

Year 7 and 8 NEWSLETTER

ISSUE 2 | 2019



IN THIS ISSUE

- The Attitude Presentation
- Quad Poem
- Rocket Challenge
- Pop-up Globe
- Dance Made Competition
- Edible Fashion Awards
- Quad 2019, TACS Netball, Cross Country
- The Kids Sing
- Māori Pa Cake
- Rona and the Moon
- The Fire That Destroyed
- Orangutans
- Matariki Writing
- Creative Writing
- The Plea of the Tiger
- The Run of my Life
- Boarding Experience
- New Boarder
- Tuia 250
- Orchestra Day

Dear Parents, Caregivers and Whānau

Who would believe that we are nearly at the end of 2019. The girls in the Intermediate Department have hardly had a minute to catch their breath with all the different learning and co-curricular activities they have been involved in.

There have, once again, been many highlights during Terms 2 and 3, some of which include cross country, Quad Tournament, Edible Fashion Awards, TACS netball, hockey, football and The Kids Sing. It has been fantastic to read the girls' opinions, experiences and ideas on the different topics and outings that have occurred.

Thank you for your ongoing support, encouragement and involvement in their learning experiences at Woodford House so far this year. We are looking forward to another action-packed and exciting Term.

Kind regards

Lorua Morice

Intermediate Teacher



WOODFORD
HOUSE

HOME TO EXCELLENCE
TE KĀINGA O TE HIRANGA

The Attitude Presentation

This is going to be great, I thought as I walked into the hall alongside my peers. Once the hubbub had died down I turned to face the teacher who introduced the woman standing beside her as Liz. “Liz,” she said, “is from a company called Attitude and she is here to talk to you about the question, who am I?”

Liz’s funny jokes and outgoing personality immediately caught the attention of every girl in the room. She spoke about many things that relate to the question, who am I, such as how the people we surround ourselves with help shape who we are, like our friends. As she spoke about some serious topics, Liz made the presentation interesting and fun to listen to by adding in lots of hilarious jokes and stories.

One of my favourite things she talked about was how personalities have strengths and downsides. She described the personalities as animals, which made it easier to relate to and it was fun to think about which animal best fits your personality. The animals were: weasels - the fun ones, golden retrievers - the nice and loyal ones, lions - the leaders, and otters - the hard-working ones. I found that topic particularly interesting because it gave me some time to reflect on who I am as a person and how we all have faults and that’s okay because we are all different.

Most of all she talked about how the choices we make control our future so we should make good ones. She also encouraged us to try new things because you never know if we are good at something if we don’t give it a go. All of the topics she covered were incredibly helpful and I am sure every single one of us took away something positive about ourselves. I feel very grateful to have been given the opportunity to hear Liz speak and I cannot wait for her to come back in the future.

Gabriella Jones



Quad Poem

We hopped on the bus
And the singing caused a fuss
There was a lot of rain
And the mud was a pain
We went to Ruby’s farm
And came to no harm
She was a great host
I don’t mean to boast

Ms Dustin smiled like a rainbow
We had won quad three times in a row
On the way home we were bored
In hockey three goals were scored
Woodford House’s victory has
just begun

Hannah Hudson

Science - Rocket Challenge

As we all walked down to the field, I was left wondering if our rocket would actually take off. I stared down at what Lily, Lucy and I had been working so hard on for the past three weeks, trying to perfect every little detail. For a small water-powered rocket, it was a lot of work.

Everyone was busy gluing, measuring and adjusting their rockets. Each one was very different. Some had large fins and pointy noses, others were small and had a large parachute sticking out the back. We all gathered around to watch our rockets take off.

Lucy, our Chief Engineer had her eyes glued to the pressure gauge, making sure it was not over 60psi, whilst Lily (the Chief Safety Officer) was wildly yelling. Everyone stepped back making sure no one was close to the rocket. The Chief Scientist tightly gripped the button that would cause the rocket to fly into the air.

We all stood far from the rocket like it was some kind of dangerous weapon. 3... 2... 1... WHOOSH! The rocket flew up into the air. With a blink of an eye you would miss it. A light shower of rain spattered down on everyone as the rocket flew through the air. Suddenly, it began to tilt and, just as fast as it went up, it came down.

We all jumped up and down with excitement as we now had recorded our results. Our rocket had travelled 80 metres! We were ecstatic - and a little wet. Everyone was so very proud of all their work!

Millie Cameron



Pop-Up Globe - Hamlet

On Thursday 22 August, the Year 8 Literacy Extension Group was fortunate enough to travel to the Pop-up Globe's performance of Hamlet in Napier. The day was filled with merriment, sword duels and quantities of artificial blood.

The extravagant lights that lit the theatre began to dim, leaving a soft spotlight to illuminate the stage. The shriek of a violin filled the silence as an eerie fog crept onto the stage robbing the audience of clear sight. Anticipation ran like waves through the theatre.

Onlookers gradually pushed forward to the edge of their seats. The play had begun.

Hamlet is a story about a young prince who has returned home from his studies to mourn the death of his father who was murdered. Hamlet soon learns that his mother, Queen Gertrude, has married his late father's brother, Claudius, who has now taken over the throne. Hamlet falls in love with a maiden named Ophelia ignoring that fact that their love is forbidden. The story of Hamlet is full of tragedy, betrayal, and love.

Thank you to Mrs Russell for giving us the opportunity to attend the play. My knowledge of Shakespeare's plays, and who he was as a person has grown. I can't wait for another event like this!

Charlotte Wray



Dance Made Competition



Our mouths dropped as we walked into the Municipal Theatre in Napier. I looked around and all I could see were amazing dancers.

We headed onto the stage nervously. The adjudicators were sitting right in front of us. In my mind I was waiting for someone to speak. The adjudicators invited us up to the stage to do some warming up. Throughout the day each adjudicator taught us a dance. Some of them were really fast and hard to learn but in the end I got it. As soon as

the evening came we got dressed and put our stage makeup on. I walked out on the stage in silence, the audience was clapping. We danced so well, and walked off in excitement.

Sophie and I thought it was the best day ever! We cannot wait for next year.

Henrietta Beardmore

Dance ★
NZ made

Edible Fashion Awards

The colourful stage lights, orange, yellow, and blue,
The nervous thoughts formed and flew,
Lucy walked and posed down the stage,
She manoeuvred like a tiger that had just been set free from a cage,
Colourful creations ran past my eyes,
Some large and some small in size,
I think we nailed the wild theme,
and I'm glad we worked together as a team,
Lots of the creations were amazing,
Some of which looked really crazy,
Then the results got called out,
Sad, but fun was what it was all about.

Erin Skidmore

2019

EDIBLE FASHION AWARDS

WILD

For the whole term we have been working on creating a dress. But not just any dress, a dress made out of edible foods or food packaging materials.

Today is our turn to show them off. Our dress is made out of two potato sacks (the paper ones). We painted the top one in brown and the bottom in green. We wanted it to look like a tree in a little meadow. To make the tree we used corn leaves. We made a leaf crown and a leaf choker necklace. At the bottom we put flowers made out of mini potato chip packets to make it look like a meadow. For the brown part of the dress we added popsicle sticks to make it look like bark. Last, but the best part, we made a little bird of wool and because he was very fluffy we named him Mr Fluff.



"I'm so scared, it's nearly our turn," I said with a shiver. "You are going to go second," Mrs Knight said. "Girls, it's your turn now."

As we walked towards the Judge, the dress was flowing. Mela told her all about our dress and what we made it out of. She said we needed to make a backstory for our dress. As we were walking out the door we were thinking that we were definitely not going to get into the final competition. We had to wait for everyone to showcase their outfits. We were so scared. Everyone's dresses looked like designer dresses to us. We then waited for the Judge to call everyone back.

The Judge gave us all lots of information about what we should do to the dresses if we did get in. Then the nerve-racking part came. Mrs Knight told everyone the results. We got in and Hannah and Sophie too. We were all so excited.

Mela Treweek and Holly Price

QUAD 2019



You could feel the nerves drift around the bus as we pulled into the Huntly School grounds. We peered out, looking at the rain drip down the windows and listened to the wind howl against the side of the bus. We battled through the rain to get into the warm, friendly hall and were greeted with smiles. Sitting in the hall we nervously waited for our billets to be called. We were a bit nervous to meet our billets but the feeling soon went away. They greeted us with open arms and made us feel a part of their families.



In Greta's billet fixture, she had three Iona College girls and two from Woodford House, which made it extra homely. They ate pizza for dinner and watched a movie until bedtime. Everyone was extra tired from the long trip so we quickly fell asleep. In Anna's billet fixture, she was with Tabby and Emily and her billets were also very welcoming.

The next morning, as we gazed at the Huntly Chapel, we were all wondering what their Chapel service would be like compared to ours. It was really cool because they put us into two lines so that we would 'zip' together. This was so we wouldn't sit with people that we always sit next to, which I thought was really interesting.

"Does anyone here know who Violet Waldron was?" the Reverend asked. A few hands were raised. "She was New Zealand's first Olympian."

The Reverend talked about strong female athletes who pushed the boundaries of sport for females. These women who showed GDP. (G)uts (D)etermination and (P)ride was one of the Huntly's school values. They didn't just push the boundaries, they broke them and made them non-existent. She told the quad competitors to do the same. When leaving the Chapel I think we all felt a little more pride and walked out with our chins up and our chests proud.

Hockey, Netball and Football were the three competing sports. Hockey did exceptionally well, winning against St George's School and Huntly, and having a close game against Iona College but unfortunately lost by a single point. Netball also played exceedingly well, winning all but one game, drawing with Huntly. Football played well too and won their game against St Georges.

Overall, Woodford House did extremely well, winning both the Hockey and Netball division. Unfortunately, to win we had to be consistent through all sports which Iona College did very well.

We want to thank Huntly for hosting for this year's Quad team tournament. The competition was well organised and everything ran so smoothly. We would like to also thank the billets as some of the families hosted three to six girls, which was so kind and very generous. To the cafeteria, we say a massive thank you. The food was delicious, there was plenty for everybody and it fuelled us up for all of our games. All of the Schools' staff and parents for making Quad happen and letting us have this awesome opportunity. But of course, the most amazing thing about the whole experience was the sport and the competitiveness of all of the players. Thank you!

Greta Apatu and Anna Wilson



TACS Netball 2019

Near the end of Term 2, on Friday 28 June, all four netball teams across Years 7 and 8 competed in a TACS (Town and Country School) netball competition.

It was a cold, frosty morning. We hopped on the bus at approximately 8.30am. The bus was full of laughter and excitement as we headed to the Onekawa Netball Courts near Napier. We rushed off the bus, seeing lots of other netball teams from all over Hawke's Bay.

There was a crowd of supportive family members that came along to watch. It made this day even better as they cheered us on from the side-lines. We had a break between our games, giving us time for sticky, lunch, and a drink of water.

Being able to go to this competition improved our skills, teamwork and getting to know one another better. At the end of the day, we all sat down for prize giving. It was the time everyone has been waiting for.

"The winning team is... Woodford House Prem." We all gave them applause as they leaped up to get their winning prize and a photo.

It was soon time to go home so we all gathered near the bus as the teacher did the roll after a long day. Everyone was exhausted but also very happy, especially our winning team. It definitely was a day to remember. We all had such an amazing time. Hopefully the Year 7s have a chance to do it again next year.

Belle Kinnear and Denby Guerin



Cross Country



The day had come. I had been practising for a long time. I walked slowly over to the start line. I clutched my hands together and got ready to race. Butterflies started to fill my body. Just then the flags lifted up and I bolted past the start line. The race had begun.

I turned around the sharp corner and ran up the steep hill. I could see beyond me and most people were coming down the hill. I wanted to get in the top 15 and if I was going to, I would have to speed up a lot more.

I sped past six or seven people and then turned up a little driveway and into the cool trees. I could just see the gate that led into the sticky mud. I gripped my hands on the

creaky gate and swung my body over. I didn't feel so nervous anymore. I felt like I could do this. "Just a little more Rosie," I said to myself.

I heard footsteps coming closer. I didn't want to turn around and I sure didn't want to go any slower. I quickly picked up my pace and sped through the long grass that was swaying in the sun. I could feel my face turning red as I sprinted down the last long hill. I was behind the same person for the whole race and I wanted to pass her desperately. I raced past her. But she was right on my heels. I felt like I couldn't run anymore. My legs were giving up, but I was determined to keep going. I sprinted past the pole and down to the finish line.

I fell on the hard dirty grass, but I didn't mind. All I knew was that I was at the finish line. The lady drew 13 on my hand. "Yes!" I exclaimed, as I pumped my fist into the air. I was in the top 15! I never knew who was behind me through the race, but I was too excited to think about it. I had got in the top 15 and that was all that mattered to me.

Rosie Beech

The Kids Sing 2019



We all stood outside in the cold on Wednesday 14 August as people swarmed around the ticket desk, all of us preparing ourselves for the memorable and exhilarating night to come. Up ahead, we could just see the sign in front of the supporting parents and family members, reading 'Kids Sing'.

We all braced ourselves, and with one quick motion, Olivia and Ella led us through the doors of Hastings Intermediate School hall into the competition that would be one of the most terrifying, but also extraordinary, nights ever. Behind us sat the two choirs from Hereworth School, and behind them sat Iona College's choir. You could almost feel the nervous energy and anticipation around us.

Iona College was the first to perform. As they gracefully walked upon the stage, with their pristine uniforms and incredible props, I could feel myself tracing the exact steps that I had to do when we performed in my head. As usual, Iona's choir was beautiful and very captivating to the eye, however, we hoped that we had just a little bit more finesse than they did or even just a little more fun. We were going to try to be the best that we had ever been. As the choir filed off the stage in unison, supporting family members, teachers and fellow classmates made a cacophony of noise full of claps and ear-piercing cheers. Being good competitors, we clapped with the wild crowd as Iona really deserved it and it was going to be a hard act to follow. Thankfully it wasn't us, it was Hereworth.

We barely had time to prepare ourselves for Hereworth's performance before we were rushed out of our seats. Hereworth's first choir brushed past us as both choirs tried to fit down the narrow pathway, one going toward the stage and one going away from it.

The Woodford House Choir stood behind the bleachers, waiting anxiously for Hereworth's performance. Although they were our competitors, we were all very eager to hear them perform as they were legendary for winning the most valuable award of The Best Choir.

Hereworth stood on the stage, and with deep breaths, they started their first marvellous performance. In what seemed like seconds, they finished their first song and went straight into their second one, leaving the audience in awe.

Soon, it was our turn. I gazed out at the mass of people and slowly climbed the stairs that led to the stage. I took a deep breath and at last, I took my first step and with utter confidence in myself, I led our amazing choir onto the stage. After everyone was on, Ella gave a quick glance at Ms Mackie and before we knew it we had finished our first song, Tuhi Ke Ti Rangi. We had achieved exactly what

we had wanted to do; have fun and do the very best we can. We all took a deep breath and opened our mouths to sing our final song, The Lord's My Shepherd.

After what seemed like seconds, our final song was done and we walked off with solemnity and pride as the audience applauded with respect. The adjudicator had five trophies to award and we were very nervous. He announced that there were bronze, gold and silver awards. However, instead of one winner for each, the adjudicator decided to give us all a silver award as he just couldn't choose between us. Next was the Adjudicator's Award. We all sat with patience and anxiety as there was a painful moment of silence before announcing the winner. After what felt like years, his lips started moving and we heard Woodford House! We were astounded that we had actually won and very excited but tried to stay modest. Finally, there was the Best Choir Award. Sadly, Woodford House was not able to take this from Hereworth School but after reflection, we all agreed that they deserved the win.

Kid's Sing was such an amazing experience and I can't wait to do it again. I would recommend joining the Year Seven and Eight Choir, even if you can't sing that well, as everything we do helps to bring you out of your comfort zone and gives you experiences you otherwise wouldn't have. I will admit though, it was quite disappointing that there were only three schools involved. It is such a cool experience and gives you so many life lessons to carry forward.

Lydia Burus



Māori Pa Cake



For Social Studies, Scarlett and I had the great idea to build our Māori Pa site as an edible cake. We decided to work together and create the cake during the holidays. We needed sponge cakes, icing, food colouring, chocolate fingers and popsicle sticks. We also found little Māori figures that we placed at the entrance way.

We learned that a pa site was very well thought out with lots of features to protect the Māori tribe from those who were trying to invade them. There were also lots of different ways to store and protect their food, such as kumara pits and houses up on stilts called Pataka. This stopped rats and birds from getting in and eating the food.

Being able to make our model as a cake was a fun and enjoyable experience and lots of our friends helped us with it. Who would have thought that baking was a great way to explain our learning?

Phoebe Whyte and Scarlett Nilsson

Rona and the Moon Narrative

Once upon a time there lived Rona and Taumanui, who were from different Māori tribes. Their tribes wanted to be friends and be related but that could only happen by marriage. Rona and Taumanui did not even know each other that well, but their tribes were forcing them to get married.

When they got married they didn't stop fighting. The villagers did not enjoy hearing Rona and Taumanui fighting all of the time. Late one night, Rona and Taumanui were arguing about getting water for them to drink. Rona stormed out of bed and grabbed the tahā and aggressively jogged to get some water. As she was shouting out her feelings, expressing her anger, the night sky went pitch black as the moon disappeared behind a cloud.

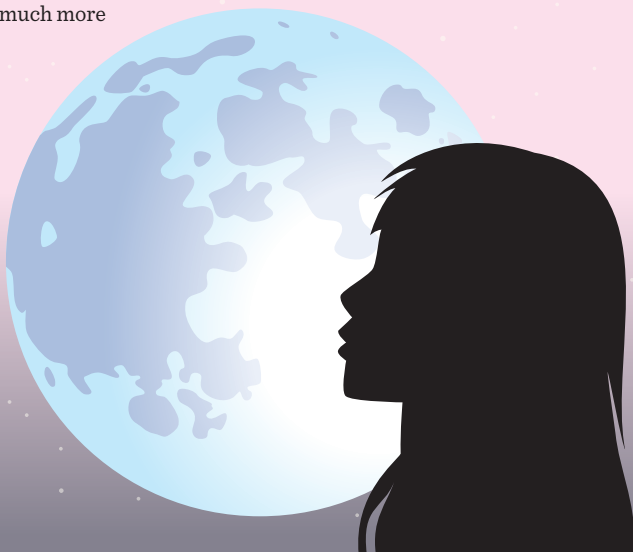
She got angrier and angrier and yelled at the moon for not lighting the way for her. Her tahā fell out of her hands and broke. Eventually, the moon got sick of her nonsense and scooped her up. She was really frightened of what was taking place and grabbed hold of a Naigo tree. The moon pulled and pulled and Rona held onto the tree as strongly as she could but the moon was much stronger. It pulled Rona and the Naigo tree with her.

Rona was now up in the sky with the moon. She was not excited to be up there and wouldn't stop moaning and complaining. After a while, she started to love the moon and wanted to stay with him for the rest of her life. She now realised that moaning and complaining was a waste of time and that she should just live her life to the best and be happy. The moon kindly gave Rona a cloak, a korowai, made of stardust and magic. It had the power to control the tides of the sea.

Back down on earth, Taumanui and the Villagers were searching everywhere for Rona. All they saw was debris where the Naigo tree had once been. Taumanui was really missing Rona and regretting his behaviour, he wished he had never fought with her. Meanwhile, the moon and Rona were having the time of their lives, but Rona would look down at the place she had once lived and she slightly missed it, but loved it much more with the moon.

Later on, Taumanui married again and learned that he needed to be nicer to be a good husband. He was ready for a fresh start. Now if you look closely at the moon there will be shadows of Rona in her beautiful cloak with her Naigo tree.

Tabatha Smith



The Fire That Destroyed

In Mrs Morice' Year 7/8 class we have been practising writing short stories. In this piece of writing our instructions were to write a story that was set in a zoo. It had to have a fire, a teenage girl had to appear and the problem in our story was that a zebra was missing.

Our focus was on sentence structure and using interesting and different sentences. Being able to only write exactly 100 words has been a challenge but I enjoyed it and I feel like I have improved my use of sentences.

Smoke billows into the sky, illuminated by the glow of the rising sun. Tears fall down my face, I watch them turn to dust. I only started volunteering at the zoo last month but already I have a strong connection to the animals. The cause of the fire is unknown but luckily someone called the fire brigade and they got the animals out. All but one. We are missing a zebra. Devastatingly, the flames are too thick and we would be endangering a human life to save him. So, for now, I say goodbye, to my friend and my second home.

Gabriella Jones



Orangutans

Our topic for social studies in Term 2 was Orangutans and tropical rainforests. We were extremely excited about the idea. We both love animals and thought it would be fun but sad at the same time as the rainforests are being cut down and Orangutans are dying.

We both loved learning about the animals in the rainforest and found them very interesting. We learnt a lot about the rainforests including how they are being cut down, the animals that live in them and the different parts of the rainforest. It was fun and we got to do lots of different activities. For one assessment, we chose an animal from the rainforests to write an information report on. Zara did the Golden Lion Tamarin and Sophie did the Capybara. We both got to learn the most incredible things about these animals. Another task was to pick from the ladder activities. We chose to make a comic book about an Orangutan's life.

We watched a really great video about a school in the jungle for orphan Orangutans. It was so cute and funny to watch and we really enjoyed it. At the school the Orangutans were taught life skills and how to fend for themselves in the wild. The mother would have taught them these skills if she was still alive, but sadly they are being poached. Orangutans are becoming endangered and their habitat (the tropical rainforest) is too.

This was an amazing topic and everybody in the Intermediate Department loved it. We hope to do something like this in the future!

Sophie Hansen and Zara McGillicuddy

Matariki Writing

Matariki can be told in many different ways, but the way I tell the story of Matariki is about a boy called Mitai and his seven brothers. The brothers all lived in a small village called Maketu and were very well known.

Mitai was the youngest brother out of all of them and was looked after by his grandfather. All of Mitai's brothers were very handsome and strong compared to him. They loved themselves so much that they chose not to marry because they thought they would never find anyone better than them.

One day the brothers went off hunting and while they were hunting they heard the most beautiful singing ever. They decided to follow the sound and see where it led them. They kept on following the noise until they got to seven beautiful women singing while combing their hair. The men fell in love with the women immediately and they all got married except for Matai, as he chose not to marry one of the seven sisters.

The brothers had no time to go hunting anymore because their wives only had seafood to eat and didn't like anything else, so they would spend all their time catching seafood. They started to become skinny and lose all their muscles because they were always doing what their wives wanted. One day, one of the brothers came home early but he couldn't find his wife. He looked everywhere. He couldn't find her but he couldn't find any of the other sisters either, and thought that this was very strange. He told Mitai about it and he had no idea where they were.

The seven sisters didn't come back that night so Mitai decided to go looking for them. Then he saw six rafts sitting by the sea and he thought that was strange, but he kept on going. He looked back and saw that there were now seven rafts sitting by the sea. Mitai went down to the rafts to see more clearly and then he came across the seven sisters making a plan on how they could take everything from the seven brothers. Mitai overheard what they were saying and decided to go back to the village and tell his brothers everything.

A few days later the brothers went off to catch the seven sisters with their home made nets and take them away. The brothers found the sisters, captured them and took them up to the sky forever. Each of the sisters had their own name which means something special. The names and meanings of the sisters are; Matariki which means eyes of Tawhirimatea, tupu-a-rangi which means sky tohunga, Waipuna-a-rangi which is sky spring, Waiti which means sweet water, Tupu-a-nuku which is earth tohunga, Ururangi which means entry to the heavens and finally Waita which means sprinkle of water. Now when we look up at the sky in the middle of June we can see the seven sisters lying there together as a constellation of stars.

Emily Jones

Creative Writing

Recently, we did 100 word writing for Creative Writing.

These are the things we needed to include in our writing:

- **Object:** Money
- **Place:** Egypt
- **Person:** King (Pharaoh)
- **Problem:** Something broken

Here is my story:

Playing with my pet - an extremely adorable puppy - outside the pet shop, everything suddenly changed. Familiar things around me changed into a vast desert, my puppy turned into a flying machine, my bag transformed into a high-tech controller, and my money became an electric map! What was going on?

Words magically appeared in my mind. "I'm the last Pharaoh, the King of Egypt. I'm too old to use my power! I think you are the right person. Use this strong power to fix the broken diamond. It's the one thing which can give us forgiveness, gentleness and kindness."

Annie Wang

The Plea of the Tiger

My mighty jaws and majestic paws
Are what I use to hunt
The deer that bound and the pigs that grunt
My home in Sumatra is being cut down
Forcing me to get closer to your town.
My strength to kill a crocodile a python or a bear
To destroy my beauty is just not fair
My striped skin and fur of camouflage
That in the rainforest hides me
My kind deserve to be free.
Forgive me for taking that lone cow
I need to eat here and now
You choose to run when you see me
But I the tiger who is free
Can run 35-40 miles per hour
You may as well have jumped in flour
I who can swim four miles with prey in my mouth
Gets stuffed and sold to people with wealth
Three of my cousins are gone forever
I don't want to die out not now, not ever
My roar heard three kms away,
There are only 400 of me left today
My biggest fear is the snare
As the deadly trap closes over my paw
I may as well knock on death's door
As it's hidden in the forest's floor
The deadly wire goes through to the bone
no one to hear me howl and moan
and as I watch my cubs play
will they ever see another day?
The future of tigers is very grim,
Their chances of surviving are very slim.
The bang! of a rifle, the grip of a snare
Don't you people even care?
You make me so angry that you might fined
I might just attack you from behind.
Help my cubs survive
Help my kind stay alive
But there are people fighting for me
For my kind to be free.
Don't let wild tigers become extinct.
The problems it will cause, just think.
I am not a rug on the floor,
Me and my petrifying roar.
Murdering me or my friend
The Government are at their wits' end,
Body parts sold on the black market
My striped coat, ugly on your carpet
Stop this horrible, revolting trade,
Have you seen the price some people have paid?
Help our history of being hunted mend,
Save us, our kind don't won't to end.

Siena Thomas

The Run of my Life

**I leaped onto the starting line
ready for the run of my life. My fists
clenched tightly together as the
beeper rang powerfully in my ear,
signalling me to start running.**

My arms pumped as my legs stumbled
behind. As I launched across the finish
line, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder.
Did I win, was I going to be the champ?

I turned around to see a man in a white
uniform. "The gym is closing and I need
to turn off all the treadmills," the City
Fitness worker informed me.

Chloe Bowyer and Charlotte Buru

Creative Writing

**We only had 100 words and specific key items
that we had to include.**

She stood with the sand between her toes,
looking out at the clear blue ocean. Standing
there, imagining her life was different. Being
a queen with a perfect king in Egypt, or being
that someone with more than enough money.
As she looked out on the beach one last time she
wondered if she would always be this lonely,
and with this much of a broken heart. She didn't
know, no one knew, but she would give it her all
to stay here, with the clear sea at her fingertips –
even if it meant she had to be lonely.

Amy Greville

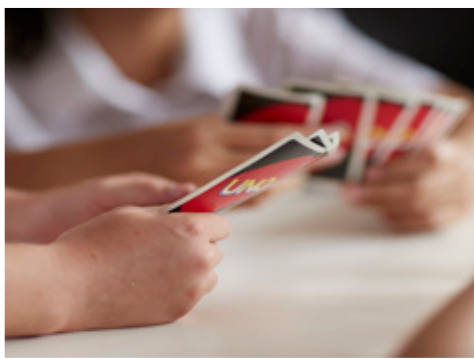


Boarding Experience

“Beep-beep, beep-beep,” my watch blared in my ear, as I stretched my eyes open. Blinking the sleep away, I peeled my duvet off. Zoe was already sitting upright, eyes wide open and ready to go. I gently tapped Rosie on the shoulder to wake her up and gathered up my towel and soap. After we all showered and got changed into our crisp, maroon uniform, the large brass bell chimed.

We staggered down to breakfast, still half asleep from our early start. We took our seats in the dining hall, our plates loaded with crispy toast, sweet cereal and golden hash browns. Cups of ice cold water were drunk in mere minutes and replaced with warm mugs of hot chocolate and cups of cold, sweet milk.

After breakfast we headed back to the boarding house to make our beds and tidy our rooms. When 7:50am struck, phones and computers were collected, all fully charged and ready to be used. It was ten past eight when I headed off to school.



After school I flopped down on my bed and reached over to my tuck box to retrieve an apple, a bag of chips and a piece of chocolate. I dug into the apple and chips until it was four thirty, which was when I got changed into mufti and walked down to the Dame to practice my drums. Once it was five, I rushed back just in time to drop off my drumsticks and go to dinner with Rosie and Zoe.

By six 'o' clock, everyone was back in the boarding house, preparing for prep, which started at six thirty. After an hour

of prep, it finally ended. Supper was a delicious layout of hot chocolate, biscuits, cheese and crackers. After that we brushed our teeth and got ready for bed. Everyone handed in their devices at 8:20pm to get them charged and ready for tomorrow. In room 4, Rosie, Zoe and I were locked into our books and at ten to nine we sighed as we turned the light out, falling asleep soon after.

Boarding this year has been a great experience, changing me from a person who worried about sleep, to a person who wanted to board more. Even though I live only five minutes away, boarding can suit anyone, anywhere.

Claudia Jackson

New Boarder

"Allie, are you excited?" Dad asked me as we pulled up into the Woodford House carpark. I saw other girls getting their suitcases out of their cars. I started to get really excited; we hopped out of our car and went up to see my room. When I found it, Mum sent my brothers and Dad to get my stuff out of the car. Once we were all unpacked it was time to say goodbye to Mum and Dad, which was definitely the hardest thing.

When Mum and Dad were in the car for about 15 minutes, they received their first call from me. "Mum, I'm so bored" I said. Ms Wharehoka then told my partition-er, Millie, to take me down to dinner. We had some dinner which was roast beef and potatoes. We then went back up to the Boarding House.

Lots of time passed and then it was time for my first weekend in. The activity was baking and it was very fun and exciting. I was with Millie and we were making banana-chocolate muffins. They were really nice. Even though it was only my second week at Woodford House I had already settled in quite well.

I had made a lot of nice friends and am now really enjoying Woodford House. It is now my second term and I feel like I've been at Woodford House forever. Boarding is definitely a really cool experience that I won't forget anytime soon.

Allie MacEwan

Tuia 250

It was 250 years ago, on October 8 1769 when Captain Cook anchored his ship off the shores of Aotearoa. In Social Studies we have been learning about the history behind our country and the people who lived here. We learnt about how Polynesians navigated

and how they used the world around them to see where to go. We learnt about what they ate, what tools they used and how they lived.

After learning their side of the story we ventured into the life of Captain Cook, who he was and what happened when he arrived. Most importantly we learnt about a crucial person in the history of New Zealand. His name was Tupaia and there are a lot of things about him that not many people know. Tupaia was a Tahitian chief, a skilled artist and a brilliant navigator. The first stop on Captain Cook's voyage was Tahiti where he met Tupaia. After learning of Tupaia's talents as a navigator Captain Cook asked him to be part of their journey. Without Tupaia, Captain Cook may never have found New Zealand and instead sailed right past us. But navigating was not the only thing Tupaia helped with. He was crucial to the Europeans because he could communicate with the Māori people and because of him many lives were saved.

We believe that it is extremely important to learn both sides of the story because Europeans and Māori recount the colonisation of New Zealand differently.

Gabriella Jones



Orchestra Day

On Thursday 5 September Sophie, Jua and I travelled to spend a whole day playing in an orchestra at the Year 7 and 8 Orchestra day at Havelock North Intermediate. It was a lot of fun and we enjoyed it thoroughly.



Music floated through the air as the hundreds of bows moved up and down creating the flowing river of music. We were surrounded by the music washing us away as we played. Just as we'd dived into a melody there was a sudden screech. "Stop", the conductor bellowed. The music halted. "Where are my timbales?" he asked. We all turned to stare at the back of the hall where the percussion sat. Of course, it was the percussion. Who else would it be, as percussion are the ones that have the least amount of practice.

After several moments of stopping and starting until it was perfect, we headed out to have a quick interval before splitting into musical instrument groups. Clarinets and saxophones, percussion, strings, and flutes. In the clarinet section, it was always the saxophone we had to stop for. Whether it be that they couldn't do their solo or they just made a mistake.

After lunch, we all headed into the hall for our final practice before the concert at the end. The audience started filing in as we finished rehearsing. For a musician, the best thing that ever happens is when you're surrounded by the music that is being played and being in the middle of the action. The whole concert finished in a blur, and it was time to head back to school, my head filled with music and notes flying around. It was fair to say I left feeling tired and with a sore mouth but it was one of the best experiences I've had in my life.

Zoe Solomon



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