

Hello Class 2!

It is our last ever day of Year 2. I can't believe that the next time I see you, you will be in Year 3! I bet you are excited!

I have missed you all so much in the past few months. I look forward to seeing you around school and catching up. Make sure you visit me and say hi!

I have loved being your teacher this year, and I am so proud of how hard you have worked, and how grown up you have all become. I love how kind and considerate you are of each other. This is your biggest strength, and I know you will continue to look out for each other next year.

I am not going to forget all of the wonderful times we have shared in Year 2. I know Edgar will miss you feeding him lots of unhealthy foods, and I will miss the way you always fix Edgar's cheeky monkey mistakes!

You all have amazing personalities, full of such fun and positivity. I can't wait to see how you continue to grow next year.

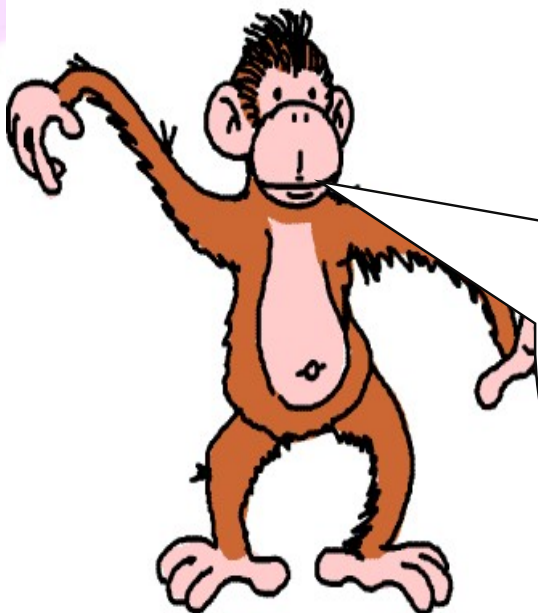
I am so proud of each and every one of you Class 2, and I will always remember how much you have all come on this year.

I hope you all have fantastic breaks! I am already looking forward to seeing you back in September.

Take care, stay safe, have fun and always smile!

Miss Pylypiak-Clancy (and Edgar)

Xxx



Have a
fantastic
summer
holiday!

WE ALL HAVE
MAGIC
INSIDE US

My Favourite Memories from This Year!



My friends:

My favourite moment:



Memories I will treasure:

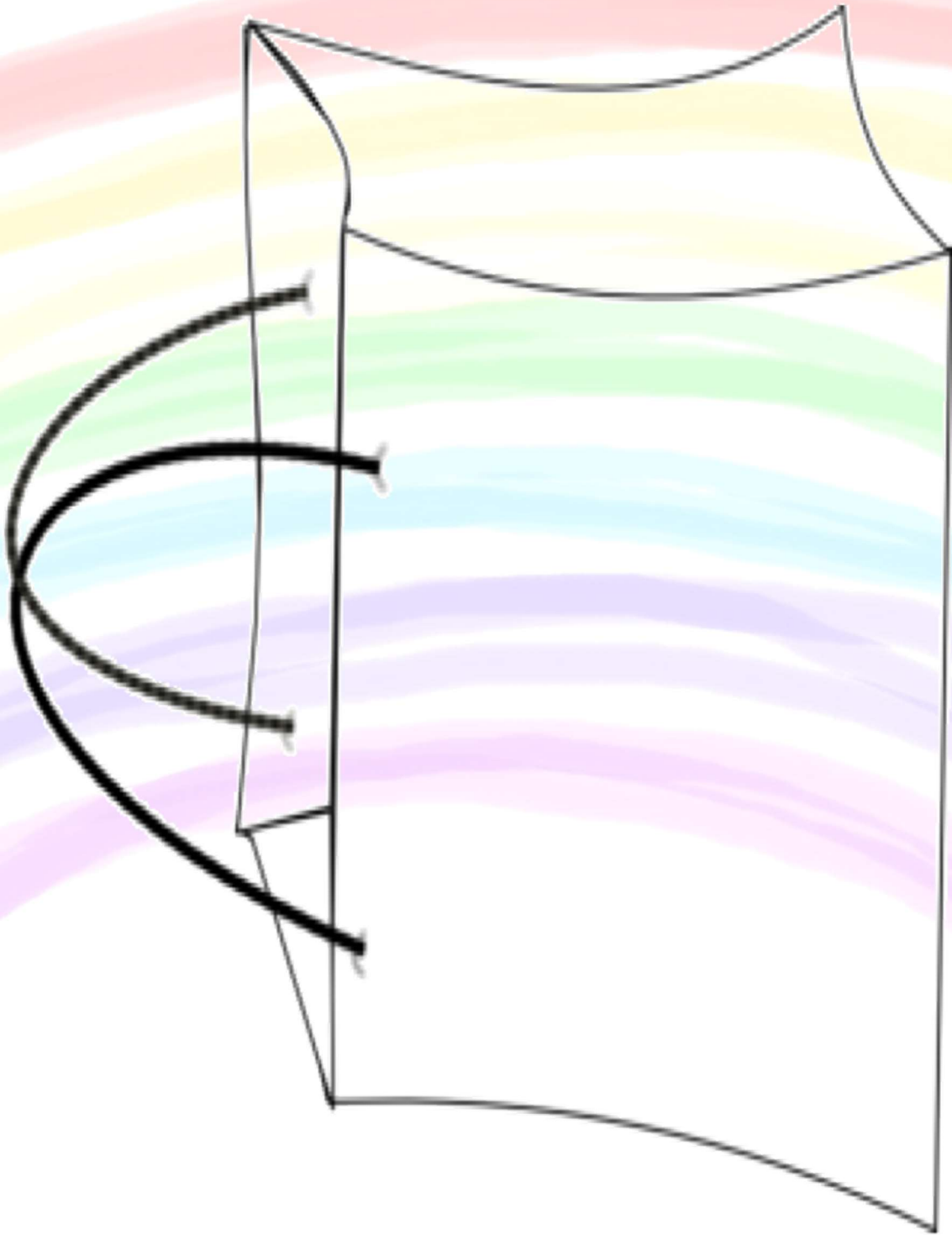


My favourite activity:



What I love the most about this year: _____

My bag of worries!



My Goals for Next Year!

A large inverted triangle with a wavy border, containing horizontal lines for writing goals. The background features a rainbow pattern.

Party planning!

This is YOUR party! You can make it a 'pretend' party and invite celebrities and have it on the moon OR you could keep it simple with a picnic in the back garden with your toys. There is just one rule...

HAVE FUN planning!

<u>Decorations</u>	
<u>Games</u>	
<u>Music</u>	
<u>Food</u>	
<u>Guests</u>	

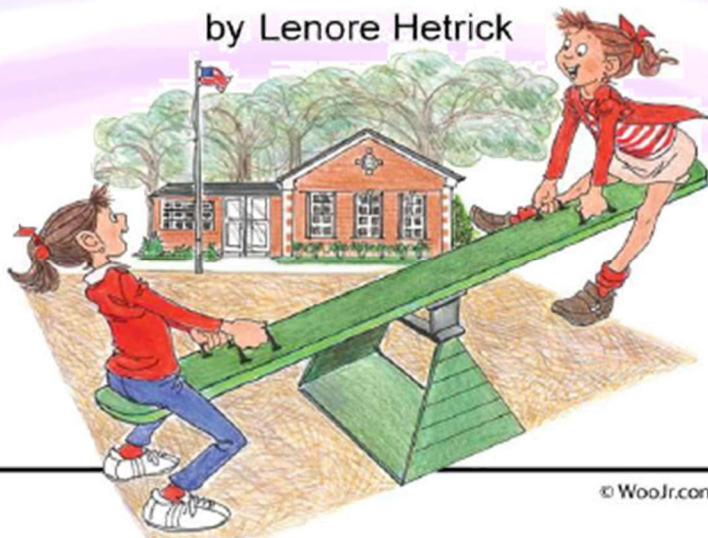
Memories poem by Lenore Hetrick

Memories

We may complain about our school work,
Perhaps we think our lessons hard.
We'd much prefer to be out playing,
And running in the big schoolyard.
But with the passing of the years
The dearest memories we'll call
Will be of hours that we have spent
Within the old gray schoolhouse wall.

We may consider it a trial
To have to add and multiply,
And lessons in geography
Bring many a long-drawn, anxious sigh,
But with the passing of the years
When time has cast its purple haze,
The memories that we will treasure
Will be of long-gone, old school days.

by Lenore Hetrick



© WooJr.com. All Rights Reserved.