



GRETA VALLEY PRIMARY SCHOOL
 2376 Wangaratta Kilfeera Road
 GRETA SOUTH VICTORIA 3675
 PHONE: **03 5766 6344**
 OSHC: **0473 019 234**
 EMAIL: greta.valley.ps@education.vic.gov.au
 WEB: www.gretavalleyps.vic.edu.au
 PRINCIPAL: Mr Howard Gibson

NEWSLETTER 13 August 2024

Dates for your Diary

AUG	Thu	15	Harmonica performance & St John's visit		
	Fri	16	Italian	Mon	19 Author Visit
	Wed	21	Music	Wed	21 Library
	Wed	21	Blue Earth	Fri	23 Italian
	Mon	26	Art & Music	Thu	29 Questacon incursion
	Fri	30	Italian		
SEP	Mon	2	Father's Day Breakfast 8am	Mon	2 Music
	Wed	4	Library	Wed	4 Blue Earth
	Fri	6	Italian	Mon	9 Art & Music
		11-13	Ski Camp	Mon	16 School Council 6:30pm
	Mon	16	Music	Wed	18 Blue Earth
	Wed	18	Library	Thu	19 Family Science night
	Fri	20	PUPIL FREE DAY		

Dear Parents,
 Can you please note the following:

Student of the Week

Our congratulations go to the following students who have recently received a Student of the Week Award:

- Doogal - demonstrating respect
- Kara - sportsmanship
- Lewis - science assistant
- Shannon - challenging himself in mathematics



Parent Opinion Survey

Just a reminder that the Parent Opinion Survey is open now and closes on 30 August. The survey is designed to assist schools in gaining an understanding of families' perceptions of school climate, student behaviour, and student engagement. The survey is optional, but we encourage and appreciate your participation.

Questacon

To complement our curriculum focus on Science this term, we have an incursion planned for 29 August from Questacon. This will be at the school at 10am and we will be joined by

Broken Creek Primary School students. Come along for a fun morning of Science!

St Pat's & St John's visit

A reminder that the Grade 3/4/5/6 students will be going to St Pat's firstly (harmonica performance) and then to St John's Respect afterwards to work with some of the residents this Thursday.

St John's have very, very, very kindly offered to provide lunch for us on this day. Students will just need their drink bottle.

Father's Day Breakfast



We will be holding our annual Father's Day breakfast to recognise all the wonderful dads we have, on Monday 2

September. Breakfast will be served at 8am and we hope to see as many of the dads here as possible. You will be getting an invitation with all the details shortly. Can you please RSVP, so we know how many to cater for.

Book Week Celebrations

We are fortunate to be having a visit from Cathy Hope, author of *River Murray Girl*, on Monday 19 August. Set in Australia during the era of the Great Depression, Polio Epidemic and World War Two, this is the true story of an adventurous little girl and her faithful companion. We will be combining Cathy's visit with a number of other book activities as part of our Book Week celebrations.

Students are encouraged to come dressed as their favourite book character and everyone is invited to join us for the day. Cathy will be with us 11:30am to 1pm.

Pupil Free Day

School Council has approved Friday 20 September as a Pupil Free Day. Staff will be working here that day on the teaching of Writing.

This means that our student's final day for this term will be Thursday 19 September. Given the next day is a Pupil Free Day, dismissal will be at 3:30pm.

Blue Earth

We are fortunate to once again receive funding through the Sporting Schools grant. We will be utilising this money to engage Blue Earth on a fortnightly basis to run physical education sessions with all our students this term and into next term as well.

Family Science Night

We will be having a family night on Thursday 19 September to showcase the work we have been doing this term in Science. Students will be demonstrating a variety of experiments. A BBQ dinner will be provided, so please mark the date in your calendar. More information closer to the time.

Respectful Relationships

Positive Gender Relations - In our **Resilience, Rights & Respectful Relationships** program we have been developing an understanding of gender-based violence. We have explored examples of unfair and hurtful behaviours based around what it means to be a boy or a girl. We have discovered this can involve things people say (verbal), things they do to others' bodies or possessions (physical) or things people do that affect how safe or welcome people feel e.g. ignoring, leaving out, laughing at

(psychological). We have identified and practiced respectful and gender-based friendly behaviours including help-seeking skills and strategies to protect ourselves when we feel unsafe. This has been supported by reviewing our school values:

**HONESTY is being trustworthy,
reliable and fair**

**RESPONSIBILITY is doing what is
right and expected**

**RESPECT is using words and actions
to show care and kindness**

Writing

Generally, good readers are also good writers. And so, it is important that students are exposed to **rich** literature - not just in terms of 'entertainment',

but also in terms of the strong use of language (e.g. word choice, sentence structure) by the author. Recently I have been working with the Grade 3/4/5/6 children on the text *Dog Lost* by Jan Ramage. We have examined the text in detail, exploring the function of the language within sentences and some text features she has used in her text to engage the reader.

We then used this text as a basis to write our 'Dog Lost' book mirroring some of the features used by Jan Ramage.

A selection of their stories are below.
Enjoy!

Thank you

Howard Gibson
Principal

You're An Instrument





Dynamite
experiments last week.
(It's ok, no one was
blown up!!!)

MAJOR LOST

The frogs croak as they jump in and out of the still water as I frantically feed the cows so I can take down my tent. Major is yapping in my ear. Major and I have just finished camping and feeding the cows.

A busy farmer
A kind farmer
A farmer that adores her dog

Finally, I finished packing up. I called for Major. He didn't come.

I peer out across the water hole hoping to see him. "Major" I call. Nothing. I tried again, still nothing. I try once more "Major". I yell at the top of my lungs. Still nothing. I jump on my horse Bluey and start to head home.

On my way home I noticed a wombat hole. I stop to check it out. Major loves wombat holes. Maybe he's down there. I turn on my torch and peer down the wombat hole. "Major" I call It echoes through the wombat hole. Nothing. Now I am getting worried, I leap onto Bluey and gallop home. I decide to check the paddocks. I search for hours and hours but find nothing. At one point I thought I saw him, but it was just a kangaroo. At the end of the day my voice was sore from yelling out Major's name.

I decided to go to the butcher's shop. Maybe he went there for a sausage. I was getting tired and so was Bluey. We decided to push on. We bolted to the butcher's shop. We got there just in time to ask the man if he had seen a golden retriever x Labrador, sadly the butcher said "no". "That's okay" I said in a dreary voice. I was still determined to find him. I dropped Bluey off at the stables and then went home to see if he was there. I looked in his kennel, under my bed, and in the backyard, he was nowhere to be seen. I was getting really worried. I decided to go to bed and check the neighbour's house tomorrow.

After a good night's rest, I go to the neighbour's house.

I knock on the door and when they answer I ask them if they've seen him. They say no but out of the corner of my eye...

Just over behind the washing line I spot him.
My heart fills with joy.

Georgie Grade 6

The Lost Dog

River red gums tower above, the creek chatters below, the rod creaks as I cast into the slow moving backwater. The smell of eucalyptus fills the air.

A relaxed farmer.

A cattle farmer.

A farmer who cares for his dog.

SWISH! The line goes taught and my rod bends. I leap to my feet and yank the rod. The fish is bucking like an angry brumby. I start to reel it in. It is huge. I pick up the net and scoop it up. "YEAH, LAMBI IS IN DA HOUSE" I shout. It's a ginormous cod, 60 or 70 cm. "Hey boy come and look at this catch, it is also time to go home". I say. No answer. He is probably just off chasing a rabbit I think. "CHARLIE" I yell.

FWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP goes the dog whistle. No reply. I keep shouting and whistling as I walk along the creek scanning the area for any sign of my dog. I run back to the quad bike, worry brewing inside me.

I vault on and rev the engine. I put it into gear and shoot forward. What does Charlie like to do, I think. I make a mental list of locations to search but one stands out. Charlie loves to annoy the bulls. Crud. This is bad. Really bad. I fang it around a corner and through a gate. Going 35 kilometres per hour I fly. Past my house, past the dairy, past the cows, and through the plains I barrel. I slam the brakes, skidding to a halt just before the gate.

I jump up onto the fence post, eyes raking the grass. They pass over a large black blob, the bull Epifanio. He is lying under a gum tree chewing his cud. Charlie is nowhere to be found. He must be at the neighbours. I get back on my quad bike and ride home.

I open the door, take off my gumboots and step inside. I walk up the hallway burning with worry and guilt. Why did I let him out of my sight? Why did I let him run wild? Why did I let him off the leash? Now he is probably alone and scared. I pick up the telephone and call the neighbours. When I am finished, I jump in the car and drive to their door.

My neighbour is called Bob Izcool. He is very friendly and sports a big bushy moustache.

"Hello" he grunts "what can I do for you?"

"Can I please search your property for my dog, he's lost."

"Sure, go for it." I scramble up into the car and race across Bob's farm.

I rumble over the bridge, past the silos, past the hay shed, past the cows and their calves, calling and whistling all the way. Still no sign of my pet. I do a U turn and drive back to Bob's house. "Thanks mate" I say. "It's my pleasure" replies Bob. "And before you go would you like a coke and a piece of slice?"

"No thanks, I need to find my dog" I say.

"Bye" says Bob.

"Bye" I say. I get into the car and motor off. I will find my dog I say to myself. He will be in the bush block where all the rabbits are, I think. When I get home, I switch to quad bike and take off to the bush block.

I dismount and clamber over the gate. There's a rustle in the bushes and I call excitedly. My heart drops. It's just a stag, it stares at me reproachfully until cantering off into the undergrowth.

I blow my dog whistle and call. No answer. Again. Nothing. What if he's injured and can't move or bark. I run around the block. Looking. Searching, until my eyes burn. No dog. Sad and dishevelled, I return to my bike and ride to the dairy where we always finished the work of herding the cows and calves for their milking.

I step inside the dairy, the air is cold and dank. I blow the whistle. "CHARLIE" I call. Nothing. I move along the cattle race and peer around the bend. It is dark and I can't see much. I turn on my torch. Nothing. Charlie is not here, it is time to look in my last resort place. The plains, where there are mice and rats for him to eat.

I hop on my motorbike and accelerate forward with a newfound hope and determination. As I ride through gate after gate, I tell myself if he is not here I don't know where to look next. I will find him. I will find him. I arrive.

I get up onto a post like I did at the bull paddock and blow my whistle as loud as I possibly can. FWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP goes the whistle. A rustle in the bushes. A mouse. What's behind it? Just above the grasses, I see my dog. The mouse skitters under the fence, squeaking in fright. Then Charlie sees me, "WOOF" he barks with delight. My heart leaps.

I scoop him up and give him a pat, "WOOF" he barks again. He wags his tail as I set him down on the back of the quad bike. We drive home and I give him a bowl of kibble and an egg. I eat dinner and go to bed.

Alex (Grade 6)

LOST DOG

I put my dog on the leash and I have my phone in my pocket. I walked up the soggy pathway into the shop, then I got into the queue and waited.

A hungry and thirsty vet.
A hard working vet.
A vet that helps Animals.

I get my donut and look down. The leash snapped. I looked under the fancy table. No Buddy. I walked outside and I checked the back. Nothing. I checked behind the smelly trash bin. Nothing. I walked back to my car worried. I drove home. Ten minutes later, I walked into my house upset. I fed my seven dogs. Then with Bella and Max we get into the car.

I drive to my neighbour. I checked behind the fence. Nothing. "Buddy". "Buddy" I cry again "Buddy".

I rushed to the abandoned school. I checked in one of the classrooms. Nothing. 10 minutes later I checked the second classroom. Nothing. I was distressed.

I drove as fast as I could to the grocery store.

I checked the back. Nothing. I checked near the trash bin. Nothing. "Buddy". "Buddy"

I drove quickly to the pet shop. I went inside the pet store. Nothing. I checked the back. Nothing. I was really sad. I couldn't find my dog Buddy. I slowly drive home.

I walked into my room. Out of the corner of my eye I see a tail under the blanket and it fills my heart with hope. I lifted the blanket and Buddy was there. I was happy.

Lily (Grade 5)

Dog Lost

*Whoosh goes the line, plop goes the lure.
Wheeeerr goes the reel, the grass sways slowly
And the trees seem to speak.*

*A caring farmer
A busy farmer
A farmer that loves his dog*

Has Arnold gotten washed down the river? I think to myself, he mustn't have because he can swim. But could he? I've never seen him swim.

What is that behind the bushes? I think. Now I remember last night I was wood chopping and left my buggy there. I jump in my buggy and speed away into the trees.

"Arnold, are you there." I bellow. Nothing. "Arnold!" I shout again. No reply. He doesn't normally play hide and seek like this.

What was that? I am now sprawled out on the ground. I realise I have tripped over a wombat hole that made me trip. I say to myself. Suddenly a small black figure pops into the hole. I turn on my phone and then I click on flashlight mode. I poke my phone in the hole. "Arnold" I say desperately, are you there? No response, it's just a wombat.

I guess I will have to look in that clump of rushes. I head towards my buggy I hop in get in and put it in the drive gear. going full speed, I raced across the paddock and through the rushes. I get out. "Arnold" I scream again. Far out he's not there. I give up. I'm going home.

What's that crossing the road ahead. I jump out of the buggy, my heart bursting I sprint to the shape Hip hip hurray. It is Arnold. I scooped him up into the buggy and we head home and have some nice warm dinner.

Lewis (Grade 4)

Dog Lost

Beside an old dusty road with Dog. Getting wood for the bitter winter ahead.

A farmer that loves his dog.
A farmer that loves his cattle.
A farmer that loves his wood cutting.

The chainsaw starts and small wood chips fly in all directions. A hot autumn day.
"Dog" I called; he didn't come.

I scramble around looking. I thought I had found him, but it was just a fox. I look in a huge hollow log. It's dark and I turn my flashlight on. Nothing. It's getting dark and I can look no further.

I get up and remember there is a hay shed near where I lost dog. I get on my bike and ride across the paddock to the hay shed. The shed door creaks as I open it. It's dark, I turn my flashlight on. Nothing.

I look in the back part of the shed and I hear a rustle, sadly it's just a mouse eating rat sack.

I'm confident Dog will be at the junction. The water is like a mirror and it is packed with small silver fish. I get back on my bike and ride to where the Owens meets the Murray River. I search everywhere frantically. I even look a bit further up the Murray. Nothing

I have to look in town now. "Dog!" I call desperately. I don't get a woof back though. I'm starting to lose hope.

Maybe he's been found and taken to the pound. The drive is 15 minutes away. The pound is dark and cold. The growls of forgotten dogs send shivers down my spine. I go to the front desk and ask if they've seen a border collie cross labrador. "No sorry," My heart drops.

My last hope is the neighbours. I call them and say I'm coming. I got there going 130 kph. I go inside and tell them I'll have a look in the back paddock. "Dog!" I call. I hear a bark.

And just across the paddock I see my dog. My heart fills with joy. I sprint over and check he is OK. I pick him up and run to the car, we speed off down the road.

Ted (Grade 4)

Dog Lost

The whip cracks a start. As Bob and I hurtle through the rough, rocky landscape. I breathe the hot thick air and gulp down fresh clean water.

A happy stockman.

A hot stockman.

A stockman that loves the land.

Then Bob went missing.

I run over to the buggy. Start the engine and speed off in search of Bob. With hope I look in a dry dusty field.

In the field is Bob's favourite carcass to chew on. I peer into the distance and at the carcass, but no Bob could be found.

I drive straight to the bush and start looking. I look high, I look low. Nothing. I run to the buggy and race to his favourite hiding spot...

The wombat hole. Stressed am I as I look in the dusty old wombat hole. I peer into the eerie darkness. I pull out an old torch and shine it in the hole. Still nothing.

As I rocket up the nearest mountain I look. Behind trees, under bushes. Then I reach the top of the mountain, it's beautiful.

There's a gigantic waterfall. As I look down at the water below, I see a small figure. At second glance I see it's Bob.

Toby (Grade 3)

Steve Lost

Cockatoos fly as the ratchet gun rumbles. The buggy needs fixing in order to get the grain. Hungry cattle so desperately need it, they haven't had any for days. Rrrrrrrrrrr, goes the buggy. "Finally, I can get the hay", I say to myself.

"Steve, come", I say. He doesn't come. "Steve, come", I say again. Again, he doesn't come. I'm worried Steve always comes to me his master.

A busy farmer.

A worried farmer.

A farmer who cares for his animals.

I look everywhere in the workshop. I lift up some musty tarps. Nothing. I go to the jack and pull it away. Nope. I go to check behind the toolbox. Nope. He ain't here. It's obvious he's not in the workshop. I'll go check the stables.

I bolt to the stables. When I get there, I go and look under the new, lush silage. Nope, nothing. I go into the shed coming off the stables where the saddles are kept. No, not here either. Then I suddenly think he may have gone to his kennel.

I sprint along the dusty track to the kennel. In three seconds, I'm there. I open the door. Nothing. I shut the door and go. Wait, he might be at the tank.

I jump on my bike and ride past the rusty ute and truck. To the stables. I jump on Charlie and ride past the dirty feeders and muddy troughs to the tank, calling Steve the whole way. When I arrive, I jump off Charlie. Go over to the fence, jump it and start searching around the tank. Maybe he's under that rusty piece of tin? I walk over, lift it up.

Nope, nothing. I look under the tank. Nothing again. I'm losing hope, as I jump back on Charlie and ride home. Then suddenly, I think he might be in the yards.

I canter to the yards. When I arrive, I run to the gate and start searching. I look in the race. Nothing. I wander into the crush. Nope, not here. I go into the pens. Nope. Nothing. I go back to the stables to think where Steve might be.

Suddenly I have a thought, it's that he might be on the road. I run as fast as I can to the road.

When I arrive, I start looking beside and on the road for a kilometre, then another. It's a cracked, dry and dusty old dirt road by now. I'm turning back. I jog back and again. have a thought but this time it's that Steve might be in the paddock.

I run to the house. Finally, I arrive but there's no time to waste I run straight to my bike. I hop on it and ride flat out to the paddock. I've arrived, finally but again, there's no time to waste. I jump the gate and run straight to the trough. Nope, nothing. I'll go check the feeder. I run to it and have a look in it. Again, nothing. I go to the hay feeder and again there's nothing but hay.

Then just behind a bush I hear a rustle. It echoes across the paddock. Then suddenly a figure appears. At second glance I realise it's Steve. I'm bursting with joy. I run faster than I ever have before towards him.

Archie (Grade 3)