



News on the Ninth

Gusford Newsletter – Issue 82 – June/July 2017

PRIMARY PANATHLON 2017



On March 28th a group of Gusford pupils attended the 'Primary Panathlon' - a multi-sports event where local schools compete against each other.

Our team performed brilliantly and, most importantly, worked well together. In fact, a teacher from another school came across to me to comment on how brilliant the pupils were in the way in which they encouraged and supported each other! Overall we came 4th which was a fantastic result. Well done to all!

Ms Headlam

CROSS COUNTRY 2017

On Wednesday, March 29th 4 teams of Y5 and Y6 pupils took part in the Westbourne Area cross country event which took place at Holbrook School. 35 schools and over 850 runners took part! Our athletes were fantastic



and supported each other every gruelling step of the way. Particular mention goes to the Y6 girls team who came in second place overall (Megan Gray-

Cullum 2nd and Molly Benn 16th contributing to this outstanding result). Congratulations, also, to Iwan Fothergill who came 8th in the Y5 boys race.

Hopefully our recent daily running of the mile will stand us in good stead for next year!

Y6 WRITING STARS!

Last term, Ms Headlam's English group were challenged to write a story with a flashback: their audience was a Year 7 pupil. After spending several weeks writing and editing their stories, we invited some ex-Gusford Year 7 pupils from Chantry Academy to read and review their stories. They were very impressed with what they read and were able to offer some positive comments and advice on the quality of the writing. Having reviewed our pupils' writing, the Chantry Academy pupils shared some of theirs. It was a very positive morning and, hopefully, has inspired our pupils to greater things and given them some insight as to what to expect at High School.



Georgia and Keeley's stories were particularly good! Read on!

CLIFF HANGER

By Georgia Burgess

Slowly I open my eyes, and they flutter. I let out a gasping scream as a young, fair lady in a blue and white striped uniform, with a matching hat, walks down the polished floor. Where am I...? Puzzled, I peer under the white bed-sheets and my eyes dart to my legs and waist which are smothered in medical plaster. A tear leaks from my eye and seeps down my cheek leaving a stain. My legs are worthless; I can't move at all. Horribly it is like I am being pinned down. Two other patients are nattering on about a picnic site near the cliff, then it all comes to mind: that fateful day with my best friend...

Although it was three months ago (and I had been in a coma) I can remember it all. It was an ordinary day and me and my best friend, Ella, were at the top of the cliff, which had a stunning view, eating a scrumptious picnic. We had been friends since nursery and we were inseparable. We were at a cliff picnic site and it was beautiful: there were flowers and short, freshly-cut grass with bushes and trees scattered around and we both fitted here in this place as we both had long, blonde hair with ocean-blue eyes.

Surprisingly there was food spread across the red and white checked blanket, so we decided to clear it up: we started stuffing the waste bag with leftover junk food until it was cluttered to the brim with rubbish. Eventually it became extremely gloomy: dark clouds and spitting miserable rain were beginning to flood the floor, the separate drops making the grass terribly soggy.

Suddenly Ella leapt up and bellowed "TAG!" So I was sprinting around rapidly, trying to grab Ella as the rain pattered to the floor creating puddles: we were having a great time. I was running in the squishy mud, my shoes coated in grime. Ella and I were laughing uneasily and at last I tagged Ella: I was having a whale of a time!

Strangely it started to become terribly foggy and I could no longer see the cliff edge in the distance. Suddenly I heard a deafening, echoing crash and a sudden crying scream. Warily I stepped back, foot after foot, not realising that I was getting right near to the edge... Suddenly my foot slipped; I was crashing down the rock face bumping my back against the rocky side until I swung my hand out and gripped onto a rock. I was swinging right to left repeatedly, the rocks jabbing into my hips as I clung to the edge for dear life. It was all going in slow motion: grazes all over my legs, masses of bruises on my hips and rocks tumbling to the floor. The dirt kept coming under my finger nails and my toes were sweating. All of a sudden a shot of lightning appeared, I lost my grip... I fell, my legs were swaying in the air and I landed with a thump on the bumpy earth...

I lay there, blood trickling down my face, sinking into a world of horror. "Help..." I whispered one last time. Although my arm was throbbing furiously, I slowly moved it fingering the dirt and a soft touch came on my hand. Cautiously I tilted my head sideward, totally oblivious that I had a fractured arm, and I saw Ella's light-blonde, toned fair hair covered in blood; her eyes

were closed, her skin was pale and she was smothered in cuts. I let out a terrifying scream as the rain was flooding the floor.

I clutched Ella's hand while my eyes were tight shut. Finally sirens were going through my brain and I felt peoples' hands touching my head, where my cut had been bleeding, and next I'm being pushed upwards and flying away to hospital...

Now, I lean upwards as I am desperate to see Ella, Quickly I peer down the ward and I see loads of wishy washy painting hanging on the walls: everyone around me is asleep or had poked their noses into books. Quickly I tug at the curtains and spot a nurse walking gracefully up to my white, comfy bed; my eyes strain and I splutter,

"Can I see Ella Edwards?" She paused and hovered on both her feet and finally replied,

"Sir your friend was in a vital state..."

I didn't understand what she meant, so I glare at her big, brown eyes, still not catching what she was trying to tell me,

"Your friend. She was extremely emotional and looked like she was going to break down any moment..

"Passed away I'm so sorry.."

SNAKE

Drip. Drip. Drip. Drip. As I slowly watch the rain water spiral and splash in to a rusty old bucket, I try to amuse myself by having a walk around the refugees' tents. There's Amar and Denise. Denise's long wavy hair swishes around as she plays joyfully in the fields, followed by Amar who was closely chasing her. They were laughing happily together. It looks like they are playing a game of 'It'. As I walk over to them playing in the field, I trip on a mole hole; a mole that's long gone. Suddenly a hissing sound grows louder and louder. Out of the corner of my eye I see a prolonged, snake slither out of the tall grass. As it raises its head, it pounces, injecting powerful venom that causes me to black out, which triggers a flashback no-one will forget.

"Lily go upstairs and tidies your bedroom!" I heard my mum yell. I was bored, bored, bored and bored! Reluctantly, I pushed myself off the warm, comfy sofa. As I ventured up the winding stairs, I rushed over to my room and perched myself on the windowsill. I have always had this habit of getting distracted very easily. It

all started in when I was younger at school and = my teacher was droning on and on so I just stared out the window ignoring her. I got a detention but it was better than listening to her droning on and on.

After a little while, I became bored again so I decided that if I tidied my room quick enough then maybe mum might give me her secret cookies; the secret being nobody knows the recipe. The scent of melted chocolate filled the room as dad came up the stairs. I knew it was him because his bald, shiny head could be spotted from 1000 meters away which made my tummy rumble. He says: "A treat for the tidy on." I try to tell him I wasn't the tidy one but he was having none of it. I smile and take the cookies and tea before he claims them for himself. Suddenly I hear mum stomping up the stairs with a worried look on her face. "Pat we need to get out of here, look! Look out of the window!" she panted; she was nearly crying. Dad and I bolted over to the window, followed by mum, Megsie (my younger sister) and Dominique [my older brother]. It was a spine chilling sight - people were being thrown onto walls and then being shoved into trucks. Kids were screaming for their family to not leave them. I hugged mum at the thought of me being taken away from her and dad. They were all yelling -well Megsie was screaming- I couldn't think straight. Then a cold gust of wind brushed against my shoulders. The door had come off its hinges...

I hid under my bed with Domonique and Meggie. Mum hid under my duvet. Dad stood out with a hammer in his hand. Dominique followed him and they nod to each other and then disappear down the stairs. There was a lot of banging and crashing until finally it fell silent. Dad had gone and so had Dominique- they had been taken. Both of them. It was quiet in the house but the screams coming from the outside would be heard from three miles away.

We were hiding in my room for a few hours. It seemed like we had been under there for years. We thought it was all over but we were wrong. Suddenly, we heard someone thumping up the stairs, there was a sudden surge of relief as it was only our neighbour who had come round and said we could stop hiding now they had gone. But they had gone with my dad and Domonique. She said the slave traders were back for more slaves, the other ones had probably died off.

Mum was pacing up and down the room saying: "No! No! They can't be bad-"

"They are. And they'll probably be back very soon for a new catch." interrupted Shania as she looked as if she didn't tell us this we could all be in danger. Mum was sweating now. She kept saying to herself about how we had to go in case the slave trader's come back tomorrow.

"But what about Daddy and Domonique?" asked Meggie with a puzzled look on her face.

"Don't worry Meggie they'll find us, they're genius," the tone in mum's voice suggested that she was determined to keep us safe.

The next morning was hectic; Mum was rushing round like a ragdoll packing everything that wasn't stolen. Leaving no trace of anyone ever living here, I was in charge of leashing up our dog Gizmo. Taking him by his lead, which was really just an old rope, I stepped into the ghost-town of a village. All the houses looked deserted like no one was living here anymore; like an abandoned ghost town in a horror movie.

Everyone must have had the same idea because people started following us until the whole village waved goodbye to their empty homes. We were all in one big queue. We had to keep walking in case they came back again, and we couldn't risk it. By the time we had walked the length of a marathon, it started raining heavily. All the clothes we were wearing were beginning to become heavy and wet. I was starting to get stiff. But mum was in a worse situation- she was carrying Megsie. She had started whining again that she was cold. We all were. People were stopping and having to rest. But we didn't. We were a strong family and once we had started something we wouldn't stop until it was finished. As the sun slowly arose from behind the hills over the horizon, half of the people we knew from the village were way back on the dusty path to sleep overnight. We were all sad and tired until someone yelled:

"A camp! A camp at last! Were saved!" We all started rushing over to the camp gates as they slowly opened. A huge surge of relief pumped through my body as I found the biggest tent that was perfect for our family. As I raced inside, there was a dark figure standing at the door of the tent blocking out any light. But that someone was someone I thought was dead!

"No it can't be...", I said standing at the tent door, my mouth wide open. "I thought you were dead?"

"Well sorry to disappoint you!" he said with an upset look on his face. Mum walked in and she fell to the floor

on her knees, then gazed up with her blue eyes, her diamond blue eyes and said:

“Pat is that you?” questioned mum with a puzzled and curious look on her face.

“Yes it’s me, Pat , your husband. I’m here, It’s me” he said.

I selfishly ran out of the room, tears streaming down my rosy- red cheeks. I had missed him. I really had. But all this had made me think if I had had enough. I had lost my house my friends, and then I saw someone who I thought was dead? It wasn’t easy running away; I don’t know what came over me. When I became breathless I stopped and thought about how careless I had been. As quick as a flash I turned and shot back in the direction of the camp. As I shot through the long grass fields, like a tornado sweeping up everything in its path, I encountered the snake slithering out of its small burrow. I stumble back being cautious not to step on its tail. Suddenly I hear an ear-piercing scream coming from my tent. As quick as a buffalo I go stampeding back to the tent that I have claimed as my own. But without any warning I was not prepared for what I was about to see...

Lying down on the grassy floor, was my brother; Dominique, [who I also thought was dead]. Shocked, I just awkwardly stare at him. He said nothing, just stared back at me with his hazel-brown eyes. Then my mum took me out of the shadowed tent and said something I never wanted to hear. But Meggie came out as well but I wish she hadn’t.

“Now girls there’s something we need to tell you; Domonique’s dying, his water was poisoned whilst he was at the slave traders mansion,” wept mum “He doesn’t have long left so say your goodbyes and then we will bury him in the calm fields when the sun sets.” Once we said our farewells, I ran out into the fields and started gathering tulips and started digging a small hole. It was beautiful the way the sun shone over his lifeless body ;he was buried and the whole camp came to watch him. Mum, Dad and Magsie all went back to the tent after it started getting dark, but I didn’t. I stayed with him until the stars came out and shared the light all over his lifeless body. On my way back, I saw that same long snake for the third time! ‘Why wouldn’t it leave me alone?’ I wondered. Suddenly there was a loud crash from a nearby bin. This awakened me from my never-ending nightmare.

As I slowly open my eyes, I feel like I am being controlled I can’t move the pain coming from my swollen ankle is restricting me from moving. I look up; bright lights shine on my face. Unaware of where I am I try to look around but my vision is all blurred and I get sharp pain in my neck. Feeling thoroughly miserable, a tear streams down my fiery red cheeks.

Instantaneously, I hear a faint noise from behind me saying:

“Hello? Hello can you hear me? You’re in the hospital tent, you were found in the fields unconscious. But don’t worry you’re safe now. We are just going to give you a few check-ups and then you can go back to your family. Ok?” I don’t want to speak so I’m nodding instead. Finally the check-ups are done and I can go back to my tent. Mum is saying how much she was worried and keeps hugging me. But I’m alright now and that nightmare that happened in the past is as I said in the past. And we will never come back to the past ever again.

Keeley Johnson

Living Eggs – Year 2

The year 2 children have been lucky enough to have some chicks in this week to help us learn about our science topic. We have watched them hatch from their eggs and turn into fluffy, yellow chicks. We have been able to use this to support our learning about life cycles



and to understand that animals have offspring which grow into adults. We are looking forward to seeing how they grow even further over the next week.

In their PSHE lessons year 1 discussed the importance of staying safe. With swimming starting again this term the children remembered and learnt about staying safe in the swimming pool.

The children created a list of ‘Swimming Safety Rules’ then role played swimming and following the rules of the swimming pool, listening for the whistles and responding.

They produced art work and posters to help others know about swimming safety at Gusford.



Crucial Crew

In Year 6 we have been learning to use the passive voice.

On Monday, 5th June 2017 (yesterday), the Year 6 pupils of Gusford Primary School were given the opportunity to go to Crucial Crew, to learn and develop skills about how to stay safe. The Year 6 teachers allowed the children to go; the students were accompanied by the teachers and teaching assistants. We went to Crucial Crew to learn about personal safety in different environments. The Crucial Crew Event was located in Ipswich, Suffolk. There we were taught the following life skills: safety in a fire, in water, with electricity and more.

As a result, the Year 6 pupils learnt who to contact in an emergency, how to save others, how to save themselves and had an amazing, fun time while doing it. Arguably, I found the Fire Safety the most engaging presentation and it was definitely one of the most important. Before we did this simulation, the children were encouraged to go into the bedroom scene. Firstly, we had to identify items that could cause a fire such as: a teddy on a lamp, a laptop on a bed and a blanket on a television. After that, the children acted out (in a role-play) what to do in a fire.

What we did first was to block any cracks in the door. Secondly, we were told to go to the window to call for help while crouching down low to the ground. Barging through the door, the Fire Brigade firefighter then came in to ask where we were – we banged on the floor to

show her we were there. Consequently, the students of Gusford now know how to react in a real-life fire situation.

To conclude, I found the trip to Crucial Crew a very educational, informative experience and as a result the pupils on Year 6 know how to keep themselves safe. At 'Hallowtrees', three things impressed me more than the other things. Firstly Water Safety, because I did not know that you had to lie on your stomach to stay safe whilst rescuing someone. Secondly, Electricity Safety because I did not know you needed to call a certain number to get something back. Finally, Drugs and Alcohol Misuse as I found out that cigarettes have four thousand chemicals in them and can seriously damage your health.

When I asked Maddie about the trip, she said: 'It was a very valuable experience! I will always use this information as it is relevant in my life.' I personally agree with her! As a consequence, this was the most educational trip and next year's pupils should go!

Netball

Well done to all the netballers who took part in the High 5 Netball competition.

All of the girls played tremendously well.

A team- 3rd place

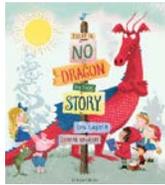
B team- 8th place

Quadkids

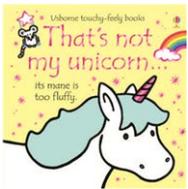
On Wednesday 14th June 2017, some pupils from Gusford went to Northgate High School to attend Quadkids. We left school at 1:50pm to arrive in time for the opening ceremony at 3pm. Each school represented a different country. We were Venezuela, so we dressed in yellow, blue and red the same as the flag. There were 64 teams from 59 schools. Each team had 5 girls and 5 boys competing in 4 different events. Firstly, we did the 75 metre sprint, then we threw the cortex, then the 600 metre race and finally the standing long jump. The day finished with awarding the 8 highest scoring teams certificates and a closing ceremony.

Don't forget to take part in the Chantry Library Reading Challenge this year.

If you feel like buying some books there are some good ones just released that have been recommended by the World Book Day newsletter:



For Nursery and Reception (and some Year 1):
There is No Dragon in this Story, by Lou Carter & Deborah Allwright, published by Bloomsbury
Have You Seen My Giraffe?, by **Michelle Robinson**, published by **Simon & Schuster**
That's Not My Unicorn, by **Fiona Watt and Rachel Wells**, published by **Usborne**
My Animal Book and *My Head-to-toe Body Book*, by **OKIDO**, published by **Thames & Hudson**
Dino, by **Diego Vaisberg**, published by **Templar**
Where's the Baby?, by **Britta Teckentrup**, published by



Big Picture Press
Mr Men Adventure in Space & Mr Men Adventure Under the Sea, by **Roger Hargreaves**, published by **Egmont**
Cat in a Box, by **Jo Williamson**,

published by **Scholastic**
Dinosaur Munch!, by **Peter Curtis**, published by **Macmillan**

For Years 1-Year 4:

Around the World in Numbers, by **Clive Gifford**, illustrated by **Josh Hurley**, published by **Egmont**
The Giant's Necklace, by **Michael Morpurgo**, published by **Simon & Schuster**
The Bolds on Holiday, by **Julian Clary**, illustrated by **David Roberts**, published by **Andersen Press**
Kitty's Magic 4: Star the Little Farm Cat, by **Ella Moonheart**, published by **Bloomsbury**
The World of Norm: Must End Soon by **Jonathan Meres**, published by **Hachette**
Big Brown Bear's Cave, by **Yuval Zommer**, published by **Templar**



Hello Happy, by **Stephanie Clarkson**, published by **Studio Press**
This Is Not A Fairy Tale, by **Will Mabbitt** and **Fred Blunt**, published by **Puffin**

Chloe's Secret Fairy Godmother Club, by **Emma Barnes**, published by **Scholastic**

Little Legends: The Story Tree, by **Tom Percival**, published by **Macmillan**

For Years 4 -7

Kid Normal, by **Greg James & Chris Smith**, illustrated by **Erica Salcedo**

Dork Diaries: Frenemies Forever, by **Rachel Renee Russell**, published by **Simon & Schuster**



Rose Raventhorpe Investigates: Rubies and Runaways, by **Janine Beacham**, published by **Hachette**

Dragon Rider: The Griffin's Feather by **Cornelia Funke**, published by **Chicken House**

Serafina and the Splintered Heart, by

Robert Beatty, published by **Egmont**

The Accidental Billionaire, by **Tom McLaughlin**, published by **Oxford University Press**

Operation Ouch!: The HuManual, published by **Puffin**
Fly Me Home, by **Polly Ho-Yen**, published by **Corgi Childrens**

Pirate McSnottbeard in the Zombie Terror Rampage, by **Paul Whitfield**, published by **Simon & Schuster**

We would like to take this opportunity to wish you all a peaceful and happy holiday.