

PB4L Term 2



Welcome back to Term 2.

Congratulations to all our pupils who were awarded TEAM certificates at assembly last term and to those who earned 30+ TEAM Tickets!

Well done guys!

See your teachers if you have missed your reward option.



Our **PB4L** school focus for Term 2 is to: **“Be An Upstander”**

- Be the person who stands up for what is right.
- Say something to stop others doing what we know is wrong and help people do the right thing.

TEAM Tuakana Teina Sports

- Term 2 sees the return of our Whanau Team sports rotation sessions. Our 8, mixed year level teams, work together and have fun learning new sports and games in a rotation style activities. We have 2 sessions planned this term. Have fun TEAM!

Jessica Bullen: Writing Sample 1 2018 Term 1



THE GUN FIRED:

My blood-shocked eyes:

All the blood leaks creating a puddle of death, dirt flicks in your face as you Flee for safety; smoke lingers creating a toxic gas for my eyes, I feel like i'm blind, trying to see. Sweat balling from my and my fallows faces, bombs creating divots for me to twist my ankle in, annoying much? Enemies hunting you down, starting fires for you to burn in, Soldiers falling in aching pain yelling for help as you leave them to save yourself, it's just one soldier right? You see soldiers hiding in prickly bushes thinking there safe from them, but are they really? You want to say something but are still rushing off and in that moment you hear the bang behind you and a guilty feeling overtakes your body. It's all my fault.

My body is about to die:

A cold hard whiff goes up your nose freezing your blood with disgust, it smells like a million people are smoking, yuck, petrol from the armoured tanks leaking everywhere makes you feel dizzy getting drunk of the smell. I'm feeling frightened as I hear the gunshots it's going to be me next i keep on repeating to myself, turning my head every second making sure it's safe, but i know it's not. I can't stop shaking, tense clammy air fills me up, feeling the fear in it, shooting up my nose i can feel others blood in mine as I walk past them, I'm all alone what do I do next?

All the sounds:

The deafening bang of a gun every second echoes in your brain on repeat, soldiers grunting as they fight for there life, reloading guns you can hear from a mile away. Armoured vehicles running low on petrol driving everywhere killing everyone in sight, walking past the soldiers rustling in the bushes thinking they're hidden. All the sounds you wish weren't just an inch away from you. All the sounds that will haunt you for eternity. All the sounds...