

AMBER TRAILS COMMUNITY SCHOOL

March Newsletter



STUDENT ABSENCES

Thank you for letting the school know when your child will be away from school or late. Call 204-697-5965 (voicemail is 24/7) or email us at ambertrails@7oaks.org



IMPORTANT DATES

March 31 - Spring break Begins
April 4 - Spring Break Ends



REMINDERS

- ★ Please remember that the staff parking lot is staff only and cannot be used for pick up/drop off. The front parking loop is reserved for kindergarten and daycare families, as well as student who have mobility concerns.
- ★ School registrations for children for English and Punjabi Bilingual Program at Amber Trails Community School in the Seven Oaks School Division began on Monday, February 24thth, 2025. Please fill out the online form at <https://www.7oaks.org/> for registration.
- ★ For more information about events, programs, please visit the page [Community Information](#)

LIBRARY




Follow us on Instagram

<https://www.instagram.com/ambertrailslibrary/>

Amber Trails Community
School Library
K-8 Library

Run by Ms. Chelsea  

Browse our books and
resources online: 

<https://tinyurl.com/bdh62emn>

In Maya's Grade 4/5 class, students engaged in a hands-on project to explore Canada's history through a visual timeline, with a special focus on the changing ecosystems and the relationship between Indigenous peoples and the land before the arrival of settlers. Students worked collaboratively to research key moments in Canada's natural history, from the early presence of Indigenous peoples to the evolving ecosystems over thousands of years.

Through creative construction, they built visual representations of how the land, plants, animals, and waterways transformed over time. They learned how Indigenous communities, deeply connected to the land, used sustainable practices to coexist with their environments. The project highlighted the diverse ecosystems across Canada, and how Indigenous peoples adapted their ways of life to these landscapes.

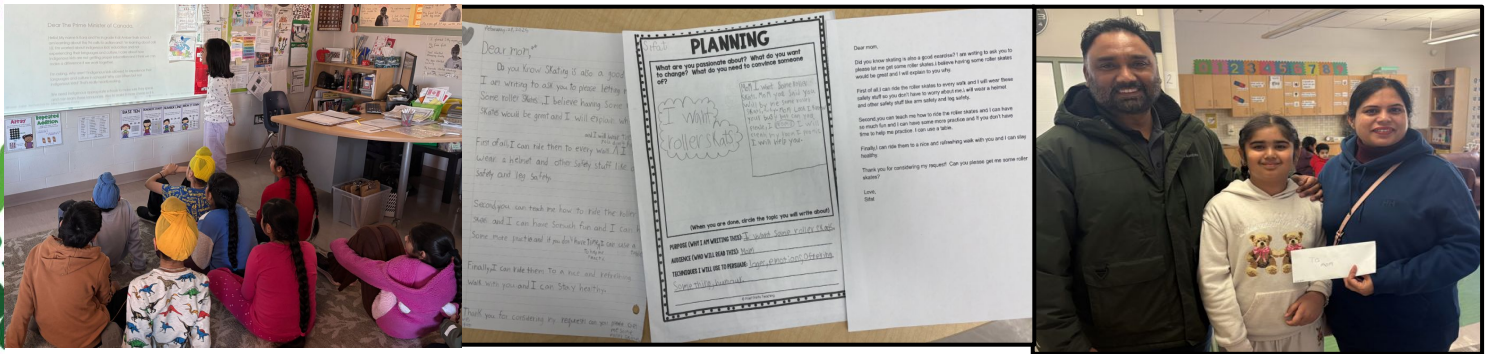
Students will next begin to learn about the settlers coming to Canada and their relationship/effects on the land and the Indigenous community.



This month, Ms. Nidhi's Grade 3 class explored persuasive writing, learning how to convince an audience by using strong arguments. We began by defining the word "persuade" and discussing how people use persuasion in everyday life. We read *I Wanna New Room* by Karen Kaufman Orloff and analyzed the main character's arguments to introduce the concept. Students identified which arguments were strong and which were weak, helping them understand what makes a persuasive piece effective.

Next, students brainstormed persuasive writing topics that were meaningful to them. Some ideas included:

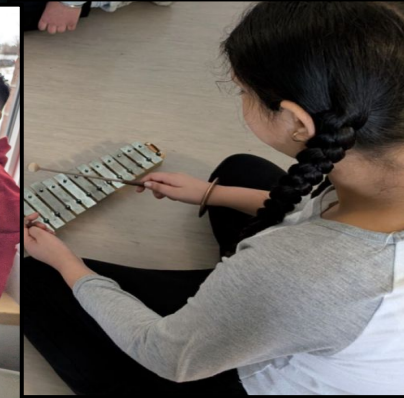
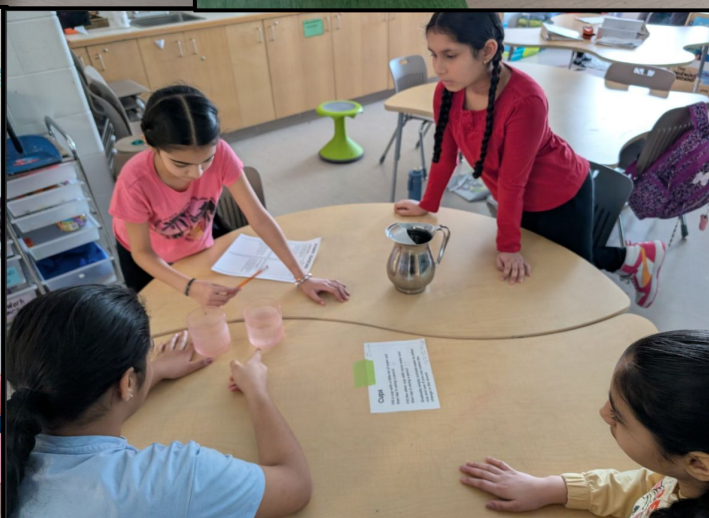
- Getting a pet (audience: parents)
- Wanting my room (audience: parents)
- Having longer recess (audience: principal)



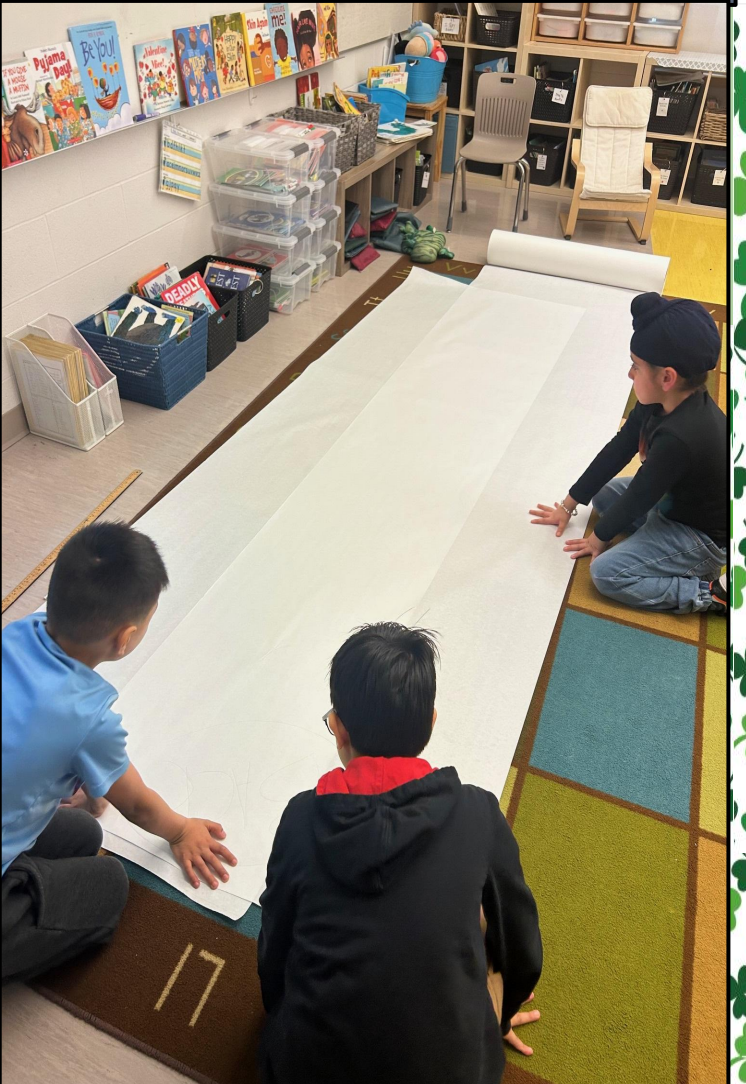
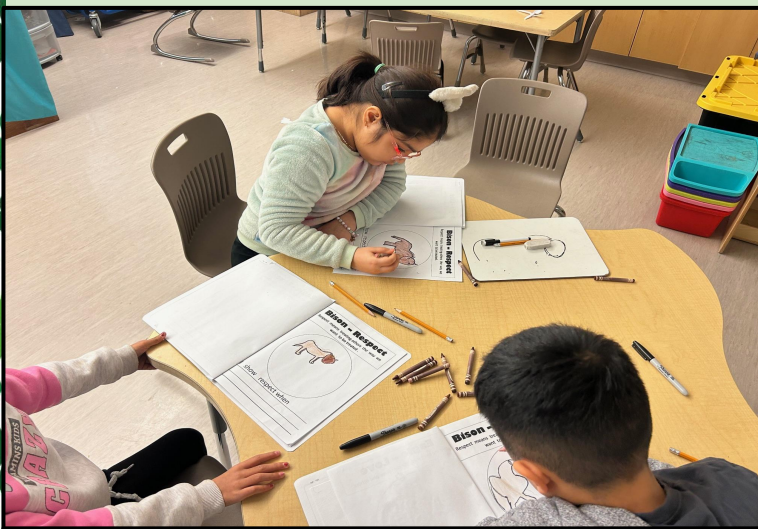
Using planning pages, students carefully outlined their ideas, considering their audience and the best reasons to support their position. To inspire our young writers, we invited Ms. Nicole's Grade 4/5 students to share their persuasive letters, showing strong examples of structure and persuasive techniques. Students then wrote their rough drafts, focusing on expanding their ideas and organizing their arguments. Through peer-editing and teacher feedback, they refined their letters, making sure their writing was clear and convincing. Finally, the students typed their final versions of the persuasive letters, proudly showcasing their ability to persuade! This engaging process helped students develop their critical thinking, writing, and communication skills while having fun crafting persuasive arguments.

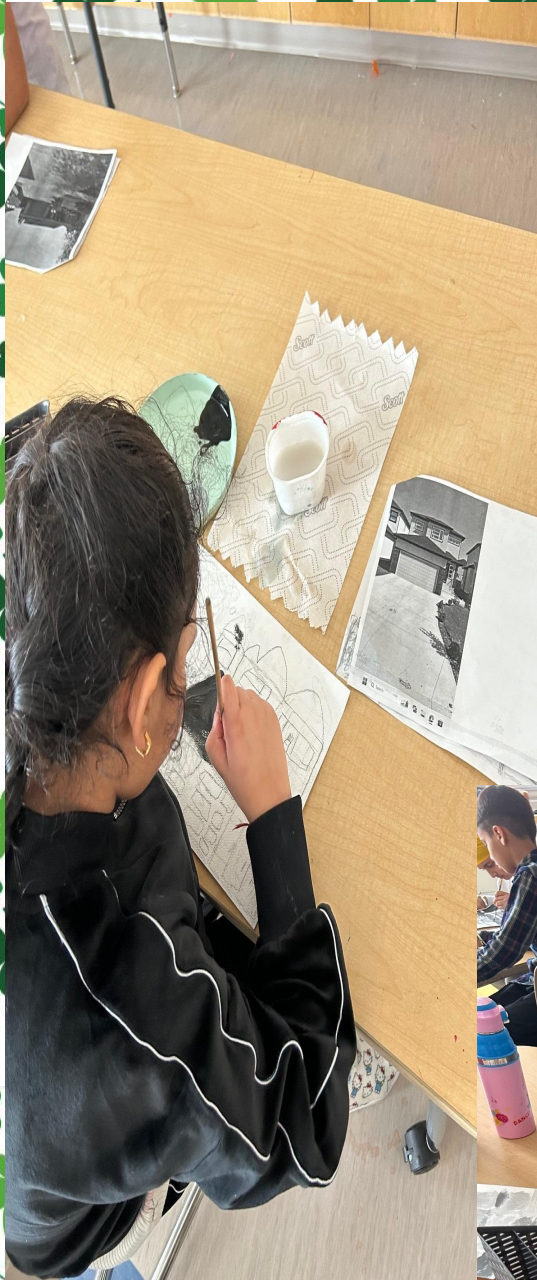


Students in Ms. Dumaran's class explored how sound is created, how it travels, and how we hear it. They engaged in hands-on activities and experiments, such as testing how different materials influence and produce sound, discovering how tightening a rubber band changes its pitch, and tapping glasses filled with varying amounts of water to produce musical notes. Playing with instruments like Boomwhackers, violins, and maracas helped them understand how different instruments create sound and produce various notes through vibration, length, and material.



Student from Rm.114 were doing an animal inquiry.
They learned about the animals from The 7 Teachings.





Mrs. Gill's classroom investigated maps, community and art. They were inspired by Miriam Rudolph's black and white pieces that feature Winnipeg's architecture

DAY



Over the past few months, Kindergarten students have been exploring the Seven Sacred Indigenous Teachings, which are also deeply valued in Panjabi culture. Students listened to Indigenous stories that highlight the importance of respect, as well as oral stories from the Panjabi culture, which emphasize the value of being respectful, or ਆਦਰ ਕਰਨਾ .As part of the exploration into storytelling, they learned about the elements that make up a story: setting, characters, and the structure of a beginning, middle, and end. As emerging story makers, the students then created their own stories about a time when they demonstrated respect. They used toys to build their stories and captured them in pictures. They labeled their pictures with words and orally shared their personal stories of respect. Students are also preparing a puppet show to retell these traditional oral stories. They are excited to invite their families and other classrooms to join them for the puppet show!



A hand-drawn diagram for a story. At the top is a sun labeled 'Dear'. Below it are two stick figures labeled 'Mimi' and 'Jessica'. Below them are three stick figures labeled 'BEP RDS'. The diagram is divided into sections: 'Setting' (Where the story takes place...), 'Beainning' (First thing that happens), 'Middle', and 'End' (Last thing that happens).

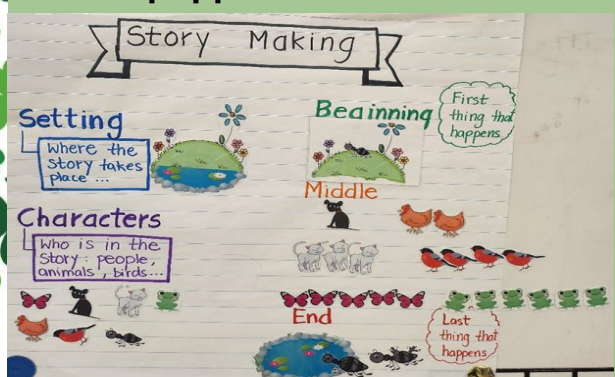
My story is about a time when Harliv was saying to me, "I want to be your friend!" Everytime, again and again, she was asking me, "Can you be my friend? Can you be my friend?" So, I said to her, "Yes, I will be your friend!" Now, I have three friends. At school, I made a decoration just for Harliv. Sometimes she asks me what to play. She loves to draw. Now, I play with her and I draw with her every time!

By: Jessica

A hand-drawn diagram for a story. At the top is a sun labeled 'F RND'. Below it are two stick figures labeled 'me' and 'Kunwarpartap'. Below them are three stick figures labeled 'to VR' and 'Cnap'. The diagram is divided into sections: 'Setting' (Where the story takes place...), 'Beainning' (First thing that happens), 'Middle', and 'End' (Last thing that happens).

One day, I was playing with my friend Kunwarpartap. We were playing with magnet blocks in our classroom. I was playing so nicely with the toys. I didn't throw them. I didn't break them. Me and Kunwarpartap were making a tower with the magnet blocks. Then, it broke. We cleaned up. We tried to build it again, but the tower broke again. Then, we cleaned up the magnet blocks and put them away.

By: Samarbeer



Grade 6 students of WMPR used Riggle Routman's method of "I do", "We do" and "You do" to write Imagery poem using five senses.

Everything is nature

At a quiet place at the time of sunset

The light brown mountains look like a threat
Suddenly I smell the fragrance of the green grass.
The blue crystal clear water in the brass.
The heat of the sun makes me warm.
The noise of wind with some germs.



The elegant pink flower on the plants.
The smell of the brown wet sand like I want
The water is shiny on my tongue
The sunshine is on my face and I feel fun
Insects are hiding in the plants



A girl is sitting in the nature
Light brown sand looks like a creature
Delicious food is in the basket
My skirt is stretchy like an elastic
wind is taking leaf in sky
Feeling free like birds fly.



- Mannat

The Blustery Wind

Dandelion petals flying on a sunny evening
Pollen making my nose feel like its seasoning
Dusty feathers getting in my mouth
Soft bits rubbing on me, while they fly south
Dandelions loudly swaying while on the ground softly laying



Snow flying around the top
Roaring loudly, but I want it to stop
Icy powder, crystal and clear
Random air moving as if someone would steer
Winter breeze wrapping around,
So cold it could crack the ground



Branches wiggling and blowing
Palm trees with fresh scent and growing
Cold, smoky, clear type air
Leaves harshly surrounding, I can't stare
Each tree brushing nice and loud,
So nice and up high, like a cloud



By: Vanshdeep

We Are Garbage

Pollution of the tall mountain touching the sky.
Bland oil from the bulldozer that fills the air low and high.
Dried and dead greenery in the trash dump it disguises.
The bad aroma of death brushes across my skin as the sun rises.
Garbage roaring with its evil plans
in every trash dumps around the lands.



Garbage overflowing because of no one caring.
The rotting garbage from a year ago now it's pairing.
The bitter garbage makes my tongue fluff.
Heart of littering People doesn't even puff.
Crunchy bags and bumpy plastic all over,
the opposite of a 4 leaf clover.



The sadness of the stuck turtle in the sea.
Stinky plastic deep in the ocean getting chewed by a flea.
The salty still blue sea with a smooth diving otter.
Scared animals stuck in garbage in every body of water.
The scream of the turtle has fear,
it starts to ring in my ear.



By: Subaig

AQUATIC WORLD

Cool as the morning's gentle breeze
Fresh as the singing of rustling in leaves
its energizing like the sun
and is precious like platinum
water is refreshing and sweet
scorching away heat



The water is as calm as a feather
floating in the air with a nice and clear weather
it is cool and fresh, is a dance of sensation
and is a nature's beautiful creation and in
the depth of it there are many different creature
The roaring of water coming down from the hill
it is as fast as a drill



Water has no colour of its own
but makes everything glow their own
water is crystal clear like a shiny mirror
the water shines bright
reflects the light
so clear from
both far and near



Fishes are jumping up and down
In the peaceful river all around
Water has a pleasant earthy smell associated with rain
and is a thing that everybody can not easily claim.

- Varinda

Calm beach waves

On a bright sunny day sparkling
blue water washing the smooth sand.
Soggy seaweed makes my nose feel
weird as it gets pushed onto the land.
When I swim in the salty water it makes
my tongue tingle.
As my feet sink in the sand crunchy
as if it is a pringle.



The calm waves hit the shore,
it's just like when a lion roars.

On a calm evening golden clouds
hovering up high.
Seagulls be calling each other as they fly.
The soft wet sand gripping onto my feet.
The restaurants make my nose opener
than ever, as I take a seat.
The fresh calm air slipping into my mouth
as I headed south.



Surfers getting ready on the shore.
Cold refreshing popsicles, no matter
what I'll Go for more.
People chatting all over the beach.
The sun is heating up my skin, It's just like bleach.
Sweeping people makes me want to close
my after that I'll have to strike a pose.



- Anshdeep

CRUELTY OF RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS

Kids on their knees praying on the beds.
Dusty wind wiggled my nose as I chewed led
Comes from the cafeteria, ,
smelly and raw tomato stew.
Cruelty of the residential schools really grew.
The headmistress scorns kids' movements.
Kids mumbling out words,
as their English requires improvement.



Sleepy kids making their beds,
Cruel nuns pouring kerosene
on their heads.
Kids shaking in fear cause of harm,
Sweaty hand working on the form.
The suffocation of the depression
surrounds them,
As silence rooms around them.



Kids sitting in a class in rows,
When the priest comes in they have to bow
Strong and musty smell of tragedy,
The bitterness of pork hurting the soul raggedy.
Cold air roaming around,
Screaming chalk breaks into pieces
as it falls to the ground.



-Harneet

Walking Through the Cherry Blossom Park

The vending machine still, cherry blossoms fill the air.
The fresh scent of flowers breezing through without a care.
The cherry blossoms as soft as strawberry ice cream.
Rocky trails, soft green grass, water in my hand clean.
My ears ringing as the birds are singing



The river making me shiver,
the water gleaming like silver.
The cool warm breeze, the aroma of the wet leaves.
The salty sweat on a chemise.
Warm sunshine, cherry blossoms falling in my hand.
Listening to the grand band.



The stream flowing,
plants growing,
wind blowing right at my face.
The fragrance of the earthy fresh grass and flowers.
Cherry blossoms pink as a fresh soda,
going through the air for hours.
The airy breeze from the trees.
The buzzing of bees, the honey tripping through the cold breeze.



-by Leila

Burning Flames

The bright fire moving side to side
Smoke polluting the trees that just died
Roasting marshmallows glide down the table
Warm wax falling onto the stable



Trees falling down onto each other
The burning flames of the forest fire
eating away Canadian Tire
Wild berries slowly getting tossed
into the fire
Tiny branches sinking into the water
Animals running away farther,
from their homes as its hotter



Food getting cooked
The delicious food looking well-looked
Aroma of freshly cooked meat
The burning sensation of my yummy treat
The food is sizzling,
while I get severely beat by Harneet

-Hailey

Rich tropical rainforest

The trees in the rainforest bright and green as grass
like some fibreglass
The freshness of the plants hits my nose
like some pizza from Joes
The rain droplets hitting my tongue
I hope it doesn't contaminate my lungs
I sense the moist trees and there's lots of fleas
I apprehend the consistent
waterfall in the distance



I ate bread on that waterfall up ahead
I got a whiff of the moss on the rocks
and It smelled like a stinky hawk
I bit the fresh moss and tossed It In my mouth
The spray from the waterfall touches my skin
as I play football with my friend named Bin
I listened to the waterfall roaring
as the water starts pouring



I noticed the leaf while I was eating beef
I got a whiff of the cold fresh air
while I was eating a pear
I nibble on the tree leafs
It tastes like a reef
That tree branch hit my arm
I hope it doesn't harm
The birds chirping up high
In the sky i hope they don't die



-Sam