

Literacy & Numeracy Week at Jamberoo P.S

To celebrate Literacy and Numeracy Week we would like to share some of our students fantastic work. Take a look at these clever writers.

Bridget McCormack –4/5 Tangalla
From Where Does The Iron Man Hail?

I know from where the Iron Man hails. He comes from a covered pit, deep beneath the ocean, where the equator and the prime meridian meet, just off the coast of Africa. That pit, that pit deep beneath the ocean, is so big that there could be fifteen iron men in it. But there isn't.

There isn't because the maker, Dr Cooper, with the golden ear, drowned. He drowned when an eyeball made of toothpaste flew from the Oort cloud to our planet earth. It fell through the ocean to the pit and made a hole. The hole became wider and wider and filled up with water. Because he was so deep beneath the ocean, Dr Cooper could not get to the air before drowning. The Iron Man, of course, did not have any lungs, so he could swim to the surface.

As you probably know, iron rusts when it gets wet. This happened to the Iron Man. It became a terrible swim for the Iron Man. He kept sinking and rising, sinking and rising. It was so horrendous for the Iron Man that he lost his memory as he was floating to the shore. He staggered upwards.

Luckily the Iron Man found some oil and lay down until he was rust-free and agile. He saw the cliff and bounded towards it.

Aidan Hedges – 4/5 Tangalla
(Excerpt from) My Home

I leap on to the comfy surface. "Ugh," I scream as I fall off my bed, down to the pitiful ground. I must have leaped too far. I turn and freeze in fright as I spot eight unblinking eyes under my bed. The eyes move closer and I can see eight legs as thick as my arms move closer.

The Spider Gigantis (or Giant Spider) steps over me, it's leathery legs tickling me. My face is literally transparent I'm so scared. "Calm down, sssss, you tasty morsel," the Giant Spider grunts menacingly. "W-w-what do you want?" I manage to say, petrified. "I wants a sssssssssandwich," demanded the spider. "Anything else?" I ask, picking up the final piece of bread.



Rueben and Eliza enjoy writing together.



Amarli loves writing too.

Tom Behl-Shanks – 4/5 Tangalla
(Excerpt from) The Floods Short Story

There was once a tribe of pygmy goblins, who lived in the trunk of a tree. From this tree trunk there was an underground passage and the pygmy goblins knew everywhere to go in the tunnel using a special map.

All was good, until a piece of the map was stolen by a tribe known as Homo Calculus * (* Homo Calculus are the ancient ancestors of accountants. It is thought they bored half of the dinosaurs to death). The goblins went mad! They travelled to Belgium where they stole a whole lot of axes, swords, shields, and a tonne of Hungry Jack's burgers.

The pygmy goblins then charged into war. As the Goblins threw their spears, the Homo Calculus counted them. "One of the Homo Calculus heads screamed, "Twenty seven spears, thirty six swords and 12 whole Hungry Jack's burgers and not one has hit its target!" The goblin's bad accuracy had let them down.

Wyalla have been working on strategies for multiplication and division. Here is a work sample for one strategy they have tried.



Tireni Mawbey 2/3 Wyalla



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Jake is typing his story on the computer.

**I love my bedroom
because I have my toys
in it.**

Matthew McGuire

K-Birrahlee

**I love the forest because I can
play lots of games and I can
use my imagination. I can
protect the forest by keeping it
clean.**

Charli Woolley K-Birrahlee

**My favourite place is the
horses shed. I like it
because I can play with my
horses.**

Lillian Kofod K-Birrahlee

Bright Orange

Orange is the sunset that
shines in the sky,

Orange is the paint that
glows in the wet,

Orange is the a t-shirt
that you wear to a party,

Orange is a giraffe with a
long neck,

Orange is an autumn leaf
that shines in the sun.

Holly McGee

1/2 Terragong



Jacob Roulstone working well in Kinder Reading Groups.

Find My Family By Cassie Hawes 5/6 Drualla

It was one peaceful night in the Wurra Wurra tribe, a full moon, a crackling fire and a delicious tucker. "We had a good hunt today," stated Babale (chief) "These roos will be enough to feed the whole tribe! exclaimed Mandingo (my father) "Gather up all the children, women and men! We shall have a feast! Shouted Babale. "Wow a real feast, and everyone is invited!" I breathed. The thought of food overcame me and I raced out to the fire not bearing to wait. But all this happiness eventually came to an end.

Suddenly, the trees started rustling, strong winds surrounded our camp. We looked up, the moon had disappeared behind a big black cloud of what looked like birds with propellers on their heads, they were getting closer and closer to us. We all thought we were going to die. They landed on the dusty ground. Hundreds of men got out of these bird-like machines, all in black. They walked around our camp, Babale secretly beckoned my father over and whispered something in his ear, I have no idea what he said but all the men pulled out their spears and started charging towards the men in black. At first they did nothing but then pulled out silver shapes from their jackets and yelled "FIRE!" Hundreds of men clicked a button, which made a loud banging sound each time they clicked it. Our men were confused and had no idea what to do but the bullets hit them all and killed them. With no defence our tribe could do nothing. More men emerged out of the blue and came over to every mother of our tribe.

They started snatching the babies and children off their mothers and putting them in the machines. The babies and children were yelping and crying and their mothers were weeping and trying to get past the men in black but they forced them back. I saw all this from hiding behind a Gum Tree. I was the only child who survived. But wait! Oh no they are taking the mothers and putting them in the machines too! I can't move otherwise they will take me too! What should I do?

The have taken everyone. There is no one here to help me. I have never been outside this camp. I am not trained to hunt, maybe I will die from hunger or loneliness?

Green

Green is the grass

Green is the plant

Green is a leaf

That flies through the air.

Green is a wall

Green is a shape

Green is a caterpillar

That scuttles through the
leaves

Sarah Collins 1/ 2
Terragong