

St. Brigid's Girls' National School

Palmerstown, Dublin 20. Telephone: 01 6265431 Fax: 01 6265253

Email: stbrigidsgns@gmail.com
Website: www.stbrigidspalmerstown.com

23/5/20

Hello Ladies,

I hope that everyone is enjoying the weekend, it's pretty windy outside today, would definitely be a good day for making and flying kites. Or maybe it might be too windy, you might fly off with the kite!!

6th class ladies I was in school on Friday and only three girls have retuned their packs so far, please make sure all the rest of them are in the post on Monday as we need them all back if we want to make the yearbook before the end of June. If you have already posted then thank you.

Lots of great photos of work came in this week from projects about Vikings, super work making a hospital and working on money, a spider and other great work from Junior Infants. Keep it up girls.

I was wondering is there still lots of baking going on in houses. Last week I made some healthy orange and date energy balls. No sugar at all in them so they have to be good for me, some cocoa powder though to make them nice!



If anyone has any ideas for our Active Week at the end of June start sending me in your ideas now so I can put together some activities we can do at home, in the garden or maybe in the park. Time to get the thinking caps on.

I hope everyone has a lovely weekend and big effort this week with your work to finish off the month of May and then we will have a lovely long bank holiday. No school Monday or Tuesday. So that's a bit of good news.

I put a funny poem underneath, see does it make you laugh, maybe you can send in your own funny poems. If you like this one you might want to look here

Stay safe everyone.

V. Ferguson.

I Finished My Homework

From the book When the Teacher Isn't Looking



I finished my homework.
It took me all night.
I tried to make sure
I got everything right.

I read every chapter the teacher assigned. My eyes grew so bleary I nearly went blind.

I studied each problem until my eyes burned. Researched each detail, leaving no stone unturned. I finished my reading and got out my pen and pulled up a chair at my desk in the den.

I answered each question. I checked every one. I wrote out my essays. At last I was done.

By eight in the morning I'd run out of fuel.
I packed up my backpack and headed to school.

I handed the teacher my homework, and then I noticed, embarrassed, I'd used the wrong pen.

The teacher looked puzzled. I felt my heart sink. I'd used my trick pen with invisible ink.

- Kenn Nesbitt