



Year 5 Trip to Warwick Castle

A beautiful blue sky above the battlements did not deter this particular band of brothers (and sisters) from stepping once more unto the breach and launching a full-scale attack on unsuspecting Warwick. Ankle breaking ditches, castle wall footings, hot oil from the machicolations, all manner of arrow heads fired from every conceivable arrow slit and embrasure within the crenellated walls were to prove no deterrent to this determined army. Over the drawbridge they went-beneath the first portcullis and right into the trap. Sandwiched between the open outer portcullis and the firmly closed inner, they found themselves locked in the Barbican and at my mercy within the MURDER CHAMBER. Pleas of neater History books and better attention in class left me unmoved. However, I am sorry to say I started to relent when gifts of chocolate were mentioned. With my ransom demands duly met and agreed, we forged on. The Warwick archer got us shouting and screaming as his arrows rained into the target and then we were all over the walls and the towers before descending into the undercroft. The medieval toilet arrangements always seem to be the most interesting part of "Life in the Castle" for some strange reason-as does the story of the garde robe -the storage area for clothes in the toilet where the smell kept moths away from the Lord's ermine-hence our modern day wardrobe.



However, it was time for a well-earned rest from all this killing and pillaging- so we watched the birds of prey do it instead, swooping high and low above us, before we headed to the banks above the river to devour our packed lunch and watch the graceful killing machine called the Trebuchet in full flow. What an awesome sight it is-and presumably the rock made a nasty mess of the lawn when it landed 300 yards away from this huge siege machine.



A quick trek around the gardens was followed by a visit to the armourer who then pointed us in the direction of a princess in distress. Thank goodness for Martin Steady-who, almost single handedly, eased the sword from its stone thus preventing the nasty baron from confining the flaxen haired maiden to a life of ironing, washing up and no money of her own. Funny, I thought that was normal.



Onwards and upwards we went and attacked the Warwick Castle shop with gusto-and not a little cash. Pencils, rubbers, huge pens and medieval pencil sharpeners formed just some of the plundered loot. They won't get that lot back-which didn't seem to trouble the shopkeeper too much as he bade us a cheery farewell with the look of a man who obviously thought that it was he who had won the shopping battle.

What a super day out. Hopefully, you will be fed up of hearing about it all-just before we go on the next school trip!

Mr Jackson