

AT THE COALFACE HOW HAS THE MINING INDUSTRY SHAPE OUR COMMUNITY?

A POETRY ANTHOLOGY BY
THE YEAR 5/6 CHILDREN
FROM PLOVER SCHOOL





AT THE COALFACE

In the summer of 2023,
Years 5 & 6 at Plover
School began their
learning expedition with
the guiding question:
**How has the mining
industry shaped our
community?**

EXPEDITION OVERVIEW



Our Learning Targets

Case Study 1: History

- Use sources of evidence to deduce information about the past.
- A study of an aspect or theme that extends pupils' chronological knowledge of British history beyond 1066.
- Understand that no single source of evidence gives the full answer to questions about the past.
- Describe the characteristic features of the past, including ideas, beliefs, attitudes and experiences of men, women and children.
- Describe the main changes in a period of history (using terms such as: social, religious, political, technological and cultural).
- Understand the concepts of continuity and change over time, representing them, along with evidence, on a timeline.
- Use dates and terms accurately in describing events.
- Use appropriate historical vocabulary to communicate

Case Study 2: Music

- Play and perform in solo and ensemble contexts, using their voices and playing musical instruments with increasing accuracy, fluency, control and expression
- Improvise and compose music for a range of purposes using the inter-related dimensions of music
- Listen with attention to detail and recall sounds with increasing aural memory
- Use and understand staff and other musical notations
- Appreciate and understand a wide range of high-quality live and recorded music drawn from different traditions and from great composers and musicians
- Develop an understanding of the history of music.

Case Study 3: Geography

Use fieldwork to observe, measure, record and present the human and physical features in the local area using a range of methods, including sketch maps, plans and graphs, and digital technologies. Human geography, including: settlements, land use, economic activity including trade links, and the distribution of natural resources including energy, food, minerals, and water supplies.

Our Learning

In case study one, we became historians by researching and understanding the history of mining in England, from 1842 through to the present day. We discovered the important role children had to play in the mining community and how working conditions changed for the better. We learnt how safety developments were put in place to minimise incidents, and how lessons were learnt after serious disasters. Through the core text 'The Skry Pit Kids' we wrote a narrative about a mining disaster, using our background knowledge of what we had learnt.

In case study two, we created a piece of music based on the folk song 'Down in the Coalmine'. We worked together to compose and perform using a range of instruments and digital equipment. In order to do this successfully we listened to a range of music, and learnt how to notate musical notes. During this case study, an expert from XP came in to teach us music and taught us about beats and rhythms.

In case study three, we focused on the human and physical geographical features of our local area. We studied maps from the 1880s to present day and discussed how they have changed over time and why, concentrating on local mining areas. We also looked at how the mining industry influenced settlements and population in Doncaster and affected the economic activity of the area.

Hooks / Learning Visits and Environments

We hooked the children in by creating a coal mine in the classroom environment, having the children experience what it was like to ride a mantrip through the power of technology. This created an atmosphere similar to what children would have faced in the early days of mining in order to create learning opportunities for the children. Children used skills from past expeditions to sketch different materials that are mined and were able to use different art mediums to work on the tone and texture of the different rocks.

OUR POETRY

THE TRAPPER'S DAY

As I woke up in the morning, I felt very tough,
but the coal was very rough.
I went up the stairs and I brush my teeth,
Then I got my pack from beneath.
But it was filled with stacks of candles,
Where I could have put my pickaxes handles.

Walking to the mine,
I was feeling fine.
The scruffy, old dusty ground was as cold as ice,
I sipped twice.

I entered the mine, went down the stairs,
But that gave me a scare.
It was as dark as night,
My mighty candle gave me a bit of light.
It was a small dark pit,
I didn't think I would fit.

My job was a trapper, I open and close doors,
I wish I was outdoors.
A man grabbed my arm,
"Don't panic lad try to stay calm."

Come follow me don't go adrift,
I will take you to your shift.
I was told to get coal,
Eventually I reached my goal

At the end of the day I couldn't get my way,
Until the boss gives me my pay.
Then I heard a voice,
It made me rejoice.
I looked up with delight,
To see the light.

Abinu



THE TRAPPER'S FIRST DAY

I woke up wishing I could stay,
I heard the boats at the Fishing bay,
I went down stairs for some toast,
I could still smell last night's roast.

I went upstairs to get dressed,
I hoped I wouldn't get too stressed,
I told myself to be brave,
Or I'll end up in my grave.

In front of me stood a man,
He told me his name was Dan,
He took me to the mine,
And told me how he hurt his spine.

"Sit next to the door,
When you hear the cart pull your rope
nothing more",
Before he left I asked him to leave a light,
Or I'll feel like it's night.

I heard the cart squeal,
This place is unreal!
As he went past I asked him to light my candle,
He did so and reminded me that the door has
no handle.

Dan came back and told me it was time
for home,
As I went past he told me my face was the
colour of chrome,
I followed Dan out,
I felt like I could shout.

I got out and felt fresh, cold air,
Knowing that not being here would be rare,
Finally I was free,
I was full of glee.

Alfie

A HURRIER'S GLOOMY DAY

At half past four, I woke up early,
With my jet, black bed sheets curly.
I went down stairs,
To my ma who cares.
"Morning flower" ma said,
"Are your sisters still in bed?"
I replied "yes" with a cranky voice,
As I had no other choice,

I could see the pit,
I don't think I'll fit.
Getting lowered by a screaming bucket
into the mine,
I don't think I will ever be fine.
I couldn't believe it was time,
I could see the hurrier sign.
In the deep hollow mine,
I knew I needed to work this time.

I started to push the cart,
I felt like I was trapped in a gloomy cage.
From pushing all day, my hand all aching,
It's similar to when I'm baking.
My knees all cut,
While the coals are being put.
In the quite dark pit,
I heard a noise that didn't seem fit.

As I thought I had work to do,
A collier lad came and said,
"Come on kiddo it's time t' go,"
My hands all shaky like a leaf,
As soon as I felt a little relief.
Leaping like a frog,
Hopefully I sleep like a log.
As I now feel okay,
I can't believe I worked all day.
Later on I'll get my pay.

Angelica

THE DAY OF A TRAPPER

In the morning I got ready for work,
If I'm late the boss would go berserk,
My mum said to 'get sorted quick,'
Time has flown in a tick.

At the age of five,
I really want to survive,
My time down the deep, dark mine,
I pray I will be fine.

On the way into the mine I go slow,
I can feel the cold, icy water flow,
I really should get on with the job,
But my arms and legs really throb.

It's been a long hard day,
I can feel my patience begin to frey,
I'm happy to be leaving the jail,
My young body now feels very frail.

Ashton

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up with a fright,
I thought it was still night,
A big round bowl of cereal to start the day,
I'll brush my teeth and be on my way.

I wiped my face with a cloth,
Then slouched downstairs like a sloth,
Outside the cold air hits my cheeks,
It's in my bones and I feel weak.

Now i've entered the deep, dark hole,
Digging through like a mole,
Rocks falling on the ground,
People are moving all around.

Dirty hands and aching feet,
I'm so tired I feel beat,
Clocking off my shift is done,
The long walk home has begun.

Ayin

MY DAY IN THE MINE

I woke up thinking this day would be great,
Then I thought I was going to be late,
I was eating my crunchy, black toast,
And I wondered if I had any post.

I walked ten miles,
And soon I dropped my smiles,
I saw the time,
As I got ten steps away from the mine.

I took one big step,
As I know I was going to have depth,
Then I ran out of time,
To eat my yummy dine.

I got told to get to work by Jane,
She said to me "stop being a big pain",
I keep looking pail,
In this stinky, small jail.

Because I work all day,
For very little pay,
I see a cart,
It looked like it was missing a part.

I don't do the doors,
I do a big lion roar,
I don't like the work,
There isn't even a perk.

My feet are so tired,
I know I shouldnt of got hired,
I need some sleep,
I also want my teddy sheep.

Finally, I get to leave,
That is what I believe,
The jail is as dark as night,
I see the clouds dance in delight.

Isabella

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up to birds outside my window,
I didn't want to lift my head off the pillow,
It's 3am in the morning,
The day hasn't even started dawning.

I set off walking in the cold,
Through the dark, misty air I strolled,
Like a cat in the night,
I can't wait to see some daylight .

At the age of 5 my job is a trapper,
Sat in the cold water, my teeth chatter,
The safety of the mine rests on my shoulders,
The pressure is heavy like big, grey boulders.

Finally, 12 hours later,
It's been a long day of hard, graft labour,
The cold, fresh air is calling my name,
"I can't wait to go home!" I exclaim.

Carys

A MINER

Early in the morning I got up,
I ate all my breakfast,
Then I collected all of my stuff,
Walking to the mine carrying all of my tools,
Walking slowly as a snail, packed up like a mule.

Bobby Jack

ANOTHER TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up grumpy and jumped out of bed,
"Get out of bed" mum had said.
I went downstairs where breakfast was
being made,
I wish I was in the arcade.

Dad took Allan for a walk,
so they had a little talk.
"Are you sure about this dad?" said Allan.
So they spoke to the manager,
Tomorrow is Allan's first day as a trapper.

When Allan heard the dreadful news,
He hated it, but then he took a little snooze.
When he woke up his shoes were in a knot,
whilst his baby brother was in his cot.

The trapper boy began, his long, first day,
Unfortunately knowing that he had to stay.
Down in the mine he opened and closed doors,
He couldn't relax, no time to pause.

He made friends with people he would
know for life,
Worked hard at his job to avoid any strife.
As the end of the day approached, he felt
ever so tired.
Wondering if this job will ever be admired.

Danial

THE HURRIER'S ACHIEVEMENT

Waking up early this morning,
My dog was barking, giving me a warning.
Swinging my feet out of bed,
Having a nervous pounding in my head.

Opening my door,
There was a silent ring.
Worrying even more,
Just thinking what the day will bring.

In the kitchen,
"Hello dad!"
Eating the delicious breakfast that I had.
"Dad, why do I have to go into the mine?" I ask
He replied with "Don't worry dear it's just a
simple task."

Walking to the hole,
I was so worried,
But I had to reach my goal,
So I hurried.

I'm not used to doing this,
My family and house oh how I miss.
I didn't bring many mining tools,
There was a sign of the rules,
the first one said "Bring your own tools,
it'll make it easier to dig up the jewels."

A man grabbed my arm,
And said "Try to stay calm.",
I heard a girl shout "We don't get paid enough!"
So I knew this would be very tough
I saw a rotting, wooden door,
Opened it,
Walking down the stairs to the pit.
I shook off the worry, I had to ignore.

The man said I had the role as a hurrier,
So he tied a chain around my waist,
And a coal crate was placed,
it weighed tons,
I started crawling at a slow pace.

I was only a few minutes into this,
But then the cart started to hiss,
There was no light in the mine,
So I started to moan and whine.

It was so dusty down here,
I was filled with plenty of fear.
On my cheek, there was a tear,
I've never been underground, so I found
this very queer.

I was pulling the cart of coal,
In the crate, I found a candle,
There was a person next to me called Annie,
she said "Be careful near coal they can get
hard to handle!"

I put my candle down on the ground,
Annie looked at me and frowned, and Annie
said "That is a bad idea to put your candle
down next to coal, if it sets on fire it could
take our soul."

It was finally to come out and be free,
It went from darkness to sunlight I see.
The sun was a bright, burning ball of light,
Which filled me with such delight.

The flowers were dancing, blooming with mite,
Oh, how I loved the beautiful sight.
The flowers were as colourful as a rainbow,
I hope I'll be around to see them grow.

Caziyah

THE TRAPPERS

In the morning I yawn and stretch,
My dog was waiting to play fetch,
I quickly ate my crusty, brown toast,
I really didn't want this day to come the most.

I have to work now that I'm eight,
Off to the mine I go as I can't be late,
I really wish I could go back home,
Instead of going into the big, dark dome.

The floor of the mine is like soggy sand,
I can't wait to get back up to land,
"Stop crying!" shouted the big, bald Boss Man,
The rocks telling me I should 've ran.

The cuts on my legs were now crimson,
I'm now happy to be leaving this prison,
I'm finally free, I can go and get some fresh air,
And cuddle up to my big, soft teddy bear.

Dylan

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up this morning,
And sat there yawning,
Sadly, I remembered today was the day,
"OH NO" anxiously I say.

I was on my way, it was as dark as night,
It was 2AM I had a fright,
As I entered the mine I thought there was a hole,
But it was actually all big, black coal.

Someone told me to sit,
I lost hope bit by bit,
All alone sat in the dark,
Kids my age should be playing in the park.

My job is to open and shut the door,
But I do not want to do this anymore,
Unfortunately I have no choice,
I can't use my voice.

Home time now, I'm so relieved,
I am so proud of everything I have achieved,
I look up at the stars dancing high,
Grateful that I didn't die.

Eshal

A DAY OF A TRAPPER BOY

Mum woke me up at four,
I got my legs to the cold, wooden floor.
I got out of my bed,
And left my siblings at the head.
I got ready and made a fit,
all ready to go to the pit.
I finished my breakfast and went to the stairs,
The thought of the pit is the thought
that scares.

Once I saw the pit the thought I should not
have came back came to my head,
I thought of myself in a death bed.
I started to go in thinking I might die
to keep myself brave I need to lie.
I saw the old, wooden bucket all ready to go
down the hole,
When I got in the bucket I thought I saw a mole.
Then a rock fell making the pit look like it
breathed out dust,
Everyone else then got in. I then thanked
God and gave him my trust.

Once we got down to the mine we were all
ready for our jobs,
I then started running to my place.
The miners will act like the cops.
I'll be very happy once it's four,
Then I saw the cold, wooden door.
I hopped to the door and it was as cold as ice,
Once I got there there were loads of lice.

Somebody then came chained to a cart of coal,
I then realised that I had the most important
job role.
Of being a trapper I have the important job,
But when I'm home I start to sob.

At home time I ran to the mantrip all excited
to see some light,
To finally go outside was a delight.
Once we were on the surface I was ready
to go to bed,
Then I saw loads of heads.
People slithered out of the hole, like they
were snakes,
Ready to go home, there had been no time
for breaks.

Ethan

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I wake up to the sound of a clock,
Turning me into an angry croc,
"You're going to be late" said my lovely mum,
I thought to myself, why did today come?

I had a warm, crusty slice of toast,
Then I went to check the post,
Walking up the stairs smelling the delicious
smell,
I brushed my teeth and thought of hell.

As I walked miles and miles with
my head on my chest,
There was a voice in my head wanting
me to be the best,
I looked up and heard a whisper
"run, run while you can"
Thinking I can't or I'll get hit by the
boss man.

Ahead of me there was a deep, dark hole,
"Ahhhh" I screamed, it frightened my soul,
I told myself "you'll be fine,
Hopefully you're going to be getting
some wine".

Water, as brown as mud, in my shoes,
As I hear the colliers breaking news,
Opening and closing the door,
Hearing people's cries, I have to ignore,
Hearing my name being let free,
Then I see I grazed my knee,
Collecting my dime for a full days work,
Walking away with a massive smirk.

Eva

THE MINER

I woke up this morning and did a big yawn.
How on earth could it possibly be dawn?
It was dark, it was cold,
How on earth could I possibly be this old?

Frazer

THE COAL MINE

We were walking in the deep, dark woods
when we came across a mine,
"Do not enter" read the sign.
But we thought it would be fine.
I nearly ate my spine.

In the hole, it was filled with coal,
We dug, deep down like a mole.

It was very cold,
I was feeling very bold.
The coal mine was as dark as night,
We could not see any light.

As we walked further down we saw a track,
That was old and weak: we heard a crack.
"Don't step on the crack or you'll break
your mother's back,"
Yelled Pebbles as she pulled out a snack.

The carts were tired, broken, and dusty,
They were going rusty.
So we jumped inside,
To go for a ride.

Back at the start, I saw a light that was so bright,
When I saw the light I was so hyped.
With a candlestick it was so bright,
If it goes out, what a fright!

Digging our way out of the mine,
We just followed the line.
We were fine.

Frayer

MINING CART

I was in the bed,
Mum said "Wake up son" as I filled
myself with dread,
I saw my dog called Blake,
I was running very late.

At the breakfast table I ate the most,
I fill myself up on toast,
For I had a long day,
For very little pay.

I ran very fast,
So I wasn't last,
I jumped on the cart,
It was time for my part.

I was at the mine,
I can feel an ache in my spine,
Walking in the big mining hole,
I felt like a mole.

People worked hard for the coal,
As we dug in the hole,
In the distance I can see a candle
flickering it's light,
It hurt my eyes, it was so bright.

Suddenly, the rocks started falling,
But we had no warning,
I could feel the ground rumbling,
As we were stumbling.
My friend started to nuzzle,
As I began to solve this puzzle,
Soon I stepped in the darkness of the night,
I knew I would be alright.

My life is like I am in a jail,
The thought of tomorrow makes me feel pale,
My bed had a nice pillow pile,
I need to drink some chamomile.

Hilhang

TRAPPED

When I opened my eyes,
The light was shining bright,
It was time for my part,
As I ran to the cart.

I saw a tall, brown pole,
That took us to dig for coal,
My manager was a big mean, troll,
"Work harder," he said as he was in control.

Soon it was time,
To make a line,
In the big, old mine,
To go and eat some dine.

Soon there was a rumble,
As I took a stumble,
Rocks began to tumble,
I was stuck under the crumble.

I started to dig a hole,
Soon I saw the pole.
"Phew" I said as I left the coal,
I was not allowed my dole.

Isabella

THE HURRIER'S DAY

I woke up in a sweat,
I'm in such a big threat,
I go downstairs to get a slice of tasty toast,
This is not going to be a good day I boast.

I rushed out the door, running out of time,
I feel like I'm being punished for a crime,
Not far away from me I saw the dusty, bland mine
calling me over to go,
Part of me wanted to get back home, the other
half said "no".

Slow as a slug, I walked all around,
Looking for someone to help..... nothing to
be found,
With tears in my eyes I began to sob,
But then finally I found my job.

Hours later I found myself still pushing coal,
I thought any more of this and I'd've lost my soul,
I didn't want to do this anymore,
I was freezing and my back was sore.

"It's five o'clock you ought to go home!"
shouted Gail,
Yes, I'm finally out of this tiring jail!
I'm not spending another minute here,
All that came over me was fear!

Jada

THE COAL MINE

I wake up and start to cry,
Tonight I go to work pushing a cart.
Why oh why?
I swung my feet on the floor,
With my sadness I had to ignore.
I got outside on my porch,
and grabbed my big, black torch.

I got to work and looked at the ground,
And heard a loud sound and frowned.
I went around the mine and saw only
one exit ahead,
I was filled with worry and absolute dread.
I wanted to run,
But that was no fun.

Entering the mine I saw some coal,
Right next to a saggy old mole,
that looked as hungry as a crocodile.
I was struggling to show my smile.
I lit my dancing flame in my lantern
and it was as bright as the moon at night.
Suddenly three miners hit coal off the wall,
I'd better be careful that I do not fall.
I pushed the cart about an inch and it felt
about a tonne or two,
I didn't know what else to do.

After a few hours we got to the depths,
I was shrivelled like an old man.
Who had no plan.
I glimpsed at my watch and saw it's
quitting time,
I rushed home and relaxed, knowing
I'd made my dime.

Jack

THE TRAPPER

Waking up in my bed,
I go down stairs to get fed.
I'd say my work is fine,
but I work in the mine.

M'a made some nice jelly,
that jiggled like my dad's belly.
Going to the mine to get some coal,
On the way there I made a friend named Joel.

I found a bottle of gin,
And an old man who had a cheeky grin,
Me and my friend found the hole,
Let's go dig up some jagged coal.

We looked in our kits to find the pic-axe,
The candles flames danced as it melted the wax.
"Where shall we go?"
"Let's go low."
I had a pounding in my head,
And all I saw was the colour red.
We found our bottles of water and took a sip,
Then we got into our mantrip.

I already, found some coal,
Which was shaped like a rounded bowl.
My role is easy opening a door,
but I can't do it anymore.

After a hard day of work,
I began to lerk.
I'm free from the cage,
Where I was full of rage.

I should get some rest,
Since I was one of the best.
Time to go home,
I feel so grown.

Jasper

A HURRIER'S DAY

At 3am, I woke up to a screeching sound
of a loud, black crow,
Today I will trudge through a lot of snow,
Slowly I got ready for the day,
I didn't want to get out of bed, all I wanted
to do was lay.

Walking miles and miles- hopping over
brick walls,
Off to work I go, instead of playing
with footballs,
It was like a quiet, dark night,
I know I will need to get used to candlelight.

My new job role is a trapper,
I hope it doesn't get closed down by Thatcher,
My job will be to open and close the doors,
Whilst sitting on cold, damp floors.

Finally, I'm out of this hell,
I am so happy, I want to yell,
"I'm finally out of that jail!"
I can finally exhale.

Jakob

A MINER'S DAY

As I woke up as sad as can be,
The morning was warning me.
As I got out of bed, I walked down the
grumbly old stairs.
I got ready for the mines,
ready to get a dime.

As I walked out the door I was disturbed
by a flock of birds,
but I carried on walking because I
noticed the time.

As I walked down into the mine a man
grabbed my hand and took me to my shift
During this time, he gave me a gift.
During my shift I opened my gift and it
gave my spirit a little lift.

At the end of the day,
I felt very grey.
I jumped up from my slump the man came
and took me away
because he knew I didn't want to stay.

Jude

THE TRAPPER

I woke up to the sound of a crow,
What surely was slow,
I really didn't want this day to come,
Neither did my mum.

I tiptoed down the creaky, old stairs,
Leaving my special teddy bears,
I put my shoes on and left the house,
As I saw a big, fat mouse.

Walking for a mile,
I dropped my smile,
As I realised I got closer to the mine,
I tried to act fine.

I saw a deep, dark hole,
When I saw a dirty, old mole,
I stepped in as I shedded a tear,
Just from the immense fear.

I got to work,
It's not something you can shirk,
So as I begin to break the coal,
I start to lose control.

After hours and hours of working,
I started smirking,
As I realised I made it to the end of the day,
Even though I won't get a decent pay.

While I was outside,
I felt relieved that I hadn't died,
I could hear the birds twitter,
But I will not be a quitter.

"Wow, in there it was as dark as night!"
"Not a sight of light"
My friend said,
Then all I could think about was me in my bed.

Jersey

DOWN IN THE COAL MINES

I got out of bed and cleared my head,
My long leg was ever so red.
“Come on now my dear,” my mum said,
“Alright I’ll get up,” I said in a tired tone.

My brother shook me violently,
I got up silently.
And held my head as I saw the light,
banging against my head it felt like dynamite.
Quickly, I got ready
although I was feeling rather unsteady.

I left without being fed,
Not a single thought left in my head.
I could see the hole,
I didn’t want to push that coal.
It was as dark as night,
Which gave me a fright.

I got there and felt uneasy,
It made my stomach a little bit queasy.
I understand how important my job should be,
Because the consequences could be deadly.

My legs were red and bloody,
And my hands were rather muddy.
I felt as if I had a heart of stone,

But I knew I wasn’t allowed to moan.
I didn’t want to be here any longer
Like a lion I wish I was stronger.

I headed home,
I felt the green fluttering grass against my feet.
I didn’t feel so neat,
I ran as fast as lightning.
Knowing tomorrow would be just as frightening.

Katie-May

DOWN IN THE DEEP DARK MINES

Ma woke me up and I got out of bed, I felt
like a fool,
I got up, my bed made a loud noise like
the tool, that fell out of my shed.
I went downstairs like a fish in the sea,
Wondering what’s for breakfast my dad
was angry.
As he shivered, my dad roared like a polar bear,
He was so mad, but he wanted to care.

As I was walking to the pit that looked scary,
I was wondering what beasts could be down
there and if they were hairy.
I was scared for my life,
and thinking if I go down there would I ever
see my wife.
It took me so long to walk there it might
turn night,
If it does, I have my handy, dandy light that
shines like dynamite.
I followed the path of the location,
I knew this job was my vocation.

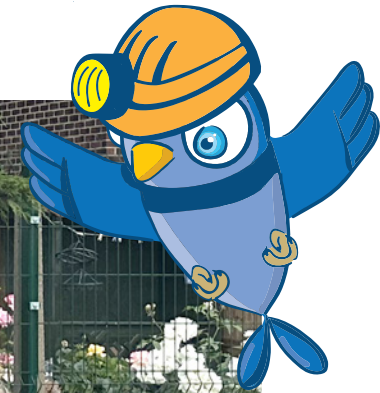
I arrived at the pit doing my job which was
to mop,
wondering would I ever get to stop.
Wondering if this would be a good day,
Hopefully I will be able to say hooray.
As it was dinner I joined a queue,

Thinking, would dinner ever get me through?
Back in the mines I saw a bruise on my arm,
I was starting to panic, but I knew I had
to keep calm.

I went through a tunnel it was as dark as night,
I asked the man to leave a light.
When I was mining I found some coal,
I’ve done it! I had finally reached my goal.
No sense of feeling or of time,
I sat like a stone in that mine.
Come on it’s five it’s time to go,
Twelve hours I spent down there in the
distance below.

Kayden

ALLOVER POETS



5L

5M

- | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------|-----------|--------|---------|----------|----------|----------|------------|----------|--------|--------|----------|
| RHYS | KEEGAN | SARINA | TE'AMO | SCARLETT | KAYDEN | ALFIE | LILY-GRACE | KODY | JAKOB | ROWAN | ANGEL |
| CAZIVAH | SHELBY | DANIAL | KOETJA | FRAYER | LYA | ISABELLA | MELINDA | HILIHANG | RILEY | DANIEL | SISSY |
| TOMMY | KATIE-MAY | SIENNA | FRAZER | JACK | ANGELICA | BELLA | SIENNA | JADA | OLIVER | TOMMY | PRASHIDI |
| LARA | JAYDEN | JASPER | VEDIKA | ZOFIA | ABINU | AYIN | MAISIE | ASHTON | MILLIE | CARYS | EVA |
| BOBBY-JACK | JUDE | ETHAN | PEBBLES | MOLLY | RUBY | LUKE | DYLAN | MIRIAM | TANI | ESHAL | JERSEY |

DOWN IN THE DEEP

Waking up to a cold wooden floor,
Only because we are very very poor.
Quietly on the way to the hole,
Only to give way to my soul.

Dark and scary down the mine,
Casually waiting for lights to shine.
Down in the mine sad and scared,
“KEEP ON WORKING” another miner flared.

Down in the deep, dark, scary pit,
A man called Steve said “we’ll make it fit.
Very very dark just like the night,
Dark and scary with no light.

Bumped into a thick wooden pole,
“Keep on strolling,” heard from the hole.
Just more coal dust flowing through the air,
But all I heard were growls like a bear.
Scared and worried for my life,
Wondering if I will ever see my dad or his wife.

I hate this mine there’s so many mice,
I hate it too, it’s as cold as ice.
Stopping miners at my sight,
Asking for help but all is fright.

Scared and broken in the mine,
This place just goes in a straight line.
This is the worst,
I’m going to burst.

Worst or best,
I need a rest.
Stuck in the hole,
Stuck mining coal.
Hatred across the mine,
The hatred has crossed the line.

Trappers and hurriers tired and sleepy,
To get out, be quiet and sneaky.
You might get caught in a rush,
But just give yourself that little push.

So you could wait until your shift is done,
Or you could have a little fun.

Keegan

A TRAPPER’S DAY

He didn’t want to go to the mine today.
It made him feel so terrified he cried.
He needed a candle,
With a handle,
To shine a light,
In the night.

He was mining through the dark tunnels,
With the rocky walls as he stumbles,
When he fell,
He started to well.

The smell was like a rotten egg,
“Can I leave?” I beg,
Life is not so sweet!
Digging for coal in the great big hole,
He feels like a mole.

His 12 hour shift is done,
Time to go home to bed,
To rest his head,
Today has been a stressful day
For very little pay!

Kody

WAKING UP IN THE MORNING

Breakfast is ready Ma had said
so I got myself out of bed.
Ma said today is your first day at the pit.
I got my bag and my kit.

Going to the pit mine,
I walked with the man to the mine.
I felt scared before but now I am fine.

Walking in the mine,
I pull a cart with the coal.
Outside of the big dark hole.

It’s the end of the day,
I’m going home.
Sleepy and hungry and
Too tired to moan.

Kostja

DOWN IN THE COAL MINE

Waking up early in the morning, jumping
out of bed
After mum had said "Be prepared!"
I changed as fast as a lion, really wanted to
go back to bed
until I realised for breakfast I was having
special bread!

"Delicious!" I said,
"Ready for the day?" Mum questioned,
not really I'd rather stay in bed!
"Can I have some more white, tasty bread?"

"Hurry up, you're going to be late!"
But all I wanted to do was lay in bed and hide,
realising how late I was I knew I had to try,
seeing how exhausting it was, I wanted to
go back to bed.

Walking out of the house feeling tired
after waking,
being blinded by the sun,
I wasn't really having much fun.
After seeing the bright, shiny sun running
through the sky.
I went downstairs and said bye.

After finally reaching the mine, seeing this man
who took me inside,
"Come follow me don't you go adrift,
I'll take you where you'll do your shift."

In the deep, dark mine, flames of the candles
were dancing with joy,
All alone I see a toy,
Who was definitely wanting to go home,
My hands were as sore as a dog's paw
who had claws.

The hours were as long as multiple towers,
Lost my power after working for hours,
After twelve hours of working to achieve
my goal
I was on a roll.

A dusty bucket took me out like a cloud,
feeling ever so proud.
It came across to night which gave me a fright,
Light appeared and guided me home.
It was like Rome!

Lara

EARLY IN THE MORNING

Early in the morning, I got up.
I ate all my breakfast
then collected my stuff.

Walking to the mine carrying all my tools.
Walking slowly as a snail
packed up like a mule.

Breaking the walls in the dark,
We put the hard coal in the cart.

It's the end of the day,
I have finished my work.
I walk home slowly with dirt on my shirt.

Lya

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up at 3am this morning,
I was so tired, I couldn't stop yawning,
I got out of bed with my cuddly ted,
"Hurry up!" my mother said.

I walked to the mine like a cheetah,
The boss man looked like the grim reaper,
My job role will be a trapper now I'm seven,
If I don't do a good job I'll go to heaven.

The mine is old and dusty,
Everything inside smelt so fusty,
With every step I was more and more anxious,
Further and further into the darkness.

I was happy and relieved when we
could go home,
I will no longer have to sit alone,
Today has made me feel quite depressed,
I really need to have a good night's rest.

Maisie

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up to a room of silence,
I knew I had to travel a long distance,
Then I got out my large, fluffy bed,
"It's time to go to work, you can't be late,"
my mum said.

I went downstairs to get my nice, crusty toast,
When I finished my toast I checked the post,
Then I walked slower than a snail up the stairs,
I was up all night having mining nightmares.

After I left the house I walked miles to the mine,
I was running faster than a cheetah because
I was running out of time,
Ahead of me I saw the big, deep hole,
It was saying my name ready to take my soul.

It was so dark and deep it made me trip,
I know when I get out that terrifying mine
I will have a saw hip,
I was like a scaredy cat,
Then I heard a splat.

I got in the terrifying pitch, black hell,
Then I heard a bell,
It was a bell to get back to work,
But I feel like I am overworked.

The water from the mine filled my shoes,
I was going to lose,
My shoes felt like weights,
This mine definitely needs some updates.

Then a loud siren rang,
So Abigail sang,
"I'm finally out of this jail!"
We both felt so very frail.

Then a another siren went off so we can
get out from down below,
I ran as fast as I could possibly go,
Even if I'm there tomorrow though,
I don't like being in somewhere narrow,
I got home and shouted in relief
I shouted " I finally don't have to deal
with that grief!"

Millie

DOWN IN THE COAL MINES

In the morning, as Charlie hopped out of bed,
He had a pounding in his head.
Took his fluffy, black pyjamas off that were
softer than a lamb,
Then helped his mum put his little sister
in the pram.

As we got into the shaft,
And felt the cold draft.
"At last" the manager laughed
It's time to graft.

In the mines where it's dark and cold,
Charlie's soul began to fall.
He banged his head against the stone, hard wall.
Charlie checked the time,
He began to whine.

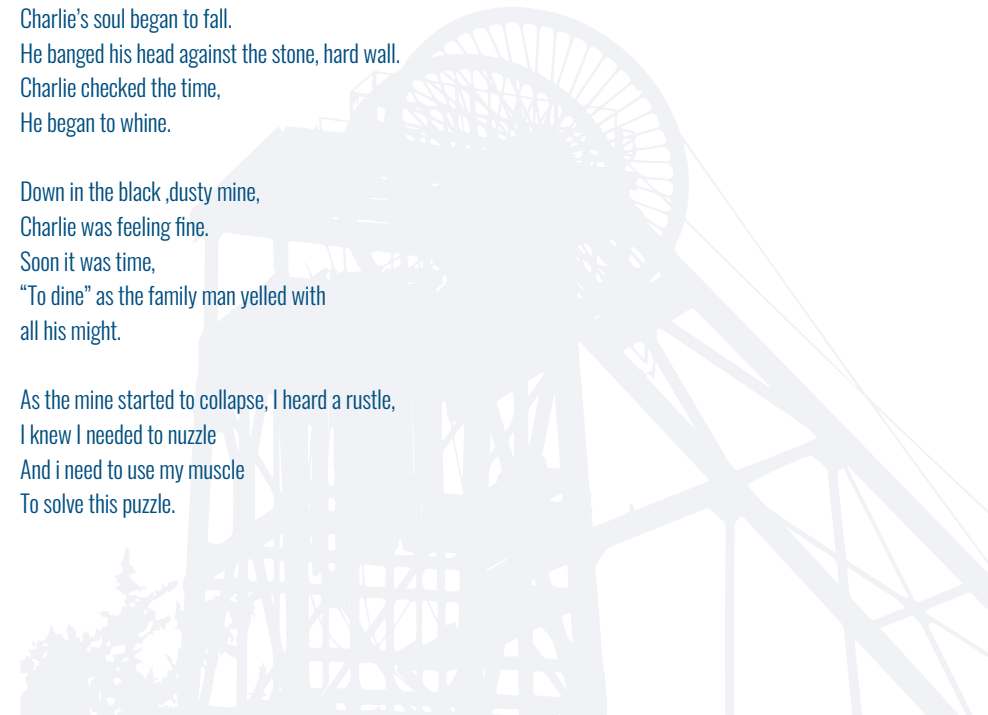
Down in the black ,dusty mine,
Charlie was feeling fine.
Soon it was time,
"To dine" as the family man yelled with
all his might.

As the mine started to collapse, I heard a rustle,
I knew I needed to nuzzle
And i need to use my muscle
To solve this puzzle.

As I saw the light,
I followed it with my might.
I reached the pole
That took us into this hole.

As Charlie went home
It came across to night
He might just fright
On the dark shallow roads,
It was full of shopkeeper's loads.

Molly



A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up in the morning,
and I couldn't stop yawning,
I was so tired,
I was scared I would get fired.

On the long walk to the mine,
we had to stand in a very long line,
I was as scared as a cat,
and out of the mine ran a big, black rat.

As I walk through the long, dark tunnel,
Which was as tight as a funnel,
"Sit over there!" the boss man demanded,
On my head a piece of coal landed.

Finally, after a long hot day
I'm not coming back, I want to say
But, unfortunately, my family need the money,
so we can afford a drop of delicious honey.

Melinda

A TRAPPER BOY'S DAY

I woke up i was in a bad mood,
I went downstairs to eat some food,
My working day has just begun,
A trapper's work is never done.

Going down the mine,
Should be a dangerous crime,
Digging for coal in the deep, dark hole,
Am I a human or am I a mole?

It smells in here,
Like sweat and fear,
Water seeping through my shoes,
Is this life I really choose?

My 12 hour shift is now done,
My long walk home has begun,
I wonder when I'll get my pay,
Today has been a very long day.

Oliver

ANOTHER TRAPPER BOY'S DAY

I woke up at nearly four in the morning,
The screaming wind was giving me a warning,
I am like a sloth so tired,
I wish I never got hired.

I am not one bit admired,
I'm hoping to get my hearts desired.
My mam really hopes I will be appreciated,
But this job is far too complicated.

I already can't wait to get out of this itchy,
dull uniform,
I am already feeling rather warm.
I'm not looking forward to go down the
lifeless mine,
This place is so not devine.
I hate this job,
But it's better than going out on the rob.

Down in the mine, digging some jagged coal
without a light,
The candle light flickered like dynamite.
I want my day to be over with and go fast
like a clock,
Before I left my mam told me that she "Tried
closing the door but she had broke the lock."

The environment we work in is such a bad place,
Everyone has a heart of stone and works at a
fast pace.

Everyone wished for a better placement,
It's like being in a microscopic basement.

I wonder what I am going to do when I get out
of here,
When I think about it, it brings me a tear.
I have so much dust in my eyes and my lungs
it's not "achoo" clear
We all wish we must be on a beach at the pier.

I really need to see the vibrant, colossal sun,
I quickly mined at least a tonne.
It's not going to be so much fun,
I can not wait for this day to be done.

At the end of the day,
I still can't get my measly pay.
The hours are bleak,
And I'm feeling rather weak.

Pebbles

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up in the morning,
And heard someone snoring,
I was sad to leave my nice, comfy bed,
'It's time for work,' my mother said.

I was a slow snail going downstairs,
I was still scared from my nightmares,
As I ate my tasty toast,
I waited for the daily post.

At the mine I saw a big, dark hole,
It was calling my name like it was trying
to take my soul,
As I entered the mouth of the mine,
One by one is a long, straight line.

As I walked to my fate,
I could feel the water in my shoes
get heavier and heavier like a weight,
As I opened the heavy door,
I could hear it squeak against the floor.

I could feel fear down my spine,
As I stood in the mine,
The mine was as dark as night,
So I asked for a candlelight.

Hours and hours had slowly passed,
Luckily the mine did not blast,
Suddenly I heard a familiar voice,
My heart skipped a beat, I did rejoice.

As I walked through the fresh, cool air,
All I could think of was my teddy bear,
'Come on it's time to go'
12 hours I've spent down below.

Prashidi

IN THE MINE

I woke up in the morning feeling sad.
I knew it was time to go to the mine,
To find some coal.

In my carriage on my way,
Trying to find my way.
Then travelling over bumpy rocks,
I felt like I was an arctic fox.

It was dark in the mine, there was
nothing in sight,
not even a light.
I needed more coal to reach my goal,
But a troll stole.

After my shift I got home and had a moan,
Sat in my comfy chair flicking my hair.
Drinking my coffee,
Eating my toffee.

Rhys

A HURRIER'S EXPERIENCE

Up in the morning,
Not ready for mining,
Missing sleep,
Wanting to count sheep.

The mine roars,
Once you go through the doors,
Wanting to go home,
Because I'm all alone.

Going down the damp, steep hole,
Where all the other miners hearts are not whole,
The very little light,
It is causing alot of blight.

That unfriendly man is not nice,
His heart is like a block of ice,
Carrying buckets of brass,
While others shatter like glass.

Rowan

UNDERGROUND MINE

Early in the morning, I got up,
I ate all of my breakfast and collected
all my stuff.

We were tired of carrying all our stuff,
We went down the mine, it was tough.

We were hammering the walls with
a pickaxe hard.
Then we put it in the cart and pushed it
to the yard.

We were going home slowly and we had
dirt on our shirt .
I was looking forward to a cup of tea
because my leg was hurt.

Ruby

THE TRAPPER

Dad woke me up at half past five,
Never had I felt so alive.
The time was 6 I have to go,
Down below...

I left the house it was cold,
It started to snow and the sky glowed.
When I was walking through the street,
I could hear the birds tweet.
I can see a snow-man next to a tree,
I really wish I had iced tea.

We arrived at the mines just on time,
It's cold, dusty and dark.
There is no light and it feels like night.
When I'm mining the old, dusty coal,
I made a huge, almighty hole.

I'm getting tired, it is the end of the day,
When I come up I see my way.
When I reached to the top
And I see a lot
I got into the car and I'm gone.

Sarina

DEEP DOWN IN THE MINE

I woke up grumpy and jumped out of bed,
"Get downstairs!" Ma had said
A bowl of porridge ready to go,
Eat it all up to make sure I grow.

I headed off slowly I knew I was going to be late,
I came across a problem that met me
at the gate.
People were queuing up the path,
Something was going on, I had to do the math.
In the distance, I could hear shouting,
There were many people lots were pouting.

They were there making a stand,
Looked like they had formed a big brass band.
I got to work at 8 o'clock my pa was mad,
I was late, so was my mate's dad.

There was no getting in today,
"STRIKE!" they were shouting, wanting
better pay.
It's a dangerous job, that somebody has to do,
Why it has to be me, I honestly have no clue.

I joined my mates on the picket line,
Not going to work, surely there was going
to be a fine.
The government made us act this way,
Hopefully one day, we'll get the correct pay.

Scarlett

A TRAPPER BOY'S DAY

Ma woke me up at half past four,
I swung my legs on the stone cold floor.
Hitting my sibling on the head,
And leaving 2 at the end of the bed.
“Are you excited for the day ahead?”
“No, I would rather be in bed.”
I don't have time to be a snail,
I definitely do not want to fail.

I went down the steep stairs,
To my ma who really cares.
I'm as scared as a dog.
I'm going in the deep dark pit,
“George, please don't have a fit.”
I'm getting lowered in the mine,
It's as bad as a crime.

I reached the pit joined a queue,
Not knowing what to do.
A drunk man reeked of gin,
I held the bucket and I got in.
In a blink of an eye I'm working in the mine,
But I didn't know I was going to be fine.
I can see the trapper boy's sign,
I must meet a friend my age in the mine.

Suddenly my friend pushed the creaky cart,
She told me she didn't feel well, so I still
had to do my part.
I heard a familiar voice,
My heart skipped. I did rejoice.

I said “hi” in a cranky tone,
I really had to moan.
“Come on it's nine it's time to go,”
“Twelve hours I spent down below.”

Sienna

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up in the middle of the night,
I couldn't sleep but it will soon be light,
Tomorrows shift is nearly here,
The one I dread, the one I fear!

I walk out the door, it's half past four,
I better hurry before they shut the door,
A day down the dangerous coal pit,
Which is full of dirty grit.

I can feel the water dripping down,
My face screws up into a frown,
I don't like it down the mine,
Working here should be a crime.

My gaffa said my shift is done,
I was so happy I started to run,
When I got home I rested my head,
My mum shouted “would you like soup
and bread?”

Sissy

THE HURRIER'S DAY

I woke up to the feel of my toe,
But I had to go and see Joe,
So I went downstairs,
Saying goodbye to my cuddly bears.

As I stepped in the mine,
Where I saw a big, bright sign,
I walked in slowly,
When I was sad and lonely.

I was in the hole,
Where I saw lots of coal,
I wanted fresh air,
but I was frightened like a bear.

I heard a bang,
While the little one sang,
Deep down in the mine,
There was a broken spine.

Sadly, there was a dangerous bust,
I saw the coal running through the dust,
Everyone was frightened,
Because we weren't being enlightened.

The mine was boring and plain,
Even more boring than a train,
We worked all day and night,
But still we see no light,

We carried on working,
But miners was lurking,
All the miners got deeper in the mine,
Because they did not want a fine.

The worker said,
“You can now go to bed,”
I was relieved that I was alive,
Because I might not have survived.

Sienna-Rae

DOWN IN THE COAL MINES

I laid in bed and I started to beg,
"No, now get out of bed!"
Exclaimed Ted.

My head started to ache as I make
my bed, still pleading,
I would definitely rather stay at
home reading.

As I huffed angrily I started to puff,
I knew today was going to be tough.
Sprinting to the colliery,
Thinking about the policy.

Going down a ladder
I swear I couldn't be madder.
Working in the mine,
Unfortunately, I'm not allowed to whine.

Dragging my legs across the floor,
I knew today was going to be a bore.
Darting myself forward like a ball,
To be in the mine, you can't be too tall.

A little girl bloody and muddy her nose
looked rather runny,
It's a shame I'm down here today, as the
weather is rather sunny.
I crawled over to the mantrip,
Being careful not to slip.
My weak arm had a good hand grip.
End of the working day,

I'm pleased I don't have to stay,
About time this miserable day is going to end,
It has driven me around the bend.
I can't wait but am I even visible?

My feet ache and so do my hands,
My head is pounding like a big brass band.
Ma will be pleased to see me,
And on the table will be my tea.

Te 'Amo

THE HURRIER'S DAY

I woke up in my bed,
The pillow comfortable under my head,
I went down stairs for some tasty toast,
I hope I don't meet the mining ghost.

It's so early in the morning,
I close my eyes and see a warning,
Now I'm five, I've been hired,
My tiny fingers are required.

I have to walk ten miles,
I pass a lot of people, but no one smiles,
In the distance I see the mine,
Millions of people stand in a line.

I saw the big, tall pole
What takes us down the hole,
Soon it was time to make a start,
As I took a ride in a cart.

Down in the mine,
It was soon time,
To mine the coal,
We started to dig in the hole.

The rain came down in a flash,
Which filled up the hole, fast,
It made a big splash
I knew I didn't want to be out last.

I thought I might drown,
As I couldn't see the ground.
I tried to run,
But this was not fun.

I swam out of the mine,
Just in time,
As I cheered "my twelve hours are over!"
As it is Mid October.

It was as dark as night,
I could see the streets glow bright,
As I scurried home,
I needed to moan.

Tommy

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I woke up in a sweat,
And I started to fret.
I didn't want to get out of my big, comfy bed,
'It's time to go to work,' my mother said.

I was a slow sloth as I went downstairs,
I was up all night having mining nightmares.
As I ate my tasty, crusty slice of toast,
I saw my name written on the post.

Ahead of me was a deep, dark scary hole,
Calling me in, ready to take my soul.
I have to go in and be brave,
But I'm scared I'll end up in an early grave.

As I kept walking to my fate,
I could feel my shoes getting heavy
like a weight.
When I opened the door,
I could hear it squeak against the floor.

My friend Dan grabbed my arm,
And told me to try and stay calm.
As I opened the mine door,
I thought I heard an animal roar.

The coal is heavy my hands are sweaty,
I'm too tired but don't want to be petty.
Waters dripping down my face,
I can't wait to leave this place

All I could think about was going home,
I really wish I lived in Rome.
I have to stay and earn a dime,
I would rather play with slime.

My shift is over for today,
It's cold outside and the sky is grey.
The days are tough the hours are long,
I need to keep on being strong.

Tony

A GLOOMY FIRST DAY

I woke up grumpy and got out of bed,
The thought of today was all in my head.
The wind was howling like a wolf.
"Come down here!" Ma had said.
At last I walked down the creaking stair.
I saw Mum and Dad were already down there.
"Feeling brave?" Dad had said.
My heart was filled with fear and dread.
My brother Mike had died down there
Who knew what dangers lurk in the middle
of nowhere.

I went down into the dark grey mine.
Everyone was hoping they could find a
sparkly dime.
It looked like nothing but a hollow pit.
Everything was dark, nothing lit.
Finally, we got our tools at last,
We stepped into the bucket which wasn't
going that fast.
"How do you do?" a young girl asked
"I'm feeling scared," I replied at last.

"Come here, let me show you to your door,"
"Pull on that string, nothing more."
I sat there feeling extremely bored.
It wasn't comfy sitting on coal,
This place is nothing but a hostile hollow hole.

Today is a sad and woeful day,
Can't wait to go home and spend my pay.
I am a bird trapped in a dark cage,
If I don't do well, my family will be full of rage.

I was waiting for the day to end,
Even if my lonely heart might never mend.
I finally saw the miners leave,
Only to come back every day of the week.
I hopped like a happy grasshopper,
When I got home I saw a new pencil topper.
"A present for all of your hard work,"
Ma had said.
I thought about today in bed.
I wish I hadn't been hired.
So I could do what I truly desired.

Vedika

A TRAPPER BOY'S DAY

Ma woke me up at half past four,
I screamed in my head and wanted to
slam a door.
Turns out today was the day I go in the hole,
Great, now I would love to kick a pole.
For breakfast ma made some jelly,
That definitely jiggled like my grandad's belly.

Reached the pit nearly time to go in,
Suddenly, I stepped on a pin.
I didn't know what to do,
Decided to take off my shoes.
I took my old, rotten tools,
I better not break any of the rules.

It's time to go in,
So an old man took my hand holding in a grin.
"This is the safer way" the old man said,
Since he said that I've been having a
pounding in my head.
The man whispered "all you have to do
is pull the rope, is that hard?"
No, not at all, suddenly he pulled out a card.
Actually it was a small book with a pencil
followed on by a light,
He said "here, have this since it feels like night."

All of a sudden, I hear a voice,
Sounded like a miner so I did rejoice.
"It's five, time to go home,"
Finally I can make gnomes.
Hopefully I'll sleep as calm as a sloth,
Oh no I forgot my cloth,
Nevermind that I'm that happy that I'm
jumping like a frog,
Wow, today has been such a slog.

Zofia

THE HURRIER'S FIRST DAY

I didn't want to get out of my warm, comfy bed,
"Get up or you'll be late." my mother said,
I was a koala walking down the stairs,
All my family started to stare.

I had to eat my breakfast fast,
Or I would be last,
I went upstairs to get dressed,
I was extremely stressed.

I walked out the door,
It was half past four,
I walked for an eternity,
With every step I died internally.

Ahead of me was a big, deep hole,
I heard it trying to possess my soul,
I wanted to turn around and go home,
Knowing I couldn't or I'll be banished to Rome.

A man took me down to the mine,
The man wreaked of wine,
He told me "Follow me, don't go adrift",
"I'll take you where you'll do your shift,

I put on my heavy, black belt which dug into me,
As soon as I put it on I felt like I had to wee,
I started pulling the cart down tight tunnels,
Some were so tight they felt like funnels.

I was here so long I lost track of time,
Being in this mine should be a punishment
for a crime,
The man came back and said "Time to go,
your shift is done."
Off home I go, quickly I run.

I was so happy, I could finally exhale,
I was thankful to have survived that jail,
I was happy to smell the cold, fresh air,
Off home I go, to be with my teddy bear.

Daniel

A TRAPPER'S DAY

Out I go, dad set me off with a cup of tea,
The mine as far as I can see.
As I walked down the road the candles blinked,
As I was walking my dad winked.

“Just pull on that lever and I'll get you in
six hours time,”
“I'll see you out of the mine,”
“Can I have a light?”
“Okay it's as dark as night,”

I saw my friend I waved and he managed
a wave,
This is as bad as being in a grave.
After he waved I closed the door,
I saw him pass twenty times more.

The hours were as long as a tower,
The mighty, ivory candle was made of power,
The candle ran out of light,
The tunnel is as dark as night.

Out we are, the light so bright,
The day was full of absolute fright.
I can't wait until I don't have to work anymore,
I said to myself as I opened the door.

Tommy

A TRAPPER'S DAY

I got up in a lot of pain,
Outside, it was pouring with rain,
I ran all the way to the mine,
I saw a sign not to go down but I'm sure
it'll be fine.

I take a breath and count to 10,
I wish I was back home again,
Aching hands and tired feet,
I can't wait to walk back down the street.

Now I've entered the big, dark hole,
To spend all day digging for coal,
This place is dusty,
My bones feel rusty.

I've worked all day for very little pay,
My shift is done. I'll be on my way,
Time to go and see my sister,
It's been too long and I have missed her.

Angel

A DAY IN THE MINES

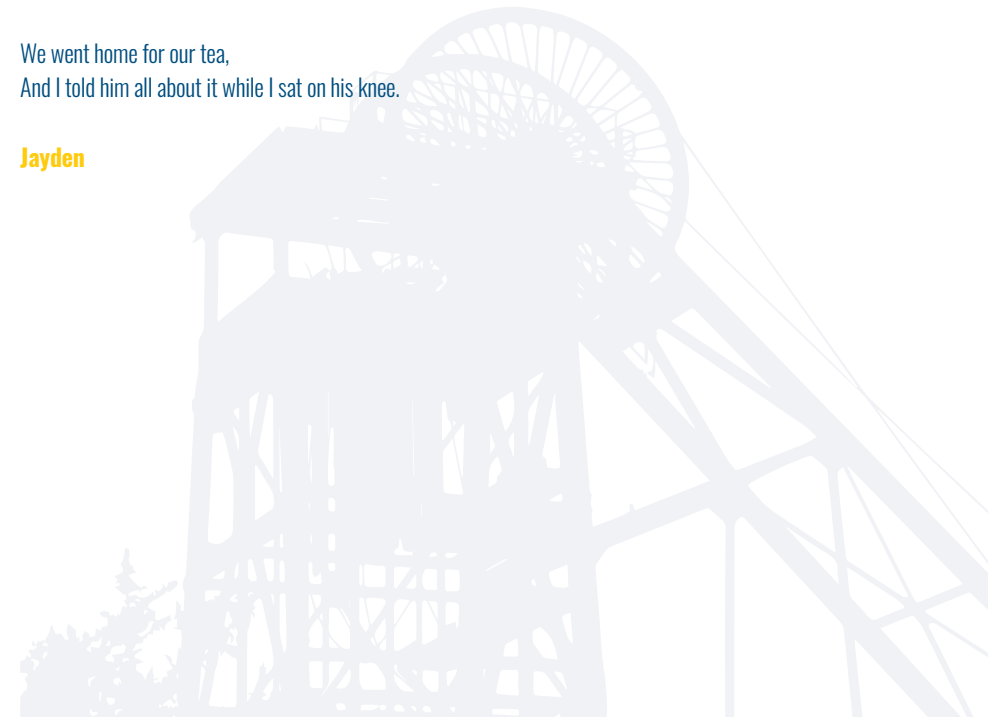
When I got out of bed ma said,
You're going to the hole,
to mine some coal.

Welcome to the mines,
But it was covered with vines.
Then I had to stroll,
To reach the coal.

At the end of the day I mined the coal,
And reached my goal.
My dad came to get me out of the dark,
He said I was a very bright spark.

We went home for our tea,
And I told him all about it while I sat on his knee.

Jayden





AT THE COALFACE



AT THE COALFACE

HOW HAS THE MINING INDUSTRY SHAPED OUR COUNTRY

All written content created by the Year 5 and 6 students at Plover School.
Book design and print coordination by XP Comms Crew.

comms@xptrust.org

Published by XP School Trust. Copyright © XP School Trust 2023.

Plover School is part of The XP School Trust.



ploverschool.co.uk
xptrust.org

XP Trust Curriculum Seams

