



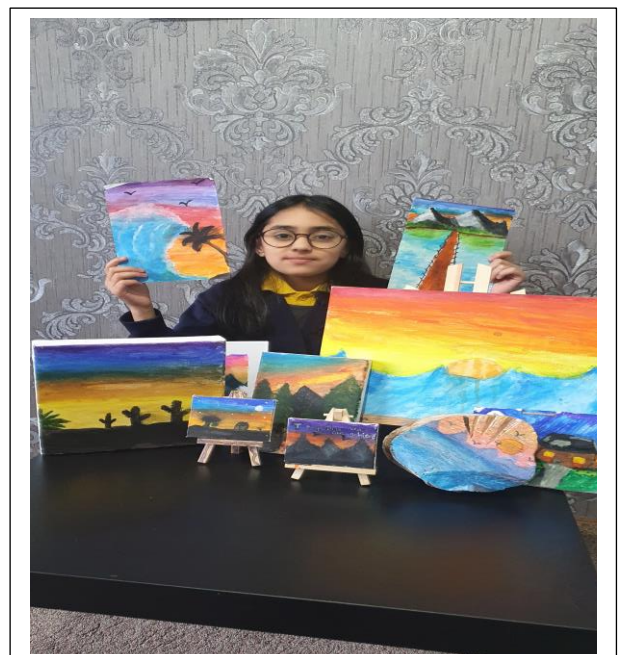
Ramadan Mubarak

Broadfield, we would like to send well wishes to all of our families that are observing Ramadan. Ramadan Mubarak to all!



Artist in Residence

Meet Maryam from Sycamore our artist in residence. She is very talented and is passionate about art. Last year, she was a worthy finalist in the Broadfield's Got Talent competition. We hope that one day, her work will be showcased in one of the famous art galleries. Well done Maryam!



We love writing

This term, children in Upper Key Stage 2 have been learning about World War 1. As part of their learning, they have done drama, role play and read Dulce et Decorum Est by Wilfred Owen. The following pieces of writing are from children in Sycamore class:

Endless gunshots, bitter biscuits, rats, infections – my experience of war was one of the most tragic events of history. We were forced to live in trenches with cat-sized food thieves. We spotted these infectious rodents on a daily basis. There weren't only the rodents, but the lingering stench of the trenches was unbearable as were the lice and ticks. Blood was painted all over the battlefield. It felt like countless days away from home.

We were all exhausted but sleeping in the trenches was impossible. I sat in the mud and cried. We were desperate to escape so some ran away. Some faked illnesses. Some would do anything to get out. But this is inescapable death. They lied to us, deceived us, betrayed us. Out of the gloom, our sergeant said with a smile, "We may go to a rest stop now."

We cheered and screamed with excitement. While walking, pieces of metal got stuck in someone's foot but, determined, they kept on walking. Through the mist we see the rest stop near. We cheered and laughed so much we were deaf to the sound of a 59 dropping behind us. At that second, the sergeant turned around, "Gas! Gas! Quick boys!!" Everyone put their gas mask on in a rush while I clumsily fit the gas mask on in time. Everyone had the gas masks on, or at least we thought everyone did...

In the distance, I saw a figure. He was guttering, choking. Everyone ran to him and threw him on the wagon. I was still frozen in fear. That memory flashes of the young man drowning, guttering, choking under a thick green river. In a collection of all my worst nightmares, I see him dying as his eyes unnaturally roll back and he looks like a demon, inhuman. If you heard every jolt of blood being spat out of his decaying lungs as the wagon rolled on stone to stone; if you had to live with the haunting sight of him dying; if you have no choices but to accept the depressing truth of the loss of an important person, my friend, you would not teach other young men to take pride in the twisted lie of: Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.

By Rachel

We climbed into the trenches of World War 1. It was horrible, we were surrounded by rats and lice, and we felt the misery of doom. The sky was dark and grey. I felt like I was going to be sick waiting for this to end. We didn't have any beds so we had to lay on the muddy sides of the trench next to dead bodies, rats and barbed wire or if we had a plank we tried to sleep on it. All we had to do is to fight for our country and survive. The sounds of war were annoying, bombs exploded "Bang! Bang!" and the five-nines landed on the blood-shod ground, we didn't hear it but one soldier saw it and shouted, "Gas! Gas! Quick boys!" We put our clumsy helmets on just in time but one soldier was still shouting in the green sea of gas. The soldier, in the toxic gas, was choking, guttering, dying and he was horrified. We put the dying soldier in the wagon and we felt guilty, the dying soldier was guttering out blood, we saw his eyes becoming white. Finally, the dead soldier was buried, he felt no pain, no misery. It is sweet to die for your country, or is it?

By Hussain

Sports Round Up

Year 3 / 4 Dance Competition

On Monday 5th March, 6 children from Chestnut and Woodlands (Renad, Mahteen, Humera, Sharifan, Noor Ul Houda, Alaizah) attended a dance competition at Werneth Cricket Club.

They learnt a routine on the day then performed it back to the judges. Mahteen was awarded a 'Best Performer' medal and Noor Ul Houda won a 'Best Effort' medal. The judges found it too difficult to initially choose a school as the winners, so invited Broadfield back onto the floor for a dance off with another school. WE WON!!



Attendance for this term

Reception 1	94.4%
Reception 2	91.9%
Larch	91.3%
Beech	91.9%
Willow	93.2%
Maple	92.6%
Chestnut	92.8%
Woodlands	93.6%
Ash	93.8%
Sycamore	92.3%
Elm	93.1%
Oak	94.0%
Total	92.8%

The class with best attendance from September is Oak – 94.6%

Broadfield Primary School

Awards



'Together We Can Achieve'

Pupil of the Term



Head teacher	Aleena
Head teacher	Ismaeel
Deputy Headteacher	Arfa
Deputy Headteacher	Hassan
Acorns am	Ella and Zara
Acorns pm	Myra
Nursery am	Hassan
Nursery pm	Bithynia
Reception 1	Emaan
Reception 2	Shahan
Year 1 Larch	Yahya
Y1/2 Beech	Azeemah
Y2 Willow	Ibrahim
Y3 Maple	Khirad
Y3/4 Woodlands	Aroush
Y3/4 Chestnut	Miguel
Y5 Ash	Emaan
Y5 Sycamore	Awais
Y6 Elm	Isra
Y6 Oak	Beni

Easter

Happy Easter to all who celebrate this important Christian festival

School will be closed for a week for Easter.
We return to school on Tuesday 19th April at 8.50am.

Well Done to All!

Best Attendance



This term's best attenders are:

Reception 1

94.4%

Well done!