



MOULAMEIN PUBLIC SCHOOL

2017 Term 3 Week 10 Newsletter

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In this week's issue

- ▶ Principal's Message
- ▶ Kindergarten Transition Information Night
- ▶ Book Week and Book Fair
- ▶ Year 4/5/6 News

Upcoming Events

15 th September	Assembly and Book week
22 nd September	LAST DAY of TERM

TERM 4

Kindergarten Information Night!

Monday 16th of October

6.00-7.00pm

Moulamein Public School

RSVP: 13th October

Principal Message

This has been an enormous term and this is our last week before holidays begin on Friday. Within the last ten weeks we have had a jammed-packed schedule! Moulamein Public School can be proud of our 150th Celebrations, school choir performances, Colonial Day, Art exhibition, Father's Day breakfast, Education Week and Open classrooms and the Book Fair! These events don't just happen overnight. Many hours of organising and hard work from the staff and the P & C at our school have made this happen and it is always important to acknowledge this and celebrate our success! School staff have worked tremendously hard over the last term and our students have reached our high expectations.

Even though all these events have taken place, learning has continued to occur each and everyday in the classroom. Students have all had learning goals from K-6, programs continue to be stimulating and meaningful. Our push to improve writing has continued with amazing results (some which are published this week!). We are finding our students are really enjoying the new science and technology units too! Our students have loved their novel studies in Miss Fay's class and Miss Middson's class. They have read two of my favourite books, James and the Giant Peach and Storm Boy! Two classical pieces of quality literature with enriching language and adventures.

I am sure everyone will enjoy the holidays! **Our first day back will be Monday 9th of October.** This day is for students and teachers. There is no pupil free day at the beginning of Term 4.

BOOK WEEK

Thank you to Miss Fay for organising a great Book Week and staff for setting up the Book Fair and running the day. Students participated in theme related activities in the morning session, followed by an Assembly open to all at 12:30pm. The traditional **Book Fair** in the library was successful and we were able to purchase almost \$500 worth of books for the school. Thank you to Colleen for processing all the orders too. Thank you to families for purchasing books at this time and supporting the school.

Although not compulsory, students dressed-up in their favourite book character. Some of the outfits were outstanding and the students really enjoyed the day. They loved the treasure hunt for books and it highlighted how much children love to be read books and read books themselves. What another great effort from staff, families and students!







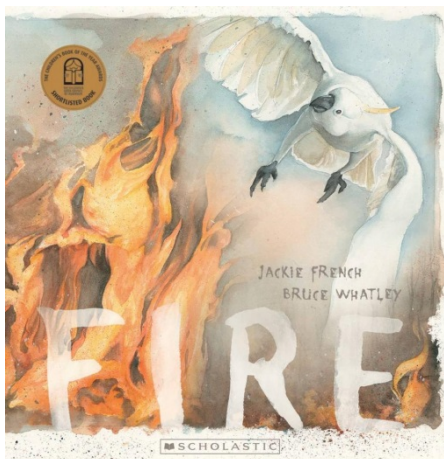
Jennie Wilson
Principal

3/4/5/6 CLASSROOM NEWS

Writing:

During Term 3, the 4/5/6 classroom has focused on writing successful and effective descriptions. The students have been working hard on improving their vocabulary and knowledge of figurative language including personification, similes, onomatopoeia and metaphors.

'Fire' written by Jackie French and illustrated by Bruce Whatley is based on the devastation of the bushfires that have affected many Australians, 'Fire' is a moving and sensitive story of a natural disaster as seen through the eyes of a cockatoo. Please enjoy reading some writing samples inspired by this text.



Logs exploding like popcorn in the microwave.

The king his here, he won't stop raging, breaking us a part.

The red demon's slight touch will turn everything in its road into coal.

Coughing and tighten throats make it hard to breathe while trying to put out the monster.

The beast left a path of disappointment rotten ash trails engulf the land.

The monster's feast is over. Life is regenerating.

By Caleb Scandolera

Fire crackles over the barren farms.

The sunburnt land engulfed by the big red blaze.

The ovens breath, too warm to touch. It will turn your skin to dust with a simple touch.

The blaze is near, you can taste the gritty smoke between your teeth.

The monsters smoke and debris is tightening your throat and lungs.

By Chloe Wilson

Crackle, screech, burn and pop.
Everyone thought it would never
stop.

From the ground and up the trees,
fire babies spread with ease.

Fire knights with blood red armour,
burning the land with roasting fire.

Thick, black ash, burning down your
throat. The searing pain will make
you choke.

Earth's heroes do not wear capes.
Fire has disappeared as with the ash.
The smell of fresh air covers the
scorched land.

Land is restored for children to play.

By Cody Bennett



Fire has no mercy, trees crumble,
leaves crunch and ashes slowly drift
to the scorched ground.

The rising red wall is roaring through
the sky.

Animals crying, trying desperately to
flee.

The red beast is as hot as the
surface of the sun disintegrating
everything in sight.

Wheezing, gasping, choking on the
smoked filled air breathing in the
debris, the body cannot bear.

The red beast burnt a path of
nothing but singed land leaving an
unpleasant and foul smell.

A heart-breaking scene crushing our
souls.

By Connor Green

Trees crackling like popcorn in the
microwave.

Land over cooked to charcoal - a
burnt offering.

Flaming hot fire like glowing iron.

The ash filled smoke grits between
your teeth as the demon raids the
luscious land.

Air ways tightening, grasping for air,
while wheezing in the thick black
smoke.

By Ethan Miller

Leaves are sizzling and logs are clapping like a book falling off a shelf.

Red, orange and yellow incinerating flames devouring everything in its path.

The red devil continues his journey of destruction. It's blazing touch will turn skin to dust.

Ear glans are swelling up like a puffer fish in great danger.

You could smell the dust and coal from the devastating flame.

Disappointing to see the flames destruction.

By Jacob Skipsey



We heard the fire crushing and shattering all the trees, we heard birds screeching as the Red King and his men came near.

Charging towards us, a sea of blood red fire and black twirling carousel horses.

Phoenix breath too warm to touch. It will burn your skin until it turns to dust.

Your throat can not bear the debris, coughing, wheezing, aching.

Smell of fresh growth in the air, all are happy now.

It was magnificent for the luscious land to be restored.

By Jessie Harris

The fire is crackling like a cap gun.

Black snow falling from the murdering sky.

The red demon has claws as hot as melted steal.

Huffing and puffing in thick smoke, faces turned red as a cherry.

Smelling the monsters trail that he left behind.

By Max Morvell

