

# Year 7 Literacy

## Reading Magazine 1



# Backpacks – or how to carry your life around with you

*However did we manage before they were invented!*

The old days of school satchels – a sort of leather bag with a long handle that hung off the shoulder – must have led to heaps of kids walking lopsidedly. Actually, what used to happen was that kids sort of hugged the satchel or balanced it on one hip, which meant that hands were busy holding onto the bag and hips got sore!

## When backpacks can be dangerous

Yes, backpacks are great, but you do need to take a bit of care or they could be dangerous.

- It could fall on someone if it is on top of your locker or a shelf at school.
- The straps could trip someone if they are sticking out from the bag.
- Not wearing them properly can hurt your back, neck or shoulders.

## What else you need to know about backpacks

Backpacks with just one big pocket mean that everything gets lumped in together.

Choose one with several pockets to organise your stuff better. Then the weight will be spread out more evenly, which will be better for you to carry.

If you do have a lot to carry and there are no lockers at your school, then it may be a good idea to get a backpack that has wheels and a pull out handle.

## Dr Kate says:

'The most you should carry is around 10% to 15% of your body weight – so if you're a little kid and you weigh 32kg, you should only be carrying between 3 and 4kg of weight. Carrying more can be doing damage to your back.

Tell a parent if you are getting headaches, backaches or tingly feelings in your arms or back – you may not have adjusted the straps properly or you could be carrying too much weight.'



*And then of course, there are all those pockets in a backpack, so that you can organise things and find them easily.*

# Ice Cream

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## Ice Cream It's in the bag

Make your favourite ice cream without going near a freezer!

Educators' notes at [www.sciencemuseum.org.uk/educatorsresources](http://www.sciencemuseum.org.uk/educatorsresources)

### GRAB THIS STUFF...

- Half a cup of milk (plain or flavoured)
- Ice
- 1 tablespoon of caster sugar
- 6 tablespoons of salt
- Small zip-seal bag
- Large zip-seal bag
- Half a teaspoon of vanilla essence (optional)



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Grab a spoon and enjoy your ice cream!

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1

Mix half a cup of milk with a tablespoon of sugar in the small zip-seal bag.

2

Fill the large bag with ice and add 6 tablespoons of salt.

3

Add the small bag of ice-cream mixture to the large bag of salt and ice.

4

Shake hard for 5 minutes.

5

Grab a spoon and enjoy your ice cream!

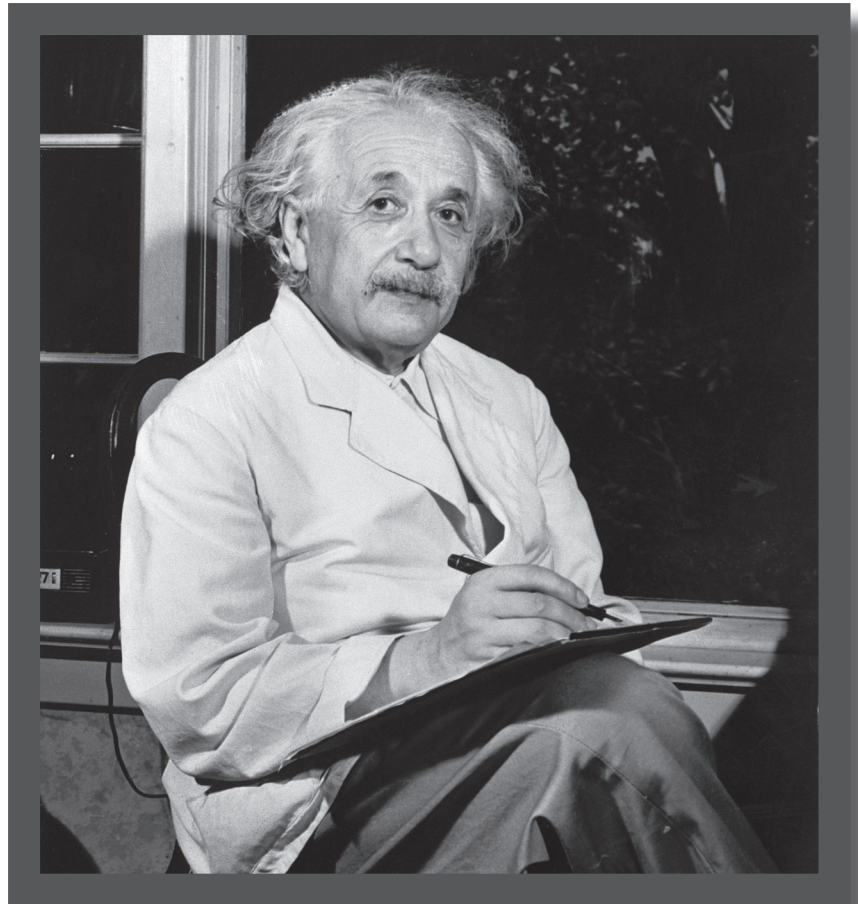
### Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein was a German-born physicist, although most people probably know him as the most intelligent person who ever lived. His name has become part of many languages when we want to say someone is a genius, as in the phrase, 'She's a real Einstein'. He must have been pretty brainy to discover the Theory of Relativity and the equation  $E=mc^2$ .

In 1999, 'Time' magazine named Einstein as the Person of the Century. No one could have guessed this would happen when he was at school. He was extremely interested in science but hated the system of learning by heart. He said it destroyed learning and creativity. He had already done many experiments, but failed the entrance exams to a technical college.

He didn't let this setback stop him. When he was 16, he performed his famous experiment of imagining travelling alongside a beam of light. He eventually graduated from university, in 1900, with a degree in physics. Twelve years later he was a university professor and in 1921, he won the Nobel Prize for Physics. He went on to publish over 300 scientific papers.

Einstein is the only scientist to become a household name, and part of everyday culture. He once joked that when people stopped him in the street, he always replied: 'Pardon me, sorry! Always I am mistaken for Professor Einstein.' Today, he is seen as the typical mad, absent-minded professor, who just happened to change our world.



## Robots

### FILM SYNOPSIS

Twentieth Century Fox, Blue Sky Studios and Academy Award®-winning director Chris Wedge, who transported audiences to prehistoric times with their box-office smash *Ice Age™*, have now created the visually spectacular world of *Robots™* a world filled entirely with whimsical robots. Like *Ice Age™*, the movie is packed with comedy, incredible visuals and a lot of heart.

Rodney Copperbottom™, voiced by Ewan McGregor, is a small town robot who has a gift for inventing things, but is trapped in the confines of his quaint surroundings. He works side by side in a restaurant with his dad who is a dishwasher - literally a dishwasher. You open his chest and load in the dishes. Rodney has dreams of something greater.

Armed with his unique talent for inventing, Rodney embarks on a journey to Robot City to meet his idol, the majestic inventor Bigweld, voiced by Mel Brooks. An iconic figure in all of Robot City, Bigweld has spent a lifetime creating things to make the lives of robots better. Once in Robot City, Rodney finds that things are not quite as he expected, and his quest may be a lot harder than he imagined.

As he tries to navigate his way around this new city, Rodney befriends the Rusties, a ragtag group of street-smart bots who know the ropes. One of the Rusties, Fender (voiced by Robin Williams), immediately becomes Rodney's best friend and even lets his kid sister Piper (voiced by Amanda Bynes) tag along. They take him in, and for now, at least, Rodney has a home in Robot City.

Rodney also meets Cappy (voiced by Halle Berry), an executive at Big Weld Industries who takes an instant liking to Rodney and sees a lot of herself in him. Along their adventures, Rodney and his new friends encounter unsavory characters who try to derail Rodney's plans to find Bigweld and save Robot City. The result is a timeless, comedic tale that pushes the boundaries of animation while introducing characters rich with humor and soul, and a heart-warming story that proves that a robot can shine no matter what he is made of.

### Lord Howe Island

*Permanent Park Preserve*



Lord Howe Island is an outstanding natural area of national and international significance. This significance is recognised by the island's status as a property on the World Heritage List.

The Lord Howe Island Permanent Park Preserve (PPP) was dedicated to protect the unique natural values of Lord Howe Island and neighbouring Islands. The PPP covers 75% of Lord Howe Island, including the southern mountains and northern hills. The PPP also includes Balls Pyramid and neighbouring Islands.

The PPP is similar to a National Park in terms of the primary management emphasis is directed at conservation and preservation of natural values, the main difference being the PPP is managed by the Lord Howe Island Board rather than the NSW National Parks & Wildlife Service.

The PPP is of outstanding value for nature conservation, for aesthetic appreciation, for recreation, for education and for research.

There are over 200 native species of vascular plants on the Island. Over 70 plants are endemic to the Island (meaning Lord Howe Island is the only place in the world where they grow naturally). NPWS are currently undertaking a comprehensive endemic plant survey to determine if some of these plants should be nominated as threatened under the NSW Threatened Species Conservation Act 1995. Lord Howe has 129 plant genera in common with Australia, 102 with New Caledonia and only 75 in common with New Zealand. Due to the high level of endemism the Island flora is of outstanding regional nature conservation value.

## Macbeth and Son

Jackie French

Luke shoved his copy of *Macbeth* to the back of his desk. What did all those words mean, anyway? he thought as he opened the window. His bedroom stank of air freshener. It always had that not-quite-roses smell after Mrs Tomlin cleaned.

Mrs Tomlin and her husband lived in the cottage down past the machinery shed. The cottage had just been a wreck when Mum and Dad had the farm. But when Sam married Mum he'd had the cottage renovated at the same time as the new wing of the house was built.

Now Mrs Tomlin did the housework, and the cooking too when Mum went down to stay with Sam during the week in Sydney, and Mr Tomlin helped Mum run the farm. Mum and Sam slept in the new part of the house, but Luke had kept his old bedroom.

He breathed in the night air gratefully. Cold cowpat wasn't the best smell in the world. But at least it was a real smell. Better than air freshener.

It was three days now since the letter had come from St Ilf's. Three days of people congratulating him, telling him 'Well done.' Three days of empty triumph. Mum had been walking around with a grin the entire time, singing 'Rocky Mountain High' under her breath. You always knew Mum was over the moon when she sang 'Rocky Mountain High.'

How could he ever tell Mum he'd cheated?

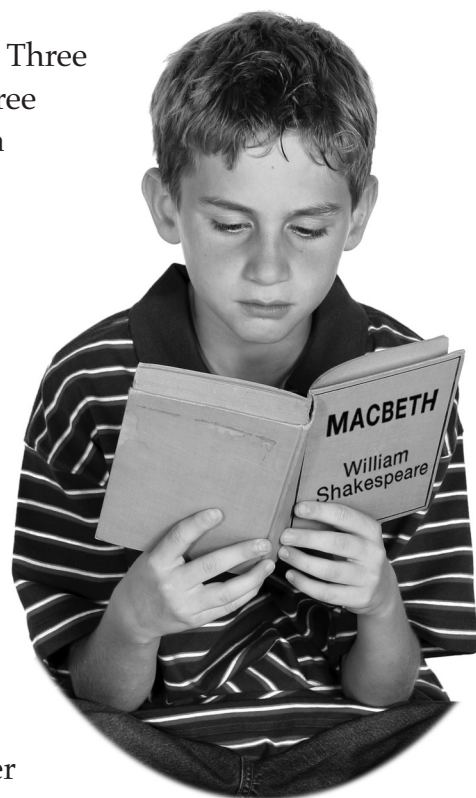
But he hadn't really cheated, he told himself. Cheating was when you meant to do it. How was he to know that the exam paper would be one he'd seen before?

If only he hadn't won the scholarship! If he'd just passed the entrance exam it wouldn't have been so bad. It wasn't even as though he needed it. Sam had plenty of money. And now everyone would expect this brilliant kid and instead they'd just get dumb old Luke. He didn't want to go to school in Sydney, away from all his friends.

If only he'd mentioned that he'd already seen the exam paper immediately . . . or at least when the letter came. But if he said anything now everyone would think he *had* cheated. And it'd break Mum's heart . . .

. . . What would he do?

At least in Shakespeare's world things were clear, thought Luke, almost asleep. You knew what was right and wrong in those days . . . If only I lived in a world like that . . .



## New Year's Watch

*Su Shi*

Soon now, we'll mark the year's end that approaches.  
 It's like a snake that crawls into a hole.  
 4 Already half its scaly length is hidden  
 What man can stop us losing the last trace?  
 And even if we wanted to tie its tail  
 No matter how we try, we can't succeed.  
 8 The children make all effort not to sleep  
 We laugh together, watching though the night.  
 The cockerels should not cry the dawn for now  
 The drums as well should give the hour  
 12 respect.  
 We sat so long the lamp's burnt down to ash  
 I rise and see the Plough is slanting north.  
 Next year, perhaps, my span of years could  
 16 end  
 My fear is that I've just been marking time.  
 So exert ourselves to the utmost here tonight  
 I still admire the exuberance of our youth!



*Hamilton, Elaine and Farr, Robin. Poetry Unlocked, Farr Books, Queensland, 2008.*

## Looking for Alibrandi

Melina Marchetta

My name is Josephine Alibrandi and I turned seventeen a few months ago . . .

We live in Glebe, a suburb just outside the city centre of Sydney and ten minutes away from the harbour. Glebe has two facades.

One is of beautiful tree-lined streets with gorgeous old homes and the other, which is supposed to be trendy, has old terraces with views of out-houses and clothes-lines. I belong to the latter. Our house is an old terrace. We, my mother Christina and I, live on the top. We were actually renting the place until I was twelve but the owner sold it to us for a great price and although I've calculated that Mama will have it paid off when I'm thirty-two, it's good not to be renting in these days of housing problems.

My mother and I have a pretty good relationship, if a bit erratic. One minute we love each other to bits and spend hours in deep and meaningful conversation and next minute we'll be screeching at each other about the most ridiculous things, from my room being in a state of chaos to the fact that she won't let me stay overnight at a friend's home.

She works as a secretary and translator for a few doctors in Leichhardt, a suburb unfortunately close to my grandmother's home, which means I have to [go] straight to Nonna's in the afternoon and wait for her. That really gets on my nerves. Firstly, the best-looking guys in the world take the bus to Glebe while the worst take the bus to where my grandmother lives. Secondly, if I go straight home in the afternoon I can play music full volume whereas if I go to Nonna's the only music she has is *Mario Lanza's Greatest Hits*.

My mother is pretty strict with me. My grandmother tries to put her two cents worth in as well, but Mama hates her butting in. The two of them are forever at loggerheads with each other.



