



### Dates for your Diary

SEP	11-13	Ski Camp – cancelled	Mon	16	School Council 6:30pm	
	Mon	16	Music	Wed	18	Blue Earth
	Wed	18	Library	Thu	19	Family Science night
	Fri	20	Italian & End Term 3 (2:30pm dismissal)			
OCT	Mon	7	Pupil Free Day	Tue	8	Start Term 4
	Tue	8	Blue Earth	Fri	11	Italian
	Mon	14	Music	Mon	14	Foundation Transition
	Wed	16	Library	Fri	18	Italian
	Mon	21	Art/Music	Tue	22	Blue Earth
	Wed	23	Foundation Transition			
	Fri	25	Italian			

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:

Sophie - Responsibility shown within the classroom

Archie G - Independence in writing

Archie M - Responsibility when working independently

Lachie - Writing summary



#### Pupil Free Day - IMPORTANT

School Council approved Friday 20 September as a Pupil Free Day. However, due to other commitments, we have had to change this to Monday 7 October. As such **Term 3 will now finish on Friday 20 September at 2:30pm** and **Term 4 for students will commence Tuesday 8 October**. Staff will be working at school on the Monday, with a focus on the teaching of Writing.

#### Father's Day Breakfast

It was great to see our dad's here last Monday for our annual Father's Day breakfast. We certainly hope you were spoilt by your kids the day before and that you enjoyed your breakfast. Thank you to my staff who came along early and helped get everything prepared - rain and shine!

### **BluEarth**

Our students are having a great time in their fortnightly Blue Earth session.

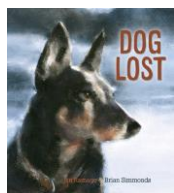
BluEarth focus on not only on physical education (movement) but the importance of having a healthy mind. It involves students being mindful, understanding breathing and how it can help if we are feeling anxious or stressed. It is designed to assist students to live better - physically, mentally and emotionally. There are some great resources online at [bluearth.org](http://bluearth.org) if you are interested.



### **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. Can we please each family to bring a salad to share - and your own drinks. We will provide the BBQ. The evening will commence at 6pm with our dinner, followed by the student's science experiments.

For catering purposes, please let us know how many people will be coming from your family so we can order enough supplies. If you can help with cooking the BBQ, your assistance would be greatly appreciated.



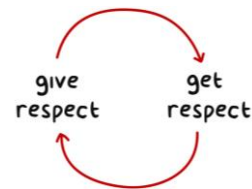
### **Writing**

The final instalment of the *Dog Lost* stories by the grade 3/4/5/6 children is included below for your enjoyment. In the next newsletter we will focus on some of the F/1/2 student's pieces of writing.

### **RESPECT: School VALUES in action**

Recently, we've been focusing on our school value of Respect, particularly in our relationships. We have identified the value in forming meaningful connections where we feel accepted and appreciated for who we are - being able to rely on each other, share our successes and struggles, and offer genuine encouragement and support. It involves showing respect, understanding and empathy towards one another, even when we may disagree.

An example of Respect in action has been seen and heard at school when one of our Foundation students, Rosie, knocked at the staffroom door before going in. She waited for the okay from the staff before entering the space. Many students behave in this way and are great examples of showing our staff respect and providing sound modelling to our students.



### **Bushfire At Risk Register**

As most of you will be aware, we are on the Education Department's *Bushfire 'At Risk' Register*. There is some important information at the end of this newsletter regarding Department policy for us on days that are deemed Catastrophic. Please make yourself familiar with this and feel free to ask any questions you may have.

### **Fun in the Sun**

Junior school students are clearly enjoying the much improved weather today.



Please remember that even though we are in term 3, the sun is out, and hats are encouraged.

Thank you  
Howard Gibson - Principal

## 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 has 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.

## Dog Lost

*I get off my horse and tie him up. The smell of fresh apples haunts me. Dust makes its way up my nose.*

*A brave cowgirl  
A smart cowgirl  
A cowgirl who trusts her animals.*

*I turn around and Maggie's not there. I rush outside. I called her name "Maggie!" but there was no answer. I went back inside. I looked through the aisles, still not there. I call again "Maggie!" I ran back outside and hopped on my horse, Charlie. We galloped to the park.*

*I jumped off Charlie and bolted to the sand pit. "Maggie!" I call, "Maggie!" Still no answer. I was starting to get worried, then I found her favourite toy. I ran back to Charlie. I hugged him as hard as I could but then I heard a bark, but it wasn't Maggie. I sprinted. I needed to find her.*

*I ran into the pub, thinking she might be there, "Maggie, Maggie". I rushed to the bar and asked if they had seen a border collie cross kelpie, they said "No". I ran to the door and rushed to the back of the pub. I looked around everywhere. "Maggie!" Still nothing. I ran back to Charlie; I had lost all hope.*

*But then I realised she loves attention, so I hopped on Charlie and sped down to the school. I was hopeful she would be there. As soon as I got there all the kids were playing. "Maggie!" Still no call back. As I begin to lose hope, I walk outside not knowing if I will ever find her.*

*Then I see the fire station, I sprint over not caring about anything else "Maggie, Maggie!" Still no response. I walked into the fire station and asked if they had seen her. "No, but you could try the police station", one of them recommended. Good idea, I thought. So, I ran over to the police station and just over the bench I hear a cry it makes my heart light up.*

## Elsie - Grade 5

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### Dog Lost

A young farmer.  
A working farmer.  
A farmer that cares for his animals.

I called for my dog Tim because it was time to go to my neighbour's house. He doesn't come. I look in the nesting boxes. Nothing. I scan the corner. Still nothing. I thought where would he be?

I run to the motorbike I jump on. I race to the work shed. I listen for Tim. No, still nothing.

I rang my neighbour and told him that I will be late. I race over to the bush. I feel like I am getting closer but still nothing.

I thought if Tim was thirsty, he would go to the dam so off I went to the dam. I thought I saw him, but it was just a calf.

Where could he be? I raced off. I go and check every paddock. Just cows. I have one more place to look - a cow carcass. I push the bike to the max and just over the hill I can smell that familiar smell of Tim. seeing him munching on the cow carcass fills my heart with happiness.

## Hunter - Grade 5

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## **BOB LOST**

The chickens squawk and the cows moo, bits of hay are being scattered across the green, grassy paddock. The tractor roars while it rips the wheat out of the damp mushy earth.

A strong farmer.

A hardworking farmer.

A farmer that loves his animals.

It was a hot, humid morning and Bob and I were picking the carrots. I yanked out a huge carrot. "Look at this ripper Bob!" I turn around to show Bob the carrot. Bob is nowhere in sight. "Bob?!" I cry, "where are you?"

I walk to the chicken coop and the gate; I peer under behind the coop and look around. Just chickens. I search through the nesting boxes. Just chickens. He's probably in the shed I think to myself.

I rush down the path to the huge grey shed, I poke my head around the corner, and I see the toolbox. I check the box. Nothing. I look to my left, the car pops in sight, I check every centimetre of the car. Still nothing.

Disappointed, I walk outside of the shed then I wonder what Bob likes. I think of the creek. Bob might be drinking water I think to myself. Suddenly a beckoning sound echoes from behind me, it glitters magically, my body is drawn to it, it carries me to the creek.

I arrived and I looked around, all I saw was the cold clear water and the rough stones. Losing hope, thinking I will never see Bob again, I sit down and decide to go for a swim to calm myself. I splash around in the water.

Then suddenly...

Bang! Crash! Thud!

I fall smack bang on the rough sandy ground at the bottom of a canyon.

I look around and I see a waterfall followed by a creek. "How am I going to get out of here?" I say to myself. "Is Bob dead?" I was determined to find Bob, I checked under the rocks and in the sandy shrubs. Nothing. I walked over to the cave behind the waterfall, I saw a round black figure laying, I peered into the darkness... just a wombat. I climbed out of the canyon up the rough, rocky walls. After what felt like days, I was up. I walked out onto the grass, and I ran towards the huge mountain.

I stared at the mountain. It was cold and white, and going up the mountain were wet muddy feathery paw imprints.

"Bob!" I shouted.

A sound returned "Woof!" "Bob!" I cried.

I sprinted up the mountain as fast as I could. My toes felt numb, and my legs were aching, but I didn't give up. After a while I reached the top, I looked down and I could see the neighbour's house in the green grassy valley. I had to get down there fast, so I sat down on the wet snow.

Whizz! I slid down the icy surface and over the slippery black rocks Down into the valley dodging all the hard pines.

I ran closer to the house. It got bigger and bigger the closer I got. "BOB WHERE ARE YOU!" I bellowed at the top of my lungs. There was a reply "Woof" "That sounds familiar" I thought "Oh It's Bob!" I sprinted as fast as I could to where the sound came from. I dashed through a corn crop, I sprinted through the hay shed, I checked through buckets, bushes and boxes. Nothing I called out again "BOB!" A bark came back. I rushed down to the hay shed, I looked around and I saw muddy paw imprints in the grass. The prints suddenly stop.

And just behind the hay shed, again I hear a bark. Filled with happiness I run to the shed and scoop up Bob. Bob and I head for home.

## DOG LOST

The tractor starts. The engine revs as I drive through the crackling grass and over mounds of hardened dirt. Around termite mounds and old fence posts known to the land.

A good farmer,  
A great farmer,  
A farmer that thrives on the land.

I drove to the paddock looking for Dog. He isn't in sight. I searched the bale of hay. Nothing. Then a rat jumps out of the dry mess and scurries to the long grass. He must be at the hay shed; I think to myself. So that's where I'll go.

I got to the hay shed, thinking and hoping Dog was left there... but he wasn't. I called his name, it echoed through the shed. Nothing. I knew he wasn't here, so I went to the bush.

I figured that he could have chased a rabbit or something. So, I started to check the bush. I found prints heading towards the creek. He must be at the creek for a drink. I ran to the motor bike and sped down through the bush.

I flew through the bush, on my motorbike. When I got to the creek there was no Dog. I decided to check the dam where the creek runs into the dam. Dog could have fallen in and washed down.

I arrived at the dam. Checking every inch. No Dog. At this point I was getting very stressed and worried about Dog. Then I heard a faint bark in the distance. Dog I said. He's in trouble. I wasted no time jumping onto the motorbike and riding to where the sound was coming from.

I jumped off the bike running towards the coop, a growl screamed from under the coop. I look and...

Deep under the coop, again I hear a whine. It echoes underneath the coop. There he is. I sprint to Dog grabbing him and I don't want to let him go.

Shannon - Grade 6

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## Lost Friend

The stable door creaks as it shuts.  
The fresh hay scent is in the air.  
The dim light is shining. I carry the heavy leather saddle and slide it on the metal rack.

A busy farmer.  
A caring farmer.  
A farmer that adores all animals.

That's all done for now. Bye Rusty. I slowly close the brown timber door. Hang on, where's my best mate Polly? She is always by my side.

So, then I walk back to the stables, with hope, she must be there still. I slowly open the timber door. Turn on the dim light. I need to find my best furry friend. All I can take in is the fresh smell of the hay. Just as I was losing hope, I heard a rustle in the hay beside me. But to my disappointment, it was only Rusty itching. "Polly Polly" I loudly called desperately and worried.

I close the stable door in a disappointed mood. "Where?" I mumbled.

In a fast stroll, I make my way to the hay shed. Polly loves it there. I take a long step up the hard, spiky, golden, square bale. I make my way up to the bale, where Polly always lays waiting. Wishfully, thinking where she could be. She's nowhere here.

She loves chasing the chooks. She might have gotten bored. I wonder. I need to get there quickly. I ran, with no time to waste, across to the stables. I jumped on Rusty and galloped past the house, past the paddock, past the shearing shed and to the chook shed. "Woo Rusty" I called to slow him down. I peer through the door and all the chooks seem calm. Polly is not chasing them. "Polly, where are you? I need to know where you are, girl." I whisper, "where are you?"

I pull the rein left to turn in the direction to the dam. I put Rusty in a fast canter. Maybe she's gone for a swim. It is an extremely hot day. When we approach the full dam, all I can see is the ducks calmly sitting on the water and cows drinking from the water edge.

I turn my head to look around with fear. No Polly. She must be somewhere around the farm. She has never run off in her life. I start to make a turn when my watch flickers in the bright sun. Hang on, it is already 12 o'clock. It's milking time. Without a second thought I go galloping to the dairy.

We get to the dairy, and I instantly jump off Rusty. Wait a sec Polly might be here. I hope she is. I can't milk them without my best friend right beside me. I look everywhere. Still no Polly. All I can smell is the scent of dairy cows with a hint of milk. The light is dim here I think to myself, I start to milk the cows one by one. It is so lonely here without Polly and it's finally the last cow. What a relief. I am starting to lose hope, but I am going to search for her.

I walk slowly to my car. It is an old Toyota.  
Maybe the neighbour Emma knows where she is. Polly loves going to play with her dog Jack. I drive down the old dusty road and into Emma's driveway. It is a nice old house with brown stones and a big veranda.

And just behind the front fence,  
I hear an excited woof.  
It fills me with happiness.  
I pulled the handle of the car door and as fast as I could I quickly ran towards her and gave my best friend the largest hug ever.

## Russel Lost!

Bang! goes the hammer as it strikes the hot metal. The early morning rain patters down on the tin roof. But the walls keep the rain out, so Russel and I stay dry. The smell of oil is strong.

A young farmer

A helpful farmer

A farmer who takes care of the land.

Alright Russel I say, time to go back to the house. I look over to where Russel was but he' s not there.

I ran over to a sheet of tin. I lift it up. The old pieces of tin crunch under my fingers but Russel is not there.

I drop the tin and run over to a tarp. I rip the tarp away. Nothing. But it' s just a pile of wood. Even though it is still raining. I run over to the quad bike and rev the engine. I drive over to the doghouse.

BANG! goes the lightning as it strikes a tree. CRACK! And the tree comes falling to the ground. I stop the quad bike just as the tree falls in front of me. That was close I sigh.

I get off the bike and hop on to the ground. SQUELCH! the wet mud squishes under my leather boots. I jump over the tree to where the doghouse is. 'Russel' I call 'Russel' I lean over to where the door is. No dog. Just then the rain started to stop.

I turn around just as something moves in the paddock. I ran over to the paddock desperate to find my furry companion. As I entered the paddock, I realised that it' s going to take forever to search the whole paddock.

So, I sprinted back to the quad bike and drove back to the paddock and started searching. After a long time going back and forth looking through the wet grass of the paddock, I came across a river.

So, I start up the engine and drive down the river ever so slowly watching for Russel. The wet mud under the tyres leaves a trail of where I've been. Now I' m starting to really worry about him. I start to speed up a little bit, getting faster and faster each minute. Where is he? Where is he? I mutter to myself. Suddenly something floats by. Russel, I say, but it' s just a piece of wood floating down stream.

I think to myself that if Russel fell in, he would go down stream. I put it on the max speed all the way down to the end of the river. I pull to a stop and look around and spot a wombat hole in the corner.

Bingo, I say. Russel might have gone in there for shelter. I hop of the quad bike and grab my torch. Click. I turn on my torch. I manage to just fit in the wombat hole. It' s dark and wet even though I have my torch on it' s still pretty dark. I struggle to move down the narrow passageway. I soon come to a split in the passageway. One going left, another going right and one going straight ahead.



I think I'll go right I say. So, I start crawling toward the right tunnel. Soon after a lot of lefts and rights I come to a tunnel with a bit of light. I turn off my torch and crawl towards the light. I squeeze myself out of the small wombat hole and into a human size cave and then I realise it's an abandoned mine.

I don't think Russel would have gone into an abandoned mine but it's worth looking for him. I see a lift and think that it might be quicker to take the lift down to the bottom of the mine to look for Russel. I hop in the lift and press down.

Down and down and down and down and down and down and down all the way to the bottom of the mine. Dong. I press stop and the lift slows down. I hop out of the lift and look around at my surroundings.

Then I see a crate and hear a whimper. Russel, I say, as I run towards the box. And there he was lying in the box.

Russel jumps out of the box and starts running toward a tunnel. I instantly follow him and a couple minutes later we come to a clearing and I see the quad bike I run toward it. Me and Russell hop on, and we drive past the river, through the paddock and past the doghouse and stop right by the house. I hop off and walk up the steps, open the door and walk inside. I go over to the couch and sit down. Russel hops on the couch with me and then we sit there and have a rest.

Ned - Grade 3

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## THE SEARCH FOR MAC

Silky smooth hushed tones ooze through my hearing senses. "Lachie Lachie" My vision peeps open, beams of light crashing into my eyes. Slowly a voice again. Worried. Anxious. Scared.

"Lachie wake up, Mac has run away"

That's when it hits me. I coil out of my cosy warm bed wanting to get back in. I get my clothes on and mum yelps out, "Lachie wake up Tom so he can help". Tears gush out my eyes and down across my pale and anxious face. I sprint over the slippery wooden floor, and hip and shoulder Tom's door open. I shake him until he reaches the side of the bed, I make sure he doesn't fall off then tell him the tragic news. He is so worried he goes so pale he looks like a tissue. I scamper out the door but can't be bothered to roll it back over its rollers.

**A kid in want of rest.**

**A kid with a strong appetite for his bed.**

**A kid in need of a furry friendly companion.**

Past the old lemon tree dad is wanting to kill.

As I'm scrambling past the water tank, I'm howling out Mac's name. I hurdle across the gushing creek.

Past the zip line tower and over to the dam.

Past the shiny silver hut and through the roughest terrain.

I skip. I scamper. Over the rushes.

I am covering here, there and everywhere in the flick of my fingers. Skipping over dips and ditches I trip over a wombat hole. I have no time to worry about the blood oozing out my leg. Mum, Tom and Dad also check all over the house side of our property. Feeling... Defeated.

“Have you seen Mac over there”

“Sadly, no Mum, I haven’t seen him.”

“Come back and we will go up the road to check if he’s there”

“OK”.

I bolt back past the brambles, past the rushes, over the creek, and back past the lemon tree.

Then I hop in the muddy black ute. The engine revs and Dad backs out. As Dad is backing out, I see a small amount of movement in Mac’s little wooden house, but I’m sure it’s nothing.

Indicators Tik Tok, the bright orange light flickers over on the left hand side. The acceleration of the Ute makes a high-pitched ringing sound, as the Ute speeds over the gravel. Past helmet kids place, past the Ned Kelly helmet mailbox, around the corner that has the gutter that I fell in when I was four on my bike, past the Wylies, and past David’s dam, where Tom catches heaps of cod.

We went right up to the camp sites, and right to the top of the hill. But unfortunately, there’s no hope up the road. Mournful am I in the cover of the spine crunching, cold shade. Heartbroken. Depressed. And In The Blues. Mum & Dad announce that we are going to the Gomerr’s.

“Mum. Dad. Do you think we have any hope of finding Mac?” No reply.

So back down Tiger Hill Road we go to the Gomerr’s with the loud engine of the ute leading the way.

We turn into the Gomerr’s as the windows stream into the door. “Lachie, Tom pop your head out the window and call out Mac’s name. “Mac Mac Mac Mac please come out”

As we drive up the driveway. We eventually get to the top. Past the spiky tangled wire of the fence, past the grass flat, and past the deck still screaming at the top of our little lungs for Mac. And off we search again, far and wide but this time with back up.

It was my Mac pup we we’re looking for. So, Ella and I went to the most likely place he would be... the creek. Ella is very helpful and smart so she said, “We should drive the paddock basher down we will get there faster”.

We hopped in the eel. Clutch in and turn the key to 5 O’clock put it in #1 and off we go BRRRRRRRRR  
NRRRRRRRRR. Now we’re there we both open our doors, and we spring out of the EEL.

We sprint down and call for Mac. Past the blackberry bush. Past wombat city, past sandy beach. But depressingly nothing and even right up the corner.

We went to Archie’s place to try to seek out a companion of mine. As we drive to Archie’s place the key’s rattled hitting the dashboard.

David works all over the shop and right though to our house, so we were just going to ask David if he had seen Mac and if anybody would have seen him it would be David. He was on the buggy so the only way to make him know that we're here is scream to the top of our lungs again.

So that's what we did.

"DAVID, DAVID" The engine of the buggy settled to a halt. He needed to get back to work so he jogged over we asked the desperate question... But the answer we were looking for didn't occur, again.

It was Friday night, so I had to do my tips, so we went to the pub. I walk through the double doors a leakage of the freezing cold air smashes into my back as the doors scream and squelch as they come to a halt. The constant cry of cursing is always dreadful for my little ears, but at least the wonderful scent of fresh parmies scam up into my melon full of senses.

Past the fire and in the pool room Tom, Archie, and I search scrambling on our hands and knees as David, and Dad do their tips. Into the dining room and around the tables we search but no Mac, so we do our tips as I put mine in the box, I kiss the paper and say, "Please be a 9 out of 9". I probably won't with the luck I've had today.

The drive back up Tiger Hill Road was... Depression. Bleak. Disheartening. Dejecting. And Gloomy. We drove in and a zing tingled through my body, it gave me a huge shock I was ... Faithful. Upright, and Even Confident.

When the car stopped and the red lights gloomed, I ping out the door Mum and Dad are shocked they ask what I'm doing but there's no time to explain. I remember that Mac always comes to the sound of his delightful food getting rattled in his bowl. I started to frantically shake his bowl with his kibble inside. Tink tink tink.

And just around the sharp angle, I peer,  
More movement.

I rattled the bowl more.

A shadow is panted of the rocky gravel,  
And a beautiful brown head peaks out the flap...

It's Mac, I can't be bothered to open the gate because I'm so eager to give Mac a great big  
cuddle. And of course, a kiss. MMMM UUUU

**Lachie - Grade 5**

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# Category 3 on the Bushfire At-Risk Register

School preparations for the bushfire season

Each year, we undertake a range of activities to ensure the safety of our school and to prepare for bushfires and grassfires.

An important part of this process is communicating to parents what will happen when certain fire danger ratings are issued to help ensure the safety of students and staff.



Our school has been identified as being at risk of bushfire or grassfire and is a **Category 3** school.

Our school will close on a day forecasted as Catastrophic fire danger rating in the North East fire district.

Closure of the school due to a Catastrophic fire danger rating will be enacted when the Bureau of Meteorology forecast, and related public safety messaging are confirmed. Due to uncertainties in the forecast, the timing of this confirmation may vary. Information regarding potential or confirmed Catastrophic fire danger days will be communicated to you via SMS on mobile phones, the UEducateUs app and we will also endeavour to send home hardcopy notification.

It is also important to be aware that:

- No one will be on site on days where the school is closed due to a forecast Catastrophic day.
- Out-of-school-hours care will also be cancelled on these days.
- All bus routes that travel through the Catastrophic area will be cancelled.
- School camps will be cancelled if a Catastrophic fire danger rating day is forecast for fire weather district in which the camp is located, or if the travel involves passing through areas that have Catastrophic fire danger.

As part of preparing our school for the fire season, we have updated and completed our Emergency Management Plan and have prioritised maintenance works in preparing for the threat of fire, including constant care for our facility's grounds and gutters. A tree audit has been conducted in August 2024 and trees requiring attention have been attended to.

*What can families and the school community do to help us prepare?*

- Ensure we have your current contact details, including your mobile phone numbers.
- Keep in touch with us by reading our newsletters, downloading the UEducateUs app on your phone and by talking to your child's teacher or any other member of the teaching staff about our emergency management plan.
- Make sure your family's bushfire survival plan is up-to-date and includes alternative care arrangements if our school is closed due to Catastrophic fire danger. Further information can be found on the [CFA's website](#).
- Action your family's bushfire survival plan if your own triggers are met. Our school community may be spread out across many areas and some families may be at higher risk than others. Your family's safety is critical, so please let us know if you are actioning your bushfire survival plan and if your children will be absent on these days.
- If your child is old enough, talk to [them about bushfires](#) and your family's bushfire survival plan.

Families are encouraged to action their [Bushfire Survival Plan](#) on Catastrophic fire danger rating days in their district. The safest option is to leave the night before or early on the morning of the Catastrophic day. On such days, children should never be left at home alone or in the care of older children.

You can find more information on emergencies, warnings and preparedness actions here:

- VicEmergency app – that can be downloaded on your android and iOS mobile devices.
- VicEmergency Hotline (1800 226 226)
- Website <https://emergency.vic.gov.au>
- Facebook (<https://www.facebook.com/vicemergency>)
- Twitter (<https://twitter.com/vicemergency>)
- ABC local radio, Sky News, and other emergency broadcasters

### Frequently Asked Questions

*What is the department's policy?*

The Department of Education annually assesses the fire risk of all schools and early childhood services with the support of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation (CSIRO). They are allocated a category of risk (categories 0 to 6). Schools and services that are Categories 0-3 are published on the [Bushfire At-Risk Register \(BARR\)](#). Schools at some risk of bushfire and grassfire are published on the [Category 4 List](#).

The department's [Bushfire and Grassfire Preparedness Policy](#) requires all schools and early childhood services on the BARR and the Category 4 List to close when a Catastrophic fire danger rating day is forecast in their fire weather district. All school bus routes which travel in or through a district with Catastrophic fire danger must also be cancelled.

The policy also requires that schools at the highest risk of bushfire (those in Categories 0, 1 and 2 of the Bushfire At-Risk Register) enact pre-emptive action plans based on the fire danger forecast for their Local Government Area (LGA).

*Who issues fire danger forecasts?*

The Bureau of Meteorology (BoM) provides public fire danger rating forecasts each day of the fire danger period using fire weather district areas. In Victoria, there are 9 fire weather districts, which are based on Local Government Area boundaries.

The department uses these forecasts when supporting schools to enact their pre-emptive bushfire actions plans.