

Year 9

Reading Magazine 2015



NAPLAN NATIONAL ASSESSMENT PROGRAM
Literacy and Numeracy

acara AUSTRALIAN CURRICULUM,
ASSESSMENT AND
REPORTING AUTHORITY

MUSIC FOR THE PLANET

WEEKEND FESTIVAL

Sandy Park

10 October 2015 1:00 pm – 6:00 pm

11 October 2015 1:00 pm – 4:00 pm



Ticket price: \$88

👍 12,348 people like this.



Macie Smith commented on Music for the Planet.
WOW the afterparty was amazing!
October 12, 2014 at 12:09pm · Like



Daniel Kane commented on Music for the Planet.
I'm going to volunteer every year!
October 12, 2014 at 12:34pm · Like

Call for Volunteers

To honour those who have come before them, Music for the Planet volunteers will continue the tradition of applying themselves to festival duties for a full festival ticket. Volunteers are not only granted total access to the whole festival but they help the environment, meet a tonne of new people and learn new skills while having fun in the process. But get in quickly! The early bird gets the worm!

What is expected?

You will need to attend two pre-festival meetings to be briefed about your duties. Volunteers are required to work a total of 4 hours before, during or after the festival.

You will be rewarded!

Your good deeds will not go unnoticed. As well as the warm fuzzy feeling you get, you will also be given a festival volunteer T-shirt and an invitation to the official afterparty!

Duties include:

collecting tickets and issuing wristbands; checking wristbands at entry–exit points; handing out water and sunscreen; ticket sales; festival set-up and pack up, and administering surveys.

The best medicine

No matter our age, country or culture, we all enjoy a good laugh. It's one of the first ways we communicate with each other and we often do it without even thinking about it.

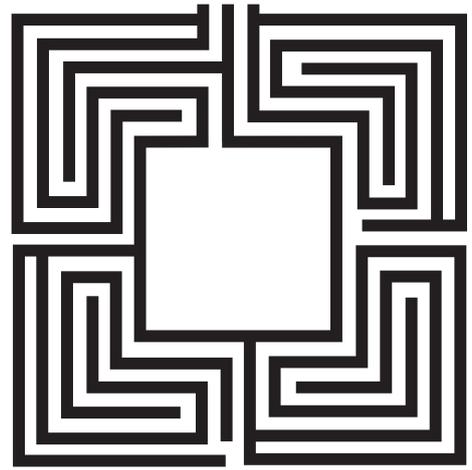
All sorts of different things can make us laugh and, once we start, it can be difficult to stop. It seems to be completely involuntary. Sometimes, just hearing someone else laugh can be enough to get us started. But laughing is more than just a pleasurable, contagious sound. It's a whole body work-out. When we laugh, energy is used to tighten and relax muscles, not only in the mouth and face but also in the arms, legs and upper body. Laughing can really get the heart racing!

Medical research has shown that when laughter is natural and unforced, there are huge physical and mental health benefits. Physically, blood flow is improved through the cardiovascular system; the immune system, which helps us resist disease, is boosted; muscle tension is eased; and of course the very deep breaths associated with laughing give the lungs a great clean-out. In terms of our mental health, the endorphins released by the brain when we laugh make us feel happier and more positive. Laughing reduces stress and distracts us from our troubles. Perhaps most importantly, sharing laughter, even with strangers, gives us a feeling of belonging and kinship.

Hospitals around the world are recognising the benefits of laughter and are including it in their patient care. In Australia, *The Humour Foundation* is a charity that works in partnership with medical professionals in many hospitals to promote the health benefits of laughter. The charity organises for specially trained Clown Doctors to visit patients and 'treat' them with a 'dose' of humour.

Laughter really is good medicine.





The Minotaur

In ancient Greek mythology, Ariadne was the guardian of the labyrinth (maze). At its centre was the monster named the Minotaur.

A cry went up as the ship from Athens was sighted. Waiting on the docks, Ariadne and her father, Minos, the powerful King of Crete, were curious about the ship's human cargo. Minos was weary of war with Athens and had proposed a terrible bargain in exchange for peace. If Athens would send seven of its finest young men and seven of its finest young women to be sacrificed to the Minotaur, then Minos would spare the rest of Athens. The Athenians had been shocked by the cruelty of the proposal, but for the sake of peace they reluctantly accepted it.

As the young Athenians stumbled from the ship, trembling and with eyes downcast, Minos observed them without pity. Ariadne gazed intently at each of them until her eyes fell on one of the youths, the handsome Prince Theseus. He had volunteered to take the place of one of his young countrymen and to attempt to kill the Minotaur. Ariadne sensed he was the leader of the group, and she wondered if he could help her escape from her island home.

That night she went to where Theseus and the others were being held. 'If you agree to take me with you when you leave, I will help you to defeat the Minotaur.'

Theseus was astounded. He had come with no plan, only a burning desire to save his fellow Athenians. Suddenly he was being offered a way to succeed. 'I will meet you inside the entrance to the labyrinth tomorrow,' she whispered, 'and give you a sword to kill the Minotaur and some string to guide you back to the entrance when you have slain the beast. When you have done that, we must flee immediately.'

And so the hero, Theseus, defeated the Minotaur and escaped with the Athenians and Ariadne.

A way forward

Budi glanced around the room. Most of the village had turned out for the meeting and every spot on the bamboo mats was taken. Mothers fanned sleeping children, fathers sat cross-legged and shared jokes with neighbours. Budi's nephew Ari had turned up, even though his young daughter was sick with dengue fever.

Budi cleared his throat. As the village head, it was time for him to start the meeting.

'Thank you for coming. We all know why we are here. We have had a new offer from the logging company. In exchange for access to our forest, they will bring doctors from the city and set up a full-time medical clinic. The time has come for us to debate their offer,' he said.

There was a brief silence before Wawan, a visiting activist from a global conservationist group, spoke up.

'I'd like to repeat what I have said before: you should not trade your precious trees to this company. We have a duty to protect this forest—for the sake of the Earth and the animals that depend on it for survival!'

'That's easy for you to say,' muttered Ari. He coughed, and spoke again, this time with more confidence. 'You can go back home, to your city doctors. I am tired of seeing my children shivering with fever because we have no medical care. I say we accept the offer, for the sake of our children and our elderly.'

An older man sniffed loudly in response. 'Hmph! You think you can speak for your elders? You need to think about what you are asking for. You can take your child to a doctor, even if it is a long way. It's not easy, but it is possible. But once the forest is gone, it's not possible to get it back. Our traditional way of life will be gone forever.'

Diah, one of the mothers, stopped fanning her child to speak up. 'There are no jobs in tradition. My husband had to move to the city to find a job. Wouldn't it be better for our children if he could find work here in the village with the logging company? Don't we have a right to jobs?'

Wawan angrily pushed his spectacles up. 'What about the endangered animals that live in this forest? Don't they have rights too?'

Soon, villagers began speaking all at once.

'Enough!' cried Budi and silence descended on the room again. 'It's time for us to make a decision together,' he said.

Caffeine

—an eye opener!

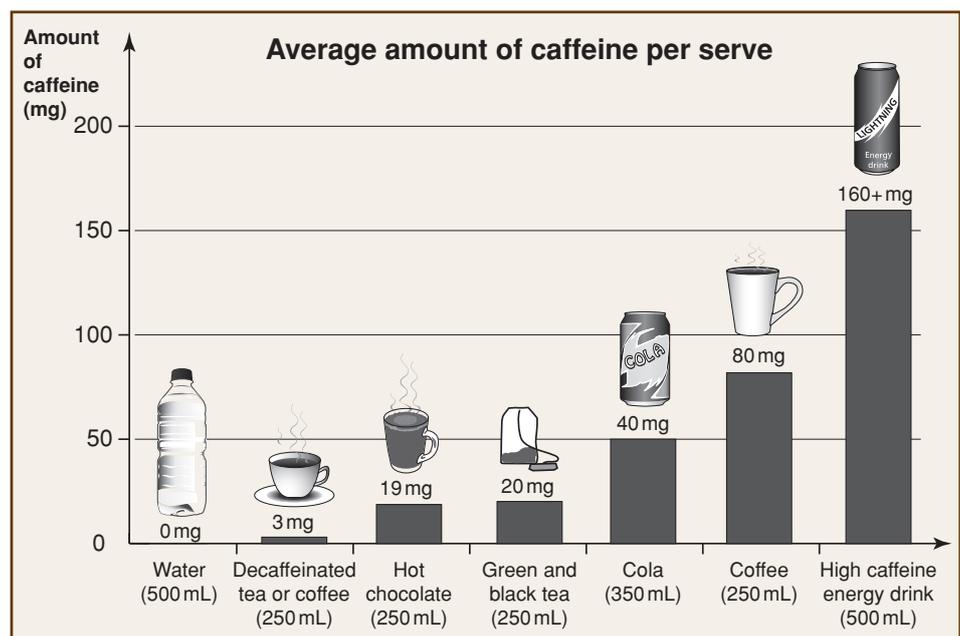
So what's your first choice for a drink on a hot day? Chances are, that you, like most people under the age of eighteen, will opt for a big cold can of cola or an energy drink crammed with caffeine. 'So what,' you say, 'it tastes good and keeps me alert'. Well, here are a few facts about caffeine that should make you think again!

For a start, caffeine—the common name for the chemical trimethylxanthine—is a drug. And like any other drug, its use can potentially have a disastrous effect on your developing brain and body. The parts of the brain that are in charge of higher functions include the prefrontal cortex and the temporal lobe and, at your age, these areas are still being developed and refined. The brain chemical adenosine, which controls your sleep patterns, is crucial to the development of these brain sections. The reason that caffeine makes you feel alert and less sleepy is because it blocks the action of adenosine and increases adrenaline production, speeding your metabolism. Get into the habit of slamming down too many of those high caffeine energy drinks every day and you can wave goodbye to good quality sleep and potentially affect your brain!

You can also stop kidding yourself that you're reaching for the caffeine just for the taste because it is tasteless at the levels found in beverages. What you taste is the massive amount of sugar that has been added to the drink. The caffeine is there to add the kick and to stimulate the production of dopamine in the nucleus accumbens. This is the pleasure and reward part of the brain which forms addictions. The upshot is that your brain associates the pleasure of sugar with the stimulation of the caffeine, making you want more.

By the way, caffeine is toxic in large quantities. Consume about 750 mg of caffeine in a day and you could experience anxiety attacks, ringing in the ears, migraine, heart palpitations and blurred vision. Even heart failure is not unknown!

Hmm ... maybe water would be a smarter choice from now on.



Mrs Douglas

Dressmaking didn't pay so well in the bush then as it had in the old digging days when sewing-machines were scarce and the possession of one meant an independent living to any girl—when diggers paid ten shillings for a strip of "flannen" doubled over and sewn together, with holes for arms and head, and called a shirt. Mrs Douglas had a hard time, with her two little girls, who were still better and more prettily dressed than any other children in Bourke. One grocer still called on her for orders and pretended to be satisfied to wait "till Mr Douglas came back", and when she would no longer order what he considered sufficient provisions for her and the children, and commenced buying sugar, etc., by the pound, for cash, he one day sent a box of groceries round to her. He pretended it was a mistake.

"However," he said, "I'd be very much obliged if you could use 'em, Mrs Douglas. I'm overstocked now; haven't got room for another tin of sardines in the shop. Don't you worry about bills, Mrs Douglas; I can wait till Douglas comes home. I did well enough out of the Imperial Hotel when your husband had it, and a pound's worth of groceries won't hurt me now. I'm only too glad to get rid of some of the stock."

She cried a little, thought of the children, and kept the groceries.

"I suppose I'll be sold up soon meself if things don't git brighter," said that grocer to a friend, "so it doesn't matter much."

The same with Foley the butcher, who had a brogue with a sort of drawling groan in it, and was a confirmed cynic.

"You see," he said, "she's as proud as the devil, but when I send round a bit o' rawst, or porrk, or the undercut o' the blade-bawn, she thinks o' the little gur-r-rls before she thinks o' sendin' it back to me. That's where I've got the pull on her."





Auroras: neon signs in the sky

The phenomenon of the *aurora australis* (and its northern counterpart the *aurora borealis*) is one of nature's wonders. The majestic displays of the aurora—vast curtains of undulating green, red or blue light hundreds of kilometres high—can be seen in night skies in Antarctica and sometimes as far north as Tasmania, and are the result of a complex interaction between three major elements.

The first of these, Earth's *atmosphere*, is the collection of gases that surround the planet, mainly nitrogen and oxygen. This gas envelope begins at the planet's surface and extends upwards more than 700 km, becoming less dense with increasing altitude. Also enveloping the planet is a strong magnetic field called the *magnetosphere*, which arises from deep within Earth's core and spreads along invisible 'field lines'. The magnetosphere causes charged particles from space to be deflected around the planet. This function is made important by the third element in the equation: the *solar wind*. This 'wind' is actually a plasma composed of charged particles (protons and electrons) ejected from the Sun at high velocity by its intense nuclear fusion activity.

High in Earth's atmosphere, at the border between the denser gaseous regions and outer space, lies a zone known as the *ionosphere* where the *aurora* occurs. Here, the high-energy charged particles of the solar wind become captured by the magnetosphere and are driven into collision with the gas particles of the atmosphere. As gas atoms absorb energy from collisions with the solar-windborne particles, the atmospheric gases become 'excited', or at even higher energies, 'ionised' (positively charged). These atoms release light (photons) when they fall back out of their excited or ionised states. Much like the gas contained in a neon sign, which glows as a current is passed through it, the particles in the ionosphere glow as they return to an unexcited state.

But why the differing colours of the auroras, and why do they only happen near the poles? The colours are explained by the different *spectra* emitted by different gases at different levels of excitation—lower-energy oxygen yields different (reddish) hues compared to higher-energy nitrogen (greenish). As for the phenomenon's polar locations, interactions between magnetic fields and charged particles are simply stronger where the magnetic field itself is stronger—near the planet's magnetic poles.



Matthew returns to the small community where he had lived as a child, drawn by his feelings for Frances, his childhood friend. He remembers their first meeting.

Lost and found

After finishing his coffee he went outside and stood on the pavement, not sure which way to go. For the first time, he wondered if he should have come back at all. When he'd gone away, he'd had no choice. His parents were leaving, so that was it. But he'd never accepted the move.

He always swore he'd come back to the Kimberley. But now he saw that coming back wouldn't mean much without Frances. All those years in Perth he had held onto memories of that laughing girl, so full of surprises, and of the things he had experienced because of her.

He thought again about that first time he had met her. The whole thing still seemed almost magical, one of those rare, life-changing events. First, there had been the rock paintings. Finding them had been such an adventure. But then he'd become overconfident. He had climbed out of the gorge and explored further, in the hills. Somehow, he'd lost his bearings and hadn't been able to find his way back. Matthew remembered that sickening feeling as he realised he was well and truly lost. That night on his own had been another adventure of sorts, though not the way he had intended. It had stretched his courage to the limit, but he'd done okay. He had sheltered under an overhang of rock and tried to make a bed out of sticks and leaves. Hopeless! What a night—it had been cold and uncomfortable, and he'd been scared. He had felt sure he'd be found eventually, he wasn't *that* far from where he was supposed to be, but he dreaded his father's scorching tongue. Then, there had been moments when he had looked up at the black, moonless sky, and the stars, brighter than he had ever seen them, and felt such awe that he had forgot himself and his own misery. And then, in the morning, Frances had turned up, as if from nowhere, like a mischievous spirit of the bush. Unbelievably, she had saved him from the shame of having a search party sent out after him. And that meeting had been the beginning of a friendship that had meant a whole lot to Matthew. More to him than it had to her, he knew.

He came out of his reverie, looked around without really seeing, and started to take off, pushing his bike.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cover

Aurora image © Stefan Christmann/Corbis

Mrs Douglas

Text from *Send around the hat* by Henry Lawson. First paperback edition 1907.

Auroras: neon signs in the sky

Aurora image © Stefan Christmann/Corbis

Lost and found

Extract from *Feeling the heat* by Pat Lowe. First published by Penguin Books Australia, 2002.

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