

CONNECTING
TE KURA STUDENTS

link up.

E WHAKAHONO ANA I NGĀ
ĀKONGA O TE KURA ME Ō
RĀTOU WHĀNAU, HAPORI HOKI

MAR 16 | ISSUE 27



Te Kura

TE AHO O TE KURA POUNAMU
THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

- 2015 PRIZE WINNERS
- SUPERVISING STUDENTS ONLINE
- CALLING ALL SINGERS, DANCERS AND VIDEOGRAPHERS

Ko Tā Mike Kōrero



Mike Hollings, Chief Executive

WITH 2016 NOW WELL UNDERWAY, THE 2015 SCHOOL YEAR PROBABLY SEEMS A LONG TIME AGO. HOWEVER, THIS ISSUE OF LINK UP CELEBRATES THE SUCCESS OF OUR 2015 STUDENT PRIZE WINNERS AND FEATURES SOME WONDERFUL EXAMPLES OF CREATIVE WRITING BY TE KURA STUDENTS.

Last November we filmed six Te Kura students as part of a project to promote Te Kura to young people not in education, employment or training. The videos show the diversity of Te Kura students and their reasons for enrolling with us. I recommend that you watch them, either by visiting our website www.tekura.school.nz or www.learnyourway.org.nz. Please help us to spread the word about Te Kura by following us on Facebook or Instagram and sharing one or more of the videos to your social network. There's more information about our Learn Your Way project on page 22.

Distance learning can be challenging, particularly for students who have been disengaged from education before coming to Te Kura. Increasing the number of teachers based in the communities where students live, offering more opportunities for students to get support from their teachers face-to-face through advisories and a range of authentic learning options for students are some of the strategies Te Kura is employing to give our students the best chance of achieving their learning goals.

We will be continuing our focus on all of these strategies during 2016 as well as putting some new initiatives in place to support students. You can read about these in our 2016 Charter and Annual Plan, which is available on our website or you can call us on 0800 65 99 88 to request a copy.

Late last year Te Kura welcomed new board member John Chemis. John is the current Chief Executive Officer of Eastbay REAP, covering the Eastern Bay of Plenty region. REAP works across all sectors and age groups, supporting educational opportunities in rural communities. Its prime focus is to meet need and make a difference. With a teaching and senior management background in primary, secondary and tertiary education, coupled with more than 20 years active governance in all those sectors including kohanga reo, John brings a grassroots approach. John's particular areas of focus are rurality, community development and working alongside Māori community/learner aspiration.

Towards the end of last year I made a change to Te Kura's senior leadership team. The retirement of Chief Advisor Margaret Gamlin created an opportunity to strengthen our focus on performance, planning and reporting by merging the roles of Chief Advisor and Manager, Organisational Performance, Planning and Reporting. The new position, called Chief Advisor, Strategy, has been filled by Regan Dooley. Regan took up his new position in January.

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Front cover photo: Deon with Central South Regional Manager John Nisbet during the Possum Project. See page 11 for story.

Feature Stories

TE KURA PRIZE WINNERS FOR 2015

ONCE AGAIN TE KURA ENDED THE SCHOOL YEAR ON A HIGH NOTE WITH PRIZE GIVING CEREMONIES HELD IN EACH REGION, INCLUDING A CEREMONY IN NELSON.

Students from across the country travelled to Christchurch, Nelson, Wellington, Hamilton and Auckland to receive their prizes. In addition to cross-school prizes for determination and effort, prizes are awarded for the top performing student in 13 categories.

Regional merit awards and certificates for effort or achievement during the year are also awarded.

Chief Executive Mike Hollings says the focus on regional prize giving ceremonies and regional awards reflects the significant change that has occurred within Te Kura since the organisation was regionalised.

‘With the majority of our teaching staff now located in the regions where they are closer to students, students are able to receive face to face support and build strong relationships with their teachers. So it is fitting that they are able to celebrate their successes with those teachers and with other students from their region.’

Each ceremony is different and reflects the ‘personality’ of the region.

A feature of our annual prize giving is the awarding of The Correspondence School Parents and Teachers’ Association Dux Award for overall excellence. The winner for 2015 was Southern region student Enya Van Dulm. You can read more about Enya on page 6.

Congratulations to all of our prize winners, and to every Te Kura student who achieved their learning goals in 2015.

CROSS-SCHOOL PRIZE WINNERS

TCSPSA Dux Award for overall excellence in year 13
Enya Van Dulm

CE Officer’s Prize for meritorious work
Sina Tan

Te Kura Achiever Award for determination and commitment
Sarah Ayo, Jack Williams, Jeanli Boessenkool, Jack Yeoman, Kelsey Lewis

Ex-pupils’ Association Prize for outstanding determination in overcoming difficulties

Daniel Wheble, Cara Forster, Deone Herman

Award for a Māori student who has made the most improvement in their studies

Rai’atea Smith-Gray, Tohunga Riwai, Ylia Trotter

Rural Women New Zealand Golden Jubilee Prize for general excellence and attitude to schoolwork for any students living in a remote area

Heeni Higgott, Piripi Higgott, Daniel Aldersley

Mansfield (Fuchsia Trust) Prize awarded to a teen parent who has made the most of the opportunity to continue their education

Renee Barnes-Cooke

SUBJECT PRIZE WINNERS

Arts

Award for outstanding effort in any or all of the Arts: Music, Visual Art or Dance in years 7 to 10

Nadya Slack

Judith Waugh Prize for excellence in Music by a senior student

Daniel Aldersley

70th Jubilee Prize for excellence in Art by a senior student
Bootje Myburg

Prize for excellence in Art History by a senior student
Eleanor O’Neill

English

The Janet McKenzie Memorial Prize for excellence in English in year 6

Jana Heise

Kathleen Evans Memorial Prize for outstanding effort in English in years 1 to 6

Charlotte Cooper

Award for excellence in English in years 7 to 10
Nadya Slack

Award for the student who has made an outstanding effort in English in years 7 to 10
Angeline Tunglax

Millicent Mason Prize for high literary ability in year 11
Tohunga Riwai

Ruth Crisp Prize for original work
Kelsey Lewis

Prize for excellence in English by a senior student
Andrew Lacey

Gateway

Prize for outstanding effort and achievement in the Gateway programme
Olivia Stratford

Home Economics

The New Zealand Federation of Women's Institute Prize for excellence in Home Economics
Cate Denner

Inquiry Learning

Award for outstanding effort in Inquiry Learning in years 1 to 6
Amy Nilsson

Languages

Award for outstanding effort in years 7 to 10 in Spanish
Alex Stephens

Judith Waugh Prize for excellence in Latin
Matthew Beardsworth

Prize for excellence in Spanish as a second language by a senior student
Michelle Hayes

Prize for excellence in Japanese as a second language by a senior student
Mary-Anne Hill

Prize for excellence in German as a second language by a senior student
Aneesh Moharir

Prize for excellence in French as a second language by a senior student
Lucie-Marie Mathey, Rosalie Alter-Shaw

Prize for excellence in Classical Studies by a senior student
Jayden Glen

Mathematics

Prize for outstanding effort in Mathematics and Statistics in years 1 to 6
Tristshean Messenger

Award for excellence in Mathematics and Statistics in years 7 to 10
Jack Williams

Prize for excellence in Mathematics
Kelsey Lewis

Prize for excellence in Calculus
Sina Tan

Prize for excellence in Statistics
Cate Denner

Pathways

Prize for excellence in Pathways by a senior student
Belle Harvey-Alston

Science

Award for excellence in Science in years 7 to 10
Holly McNeill

Award for outstanding effort in the Sciences in years 7 to 10
Auchae Cadman

Prize for excellence in Agriculture by a senior student
Mary Reynolds

Prize for excellence in Biology by a senior student
Amy Harris

Prize for excellence in Chemistry by a senior student
Devon Davies, Daniel Reeves

Prize for excellence in Horticulture by a senior student
Nigel Berry

Prize for excellence in Physics by a senior student
Sina Tan

Social Science

Award for outstanding effort in Social Studies in years 7 to 10
Nadya Slack

Prize for excellence in Economics by a senior student
Enya van Dulm

Jenny Armstrong Memorial Accounting Prize for outstanding work in Accounting
Enya van Dulm

Lyn Davey Memorial Prize for excellence in Legal Studies
Talei Sinclair

Prize for excellence in History by a senior student
Andrew Lacey

Prize for excellence in Business Studies
Simran Kumar

Betty Guard Memorial Prize for outstanding work in NCEA Level 1 History
Sarah Saunders

Special Education

Elizabeth Boraman Memorial Prizes for students who have made good progress in their studies
Lia Toma, Jordan Hollis, Ethan Watson, Deon Eketone

Ruby Harris Prize for the Special Education student who has raised the standard of his or her education by courage and perseverance
Harini Weeratunga

The Special Education Prize for significant achievement in Life Skills in years 11 to 13
Emma Shaw

Te Ara Hou

Award for cooperation and leadership in an online learning environment in years 7 to 10
Angeline Tungalux

Technology

Reta Watson Memorial Prize for excellence in Design and Visual Communications in years 7 to 10
Alexander Hertwich

Joyce Cooper Memorial Prize for effort and achievement in the study of textiles/fashion
Melissa Albom

Prize for outstanding effort in Digital Technology
Emily Jones

Prize for excellence in Design and Visual Communications by a senior student
Lucie-Marie Mathey

Prize for excellence in Technology by a senior student
Sophia Beitchef

Prize for outstanding effort and achievement in Huarahi Trades Academy
Pehitahi Poumako



Enya Van Dulm with TCSPSA representative Debbie Searle (left) and Te Kura Board member Gillian Heald.

2015 DUX AWARD WINNER

The 2015 winner of the TCSPSA Dux award was Enya Van Dulm.

Enya left New Zealand on a 33 ft sailing boat in May 2014, and completed Years 12 and 13 with Te Kura while sailing to Fiji, Vanuatu, Papua New Guinea, Indonesia, Malaysia and Thailand.

Enya's family was based in Langkawi, Malaysia in 2015, and during that time went cycling, backpacking and kayaking in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

In addition to the Dux award, Enya also received the prize for excellence in Economics by a senior student, and the Jenny Armstrong Memorial Accounting Prize for outstanding work in Accounting.

Enya is a very highly motivated and disciplined student. She consistently produces work of a very high standard. Despite having several weeks off during the year, she still managed to complete all her internal standards before the exams. She achieved NCEA Level 3 with Excellence.

This year Enya plans to go to Otago University to study commerce.

Congratulations from us all!



Angeline Tunglux
Outstanding effort in English Years 7 to 10; Cooperation and Leadership in an Online Environment in Years 7 to 10

Angeline made an outstanding effort in English during 2015. All her work was completed to a very high standard,

including a superb booklet with a creative collage character illustration. Angeline works hard to improve, taking heed of advice, and as a consequence she made excellent progress. This work ethic was also reflected in Angeline’s online learning. She quickly learned the skills required and very successfully engaged with others online. This was clear from the collaborative task activities she undertook. Angeline was our Ultimate Survivor in Term 3. She showed responsibility, reliability, co-operation and leadership in her online learning.

junior section of the New Zealand Caritas Song/Writing Competition earlier this year and her song is now online via the Caritas website for the world to enjoy.



Pehitahi Poumako
Outstanding effort and achievement in Huarahi Trades Academy

Pehi is an exceptional, multi-talented taurira who made the most of all the opportunities offered during 2015 and worked hard to achieve NCEA Level 1 and Level 2, a Primary Industries

Vocational Endorsement and a National Certificate in Agriculture. Pehi proved to be an enthusiastic, supportive and encouraging student who learns quickly and has the ability to apply, adapt and share his knowledge and skills. A natural leader, Pehi was also a reliable, responsible team member of the Enviroskills programme. Pehi is the epitome of the adage ‘Nō reira e te tamaiti me te whānau hokī, nei te mihi nui ki a koutou katoa i tautokongia i ā Pehi.’



Nadya Slack
Prize for outstanding effort in the Arts in Years 7 to 10; Prize for excellence in English in Years 7 to 10; Prize for outstanding effort in Social Studies in Years 7 to 10

Nadya was fully committed to her programme of learning at Te Kura last year.

She won three awards as a result of her dedication to producing work of an excellent standard in all subjects. In social studies, Nadya completed the curriculum level 5 course, a fantastic achievement and rare for a student in Year 9. In addition, her work in Music and English was exemplary. Of note was the exquisite booklet of poems that she produced for English that featured in Link Up. In Music, Nadya is a gifted songwriter who won the



Daniel Wheble
Ex-pupils Association Prize for outstanding determination in overcoming difficulties

Daniel has dyslexia and uses a writer to help mitigate the effect on his studies. Despite this, Daniel is studying subjects that require many essays and lengthy written

responses. His perseverance, planning and willingness to spend many extra hours to complete these subjects are inspirational and show outstanding determination. Daniel returned work regularly throughout the year,

and attended and participated fully in all advisories, where he was a valuable role model to other students. He gained Excellence and Merit results for his internal assessments and sat a number of external examinations. Daniel also gained a certificate of High Achievement in Level 3 NCEA History and Calculus. He is off to university in 2016.



Jack Yeoman

Te Kura Achiever

Jack is a highly motivated and engaged student who worked ahead of his year level, completing a mix of NCEA Level 1, 2 and 3 courses. Jack does not consider himself good at English but decided he needed a good foundation in English for tertiary

studies. He met with his English teacher in the Nelson office and subsequently achieved all standards in the English course with Excellence. He completed his chemistry titration in Te Kura’s Wellington office and travelled to Lincoln to attend the microscope workshop. On top of his academic achievements, Jack played rugby for Central Queensland U15s rep team in the Australian Junior Gold Cup, Nelson Bays U15 rep team, Garin College XV and was captain of the Marist U15 club team.



Jeanli Boessenkool

Te Kura Achiever Award (for dedication and commitment)

In 2015 Jeanli managed a high workload effectively, including travelling one day a week from Whanganui to Palmerston North to attend the UCOL Health Skills course. Her dedication is best

described in the words of her Health Skills tutor: “Even when sick, Jeanli still came to class! 89% attendance”. She has also attended advisories where possible. Jeanli was accepted into the Otago Advanced School Sciences Academy programme for 2016, which she will complete while also enrolled with Te Kura. Jeanli is a talented musician and won competitions as the harp player in a strings trio. She participated in a Spirit of Adventure school trip where she was highly commended for her positive attitude, participation in the activities and for being a supportive team member.



Sarah Ayo

Te Kura Achiever Award for determination and commitment

Sarah worked very hard during the year and consistently

achieved Excellence or Merit in all her courses. At the same time, she was very active within her local community, volunteering as an ‘animator’ (youth leader) of a Junior Youth Group (12–15 year olds) and at the Children’s Class at the Welcome Bay Community Centre. Her volunteer work included running activities such art, music, camps, and sports, organising and running children’s holiday programmes as well as service projects including painting over graffiti, rubbish pickups and visiting rest homes. Sarah also attended a youth conference in Hamilton and worked part-time as a tutor for mathematics.

SUPERVISING ONLINE STUDENTS

IF YOU'RE THE SUPERVISOR OF A STUDENT ENROLLED IN AN ONLINE COURSE AT CURRICULUM LEVELS 3–5 OR NCEA LEVEL 1, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN USERNAME AND PASSWORD TO HELP SUPERVISE YOUR STUDENT ONLINE.

Online access for supervisors enables them to see what their student is required to do as part of their course.

Deputy Chief Executive Ako Marg McLeod says supervisor access to Te Kura's Online Teaching and Learning Environment (OTLE) gives supervisors the ability to view the course content and to monitor their student's work return by viewing the OTLE dropbox for each course their student is enrolled in.

'Access to OTLE is just one tool supervisors should be using to support their student's learning. It is still important that supervisors take an active role in their student's learning,' says Marg.

For supervisors, this means making sure you have a look at the online course to see what your student is required to do, and ensuring they have suitable access to a computer with internet to complete the online components of their course and that they submit their online work within the deadline set by the teacher or learning advisor.

Supervisors need a unique ID number to log into OTLE, which doubles as their user name and password. To obtain their ID number, supervisors must email helpdesk.OTLE@tekura.school.nz providing their name and the ID number of their student (or one of their students if there is more than one enrolled with Te Kura).

Marg recommends that supervisors get started in OTLE by having a look at the Introduction to OTLE course (called OTLEHUB). This course includes information and resources specifically developed for students and their supervisors working in OTLE, with topics such as:

- basic OTLE navigation
- personalising your profile
- accessing course content.

Supervisors of students who are new to online learning or using a computer must also ensure their student understands cybersafety. It is important that supervisors and students are able to protect their personal information online, behave responsibly towards others and manage potentially risky situations. They also need to learn how to

judge the credibility of material found on the internet.

'Teachers are maintaining an active presence in OTLE to support their students' learning, particularly in those courses where students are contributing to discussion forums,' says Marg.

Te Kura has processes in place to ensure that any inappropriate posts in discussion forums are removed immediately. Teachers will follow up with the student concerned to let them know why their post has been removed and inform other students who have posted in the discussion as well.

There is more information about cybersafety and online behaviour in the OTLEHUB course and on the Netsafe website www.netsafe.org.nz.

Tips supervisors can offer students working in OTLE:

- Remind your student to save their work as they go, especially when working through quizzes.
- If your student can't remember where they were up to in their online course they can use User Progress under the top navigation bar > view content> and the last place they were in the course will appear at the top. Or click on 'recently visited' in the content browser.
- Check to see if they've read the information at the top of each module they're working on under WHAT > WHY > HOW. These sections give students a quick snapshot as to what the module will cover, what they might learn, what they may need as they work through the module and also an estimate of the time it may take them to work through the content. Work alongside your student as they progress through each module and complete all the tasks.
- Use the Audit Users function to see where your student has been within each of their courses, how long they've spent in each topic and the tasks that have been completed.
- Discourage your student from rushing straight to the assessment – the quizzes and other online activities built into the module are there to develop the student's understanding of the topic so they are better prepared for the assessment.
- Most importantly, be patient – particularly if you or your student is new to online learning. Allow yourself time to become familiar with OTLE and the wide array of online resources that are available for students to use in their learning.

Student Stories

LIFE IN ZAMBIA

**ORION AND CANYON LIVE WITH THEIR MUM
KIM AND DAD JAKE ON THE BANKS OF THE
KAFUE RIVER AT KAFUE NATIONAL PARK IN
ZAMBIA.**



Here they are helping to research and support the conservation of big cats (lions, cheetah and leopards) in the park and across Africa. Orion and Canyon are regular helpers with all aspects of the big cat project such as tracking radio collared cheetah, recording data, taking photos and being excellent observers. Both boys love the outdoors and wildlife and also playing soccer with the local Zambian children at the local village school.

Orion's favourite animal is the cheetah and Canyon's is the leopard. There is a lot of good natured wild cat rivalry between the boys and they also love to banter about which cat species is the best with other researchers who regularly pass through camp. The boys do their school work in the mornings but indulge in the many distractions that make doing their work twice as long. First, they cannot resist chasing the monkeys who love to steal food from the camp kitchen. Then there are the elephants who stroll leisurely in to camp and keep them confined to wherever they are when they arrive – usually well away from the school tent! Also there are the hippos who put on a great show with furious fighting right in front of camp. Both boys are keen wildlife photographers and are often running for their cameras to catch all sorts of pictures such as the rock monitor that lives in the river, crocs that swim by and of course the fighting hippos.

In December Orion and Canyon had a fish eagle with a broken wing to look after so their school holidays were filled with fishing for catfish from the river to feed

her. It's a wonderful life for the boys here in the bush and we are hugely grateful for the role and support of Te Kura in their everyday lives and especially for the support of their teacher Rosemary Dear. Te Kura has enabled us to live here in remote Africa with all her wonders and riches and also provide the ability for the boys to gain a full and solid education. Thank you!

Kim Young

SUCCESS AT ROYAL A&P PONY CLUB

**PUKETAPU PONY CLUB HAD AN AWESOME
TURNOUT FOR THE ROYAL A&P PONY CLUB
CLASSES LAST YEAR.**

All our riders rode well and came home with a neck full of ribbons. It's a really exciting show to ride in because it is a big event for Hawke's Bay and it is held at the Hawke's Bay Show grounds, which has an awesome atmosphere. I was lucky enough to win the Overall Champion Rider on my pony Roxy and we were presented with a sash and a cup which was really exciting. Our pony club also won the most points and was awarded \$20.

A special thank you to all the people who helped get me to the show and my classes, and to the Puketapu parents who cheered from the sidelines. My day wouldn't have been as successful without your help.

We all had a great day! A huge thank you to all the organisers, judges and stewards who made it possible. I can't wait to do it all again.

By Rhiannon Treadway



Rhiannon and Roxy

VISUAL IMPAIRMENT NO BARRIER TO SUCCESS

'DEON IS A SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHAT YOU CAN DO TO OVERCOME PHYSICAL CHALLENGES; HE TAKES EVERY OPPORTUNITY THAT COMES HIS WAY.'

MARIE O'LEARY – TEACHER.

Deon Eketone has been a student at Te Kura for the last three years, during which time he has steadily gained credits at NCEA Level 2 and 3. He is currently an adult student at Te Kura with a goal of completing the seven remaining credits he needs to achieve NCEA Level 2.

Deon lives with a visual impairment, called Optic Atrophy (bilateral). This means Deon has limited vision and has to rely on the support of other people to help him in unfamiliar situations. Deon uses modified technology, some of which is paid for through special education funding from the Ministry of Education, to help him see images and print when he is studying. At home most things have a place and this ensures that Deon can carry out everyday tasks independently.

Deon has worked with several teachers and support staff at Te Kura and has impressed them with his attitude towards his study and overcoming obstacles. As a result, in 2015 he was awarded the *Elizabeth Boraman Memorial Prize*, for a student who has responded to challenges and made good progress in their studies.

As well as his Te Kura studies, Deon attended the Life after School U-Skills programme at Whanganui's UCOL campus last year, where he had the chance to explore a vocational pathway and achieved 22 credits at NCEA Level 2 and 3.

In 2015 Deon joined a group of Te Kura students to attend a two day ecological restoration project, Possum Project, based near Taihape, where students learnt how to humanely trap, skin and pluck possums. The group also learnt about the environmental impact of possums on the New Zealand bush. Despite Deon's visual problems, he felt well supported by the group, especially when finding his way around the outdoor environment. Deon impressed the teachers from Te Kura with his positive attitude and achieved 23 NCEA Level 2 and 3 credits.

Deon further challenged himself by successfully completing the 2015 TriMāori at Lake Karapiro; a 300 metre swim, a 9 km tandem bike ride and a 3 km run. Deon's flatmate rode with him on the tandem bike and he trained and completed the course alongside a support



Deon with Central South Regional Manager John Nisbet during the Possum Project.

person. The Murray Halberg Trust, which helps to enable physically disabled people to participate in sporting events, assisted Deon in buying the tandem bike. Deon's registration was paid through KiwiSport funding. His Additional Teacher Marie O'Leary attended the event as a supporter. She says Deon was full of smiles at the end of this challenging event. This was Deon's fourth triathlon and he plans to compete in more later this year.

Deon is following his lifelong passion for music, recently joining a local band which performed for a Pathways conference at Putiki Marae in Whanganui. Deon has also been volunteering at the local soup kitchen one morning a week.

Deon's study plans for this year are to complete NCEA Level 2 before enrolling in a UCOL graphics and design course which starts in July. We wish Deon all the best for his future studies and for his upcoming triathlons.

Student Work Showcase



Anne Frank by Olivia Cook, Year 13

HEADLIGHTS

The door clicks behind me. I pull my sleeves down over my fingers as I feel bumps rise on my cold arms. Thinking rationally, it would probably be a better idea to stay at home, but I have nothing to do and fear is worst without a distraction, and I've always been instructed to make the most of my situation. Though I'm not sure this is the best way of doing that anymore. My mind is springing back and forth until I have no idea what making the most of a situation even meant anymore. Must be the cold, freezing my brain cells, I tell myself, even though it makes no sense.

I glance over my shoulder at the house. Warm golden light streams through the curtains, coaxing me towards them, back home. I shake my head. Not going back.

With that, I begin to march up the steep hill, keeping a low profile. I turn left and continue downwards. Wind sweeps hair into my face, stinging my eyes. My legs ache. Cars whoosh past,

flooding the street with light momentarily, before every shape dissolves back into the darkness. I shudder.

I must have been walking for almost an hour, but finally I see the illuminated shop drawing closer. Mum had said she was going to be back in half an hour, after she bought a bottle of milk and a packet of cocoa powder for a self-saucing chocolate pudding she planned to make.

I stop outside the shop, closed with nobody inside, just the after-hour lights glaring back at me in warning of their security cameras. My tired legs cave in beneath me and I flop down onto a park bench despairingly, no idea what to do.

Chances were they had left the store the second I left the house and were searching for me all this time. The best place to go is probably home, but I have no muse calling me to my feet. I hug my knees and pull them up to my chest, burying my head in them. Chills ripple through my body.

I'll just have to. I yank myself out of my cocoon and turn back down the road. The sound of my own feet on the gravel comforts me in the dark.

The headlights of a car set on my back. I dive into the shadows so the driver doesn't see me and try to kidnap me or something, but despite my efforts, the car screeches to a stop beside the road near me and I break into a run.

I hear the sound of a door being swung open and my shouted name filling the black, empty street. I spin around, heart beating wildly. It's just like a nightmare – nowhere to run, and my legs are glued to the ground anyway, and I can't find my voice.

Frozen, I watch the shadowed figure coming closer and closer. I begin to shut my eyes and prepare myself for death, but a realisation hits me as the glowing eyes meet mine.

It's Mum.

By Cecile Kruger, Year 10

A DREARY MORNING

It was too dark to see anything. Blackness coated everything, smothering away any trace of vision that one might have had. There didn't seem to be any sort of noise, save for the occasional small, high creaking of a wooden bedframe. That was until a soft, low voice started to drone out from beneath a set of covers. A female voice. Fingers curled against palms as a woman forced herself up, blankets falling about her. Slowly, she started to peel forward, her body shuddering as it was met with the harsh, cold breeze. Twisting herself over and out from her bed, that woman rolled out of the confines of her blanket and into the cold, dark expanse.

Another low, displeased grumble escaped from that woman as she landed on her back, what with simply rolling out of her bed. No light shone down onto that woman, leaving her cloaked in the same darkness that she had just left. After a small amount of squirming and writhing to get herself up, that woman sluggishly began to shamble her way along toward a doorway, where a single solitary beam of light cracked through. Collapsing over to one side, she pressed herself in against the hard wooden surface of a wall, shuddering at the cold. Her feet sat low, lifting only enough to shuffle forward with each step, the woman stretching her mouth open wide as a soft, tired yawn echoed out from her small frame.

Finding her way to another doorway, her sluggish form collapsed sideways into the cold wood, prompting a whine to echo out rather softly in surprise. With a quiet, high 'click', that door shut and locked itself behind her. Head lolling back against the wall with a dull thump, one hand craned itself along up to press her fingers into her hair, tangling herself against creamy brown locks. Without warning, that woman's knees started to buckle slightly, that small form gradually sliding its way down along the wall until she was resting against the corner of that cold, smooth linoleum floor. Eyes drooping shut once more, her head bobbed down in exhaustion, that soft, familiar darkness slowly creeping over her eyes as she

drifted off ...

... Only to wake with a start, eyes snapping open rather wide. There was another voice, dull and hazy, but still recognisably male, calling out a single word. Her name. It wasn't until that first shaft of light pierced its way into the woman's eyes, causing them to squint shut as the woman whined, that she realised. She had slept too long, so much so that she was going to be late. Head hung low, that woman's arms pressed into the wall as she slid her way up, groaning and whimpering all the while. "I'm coming ..." she mumbled through gritted teeth, lips curled down into a snarl. Once again, a compulsive desire to simply sleep had brought about an awkward, unwanted situation.

Lips curled down into a small scowl as that woman peeled her eyes about half-open. Wooden door clicking itself open once more, that woman pushed hard along its frame, resulting in it slamming in against the wall it was connected to with a low thud. Another small huff, and she started to trudge along forward barefoot, still wearing the same, slightly messy and crumpled clothing that had been attached to her form for days now. With one hand still stuck within the mess of creamy-brown bed hair, she started to trudge and shuffle towards that front door, grumbling out to herself all the while. And to think, just a few hours ago she was snug and warm in her bed, now trudging out into cold, unforgiving sands that ran between her toes and caught within her scales.

Elezil Simpkin, Year 11

THE BOX

Hidden in the back of his mind is a box,
 full of all the little rocks,
 he used to stand on the edge and toss;
 skipping them across the sea,
 as he'd tell his father about his dreams
 and his father would tell him about the man he
 could be.

Now it's all behind a headstone
 that reads:
 "Rest in peace"

See there's a door in his chest
 open just a crack, a thin line at best;
 but now he keeps it sealed closed.
 It nearly opened once,
 prised apart by his first love;
 those same hands slammed it shut.
 Now he never opens it up.

Behind that door is a maze,
 winding memories of childhood days,
 shielded by the walls he used to replace,
 the dreams he dreamt in the secret place.

Now his arms are too weak,
 his hands can barely reach,
 somewhere he lost the keys,
 maybe down in his padlocked chest.
 And maybe that's why he acts so mean,
 to hide the shame of where he's been.

He's in the hall each day
 with his posy of pain,
 cheered on by the weight
 of the shackles on soul,
 carved out of shame;
 a chisel of mistakes,
 Anger always comes to his aid.

He's the bully we've all seen,
 but no one ever sees
 the reasons behind his fists,

as they stalk the prey and hit
 out at anything that moves,
 looking for a way to prove
 that he's still alive.

He's not alright.
 His fortress fades at night;
 at the age of sixteen he still cries,
 his choirs of tears lull him to sleep,
 so he craves what he needs.

And each week
 it gets worse;
 a cancerous curse.

But pain is the home
 he welcomes people into
 because he's afraid of being alone.
 Forcing them to feel his hurt
 until they're all equally burnt;
 charred souls with pain that shows
 like a map on the face.

He just takes and takes and takes
 until their hearts are just as hard and fake.
 That way no one will ever again say
 he's abandoned, alone, lost.

Every bully takes whatever it costs
 to forget what they haven't got.
 So the next time you see him,
 remember that in his mind there is a box,
 a hope cemented to a heart of rocks,
 and in his heart is a door, always locked.

Maybe, just maybe,
 someone,
 someday,
 will have the courage to knock.

Joysanna Miles, Year 13
 (Edited)

THE COLOUR OF HUNGER

Signing the lease on poverty stricken families' bodies,
 Black skims the terms and conditions
 with mentions of death and disease.
 He barges in through their throat
 rids their stomachs of old furniture.
 This is his home now.

Grey whispers through the cracks of the dry soil.
 "Where has the rain gone?" they desperately plea,
 only to be stared through
 as if they do not exist.
 Down they fall; one by one.
 The wind carries her onwards through the dust.
 No time for funerals here.

She breathes deep into his lungs,
 the air biting with cold.
 Her exhalation echoes off everything and nothing;
 never has she seen such purity.
 Such emptiness.
 This boy is going to die; his hair is falling out, his
 skin bruised.
 White is winning and he is vanishing.
 Good thing she's not claustrophobic in there.

He hurls into the sink,
 rolling in waves of nausea.
 Yellow screams louder each hour,
 taunting like a schoolyard bully.
 He can't make up his mind.
 Full. Empty. Full. Empty.
 Tug of war is his favourite game.
 Full. Empty.

Orange holds all like a mother,
 warming them like a fire till her last breath.
 She's a shield to sadness.
 Bringing comfort.
 Don't worry about the world,
 worry about where she's gone to.

Relentlessly flicking her throat,
 raising his voice and her heartbeat.
 Flick. Flick. Flick.
 He's never happy.
 He tears at her insides;
 he hates the wallpaper in there.
 Red hates everything really.

She coats his throat with thick sludge.
 "Try to get anything past that roadblock!" she
 cackles,
 raging, razing, rending
 every time he tries to rid himself of her.
 She thinks she's permanent.
 Send her down the sink,
 purple's only temporary.

Blue is a pendulum
 caught at the top of her spring
 begging to be thrown into motion.
 Wake up,
 up,
 UP.
 Breakfast is on the table and it's getting colder by
 the minute.

Dressed is in her best running gear.
 She knows where she's going.
 Fresh, fit, full of life
 she dashes down the path.
 Left, then right.
 Soak in that sun and feel green's energy.

What colour is hunger you ask?

Tayler Jaques, Year 13

RUMBLE IN THE WEST

The cowboy stood defiantly, his fisted hands readily twitching the sides of his rugged brown leather duster. Many grisly scars decorated his tanned face and his fierce green eyes flared indignantly, revealing a fearlessness towards three thugs who were wreaking havoc in the town's famous Rumble In The West tavern.

Tension was in the air, as the cowboy waited; the only movement the slight impatient twitching of his balled fists. I flinched slightly, foreseeing the inevitable violence. It seemed I was not the only one in the building that felt like this, as the faces of the many other patrons were similar to mine; nervous, frightened. One rather attractive young lady fidgeted uncomfortably, huddled in the corner, waiting nervously, like the rest of us, to see how the situation would play itself out.

"Seems as if this is my lucky day," the cowboy muttered. His indirect warning broke the tension. The thugs continued to throw and flip bar stools calamitously whilst howling various obscenities at the tavern's fearful patrons. Oblivious to the subtle threat, they were much too preoccupied with their own hazardous actions to notice the expectant silence that blanketed the room.

With alarming speed the cowboy moved, launching a full whiskey bottle with dead accuracy at the face of the troublemaker. It exploded on the hooligan's face; the violent smash of the glass clashing with the thug's skull. The contents splattered, and broken glass shards wedged into his skin. The thug crumpled to the floor in a bloody, screaming heap. There was an immediate change in atmosphere. Screams and cheers erupted from the spectating crowd. I flinched. The light stench of fresh blood fused with the heavy aroma of alcohol choked my nostrils. The queer combination of the two was enough to make me gag.

It was then that the thug's two wingmen noticed the cowboy. Like mad bulls they charged, growling and snarling barely audible threats. The cowboy slickly sidestepped the incoming assault. The pretty

young lady who had been huddled in a corner a few moments earlier, sprung to her feet excited by the violent spectacle. Spurred on by the cowboy she joined in the cheering, as the crowd demanded justice to the thugs.

Dodging and weaving, the cowboy nonchalantly evaded the goons' wild attacks, and as these men began to tire, their frustration started to show. Unable to hit their elusive target, they became increasingly reckless; cursing wildly at the cowboy every time he avoided their sluggish punches. Then, as quick as lightning, the cowboy shot a decisive right hand into the jaw of one of the goons. With an audible crack, the thug hit the floor. Almost instantaneously, he caught the carelessly swinging arm of the other, and with an impressive show of strength and technique, he hefted the helpless man off the floor, over his shoulder, and slammed him onto a solid wooden table nearby. As the last thug crashed to his thunderous demise, deafening cheers broke out.

The patrons lauded his heroics as he sat down at the bar and straightened his tipped hat, not even acknowledging the crowd's praise.

Chuckling, I shook my head in disbelief; sometimes I couldn't believe the mettle of some men.

"I'd like to hope that you'd not waste another bottle of alcohol like that," I declare as I pour him a glass of whisky. He turns towards me, a slight glint of mischief in those seasoned, green eyes of his; and suddenly I understand his bravery.

A true cowboy, through and through.

By Tohunga Riwai, Year 12

VOICE OF THE WILD (EXTRACT)

"The crusty, dry, brown plains of New Zealand ground shakes with the thundering hooves of the Kaimanawa horses. Their manes flowing like a river in the crisp breeze. They live in fear of what the future holds. Never having the privilege of a day without fear. Can you imagine what that would be like? Their minds haunting them with memories from just two years ago ... when everything changed. You think everything is under control then bam! The life you once lived is now upside down ... and there are no rainbows around this corner. The majestic horses eat the wind as they gallop through shrub and bush. When famine days come, the wind is truly all they have to survive on."

I chewed the end of my pencil. My head spun until it hurt. I, Sarah Davey, am desperate to let the world know what beautiful creatures the Kaimanawa horses are! This essay needs to be read and understood by the world. Some would call it childish to speak so dramatically ... but tell me: is the killing of the beautiful Kaimanawa horses an issue we can ignore? I live not far from where the Kaimanawa horses roam. Tails swishing and heads lifted, alert and waiting. Waiting stiff and scared for the day when hell would come.

Just yesterday, I overheard two men talking in the vegetable aisle of the supermarket. I have never been so torn between wanting to block my ears and so interested in what they were going to say. I knew what was coming... that's why I wanted to block my ears, but I no longer live in a fairytale. I was welcomed to the real world two years ago, when I watched fear and helplessness parade before my eyes.

"Another round up, eh? It's about time! I'm sick of how those creatures are ruining the land!"

"I agree. Something has to be done or the herds will just grow, get bigger and unmanageable."

The guy with a scruffy beard, which reminded me of a goat's, swore at the horses and silently I screamed

inside. I hadn't said a word on the car drive home and mum knew why. She didn't bring the subject up. I remember clearly what she once told me ... "honey, it's really sad what they're doing, but there's nothing we can do. Try not to think about it."

Right! So we just have to stand aside and let the world become crueller and crueller. I may be just one person, but I still want to do something. Maybe if I have the courage to stand up to what I believe is wrong, other people will too. Isn't there a way around every problem?

A loud whirring sound echoed in my ear. It sounded like a buzzy bee, but louder. I knew what it was. I had heard that same sound two years ago. Dread filled my insides. My stomach felt sick and queasy.

I made my way over to my window, my blue curtains fluttered in the wind like the waves at the beach. The window stood ajar and I leaned out. In the distance, swaying back and forth was my worst nightmare. Helicopters. I didn't hate the helicopters; I hated what they were going to do. They reminded me of large birds zoning in on their prey. Why did the prey have to be New Zealand's Kaimanawa horses?

I went back to my writing desk, which stood at the far corner of my room. I felt too sick to write, but I was desperate to do something. Maybe I couldn't do anything about this round up, but what about in another two years? Maybe this story will be read by thousands and New Zealand will understand what I need to say. What we need to do.

I started to scribble:

"The horses grazed, never at peace or rest. Their ears picked up the distant humming, louder and louder. They snorted. Fear in their beating hearts. The whites of their eyes pierced their once soft brown gaze. The stallion reared and led the herd away. They kept together. They were a family. They stuck together through thick and thin. I wish all human families were as strong as them. Over the grassy plains they fled, the droning of the helicopters gaining on them as they jumped logs, rocks, and branches. Through wild brambles

that cut into their flesh, they galloped with haste. The foals tripping and stumbling, too tired to carry on, but too frightened to stop. The horses' sweat dripped from their sides. White foam from exhaustion caked their lightning fast legs. They ran until they could run no more. Exhaustion made them stop. They huddled in a group. The stallion at a loss as to what to do. He couldn't push them further. Their bodies ached from the chase and with regret their tired bodies trembled in defeat. What would happen now? What was in store for them? The large flying birds herded them into pens. Cramped together with no room to move ... this was just the beginning of hell. Their eyes held no hope, and their heads hung down with surrendered hearts. The humans held their future in their hands. Would they be kind and lead them wisely like their stallion had always done?

The wind they had always ran with, whispered and whistled their name, but the horses just turned their heads away. They had fought the battle as best they could, and were wounded soldiers now. Taken from the one and only place they knew, home. The future, it held no promise. These humans, they didn't seem kind. The sun sank down over the hills and with it the horses' courage. The humans drove them away in large boxes with wheels, and they stumbled in the dark. An old mare closed her eyes ... she couldn't go on.

Trapped and hurt, they watched their homeland get further and further away. All hope lost. All happiness gone. In the distance they heard the birds call. They whinnied in reply, then they turned and breathed a regretful goodbye. The music of their hoof beats was something in the past. The streams, where they drank the cool fresh water, would bear their noses no more. Was this the end?"

Chelsea Denner, Year 13

SILENT SENTINELS

I walk through the time-worn forest and gaze up at the skyscrapers of totara, rimu and kahikatea. They remind me of watchful guardians, silent sentinels of the groves. The foliage is full and lush, forming a fairy-tale arch of green over my head. Rays of sunshine pierce the thick canopy of leaves, creating shafts of lustrous-gold light that chase away the shadows and illuminate the forest around me.

In the outside world, I swear that I can feel the city gradually suffocating me – a noose of concrete and claustrophobia slowly closing around my neck – but hidden away in the ancient arches of viridescent fronds, I find peace in the silence and solitude. The towering trees are my safety blanket and my escape from reality.

Playful wood pigeons flit around high above my head, settling on the knotted arms of trees that are gnarled with age. The arthritic boughs of the elderly trees fill the air with sounds of creaking and cracking as the kereru create their own sweet symphony of birdsong.

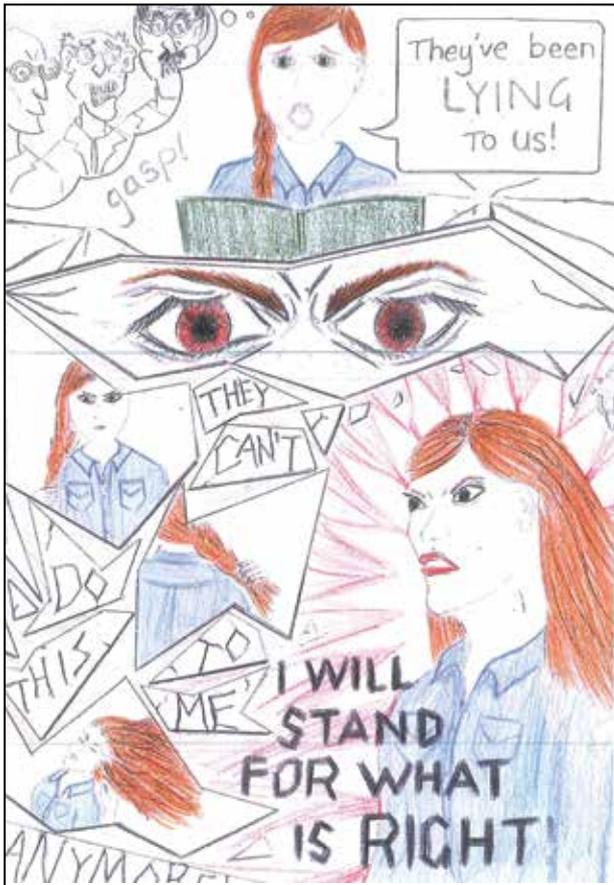
I trip and stumble my way over tree roots, too much in awe of my surroundings to look for the cleverly concealed tree roots hidden under the veil of moss covering the path. As I ramble along the crunching path, I brush against the lichen-encrusted bark of the tall, sleeping souls around me and ponder on the hundreds of years that they must have stood there.

The sap sweet fragrance of the forest washes over me and entices me further into its tangled heart. Its woody incense fills me with a sense of nostalgia for something that I cannot identify, but it also gives me a sense of serenity and peace that I struggle to find anywhere else. Amongst these woods, I feel at home.

Katie Watkins, Year 12

GRAPHIC NOVEL





By Cate Denner, Year 12

HOME AWAY FROM HOME

The time I look forward to like no other is here. The room is dark with coloured lights glittering like stars twinkling on a clear spring night. I can feel the happiness, taste the excitement and absorb the passion. As I swim in the moment I can see the flight take off, all of this in my special place.

Where is this place? It moves from here to there, from this room to that, from this town to another. I can go any night I choose. It is full of others who too have learnt of the specialness within the walls.

My best friend and I go together and make so many new friends. Here I am free of constraint. I flow, glide and connect my heart and body to the rhythm. I can be me and fly.

The pounding of my heart as the upturned hand appears before me followed by the words, softly spoken with a smile, "May I?"

I am welcomed, I am home, that's Ceroc.

By Shanun Lambert, Year 8

WHAT HUMANS DESERVE

The look in his eyes is fierce. His black lips are drawn to reveal canines. His face says serious. And yet, the swishing of his tail is happy. Like he's playing a game.

He pounces, nipping your fingers, then withdraws and makes small circles around you, getting closer every time he passes. You trust in him, you trust him not to attack; you've trained him well. And yet, every millimeter closer he is to you, your pulse quickens and your breathing turns shallower.

The utter beauty alone in this moment takes your breath away. You see the power in his legs every time he lifts and drops them to the ground. The power in one hind leg alone would be enough to shred you like the fragile tissue paper you are. No animal compares to the strange lethality this being bares. This magnificent creature is far better than

you, and you know it. You know that a mere play bite to him could end your miserable life.

You go on claiming to be better than this creature, even though you know it's a lie. You mastered the elements by capturing them, pouring them into your moulds, turning them against their family, creating weapons to take control of these creatures. You found a loophole. But there's always more than one.

He pounces again, scraping from your elbow down, leaving red rivers trailing down your arm. Now you're truly frightened but you're paralysed. You can't run, can't breathe, can't call for help. Again, he pounces, drawing your other arm with crimson. Then your legs, making you fall to your knees. He knocks you to the ground and, pressing your pasty, plump face into the mud, stands on top of you, head held high.

He's almost more merciful than you were.

By Jana Heise, Year 7

Te Kura News

LEARN YOUR WAY

TE KURA IS USING ONLINE CHANNELS AND SOCIAL MEDIA TO LET 16–19 YEAR OLDS NOT IN EDUCATION, EMPLOYMENT OR TRAINING KNOW THAT THEY CAN ENROL WITH TE KURA TO ACHIEVE NCEA LEVEL 2 OR THEIR OWN PERSONAL LEARNING GOALS.

We have developed a new website called ‘Learn Your Way’ that features videos of six Te Kura students – Amelia, Tohunga, Jordi, Latisha, Corbyn and Zoe – talking about what it’s like to be a student with Te Kura and the benefits we offer.

Chief Executive Mike Hollings says Te Kura is in a unique position to support young people who have left school without the qualifications they need to get into further education, training or employment.

‘We specialise in personalised learning for each student based on their passions and goals. Students at Te Kura can learn in their own time, at their own pace, with access to one-on-one support from teachers – including face-to-face support at advisories or tutorials. We also offer students a range of opportunities for authentic, hands-on learning through our partnerships with education and training providers throughout the country.’

Young adults aged 16 to 19 can enrol with Te Kura at no cost. They can enrol in entire courses, or for specific standards, which is great for those who have other commitments such as a part-time job or caring for a family member.

Go to www.learnyourway.org.nz to watch the videos, or follow Te Kura on Facebook and Instagram.



Amelia



Jordi



Latisha



Corbyn

CALLING ALL SINGERS, DANCERS AND VIDEOGRAPHERS!

TE KURA'S ONLINE MUSIC VIDEO PROJECT, COLLABORATE TO CREATE, IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO HELP CREATE AND PRODUCE A MUSIC VIDEO TO SHARE WITH THE SCHOOL COMMUNITY, NEW ZEALAND AND THE WORLD.

The project builds on the success of our Keep Moving project from 2013, which you can check out on YouTube (search for it using the words 'keep moving Te Kura').

Kaihautu Matauranga for the arts Jan Bolton says around 50 students have been involved with the project so far and the song, 'Echoes of the sun', is making great progress.

'It's now time to get recordings of students singing and dancing to the chorus. We're also looking for videographers to be involved with filming and/or producing the music video, or perhaps you want to make an artwork that shows the ideas of the song's lyrics to be incorporated in the video?'

Age or level of schooling is no barrier – any Te Kura student, from early childhood to our adult students, can contribute.

'So there is huge scope for students at all levels of the school to take part,' says Jan.

The lyrics of the song have evolved as a result of discussions between students in Te Kura's Online Teaching and Learning Environment (OTLE). 'We used Google Docs to write the lyrics, so students could contribute, edit or make comments on the lyrics online in real time. Music students have collaborated online to compose the music.'

The aim is to have the song and video finished by mid-year. If you are interested in joining the project, please get in touch with your learning advisor or email jan.bolton@tekura.school.nz so we can give you access to the OTLE course. If you're not sure about whether or not to be involved, you can have a look at what's going on in OTLE to see if it's right for you.

SUPPORT FOR SUPERVISORS

ARE YOU A NEW SUPERVISOR OF A FULL-TIME STUDENT IN YEARS 1-8?

My name is Adele Harris and I am the Supervisor Support Advisor at Te Kura.

As a supervisor you have the opportunity to work alongside the teaching and support staff at Te Kura to provide the best outcomes for your student/s. If you are a new supervisor at Te Kura here are a few tips to help you get started.

Introduce yourself to your student's teacher and find out the best way to contact them; email, phone or text message. You will need to contact your student's teacher when your student is unwell or their circumstances have changed.

Establish a timetable that works for you, your student and your household. This can take time to get right so try to keep the timetable flexible. You can find some suggested study times for students on our website: www.tekura.school.nz/supervisor-toolkit/getting-started/establish-routines.

It is important to keep track of when your student needs to send or submit work for marking, assessment and feedback. Students must submit work for assessment regularly so they can keep up with their learning and also so they can meet our attendance requirements – talk with your student's teacher if you're unsure how often your student should be submitting school work. Calendars – paper or digital – can be used to help keep track of your student's work.

Create a space where your student can work and store their school resources. Make sure your student has time for physical play during the school day.

From time to time your student will be invited to event days, tutorials or advisories. These are opportunities for students to work alongside other students and meet teachers. Supervisors, especially of younger students, can get a lot of benefit from attending event days too, and they are a great way to meet other supervisors.

Supervisor newsletters are published once a term on our website. These newsletters, written by the supervisor of a Te Kura student, have great ideas, useful links and art activities: www.tekura.school.nz/supervisor-toolkit/newsletters

Finally, there are more tips and ideas on our website. A good place to start is the Getting started page of the Supervisor toolkit: www.tekura.school.nz/supervisor-toolkit/getting-started. The guide you will have received in your student's welcome pack also has lots of other useful information.

You can contact Adele during term time on 0800 65 99 88 or email adele.harris@tekura.school.nz

MICROSOFT IMAGINE ACADEMY

TE KURA CHIEF EXECUTIVE MIKE HOLLINGS IS PLEASED TO SAY TE KURA WILL CONTINUE TO OFFER STUDENTS, SUPERVISORS AND WHANAU ONLINE TRAINING FOR MICROSOFT OFFICE APPLICATIONS IN OFFICE 365 AND OFFICE 2010 VIA THE MICROSOFT IMAGINE ACADEMY.

Courses include beginner to advanced skills in Word, Excel, and introductions to PowerPoint, Outlook, Access and OneNote.

You can study towards becoming a certified Microsoft Office Specialist, with testing at your nearest Microsoft Testing Centre.

The Microsoft Imagine Academy also includes courses in digital literacy for introductory computing, gaming development for gamers and the technology associate (MTA) topics for expert technologists.

Please email itacademy@tekura.school.nz for enrolment information.

NCEA STUDENTS

IF YOU ARE ENROLLED IN ANY NCEA COURSES THIS YEAR, YOU'LL NEED TO PAY A 2016 NCEA FEE AND COMPLETE AN ONLINE NCEA REGISTRATION.

The NCEA fee is a yearly fee for credits (it is not an exam fee) and means your credits will be included in your Record of Achievement so they are available for the award of any qualifications.

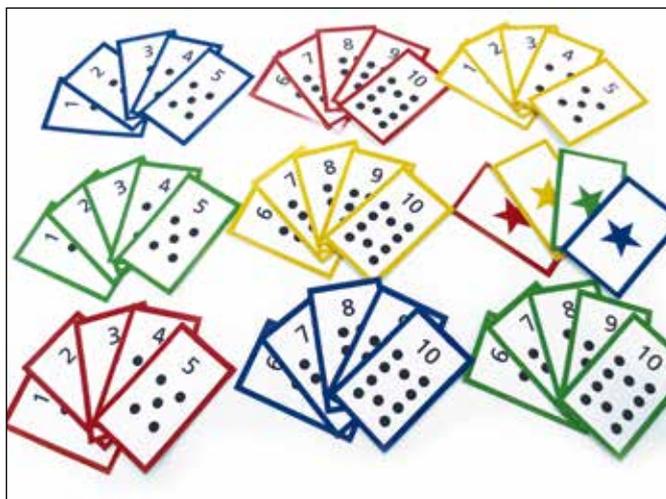
The online NCEA registration is partly so you can tell us whether or not you are entering for any externally assessed standards but is also how you'll pay your NCEA fee.

Watch out for the information you'll receive in June (including how to apply for financial assistance) advising what you'll need to do.

EARLY CHILDHOOD PROGRAMME OFF TO A BUSY START

THE EARLY CHILDHOOD TEACHERS AT TE KURA ARE OFF TO A BUSY START THIS YEAR, SETTING GOALS AND PREPARING PROGRAMMES OF LEARNING FOR STUDENTS ON TE KURA'S EARLY CHILDHOOD PROGRAMME.

To support their learning, students are sent a range of resources such as the game 'Playing with numbers' (pictured). With this resource children are encouraged to identify numbers, patterns and colours when playing with the cards. The resource comes with a range of suggestions from simple matching games to more complex challenges.



The early childhood teachers at Te Kura work collaboratively with families and their children to support their individual learning needs. Your child may be eligible to enrol with Te Kura if:

- they are under six years of age
- you live more than 6 km from your nearest licensed early childhood centre and your child attends a licensed early childhood centre for less than eight hours per week
- your child has high health needs, special educational needs or there are special family circumstances preventing attendance at a face to face early childhood centre.

If you would like to know more about our early childhood programme at Te Kura and your child's eligibility please contact Jenny Hayes on 0800 65 99 88 ext 8699. You'll also find us online at <http://ech.tekura.school.nz> and on Facebook.

“I DON'T THINK
I WOULD HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO ACHIEVE
THE THINGS I HAVE AT
ANOTHER SCHOOL.”



LEARN YOUR WAY



.....

Te Kura lets you learn at your own place, at your own pace. Te Kura builds your learning programme around the things that interest you and the type of job you'd like to have. We are NZQA-accredited

www.learnyourway.org.nz

0800 532 766