

# Dear Ma and Pa



## Wednesday 20th May 2020

• I can write a letter to describe what it was like being a soldier in the Crimean War.

#### Success Criteria

- I can use what I have learnt about Florence Nightingale and the Crimean War to describe the experience as if I was a soldier.
- I can set my work out as an informal letter.
- I can use my best handwriting, showing small and tall letters.
- I can use capital letters and full stops.
- I can use apostrophes for contractions correctly.
- I can check my work.

#### Hospital of Horror...



Here is a description of the hospital before Florence Nightingale and her team arrived.

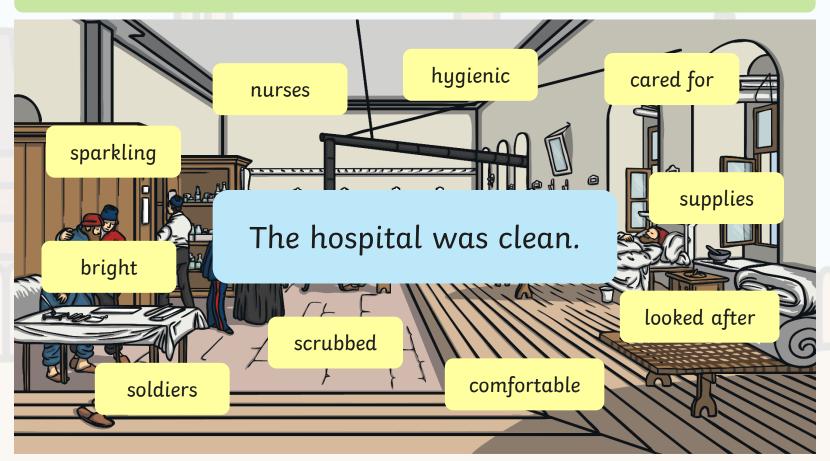
Where is the noun? Which word describes the noun?

Can you choose some other words to swap or add to the sentence to extend it?



### Or Hospital of Hope?

Now try describing the hospital after Florence and her team have set to work.



#### The Barracks Hospital Scutari Turkey

17<sup>th</sup> September 1854

Dear Ma and Pa,

First of all, let me tell you I am alive, which is a lot better than many of the brave lads out here so do not worry yourselves.

The battles have been brutal and long and my luck finally ran out when I was shot by the Russians last week. Part of the bullet has gone straight into my leg, where it sits even now.

I was dragged off the battlefield and carried here, to this filthy heap that calls itself a hospital.

Ma, I tell you, this place is worse than anything I have ever seen... and the stink! It is enough to make a man weep!

I was pulled off the horse and cart and lumbered across a courtyard into a dark, cold room. It took me a while to realise what I was lying on, what with the pain and all, but slowly, I realised it was another soldier! We were picked up like sacks of coal, not a care about us at all. To make matters worse, the filth from rats and men lay all around with not a single person to help us.

A doctor scraped around in my wound (the pain was like nothing I have ever known) and my leg was bandaged with a filthy rag. I was given a bowl of soup with a slab of bread so mouldy it had a green crust sprouting on it. That I am still here is a miracle, for no human being is doing much to help us here.

But still, I am alive and as I lie here listening to the screams of these poor souls, I know that I am one of the luckier ones.

I think of you and the family often and am very much looking forward to getting home soon.

Your son,

Arthur

### Year 2 Writing Task

·Now it's your turn! Can you write another letter from Arthur after Florence Nightingale had arrived at the hospital and made some changes for the better!

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