



PARNELL DISTRICT SCHOOL

Newsletter 18

Kia Ora Whanau

A big thankyou to everyone who played a part in our 'spring has sprung' Principals Dinner. It was a fabulous night to come together as a whanau and enjoy time together. As a fund raiser for our PTA, it was a successful night to help provide funds for the projects that our PTA are working on now and in 2019 to support our students. If you are interested in supporting the school by joining the PTA, we'd love to see you at our next meeting! We are always looking for people to help us in our various events, and people who are willing to take charge and make our events happen. I'd like to thank Kate Berry for her work in organising our evening and the incredible auction. We are so fortunate to have such a generous community who provide and bid on auction items, with every cent raised going to our PTA.

Thankyou also to the Johnston family and the Hallertau team for supporting our other successful PTA fundraiser. Organised skilfully by Zac Moaveni and John Worth, this is another successful fundraiser to support our PTA.

Teacher Strike November 12th

You will be aware that the New Zealand teachers union has chosen to take strike action as part of their collective bargaining as they re-negotiate their contract. For schools in Auckland, this occurs on the 12th of November. While I know this is disruptive to our families, I know our families appreciate how hard our teachers work for our children. We all want to see a strong professional teaching workforce where our best teachers stay in the profession and are rewarded for their hard work. As per the letter from our Board of Trustees, the **school will be closed on the 12th of November**. Parnell Trust have agreed to provide care for our students on the day, and further details can be found in the letter sent via email.

We need tents!

With EOTC week coming up, our year 6 students will be braving the elements in tents at our camp in Raglan. If you have a tent that would hold 4-6 students that you're able to lend to the school, please email Wendyf@parnell.school.nz and let us know.

Athletics day this week!

Athletics day is scheduled to be on the 7th of November. If it needs to be postponed due to weather, parents will be notified via the school app by 8:15 at the latest.

Celebration of Learning: Prize giving

As you know, we join together on the 10th of December at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. Prize giving begins at 11am, and will be finished by 1pm. This is an important day for our community to acknowledge our students hard work over the year. If you'd like to join us for a picnic on the field after Prize giving, we'd love to have our community join us. School finishes for children at 3pm as usual that day.

2019 placements now closed

Thank you to all the parents who contributed to our placement information. The placement email is now closed, as we are well underway in placing children for 2019. We take this process very seriously, and although it is time-consuming, we work to ensure every child is in the learning environment where they will be successful.

Kind Regards

Richard George

Important dates coming up!

7th November: School athletics at [Glover Park](#) (St Heliers)

8th November: PTA Mufti and sausage sizzle

9th November: Assembly Room 24

12th November: NZEI Strike – School closed due to industrial action by teachers

14th November: Athletics save date (in case of postponement)

16th November: Assembly Room 29

10th December: Celebration of learning and Prizegiving: Holy Trinity Cathedral 11am – 1pm, followed by family picnic and sausage sizzle at school

ROOM 7

During the 1st week of Term 4 we celebrated 100 Days of School for Room 7, which opened at the beginning of Term 2. This was a big deal in our class as we've been counting the days ever since day 1! We celebrated by blowing up 100 balloons for a dance party, baking 100 cookies, playing math games that count to 100 and making necklaces with 100 beads on them, counted in groups of 10. It was a fantastic day



We have been busy practicing the skills for our upcoming Athletics Day next week and we hope many parents can make it along to support the students for this fun event. To begin our terms inquiry into 'Lifeforms Evolve' we have started by planting some bean seeds to observe how plants grow and change. We look forward to charting their growth.



-Room 27-

Presents

Inquiry Narratives

As the last term of 2018 begins, Room 27 would like to share some of what we have been creating; amazing literacy projects written in an interesting way. We have been combining both inquiry and narrative to produce informational writing in a first person view during our previous inquiry, 'disasters'. Here we have some of the most legendary pieces of writing, created by enabled learners and future authors. These were written in 1st person and inspired by our neighbours, Room 29's, rousing writing. Room 29 wrote such outrageously vivid writing, each one set in the disaster of their choice, that Room 27 felt inspired to create their own writing in a similar fashion; a tribute to Room 29's success.

By Samuel Halim & Maxwell Clarke

The Holocaust

As the moonlight shone the wind danced around me. The coldness of 1933 froze my arms as the dark night falls. I owned a stall on a road of discrimination. Here at Germany being Jewish was torture.

The gleam of the sun raised before me, a new day starts, the yesterday was gone. Opening my stall, I see my savings. Profit never came as November begins. "If nothing changes may I never live a happy life." I thought desperately, seeing people walk pass, there was no hope. Selling all to live and suffer insults from Germans on sight. Homeless and poor.

As my eyes open I hear an unfamiliar voice. Gasping I sight boots polished by dust and pants painted in purple. Tilting my vision upwards a sign with two 'S's stood before me with colors of red and white. I was terrorized, lashed into a huge truck. Before I knew it, I entered the gates that led to the end

Inside the slave camp I was demanded to wear a blue and white striped shirt with a yellow star of David. Dust rains upon me and wind dances as my fear grows larger. In here we were treated like a stray fish in its ocean. Thousands of us were hooked to the net and died.

Within this oily water there was no hope to be happy. I was thrown to a new tank, a ship. There millions of happy faces faded away. Living in a library filled with sad books. As time goes by the word The End was a popular word in this bookshelf. My page was about to run out. But a rubber saved... my life.

By Samuel Halim

Erika's Story

They came at midnight, breaking the silence with their fists, pounding at our door until mother let them in. I tiptoed out of the room eavesdropping on the conversation.

“By order of the Royal Hungarian Government you are to assemble at the synagogue at eight o’clock in the morning. You are allowed one bag each and enough food for three days we have orders to close the ghetto...”

The officers voice faded away and I wondered what they wanted to do with us. We had been in the ghetto for six weeks, it had been their idea to build the walls around us trapping us in. “Erika what is happening?” A small voice whispered in the darkness. I jumped. My little sister Hanna was still in our room her little frightened face peeping out of the blanket. “Nothing Hanna everything is alright.” But in my heart, I knew it wasn’t.

Outside the synagogue a large crowd had gathered. My mother reached for my hand and I reached for Hanna’s. “All Jews march out and climb into the trucks.” The speaker announced. As we marched out of the giant gates I felt relief but that was quickly replaced by fear. I helped mother up and lifted little Hanna, mother stretched out a hand and helped me up. More and more people were crammed into the truck until there was barely even room to breathe but the guards kept piling people in. At midday the truck finally started up. I was dying of thirst as I had given all my water to Hanna. Mother barely spoke and I faded into sleep.

When I woke the truck had stopped and people were being pulled off. I had lost sight of mother but Hanna was still clinging onto my hand. We jumped off together and followed the others. As we neared the front of the line I saw an officer who was sending small children and old grandparents to the right and young strong men and woman to the left. I took Hanna’s face in my hands and whispered. “Hanna, listen, always be brave, do whatever they tell you and remember I love you.” I could not stop the tears as she was wrenched from my grasp and disappeared into the crowd.

We were marched into a shed where a fat lady with a whip ordered us to undress. A thin sickly girl walked in and handed out worn underwear, wooden clogs and sack-like dresses with the yellow star of David. The clogs were too tight, but I didn’t dare complain. We were led to another room where girls stood with hair clippers. The tears started to fall as my plaits fell to the ground, it felt as if a part of me had disappeared. In another room I was forced into a chair and wrist and arm tied to the armrest. A hard needle pierced my skin again and again until beneath the blood I could see the number ‘A15061’ in blue ink. Nothing belonged to me anymore, not my name or my hair. I was a number.

Without any dinner we were led to our barracks. I glanced around the beds were nothing more than wooden shelves with a thin grey blanket. An obese lady stood in the corner of the room, fingering a gun and ordered us into bed. I tried to go to sleep with an empty stomach and heart but it was hard, I was worried about Hanna and mother; where were they? But most important I wondered if I would survive.

By Nia Turner

BOMBING HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI!

I was at a military base when I saw a nuclear bomb...It was going to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I saw two bombs which were called Little Boy and fat man. When I was done staying there I left and I tried to leave silently as I could so I left.

Days went by I haven't heard anything about the bombs in a long time I checked the radio, but I didn't find anything, so I waited, and waited.

Then one day I checked the radio I was shocked that they were used to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and that Japan surrendered in the war. A few weeks later I heard that there is still radiation everywhere in Nagasaki and Hiroshima. I was wondering to myself that, "If one day Hiroshima and Nagasaki will be peaceful again?"

By Moh Nedzar

Hiroshima

I was in my home laying on my bed relaxing, I turned on my radio and listened closely to the news "Three days ago the US bombed Hiroshima with Little boy which was the first atomic bomb ever deployed." I turned off my radio and checked the date it was August the 12th. I closed my eyes and thought about three days ago.

I looked outside my window, it was still very early, I took my coat and went outside for a short walk. It was about forty minutes until I heard a loud BANG! I can hear people shouting and screaming for help. I tried to run to my car, but it was too late.

I was in the radiation zone and I could feel my skin burning. I crawled to my car and tried to drive out of the radiation zone. I saw someone crawling and screaming for help I decided not to take to the risk; I kept on driving. I was doing fine until my car caught on fire. I had to walk out of the radiation zone and I thought it was the end until my skin stopped burning. I was out of the radiation zone! I laid down closing my eyes.

The next day I woke up in a hospital and the nurse told me I can walk outside for a bit. I stepped outside and saw millions of buildings ruined by the nuclear blast but I was happy I survived.

By Kenny He

9/11

I'm sitting in my office, trying to make some business outside of my country, Russia. I'm in a meeting with some co-workers, all trying to suggest ideas about how to improve our sales. But then suddenly somebody spots a huge plane heading towards our building, everybody is sent into panic everybody was confused. I tried to follow the crowds as I never studied the layout of the building. I got to the stairs and made my way down a few levels.

BOOM! Midway down the stairs I was knocked over by the plane crashing into the building, the sound was terrifying. Lying on the cold stone ground, I regained enough energy to get back up and keep moving. Big crowds of people were still fleeing the top of the building. On the outside I was able to hear news helicopters and wailing vehicle sirens. On my way down the stairs I've already found lots of injured people and even a few being carried down some levels.

The sounds of ambulance and police sirens is getting louder the more levels I went down, although it felt like I'd get out this horrid building within days. I was starting to get very tired and decided to take a small break and sit down for a while, once I was feeling moderately energised I continued down the long and grey stairway, with the assurance that I'd get out alive. Although the plane struck the building only less than 6-7 minutes ago many frightened office workers were will crowding the stairways. I spot one injured person in the crowd and to get him to move I tell him in my broken English "Comrade! Keep moving, not far to go!"

The person slowly stands up and limps down the stairs.

Even further down many firefighters were going upwards towards the crash site. I felt like I was making progress and was getting closer to the ground floor. I might be very fatigued now, but I was determined to get out of the building. Just as I felt like resting again, I noticed that I'd made it to the bottom floor. I darted for the door and when I got out the cold air engulfed my body and a tsunami of relief washed over my body, maybe next time I'll stay in Russia, safe.

By Justin Khuankham

World War 2: A Diary of the Invasion of Poland

Day 1

I am standing on the balcony and I see the German army out in the distance. They are preparing for war with us. This looks disastrous.

Day 2

I see the troops training as war becomes closer and closer by the day. 'Poland has no chance', I say to myself quietly muttering. They are this little child running around screaming.

Day 3

I'm walking around thinking of all the processes the soldiers have been through. Bang! I run straight to the balcony as I see the Germans crossing the horizon; I sprint down as fast as I can and warn our Polish soldiers.

Day 4

The war has started, dead soldiers falling, bullets everywhere, blood flying window to window.

Day 365

The Germans are policing our land looking for any soldiers and survivors to imprison. This is heart breaking as we are not allowed to do anything and are tired of getting watched every day.

Day 512

I'm hearing rumors of the Russians coming into invade Poland, helping us fight against Germany. I hope the Russians coming in to end the control of the Germans.

By Jimmy Berry

PTA News

Mufti Day & Sausage Sizzle

The first Mufti Day & Sausage Sizzle of Term 4 will be held next **Thursday, 13 Sept.** This means your child is allowed to come to school on this day in clothing other than their school uniform. We have two mufti days each school term and this is a PTA fundraising activity. The children pay a gold coin donation for this privilege. Children can buy barbecued sausages (including vegetarian and halal), drinks and muffins. All items are for sale on mufti days for \$2 each.

Rose Festival Parking at Parnell School - Sunday November 18th

One of our T4 fundraising activities is selling car parking spaces at our school during the popular Rose Festival on Sunday, Nov 18th, 10am-4pm. Could you please email Lucy at the PTA if you can help out for a two-hour shift (let me know whether you would prefer morning or afternoon)? Maybe you have a teenager who might like to come back to their old school to help out for a couple of hours? Parnellschoolpta@gmail.com

Sausage Sizzle Co-ordinator - T4

We are also looking for someone to help run one of the last T4 sausage sizzles of 2018. The date is Thursday Nov 8th. We have some fabulous regular sausage sizzle helpers but need one person to co-ordinate the event on the day - set up the bbq and warming ovens, organise the cooking of the sausages, and then distribution of the food to the classes. You usually need to be there from 10.00-1.30pm on the day. Please email Lucy asap if you can help out this term! Parnellschoolpta@gmail.com

Our New Marquee!

One of our PTA projects for 2018 was to provide the school with two branded marquees to help our community find us when competing at interschool events, and to provide shade at school events! They will have their first outing at Athletic sports!

