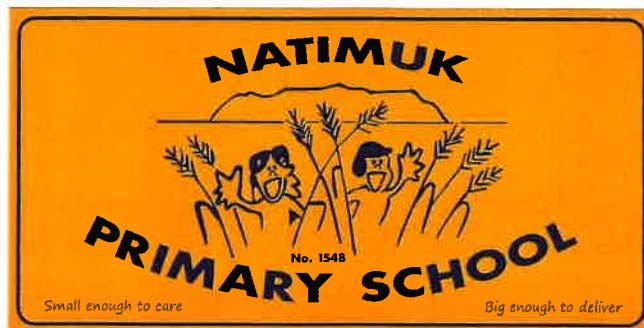


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26 May 2021

DATES TO REMEMBER

Thursday 27 May	Book Club due
Monday 7—Wednesday 9 June	3-6 Camp
Friday 11 June	Pupil Free Day
Monday 14 June	Queen's Birthday Public Holiday

eSmart School

This year the staff have undertaken Professional Development to become better informed in the Child Safe practices, policies and procedures which teach the children how to be smart, safe and responsible in the use of online technology. The key message is that we must protect the privacy of our students and encourage them not to reveal anything about themselves through the variety of enticing media platforms.

Staff Wellbeing Week

Miss Blake organises a well being week each term so staff can think about themselves and have a bit of fun. She organises a morning tea, we meet after school for afternoon tea, dress up and try to get away early and do something for ourselves. This has been a great initiative to look after the mental health of the staff.

Write4Fun 'Schools Poetry & Short Story Writing Competition 2021'

The Year 5 and 6s entered a writing competition where they could write a narrative or poem of their choice. The writing was to be no more than 500 words. All of our students made it through the first round of judging so are still in the running for first prize. At this stage they have been invited to publish their work. Each week we will attach a story for your enjoyment.

The finalist will be announced on June 2.

Natimuk Primary School is a RESPECTFUL RELATIONSHIPS Partner School

Term 2. Emotional Literacy.

Reflection on how to identify positive and negative emotions in a variety of events and circumstances

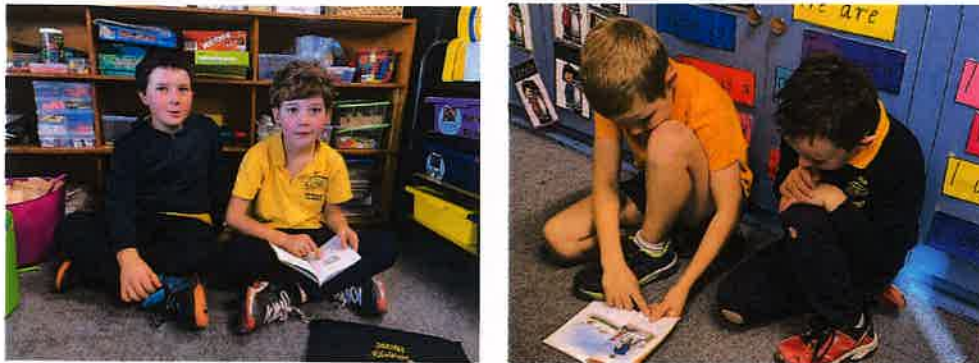
Miss Blake

This week has seen us learn all about frogs, as all students are focusing on the word frog for their spelling. The Preps made frogs with stretchy legs and we all made frog in ponds which were very tasty! We have started writing responses as well with our first response being to a book that we have read. Students enjoyed reading Pete Cromer's new Wildlife book, learning about different Asian and African Animals. We learnt that a group of zebras is called a dazzle and a group of camels is called a caravan of camels!

In Maths, students have been playing 'Get out of my house' which is a dice game aimed at being the first person to be rid of their 7 counters. The Preps have been looking at the number zero and matching numbers to words. The older students have worked on place value with numbers to 100 and number patterns.

In Wellbeing the older students have completed their book reviews for our Bookflix wall, a chance for all students to learn about new releases, read again books, popular and trending books. The younger students are learning more about the Australian Author Jackie French. So far we have learnt that she writes lots of books about wombats and she completes research about them as well. Yesterday we watched Pete the sheep and then made our own sheep hair dos using tissue paper and cotton balls.

In Integrated Studies this week, we are looking at how bakers, builders and hairdressers help us in the community. Students will get a closer look at being a hairdresser tomorrow when the Natimuk PS Hair Salon opens up. There may be a few interesting hair dos at home time!



Mr Holt

The Sun has been unreliable for the 3-6 science class as we've studied Night and Day this term, however, I have managed to arrange something special for tonight, a lunar eclipse. A little bit after 9.00pm tonight the Earth will come directly between the Sun and Moon, casting a shadow across the lunar surface in a "pink moon". Probably past the kids' bedtime but it will be worth seeing. The P-2s found out where and how Australia uses the equivalent of eight thousand MCGs full of water each year. Households use 12.5% while agriculture accounts for 54%. The kids have some homework this week as water detectives, please help them to identify four different ways water is used at home.

In Literacy we have been using Banjo Patterson poems to look at descriptions; this week it was *The Man from Ironbark*, which prompted me to write a modernised version called *The Boy from Natimuk*. The kids enjoyed hearing it yesterday and identifying the characters in the story. Our spelling words feature the digraph 'wr' as in wrist, wreck and wrestle and in grammar we're looking at personal pronouns.

In Maths we're covering numbers to 5,000, counting in fractions, calculating change with money, understanding grid references, millilitres and time in minutes, all of which make for a busy time between recess and lunch. We're learning the 9x tables and some of the tricks that make multiplying 9s fun. Riley came first in last week's Kahoot revision quiz while Teeha was the top footy tipster with 8 right.

On a personal note it has been nice to have my wife Carolyn come up for a few days. We went for a walk at Mount Zero on Sunday afternoon, from where we could see Mt Arapiles in the distance. I've enjoyed exploring the Wimmera and visiting Kaniva, Dimboola, Edenhope, Nhill and Bordertown in the last couple of months.

Mrs Clarkson

We have begun our new text, *Finder's Keepers* by Emily Rodda. She is a great writer of children and young teenage books. This text has a character who finds himself in and out of a computer game to find other people's missing items. Finding out more about the characters helps to explain the author's purpose. Our writing genre is response writing. We completed our first lot of responses when answering questions for Sovereign Hill to determine which character we might be dressed up as.

In Numeracy the focus was improper fractions. A fraction is improper when the top number is greater than the bottom number. When this happens we can divide the bottom into the top and the answer will be a mixed number - a whole number and a fraction.

KIP (Knowledge is Power)

The Year 5 and 6s have completed a drug and alcohol program where they were taught the dangers of drugs and alcohol.

The Boy from Natimuk Marcus Holt with apologies to Banjo Patterson and "The Man from Ironbark"

There was a boy from Natimuk who went to school in town

He sauntered into class each day, his teacher gave a frown

His hair was much too long behind and much too short on top

He refused, despite imploring, to visit a barber's shop

"Cut my hair, my mullet off? No way!" he would remark

"I'd rather see the Tigers lose down at Kardinia Park."

The teacher was a biggish bloke, as teachers sometimes are

He wore a Cats badge every day, and Cats stickers on his car

He liked a joke, he liked a laugh, he was fond of repartee

He taught the youngsters to read and write and multiply by 3

One day as our friend arrived he whispered "I've had enough

Just watch me get that mullet off this cheeky little scruff."

There were some other kids in school who had the right concept

Their eyes were bright, their heads were full, their hair was quite well kept

To them the teacher gave a wink, his wicked eyelid shut

"I'll make this long-haired bogan think his mullet has been cut"

So as he taught the finer points of arithmetic

He grabbed a pair of scissors and gave them one quick click

He swooped around the youngster's back, took the mullet in his grip

And swept the cutting tool across as if to let them rip
He laughed an evil laugh and paused a while to gloat
Then produced a handful of hair from behind the victim's throat
With no mirror at hand to see what damage had been done
Our hero presumed the worst, his beloved mullet was gone
He gave a wild cry of pain that the whole school could hear
His hair was surely cut he thought, his eyes they filled with tears
He rose up on his wobbly feet and faced his trusted teacher
"I can't believe you scalped me!" he accused the horrid creature
"I only wish I had the strength you awful classroom villain
To cut you down to size right now in front of all these children"
He clenched his little fists and with one determined clout
He swung right at the teacher's jaw and knocked the teacher out
He ran amok around the room and left the place a wreck
He grabbed one of the laughing kids and tried to wring his neck
And all the while he wailed "my hair, my hair has been cut off!"
And sadness filled his broken heart, the boy from Natimuk
The Principal from the next room came in to see show
She tried to rein the tiger in but he refused to go
And when at last the teacher rose and said "twas all in fun
T'was just a harmless little joke, a little overdone"
"A joke " he cried , " a joke you say, do you think that this was funny?
I'm not laughing that's for sure, I'm not your helpless bunny!"
When he got home that afternoon his parents were agape
As they heard the story of his mullet's narrow escape
Those teachers have one job to do, to fill your head with stuff
One tried to take my beautiful hair but thank the Lord it's tough
And whether he's learned anything, there's one thing to remark
That flowing mullets are all the go out there in Natimuk.

It Was All A Dream

As I gaze out to sea from the hill I see kids running along the beach with waves crashing against their feet. I feel the wind rushing softly through my hair. I walk down the creaky steps. When I stepwalk down off the last one my feet sink into the hot sand, and my dress brushes on my leg. I take a deep breath to smell the sea air acting like everything was fine.

About an hour later when the sun was setting beyond the horizon I see cheerful parents dancing with their children. I smile as I watch them remembering how different my life was. My smile slowly starts to fade and a tear runs down my face, it drips down to my chin and drops onto my t-shirt.

I hear my mum say my name saying to get in to the car. I feel sad as I have to say good bye to the beach. I suck up my tears and walk up the creaking stairs. A gush of wind blows past me, I feel it soaking into my bones. I turn around and take a last look at the sea. I see the foam as the sea drifts back into the ocean. I turn back, around another tear runs down my cheek as I walk slowly to the car, stalling as much as I can. When I get there I open the car door take a deep breath trying hard not to cry.

I tip top into my bed room trying to avoid dad for I know he is mad. I lay down on my creaky bed and take a book out of my draw. Dust flies up and hits my face. The book I picked was called FULL OF MAGIC. I giggle and chuck the book on the floor, as it lands I hear something fall out. I look down and see a blue aqua type of gem. I pick it up and suddenly get a flashback to when I was a baby. We were a happy family on the beach, me in my dad's arms and my older sister with us. I ask myself what happened. My next memory is 5 years later. I see my sister leaving the house, me crying and my parents slamming the door. I see a scared little girl running into my room crying. I wake up, it was just a dream.

Because of that dream I wanted to find my sister. I had my mind set on it. I packed my bags up and set off to the beach where I see a happy family dancing. The mum turns around. I see her face, it looks like her. She looks at me and turns back around. I walk up to her and tap her on the back, she turns back. She looks at me and says, "Hi, are you lost?" I tell her I'm not lost I'm just looking for someone.

By Isla