

Book week and a lot more...

As part of our drive to improve reading we have placed a particular focus on boys and reading during this year's Book Week. Many of you should have received an article on Parent Mail about 'Dads and reading' by Dan Freedman.

On Wednesday 1st March we invited Finn Tapp, one of our past pupils, to school to hear some of our boys read and speak in our whole school assembly about the importance of reading and why the children should take part in this important activity.

Finn is a second-year scholar with the MK Dons and made a memorable first team debut in November 2016 where he scored an MK Don's goal against Norwich City. Finn gave a very inspirational and motivational talk in assembly. He spoke about the books he read when he was younger citing 'The Cat in the Hat' and books by Michael Morpurgo as his favourites. Finn explained that reading was important in later life and also for helping him with his creativity when playing matches; he emphasised that the children had to be determined in following their dreams and that it was hard work.

The children really enjoyed the talk and reading; they asked lots of very interesting questions. We would like to give a massive thank you to Finn and the MK representative, Oliver Stephenson, who accompanied him. It was an amazing experience for all and we are extremely fortunate that the MK Dons released Finn to come and talk to us. I have no doubts that we'll hear more about Finn's footballing exploits in the future. He is a very talented sportsperson and is extremely determined and focused on achieving his goals. You should all have received an invitation, via ParentMail, to a Family Fun Day at the Stadium MK on Saturday March 11th, Activities from 12 noon. Kick-off 3pm – MK Dons v Rochdale. In the meantime, keep reading.

Thank you for working with your parents to create extremely creative costumes for the book character parade. The children looked fabulous with so many different characters selected.

Thank you also for supporting the Book Fair. This continues until next Wednesday afternoon in the drama studio. We have raised £650 so far—amazing!



Thank you to all the children that took part on the optional competition to design banners to match our school and IPC values. The school council will shortly be undertaking the challenging task of choosing a winner for each value.

Joining in with the fun of Book Week, Fresh Start randomly placed three edible golden tickets in the desert on Thursday. Congratulations Abigail Snow, Tyler Batista and Neve Ginn for finding them.

Have fun in the kitchen with your new cook books.



★ PTA Quiz night ★
Teams of 6
Friday 24th March
7.30pm start
See ParentMail for more details

SUMMERFETE

A change from the original date
This will now be after school / evening
Friday 7th July
Keep the date free and spread the word

On **Thursday 9th March** all parents and carers are encouraged, where possible, to join us at **2.30pm** to hear more about the Healthier Child Programme with Paul Evans, County Advisor. He will talk more about the project and how our current and future initiatives fit into the government's drive for healthier schools.

It will also be an opportunity to find out about Fresh Start's Deli Bar that will be coming to Deanshanger after Easter. The Deli Bar will provide a sandwich/wrap type option in response to parents that prefer their children to have a hot meal at home in the evening. Since lunches for FS and KSI children are free, we hope that this new option will gradually replace the need for this age group to bring in packed lunches from home.

Come and listen and share your views. There might even be a few yummy tasters too!

The Secrets Down Below — A 500 word story by Hope Baker

"I knew you were getting a piano, but did it HAVE to be pink!" screamed Jeff as he reached the lounge, waiting to be given the 6 marshmallows that mum promised him.

Jeff was marshmallow crazy! He tasted one when he was 3, and now he has an unstoppable crave for them. If he was ever chosen to be a superhero, Jeff would name himself Marshmallow Man and fly around the world eating marshmallows all day. Once, his mum got a bit concerned about his crave, and banned him from eating marshmallows for a month. Poor Jeff had to cope with having yogurt for puddings the whole time!

He was just going upstairs to play video games when his mum said impatiently, "let me hear the sound of your piano playing, OK Jeff."

Jeff. Yes, that is unfortunately my name even though that name is for LOSERS. That and doing the piano is making me kinda look like a sissy in front of everyone. Especially in front of the girls. My senseless mum wants me to be a PIANIST when I grow up. I already know what you are thinking.

Suddenly, as he was walking to the piano, he wanted marshmallows. Actually, he NEEDED marshmallows. Then he remembered there was a secret stash that he put in the cupboard behind the piano for emergencies. He pushed the piano to the side so he could grab the marshmallows before anyone spotted him, but, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a piano piece that had strips of gold, silver, and bronze on it stuck on it to the very back of the piano.

He stared at it in wonder as he ripped it off, put it on the stand and started to play. Believe it or not, for the first time in his life he forgot about the marshmallows. As he played, he felt as if...it was drawing him into the piano or something. As he played each note, it turned a different colour. A-B-C-C-D-A-B-C. A gust of wind suddenly came out of nowhere, and soon Jeff found himself diving head first into the piano. "Ahhh!" he cried, his voice echoing down the never-ending nightmare he seemed to get himself into. He could hear the lid slam shut as he floated down very slowly, as if he were in space.

Just then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a hint of gold stretching up towards the ceiling. Jeff could now see a golden piano in the middle of the room. He slowly approached it, half his brain thinking it was some sort of trap. Shaking, his fingers reached the keys and played the notes that turned gold when he played them on the pink piano mum bought. Immediately, the walls began to part, showing a piano completely made from silver, apart from the cream keys that lay on it, ready to be played. For once, Jeff knew what he had to do...



#BNTO@DPS

Last Monday we were delighted to welcome Ben Smith to school to share an extremely motivational message with the children. Having being bullied badly for eight years, he was

keen to raise awareness and raise funds for anti-bullying charities. It is for this reason that he ran 401 marathons in 401 days!

Following the assembly children across the school wrote newspaper reports and had drama, art and circle time sessions focusing on the extremely important message of BNTO—i.e., Be Nice To Others,

A new whole display in the admin area celebrates the learning that took place on our special day and the message that we will continue to promote. Our BNTO committee is currently working on a leaflet to further explain school values and how we deal with issues.

Linked to this message, I would like to reiterate the need for open communication in all areas of school life. If we don't know about problems, we are unable to tackle them so please share.

This week alone, we have also had a visit from the local PCSOs, a FS trip to Deanshanger Library and a Year 2 trip to Tescos as part of the Farm to Fork project!



Calling all volunteers

Next Friday (10th March) please come and join us if you can to reorganise and label the books. If you have half an hour, an hour or even more, we would love you to join us. Many hands make light work!

This week, not unlike many other weeks, we were extremely fortunate to have a group of volunteers in school supporting school improvement. Huge thanks extend to Chris Stevenson and a fabulous team from Tesco's for transforming an old seated area into a future fruit and vegetable tuck shop for KS2 and having a huge tidy up in the nature area. Details about the SNAG Hut's opening (SNAG meaning—School Nutrition Action Group), will be shared very soon



In September we will be incorporating block sessions in our new Forest School area, so their support was a great start to our plans for the area.

Mother's Day Lunch

In conjunction with Fresh Start, we have planned a special event on Friday 24th March for a significant female figure to have lunch with their children. If you are a working mum, feel free to invite Nan, Auntie, special neighbour...instead.

Full details will be sent home from ParentMail this week as this year, there is the option of having a hot school lunch with your child at a cost of £5 or bringing in a packed lunch from home. After lunch, there will be the opportunity to ice biscuits together, thank you Fresh Start, and take part in an art activity.

Lunch will be staggered with FS starting at 11.30am, Year 1 and 2 at 12.00pm, Year 3 and 4 at 12.30pm and Year 5 and 6 at 1.00pm. 'Mums' are invited to the time slot of their youngest child and then older siblings will be collected to join you. A similar event will be planned for Father's Day.

500 word competition entry by Martha Blackham

Free

Tears started to run down my face, I felt like I was being tortured into insanity. Another day, more detentions, more tears. It wasn't all my fault though, Susan had started it. She had been calling me useless and said I was better off gone. I had finally made up my mind, after weeks of tears, I had decided that I would run away. The problem was, I didn't know where to. Relatives were definitely out of the question as if I visited them I would be sent straight back home.

"HEY! DUH BRAIN!" Susan called.

"Uhh, do you uh...mean me?" I replied.

"Yes, you Katrina. Did you know that your 'friend' hates you now?"

The anger started to build in me, like Coke and Mentos put together. I tried to control myself but it didn't work. I started to charge at her, releasing all my anger.

I had ended up in detention for something that hadn't even been my fault. Life wasn't fair, I knew that, but sometimes it could be too unfair on one person. That certain person was me. I had got into detention for making Susan 'cry'. I knew how she did it though, all she did was think of life without designer clothes.

"WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?!" My mum's voice pierced through the whole flat, we were poor so we had to all sleep in the same room; there was nowhere to go and cry to myself about what happened at school.

"Uhh, I guess, YOU SHOULDN'T SHOUT AT ME FOR DOING NOTHING!" I shouted back. It was never good when my mum shouted, she was normally a calm person. My sister poked her head round the door, listening out for me to get told I was to have no dinner so she could have more food. I decided I would tell the family to go on a trip. The only part they didn't know about was that I would run away when they were relaxing. It was the best idea. As if my mum had read my mind, she called

"Katrina, we will be going on trip and leaving you here to calm down."

"Ok mum, when are you leaving?"

"Now, bye!"

My plan had worked, as soon as the door shut, I raced around the house collecting things to put in my bag for the adventure. I remembered that I shouldn't take my phone as they would be able to locate me.

I ran out of the door, the world looked stunning, the deep pink and orange sky and the lush green grass. I would go to the park, turn left and run, that would lead me to an abandoned campsite. I would decide where to go from there.

I started off walking, then I ran, I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, not thinking about where I was going. I heard a scream, then I fell, I tumbled down into a bottomless pit...

By Martha Blackham

Good news – the school website is back up and running

www.deanshanger.northants-ecl.gov.uk

Congratulations to the large groups of runners that took part at the cross-country event at EWS last week. A full report of the action will be shared by our sports reporters very soon.

500 word competition entry by Ben Saunders

Purple Snowflakes

Another long, boring chemistry lesson to get through before Jack and Sam could escape out onto their quite muddy and rather small school field. Jack was a small boy with short spikey hair. His hazel eyes sparkled with curiosity and mischief. However, Sam (his best friend) was immensely tall for his age and had long blonde hair just like a surfer.

Their teacher, Professor Neveright, was explaining the periodic table. Jack and Sam were busy doodling pictures of monsters onto their desk when, Professor Neveright asked for some volunteers. Distracted, by just completing the best set of fangs ever, when the Professor called out their names they immediately replied "yes?" They said this without realising what they had just agreed on.

Professor Neveright had a very bad reputation for being, well, never-right! Every single experiment he tried, failed disastrously. He was clumsy and barely qualified. He had very bad eyesight, so bad in fact that he had to wear the most bulky, most ridiculous glasses ever. His glasses were so thick they made his eyes look like giant saucers.

Nervously, the two boys walked up to the front of the class still clueless about what they were about to do. "Would you please both put on these safety goggles," asked Professor Neveright. "But..." began Jack. "Do you two want detention?" interrupted Professor Neveright. They didn't answer the question as they knew it was rhetorical. They proceeded, and followed his earlier instruction of putting the safety goggles on.

Laid out in front of them, were several glass bottles of potions. There were tall ones, small ones, fat ones, thin ones, there were ones with purple liquid, green liquid, orange liquid, pink liquid (you get the idea). In fact, the only similarity was that they all stunk!

"Go ahead then, start mixing!" said Professor Neveright with an uncomfortable smirk. In fear of getting a detention for admitting they hadn't listened in class, the boys did as they were told and started pouring potions into a beaker.

Smoke began to rise up from the pot and the bubbling of the chemical cocktail was deafening. The boys were anxious but at the same time rather excited. Their classmates were all staring with anticipation; nothing was stopping them from seeing the outcome of this experiment. Competitively, the boys were now racing each other pouring in whatever potions they could. The beaker was starting to overflow and the smoke had formed into a large, purple cloud. "Erm... erm... I think that's enough now boys," said the professor nervously. But, as he said this the smoke alarm screeched drowning out his voice. The pupils (now quite excited) ran outside, the cloud followed.

Please check your child's hair extremely carefully over the weekend for nits / head lice and comb and treat it where necessary. In order to reduce the chance of children passing it on to each other, please ensure that long hair is tied up and not hanging loose, thank you.

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