

The cover features a collage of images. At the top left is a red car. Next to it is a hand pointing. To the right is a 'PAUSE' button with a play icon. Below these is a large, stylized image of a person running, overlaid with a large, colorful, abstract shape. The background is a mix of green, blue, and orange textures.

READING MAGAZINE

2009

Year 7

Helping our waterways

Poster 1



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A Special Day

An extract from Finders Keepers by Emily Rodda

On Saturday Patrick woke up with a little shock, knowing that this was a special day. For a moment he couldn't think exactly why, and then, with an excited flutter of his stomach, he remembered. At ten o'clock today he was going to find out once and for all about Finders Keepers. He got dressed more carefully than usual, went downstairs and turned on the TV. Quickly he switched channels. Cartoons, cartoons, advertisement, man talking, snow, snow ... and still nothing at all on Channel 8.

"Patrick, tune it in, darling, if you're going to watch." Judith wandered past with the newspaper under her arm and her eyes half closed. She headed for the kitchen. Patrick turned off the TV and followed.

"What's for breakfast, Mum?"

"We'll see," Judith murmured vaguely, plugging in the electric kettle. She blinked sleepily at him and smiled. "You look nice, darling," she said. "You're all ready. But we can't go till eight-thirty at the earliest, you know. Nothing'll be open till then."

Patrick's stomach lurched. "We aren't going out, are we?" he asked anxiously.

She began to make the tea. "Don't say you've forgotten!" she said.

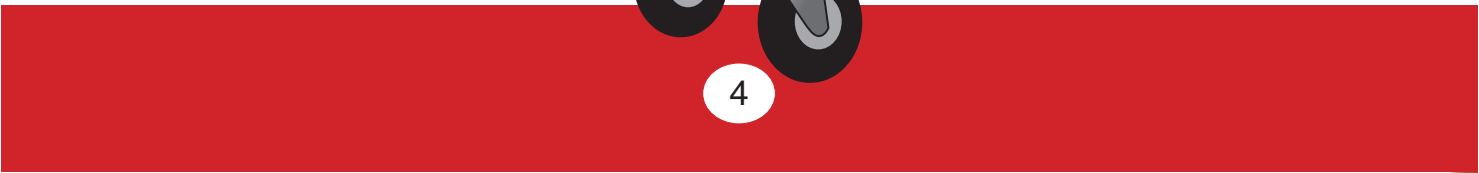
"I promised you, last Saturday. Your new sneakers, remember?"

"Oh—oh, but I can't go out this morning, Mum. There's something I've got to watch on TV. At ten o'clock. I've got to! My sneakers'll be all right for another week," gabbled Patrick, panic-stricken.

Judith faced him, hands on hips. "Patrick," she said wearily, "it's all organised."

People in favour of advertising to children say that ads give them ideas for how to spend money. They say that children can be taught to be wise buyers and that advertising tells children about new products. These advocates also believe that companies act responsibly when they advertise to children and that the parents have the final say.

We may need more research into how children are swayed by advertising to decide whether the opponents or the advocates are right.



Cockroaches

Hardy Survivor?

You've probably heard it said that, come the end of the world, the only survivors will be the cockroaches. This 'fact' has struck a chord with the public and has been accepted into modern-day folklore.

Cockroaches have been around for about 280 million years. They are tough little critters that can survive on cellulose and can even soldier on without a head for a week or two. They have a reputation for living through anything, from steaming hot water to a nuclear disaster. But cockroaches are only a bit better at surviving radiation than we are, and are outranked in the nuclear disaster survivor stakes by many other creatures.

Radiation and Insects

In 1919, Dr W. R. Davey found that a dose of 60 rads (a unit for measuring absorbed radiation) seemed to make the Flour Beetle live longer. In 1927, Dr H. J. Muller found radiation harmed living creatures when he used x-rays to cause mutations in the fruit fly. In 1959, Drs Wharton and Wharton found that it took 64 000 rads to kill the fruit fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*), and 180 000 rads to kill the parasitoid wasp.

Radiation and People

Human beings are much more susceptible to radiation than insects, and will die after a dose of 400–1000 rads.

Insects Rule

As a result of all this testing, it emerged that the cockroach is, in terms of nuclear survivability, a wimp. In 1957, the two Drs Wharton had found that a dose of 6400 rads would kill 93% of immature German cockroaches. Cockroaches survive radiation about 10 times better than we do, but curl up and die at doses that don't even bother other insects.

How then did cockroaches get this reputation of being indestructible? Perhaps a cockroach looks more the part of a mean, radiation-resistant insectoid villain than a fruit fly does.

An extract from

FINN AND THE BIG GUY

by David Metzenthen

A phone call came from Mr Lensky at nine o'clock one Wednesday evening. Instantly, the television was turned off, and a deep hush settled over the lounge room. Mrs Deegan folded towels in slow-motion. The twins huddled and hissed. Mr Lensky asked Finn about horses and riding, work, school, and Collieton. He asked Finn how he felt about leaving home.

'Be all right,' said Finn, not knowing if it would be or not.

Mr Lensky spoke in a way that put words into two categories only – questions or orders. Finn felt as if he was being interrogated.

'Okay boy, get your mother or father,' Mr Lensky said.

Finn waved a hand at his mother. She put a brown towel down on the back of a brown chair.

Mr Lensky spoke to Finn's mother and Finn sat in his beanbag, staring at the identical splits in the sides of his dark-blue runners.

'Hmmm,' Mrs Deegan said, looking down at the worn rug with the picture of the haystack on it. 'Hmmm. And where would he ... yes, all right, yes, fifteen and three months. Hmmm.'

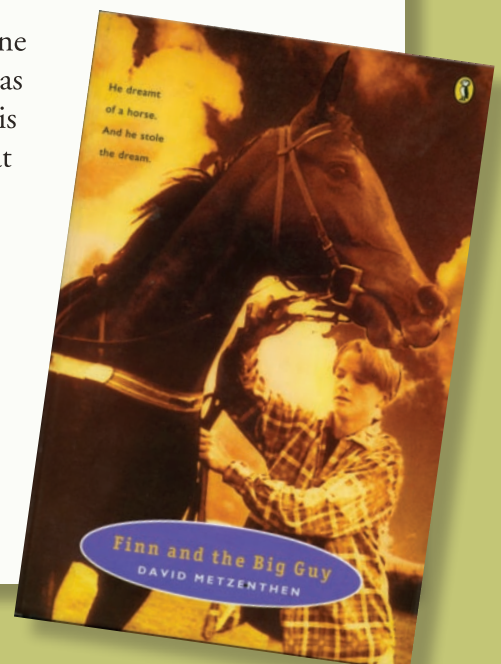
Finn was nervous. He put two bits of Juicy Fruit into his mouth, even though he didn't feel like chewy. His mum put the telephone down.

'You're gunna go an' see Mr Lensky on Saturdee for a talk.' She walked slowly back to the half-empty washing basket. 'Catch the morning train down and the arvo train back. You sure about this? You better be.' She picked up a towel and cracked it like a whip.

Finn nodded. He wasn't sure though. Suddenly everyone was demanding answers from him, and giving answers was something he was not good at. Often he liked to change his mind – sometimes to the opposite of what he'd just said – at the very last minute.

'You'd better wear your good blue shirt and school tie,' Mrs Deegan said. 'You gotta look your best.'

Finn nodded. Fear thrummed in his stomach. He wouldn't have minded if his mum had hugged him now, but she didn't. She continued to deal with the washing, smoothing tea-towels against her stomach, pairing up socks, snapping hankies.



Looking at Desert Art

An extract from *Desert Dreamings* by Deirdre Stokes
Artwork by Michael Nelson Tjakamarra



Michael Nelson Tjakamarra (born 1949)
Walpiri
Papunya, Northern Territory
Dreaming sites in the Western Desert

Two ancestor kangaroo men and creeks around the Dreaming site

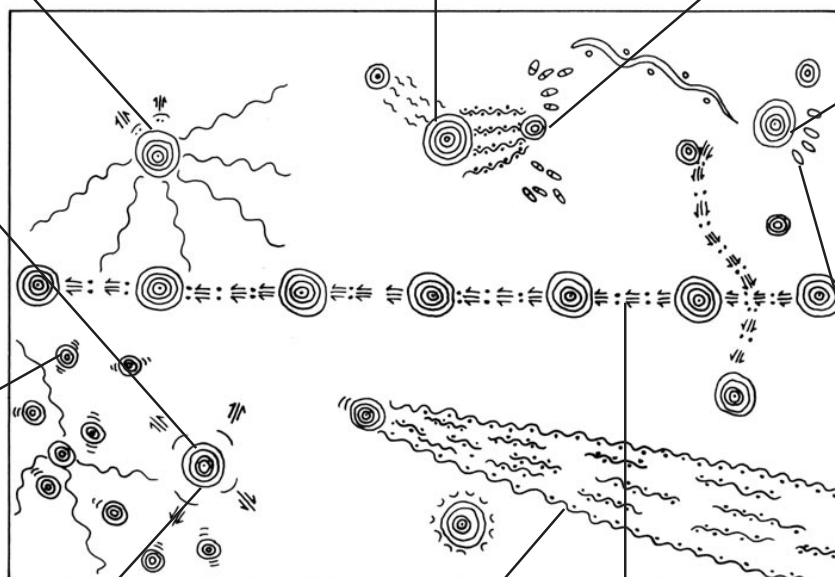
Kalitjara site where stone knives are found today

Mt Singleton, where ancestor possum men armed with stone knives defeated the ancestor witchetty grubs fighting with wild potatoes

Wantapi, a site surrounded by four ancestor kangaroo men

Mt Wedge, where the ancestor wallaby still sits today after journeying from Tjuntji, stopping at a waterhole before reaching Mt Wedge

Vaughan Springs. The way lines are bush banana vines. The pattern is used as a body decoration.



Mawitju, north of Vaughan Springs, a Possum Dreaming place, where ancestor men and women held corroborees

Tracks of the possum ancestor

Ancestor kangaroo travelled between the secret-sacred places

One of the four witchetty grubs turned into a rainbow snake and travelled north towards the Granites in the Tanami Desert

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http://youthforum.org.au/inspire




Youth Ambassadors

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Topic: Who inspires you?

post reply new topic

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Posted by: greeno Date posted: 14 March	The people who inspire me most are those who can live on next to nothing and still be happy. They show me the meaning of happiness, and give me cause to fight. People who fight for justice in the shadows, without recognition, also inspire me.
Posted by: gembot Date posted: 20 March	I think figures in history who have really made a difference, despite being told that it is impossible, inspire me, especially the concept of 'ordinary people doing extraordinary things'. They are the ones not lost in time and history and their actions become immortal.
Posted by: oriana Date posted: 12 April	I am a big fan of music, and some artists such as John Butler and Bob Geldof create amazing music and have a real message to put forward. They inspire me beyond belief, as music is such a peaceful medium to express serious and important things.
Posted by: utopia Date posted: 21 April	My inspiration is my dad. He's an ophthalmologist (eye surgeon) and he does voluntary, unpaid aid work in the Solomon Islands. On the last trip he did over 1000 operations, giving back sight to all those people. I think what he does is truly great.
Posted by: stiryourgrace Date posted: 25 April	I think the thing that inspires me the most is the dream of one day having a world of total equality: poverty free, no Third World, no starvation, no pain. It's a stretch but it's a dream and I'm doing whatever I can to make it work.

Memories

In this extract from Anna Fienberg's *Borrowed Light*, sixteen-year-old Cally May describes how she views the world.

Some people have photographic memories. They can tell you the colour of their baby blanket, the prize they won in kindergarten. Those people could tell you the date, too, of any personal event, as if it were etched there in the top corner of each memory frame. I can't. I remember only feelings. And smells.

Once, when I was little, we went on a holiday to a farm. I sat down in the chicken yard, to talk to the hens. I got chicken manure all over my skirt. The stink was enough to make you pass out. When I ran to the kitchen crying, everyone laughed. "Ugh, you smell fowl!" they crowed, radiant with their own wit.

I remember nothing about pony rides, or the cow called Daze I was supposed to have milked so happily. Since then, whenever I smell garden fertiliser, I blush like a madwoman.

It's a defect in my character, this "feeling" memory. You can't really tell feelings – imagine someone recounting a long anecdote, without place, setting or time! Just, "I felt this, I felt that, but I don't know when ..." It's like being lost in a landscape with no signposts.

I have a mountain of other defects as well, which you will discover if you continue with this. For instance, I read constantly, even at the dinner table. My mother says it's rude. Not a good example for Jeremy. (It's also unhygienic, as pages get stuck together with sauce spots.) But I like to expand my general knowledge. I pick up a lot of interesting facts through reading – it's a side effect, like the rampant fungal growth that occurs with antibiotics. Did you know, for instance, that a bulldozer is as heavy as 700 seven-year-old children? Such facts provide a social glue; you can bring them out whenever there's a gap in conversation.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Helping our waterways

'The Drain is Just for Rain' posters from the Department of Environment and Climate Change NSW, <http://www.environment.nsw.gov.au>

A Special Day

Extract from *Finders Keepers* by Emily Rodda. Text copyright © Emily Rodda, 1990. First published by Omnibus Books, an imprint of Scholastic Australia Pty Ltd, 1990. Reproduced by permission of Scholastic Australia Pty Limited.

Advertising

Text adapted from *The Media*, Rigby Heinemann, Pearson Education, Melbourne, 1997.

Cockroaches

Text adapted from *It ain't necessarily so...bro* by Dr Karl Kruszelnicki, HarperCollins Publishers Pty Ltd, Australia, 2006. Copyright © Dr Karl S. Kruszelnicki Pty Ltd, 2006.

Finn and the Big Guy

Extract and book cover from *Finn and the Big Guy* by David Metzenthen, Puffin Books, reproduced with permission by Penguin Group (Australia), 1997.

Looking at Desert Art

Text and annotated diagram from *Desert Dreamings* by Deirdre Stokes, Heinemann, Australia, 2001. Artwork © Michael Nelson Tjakamarra, licensed by Aboriginal Artists Agency 2008.

Forum Web Page

Webpage adapted from *Youth Ambassadors* posts at <http://stir.org.au>, World Vision Australia, 2008.

Memories

Extract from *Borrowed Light* by Anna Fienberg, Allen & Unwin, Australia, 1999.

Sun Catcher

Text adapted from *The Sunny Day Book* by Jane Bull (Dorling Kindersley, 2004). Copyright © Dorling Kindersley, 2004. Reproduced by permission of Penguin Books Ltd. Images © Dorling Kindersley.

Sun Catcher

Things you need

- string
- foil
- an old CD



- 1** **Cut** some foil and roll it up.



- 2** **Twist** the foil tightly.



- 3** **Curl** the foil around your hand.



- 4** **Tie** a piece of string to the CD, then to the top of the spiral. Hang it up in the sun.

