



# THE CENTRAL REGIONAL HEALTH SCHOOL



Newsletter 2

Te korowai matauranga mo nga tamariki

Term 2 2005

Welcome to the latest newsletter.

Thank you to everyone who has been part of the school this year and who has been able to make a contribution to the newsletter. It has been business as usual for our health teachers. The team at Lower North Youth Justice have been busy establishing systems and routines to ensure they can get on and teach the students.

The school is pleased to have Telecom as the principal sponsor in 2005. The sponsorship from Telecom ensures the school can continue to provide up-to-date and relevant resources for the students and teachers.

Sit back now and enjoy the newsletter.

Regards

Ken McIntosh



## Students and their work from Wanganui Hospital

Hello, my name is Amelia. Rochelle is my teacher



I made a funny Salad Man. He has a carrot nose and tomato eyes. I like my Salad Man



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Meet the staff

Hi.  
My name is Chan-brie and this is what happened to me, followed by a story I wrote for Rochelle my CRHS teacher



A week later I was back at school being a normal kid playing and learning.

The next week I couldn't do all that as my leg was bruised and big and it had a big triangular shaped sore. So I had to have the next week off full of appointments.



# My White Tail Bite

## CHAPTER: 1 =My Dream!!

On Sunday night I went to bed and it was about midnight. I felt a pinch on my leg. It was itchy so I itched it and all I remember is holding my leg at night but I just thought it was a dream.

## CHAPTER: 2= My Sore Leg!!

That morning I woke up with a sore leg. I looked at my leg and it was covered with blood. Then I realized that it wasn't a dream.

## CHAPTER: 3= Mean Mother!!

My mum just thought that my bed had bitten me so she made me bike to school. When I got to school it was sore and my teacher told me to go to the office so I did. The minute the office lady saw it, she knew it was a spider bite so the Deputy Principal took me to the Wick-steed Doctors straight away.

## CHAPTER: 4 = The Fast Thinking!!

They looked at it and cleaned it up and banded it and then sent me home with a list of commands to follow. I followed the list.

## CHAPTER: 5 =Movie Week!!

I went to the hospital and had my 1<sup>st</sup> X-ray ever. We were there for 5 hours. So that week it was DVD after DVD. They were very cool.

Now I've been getting these really cool District Nurse's sent out to clean my leg up. They are Renee, Ngarie and Carol. They are really nice and now I've got this really cool teacher coming out to teach me and her name is Rochelle.

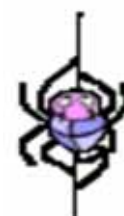


## CHAPTER:6="BEWARE"!!

I'll be back at school soon in a couple of week's time.  
HA!! HA!! HA!!

## CHAPTER: 7=Thank You!!

Thanks to Mrs Thomas and Nicky Donald for the fast thinking.



# NUTT NUTT LAND

Once upon a time there was a little village called Nutt Nutt Land where two animals lived. They were good friends named Tigger and Shriek. Tigger was a cat and Shriek was a bird.

One day they decided to go on a hike. King Nutt Nutt who was the king of the land decided to go with them too. So Shriek, King Nutt Nutt and Tigger set off on their hike.

After awhile, they came to a stop. There were two different paths. They didn't know what one to go down. So they argued and argued about what way to go. But as they were arguing they didn't notice that King Nutt Nutt disappeared. Once they stopped arguing they realized he was gone. Where had he gone they wondered?

They made a plan and went down the path to the right and travelled and travelled until they found a clue. They found King Nutt Nutt's crown. They walked a little further and found King Nutt Nutt tied to a tree.

King Nutt Nutt was shouting, "Help me! Help me! The pirates have done it! The pirates have done it!" So they stayed hidden in the bush and whispered ideas to each other as to how to set him free.

They couldn't see the pirates anywhere and decided to sneak up behind the tree and untie King Nutt Nutt's ropes. Next minute they heard people yelling, "Get them! Capture them! Feed them to the sharks!"

They ran back along the path with the pirates chasing them, all the way back to Nutt Nutt Land. Luckily the pirates had given up the chase.

From that day on, they worked together and never argued or fought ever again and they

were good friends. Well, they sometimes argued, but only every now and then.

the end



Hi , my name is Nicole and here are a couple of stories I have written for Rochelle

Time Machine

It was a day like no other. I was working as a chef, it was my break and business was bad. I was determined to read the paper and while reading saw an article that interested me. I had a desire to volunteer for this project. It was Professor Past-Future's famous experiment. Professor Past-Future gave me a little black box with two buttons on the top.

He whispered, "The blue button is to go back in time; the red button is to go to the future and if you push both you will come back here." So I decided to push the red button and Whiz! Zip! There I was in the future, but I was not in the lab any more I was outside the city. As I looked around I saw big ten foot storey high buildings made out of glass and flying cars. So

I decided to call a taxi to get a ride to the city. All of a sudden a taxi comes out of nowhere.

I asked how much it would cost to get to the city and the man said, "Four octoes and fifty gants."

I replied, "I only have five dollars on me!" and showed him.

"You have got to be joking, that is worth one hundred octoes and fifty gants and I have no change. Go to the money shop down Manoman St and get it changed from dollars and cents to octoes and gants. I don't give rides to people who don't got no money. Just in case you don't pay up you'll have to walk," he said.

He removed me from the car and flew off. So I walked to the city and decided to look for Manoman St and found it. On the first building from the corner it said, 'The Money \$hop' and I went in. As I was walking in the door I was greeted by a man and he asked me what I would like.

I replied, "I would like to change my money in to octoes and gants please."

He answered back, "Give me your money and I will change it in the Bendor 2000." Out of nowhere came a walking metal blender.

I asked, "Why do you have a walking metal blender?"

He answered, "It is not a blender, it is a high tec robot and if you don't know what a robot is, it's a machine that does what ever you want and has an IQ of two hundred and thirty, which is probably even higher then yours," he said arrogantly. "Now Bendor 2000, turn this money into octoes and gants." In a flash there was money shooting out like a slot machine after you have won a jackpot. "Here you go and come back soon," he said.

I decided to keep looking down the same street and found a robot shop called 'Robs Robots' and decided to go in. In the shop there were big and small robots.

A flash salesman came up to me and announced, "My name is Rob and may I ask what type of robot are you looking for?"

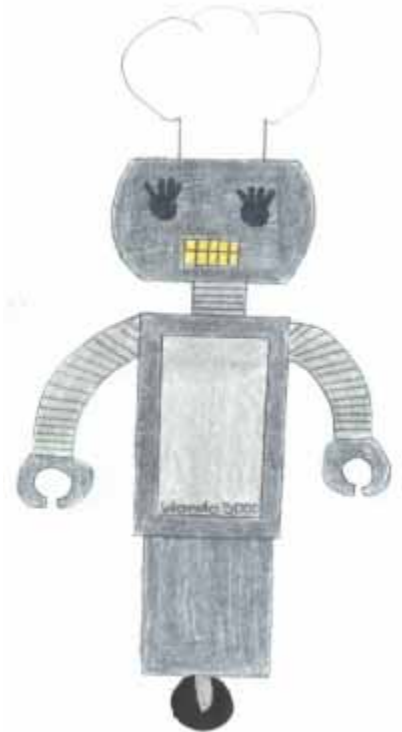
I answered, "I would like to buy one that can cook and you can programme recipes in to it."

"Aah an excellent choice, but it's pricey. It is the Wanda 3000 and it's one hundred octoes and fifty gants," he eagerly said.

"I will take it," and gave him all my money.

After that I was getting tired and decided to press the red and blue button and it took me and Wanda 3000 home.

When we got back, I told Professor Past-Future all about my day. From then on, business was great at the restaurant thanks to Wanda 3000.



# Petunia's Mistake

Once there lived a cat called Stella. Stella was as black as the night sky and had eyes like glowing emeralds. Now she was not any ordinary cat she belonged to a witch, but not one of those nasty witches in fairy tales, a nice witch called Petunia Clocksworth. Petunia was a tall witch with long grey hair, a pointy nose, usually wore a long purple velvety dress and black high heels. Today was a particularly nice day. Petunia was practicing with potions in the back yard and Stella was lying around the other side of the house in the sun making sure she kept out of her way. Just then Stella had decided to get out of the sun and move under the shade of an apple tree, when she heard a great bellow from the other side of the house and ran around to see what it was. As she got around there, she saw that there was no Petunia only a little purple frog where Petunia had last been. Now when Stella was a kitten she had always chased frogs but got exhausted. Just then she was feeling very energetic. She got down on four paws, wriggled her bottom and was just ready to pounce when she heard a familiar voice. "DON'T YOU DARE STELLA!" Stella stopped dead in her tracks and looked around, then down at the purple frog.



She examined it closely then went "Meow."

"Yes Stella it's me!" cried Petunia. Stella looked puzzled.

"Now Stella I need your help. I turned myself into a purple frog and the only way I can get turned back again is to get the great wizard to help me," croaked Petunia. There was only one problem with this, he lived up a big mountain so that meant they had to hike; well I should say Stella had to hike. So Stella packed a bag with essentials like food, a tent, a blanket and mountain climbing equipment.

So the next day after Stella's breakfast of chicken and turkey cat food, a saucer of milk and Petunia's breakfast of flies on toast, they were off. First they caught a train from 'Belinda's Train Station' to get to the bottom of the mountain. Next they were off up the mountain. It took them three chilly days and two wintry nights to get up there.

Finally they reached the top of the mountain and walked to the door step of The Great Wizard's house. Stella pressed the door and a chime rang. Next the door bell turned in to a nose and a mouth and eyes appeared on the door.

"Who is there?" boomed the Door.

Petunia poked her head out of the bag which was on Stella's back and ordered, "I am here to see The Great Wizard."

"And who might you be?" boomed the Door once again.  
"I'm Petunia Clocksworth and The Great Wizard is expecting me." Suddenly the face disappeared and the door opened.

"Please proceed to the lounge and wait," said the Door in a more welcoming voice.

The wizard's house was very big and dusty but his lounge was very welcoming. It had a warm blazing fire, a nice little tea table with freshly baked scones, cakes and biscuits and tea that had just been boiled. Just then The Great Wizard strode in.

"Petunia what has happened to you? You're a frog." So Petunia told The Great Wizard what had happened.

"I will get my spell book at once and turn you back." So the wizard went and got his spell book from the attic and said this "Ala kazoo! Ala cazam! Turn this frog back as fast as you can." 'Poof!' with a cloud of purple smoke Petunia was back to normal.

Petunia thanked The Great Wizard and went home on a broom stick with Stella. When they got home Petunia gave Stella a big hug and made her favourite treat of catnip flavoured sugar mice as a thanks for her help.

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### Parents

Coping with a child's illness is not easy and it often helps to share experiences.

We would like to offer you the opportunity to do this in our newsletter.

You can write or email to us here in Wellington or to your local CRHS teacher.

### Students and their work from Hawke's Bay Hospital

My name is Jason . I am 16 years old and have been with the Central Regional Health School for a year and a half. I have been debilitated with chronic fatigue syndrome since early 2003. Before I got sick I played soccer, representative cricket and inline hockey. I enjoy collecting Warhammer and Lord of the Rings models, as well as Charles Dickens' books and most things Star Wars. I wrote my story on this subject because wars have been historically significant and I wish to become an historian.



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## THE BATTLEFIELD

A mortar shell whistles through the frigid winter air.  
“Get down!” someone yells.

Instinctively you throw yourself into a slush and snow filled crater as the shell hits the ground and explodes with a deafening ‘boom’, sending flecks of mud and shrapnel flying unnervingly close to your head. You open your eyes and look around.

Other men from your battalion are doing the same thing. The destruction laid out before your eyes is horrific. Limbs and mangled bodies are strewn across the heavily scarred battlefield. Medics scurry from one wounded soldier to the next as chipmunks would from one tree to another all the while trying to avoid being shot themselves and suffer the same predicament as those that they are trying to save. A corporal audaciously rushes out from behind a makeshift barricade made from a section of fence, a legless corpse and several drenched sandbags filled with slushy, wet sand that drips out of holes torn open by a steady barrage of machine gun fire, to save a friend.

You can clearly see the German soldiers who are entrenched not 100m metres away. Their neutral grey uniforms are splattered with brown mud. You can see from their wearied faces and bloodshot eyes that they are as exhausted as you are after almost a week of intense fighting but your view is blocked by a soldier who is wandering around in a daze clearly suffering from shell shock.

Snipers cunningly concealed in trees and bushes pick off victims with ease, their gun sights tracking head and vital organs with murderous intent while their deadly aim sends blood erupting from the craters caused by the impact of the bullet as it hits exposed flesh. The victim is dead before he hits the ground.

The shell-shocked man is shot in the chest. He falls to the ground and lies there twitching. You’ve seen it all before though and by now you are exhausted beyond grief, beyond fear, and you just wish it would end. With that a bullet grazes your temple and you pass into unconsciousness. The battle continues without you. Sopwith Camels and Fokker triplanes duel over head and the rain of bullets and artillery shells continue to fall.

Many years later you return to the battlefield upon which you fought so many years before. It is now an historic reserve. Lush green grass has replaced the thick squelchy mud. Elm trees that once hid snipers from view now hold bird nests and abandoned kites in their woody arms. Small divots in the ground are all that is left of the craters. Ironic really that shells that could kill left a crater that would provide protection.

Joyful children rush around playing tag and other such games, their happy coloured clothes contrasting with the stark grime, mud and bloodstained uniforms of the soldiers when they fought here years before. A short distance away, men clad in black protective uniforms are shooing people away from a roped-off area as the bomb squad disarm and retrieve an unexploded shell. A group of elderly people are wondering around a solemn graveyard reminiscing about lost friends and relatives. Men who stood opposite each other on the field of battle now lie side by side in peaceful death, their final resting place marked by white crosses.

A sparrow swoops through the air narrowly missing your head and you recall the bullets that similarly whizzed past. Although it was many years ago it seems like it was only yesterday that the terrible battle occurred.

Indeed, it was only last night that you relived the trauma in your nightmares.

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My name is Melissa and I'm 14 years old. I have Glycogen Storage Disease type 1B also an Immune deficiency which means I miss a lot of school so I now belong to the Central Regional Health School. I do correspondence work for 3 subjects and I go to school for 3 subjects, when I can! Cathie Trotter comes and works with me twice a week. She is my favourite teacher.



Here are two poems I have written for Cathie as part of my English.

### **Grandfather's Rose**

With a feel of precious velvet, a smell of pure heaven and a look of absolute perfection, in every soft silky touch of the rose, I remember my grandfather.

I remember that this is his rose and every time I see the rose I see him and wish he could look upon his rose one more time, to smell its heavenly aroma in the spring, to touch these petals of velvet, to see the perfection of the grandfather rose once more.

### **NANA**

My Nana is clever -  
She makes me beautiful costumes every year.

My Nana is a great cook -  
Every Christmas she bakes me special pumpkin pies and makes trifles just for me.

My Nana is kind and wonderful -  
She never thinks only of herself, always of others, and is always there for me when I need her.  
She is really understanding.

My Nana is helpful -  
She does lots of voluntary work and teaches me to help too.

My Nana likes to collect things.  
She has sets of dogs and teapots and egg cups and photos, just to mention a few.  
And she collects perfume bottles for me too.

My Nana is the most kind and generous Nana that I could ever want.

When I grow up, I want to be just like her.

MY NANA.

### Students and their work from the Kapiti Coast



Hello my name is Nathaniel. I am nine years old. I am the youngest of four children. I hope you enjoy my story about my stay in hospital.

## HOSPITAL

My family and I travelled to Wellington hospital on Monday 16 May 2005 by car because I had to have an operation. I have Perthes in my right hip. What it does is it crumbles the bone up. In the operation they stopped the hip ball from sliding out of the cup.

When I was in hospital I got lots of gifts such as teddies and magnets. One of the teddies is about 10cm tall. It's a creamy and soft bear. The other one is a monkey it is soft as well. The magnets are blue and green. The magnets can be joined together to make different shapes.

The nurses at the hospital were very nice, apart from when they kept on waking me up in the middle of the night. The nurses were helpful when they gave me my panadol on time and came whenever I needed them.

The operation was very long it took two hours plus one for recovery. Then they wheeled me back to my room but I had to stay there for five days. Luckily I had my mum and my game boy to keep me entertained.

The operation was a success. Now I just have to rest at home for a month. Then I'll go in for a check-up to see if my cast can come off. Hopefully I will be able to go back to school

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Kia ora. Ko Rachel toku ingoa. Tekau ma ono oku tau.

Hi, my name is Rachel and I am 16 years old.

At the beginning of 2004 I was referred to Te Whare Marie, a counseling service, where I was told I had depression and anxiety. I was put on medication but unfortunately there were some other underlying problems. I was eventually diagnosed with Endometriosis and Poly Cystic Ovary Syndrome, which I was then told was the cause of all the other problems. Again I was put on more medication and a waiting list at the hospital to have a Mirena put in and a laparoscopy.

While all this was going on the stress of school became too much and I only went when I could which meant I missed a lot of work. My doctor got in touch with the CRHS and I was put on their roll. Being under CRHS for the last 2 terms of 2004 allowed me to catch work up at my own pace. On December 2<sup>nd</sup> 2004 I had a Mirena put in and had my laparoscopy done and finally I was on the home straight.

In 2005 I was to be 6<sup>th</sup> form and I had hoped to stay on correspondence but after a lot of convincing and help I made my transition back into school. The CRHS helped a lot by liaising with the school in helping me feel comfortable with going back. I got to choose my own form teacher and gave them a list of my friends so I could be put in some of their classes. There were also a lot of things that I had to overcome by myself and I did even though I didn't think I could. You may ask how? Well I just look at my idols. Mariah Carey overcame an emotional breakdown, Whitney Houston overcame an addiction to drugs and then I think of Jesse Gurunathan off Ms Popularity. She has endo-

metriosis and looked what she has achieved. She is a successful air hostess and won Ms Popularity.

My life is on track now and I am ready to come off my pills. I don't have a problem with the pain and bleeding anymore, and I am loving school and life. At school I even facilitate a year 10 home economics and help out twice a week with the special needs class at Paraparaumu College.

Many people have helped me get through this difficult time, including CRHS, and given me the strength to keep going and look ahead to the future. I am very thankful for that. Always remember the saying 'Kia Kaha', meaning 'be strong', and you will get through.

Tena koutou, tena koutou, tena ra tatou ka-toa.

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### News from Lower North Youth Justice

Eleven students recently completed their practical first aid certificate after participation in a Red Cross First Aid Training Course held at the residence. The course covered both theory and practical application of knowledge and skills gained (with the later being the most popular with the students involved). This has been a fantastic achievement for those who completed the course. The course was organised by one of our teaching team, Dean, and congratulations for a job well done must go his way.



The Red Cross instructor demonstrating how to perform CPR on a small baby and two adult mannequins waiting to be inflated.

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**Students and their work from the Kapiti Coast**

Hi  
 My name is Samantha  
 I am in year 11 at Tawa College. I enjoy Hip-hop dancing, and going out with my friends. I have just finished this poster as part of the Static Image workbook through the Correspondence School



**A Game of Cards'**  
 by Witi Ihimaera

In this story Nanny Miro is dying. Her Mokopuna have come up from Wellington to come see her. All of Nanny Miro's life she has played cards. She would play every day with her friends and every game she would cheat.



In my static image the background is red to represent love as she has always been surrounded by people that love and care about her.

My dominant image is a large green table representing that she has spent there all of her life there, so I picked green as the colour of life. I have done the image through Nanny Miro's eyes as she looks down at her hand with the best deal of cards. Her hand is black meaning death/dying.

On Nanny Miro's last game she cheats as usual as she has never played a game without cheating. This is why I have put a card on her lap under the table. The card on her lap has a cross on it to represent death as on her last game she has cheated her life.

The quote I used means that if you cheat you will be only cheating yourself. You will not be satisfied with the result. This is because you know you have not won yourself and will never get the pleasure of winning ever again.

Meet the staff

The Wellington region has six teachers..

Wellington Hospital.



Karen Stockwell

Kenepuru Hospital.



Kerry Hubbard

Lower Hutt Hospital.



Sue Rowell

The Central Regional Health School



Keith Connor

Regional Rangatahi Adolescent Inpatient Service



Lisa Thompson

Kapiti Coast



Alison Roberts

The Palmerston North region has one teacher.

Palmerston North Hospital.



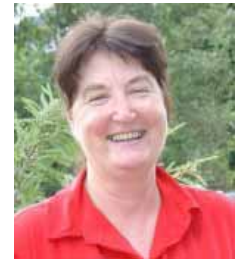
Steph Adamson

The Hawke's Bay region has two teachers.

Hawke's Bay Hospital.



Lyn Corkran



Cathie Trotter

The Whanganui region has one teacher.

Whanganui Hospital



Rochelle Collins



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