them in your trench and lots of be people die in their sleep because of the gas bombs.

24th August 1915

Today has been miserable! I have to wash the clothes and clean the house. Oh how I've missed my brother, I hope he's doing alright in war. I always have to work hard on the crops and the farm, it's so much hard work.

I feel really sad for my brother, he might not feel very well in war. This afternoon my mum told me to wash the clothes and it's so hard. I am starving from all the work. I feel tired and sad everyday. Some of the days have been horrible everyone is working and there is no food to eat.

I don't like going to the farm and pulling and picking potatoes, it's been a hard day. I am so worried for my brother, he might die. Sometimes I have to work with my aunty on the crops. I am so tired. I have been working all day which is so tiring.

I had lots of experience picking apples and other fruits. Time goes as slow as a turtle walking on the beach. I see people working and planting veggies and fruits. It is so hard.

16th June 1917

Life is not what we all expected at Gallipoli. It reeks of my dead comrades. Bang! Boom! Pew! They are the only sounds I hear. The generals demand us saying keep digging and don't stop. They don't even know what we're going through. I remember feeling excited about the war with my enthusiasm through the roof but now war is the worst option and the only thing that's keeping me from killing myself is my family. The family pride that gets me through this outrageous war between these countries, they fight for what? They don't even tell us what we fight for yet we sacrifice ourselves to the generals. It's hard to describe such dark places but listen to my words, it is disturbing, deadly and destructive. As we eat we start getting annoyed by the bodies they make us not want to eat at all. The flies are like a swarm of locusts charging like bulls towards our food. We dig and dig scared we might die if we stop. We feel the Turkish snipers waiting for our heads to pop out but we won't. I'm surprised trenchfoot hasn't taken over my feet from standing in the mud

	<p>digging the dirt over our feet. Another problem is the rats as big as cats, they distract us with their overwhelming size. This is an experience that brings you closer to the grim reaper's scythe.</p>	
	<p>28th July 1914</p> <p>The days since you left have been miserable. I have to wash the clothes and clean the house. Oh how I have missed my brother Ted, I hope he's still alright. I have to look after the kids and find food like apples and potatoes to make apple crumble for them to eat. I have to work on the farm. I'm really worried about Ted joining the war. I just want him safe at Gallipoli. I want him to make friends to look after him and he look after them. I hope Ted is ok, I just don't want him to die.</p>	
	<p><b>19th January 1917</b></p> <p><b>Another day looking at people dying. This is not what I thought it was going to be. No great fun taking pictures of animals going to Paris. This is really hard work digging and digging. Why did I sign for this war? If it don't dig deep enough, the Turkish snipers will shoot me. They are deadly with their aim. I can't even sleep because of the sound. Flies are annoying me every time I start eating. Some people are dying because of Trench Foot, Body Lice, Ticks and Flies. The machine gun is shooting as fast as it can. The General keeps on blowing whistle and then 20 people who go. They don't survive and now it is my turn to go. I can hear is Boom, Bang and smell poisonous gas. Another problem is the rats and the cats disturbing us when we are in the war.</b></p>	

<p><b>Achievement Objectives -</b>  <a href="http://nzcurriculum.tki.org.nz/The-New-Zealand-Curriculum/Learning-areas/English/Achievement-objectives">http://nzcurriculum.tki.org.nz/The-New-Zealand-Curriculum/Learning-areas/English/Achievement-objectives</a></p>	<p><b>Learning Intention -</b> (<a href="#">Kid Speak Literacy Progressions</a>)</p>	<p><b>Indicators</b></p>
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