



TOWER HILL TIMES

Newsletter
07.6.2024

Dear all,

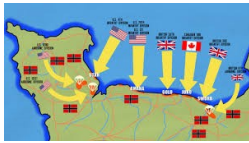
This week we have welcomed our new families to the school for their first stay and play session. It hardly seems possible that another year has nearly flown by!

We started this week with poignant assembly lead by Mr Collins in remembrance of D-Day. The children were very respectful and interested in hearing about Operation Overlord.

Year 6 teachers have been busy this week getting all the children's writing outcomes ready for our external moderation sessions that took place today. You can see a couple of examples from our best writers below who used D-Day as their stimulus. Every four years we have a visit from some moderators to check we are assessing the pupils at the right level for writing as they do not have a test like maths and reading. Our younger learners in Year 1 will do their phonic screening test next week and our Year 4 pupils will do their times table test. Year 2 pupils no longer have to sit formal SATs tests. All pupils take part in some form of assessment so that we can plan their future learning.

Congratulations to Canton Class for performing their engaging assembly about pirates today. Thankyou for all the generous donations for the Summer Fayre! Don't forget to join us for Sports Day next Friday.

Miss Ovenden
Headteacher



Dear Michael,

I'm writing to you because I want to update you on what's happened in the last couple of days. Haunted: the events of the last 24 hours will never leave me. I apologise if this is difficult to read, I just need to get it off my chest.

It all started on the evening of the 5th, trust the British weather to ruin our plan. My nerves jangled as our base was pounded by rain. Eisenhower's speech echoed in my head, "All the eyes of the world are upon you." The pressure was immense. Suddenly, our commanding officer roared, "Up and them gentlemen, time to liberate our allies on the continent. Today is a privilege chaps!" "Don't feel like that, does it mate?" a soldier from my company muttered.

As we sailed across the channel, I had to agree. As we approached Normandy, my hands were shaking, my heart was racing. Petrified, praying, panicking we prepared for battle. The ramp lowered..."I'll see you on the beach." Those were the last words I heard before the gates of hell opened...chaos ensued.

On the beach, men were dropping like flies. My ears started to ring as the relentless gun-fire, we were decimated. Some of our company didn't make it; others have suffered life-changing injuries. It's a day I'll never forget, no matter how much I want to.

I'm sorry if this is all too much for you, I just didn't want to tell Ma, I hope you understand. I can't wait to feel safe in your arms once again.

Oh, how I just want to come home. Please write back. Ally my love, Milo.

My dearest Ma,

I am writing this letter to let you know that I'm safe and well after that miserable experience. It was the beginning of the end.

On the day of the invasion, we awoke to our commander's voice. "Come on now chaps, today we will represent all of England!" "Right, best you get ready then I reckon, don't ya?" Dennis (my bunk mate) muttered to us all. A few minutes after midnight, we made our way onto the boat. It was pitch-black, how would we see? During the voyage, two people vomited; the waves were enormous. The vomit under our feet made the six and half hour ride much worse. When the journey finished, we noticed there were Czech hedgehogs to stop us from directly landing on the beach. The waves overlapped stones, and splashed into our boat. Blood filled the sea as we leaped out of our transportation. Gunfires and shells infected the sky, making day look like night. Bullets blasted out from their guns, leaving my friends in disastrous pain. I wished it would stop already, but that wish did not come true. The beach had been decimated.

It was revolting—some were dead; others were fighting for their lives. The ground beneath my feet sunk like my heart. Sobbing filled my ears; the beach was full of sorrow. Continuously, there was ringing in my ears. My legs were aching—my stomach was churning. "OVER THERE!" Dennis whined, it was too late. He dropped to the ground, another killed by the enemy. I was trembling and shaking, not knowing what to do. Then all went black.

I hope we get through this, I was lucky enough to even survive. I hope to write again soon. I'm praying I'll see you again soon.

Love from Mason.

Tower Hill Primary School Summer Fayre

Stalls To Include

BBQ and Refreshments

Tombola

Raffle

Hook A Duck

Teddy Tangle

Water or Wine

Beat the Goalie

Face Painting

And Much Much More!

Friday 21st June 3pm

FUN FOR
ALL THE
FAMILY

Sponsored by...



Upcoming dates.....

Friday 14th June—Sports day

Wednesday 19th June—Year 6 Bikeability starts

Wednesday 19th June—Year 3 trip to Watts Gallery

Friday 21st June—Summer Fayre

Tuesday 25th June—Year 4 visit to Farnborough Hill (Empower Event)

Wednesday 3rd July—Move up to new class day

Thursday 4th July—Year 5 to Charmouth

Tuesday 9th July—Year 3 trip to FAST museum

Thursday 11th—Rocksteady concert for parents

Friday 12th July—INSET DAY—No school for children

Monday 15th July—Year 3 trip to Southwood Country Park

Tuesday 16th July—Year 2 trip to Runways End

Tuesday 16th July and Wednesday 17th—Year 6 Show

Monday 22nd at 7pm - Year 6 Leavers Party

Tuesday 23rd July—LAST DAY OF YEAR at 3.20pm

Our Headteacher's star spotters this week are Georgia & Ella

Well done to Eiffel and Blackpool who won class of the week for good attendance.

Smart award went to Lois.

Values Award Winners!

Achievement: Khalil & Liam

High Expectations: Arlo & Sienna

Friendliness: Rose & Kyle

Confidence: Callum & Maisie

Respect: Ronnie & Teddy

Fairness: Emily & Akin

