

Pānui #7

Rāpare whetu Haratua

Thursday 7 May

Cat's Catch-Up

We had a great walk to the Otorohanga 'Field of Remembrance' and Cenotaph. It was a good opportunity to find out about servicemen who died in World War I and World War II. Thank you Aja, Opal and Gloria for walking with us.

We are having a class reshuffle to ensure all children get the best possible education while at Otorohanga Primary School. This change will take place from Monday 11th May and will be our class make up is:

Room 1 Years 6 – 8

Room 4 Years 4 – 5

Room 6 Years 1 – 3

Thank you for your support in this.

Dates to Note

Wheels Day.	Every Thursday this term
COPS Winter Sports Day.	Wed 27 May
COPS Postponment Day.	Wed 3 June
Queen's Birthday	Mon 1 June
School Closed.	
OPS's Got Talent.	Fri 3 July

Ngā Kupu o te Wiki

This week's words are **Ika** which means fish and **Moana** which means the sea.

COPS – We have the opportunity to raise money by doing the Sausage Sizzle at the Rippa Rugby (Years 7 – 8). We need to decide quickly if we can do this or we let Kio Kio School do it again. Please contact the school **a.s.a.p** if you can commit to helping.

We have two **Free** children's tickets to the **Chiefs vs Bulls** game on Friday 22 May in **Rotorua** to give away. We would like them to go to someone who can definitely make the trip to the game. If you would like these tickets please contact the school, this is on a **first in first serve** basis.

Last week we sent home a *Health & Safety* form if we could have these returned immediately. If you have misplaced yours please contact the office.

Kind regards,
Catriona Chrystall

Name	Caught Being Good For
Sid	Showing respect in class and being the learning kind by getting stuck in to his work
Kalyx	Always being 'ready to learn' and working hard in all subjects.
Jackson	Persevering in his reading even if it seems hard.



Ruma Tahi

Life in the trenches is hard because I get worried at night. The reason why I get worried at night is that I think someone will throw a grenade in our trench... **(the beginning) - Merekara**



Day 3

We gained ground overnight. Last night the sound of machine gun fire fills the air. Bullets whizz past my face left, right and centre. I miss my home. I don't like it here. I miss being cooped up by the fire with a glass of warm cocoa. All I have here is wet socks and loud noises. I can't wait 'till this war is over, maybe I'll make it home. Just maybe. Most of our squad is dead, only three are still walking. I see a hand grenade. One of my men jumps on it to save us. He was a true hero. We only have a few more shots left in our guns. My last man is shot through the neck. I put my hand over his wound to stop the blood spillage. It's too late, he stops breathing. I know what I have to do. I have to charge. I've got this. - **Tana**

So it's been hard to sleep. All I can hear are screams and lead whooshing past out trench. The food has not been the best. It's all runny, but it is yummy. There has been thousands of people die. ... (a part of the story) - **Brae**

I have lived and re-lived the terrifying nights and days sitting in the trench trying to hold back the tears from falling from my eyes like raindrops. Every night crying for my mother. I was a long way from home and I knew I wouldn't return. Going to war was a living hell for me. It wasn't what I was expecting. Men who I fought with thought they were lucky to still be alive, but inside I just wanted to die. Every night sitting in the trench I would turn my back to the others so they couldn't see the tears rolling down my face... (a part of the story) – **Isria**

Monday 4th May 1918.

I awoke from the sound of gunshots in my uncomfortable, so called bed, put on my boots and took stand at my post.

My friend got shot in the head yesterday, so I try not to think about that. A bullet narrowly missed my head before and it snapped me out of my daydream. I was like this the entire day until my shift was over.

When my shift was over, I knelled down and took off my boots. My feet are a bit swollen, I think I am getting trench foot. I take a deep breath thinking it would be fresh, but it just smelled like, sweat, pee, and poo.

Tuesday 5th May 1918.

I wake up from a gunshot.

I look up.

I am stunned.

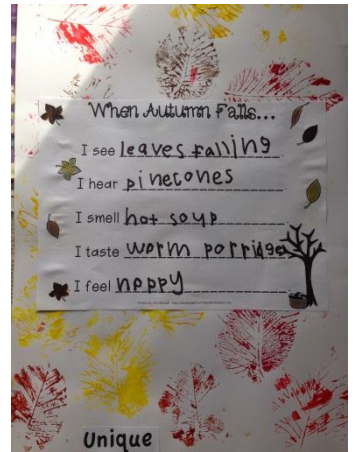
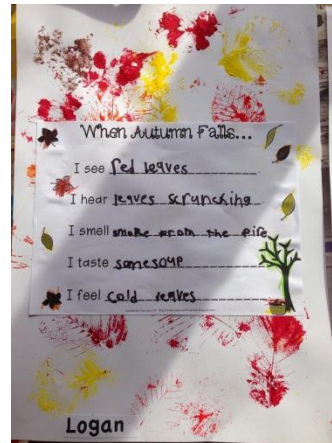
I am the only one here.

God help me. - **Kahn**

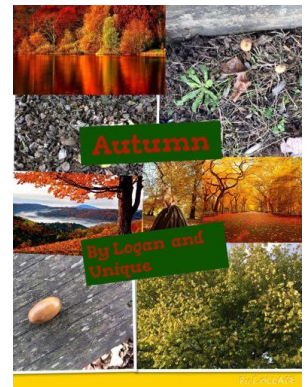
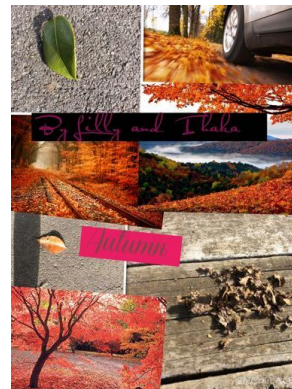


Ruma Ono

This week Ruma Ono has been looking at autumn. We went on an autumn hunt around the school and found lots of things that tell us it is autumn. We created some great poems and art to go with them.



We also used our class iPads to create some collages that show what autumn looks like.



ANZAC biscuits

Minutes to Prepare: 15

Minutes to Cook: 15

Number of Servings: 20

Ingredients

- 1/2 cup Plain Flour
- 1/3 cup Sugar
- 2/3 cup Coconut (desiccated)
- 3/4 cup Rolled Oats
- 50g Butter
- 1 Tbsp Golden Syrup
- 1/2 tsp Baking Soda
- 2 Tbsp Boiling Water

Directions

1. Mix together flour, sugar, coconut, and rolled oats.
2. Melt butter and golden syrup.
3. Dissolve baking soda in the boiling water and add to butter and golden syrup.
4. Stir butter mixture into the dry ingredients.
5. Place level tablespoonful of mixture onto cold greased trays.
6. Bake at 180°C for about 15min or until golden.



Photos from our ANZAC Inquiry

