

Year 3

# Reading Magazine 2015



**NAPLAN** NATIONAL ASSESSMENT PROGRAM  
Literacy and Numeracy

**acara** AUSTRALIAN CURRICULUM,  
ASSESSMENT AND  
REPORTING AUTHORITY

# Joeys

A baby kangaroo is called a joey.

When it is born, a joey doesn't look like a kangaroo at all. It is pink and has no fur. Its eyes are closed and its ears are not formed. It is about the same size as a jelly bean.

As soon as it is born, the joey crawls into its mother's pouch. Inside the pouch there is everything it needs to help it grow. There is plenty of room and the joey is kept warm and safe. It drinks its mother's milk and grows quickly.

When the joey is three or four months old, it pops its head out of the pouch. Soon it will be strong enough to leave the pouch for short amounts of time. It will start to eat grass.

After about ten months, the joey leaves the pouch for good, but it will stay close to its mother until it is two years old.



# Planet mess

‘Clean your room, son,’ said Dad. ‘It looks like Planet Mess in there.’

Nick went to his room. He looked at the blocks on the floor and the books on his bed. He looked at his school things in a pile. *Bor-ing*, he thought.

Then Nick had an idea!

He put on long white pants and a long-sleeved white shirt. He got the vacuum cleaner hose and attached it to his backpack. He emptied his toy bucket onto the floor and then put it on his head.

Mum walked past his door. ‘Nicholas!’ she cried. ‘What are you doing?’

‘I’m cleaning!’ said Nick. ‘I’m Space Agent Nick and I’m cleaning Planet Mess.’



# School holiday activities at the library



**Activity** Cartooning with Eva Leung\*  
**When** Monday 6 June, 9–11 am  
**Cost** \$3.00 to cover the cost of art paper and pencils  
**Who** 5 to 8-year-olds



**Activity** Cartooning with Eva Leung\*  
**When** Tuesday 7 June, 9–11 am  
**Cost** \$3.00 to cover the cost of art paper and pencils  
**Who** 9 to 10-year-olds

\* Eva Leung is famous for her cartoons published regularly in *KIDStime* magazine.



**Activity** Meet writer Harry Pope  
(author of *The Jillybop*)  
**When** Wednesday 8 June, 9–11 am  
**Cost** Free  
**Who** 5 to 10-year-olds



**Activity** Kite-making  
**When** Wednesday 8 June, 2–4 pm  
**Cost** \$3.00 to cover the cost of paper, string and other materials  
**Who** 5 to 10-year-olds



**Activity** Kite-making  
**When** Thursday 9 June, 2–4 pm  
**Cost** \$3.00 to cover the cost of paper, string and other materials  
**Who** 5 to 10-year-olds

To book your place, contact Marcus at the library on **7777 8899**  
or book online at **[www.library.gov.au/fun](http://www.library.gov.au/fun)**

# Two park signs

These signs are from two different parks.



# The first moccasins



## A Native American story

Once there was a brave chief who had very tender feet. Every hunting trip was torture for him because his feet were so soft that they would end up bruised and cut by rocks and thorns. One day, in terrible pain, he called a wise man and asked for help.

The wise man wove two strong mats out of reeds and as the chief walked, servants put one of the mats ahead of him so he always had something to walk on. At the end of the day the servants were exhausted and the chief was embarrassed by their hard work.

He asked the wise man for another solution. This time the wise man called for all the tribe's animal hides (skins). The women of the tribe worked long into the night preparing and softening the hides. The wise man took the hides and cut them into strips and used them to make many pathways leading in different directions. The chief was overjoyed.

One day, as he was walking along one of his paths, he saw a beautiful maiden ahead of him. He wished to meet her and hurried after her. The path, however, ran out and the maiden disappeared across a rocky creek bed.

The chief was very disheartened. It was impossible to cover the whole earth with hides! Then the wise man had one last idea. He came to the chief with a small bundle containing two small shapes like leather boats. The chief put his feet into them and a huge smile grew across his face. 'Now I will have hide under my feet wherever I walk.'



# The storm

The waves were gushing over the wooden rowing boat with a force that terrified Jack more with every lash. He was right at the front of the tiny boat but his oars were long gone and he could do nothing but hang onto the seat beneath him, his hands so cold that he couldn't even feel them. Every wave that hit the boat raised it up so high. It was surely just a matter of time before Jack would be thrown into the water. With every wave he got colder and wetter and more terrified. His heart pounded painfully in his chest and the wind whipped his wet hair about his face, stinging his eyes with salty water, until he could see nothing in front of him but the towering mountains of water.

Jack had found himself in some serious troubles before. But never quite like this.

As the boat climbed up once more and plummeted down into the depths of the waves, there were a few seconds of the most eerie silence. It was a moment of almost complete peace and stillness and Jack suddenly started to feel that he might be okay. He might even live to tell this strange tale. But before the noisy rhythm of the waves started up again, he heard a new and different noise: a different rhythm altogether. It was more like a deep rumble. He could almost feel it more than hear it, *'Heave-ho, heave-ho, heave-ho ...'* Voices, surely?

He wasn't alone!

# 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

### Joeys

Kangaroo and joey image © Tobias Titz/fstop/Corbis

*The materials included in the NAPLAN stimulus magazine are intended to engage students and assess their literacy skills. Any views or opinions expressed in these test materials do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of ACARA.*