



Recognition assembly – Years 4, 5 & 6  
7<sup>th</sup> November 2025

# Year 4

## Day VIII of the month of October

Today was the worst! A bunch of mean bad celts came to my hut and literally took me away! They tied my two hands together on to a long thick rope! The mean guys also known as pelts actually celts dragged me out of my house and to the dusty path which made me walk thousands and hundreds of miles (obviously no but it felt like it!) Eventually led us to the village where I saw Romans selling woe! yuck! and selling gladiator sweat! ew! Finally we arrived <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ where a man was standing which kids from XII to above because I was only X not X from ~~ex~~ mark the spot X for ten a XII for twelve. The man that was dragging ~~the~~ which the rope said "Got a other slave for you sir!" I had no Idear for what was going on the I thought more carefully "slave? what slave? wait am I one now?" The man that was which the other slaves chuckled and said "bring her in!" I felt fury in my eyes and then a little bit scared. The man that was holding the rope handed the rope to the man who tied it in to a log that was buried in the dirt he tugged ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> rope making me enter the place where all the of slaves were. soon I realised that I would be part of them! I was tired so I fell asleep.

Today when I awoke some strange random people came but they didn't take me away they came to buy me there was a lady which a pink long dress and a hat and a man in a post outfit. They came to ~~mean~~ were I was at first I new that they would probably take the other kids because I was the youngest but the just came to me and talked to <sup>the man that</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>was</sup> was selling us which is so un fair <sup>and was</sup> which is so mean! As the people talked they didn't point at the other kids because it seems like they don't like slaves that sleep. And by the way it is very rude to point. And basically the would take me away but "I guess they would

Year 4



Year 5



Year 5



## Historical recount opening

6.11.25

I remember that morning, when the gulls  
whispered upon the sea shing sea. It was  
such a peaceful place, the only sounds were the  
waves in the sea crashing in ~~secretly~~ and our  
church bells. The sea gently and softly closed  
the beach. We don't know what's coming  
next.

