

Monday.

Word List Term 4 Week 2

1	caution	9	instruction
2	confusion	10	exception
3	decision	11	impression
4	decoration	12	persuasion
5	occasion	13	mediation
6	pollution	14	seclusion
7	division	15	apprehension
8	resolution	16	condescension

Focus: Suffixes: tion and sion

Add the suffix tion or sion to words to make nouns.

To make your spelling list of 20 words, choose the incorrect pre-test words from the list above and the balance of words from a combination of:

- The words you need to learn from the Year 6 Core list
- Words you have spelt incorrectly from your spelling booklet
- Word corrections you need to learn from your writing
- Words from the HSIE and Science lists provided.

Tuesday.

***Dictionary Meanings, Alpha-Order,
Syllables and POS***



1. Write your list in alphabetical order.
2. Show the syllables for all words in your list.
3. Identify the part of speech for all words in your list.
4. Write the dictionary meaning for 10 of your list words.
5. Write four of your words using a code of your choice **OR**
6. Choose four words from your list to illustrate.

Wednesday.

Wordworks

Writing

Write about your New Year's resolutions

Write for five minutes without stopping and no talking. Definitely use ban the boring, show don't tell and your 5 senses +1

Peer editing - check spelling, punctuation and grammar

Give **yourself** 2 stars and a wish. 2 stars - 2 aspects of your writing that you did well and a wish something that you want to try next week to improve your writing.

Investigate the rule:

Use this website to investigate the rules for when to add tion, sion or cion.

<https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/spelling/words-ending-in-sion-tion-and-cion>

Summarise this information in your book.

Reflect on your learning by answering these questions:

1. Do you think this information will help you to remember when to add tion, sion or cion? How and why/why not?
2. Do you think we need to have this rule or generalisation? Explain

Find 5 words ending in tion, sion and cion that are not on your list. Use 5 of these 15 words in meaningful sentences. (Do not write the meaning of the word, use it in a sentence which shows the meaning of the word.)

Base Words

For each of these words identify the base word and its part of speech:

reduction, decoration, inclusion, decision, explosion, demolition, collision, pollution, conclusion, division

Use the base word and the given word to create a word cloud (task on Classroom)

Word Target (Optional activity)

Find as many words as you can using the following word target.

Rules: no plurals, proper nouns and your words must contain the central letter.

O	O	L
L	I	P
N	U	T

Thursday.

All about the Rules

Editing Sentences

The following sentences have errors write them correctly, underline the corrections you make:

1. i have a grate intrest in valueibel pokémon careds (4 sp 2 punc)
2. their popooler in verius kulchas and even thow i no its ronge and a waist of munee i entind to kolekt them awl (12 sp 6 punc)
3. the spyda dikerashin was reelistik sew i maid the desishin too aprowtch it with corshin (9 sp 3 punc)
4. the resalooshin parsd buy the counsel was an eksepshin to the rools and mayde a inpreshin on the votas (10 sp 2 punc)
5. the king treetd peeps with condaseshin sow the groop intard the meediayshin torques with apreehenshin (9 sp 2 punc)

(44 spelling errors, 15 punctuation errors)

Word etymology:

Find the origin of 5 words from your list.

Cloze Activity:

Choose the correct word from the box to fit in the blank space, you may need to add a suffix to the word for it to fit in the sentence:

resolve occasion decorate divide impress

1. At Christmas, we usually put _____ in houses.
2. Many students find _____ more difficult than subtraction.
3. They _____ choose to eat dessert when on the diet.
4. We needed to find a _____ to our problem.
5. Many young people are _____ and are easily influenced by the latest fads.

Unit 4: Who is more dangerous?



Sea Turtles

Sea turtles are air-breathing reptiles that live in the sea but lay their eggs on beaches. The main danger to adult turtles is drowning due to fishing practices.

Escaping predators

A female turtle always lays its eggs on the beach where it was born. The Kemp's Ridley turtle crawls onto the Rancho Nuevo Beach in Mexico, digs a hole and lays about 100 eggs. She covers the eggs with sand and returns to the sea.

There are many dangers for turtle eggs and **hatchlings**. Animal predators dig up the eggs, and people collect them.

After 45 to 60 days, the hatchlings dig their way out of the nest and crawl swiftly to the sea. Some are eaten by waiting predators, such as gulls, and some follow bright lights away from the water. If they reach the sea, the hatchlings swim very quickly until they are safe from predators.

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Caught in nets

Fishing is another danger to turtles. Adult turtles travel long distances across open seas. Fishing boats often catch turtles accidentally. Turtles drown in the fishing nets because they cannot come to the surface to breathe.

To prevent this, fishing boats in the United States must use turtle excluder devices. These special trapdoors in the narrowest part of the net allow turtles to escape.

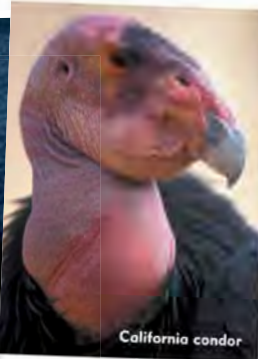


Saving Endangered Animals

Zoos and wildlife sanctuaries are working to save endangered animals from extinction. Some people think animals shouldn't be kept in zoos and that sanctuaries take up valuable land.

Saved in zoos

Zoos are places where people can see wild animals in captivity. Modern zoos educate people about animals, conduct research and encourage the conservation of endangered animals. Some animals, such as the California condor, have been saved from extinction by breeding programs in zoos.



California condor

Trapped in zoos

Some species don't breed in captivity. Some people object to zoos because they believe it is wrong to hold animals captive. They say that zoos keep animals in poor, cramped conditions. Zoo

supporters say that animals are now kept in habitats as close as possible to their natural habitat.

In the wild

You can see animals in their natural habitats in wildlife sanctuaries and national parks. Sanctuaries keep animals safe from poachers. African wildlife sanctuaries have increased the population of African elephants. Local people sometimes object to sanctuaries being established because it can mean that they are removed from the land, or that they can no longer use the land for traditional farming or hunting.



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Dangerous Creatures

Some creatures that live on a coral reef are very dangerous. They may be fierce hunters, or they may be armed with deadly poison.

Some of the ocean's fiercest predators visit reefs. Sharks and barracudas hunt for food on coral reefs. The tiger shark and the great white pointer are fierce hunters. Both of these sharks have been known to attack people.

Many sea creatures use poison to catch and kill their prey. Sometimes these poisons can be very dangerous to humans. Cone shells are marine snails with pretty shells but they are predators that use darts to kill their prey. The darts contain a powerful poison that can

paralyse people.

Jellyfish have stinging tentacles that can give painful stings. A box jellyfish can kill a person. Some fish also have poison in spiky fins or spines along their back. The scorpionfish and the well-camouflaged stonefish are both poisonous.



stonefish

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The Global Marine Protection Society

invites you to a debate:

Humans are a greater threat to the sea than the sea is to humans.

Hear both sides of the argument and make up your own mind!

Where: Wilkins Community Hall,
75 Grosvenor Street, Harmston

When: 2 February 2008,
8 pm SHARP

④ Humanity

People damage coral reefs in three main ways—through pollution, tourism and fishing.

Not all coral reefs around the world are as healthy as the Great Barrier Reef. Since the year 2000, 27% of the world's reefs have been destroyed. It is estimated that 11% have been lost because of humans;

either through pollution, over fishing or dynamite fishing, mining of sand, or onshore building and development. Scientists believe that two out of every three reefs could disappear in the next 40 years. We need to protect and preserve these rainforests of the sea.



the effects of pollution



In the texts

1 Cross out the incorrect coloured words.

Reports give **opinion, information, entertainment**, so a writer must **imagine, research, find** his or her topic carefully. It is not appropriate to **mark, copy, email** another person's report without noting their **address, hair colour, name**. We read reports to gather **information, pictures, jokes**, which extends our knowledge. Many reports are **in advertisements, in emails, on the Internet**, which is a **most reliable, somewhat reliable, most unreliable** source of information. When researching, a writer should read from **a few, many, two** sources.

2 Read the introductions of the texts on pages 32–33. Summarise what each introduction tells you about the topic: *Who is more dangerous?*

a Sea Turtles:

b Dangerous Creatures:

c Humanity:

3 Imagine you lived 200 years ago. Would people have discussed saving endangered animals then? Why or why not?

4 Information reports use technical words and words specific to the topic.

List such words used in *Sea Turtles* and *Dangerous Creatures*.

5 Highlight three topic sentences in *Dangerous Creatures*. Done

6 What are the two points of view discussed in *Saving Endangered Animals*?





7 How do paragraphs help to organise *Saving Endangered Animals*?

8 Who do you think would attend the debate described on the invitation? Why?

9 What information must be included on an invitation?

10 What does RSVP mean?

11 Do you think people today reply to invitations, or do they just turn up to the event?
Does it matter?

Read and learn

1 Define these words.

- a** practices:
- b** hatchlings:
- c** excluder devices:
- d** sanctuaries:
- e** conservation:
- f** dynamite fishing:

2 Write *examples* of the three ways that people damage coral reefs.



3 Why are coral reefs referred to as *rainforests of the sea*?

4 *Rainforests of the sea* is a metaphor. A metaphor is a word or phrase that acts as a symbol of something else, eg *Knowledge is the key*. Write your own metaphors.

- a** Life is a
- b** Earth is a
- c** To her, money was
- d** The storm
- e** The spider had legs of

5 What features of sea animals make them dangerous?

6 List four parts of sea creatures that carry poison.

7 List three dangers for turtle eggs and hatchlings.

8 What is the purpose of most zoos?

9 Why do some people not like zoos?

10 *Dangerous Creatures* and *Humanity* each give two sides of an argument. True or false?

11 What do you think is the main function of the Global Marine Protection Society?

Your turn

I Write a discussion to present both sides of the Global Marine

Protection Society debate topic: *Humans are a greater threat to the sea than the sea is to humans.* Remember, a discussion puts forward points of view for readers to consider — it does not just give the writer's opinion.

a Make notes for both sides of the topic (use some ideas from the texts on pages 32–33).

Points for humans are a threat to the sea	Points for the sea is a threat to humans
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

b Edit your notes and cross out any that repeat the same idea. Number them in the order of their importance or strength. ☆ Done

c Write two introductory sentences, one for each side of the discussion.

d Write your discussion on a separate sheet of paper or using the computer. Use connectives, such as *However, Therefore, As a result, Actually, Because* and *So*, in your sentences. ☆ Done

A discussion looks at more than one point of view. It may end with the writer's point of view or summarise both points of view. It has:

- an introduction
- paragraphs with arguments and evidence for and against
- words that show importance and value.



Adverbs and adjectives

Adverbs

Adverbs add meaning to verbs, adjectives and other adverbs. They tell *how*, *where*, *when* or *how often* something happens. For example:

verb	adverb telling how	adverb telling where	adverb telling when	adverb telling how often
studied	hard	inside	yesterday	daily
blew	ferociously	somewhere	then	continuously
use	carefully	everywhere	today	regularly
prevent	skillfully	here	tomorrow	weekly
hear	acutely	anywhere	now	never

I Write adverbs and verbs to add meaning to these words.

verb	adverb telling how	adverb telling where	adverb telling when	adverb telling how often
a fly				
b practise				
c assist				
d was building				
e	fearfully			
f	bravely			
g		there		
h		here		
i			later	
j				never
k is working				

Phrases have a preposition (eg *in*, *over*, *of*, *beside*), but not a verb. Adverbial phrases do the job of an adverb, eg:

- phrases telling where: *over the hill*, *under the bed*, *across the road*, *in the middle*
- phrases telling when: *at the beginning*, *in a minute*, *after dinner*, *before daybreak*
- phrases telling how: *with a bang*, *without a sound*



2 Write adverbial phrases to add meaning to the verbs in this text.

When we trudged (say where) _____, we could
 see from the top another team coming (say where) _____
 to challenge us. (Say when) _____ we took off
 (say where) _____ and kept ahead.
 Our leaders set the pace (say where) _____ and soon
 we had reached our goal (say where) _____.
 (Say how) _____ we cheered as our challengers slowly arrived.

Adjectives

Adjectives add meaning to nouns. For example:

noun	Type of adjective		
	colour	kind	numeral
reef	golden	coral	one
hatchlings	brown	frightened	fifty
person	white	concerned	hundredth

3 Find the adjectives used to describe these nouns in *Sea Turtles* on page 32.

adjective	noun	adjective	noun
a	turtle	d	eggs
b	dangers	e	part
c	lights	f	distances

4 Use a thesaurus to find alternative adjectives to these from page 33.

very	a	marine	f
fierce	b	powerful	g
deadly	c	pretty	h
dangerous	d	stinging	i
sea	e	well-camouflaged	j

Informative Report- Cultural Study: Asia.

Using the information you have gathered from your research for HSIE in Weeks 1 & 2, write a general overview of ASIA- information report. You will need to do some further research to add substance to your text.

Should contain the following:

- Heading
- Classification (introduction)
- At least three information paragraphs with information grouped in like categories (contains facts not opinion)
- Conclusion (can have your opinion of the topic)

Plan in your writing book. An organised, well thought-out plan allows for a successful piece of writing. Remember; 5 paragraphs, at least 5 sentences per paragraph.

High level vocabulary. Variety of sentence types; simple, compound, complex.

* You may add photos / pictures at the end.

TUESDAY. Brainstorm your ideas, plan (very important), write your 3 topic paragraphs first draft.

WEDNESDAY. Complete your 3 topic paragraphs, put together your introduction/beginning and conclusion, prepare to publish your writing.

THURSDAY. Check, edit, make changes, check you have adhered to the above conditions. Return your work.

Antarctica

Antarctica is the coldest, windiest, highest and driest continent in the world. It is situated at and around the South Pole.

Most of Antarctica is covered in very thick ice and snow. In fact, the ice covering Antarctica makes up nearly 70% of the world's fresh water.

The average rainfall on Antarctica is lower than in many desert areas in the world. By that standard, it could be said that Antarctica is the largest desert in the world.

For obvious reasons, Antarctica is mostly uninhabited, apart from staff working at research stations. No land vertebrates live on Antarctica, but a handful of insects and worms have been found. Penguins, seabirds, seals, whales and dolphins inhabit the waters and shores.

To protect Antarctica, 12 nations signed the 'Antarctic Treaty' in 1959. The treaty ensures that the continent is used cooperatively and peacefully for scientific research. Nuclear or military testing is banned and scientific programs have limits. Information from the research is shared among the nations. Since 1959, many more countries have joined the treaty, making it one of the best examples of international cooperation in the world so far.

Antarctica is like no other continent in the world. Its extremes make it one of the most spectacular and beautiful places on Earth.

Name of book;

Date	Summary
Mon _____	
Tue _____	
Wed _____	
Thur _____	
Fri _____	

Tom Appleby Convict Boy Chapters 31-35

Read chapters 31-35 of *Tom Appleby Convict Boy* and answer the following questions.

Vocabulary

Write synonyms for the highlighted words:

1. Tom Danced back, brandishing the bloody knife in one hand... _____
2. The hospital filled with scurvy patients again, despite the fresh food around them...

3. Rob spoke clearly and calmly. _____

'In the Text' Comprehension

1. Why did Rob tell the convicts to leave their shoes? _____

2. What was the punishment for stealing food? _____

'Between the Lines' Comprehension

1. Why do you think the punishment for stealing food was so severe?

2. How has the relationship between the two boys since Tom arrived at Rob's house?

'On Your Own' Comprehension

If you were Rob, what three are the three most important items that you would bring to start your new life in Australia and why?

chapter thirty-five

Sergeant's Cove, Winter 1788

Winter blew in with grey skies and storms that lashed the harbour. There were not enough greens in the public gardens for all the convicts. The convicts, like the marines, had all been assigned space for a garden, as well as given seeds to plant. But few convicts could be bothered, or if they did they only scratched the soil instead of digging deep.

These were men who had chosen a life of theft instead of sweat. Most of the marines, too, felt it below their dignity to grub like labourers in the soil. Governor Phillip ordered search parties to bring in wild vegetables, a seaweed that looked like the samphire of home, and the spinach-like plant that grew along the ground. But many of the settlers, both convict and marine, refused to boil them with their rations. It was proper food they wanted, not the strange plants of an unfamiliar world.

The hospital filled with scurvy patients again, despite the fresh food around them, and the stink of dysentery hung over the new pit toilets.

The wind danced across the harbour as the boys tramped back to the house from checking the snares. There were fewer fish caught now the cold weather had come, and the hens had stopped laying. Meat from the snares was welcome, but the snares had to be checked at dawn or else the flies laid maggots in the recently dead animals.

Tom wrinkled his nose at the bony little creature in his hand.¹⁰ The last one had tasted like ants. But meat was meat, and there were few larger animals around the settled areas now.

Rob glanced at Tom. 'I thought I'd go and get the rations,' he said. 'You want to come?'

Tom shook his head. Rob needed little excuse to head for the main camp, where he could watch or even help the survey or building teams. But in the camp Tom's clothes marked him as a convict.

The only time Tom accompanied Rob and the sergeant was on Sundays, to hear the Reverend Johnstone's endless sermons about the evils of swearing or the Jesuitical heresy or the dangers of Pelagianism—which few of the listeners had even heard of, and none cared about—and that was only because the sermons were compulsory and no-one except the very sick could escape.

'I'll stay here and skin the critter,' said Tom.

Rob nodded. He wasn't one for talking. Tom watched him stride along the track to the settlement, then went to fetch the skinning knife.

He didn't even consider staying indoors. Instead he carried the knife and animal up onto the broad rocky platform at the edge of the cove. He was expert at skinning animals now—kangaroos, and wallabies with their dark, too-strong flesh, black swans (the sergeant had shown them how to sew their blankets around the feathers to make winter quilts), opossums.

Tom cut the head and paws off the little beast, then cut around the anus and made a swift shallow slit up its belly, making sure he didn't pierce the flesh. The guts were still warm, and they glistened as they fell out onto the rock. The hens will like those, thought Tom. Now came the difficult bit, pushing his fingers up between the skin and the meat, then scraping off all the bits of fat and sinew, till finally the whole skin lay flat on the rock in front of him.

The pelt was small, but after it dried nailed up on the wall under the eaves he and Rob could stitch it to other skins to make mats or blankets, though the skins would be hard without proper tanning.

Tom sat back on the warm rock and watched the harbour, waving his hand over the meat now and then to keep the flies away. Now there were fewer fish the Indian women spent longer out on the harbour in their canoes with their lines and hooks. Tom began to count: five canoes, six—no, there was another—eight, ten...each canoe was so low in the water it seemed the women sat on the waves.

How long had the women fished the harbour? he wondered. Had their ancestors also come as strangers to this place, long ago?

It was strange to think that this country had a history, that it hadn't started when the English ships arrived. Did the Indians have their own stories of times past? But they had no books, or dwelling places, so how could they have history too?

A brace of butterflies, giant blue-and-blacks, fluttered past him. The rock was warm against his skin. Tom was almost asleep.

Craaaaawk crawk crawl! Craaaaawk crawk crawl!

Tom sat up quickly. Was a native dog after the hens? There'd been one sniffing around a week ago. That was the night the wallaby got into their turnips. Luckily the sergeant could load a musket in ten seconds. He'd got the animal before it had time to bound away, though its meat had been tough and tasted strong and strange.

Tom ran up the beach, then stopped abruptly. That wasn't a native dog! It was a man, bending over among the vegetables in the drab dress of a convict. Two men!

Thieves! thought Tom. They are stealing our vegetables!

Supervision of the convicts was more and more sporadic now. There were not enough free men in the colony to act as overseers, now the marines had refused the job. Governor Phillip had finally appointed convict overseers, and even convict police, but there still weren't enough to keep an eye on everyone, and many convicts refused to obey another convict's orders.

'Stop that!' Tom yelled.

The men straightened and stared down the slope, then grinned, relieved.

'What's it to ye?' yelled one. He was young, though far older than Tom and he was bare chested, his shirt twisted into a rough bag to hold the tiny carrots, parsnips, and potatoes.

'They're ours! Leave them alone!'

'Hush ye mouth, ye little prigger. Ye ain't no better than us.' The man bent down again and pulled up one of the potato plants. The small potatoes dangled from the roots. The man pulled them off and threw the plant away, then bent to pull another.

'Stop it or I'll...' Tom hesitated. There were two of them and one of him, and they were bigger.

'You'll what? Shut yer gob or we'll scrag and gut you and leave yer doings for the seagulls.'

It was Master Jack's voice, and the voice of the magistrate and the judge who'd sentenced him to exile. It was the voice of all of those who thought that being richer or bigger gave you power—all the power you could get away with using. The other man pulled a carrot, wiped it on his shirt and bit it hungrily.

Courage, thought Tom. I can run and get help, but they'll have gone—with our vegetables—by the time I get back. Or I can do my best... He glanced down at the bloody knife in his hand. He'd have to get close to be able to use it. He bent and grabbed a branch of wood in his other hand too, then charged.

The branch caught the bare-chested man across the face, leaving a bloody scratch. The man swore, despite the Reverend Johnstone's best lessons, and lunged at Tom. Tom danced back, brandishing the bloody knife in one hand, the branch in the other. 'Get going!' he hissed.

The second man tried to grab him and was rewarded with a poke in the chest. The men stood back now and stared at him. 'Both at once like,' muttered the first man. 'Ye go grab him thatta way...'

The men lunged again. One snatched Tom's arm, twisting his wrist till the knife dropped from his hands. Tom screamed. The other man grabbed his ankle and brought him down. He hauled Tom's leg up, as the other grabbed the other ankle, so Tom was upside down, his head dangling just above the soil.

'What should we do with 'im, then? Kick 'is brains out?'

'They'll find 'is body,' said the other, picking up the fallen knife. 'Then it's the gallows.'

'For a brat like this? Ain't like 'e's worth it. If we dropped him off the rocks,' the other mused, 'they'd think he'd drowned, poor mite. Went walkin' on the rocks and lost 'is footing.'

'That'u do it,' the other agreed. Tom felt himself lifted upwards and dragged head first down towards the water, his skull bumping on the uneven path. Think, Tom advised himself. Don't struggle now. Go limp, then when they drop you...

'What do you think you're doing?' The men stopped. Tom twisted his head to see. It was Rob, the ration sack in his hand. The first man laughed, but it sounded uncertain. Rob was no convict. Even if he wore no uniform, free men—even free boys—in Sydney Cove wielded authority.

'Run away, laddie!' the man said. But the rough words seemed unsure. 'It ain't no business of yours.'

'They were stealing the vegetables!' yelled Tom, still dangling over the path.

The first man kicked him. 'Quiet! The sprig were misbehaving, that were all. We...'

'Put him down,' said Rob calmly.

'Look, lad...' The convict held the knife up warningly.

'You will call me "sir" or I'll have you flogged! Put the knife down.'

The convict hesitated.

'Put it down!' ordered Rob. 'If you try to grab me I'll run, and I can run faster than either of you. And who will they believe—me or you?'

Tom fell in a heap on the ground.

'Now,' said Rob. 'Take off your shoes.'

'Me shoes?' The bare-chested convict stared at the boy. 'But...'

'I can have you flogged for assault or hanged for stealing food. You saw the hangings last week, I presume? Take off your shoes.'

The men shuffled their shoes off.

Rob spoke clearly and calmly. 'If I ever see you in this cove again you will be flogged, then hanged. Now run.'

The men ran. Rob hurried up to Tom. 'Are you all right?'

Tom nodded. 'Just bruised.' He sat up properly. 'They were stealing the vegetables. But they hadn't got much when I found them.'

'Good.' Rob sat down beside him. 'Are you sure you're all right?'

'Yes.' Tom hesitated. 'I've never heard you speak like that.'

Rob shrugged. 'I never have spoken like that. But I know how it's done. Besides, you're my friend.'

Tom bit his lip. Was he really a friend? If free settlers came in the future, with boys their age, he wondered, would Rob still think of a convict as his friend?

But there was nothing he could think to say, except, 'Why did you make them leave their shoes?'

'They're for you. Yours are too small. It's fair exchange. They were going to steal our food, so we have their shoes.' Rob scrambled to his feet, then put out a hand to haul Tom up. 'Come on,' he said. 'We'd better see what harm's been done before Da comes home.'

It seemed the only loss was half a carrot. Tom and Rob threw the vegetables the convicts had pulled up into the black pot to stew with the small animal's meat, then rounded the sheep up and put them in their pen for the night.¹¹

Sergeant Stanley sipped from his bowl and nodded. 'Good,' he said.

Tom wrinkled his nose. The meat tasted like beetles this time, he decided, and needed to be chewed for five minutes before you could swallow it. But it was fine to taste carrots and potatoes again, even if they were small. The last fresh carrots he'd eaten had been at the Cape, almost a year ago.

The sergeant wiped his mouth on his sleeve. 'Best keep guard on the place from now on,' he ordered. 'One of you here at all times, the other within earshot, unless I'm here. I'd send a man to help, if I had one spare. But I don't.'

He frowned, his wrinkles deepening. 'The corn¹² crop's failed at Rose Hill,' he added. 'Not one bushel from the lot. Planted too late, to my mind, and not fed nor watered neither. Corn needs muck in this soil. Fools should've known. We'll try some corn ourselves come spring and see if we can do better, if I can get the seed. Might try some maize too.'

He hesitated, for he was a man of even fewer words than his son, then added: 'It makes a difference having you here, lad. I'm glad you've come.' Then, so the hut didn't seem awash with sentiment, he added briskly, 'Don't forget to cover the pot from the flies. We'll have the rest in the morning.'

chapter thirty-six

Sergeant's Cove,

December 1788

Spring came with a blaze of yellow blossom. Even the sunlight looked more golden, it was so thick with pollen. The sergeant planted the last of their seed, and the tiny potatoes saved from the early winter harvest. He might trust the boys to build a chimney, but not to plant seeds. If these seeds failed there were no more to plant.

No-one knew what summer might be like in this new country. Winter had been so mild that the greens had kept growing, and the rhubarb too. Would summer be so hot the garden turned to desert? Or so wet that it would rot?

In October the flour ration was cut back, but at the cove they picked spring peas, fat beetroot, giant cabbages and broad beans, and hardly noticed.

The hens turned broody, and fluffed themselves firmly onto their nests of eggs. One week, two weeks, then one hen grew frightened when thunder growled across the cove and let her eggs go cold, so the chicks inside them died.

At the end of the third week Tom gave a yell.

'Rob!'

Rob looked up from his sketchbook. His sketches were smaller these days, as paper was precious. He did most of his drafts now with charcoal on the wide, pale sheets of bark. This sketch was of a Roman bridge, six brick arches over a river, though the only bricks so far produced in this colony were twisted and crumbled.

'The chickens have hatched!' yelled Tom. 'One lot, anyway.'

The boys stared at the balls of yellow fluff peeping out from under their mother's feathery skirts, or staggering out by the woodpile then darting back.

'One, two, three...I make it fourteen,' said Tom in awe. 'If fourteen hens lay an egg a day,' he calculated, then grinned. 'We'll bust!'

'Half of the chicks will be roosters,' said Rob practically. 'Maybe more. And some may die.'

'Do you think so?'

Rob shrugged. 'Buff Orpingtons are pretty good mothers.'

Tom shot him a look. 'You had hens in England?'

'We lived with Mama's parents while Da was fighting in the Americas,' said Rob shortly. 'They had hens.' He shook his head as though to shake the memory away. 'We can sell eggs to the stores too,' he added. 'And we'll get to eat the roosters.'

Summer came with thunder that sounded like the harbour's rocks were exploding and rain so heavy each drip stung your skin, and brown trickles seeped through the hut's rush roof. Life had fallen into a routine at the cove now: gathering firewood; fetching water for the garden and the animals; weeding the vegetables; spreading manure on the soil.

Each morning they let the sheep and hens out, to find their own food. The hens come home each evening by themselves, but the boys had to round up the sheep.

It was a lonely life, for Tom. Rob could wander down to the main settlement on the pretext of getting the rations. Sometimes he even attended the regimental dinners with his father.

Friendship? thought Tom bitterly. How could there be true friendship when their positions were so unequal? When, if you angered your friend, he could order you to be flogged, or sent to labour in a work gang? True, Rob never gave a hint of any of this. But Tom was always aware of it. Tom's life was the cove, and his chores. Granted it was a better life than he had known for years, and better than he would have led in a work gang, sharing a canvas tent with the other lags, surviving on the scanty rations or trying to till a garden by himself and keep it from vegetable thieves...

No, loneliness was better than that, even if the house, the garden and the animals didn't really belong to him. And there was no point dreaming of any different.

It was December. The maize was high in the garden and the boys were shelling the first of the kidney beans to dry in the sunlight when they heard the thud of someone running up the track. They raced round to the front of the house just as the running man panted to a stop.

It was Private Sharman, whom Tom had helped after Black Bob had attacked him. Private Sharman had called at the hut in the cove several times now, possibly because he felt an interest in Tom's future, but more likely because the sergeant made him welcome and offered him some of their turnip greens and boiled new potatoes.

Private Sharman leant against the hut walls, trying to catch his breath.

'What is it?' cried Rob.

'It's the Indians!' Sharman could hardly get out the words. 'They've attacked the brickworks! Two thousand of them they say, with spears. Your pa's on guard up there!'

Rob looked at him strangely. 'So you came here to tell us instead of going to help?'

'I thought you should be told,' panted Sharman defensively. 'They may attack here as well! It's all His Excellency's fault. Major Ross has warned him time and time again—we need proper military drills! The Indians will murder us in our beds.'

Rob ignored him. His face was pale. He looked at Tom. 'Are you coming?' He began to run along the track without checking to see if Tom followed.

Tom pounded after him, fear clutching at his heart. Private Sharman jogged beside him. Two thousand Indians! How could the colony fight off as many as that? Would they all be murdered?

What would happen to Tom if the sergeant was killed? And what of Rob? Tom thought guiltily. He'd be an orphan too. Tom bit his lip. He was an orphan, and he had survived. At least Rob would still be free...

They were on the outskirts of the township now, running through the muddy streets that smelt of privies between the canvas tents and identical rectangular huts. Private Sharman veered away towards the marine barracks. Suddenly Rob stopped.

'What's wrong?' cried Tom.

Rob pointed at a figure on the track to the brickworks, his breath coming in loud pants.

Tom peered into the distance, but it was too far away to see who it was. Something about the ramrod walk, though, seemed familiar. 'Your da?' he hazarded.

Rob nodded, his face carefully blank. The more Rob and his father felt, Tom realised, the less they showed on their faces. 'He's all right,' said Rob, still out of breath but his voice almost under control. 'He must have escaped!'

'Yes,' said Tom shortly. Part of him shivered with thankfulness that his life at the cove was safe too. The other whispered resentfully that Rob should have so much, his father as well as freedom...

The sergeant strode towards them. 'I gather ye heard the news!' he called as soon as he was within yelling distance.

'Private Sharman told us,' said Tom, as Rob seemed unable to say anything. 'He said there were two thousand Indians and they had spears...'

The sergeant snorted. 'Two thousand! There aren't two thousand Indians in the entire region.'

'But they attacked?' demanded Tom.

'Oh yes. Too many of their nets stolen, too much of their game shot, and I have me suspicions some of the lags have done them even worse. But we shook our shovels at them and they retreated. A lot of fuss over nothing.'

The sergeant suddenly looked even older, as though it hadn't been the Indians' attack that tired him but the quarrels and prejudice of the entire colony. 'Come on,' he said wearily. 'Let's go home.'

chapter thirty-seven

Sergeant's Cove, Christmas 1788

The boys decorated the hut with greenery for Christmas. It shrivelled within a day in the heat, but still looked festive.

Tom woke early, as he always did, and watched the sky turn pink and the sun break through the darker crust of ridge and sea. The boys had made the sergeant's present together: a rack for his pipes and a table to put it on. The table was a bit lopsided, but the rack looked good, and the sergeant looked properly gratified as he hung up his two pipes.

There were clothes for both boys—they'd each grown a head taller in the past six months. Rob said it was being friends that did it—their bodies grew the same—but Tom thought that their bodies simply hadn't wanted to be any larger aboard ship, and had waited till now to grow.

Tom shook his new breeches out. Something thudded on the hard packed-dirt floor. Tom looked at it more closely.

It was a pocketknife like Rob's, a good one.

'Thank you,' said Tom, delighted.

The sergeant shrugged. 'A boy needs a knife,' he said. He reached into the chest again and handed something to Rob. It was long, and wrapped in hessian. 'For you,' the sergeant said lightly, as though the gift was nothing.

Tom watched as Rob unwrapped it slowly. It was a musket. There was a bag of black powder and a larger bag of shot as well.

'Da!' cried Rob, almost speechless.

'Make sure you only fire at what you'll hit,' said the sergeant calmly. 'There'll be no more black powder till the *Sirius* gets back. And if ye don't clean it every time you fire it ye'll feel the back of my hand.'

Rob grinned, and hefted the firearm to feel its balance. 'It'll be the best-kept musket in the colony,' he promised.

The sergeant gave one of his rare smiles. 'Aye, lad, I believe it will be,' was all he said.

Breakfast was Johnny cakes cooked on a shovel over the fire, then over to the main settlement for the Christmas service, as long and boring as ever, the kind-hearted Reverend Johnstone imploring good behaviour from the men and women he would never understand.

For midday dinner there was roast haunch of kangaroo, and boiled pudding made from their own eggs, the weevily flour from the stores and precious sugar and currants that the sergeant had saved just for this day. There were strawberries from the garden, but no-one bothered with potatoes, carrots, turnips or parsnips. Who would want vegetables when you could eat them every day?

The sergeant tipped his tankard of brandy and hot water towards the boys.

'For King and Country,' he proposed, and took a sip.

'To King and Country,' echoed Rob, lifting his mug of water too.

Tom said nothing. Which country? The one he had lost, or this new land? And the King had sent him here, and killed his Pa. But he lifted his mug just the same, and touched it to Rob and the sergeant's. Ideas like that had sent Pa to the stocks. Tom had already lost too much.

Later the sergeant inspected the new leaves of his young fruit trees, then sat with his pipe in the sunshine and stared at the harbour. His face looked calm, but when Tom came out to ask if he'd like another mug he was shocked to see tears on the older man's cheeks.

The sergeant looked up as he approached. 'Memories,' he said. 'There comes a time, lad, when too many of those you loved are gone...'

I know, thought Tom, images of Pa and Jem before him. But he just said, 'Would you like me to put on more hot water?'

The sergeant shook his head. 'One grog'll do me, lad,' he said. 'Ye go back and keep Rob company. He'll be missing his ma. Dragged her from pillar to post I did, following the flag, never knew what billet she'd have next, hut or humpy or rooms at an inn. Then I had to bring 'em here...'

The sergeant seemed to remember that Tom was listening. 'Thanks, lad,' he said. 'But there's nothing I want.'

Tom went back inside, where Rob was covering the leftovers to keep them safe from flies and wandering hens.

'He's remembering your mama,' Tom said shortly. No-one had thought to ask him who he missed this Christmas.

'I know,' said Rob. He bit his lip. 'She was his second wife, you know.'

'How did his first one die?' asked Tom without thinking. But Rob didn't seem to mind.

'Don't know. It was years before he met Mama. He doesn't talk of it. Never has. Hunger, maybe. Cold when the army was on the march. I had two older brothers. They died, too, before I was born.' Rob glanced out to where his father was sitting in the sun, his face relaxed for once. 'He always told Mama that one day he'd give her an orange tree. She loved oranges at Christmas time.'

'Do you miss her?' asked Tom, then realised how silly the question sounded. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'Of course you do.'

Rob nodded. 'She was going to have a baby,' he said. 'That's what killed her. I thought...' He stopped, then continued. 'I thought Pa might have found a woman here, one of the convicts. Some of the other marines have. But he hasn't. I never knew Pa much till we came here. He was always away. There was just me, and Mama.'

'What was she like, your mother?'

'She laughed a lot,' said Rob. 'And she liked my drawings. She said I'd build the best bridges in the world.' He was silent a moment. 'One day I will,' he added.

'Of course you will,' said Tom fiercely.

Rob shrugged, as though it didn't matter one way or another. Then he said, 'The musket—you can use it too.'

'Really?'

'Of course,' said Rob, as though it had never been in doubt.

chapter thirty-eight

Sydney Cove, March 1789

In the last week of March, when the commissaries came to unlock the storehouse to give out the week's rations, they found half a key stuck in the lock. They reported to the sergeant, who took the broken key at once to Major Ross.

The major looked sombre, the lines of discontent on his face growing even deeper. 'This would indicate, Sergeant, that someone has been systematically stealing food from the stores over a long period of time.'

'Yes, sir.' The sergeant looked straight ahead. Ross was a stickler for discipline, and disliked too much original thought from one who was only a noncommissioned officer.

Major Ross sighed. 'Investigate, Sergeant, and bring the culprit to me.'

'Yes, sir.'

The sergeant did investigate, and found that the culprit was one of his own men. Private Hunt confessed that he had asked a convict forger and locksmith to alter an old key to fit what he said was his sea chest, because he had lost the key. He'd used the new key to steal food from the storehouse.

Seven of them were involved in the thefts, said Private Hunt, one from each of the marine companies. That meant at least one of them would be on guard duty at the storehouse each day, so the others could let themselves in and fill their bags with salt pork, flour, cheese, and the brandy and wine kept for the sick. They had eaten the food, and traded it for clothing and favours from the women.

The men were tried and found guilty. His Excellency Governor Phillip had decreed that theft of food was to be treated as murder, and the sentence for murder was death. The whole colony was ordered to attend to watch them being hanged.

The gibbet had been built at the end of the parade ground. Tom and Rob stood in the crowd, while the sergeant lined up with the other marines as the guilty men were marched to the scaffold.

That could have been me, thought Tom as the first man stepped up onto the platform where the thick noose dangled. They'd have hanged me while half of London looked on.

The Reverend Johnstone spoke a few last words; the prison refused a blindfold. The drum rolled, the rope snapped up.

The marine dangled, still staring at the crowd.

Tom shut his eyes. It could be me. The words jangled in his mind.

He opened his eyes again, but the body on the gibbet still struggled there in the cold wind with the whole colony watching, the marines standing in formation, the loudest of the convicts yelling advice as to how to cheat the devil when they saw him, the women who had been fed with the stolen hoard calling endearments.

Then it was the next marine's turn, and the next. One by one the bodies jerked and wriggled on the end of the rope, before finally, mercifully, hanging still.

Tom glanced around. Some of the convicts were grinning, as though this was the best entertainment the colony had offered yet, as good as the public hangings they'd watched in London. Others shuffled and looked bored, or simply cold, as the noose was slipped around the neck of the fourth man.

It takes so long, thought Tom desperately. Why do they let it take so long?

The fourth body was cut down, and then the fifth.

It was the sixth marine's turn now. His head was down, his face white, refusing to look at the crowd as he was led up onto the gibbet as the last man's body was carried away.

The drum rolled, then abruptly stopped as the body dropped through the trap door. Tom looked away as the man's face began to turn purple, his eyes staring in the sockets, his tongue protruding, his body hopelessly struggling to get free.

There was bright blood on his lips. Tom wondered if the man had bitten through his tongue in his agony, or if a friend had given him a vial of poison to bite into at the end. Poison was a quicker, kinder death than hanging.

Some of the marines in the neat military rows were crying, hiding their faces in their hands. Tom looked away, unable to witness their pain. Of course, thought Tom, they had fought with these men in the Americas, and maybe in the low countries¹³ too. Marines were used to seeing their comrades die. But not like this.

Under a giant fig tree His Excellency the Governor watched the executions, his thin face impassive, and next to his lean figure Arabanoo watched as well, his dark eyes thoughtful as he studied the white way of punishment for stealing something as easy to find as food.

Arabanoo was an Indian. Governor Phillip kept Arabanoo a prisoner, and dressed him as a petty officer; he was teaching him English language and English ways, so he would be an ambassador between their peoples.

Well, this is one English way the black man has learnt, thought Tom, as the struggles on the scaffold finally ceased, and the last condemned man was shoved up the stairs to the noose.

No work was done the rest of that day. The sergeant stayed with his men at the barracks while the boys walked home together. The sergeant's wrinkled face was grave when he walked home in the sunset.

'It's bad, boys,' he said shortly as Tom handed him his pannikin of potatoes and cabbage boiled with shreds of salt pork. The fish had stopped biting lately, and there had been nothing in the snares that morning.

'How much is left in the stores?' asked Rob.

'Not enough,' said the sergeant heavily. 'The governor was right to call those thieves murderers. They've stolen what would keep their friends alive.'

'People are saying we'll starve,' said Rob matter-of-factly.

The sergeant sighed. 'There's food aplenty in this place, but few will eat it. Ye should have heard the men today. They want the rations they are entitled to as soldiers of the King. They want their beef and plum cake, and their grog. Major Ross called the Governor an upstart in front of all the men, demanding what right he had to order that lags be fed the same food as the marines.'

'So we won't starve?' asked Tom.

The sergeant gave a half smile. 'Nay, lad. We won't starve. But we'll need to keep a watch on the garden. Aye, and the hens and sheep as well.'

Mathematics: Year 6 - Term 4 Week 2

Monday 11 October: Reaction Time Test

- Watch this video to see how to figure out your reaction speed:

<https://sites.google.com/education.nsw.gov.au/get-mathematical-stage-3/contexts-for-practise/reaction-time-test?authuser=0>

Instructions

- To conduct the test, one person holds the ruler up reasonably high. The zero mark on the ruler is at the bottom.
- The reacting person places finger and thumb at the bottom of the ruler, not touching but ready to grab.
- At an unpredictable time, the first person drops the ruler.
- The reacting person catches it between their finger and thumb, and reads the distance below the thumb.
- Conduct the test 5 times and record the results.
- Convert the data into times using the ruler drop reaction time chart.

Ruler Drop Reaction Time			
Distance (cm)	Time (seconds)	Distance (cm)	Time (seconds)
1	0.045	16	0.181
2	0.064	17	0.186
3	0.078	18	0.192
4	0.09	19	0.197
5	0.101	20	0.202
6	0.111	21	0.207
7	0.12	22	0.212
8	0.128	23	0.217
9	0.136	24	0.221
10	0.143	25	0.226
11	0.15	26	0.23
12	0.156	27	0.235
13	0.163	28	0.239
14	0.169	29	0.243
15	0.175	30	0.247

Investigate

Draw a number line showing the reactions times.

Circle your fastest and slowest reaction times.

What is the difference between them?

Explore how does your reaction time compare with other people in your family?

Tuesday 12 October: About that long!

- Today you are going to be estimating and measuring items to specified lengths
- You will need a measuring tape

Complete these challenges:

- You need to choose the items first by estimating their length (without measuring each individual item first). Once you have gathered the items and placed them end-to-end, measure the length to see how close you are to the target.
1. Choose 3 different items that in total equal a total length of 30cm
 2. Choose 3 different items that in total equal a total length of 60cm
 3. Choose 5 different items that measure a total length of 1m
 4. Choose any number of different items that measure a total length of 2m

5. Choose 4 different items that measure a total length of 3m

- Draw tables and diagrams to show how you completed each challenge

Eg Challenge 1

	Item	Estimate	Actual	Difference
Item 1	Pen	12cm	12.5cm	0.5cm
Item 2	Pencil	8cm	10cm	2cm
Item 3	Spoon	10cm	11.5cm	1.5cm
TOTALS		30cm	34cm	4cm

Thursday 14 October: Yahtzee

Go to this website and read the instructions / play a game or two to get the hang of it
<http://www.playonlinedicegames.com/yahtzee>

WHEN you are ready, play 4 games against the computer and record your scores

Record your results in this table

	My score	Computer score
Game 1		
Game 2		
Game 3		
Game 4		
TOTAL		
AVERAGE		

Strategies to improve my Yahtzee score:



Desert Survivors

A Science Unit for Stage 3



Deserts of Australia

On a map of Australia (on the next page), label as many of the deserts of Australia as you can.



- Great Victoria Desert (348,750sq.km)
- Great Sandy Desert (267,250sq.km)
- Tanami Desert (184,500sq.km)
- Simpson Desert (176,500sq.km)
- Gibson Desert (156,000sq.km)
- Little Sandy Desert (111,500sq.km)
- Strzelecki Desert (80,250sq.km)
- Sturt Stony Desert (29,750sq.km)
- Tirari Desert (15,250sq.km)
- Pedirka Desert (1250sq. km)



Explore your ideas about plants and animals in the desert

Write an answer in each of the following boxes:

Plants	Animals
What challenges would plants face in the desert?	What challenges would animals face in the desert?
What structural features might help them survive?	What structural features might help them survive?
	What behaviours may help them survive?

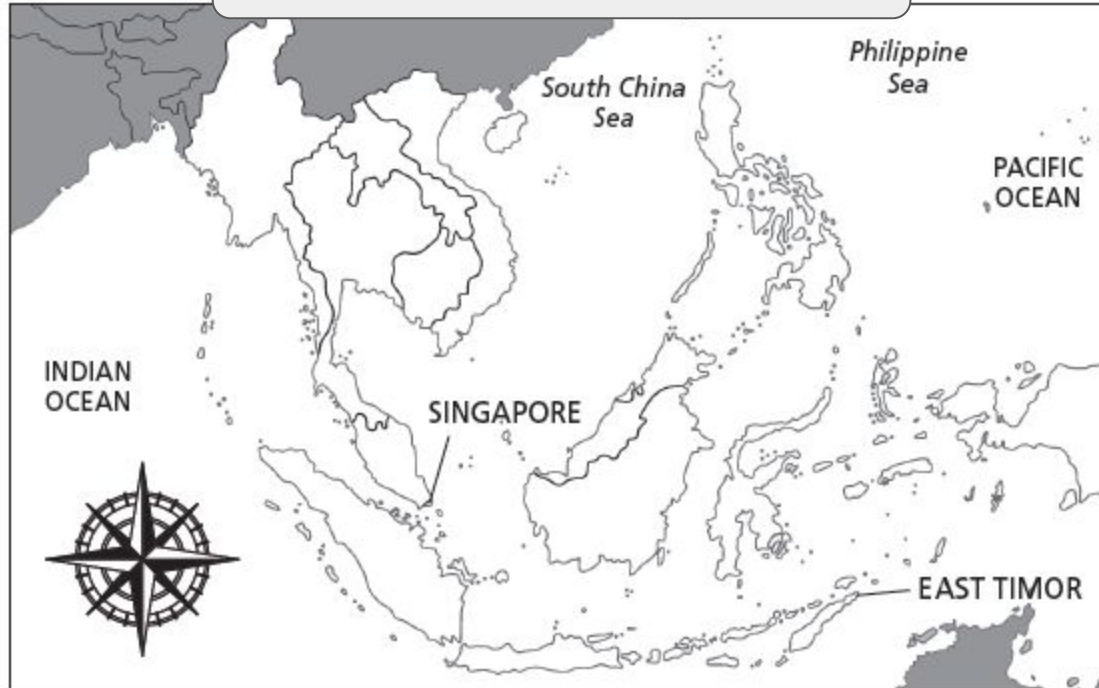
This is Asia



Using an atlas, write the name of the country or ocean in each box.

Draw an arrow from these country names to the country on the map.

This is South-East Asia



Vietnam

Malaysia

Laos

Myanmar

Thailand

Philippines

Brunei

Cambodia

Indonesia

Location of Asia

Relative location: *Relative location* is the location of a place in relation to another place. If someone tells you that he or she lives in the northern part of town near the library, that is an example of relative location.

On a globe or world map, you can describe Asia's relative location in relation to other continents. You can also describe Asia's location in relation to the oceans that surround it.

Absolute location: The *absolute location* of a place is like its address. Lines on a map or globe called latitude and longitude lines are used to describe exact location on Earth. Lines of latitude run parallel to the equator. Lines of longitude run between the North and South poles. Beijing has an absolute location of 39 degrees north latitude, 116 degrees east longitude.

Absolute Location

Write the absolute location for these Asian cities

City	Absolute Location
Bangkok	
Tokyo	
Seoul	
New Delhi	
Jakarta	
Taipei	
Kuala Lumpur	

GRAFFITI
ART





Graffiti is writing or drawings made on a wall or other surface, usually without permission and within public view. Graffiti ranges from simple written words to elaborate wall paintings, and has existed [since ancient times](#), with examples dating back to [ancient Egypt](#), [ancient Greece](#), and the [Roman Empire](#).

**One of the most famous 'Graffiti'/street artists is a person named Banksy!
The picture above is one of his pieces.**

Who Is Banksy?

The simple answer is: no one really knows.

Banksy is an anonymous graffiti artist. That means he keeps his identity hidden. He will not do media interviews, he won't release his real name, and he will not allow photos or copies of his artwork to be made and sold.



Banksy is an anonymous
artwork to be made
keeps his identity hidden
Banksy is an anonymous

photos or copies of his
I.

Voicing His Opinion

Banksy uses his art to give his opinion on events that are happening in the world. He is known as a political activist. The graffiti he paints shows what he thinks. The most common themes are his views on greed, poverty, despair, the obsession with celebrities, the government and war.

Graffiti artists have a 'tag', which is like putting a signature on their work.





Some of Banksy street art.



<https://graffwriter.com/samples.php>

<https://www.picturetopeople.org/sticker-creator/art-sticker-maker.html>

Challenge: Can you create some street art similar to Banksy?



says

