

Penshurst Public School Newsletter

Quality Education in a Caring Environment



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Issue 9 – Term 2 – Week 7

Wednesday 5th June, 2017

Principal's Message

Parent Teacher interview Times

In the last week of this term, teachers will be hosting parent-teacher interviews. This will be an opportunity to discuss your child's progress and to celebrate their achievements. For available booking times, for each class, please refer to the insert in this newsletter.

A parent-teacher interview booking form will be sent home with your child in the very near future, if you haven't received one already.

HI Family Night

Another fantastic HI Family Night was held on Friday 26th May 2017. It was a cold night but the event was warm and friendly. Thank you to Mrs Gray, Mrs Schmidt and Miss De Giorgio for your organisation and commitment to our HI families and students.



Coming Events for Term 2, 2017

Week 7

Thurs 8th June Footsteps in Hall K-6
Frid 9th June PSSA Season 2 Round 2
Swimming 10.00 – 11.30

Week 8

Mon 12th June Public Holiday
Tue 13th June Yr 5 Debating to Oatley West PS
Coding Club
Footsteps in Hall K-6
Wed 14th June Sydney East Cross Country
Thurs 15th June Footsteps in Hall K-6
Frid 16th June PSSA Season 2 Round 3
Swimming 10.00-11.30

Week 9

Tue 20th June Footsteps in Hall K-6
Coding Club
Wed 21st June Newsletter to go home
Bandfest – Kogarah

National Sorry Day

Thank you to everyone who purchased a Stolen Generation

Memorative Flower. I would also like to thank Mrs White for organising this and to Anneliese for talking about this dark period in our history, at both the K-2 and 3-6 assemblies.

Anneliese also had the honour of delivering the Acknowledgement of Country in Bunganditj language at the Georges River Council Reconciliation event on Monday, with the GRC Aboriginal dance students and Walangari.



Value of the month: Honesty and Trustworthiness – Act fairly and safely at all times

Debating

Congratulations to our debating teams for their efforts in the past two weeks. With only one hour to prepare, our teams battle with opposing teams to provide convincing arguments and rebuttals. Recently, our teams have debated topics such as 'Homework should be banned', 'That children should be paid to go to school' and 'That we should never use computers or tablets in primary school classes'.



Bunnings Visit

Penshurst Public School would like to thank Bunnings, Kingsgrove and Rockdale, for their kind donations to the school's teaching and learning garden. Our students loved working on our garden with you and for your advice and expertise.



Jeff Lie
Principal

Notes you should have received

Sent Out	Subject	Students Involved	Response Due By
24 th May	Bandfest	Bandfest	-
26 th May	ICAS English	Yr 3-6	9 th June
2 nd June	ICAS Maths	Yr 3-6	16 th June
6 th June	Child Protection Program	Yr 1 & 2	9 th June

Stage 2 Royal Botanic Gardens

Stage 2 had a fun excursion to the art gallery and Royal Botanical Gardens. We learned many facts about bees and different types of pollinators and explored many famous artworks



District Cross Country

On Thursday, 25th May, 2017 students from our school attended Gannons Park in beautiful, sky blue conditions to compete in the Georges River District Cross Country Carnival.

It was pleasing to see all students giving their best effort in either the junior distance of 2000m or the senior distance of 3000m. In particular, Audrey from 5W displayed tremendous



determination coming 3rd in the 10yr Girls event and also Ty from 4E powering on to come 9th in the 8/9yr Boys event.

Great sportsmanship and our Penshurst school spirit was clearly evident on the day, with students cheering on each other as they raced. Congratulations to all students involved.

Mrs T Ellmoos
Cross Country Coordinator

INFANTS ASSEMBLY AWARDS**VALUE OF THE MONTH – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6**

KM	Jerrison D, Snithik K
KO	Chris W, Nicole J
KR	Tianna Z, Rita L
KW	Celina Y, Estefania S
1H	Ava A, Summer G
1M	Hendrix O, Samman B
1-2L	Niket V, Lara H
1-2D	Ava H, Alexa M
2G	Joanna A, Arya J
2CK	Zahraa B, Klimentina K
2M	Tiffany Z, Liana Y (Reading)

SUPERSTAR AWARD – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6

KM	Maddison C, Bonnie J
KO	Ryan O, Ethan B
KR	Yehya A, Melody C
KW	Sarah Y, Bowen Z
1H	Isaiah L, Amy K
1M	Ashley L, Emma P
1-2L	Sofiya K, Isabella W
2G	Anvi G, Abbas G
2CK	Hannah L, Kate F
2M	Chanelle L (Reading), Elaine F

BRONZE AWARD – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6

KM	Peshal S, Subrat B, Travis P, Summer Z, Jarrod T, Shreya P, Maddison C, Patrick B
KW	Claire W, Sambhavi S
1M	Gurman G
2CK	Abdullha H
2M	Anniyah R, Elaine L

SILVER AWARD - T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6

2M	Nicolette B
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CLASS OF THE WEEK

Week 5	KR
Week 6	2CK

PRIMARY ASSEMBLY AWARDS**VALUE OF THE MONTH – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6**

3M	Aarjoo B
3T	Katherine W, Monika H
3-4S	Althea R, Callum C
4E	Ryan C, Uzairudin M
4J	Rushil P, Yul K
5D	Michael S, Mia W
5W	Kashvi K, Nigar A
6G	Qinwei Z, Avani P
6F	Kasan D, Dimpee G

SUPERSTAR AWARD – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6

3M	Aden S
3T	Maryam H, Isabella X
3-4S	Brandon T, Zita Y
4E	Ty M, Ellen F
4J	Arush B, Roman H
3-6I	Muhammad M
5D	Sahaj M, Jayden G
5W	Nira G, Natasha G
6G	Aavash P, Iris X
6F	Danzel A, Pauline M

BOOKWORK AWARD – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6

3M	David C (Maths)
3T	Amjad K, Ethan K
4E	Ellen F, Yizhuo Z
4J	Kevin Y, Linda C
3-6I	Yonghao Z
5D	Angela L, Samantha Q
5W	Hussani A, Audrey H
6G	Emmanuel T, Sasha Z
6F	Gabriela E, Aayam S

BRONZE AWARD – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6

3M	David C
3T	Amjad K, Catherine W
4E	Karen P
4J	Angela Z, Dina K, Natasha E, Frank NS, Jerry D
5D	Sahaj M
5W	Annabelle L, Kashvi K
6G	Avani P
6F	Pauline M

GOLD AWARD – T2 Wk 5 & Wk 6

4J	Yul K
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CLASS OF THE WEEK

Week 5	3M
Week 6	3T

This Semester 6G has been planning, writing drafts and publishing imaginative texts. Here are some extracts for you to enjoy.

An Unexpected Ride By Iris

"Today!" Harold told me, slamming a file onto my desk.
I looked up in protest. But all I saw was his back leaving through the doorway.
I sighed, picking up the file. I felt its smooth, fresh-smelling cover before I opened up the hidden secrets inside.

Crumpled-up-and-then-opened-again papers were recklessly stacked on top one another. My eyes skimmed through the information. I then came across a photo of the target. It wasn't really a clear shot. The back of a figure dressed in a cloak and helmet stood in the middle of what seemed like a prison cell. I squinted.
'Unknown Name?'

My fists clenched as I stood in front of Harold's newly painted office door. A name appeared in big, bold letters: Dr H. Grunt. Of course he got his own labelled door while the rest of us were stuck in a cramping space with only enough room to stretch our arms. I knocked continuously on his door until calluses began to form on my knuckles.
"Mr Grunt!" I called.
A long silence stood between us.

Tom Trueheart And The Land Of Dark Stories by Zoe

Tom Trueheart suddenly woke up in bed, flooded with fear. He dashed across the silent castle, only his footsteps faintly echoed through the air. He tiptoed silently, as quiet as a mouse into Nick, one of his brother's rooms. Tom stealthily creeped around Nick's large, grey bed. As he looked, he slowly put his palm on the covers, and with a great heave, pulled away the sheets. "Oh!" Tom gasped. "Where's Nick?"

And with that, he dashed towards Daniel, Bryan, David, Ben and Richard's rooms, they were all gone! Tom silently cried in despair, whimpering like a lost puppy. He was all by himself, all alone in the colossal building, without all his companions and maids, for they had all left because of an incident of which Tom had no idea of.

Stars Fly By Grace

The room seemed to close in around me as they mentioned the robot. My robot. Horrible explosion. Blast could be seen miles away. Orphan girl. Saved. Personality chip dead. My head pounded as the memories crowded inside me and the white room faded away as visions clouded my eyes.

The sky watered as the robot died down again. I scrambled to my feet in frustration and crumpled up the equations that I had spent a life doing. This was my ticket out of poverty, it couldn't be wrong. I stared at the glistening lever, teasing and prompting me, telling me that it would never work. My hands tightened on the desk and I drew a breath before rushing to switch all the cranks to maximum. This time, it would work. I pushed forward hard. Steam erupted from the pipes as the water churned below. The robot's eyes shone bright yellow as the light bulbs heated up, flashing brilliantly in the dark room. Suddenly the pain registered inside my hand and I stared down where my hands were, still pushing the lever forward. Quickly, I withdrew my hand, eyes searching furiously for something to stop the water from heating up. There was nothing. My eyes fell on the lever, still stuck forward, and I yanked hard on it, twisting my body to get a stronger grip on it. The lever didn't move as the water continued to churn so that I could feel the vibrations from underneath me. A sudden jolt of momentum pushed me back onto the floor as something began to shift on top of me.

I couldn't breathe as the room filled with a loud, continuous beeping and people dressed in white came rushing into the room. Steel masks covered their entire faces and as they peered down at me, their faces came into focus. Papa. Mama. My eyes began to close.

Trueheart By Kelvin

Tom woke up startled, still recovering from the unthinkable gruesome nightmare. He ran to his brother's room. They were nowhere to be seen. They wouldn't normally go out together at six o'clock, so what on Earth happened to his siblings? Then Tom had a sudden flashback of four blurry people being dragged away by shadows. Then they were in a cell being tortured by a blurred figure holding a battered shield, which resembled Lazareth's emblem of Revenge.

Tom ran to his room, fetched his clothes and ran outside to search for his lost siblings.

He raised his bow, ready to fire at anything harmful that would appear.
"Lucifer... John... Jane... Savanna..." he howled loudly and the cries echoed through the distance. Tom searched everywhere, in the burrows, in caves, you name it he looked everywhere. Tom was searching in the caverns, when suddenly a bat flew over him and dropped a battered shield with a heart engraved on it, onto his head.
"OW! What was that for?" He asked rubbing his head. He picked up the shield and stared at it. "Hmmm...Trueheart. Tom Trueheart, sounds like a good name," he thought out loud. Suddenly, a clan of filthy skeletons trudged towards Tom.