



Calendar

Fri 13 th Nov	School Swimming
Mon 16 th –	4/5/6 Point Wolstoncroft
Thurs 19 th Nov	
Fri 20 th Nov	NO SCHOOL SWIMMING
Wed 2 nd Dec	P&C Meeting 2.00pm
Tues 8 th Dec	Music Recital 9.15am
Wed 9 th Dec	Presentation Night 6.30pm
Wed 16 th Dec	Party Day
	Last Day of Term

THERE WILL BE NO NEWSLETTER NEXT WEEK AS I WILL BE AT POINT WOLSTONCROFT CAMP.

Canteen Roster

This Week	Ruth	Jody
Next Week	Nicole C	
Week 8	Ruth	Esther

Canteen

Due to our Pie, Popper & Fruit Cup Friday there will be no other canteen on Friday 20th November.

ALL orders need to be in by Wednesday afternoon with payment.

Also can you make sure you are using the new price list that started at the beginning of the term. It is available on the website or the front office.

P&C Meeting - Reminder

Our next P&C Meeting will be held at 2.00 on Wednesday, 2nd December. Please put this date into your diaries as we really need as much support with this meeting as possible.

Staffing Arrangements for the rest of term

Miss Bath is currently on extended sick leave. As from next week, Miss Amy Wallington will be working one day a week with K/1 with Mrs Bird on this class the other 4 days. Miss Bath will be making some periodic visits as a volunteer, assisting K/1 with their reading assessments and other classroom activities.

PBL- Positive Behaviour Learning-reminder

On our school website I have added some information about our PBL program. The information comes under the "Curriculum and activities" section at the top of the school web page, and within that there is a special section for "Positive Behaviour Learning-PBL". The program is explained in this section with an outline of the lessons we are targeting this term. Each lesson taught to the children will also be attached to this section. We ask that you have a look at this PBL section and familiarise yourself with the values we are targeting at our school within this program.

This week's lesson is, "I care for my classroom environment." The main focus of this lesson was taking responsibility for our classroom, and taking responsibility at home as well, ensuring our own environment is cared for—and that we all share this responsibility. A copy of this week's lesson is on the website.

Bookclub

Last bookclub of the year. All orders and money need to be returned to school by November 23rd. If this is for a gift let Mrs Mahony know.

Invoices

Please make sure all outstanding monies due to the school are paid by November 16th. Accounts were sent home yesterday.

New Focus on Reading Training - Reminder

Ms Hamer and I will be away this Friday, 13th November attending this training in Newcastle.

Quality Teaching Rounds

Over the last two weeks, we teachers (Ms Hamer, Ms Tully, Mrs Bird and myself) have been involved with the implementation of this Quality Teaching Rounds strategy. This process involves each of us viewing a lesson in the classroom and assessing its quality against the Quality teaching Framework Elements. After viewing each other's lesson, we then get together and discuss the various components that are listed in the framework. They are: **Intellectual Quality**: Deep knowledge; Deep understanding, problematic knowledge, higher-order thinking, metalanguage and substantive communication. **Quality learning Environment**: Explicit quality criteria, Engagement, High Expectations, Social Support, Student's self-regulation, student direction. **Significance**: Background Knowledge, Cultural Knowledge, Knowledge Integration, Inclusivity, Connectedness, Narrative.

This whole process has been one of the best professional development activities that we have ever done, with the resulting professional discussions around these 18 elements being very enlightening for us all.

As the Principal of this school, it has reaffirmed my judgement of our teachers—they are all of a very high quality who are always well prepared and have the children's needs and interests at heart. We are so lucky to have such high quality teachers in charge of our children!

Iona Art Space at Bakin Beanz Café

Congratulations Tilly, Gabby, Connor, Ty, Tom and Jesse! Your artworks are now up at Bakin Beanz Café.

There will be no swimming next Friday, 20th November. It will resume the following Friday, 27th November.

Extra Staff Development Day

On Wednesday, 25th November, the teachers (Ms Hamer, Ms Tully, Mrs Bird and myself) will be attending a school initiated Staff Development Day at Maitland City Bowling Club. We will be focusing on our Naplan analysis; and the development of our Creative Arts Scope and Sequence and the Well Being Policy.

Leila's Story

I have included a copy of Leila's and Gabby's Descriptions which are full of beautiful, descriptive language which I'm sure you will enjoy!

A Small Town Cemetery

I gaze at the cemetery, the naked trees rattling in the current of air. The white moon glares down at me, then an angry black cloud blocks out the calm light. The dancing shadows haunt me, striking their stupid pudgy legs and arms everywhere. I take a deep breath and amble into the cemetery, my hands in my jeans' pockets. A shiver gallops from my shoulders to toes, although not because of cold, but fear. My rubber shoes crunch in the sand, the waves a couple of hundred metres away, crash and tumble then roll to the shore. The shrubs behind me rustle, the animals so alive and free. I can bear it no longer. I walk to her grave.

I place a tulip on top of the crumbled stone, then stroke the cross that rests above. The snail tracks lumber to my chin. My tears are invincible.

I limp away watching the sand, tiny grains being removed in the wind then being thrashed to my wet face. The evil wind howls at me, the night birds screaming and yelling. I look up and see her. The dainty, pixie face is eyeing me, slowly inching forward. Although she is only small and fragile, she has the heart of a ten year old and patience of eternity. She is simply the person I love most. We embrace, and I kiss the top of her head, burying my face into her mousy brown hair, which is flying in the midnight, moonlit, beach air.

Gabby's Story

Doctors Waiting Room

As I stepped out of the car feeling nauseated, sick, and just plain old yucky, the hustle and bustle of the cars and wind around me just make it worse. Wheels screeching on the hot tar road, the sound piercing my ears, I walked dizzily along the loud, busy street. Finally I saw the clear door with a wooden frame and black writing plastered on top. It looked so neat and precise compared to everything else, with all the graffiti on the buildings around it, it seemed to have a ray of sunlight hitting the one building when it could have been any other among the hundred.

Now, agitated by the noise around me, I finally stepped into the weirdly neat hospital. As soon as my big toes skin met the cold floor I heard complete and utter silence, awkward silence, which I was not used to. My ears went funny and I was cautious to take another step. 'Am I the only one here?' I thought quietly to myself, confused, 'Are they closed, should I be here?' Someone coughed, it sounded very clear, so clear it echoed amidst the silence. I peered around the corner curiously, "Oh, good! My kind, the human kind!" I sighed relieved, though a bit scared with the way the patients were so quiet, similar, and robotic. I felt quite tempted to poke them, and make them come alive-but luckily, I thought twice. I walked up to the reception desk and asked when the doctor would be free. As I did so the patients turned their sick heads towards me, questioningly, all in unison. I felt quite uncomfortable, and wished they would turn away as I knew they were either looking at me because I had broken the still silence or they wanted to know what's wrong with me, to see how bad it is compared to them. (I know this as I do it myself).

"He will be with you in a moment," said a bored, drowning, and very proper voice- that seemed to make me feel that way too. As I walked back to my boring chair, I thought angrily about the lady. 'A moment! A moment! I can't stand another moment in this room!'

As I sat, the smell of all the different air fresheners and detergents mixed together to create one foul stink, hit me. 'Just hurry up!' I thought to myself. The smell was getting worse-I wanted to vomit. "RING RING!" "AHH" everybody looked at me with their googly eyes. I looked to the floor-once again wishing with all of my reputation that they would look away. But I couldn't help myself! The sudden outbreak of

noise scared me. The phones sounded so precise-unlike at home were it sounded like the speaker's nose was blocked. "Hello, how can I help you?" said a new, artificial, but still proper, excited voice.

The room was so quiet I could hear what was happening on the other end of the line. I didn't mean to eavesdrop-but there was nothing else to do, and I knew everyone else was anyway. My mother always said it is rude to listen in to other people's business-so I tried to take my mind of it by looking at the corner of the room. There I saw a tall, sad pile of untouched toys just sitting there. So colourful, so innocent, yet nobody in their right mind would touch a pile of sick toys. The toys had many happy colours painted onto them, as though their creator had painted happiness over them. Yet as humans walk in and out of the waiting room each day, without focusing their sick minds towards them, their happiness has slowly peeled away.

"Yes, Yes. I believe that can be arranged," I suddenly snapped, like a piece of elastic, back to attention. The sad, miserable music that had flooded my mind, washed away.

"Umm," the reception ladies voice had turned utterly boring again. "Ms Coren- the doctor is ready for you." "Finally!" I said- everybody turned their heads towards me once again, all in unison. But I didn't care- I was FREE!!!

