



Welcome back, everyone, to a new school year in Blake (Year 5)! Our class is, of course, named after the famous British painter and poet William Blake. Although Blake was not well-known during his lifetime (1757-1827), he has had a powerful influence on painters and poets in the two hundred years since. Some of the impact of his work can be seen in the work of modern painters, psychologists such as Freud and Jung, and songwriters that include Bob Dylan, Jim Morrison, and Van Morrison, as well as authors such as Aldous Huxley and Philip Pullman. Children might recognise his poem *The Tyger*.

We have now had our first day back at school and I am so pleased with the enthusiasm and energy I have seen from our Year Fives. We have begun to learn about the extraordinary adventure of Ernest Shackleton and his ship, the *Endurance*, on his epic journey to explore the mysterious Antarctic continent. Undertaken before the age of telecommunication, this expedition was extremely dangerous as no one could offer help if the men encountered difficulty (which of course they did!). Next week we will begin to use this historical setting to produce some fantastic writing.



We have also had an opportunity to study a range of interesting rocks and learn about how different types of stone are formed. The children were surprised to discover the variety and beauty of the rocks as they handled them in class. We used magnifiers to study the samples closely and note how igneous, metamorphic and sedimentary rocks differ in appearance and texture. The children are beginning to be able to identify how a rock was formed from its appearance and how it feels to handle. This means that they must make careful observations to draw good scientific conclusions.

To finish I will leave you with *The Tyger*, a poem by William Blake.

The Tyger

*Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?*

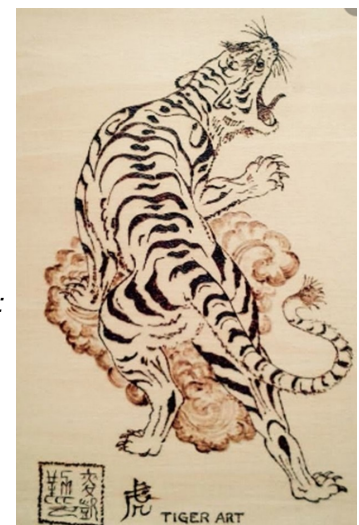
*In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?*

*And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,*

*What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!*

*When the stars threw down their
spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make
thee?*

*Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?*



Kind regards,

Mr Angus and Mrs Moon