

Year 5

Reading Magazine 2014



NAPLAN NATIONAL ASSESSMENT PROGRAM
Literacy and Numeracy

acara AUSTRALIAN CURRICULUM,
ASSESSMENT AND
REPORTING AUTHORITY

On your bike!

It is important to make sure your bike seat is in the correct position.

- ▶ If your bike seat is too low, you will get sore knees.
- ▶ If your bike seat is too high, you will get sore heels.
- ▶ If your bike seat is too far from the handlebars, you will get a sore back.
- ▶ Your bike seat will need to be adjusted as you grow.

You can check whether your bike seat is in the correct position by following this simple guide.

Step 1

Ask a friend to hold your bike for you.
This will stop you falling off when you get to Step 2.

Step 2

Sit on the bike seat and put your feet on the pedals.
Your feet should be flat.

Step 3

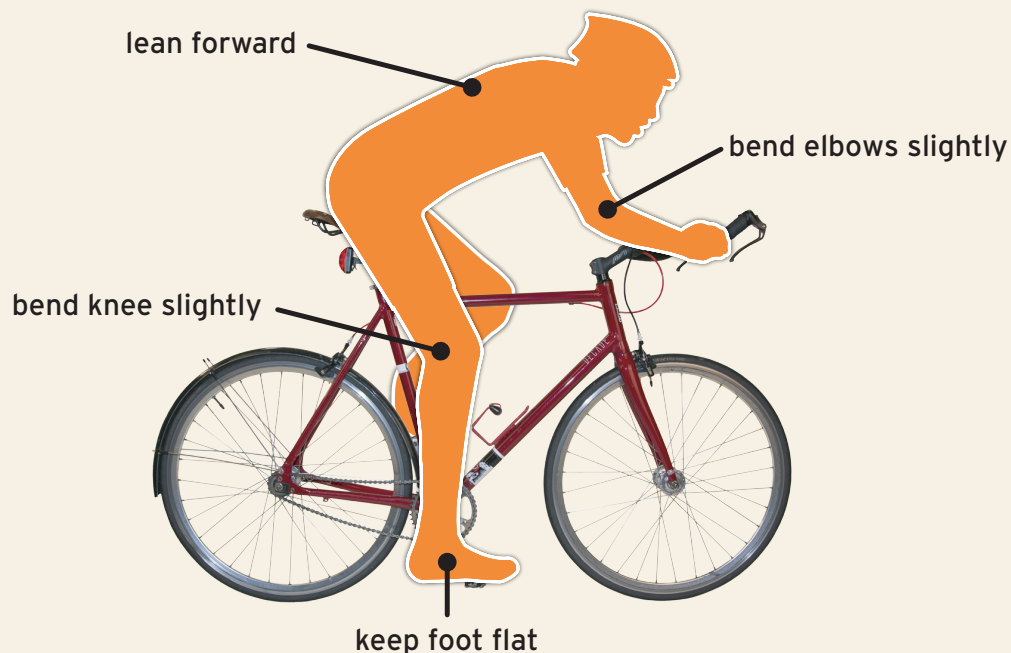
Lean forward and hold on to the handlebars.
Your elbows should be slightly bent.

Step 4

Move one of the pedals to its lowest position.
Your knee should bend just a little bit.

Step 5

If everything feels fine, you can go for a ride. But if your bike is not comfortable, adjust your bike seat and try again.



Geronimo Zero

A new attraction at **Bambidi Water Park**

Ride Australia's only vertical-drop water slide.

Your breath will be taken away as you:

- jump into the revolving cone
- travel through the twisted tube
- drop into the splash pool.

Have your photo taken underwater when you have splashed down.

Buy a souvenir T-shirt to remember this awesome experience!



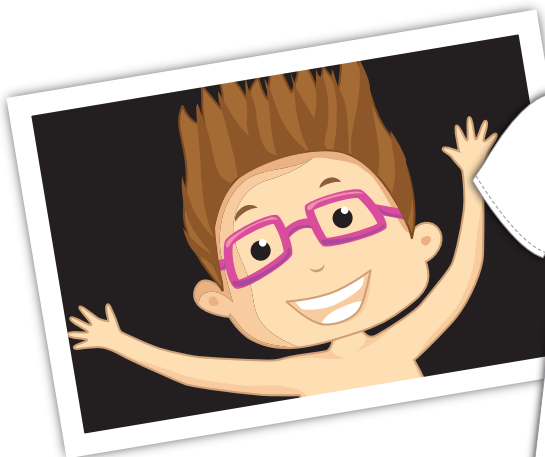
Bambidi Water Park opening hours

Normal hours

Mon–Fri: 3 pm–9 pm
Sat: 10 am–8 pm
Sun: 10 am–6 pm

During school holidays

Mon–Fri: 12 pm–9 pm
Sat: 10 am–9 pm
Sun: 10 am–6 pm



Free ride

Bring along this voucher to claim your free ride on **Geronimo Zero**.

This voucher may only be used once.
Not valid on weekends.



Trumpet troubles



Tilly woke to the sound of pouring rain, noisy and relentless like factory machinery. Tilly groaned.

It was very early, but the band was leaving for the competition at 8 o'clock. She dragged herself out of bed unwillingly and dressed. There was hardly time for breakfast but her dad insisted. She gobbled down some toast, hauled her backpack onto her shoulders and stood at the door like a soldier ready for combat.

It was so very wet but the bus was coming and she had to run for it. She took off through the deluge, reaching the bus stop just in time. She struggled up the slippery metal steps, leaning forward to rescue her backpack from the doors as they closed.

'Move down the back of the bus,' called the driver, repeating the same plea he made at every stop.

The bus was very full, as it always was on wet days. Tilly shuffled down the aisle resting the base of her trumpet case on the floor and pushing it along with her foot as she went.

The bus lurched from side to side, winding its way through the narrow suburban streets. Having claimed the last seat, Tilly soon drifted off to sleep. She didn't notice the trumpet case slipping under the seat in front of her.

Tilly was woken by the sudden silence of an empty bus. She jumped up from her seat and stumbled down the aisle and out through the door.

It was only as she ran through the dripping school gates that she realised her right hand was empty. No trumpet!

She turned back in panic, looking out to the street just as the bus disappeared from sight.



Brahminy Kite

True to his name he floats, higher and higher
Until he is a fleck in the vast blueness
Majestically catching the tiniest breath of wind
Gently manoeuvring
Graceful, serene, unflinching
Eagle-eyed he scans his dominion
Minute details noted
The red-eyed tree frog dares not stir
The leafhopper dares not fulfil his name
The tiny flash of a Fairy-bluebird tests the air
The kite's wings gesture a sudden flicker
Reminded of his purpose

He hovers

Calculates

Then tucking his wings into a streamlined dart

P
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Like a lightning bolt through the vastness
The Fairy-bluebird surrenders
To mid-air capture
Her fairy kingdom overthrown
By talons of power

by Jody Cook



Food miles: how well-travelled is your food?



The issue

Next time you sit down for dinner, make a list of all the foods on your plate. Investigate where those foods have come from. You could be in for a big surprise.

Has your rice come from India? Have your oranges come from California, or your fish fillets from Vietnam?

'Food miles' is a term that describes the distance food travels between where it is grown, caught or processed and your dinner table.

Why should we worry about this? It is important because the further food travels, the more fuel is required to transport it and the more greenhouse gases are created.

Research has found that the contents of the average family shopping basket have travelled an astonishing 70 000 kilometres.

Every individual can make a difference. If you care about the future, reduce your food miles and your impact on the environment.

Comments

Ellen P
May 7, 10:00 am

I agree. We should all buy food that is grown locally and help our environment.

Jo
May 7, 11:17 am

We grow our own veggies. They have zero food miles!

Busy Dad
May 7, 11:20 am

Buying local is a great idea, Ellen, but local products cost more than imported ones. Not everyone can afford to buy only local foods.

Get Real
May 7, 11:34 am

I don't believe it makes any difference. It's just another excuse for shops to charge more for groceries.

Green Boy
May 7, 11:50 am

We all have to take a stand and do what we can. Even if it costs a bit more, I reckon saving the planet is more important than saving money.

Busy Dad
May 7, 12:06 pm

Everyone cares about the environment and the future! But we've got to be practical. Who has time to look at every single label at the shops?

Eco Warrior
May 7, 2:12 pm

This is more complicated than simply reading labels and buying local. Farming methods vary a lot from place to place. Locally grown food may use less fuel getting from the farm, but maybe it uses more tractors and pesticides and fertilisers. These things damage the environment too.

BJ
May 7, 2:14 pm

Yeah. It's the total impact of getting the food to the table that is important, not just how far it travels. Eco Warrior is on the right track.

Adventure by moonlight

The moon was so bright that the trees cast bars of shadow across the rough track. The children picked their way carefully over its rutted surface as they moved through shadow to light and back into shadow. Noises they would have disregarded during daylight seemed loud and disquieting in the darkness. The bravado of daytime when the adventure was planned had long disappeared.

‘Come on!’ Joe hissed, as if impatience might mask his fear. ‘We should stick together.’ His cousins looked at him wonderingly, as they were as close behind him as his own shadow. But being the city kids they accepted his authority unquestioningly. This was his home, his territory, and he was their safety. He knew where the tree roots snaked across the path, lying in wait to trip them, and what landmark signalled their turn-off into the bewildering gloom.

A narrow side track forced them into single file and long sweeps of grass whipped their legs as if to discourage them. The country became more open and they could see the narrow sheep trail cutting like a brown thread through the dry grassland.

Silently they stumbled after Joe, not wanting to incur his anger again. The path crested a low hill and suddenly they could see the derelict homestead. As they neared the house, they could see the sheets of iron starting to lift from the roof like the curling pages of an old book and the twisted fruit trees in the orchard sending barren, tortured arms towards the ground.

‘They’re round the back,’ Joe said, ‘but keep away from the trees—there could be snakes.’ The cousins shrank into themselves to make a smaller target for the perils of the bush. They placed their feet down reluctantly, shying nervously when Joe cracked a piece of rotten wood beneath his boots.

They skirted the house, trying not to look at the blank windows where bedraggled curtains hung through ragged arcs of broken glass. Beyond the collapsed garden fence stood a small enclosure, its elaborate iron gate wedged slightly open. Joe forced it wider and they stepped through. Two marble headstones glowed palely in the straggly grass, their inscriptions covered in moss. The children stood in a line, considering their great-grandparents.

Sara's early morning

On Saturday morning, Sara got up early to play football.

She put on her football shirt and black shorts. Then, she pulled on some long socks. Next, she carried her football boots to the door and put them on.

'I thought you played football on Sunday, not Saturday!' said Sara's dad.

'Oh, yeah!' said Sara, and she went back to bed.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cover

A regal or blue tang © Joe Enenbach/National Geographic Society/Corbis

Trumpet troubles

Trumpet image © Bob Jacobson/Corbis

Brahminy Kite

Brahminy Kite image © John Mewett/Flickr.com

Food miles

Plane image © Victor de Schwanberg/Science Photo Library/Corbis

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