

As we continue to investigate the big idea of “People move around the world for different reasons” we have been creating tallys, collecting data and writing journal entries of our own and fictional journeys. Last week we made a 3D graph in class using plasticine models of the ways in which our class usually come to school. The results indicated that the majority of our class come by car, 12 people in fact, 2 people by bike, one by bus and one by walking. The graph was a real stimulation for discussion and promoted lots of questioning and analysis of the data.

Wally, our class puppet, has also had lots of exciting experiences and journeys lately. The children have been taking him home and helping him to write a journal entry about his time with them. If you haven't already had a chance to meet Wally I'm sure you will in the near future.

I mentioned in my last contribution to the newsletter that I would share some of the poems the class wrote in our last unit. I hope you enjoy reading our shared writing pieces.

Thank you, Narelle

## YELLOW

Yellow is the sun,  
Burning and bright  
Yellow is the shining beam  
Of a guiding torch light.

Yellow is a banana  
Firm and ripe to eat  
Yellow is the blistering sun  
Burning my feet.

Sometimes yellow is a  
Fire glowing hot  
But dark and miserable  
Yellow is not.

Yellow is a sunflower  
Always following the sun  
Yellow is the cheese  
In a freshly made bun.

Yellow is a full moon  
Shining through the door  
It is egg yolk  
Oozing on the floor.

Yellow is a leopard  
without his spots  
Yellow is a juicy lemon  
Before it rots.

Yellow is cute,  
fluffy chicks  
And the colour of  
Burning hot sticks.

Yellow is the paint  
That splashes on your shirt  
Yellow brightens your day  
When you're hurt.

Yellow is a happy colour,  
No doubt about it.  
Wouldn't life be  
Dull and sad without it?

P1/2 2007



## DON'T

Don't do this, don't do that  
Don't throw your pen  
Don't pull the mat  
Don't run in class  
Don't pinch your friend  
Don't drop the glass  
Don't rip your book  
Don't pull her hair  
Don't bend the hook  
Don't spill the glue

So many things I mustn't  
What can I do?

P1/2 2007