

**ENGLISH YEAR 7 OWNWORK
WINNERS!**

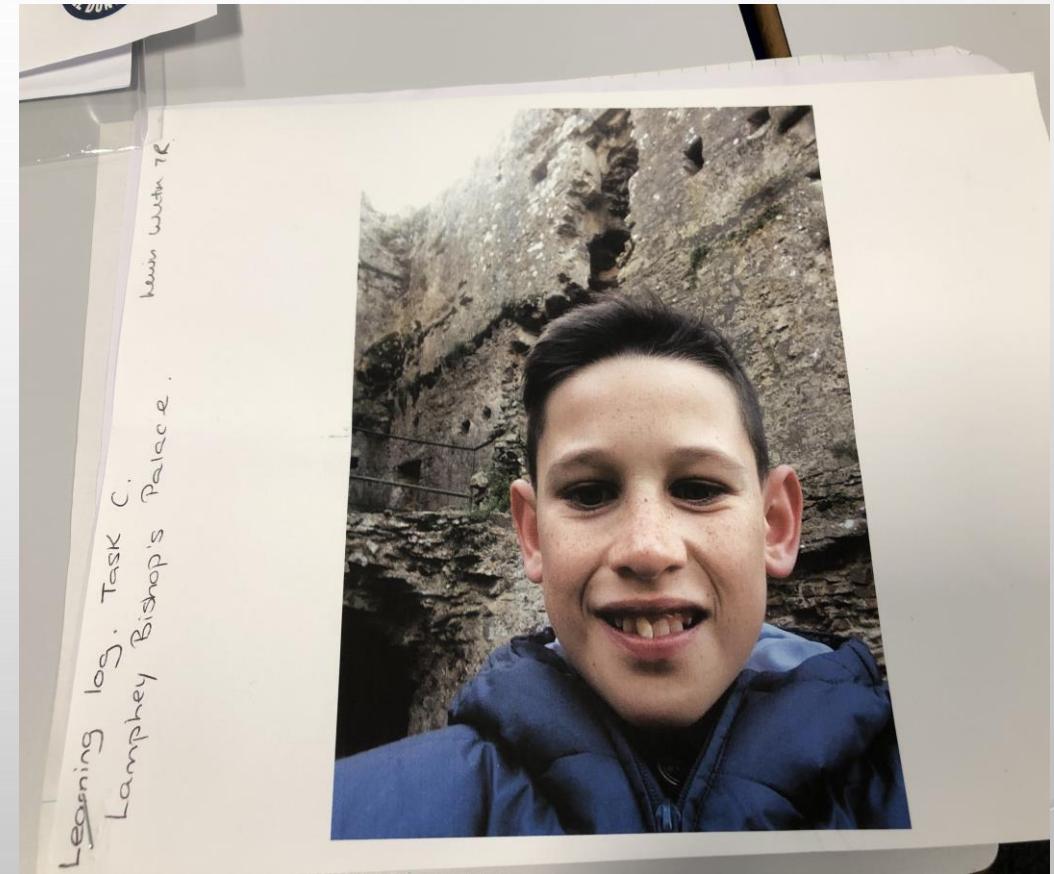
**THE THEME:
THE SUPERNATURAL!**

JOINT THIRD...

ETHAN HUGHES 7R P4

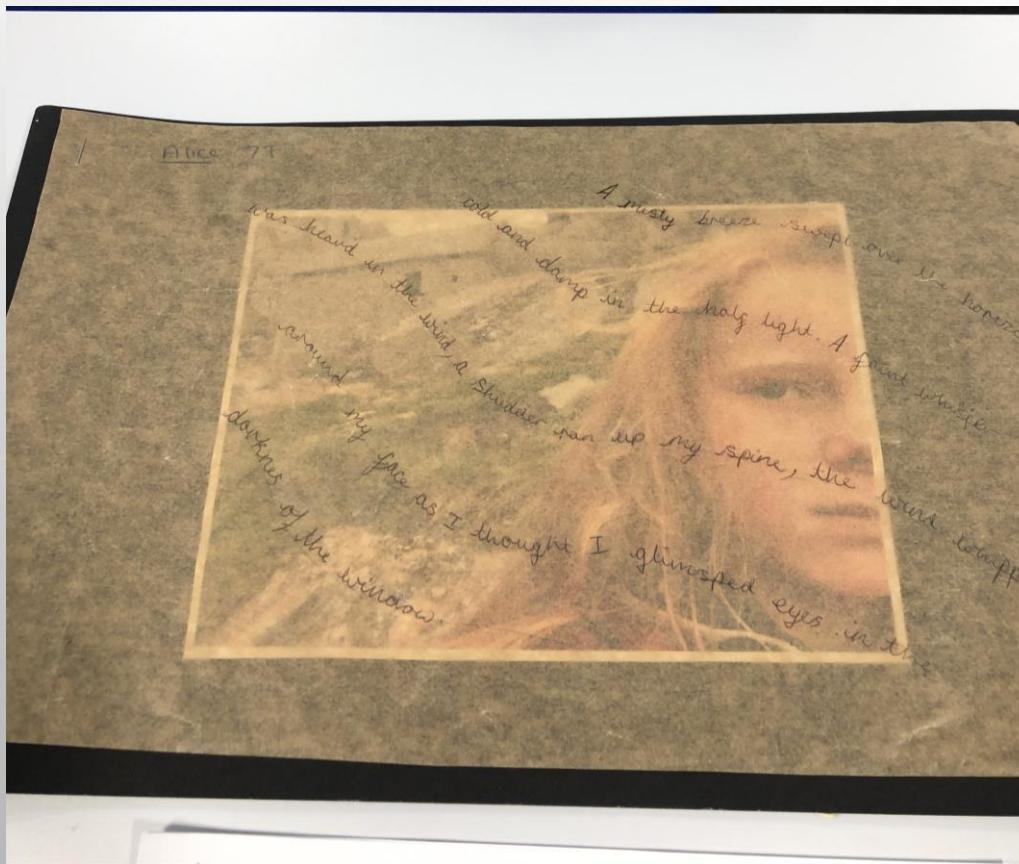


LEWIS WILTON 7R N5

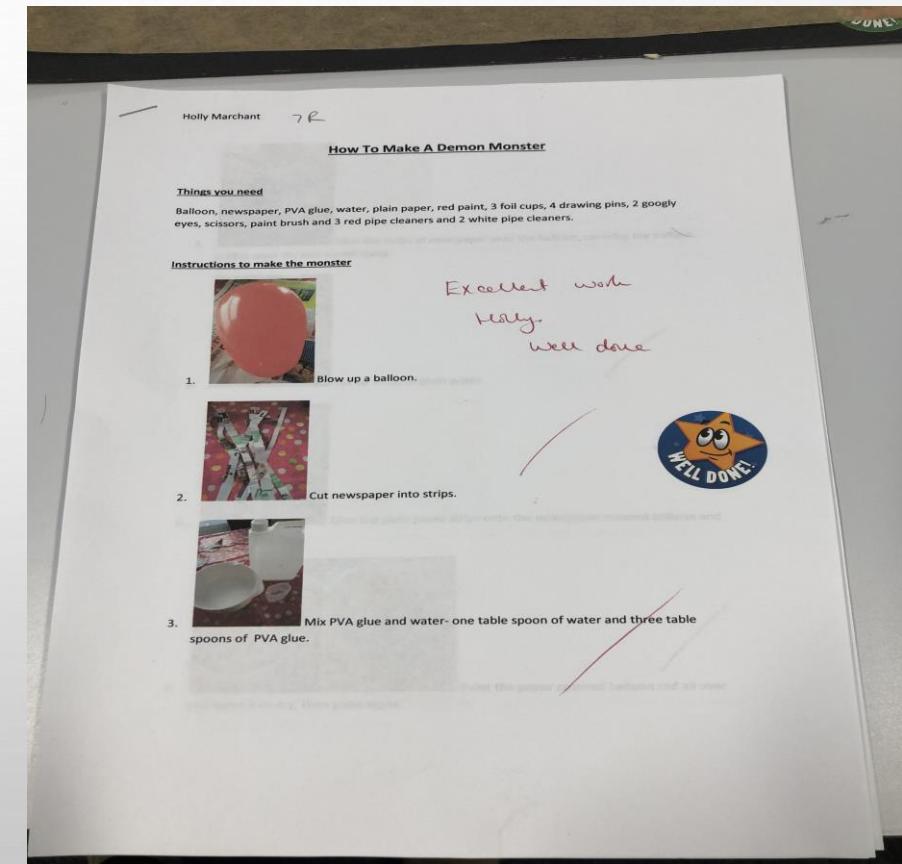


JOINT SECOND...

ALICE OLIVER 7T N14

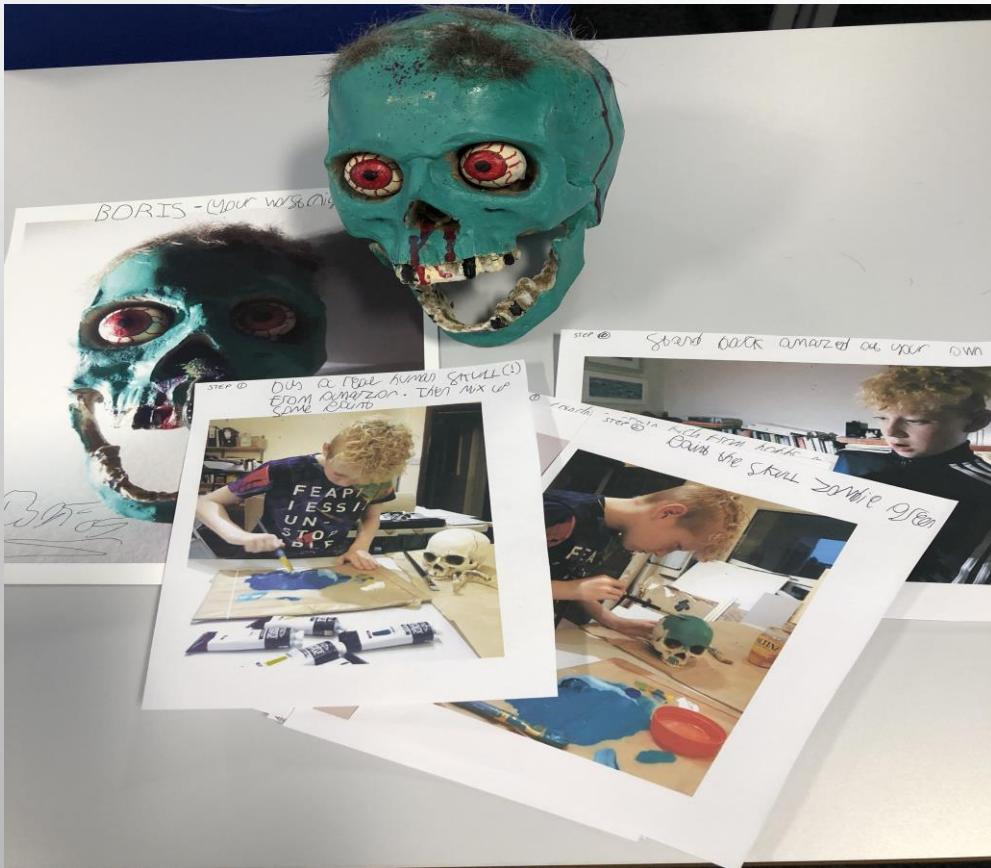


HOLLY MARCHANT 7R P11

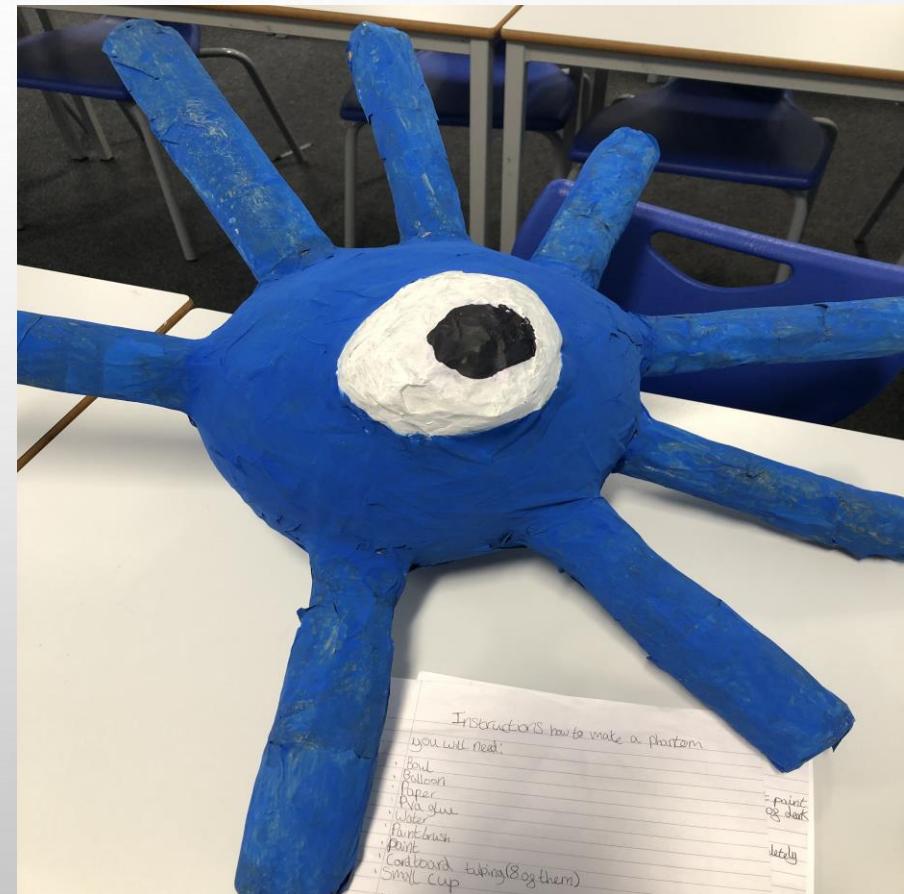


JOINT FIRST...

MICHAEL POTTER 7N N12



LEAH NEWTON 7N U4



ENGLISH YEAR 8 OWNWORK WINNERS!

THE THEME:

WAR POETRY

JOINT THIRD...

ELLA HARRIS 7N M8

SASKIA WEBB 80 N11

CHARLIE KELLAWAY 80 U1

In Flander Fields!
by John McCrae

Fact file!

Born = 30th of November 1872 in Guelph, Canada. Died = The 28th of January 1918 in boulogne-Sur-mer, France. Nationality = Canada. Buried = Wimereux Cemetery, Wimereux, Belgium.

Education = University of Toronto - St. George campus, University College, Toronto.

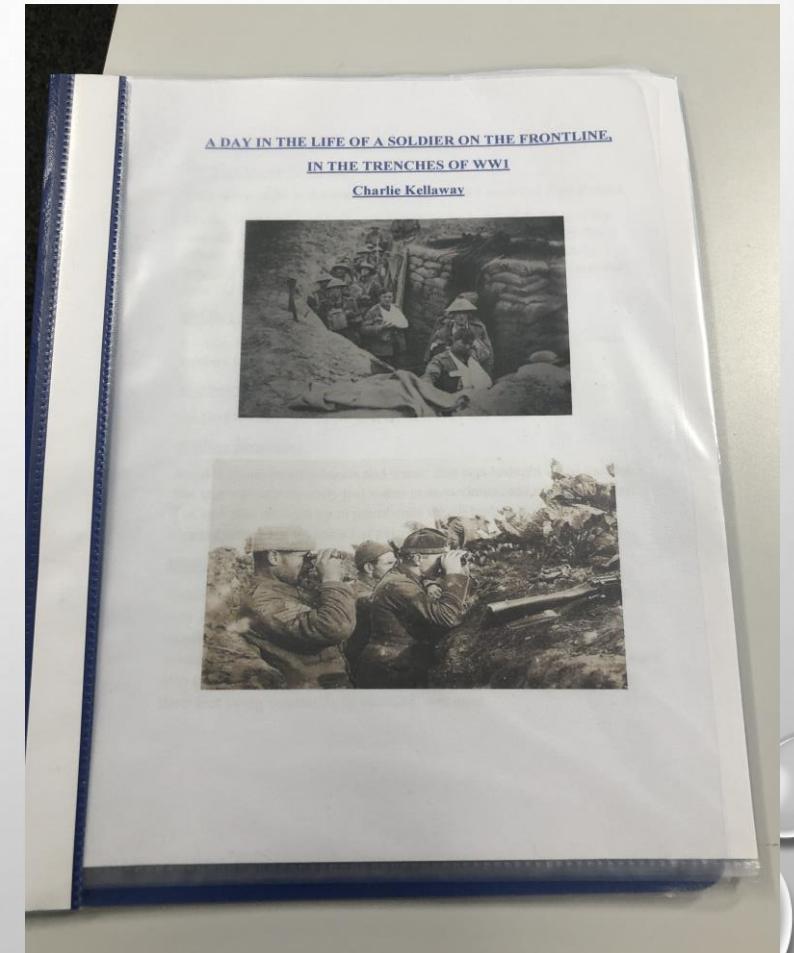
Poem!

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

by Ella.H



JOINT SECOND...

ANNA ROBERTS P6

{ROBERT GRAVES 1895-1985}

Robert Graves was born in 1895 in Wimbledon to Alfred Percival Graves, a man of letters and school inspector of Anglo-Irish and Scots descent, and Amalia von Ranke, the niece of the great German historian Leopold von Ranke. In his autobiography *Goadby to All That* (written in 1929), Graves describes early visits to his German cousins' estate, and recounts his unhappy years at Charterhouse School, where he first became involved in writing and editing poetry. At school he also won 'clips' for boozing and developed an interest in mountain climbing. When war was declared in August 1914, Graves enlisted immediately, despite having secured an exhibition to St John's College, Oxford. This meant that he went straight from school into the Royal Welch Fusiliers. In *Goadby to All That* he records his respect for the history of the regiment and its strict discipline, as well as his discomfort at having secured a commission despite his lack of military experience. He served in France from 1915 - he was made a captain in October that year - to 1917. It was then that he began his friendship with the poet Siegfried Sassoon, a fellow Fusilier. On July 20 1916, during the Battle of the Somme, four days before his twenty-first birthday, Graves was struck by a shell fragment, a piece of which passed through his shoulder and chest, severely injuring his right lung. He was taken to a dressing-station, and next morning was reported to have died. The Times even printed his name in the list of the dead, later correcting this when it became known that he had survived his wounds and was in valuing in England. Damage to his lungs and general health meant that his return to France in 1917 was not for long, and he spent the remainder of the war in various posts in England and Ireland. During the war he became increasingly involved in his poetry, encouraged by Edward Marsh, private secretary to the London Mercury, and editor of some poetry anthologies. Graves published his first volume, *Orei the Bitter*, in 1916, and *Fairies and Fusiliers* in 1917. He maintained a regular correspondence with Sassoon discussing poetry, their regiment and war in general. When, in 1917, Sassoon determined to make a public statement condemning the prolongation of the war, Graves interceded and convinced the military authorities that his friend was suffering from nerves. As a result instead of a court martial, Sassoon was sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital near Edinburgh. Graves visited him, and there they both became friends with the poet Wilfred Owen. In January 1918, Owen attended Robert Graves' wedding to Nancy Nicholson, daughter of the painter William Nicholson. Following the Armistice on 11th November 1918, Graves resigned his commission and took up his fellowship at St John's College, where he met T.E. Lawrence, who was then at All Souls College. He and Nancy set up a small grocery in Bonhill to support their growing family, but the business soon failed. Graves turned to attempting to earn money by writing. In 1926 he accepted a post at Cairo University, but stayed there for only six months with his wife and their four children. The American poet Laura Riding accompanied them. In 1929, his marriage having come to an end, Graves left England with Laura Riding and settled in Deia in Majorca. There they published a series of books, especially their poetry, through their Seven Press. Graves's controversial biography of T.E. Lawrence had appeared in 1927. *Goadby to All That* (1929), which also proved a best-seller, aroused considerable controversy, and caused a lasting break with Lawrence, who had appeared in 1927. In 1934 he published his classic historical novel *I Claudius*, another best-seller, followed by *Claudius the God* (1935). At the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in 1936 Graves and Riding returned to London, and then moved in 1939 to New Hope, Pennsylvania, where their relationship finally broke down. After returning later that year to England, Graves lived in Devon with Beryl Hodge, wife of Alan Hodge, who collaborated with Graves on various literary projects. In 1946 Graves went back to Majorca with Beryl, and the couple, who had four children, eventually married. Graves published in 1945. From 1951 to 1965 Graves was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and in 1971 he was made an honorary fellow of St John's College. Robert Graves died at the age of 90 and is buried at Deia in the small cemetery overlooking the sea.



The leveller
Near Hartinpuch that night of hell
Two men were struck by the same shell,
Together tumbling in one heap
Screaming and limp like slaughtered sheep.

One was a pale eighteen-year-old,
Blue-eyed and thin and not too bold,
Pressed for the war not ten years too soon,
The shame and pity of his platoon.

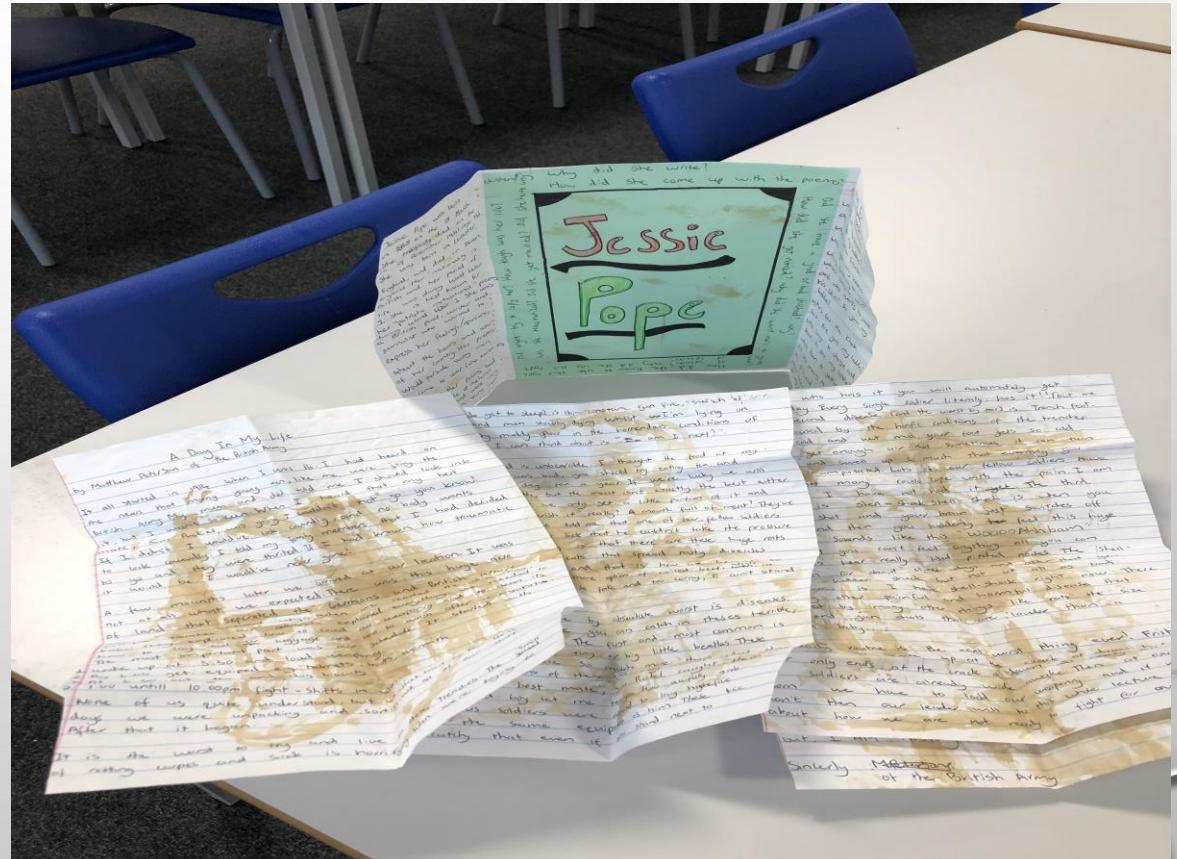
The other came from far-off lands
With bronzing chin and whiskered hands,
He had known death and hell before
In Mexico and Eudor.

Yet in his death thus cut-throat wild
Groaned 'Mother! Mother!' like a child,
While the poor innocent in man's clothes
Died cursing God with brutal oaths.

Old Sergeant Smith, kindest of men,
Wrote out his copies and then
Of his accustomed funeral speech
To cheer the womanfolk of each:-

'He died a hero's death; and we
His comrades of 'A' Company
Deeply regret his death: we shall
All deeply miss so true a pal.'

GI GI HECHTER M10



THE WINNER....NAOMI SHEPHERD!

