



Community Newsletter

"Learning to Live and Living to Learn"

Side School: Weld Street
Wadestown

Main School: Rose Street
Wadestown

Tele: 472 4779 Fax: 499 1605

Email: office@wadestown.school.nz

Website: www.wadestown.school.nz

Principal: Steve Allen

Kia Ora Parents and Caregivers

A very big thank you to the large number of parents who turned up for the Parent Association Open Afternoon Friday before last. It was great to see the interest in finding out where the locally raised monies have been spent. As part of the afternoon the new chair of the Board, Neil Paviour-Smith, was introduced and he thanked the outgoing chair Marshall Clark for the outstanding job he has done as chair over many years. Lisa Toovey was also thanked for all her efforts on behalf of the Parent Association in co-ordinating many of the improvements undertaken and completed around the school.

As Principal, I spoke about my philosophy of education in general and some specific directions that we might seek to move, into the future. I explained how for me there were three things I hold dear in education:

1. School must be fun for children.
2. There must be the opportunity for all children to reach their potential.
3. The importance of children gaining more ownership of their learning – knowing the what, where, why and how of their learning journey.

I also flagged some possible long, medium and short term "next steps" for Wadestown School. The long term one being reintroducing a dimension of ongoing tradition within the school, while the medium term goal centred on developing a clear and articulated philosophy for the school that might be coined the "Wadestown Way". The short term goals related to further strengthening school programming, in conjunction with the "Wadestown Way" and developing a long term property vision.

I concluded my comments by reassuring the community that this school is in good heart, we have great teachers, wonderful children and a very supportive board and parent community. Again I thank you for ongoing support of our school and the importance that it has in our community.

2010 School Year

As we approach the end of the school year we are beginning the process of developing structures and organisation for 2010. To assist us in this process

we would really appreciate parents who are aware that their children **will not** be returning to Wadestown School next year to let us know as soon as possible. Thanks to those parents who have already done so. This information is crucial to ensuring that we can organise the school in the best possible way for 2010. Your co-operation in this area is much appreciated.

Road Safety – Purakau Ave

A friendly reminder that it is not only unsafe but also illegal to park in the bus stop zone at the bottom of Purakau Ave. We have had a number of drivers stop there to pick up and drop off children and this obstructs walkers and crossing warden views of oncoming traffic. It is also difficult for the wardens to have a good view if cars are parked on the western side of the road. Please cooperate with these requests as ultimately it is your children's safety that is paramount. The volunteer warden team would love to have some more people to help with their roster. It is only 10-15 mins of your time in the afternoon so if you are available and would like to help please contact Michael Crowe on 971 3021 or the school office. Thanks.

Activity Fees

Term 4 activity fees are now due for Main School students. Invoices have been sent home. One cheque payment for multiple children is fine.

SunSmart Sun Hats

Just a reminder that orders for the new wide brimmed sun hats are due tomorrow. The hats are \$11.50 each and come in four sizes. Please enclose payment with your order and address cheques to Wadestown School.

School Dates for 2010

The Board of Trustees has approved the following dates for the 2010 school year.

<i>Wednesday 3 February</i>	<i>Term 1 begins</i>
<i>Thursday 1 April</i>	<i>Term 1 finishes</i>
<i>Monday 19 April</i>	<i>Term 2 starts</i>
<i>Friday 2 July</i>	<i>Term 2 finishes</i>
<i>Monday 19 July</i>	<i>Term 3 starts</i>
<i>Friday 24 September</i>	<i>Term 3 finishes</i>
<i>Monday 11 October</i>	<i>Term 4 starts</i>
<i>Thursday 16 December</i>	<i>School year finishes</i>

Parent Association Fund Raiser

IS YOUR STYLE RIGHT?

With Lisa O'Neil & The Mews

Tuesday 24 November 6.30pm – 10pm

Wellington Girls College Hall

A motivational, fun & entertaining evening with wardrobe stylist Lisa O'Neil and The Mews fashion boutique. Get tips on how to dress wise, see our Yummy Mummy Models showcasing The Mews fashion on the catwalk and browse the famous Wadestown Deli stall. \$30 per ticket or bring a friend and get 2 for \$50. Details on how to purchase your tickets will be sent home via your child in the next week.

Student Work from Rooms 7 and 8

Please read some of the stories by children in Rooms 7 and 8 that are at the bottom of this newsletter.

Coming Events

30 October	Years 4-8 Athletics, Nairnville Park
5 November	Peter Pan Ballet, Years 3-8
10 November	Western Zone Athletics, Newtown Park
23-27 Nov	Education Review Office visit
8 December	Board meeting 7pm staffroom
11 December	Year 8 Leavers Dinner
16 December	Student Reports go home
18 December	School closes for 2009 at 12.30 pm.

Steve Allen
Principal

Community Notices

Wilton Playcentre 50th Jubilee

Saturday 14th Nov 2009. Register your interest by 30th October deb.mac@paradise.net.nz.

Car Boot Sale / Christmas Craft Fair

Cardinal McKeefry School, 66 Albemarle Rd, Wilton on Saturday 21st November at 9.30am. Come along and buy or sell. Crafts, Christmas gifts and home-made goods inside. Car Boot Sale, children's entertainment, hot and cold food and drinks and Tombola outside. Sites available for \$20 - come and sell your used goods or your crafts. Please ring 475 8521.

Collegians Under 7's Cricket – Have a Go!

Are you keen to play cricket this summer? Are you born between 1 Sept 2002 and 31 Aug 2003? We are looking for players to join us for our fun Friday night teams at Anderson Park. No experience necessary. Play (coaching and games between the other teams) starts Friday 30th October at 4.30pm. Gear is provided. The BBQ will be available. Family and siblings are welcome. Contact us: <http://www.collegians.wellington.net.nz> or call Kerry ph: 973 2027

Northland Community Preschool Celebrating 20 Years (formerly Northland Community Crèche)

On Saturday 31 October 3-5pm we will be celebrating our 20th birthday! We would very much like to invite all our former boys and girls and parents to come along, share some memories, catch up with the teachers and each other, and see how things have changed at the preschool. Also, if you're looking for preschool childcare options, this would be an ideal opportunity to take a look around and meet our fabulous teachers. 5 Woburn Road, Northland, phone 475 8062

A different type of fund raiser - toilet paper!

You can help give orphans at the Watoto Children's Village in Uganda a much needed classroom. A team of kiwis is going to Uganda with TEAR Fund to build the classroom in December, and 100% of the net proceeds from the sale of toilet paper goes to the building materials fund. The paper is made by the same people that make Purex. Best of all 100% of the profits goes to help the poor – around 50c per roll. The price of 2 ply Premium - 4 rolls for \$5, 8 rolls for \$10 etc or buy a carton of 48 for \$60. To order contact Christine Dowell at 472 5530. Delivery to your door. If you are interested in more information visit www.breakfreeexpeditions.com

Camp Cold Lake! By Sophie Wickens & Tessa Inglis, Room 7

"Aaahhhh. Oh no, not another day at Camp Cold Lake!"
We mumbled miserably.

As we were getting dressed we heard the whistle for swimming. So we got our togs and towels and rushed to the lake. When we got to the lake Mr. Williams was telling the rest of the group of kids the rules of swimming in the lake.

Then we went and put our togs on. When we had finished putting on our togs, we put our towels down and did a cannon ball in to the lake. We made a huge and exquisite splash!

When we were swimming we did not hear Mr. Williams shout come back to shore, so we kept on swimming. We kept swimming out and out and out until the water was about 1.78 meters deep.

Then.... we felt something under our feet, we screamed. We looked down deep, deep. Then we saw it.... we thought it was only pretend but when we saw it, we realized it was not pretend, it was real.

It had two big pale pink eyes, and they were looking right up at us. We trembled in fear, suddenly the monster grabbed our feet and it started to pull us down. We were loosing air, so we started blowing bubbles. Then Tessa kicked very hard with her free foot. She hit what must have been the lake monsters head and it let go.

Struggling for air we swam back to shore and never ever ever swam in that lake again!!!

Kapua by Liam Dixon, Room 7

Long long ago in New Zealand lived a young man, his name was Kapua. He had two children and a young wife. They lived in a very small village in New Zealand called Taihape. There were only three thousand people who lived there.

Although the population was very small everyone hated how hot it was and how very little water they had. Because of how little water they had in New Zealand and the rest of the mysterious world the people in New Zealand decided to have an election. This wasn't any normal election it was more of a competition.

Four strong men from every village in New Zealand would come together to find the most clever, brave and strong man in New Zealand. Because the king of New Zealand was afraid that there would be more strong and brave men than he expected, he held an event in which the men who wanted to be a part of the competition would attend. The four men from each village were doing the competition mainly to save the world from the water shortage. So they held the competition and strangely they held it in the small village of Taihape.

Kapua thought he could win the competition and become famous throughout New Zealand by creating something that would produce more water for the people so that the villagers would not get so hot and would be happy.

Before the competition started everyone who wanted to enter it had to create something. Kapuas wife and two children were very worried about him because the king said some men may lose limbs and maybe even there lives.

This didn't worry Kapua as he was a very brave man, he knew in himself that he was not afraid of dying. So yes he entered the competition. All the competitors had to create their own invention that would save the world, Kapua was extremely shocked when he realized something about his invention, he needed a human sacrifice to make it work.

The day of the competition came. They had to meet and show of their inventions. This time they weren't meant to use the inventions they just had to explain how they worked and what they did. Kapua explained to the king that the invention needed a human sacrifice. He said that he was not afraid of dying and would be the human sacrifice. So he could bring back happiness. The king was shocked to hear this but he agreed.

The first part of the competition was finished. Kapua had made it in to the top four and he had yet to tell his wife and two kids that he was going to die in two weeks. He waited a week and then told them. His wife and two children were so shocked and sad that they didn't stop crying. He told them that it was good that he was going to die because it would bring water to the world and people would be able to shower, bath and best of all, have water (lots of it) to drink. They were happy about the water but not about his death.

The day came and yes, Kapua was voted the most clever, strong and brave man in New Zealand. Four weeks later they launched the invention. Kapua jumped inside his invention, 'BANG'. 'Kapua is dead!' Shouted a villager. Above them clouds popped up in the sky and it started to rain. 'Yes he did it, he is truly great,' said the king.

And that is how the clouds, Kapua, came to be.

Bitten by Gina Chamberlain, Room 7

My long ears twitched. I could hear something. Something was behind me. I hopped forward. It was coming closer.

Suddenly I heard a hissing sound and before I knew it I was flattened to the ground. Something was on top of me, something with sharp teeth and big beady eyes.

Then I realized it was a cat! What would I do? I could feel its sharp teeth go into my neck, the pain was horrifying. I tried to scratch the cat with my paw but I was just too weak.

Suddenly someone yelled "Oi!" The cat ran as fast as it could out of the garden and as far away as possible. I started to hop back to my cage but my neck was just too sore. I finally got to my cage. When I awoke, my neck was throbbing.

Someone picked me up and put me in a towel, I suddenly felt safe and comfortable. I knew they were taking me somewhere, but where? I just wanted to go to sleep and not wake up.

Suddenly I was put down on a table. It was very cold. There was a man there. He was checking my neck. It was painful. I just wanted to go to sleep. Then a voice said "She is very sick, maybe we should give her an injection."

My long ears twitched, I could not be hearing this but I was. I felt my body for the last time; my long ears, my little cotton tail. I could feel the needle go in. All I could do was say good bye.

The Night at the Game Reserve by Tegan McFadyen, Room 7

Last term in South Africa, my dad Kenneth, my Gran Elaine and I went to a game reserve.

When we were driving to the hut we were going to stay in, a herd of zebra walked across the sandy road. When we were almost at camp we saw a flock of vultures feeding on a dead wildebeest and a few lions lying on a big rock behind the dead wildebeest.

When we got to the camp we took all the bags out of the car and looked for our hut. Once we got to our hut we were so tired that we went straight to bed.

At two in the morning my dad pulled me out of bed and told me to go upstairs to my Gran's room. 'What are you doing here?' asked my Gran with a very worried look on her face. 'My dad was bitten by something under the bed!' 'Oh no!' said my Gran rushing down the stairs.

My dad called the doctor. The doctor said that he was bitten by a rat. 'Thank goodness it wasn't a snake,' said my Gran. My dad said, "Lets all go back to sleep."

The next morning all of us went for a walk to the hippo hide where we could look at the animals at the water hole. We saw lots of zebra and we had a very nice holiday.

Bill's Invention by Ruby Mackle, Room 8

There once was an inventor called Bill. He loved green. He had five green warts: two on his toes, two on his fingers and one on his nose. He also had one red wart on the bottom of his foot. He invented things for a planet called Beazel. He still lived on Earth though. He lived in a rickety old town in a falling down house.

One day Bill invented something amazing. It was a lemonade gun. You could fire lemonade out of it. He immediately made preparations to take it to Beazel.

He loaded the rocket. Brmmm! The rocket shot off into space. It shot on for about 95km. Still it kept going. Then

it started to hump and stop and start. Then it just stopped about halfway to Beazel.

"Oh no!" groaned Bill, "What will I do now?" He sat down and thought. He thought for hours on end. Then he had an idea. "Oh why didn't I think of that before? I can't think. I'll row to Beazel." So he did.

He got out his oars and paddled. Nothing. Then he began to move. Only very slowly but began to move. He rowed and rowed. Finally he landed – on Mars. He asked the King of Mars for a map. He got a piece of paper with this on it $\triangle + \blacktriangle = \odot$.

"What is this?" he asked.

The Mars King pointed to a square with a triangle on it. "Huh? You mean if follow the way that triangle is pointing I'll reach the other triangle and so on?"

The Mars King nodded.

"Yay!" cried Bill, "I'm saved! Now to get on my ..." said Bill, "On my ROCKET!" screeched Bill.

His Rocket had floated away. He ran and jumped off Mars and was floating around in space. "Ooh, I'm on Beazel!"

"Ahem." said a voice. It was the King of Mars.

"Oh right. I'm not." said Bill foolishly.

Fortunately the oar was still hanging off. Bill lunged for the oar. He caught hold of it and climbed up it.

"Phew. All my troubles are over." said Bill, calm as the clouds. But they weren't. He had forgotten the map so he had to go and get it.

So he climbed down the oar, got the map, climbed back up and said, "Phew, what a calamity. All my troubles must be over now." But just as he said the two words the rocket started to float away. It floated towards the sun and very nearly burnt to a crisp.

"That," gasped Bill, "was close." He sailed along calm as the sea on a windless night. He rowed and rowed. Then the triangle was in sight.

"Whoopee!" cried Bill, "Time to turn right."

Soon Bill could see Beazel. Time went fast. Bill soon arrived on Beazel. The lemonade gun was given to the king and was allowed. But now Bill had the problem of getting home!

Life of a Warrior by Mia Pellenard, Room 8

Another peaceful day on Jetix, the planet where cartoon characters are made, and another day of faint clicks, blips and whirrs. All of these sounds were coming from the 20 metre tall building, the factory where cartoon and movie characters start as dreams but then become realities. It was dawn, the time when the new creations from yesterday were let out into the world. On this particular day, a tall slender girl of 9 and a half, named Xena, stood at the end of the line, waiting patiently to be freed. After 5 minutes of waiting, the enormous iron doors opened and the animals, people and other characters were nearly blinded by the brightness of the sun. Xena skipped forwards.

The scene that awaited her looked as though it had come out of a picture book. Emerald green grass, long and soft to lie on, with no small prickles. Daisies, poppies, forget-me-nots, and daffodils grew along the hillside surrounding a crystal clear fountain with a pool for the water to fall into. There were tulips and roses and a babbling brook, so clear that you could see the bottom,

was creating rainbows everywhere. For Xena, whose life so far had been full of grey walls, robot claws forming her, and the chatter of excited creations waiting to be let out, this landscape was magic to her eyes. She sprinted out of the gates and up the highest hill where she lay down on her back and rolled down the hill like a barrel in a green dress, and black glossy hair down to her bum, and ties with a turquoise ribbon. As she rolled, poppies became entangled in her hair, and in the turquoise bows on her sleeves and on the hem of her dress. When she stood up, she was covered in grass. Then she walked over to the fountain. Little rainbows danced on the surface of the glistening water. It suddenly occurred to her how hot she was. The water looked cool and refreshing. Without warning, she undressed herself until she was only standing in her undies and loose light green and white singlet. Then, she launched herself into the water. As soon as she went below the surface, her gasp of delight turned into a stream of rainbow bubbles which popped at the surface. Xena let herself sink to the bottom, and stayed there until she had come up to the surface. She burst up in a shower of diamond drops of water.

'Today sure was action-packed.' thought Xena. She was lying in the little bungalow she had been offered by the mayor. "Tomorrow I'll go and explore the town." she said to herself. So she slept and dreamed of the wonders she would see in the town.

The next day, Xena woke up, put on her dress and bow (white and purplish blue) pulled on her shoes and went outside. The sun was emerging from the hills, and the sky was pale pink and blue. Xena stared around her and then walked off in the direction of the town. As she headed down the dirt road, the occupants of the bungalows along the road woke up and began to come out of their houses. They all headed towards the town.

On the way, Xena met the sweetest little puppy. He was white, fuzzy, and had dark, twinkling black eyes and a brown tan patch over one eye. "Poor thing," she said. "You must be a stray. Would you like me to adopt you?" As if in answer, the little fuzz ball did a flip and jumped into her arms. "Ok, it looks like you have found yourself an owner." said Xena to the little bundle of furry energy. "I think I'll call you... Twinxi. Yeah, Twinxi's a perfect name."

When the crowd got to the town, they all went off in different directions. Xena had wandered off on her own to look for a pet shop where she could buy a new collar, leash and doggy bone for Twinxi.

Four years later, Xena was already in her own mini job: a pet washing business and by now she had \$40.50. One day the town danger sensor starting blaring. "Inhabitants of Jetix, here comes a invasion from another planet!" All of a sudden, the town was still. Then somebody, probably a woman, shrieked. Just out of the blue, the town broke out in pandemonium. Women screamed then ran to the nearest shelter, big strong men were saying their prayers.

Meanwhile, the invading ship was descending towards Taponat Shopping Square. People streamed out of shops, malls and cafes and the danger sensor was going into over-drive. Xena had been counting her savings

while she was listening to her favourite song on the radio when suddenly the music went off and was replaced by an announcement that the planet had been invaded by aliens from Nitabitpoof.

Meanwhile the mayor was sitting in his office trying to find a solution. Finally he cried, "I've got it! Because the aliens are so small, only kids could combat them, I'll out together an army of the toughest children on the planet and they'll do all the fighting." (The truth was that he was actually quite lazy!) Soon, he had rounded up his army. Xena had be interested and had joined in with the training club. The aliens had been locked up for a while to let the warrior kids have time to get trained up.

One week later, the aliens were released and WWIII began. Green blasts of white hot laser erupted from the aliens laser belly buttons and the warrior kids lifted up shield like tennis rackets and returned the jets as if serving in a game of tennis. The aliens would not give up. Again and again and again they aimed and every time missed. Soon they had been drained of power, empty of laser and too tired to continue. This was the perfect opportunity to cut their throats open. So each fighter selected an alien and, on the count of 3, stabbed them in the heart.

That evening, a great celebration took place in the village. Streamers draped over the telephone wires, the stereos from every house were all blaring out the same song, and coloured cellophane had been taped to the street lamps. They made fantastic disco lights! Everyone had a great feast and at the end, fireworks were set off, including ones that took the form of the survivors. It was a magical night, and everyone was happy.