

January 22, 2021

# WILDCAT NEWS



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## IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR YOU!

Hello Parents and Guardians,

Three weeks into the new year and we appear to be doing very well. Our students have settled easily into the routines and the weather has been outstanding. I expect that the warm weather will revert to the usual cold that happens in January and February of each year. Please make sure that your child comes to school prepared to be outside as we continue to go out for our morning wakeups twice per week with an option for our classes to head out for a third time. This has been a positive change that the students have been very accommodating with.

A communique went out earlier in the week regarding the traffic flow. So far, the flow seems to be much better and quicker. I would like to send out a big thank you to the bus company and to all the parents that are trying to support the congestion at those peak times.

Family Literacy Day/Night will be on January 27th. We will be having a spirit day on the 27th and homeroom teachers will have a number of activities focused on literacy with the theme "Travel the World Together!". Take the time to read with your child each night and let their imaginations flourish. In the meantime, enjoy some of the poetry that GB and some of Ms Bromley's students have worked on over the past few weeks on the following pages.

Working closely with Sir John Franklin, we have started our grade 8 Winter Camp, Camp Akaitcho. Mr. So-nier and Ms. Gagnon ( Ms. G) have been meeting with 18 students and started mitten making, menu planning and students have taken their snowmobile course and first aid course. The camp starts February 28th and runs until March 5th.

As always, be safe and enjoy the increase in daylight.

Jeff



ÉWMMS

## TIDBITS of INFO

- > Intramurals happen every day at lunch.
- > Students spend time doing sewing activities with Ms. Paige
- > Staff have their own sewing club that meets on Thursday evenings
- > The city made changes to the stopping/parking area along Taylor road. Please pay attention to the new changes.
- > Family Literacy Day January 27th
- > Pink Shirt Day February 24
- > Subway Day January 29th
- > NEXT PAC MEETING is February 17, 2021



## Norse's Victory

In the freezing cold weather  
Not a single person named Heather  
Stands the huge lord Throgg  
And his is clan uses dogs  
The army is walking on the very white snow  
And the souls of the fallen are ready to go  
With the cheering of the crowd  
And the whines of the hounds

Corbin Coleman-Testart, 6B

## The Winter

The winter is it's own  
season. Every time you go outside  
at night all the light seems to  
disappear for some reason. The  
nights could be freezing the  
days could be dim. To bad in  
Canada the summer is slim.

Nuryn Yasir 6B

## Snowflake

Cold and tiny on the ground  
Slowly drifting in the sky.  
6 same sides to be found  
But no one does know why.

Coating all that lay around  
But not to keep them warm.  
Blanketing the sky and ground  
In giant shapes, they form.

Falling drifting, never ends  
They never fall to rest.  
All the strongest shall bend  
Like hit by a shooting star

Near alike to its old form  
Nothing stands in the way  
Like water when the days grow warm  
It all shrivels away

James Smillie, 6B

## The First Snowfall

I look out my window  
all frosted and white  
and see fluffy snow  
sparkling in the light  
It covers the grass  
as far as I can see  
my hand touches the glass  
winter is calling to me  
I get dressed really quick  
and stumble outside  
the yard decorations look nice  
it's Santa's sleighride

Christmas is coming  
we're getting prepared  
the turkey is cooking  
it'll be medium rared

Janescy Brown, 6B



Sad Pencil.

I live in a school  
 Sleeping on Sundays  
 Waiting for Mondays,  
 then I'll do it all again later,  
 after  
 Munching on words and paper  
 After dancing on what used to be empty notebooks.  
 And getting all those weird looks  
 because I'm only a  
 short, dull and beaten down  
 Sick, made of wood  
 And led.  
 And I'll just be laying in bed  
 Covering my head and hoping  
 That  
 someday,  
 that someday being Monday  
 I'll be at a desk  
 Getting ready for a test  
 and be dancing my best  
 On a piece of white paper.

Morgan Nelson 6/7C



"Come on, there *has* to be a way out of here..." Anthony whispered to himself as he walked along the rocky ground of the mountains. It'd been about 2 days since he'd been hiking with his friends and gotten lost on the trip. He'd turned away from them for two seconds, before looking back and seeing they were gone. no matter how far he walked in the direction he'd come from, the mountains only seemed to keep going on and on. Soon, a growl sounded from behind him. He turned around, his gaze meeting the big, wide eyes of what appeared to be a giant dog. It let out a loud, angry bark, to which Anthony turned and bolted. This wasn't the trip he signed up for.

Isabelle Christofferson 6/7D

ME!!!

My siblings and I have very hard lives,  
 And I'm very, very, scared of knives.  
 At school I always get kicked around,  
 And at the end I'm left lying on the ground.  
 Dirt has collected in my wounds,  
 With all this I'm being ruined.  
 The big boys think they're better than me,  
 But instead of me, they should go kick a tree.  
 My black spots are wearing off,  
 Even though I'm pretty tough!  
 I've seen so many different colored shoes,  
 That I could give a shoe review.  
 That's my life, doesn't it seem difficult?  
 I may sometimes seem deflated but it's not my fault!

That's me! A white puff in the sky  
 Look up! I'm probably passing right by

The wind carries me wherever I go  
 It carries me wandering to and fro

But there are sometimes where I stay in one spot  
 When we all amass in one big black dot

The thunder and light give people a fright  
 But we provide the water, the sound is a job for the light

We wet the grass, soak the pavement  
 Put out the fire in the little encampment

We soak the animals walking about  
 Water the plants scorched by drought

We cry till we die  
 We can't do much more, even if we try

Then we repeat the process, generation after generation  
 Then we disappear, without even a cremation

Calen Knight, 6/7 C

Sadee Mitchell 6/7C



February 24, 2021

