

Pat's Snowy Schoolhouse

Newsletter, February 8, 2007

This wintry wild week the news is our frigid frozen school is unusable because the water pipes are frozen. We have survived at the stupendous schoolhouse of Pat where the fire keeps us warm (except for the darkest corners).

We were fortunate to have Perfect Patrick jump into our startled school this week. He has joined the ranks of all of us super students. We are glad to have him as our friend and schoolmate. Perfect Patrick says he thinks this school is great. He is having fun and learning a lot. His favorite thing this week was math and building a magical marble run in the early morning.

Even though it has been quite cold, we have stayed warm by working hard. Steve our Science Savior introduced us to the heart, that involuntary muscle we all need to stay alive. Involuntary muscles are muscles that work on their own without a thought from the magical mind. We were able to hear our heart beat with a stethoscope and took our blood pressure and pulse rate. This Friday, we will be making blood. We also watched a great science movie about the development of multiples in the womb. We watched twins, triplets, and quads develop in their cramped quarters in the mother's womb. Talk about sharing a bubble of space, they share a placenta. Thanks to Tiarnan and his dad for taping the movie for us.

We wrote wonderful winter poems this week. To start Pat pushed us out the door into the subzero temperatures so we could experience the cold and have help from heaven with our ideas. Then we wrote furiously for fifteen minutes to get all our ideas down. We described the experience using our senses. The final step involved putting our ideas together on precious paper using imaginative imagery and wonderful words. We have included our poems with this newsletter for you to enjoy.

We glided across the ice last Friday, well most of us. We enjoyed the skating though there was a rowdy group of high school boys who made us a little nervous (OK a lot nervous). We hope to go again soon.

Helpful Hunter brought in a book about History this week. We read a section on slavery and the Underground Railroad. The story told about Henry Brown who was a slave who mailed himself to freedom in the North. He had to be cramped in a box for two days and turned every which way before he was delivered. Tomorrow we plan on visiting the Herbert Hoover museum and seeing an exhibit on the Underground Railroad.

That's all for now,
Pat's Polarbears

Note: If you haven't set up your parent teacher conference please talk to Pat.

Birds Poem
By: Patrick Vecera

In this frigid, frozen corner of the world
Birds are freezing
Shivering, fluffing their feathers.
Billowy bouncing balls
Flying through the blinding bright sky
Bumping into each other
Looking for food.
Find it in my front yard.

Winter Poem
By: Clare Lanaghan

It is bitter bright
The sun bounces on the snow
Blinding the world.

Air, fresh and clean
As warm fog it floats from frozen throats.

The ever cold gnaws on the noise
quieting the world,
padding the earth's ears.
Winter moves everything
Slower and slower
more and more quiet.

Ethan's Haunted Winter Poem

By: Ethan Kline

I feel the ghostly hands of winter chill,
goose bumps on my skin.
The wind moans with the voices of cold dead
howling for their revenge.
I smell the skeleton wind that runs through cemeteries
Swirling and twirling
Dancing to death.
I taste the icy, freezing phalanges
as the wind bites.
I see the dark falling to winter's last stand.

Frozen Falls
By *Kyler Paterson*

Winter waterfalls
Look like giant jewels
Hanging from the sky
Glittering rainbows
Bouncing around
Like fireflies
The sudden sound of ice cracking
Like diamond dynamite exploding
In the fearful, frozen ice.

HOW WINTER RULES

WINTER RETURNS
ANIMALS HIDE FROM SOFT, SILVER SNOWFLAKES.
TREES BLINDED
BY THE WONDERFUL WHITE WINTER
WAIT FOR THEIR LANKY LION LEAVES.
. FIERCE FIRE
THE NIGHT GUARD
KEEPS THE HOUSE WARM AND SAFE.

Winter World
By Megan Kann

I smell clean cracking ice.
I feel the frigid filangies of the winter wind
pick at my comfy clothes.
All I see is burning bright, paper white.
I sink into the shoveled snow
as the north wind comes.
We go as the breeze.
I dance away to fire warm houses.