

## Word family: 'oy'

Group 2 and 3	Group 4 and 5
boy	employment
ploy	deploy
toy	voyager
enjoy	disloyal
convoy	buoyant
oyster	annoyance
royal	joyfulness
loyal	enjoyment
destroy	flamboyant
annoy	overjoy

Monday - Read your word aloud with an adult and discuss the sound pattern or rules. Highlight the part of the word the sound rule applies to Identify more examples of each sound pattern or rule

Tuesday - Read your words aloud. Dictionary Meanings: select 5 words and record the dictionary definitions

Wednesday - Word Meanings: select 5 words and research synonyms and antonyms.

Thursday - Word Building: select 5 words and identify all variations i.e. like, lick, likely, licked,

Friday - Sentences: select 5 words and write each word in a sentence.

*Want to Work*  
**SMARTER?**

*- Get a -*

**MILTON MENTOR**  
**TODAY!**

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*Awaken Your Potential*

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\$  
ONLY **299**



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## Milton Mentor Advertisement

1. What is the purpose of this advertisement?

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2. Advertisements use persuasive techniques to get audiences to take advantage of a service. Does anything in this advertisement persuade you? Explain how.

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3. Write down eight positive or persuasive words that make the reader want to purchase a Milton Mentor. For example, stylish.

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4. Why would the advertiser mention that Milton Mentor has 'Limited Stock'?

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5. If you purchased a Milton Mentor, do you think it would do everything promised in the advertisement? Why or why not?

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6. What other features would you like to see mentioned in the advertisement? How would this affect your decision about buying a Milton Mentor?

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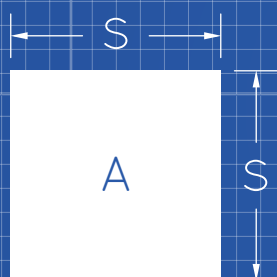
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# AREA OF 2D SHAPES

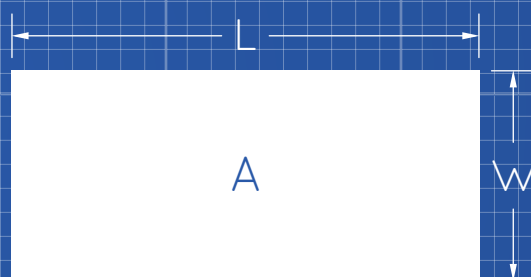
The area is the surface covered by a 2D shape.

Square



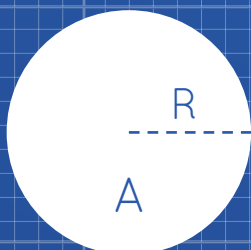
$$A = S \times S (S^2)$$

Rectangle



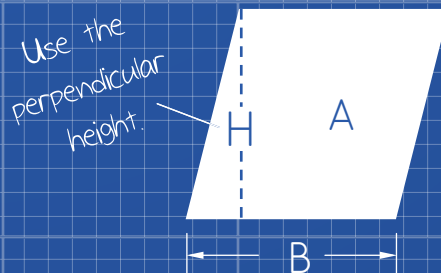
$$A = L \times W$$

Circle



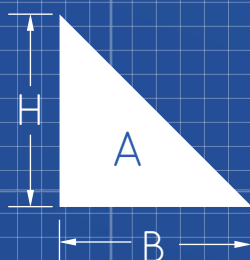
$$A = \pi \times R^2$$

Parallelogram



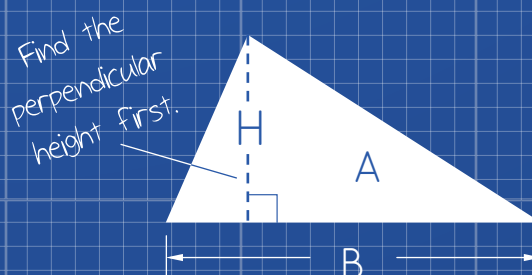
$$A = B \times H$$

Right Angled Triangle



$$A = \frac{B \times H}{2}$$

Non-Right Angled Triangle



$$A = \frac{B \times H}{2}$$



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

# Area and Perimeter Word Problems

Problem	Number Sentence and Calculations	Answer
Mrs Brown's classroom is a rectangle. It has a length of 9 m and a width of 7 m. Mr Black's classroom is a square. It has sides of 8 m. What is the area of each classroom? Whose classroom has the greatest area?		
Mila has just bought a rectangular display board for her bedroom. It has a length of 90 cm and a width of 50 cm. Mila would like to put a border of yellow ribbon around the perimeter of her display board. How many centimetres of yellow ribbon will she need to buy?		
David has just bought a new puppy. He needs to build a fence around his backyard so the puppy can't run away and get lost. David's backyard is a rectangle. It has a length of 8 m and a width of 6.5 m. How many metres of fencing does David need to buy?		
Emily does her hair every morning using the square mirror on her bathroom wall. The mirror has sides of 60 cm. What is the perimeter of Emily's mirror? What is the area of Emily's mirror?		
Sammy's dad is laying out new grass in the backyard. The backyard is a square, with sides of 12 m. What is the area of grass that Sammy's dad will need to buy?		

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

# Area and Perimeter Word Problems

Problem	Number Sentence and Calculations	Answer
Last weekend, Imran went to the circus with his family. The big top was in the shape of a hexagon. Before the circus began, Imran and his family walked around the perimeter of the big top. How many metres did they walk, if each side of the hexagon was 22 m in length?		
Farmer Tom and Farmer Tim own farms next to each other. They both have goats on their farms. Farmer Tom has a large rectangular paddock for his goats with a length of 20 m and a width of 8 m. Farmer Tim has a smaller rectangular paddock for his goats with a length of 10 m and a width of 5 m. If Farmer Tom and Farmer Tim decide to join their paddocks together, what will the area of the new goat paddock be?		
During a heavy thunderstorm, the play area at Sunnyside Primary School is almost completely flooded. On Monday morning, the school principal uses a large, heavy rope to make a square around the part of the playground that isn't flooded, so the children will know where they are allowed to play. The square has sides of 65 m. What is the perimeter and the area of the children's new play space?		

## Life in Britain in the 1700s

For most people living in big cities in Britain in the 1700s, such as London, life was difficult for several reasons. These would eventually become some of the reasons that the British Government began to think about establishing a colony in Australia.

### POOR HOUSING

The population of London began to increase rapidly. People went to London to look for work and with hopes of a better life. Lots of houses were built very quickly to give these people somewhere to live. The houses were not built very well, and many buildings were divided up into smaller homes. This was in order to fit as many people as possible into one space. The houses were built close together with dark, narrow alleyways in between. Overcrowding was a problem in those days.

### DIRTY STREETS

There were no proper toilets and drains. People threw their rubbish and emptied their chamber-pots into the streets. Dead animals — such as rats, cats and dogs — were also left rotting in the streets. All the vehicles were drawn by horses, so there was horse manure everywhere. When it rained, all the muck in the streets mixed with mud to make a filthy mess. People also used coal for cooking and heating, so black smoke and soot spread across the city.

### CRIME

Many people were forced to beg or steal in order to stay alive. It was very hard to make a living and there wasn't enough work for everyone.

People out of work did not get money from the government like they do today. The crowded streets also made it easy for pickpockets to steal watches and money from richer people.



Antique chamber-pot

### DISEASE AND FAMINE

There was very little clean water. The water was so dirty that many people drank gin instead because it was cheap. This made people too drunk to work, so they lost their jobs or got into fights. There were few medicines, so they couldn't treat people who had infections or got sick from drinking dirty water. People often died from illnesses that are easily treated today. Almost half of all the babies born back then died before the age of two.



London streets, 1872

## Life in Britain in the 1700s

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

- Look at the problems below from London in the 1700s. Cut out the reasons at the bottom of the page and glue them next to the problems they caused.

REASON	PROBLEM
	Black soot and smoke spread across the city.
	Human waste and other rubbish was emptied into the streets.
	People were forced to beg or steal to survive.
	Lots of houses were built quickly and not very well to house the growing population.
	People often died from infections or from drinking dirty water.
	People lost their jobs from drunkenness and fighting.

- Read the source card again. Answer the questions below.

Why were all the vehicles pulled along (or drawn) by horses?

\_\_\_\_\_

Why did people use coal for cooking?

\_\_\_\_\_

Why do you think so many babies died?

\_\_\_\_\_

Many people went to London to look for work.

They did not have the medicines that we have today.

People used coal for cooking and heating.

There were no toilets and drains.

There was not enough work for the number of people.

People drank gin instead of dirty water.



## Life in Britain in the 1700s

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

1. In the 1700s, people living in big cities had very different problems to what most of us experience now. Complete the table below and write the differences between problems in big cities in the 1700s and problems around the world today. The first one has been done for you.

Life in the 1700s	Life today
<i>Manure on the streets from horse-drawn vehicles</i>	<i>Pollution from cars and buses</i>

2. Look at the people in the picture on the source card. Choose one of these people and write a short imaginary recount of their life in Britain at the time. Make sure you describe how they feel, where they live and what they are doing in London.

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# Migrant Groups

## Afghan Cameleers

Cameleers (called Afghan Cameleers) came from India, Iran, Egypt and Turkey. They worked mainly in the Northern and Central parts of Australia.



## Chinese migrants

Chinese migrants came in their thousands to the gold fields of Victoria and later on Queensland.

## German vigneron

German vigneron (wine makers) were encouraged to migrate as bounty migrants to South Australia.



## Pacific Islanders

Over 6000 Pacific Islanders, mainly from Vanuatu and the Solomon Islands, were used as indentured workers in the Northern Queensland sugar cane fields.

## Japanese Pearl Divers

Pearl divers and fishermen from Japan and the Philippines worked off the coast of Broome in Western Australia.



where did migrant groups come from and how did they contribute to the Australian Colonies?



Look at the images on the poster carefully and complete the activities below.

1. Write what you see.

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2. Write three questions that you have about the poster and the images on it.

1.
2
3

## 4/5V PE Week 4 Term 2

**Learning intention** - For students to participate in fun activities to develop their catching skills.

**Skill focus** – *See attached Skill Card for The Catch*

Equipment required – closed in shoe, a pair of socks, a pencil and the activity log book (see below) or download at [www.sports.det.nsw.edu.au](http://www.sports.det.nsw.edu.au)

### SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

#### Warm Up

Stretch arms out nice and wide, followed by taking 2 steps forward, 2 steps to the right, 2 steps backwards, 2 steps to the left, jogging on the spot for 20 seconds followed by 15 star jumps, 10 lunges and 4 high kicks.

#### Daily activity

Using a pair of socks folded together to make a ball shape. Pretend the socks are an egg. Toss and catch the egg following the activities below.

**GETACTIVE@Home** - <https://vimeo.com/413420570/0a66eb3963> (Episode 1- The Catch)

Use activity log book to record your results for each activity. You can practise each day and improve on your 'personal best'.

### Challenges

- Throw and catch.
- Throw, clap and catch - throw the ball in the air and clap as many times as possible before trying to catch the ball.
- Throw, spin, clap and catch - throw the ball in the air and try to spin on the spot and clap before catching the ball.
- Kneel, sit, throw and catch - kneel or sit on the ground, throw the ball in the air and try to stand before catching the ball.

### Mega Challenges

- Flick and catch - place the ball in between your feet on the ground. Throw the ball forward with one hand and try to catch with the other.
- Bunny hop and catch - place the ball in between your feet on the ground. Grab the ball with your feet, jump, release then catch.
- Creative challenge - move in any way you can while throwing and catching the ball.

### Other variations

Using a wall or with a partner try:

- Two handed catching.
- One handed (dominant/non-dominant) use a big ball/object to make it easier.



### Teaching Cues

Family member can use the following catching teaching cues to support student:

- Throw the ball - 'toss the egg'
- Eyes on the ball – 'eyes on the prize'
- Arms extended and hands together - 'make the nest'
- Bend the knees and slightly lower hands - 'soften the nest'

### Discussion Questions-

When Catching a ball on the move, what should you look at? The ball? Your hands?  
How do you move your hands when catching a hard ball?

### Cool Down

**Watch and join in with 'Move like the avengers' - Marvel x Les Mills 5-minute Kids Workout**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uYi1kyMeFHQ>





## NSW School Sport – Get active @ home

### Catching challenge

Time: 20 minutes

#### Activity

##### Individual

Try as many of the following challenges as you can.

- How many times can you clap your hands while the ball is in the air?
- Throw the ball/item between your legs and catch it.
- Bowl the ball overarm into the ground and catch it after it bounces.
- Drop the item from shoulder height and catch it before it hits the ground.
- How high can you throw the item into the air and catch it?
- Catch the item one-handed, try to use the other hand.
- How many times can you spin on the spot while the item is in the air?
- Can you touch the ground while the item is in the air?



#### Equipment

- Any item you can throw, catch and, if possible, bounce.
- Examples – small ball, plush toy, bean bag, soft grocery item, piece of fruit.

#### Activity variations

Try some of these challenges:

- Each time you make a catch take one step back, see how far back you can go.
- Catch the item one-handed.
- Throw the item with your eyes shut.
- Catch the item behind your back.
- Catch the item in a hat.
- Each time you drop the ball you have to:
  - drop to one knee
  - drop to two knees if you drop it again
  - put one hand behind your back if you drop it again
  - if you drop it again you are out, start again.



## The Catch Skill Card

### Skill components



1



3



5



6

1. Eyes focused on the object throughout the catch.
2. Feet move to place the body in line with the object.
3. **Hands move to meet the object.**
4. Hands and fingers relaxed and slightly cupped to catch the object.
5. Catches and controls the object with hands only (well-timed closure).
6. Elbows bend to absorb the force of the object.

(Introductory components marked in bold)

# GetActive@Home



## Activity logbook

MONDAY

HOW DID YOU GET ACTIVE TODAY?



TUESDAY

HOW DID YOU GET ACTIVE TODAY?

WEDNESDAY

HOW DID YOU GET ACTIVE TODAY?



THURSDAY

HOW DID YOU GET ACTIVE TODAY?

FRIDAY

HOW DID YOU GET ACTIVE TODAY?



For ideas on how to GetActive visit:

<https://app.education.nsw.gov.au/sport/participation/getactive>



Education

[getactive@det.nsw.edu.au](mailto:getactive@det.nsw.edu.au)



# Get Active @Home



Education



Name



Week 1

					Total/
--	--	--	--	--	--------

Week 2

					Total/
--	--	--	--	--	--------

Week 3

					Total/
--	--	--	--	--	--------

Week 4

					Total/
--	--	--	--	--	--------

Week 5

					Total/
--	--	--	--	--	--------

Make a smiley face on a circle each time you watch an episode or do something active.

How many smiley faces can you make in one week?

Remember to write your total down each week.

How many smiley faces do you have altogether?

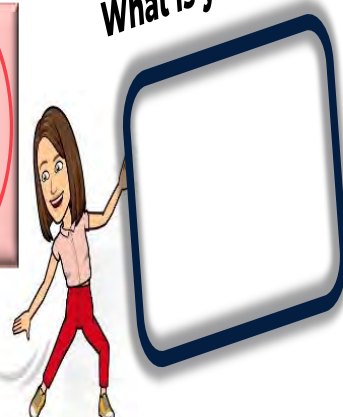
11 - 15 = Active Challenger

16 - 20 = Super Active Challenger

21 - 25 = Mega Active Challenger



What is your total?



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## Colour Adjectives

Use words to describe different shades of colours. For example: red = rose.

Write three examples for each.

Red \_\_\_\_\_

Orange \_\_\_\_\_

Yellow \_\_\_\_\_

Green \_\_\_\_\_

Blue \_\_\_\_\_

Purple \_\_\_\_\_

Pink \_\_\_\_\_

Brown \_\_\_\_\_

Black \_\_\_\_\_

Grey \_\_\_\_\_

White \_\_\_\_\_

Adapt these sentences to make them more descriptive and specific.

The blue hoodie \_\_\_\_\_

The green grass \_\_\_\_\_

The yellow house \_\_\_\_\_

The purple grapes \_\_\_\_\_

The red car \_\_\_\_\_

The black rock \_\_\_\_\_

The orange shoes \_\_\_\_\_

The brown chocolate \_\_\_\_\_

The grey cat \_\_\_\_\_

Create a paragraph using at least one adjective for every colour from the list.

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I wake up.

My neck is stiff and my eyes hurt in the sunlight and I've got breadcrumbs stuck to my face.

I'm still on the floor of the taxi. Bibi is asleep on the back seat. Her head is on her arm and she's dribbling. I gently wipe the dribble off her chin with my sleeve. It's what Mum would do.

I kneel up and peer out the window.

Dad is steering the taxi off the road. We bump over some potholes and stop under a row of trees.

'Are we there yet?' says Bibi sleepily.

I hope not.

In the distance, past the trees, I can see the roofs of city buildings. I don't know much about city buildings because I've only been to the city twice in my life, but I do know one thing. City buildings often have the government in them.

'Good morning, you two,' says Dad.

'Is Mum here?' I ask anxiously.

Dad takes a moment to answer.

'Not yet,' he says. 'She'll be along a bit later.'

'How much later?' says Bibi.

Just for a second I think Dad is going to lose his temper. The tops of his ears go pink, which is always a dangerous sign for certain members of this family. But he just swallows and looks determined.

'I'm not sure exactly what time she'll be here,' he says. 'But she will. I promise.'

That's all I need to hear. In our family we always keep promises. Mum's probably getting a lift from one of the other school families. Mussa's parents have got a motorbike.

We all get out and stretch our legs.

I glance up at the trees. Their fronds are rustling in the breeze. I think how lucky city people are. Living in the country we don't have trees.

Except, I see now, these aren't real trees. They're actually light poles with huge straggling bunches of tangled cassette tape hanging off them. In among the flapping brown strands I can see empty music cassettes. I know what they are because Yusuf's grandfather has some. He loves Dolly Parton.

Dad sees me looking.

'Tape trees,' he says. 'The government hates music, so they confiscate tapes from motorists and chuck them up there as a warning.'

Dad stares up at the ruined tapes. For a moment I think he's going to climb up and rescue them, but he doesn't.

'That's why I taught you to whistle,' he says. 'So you can annoy the government whenever you want.'

I give Dad a grin. He tries to grin back but his eyes won't go along with it. Poor thing. He's been awake all night.

Early morning traffic zooms past us towards the city. Suddenly I have a scary thought. What if a passing government employee from the illegal schools department recognises Dad?

I try to stand between him and the road.

'Come on,' says Dad. 'Let's get you two settled down.'

I'm not sure what he means. He grabs the bags from the taxi and leads us through the tape trees to an abandoned shop. I can tell it's a shop from the big faded Coke and Fanta signs on the front. Dad has told me about the days before fizzy drinks were banned.

The shop door is hanging off and inside it's a bit messy. On the floor are old campfires that have gone out. And tattered

pieces of cardboard. The type that people without houses sometimes sleep on.

'Sorry it's not cleaner,' says Dad. 'But you'll be safe here till I get back.'

I stare at Dad. 'Are you leaving us here?' I say.

'You're not,' says Bibi, outraged. 'You're not leaving us here.'

Dad hugs us both. It almost feels like he's more scared than we are.

'I've got to go and pick Mum up,' he says. 'It's better if you two wait here.'

'Why?' demands Bibi.

That's what I want to ask too.

Why can't Mussa's parents drop Mum here?

But I don't. Because from Dad's face I can see there's something we don't know. Something scary and dangerous. Something that makes Dad want to keep me and Bibi safely hidden away here. And I'm scared to ask.

Dad kisses me and Bibi on the head. 'There's breakfast in that bag,' he says, trying to sound cheery. But his voice is trembling. 'I won't be going far. The soccer stadium's just over there.'

The soccer stadium?

Dad is pointing out of the shop, past the tape trees. In the distance I can see the top of a curved mudbrick wall.

That must be it.

The soccer stadium.

The one place in the city I've always wanted to visit.

Dad suddenly drops his arm as if he hadn't meant to mention the soccer stadium.

'Bibi,' he says. 'Can you get the breakfast things out?'

Then he steers me out of the shop.

He hands me a folded piece of paper and a wad of money.



‘This is in case I’m not back here by late this afternoon,’ he says softly, glancing over his shoulder to make sure Bibi can’t hear. ‘Find a taxi, give the note and the money to the driver and he’ll take you both back to the village. But I will be here, I promise.’

I’ve never held so much money. I’m still staring at it when I realise Dad’s in the taxi and driving off.

I wave, but I don’t think he sees me. Then I stuff the money and note into my pocket and go back into the shop.

‘Let’s have breakfast,’ I say to Bibi. I don’t say anything about the money. I don’t want her to be worried. One of us is enough.

‘If Dad doesn’t come back,’ says Bibi, ‘we’re going to use that money to buy a tank and blow up whoever’s hurt him and Mum.’

Little sisters, they see everything.

I can see she’s struggling not to cry. While we eat I try and cheer her up with stories of some of the best goals I’ve seen. She’s not very interested, not even in the one where a West Ham striker slipped over and grabbed wildly at something to stop him falling and accidentally pulled down the Arsenal goalie’s shorts.

I’m not very interested either. All the while I’m talking, I’m not really thinking about golden goals. My mind’s somewhere else.

The soccer stadium.

Why is Dad picking Mum up there?

‘Jamal,’ complains Bibi. ‘Your yoghurt’s dripping on my leg.’

Suddenly it hits me. I know why Mum and Dad are going to the soccer stadium. They’ve got the same plan as me. They’re going to talk to a government soccer official about me and Bibi. They’re going to explain how our soccer skills will help Afghanistan have a national team one day. So the government won’t want to kill us anymore.

That happens in families, people having the same idea. Bibi and I both gave Mum blackboard dusters for her birthday last

year.

‘This is fantastic,’ I say out loud.

‘It’s only yoghurt,’ says Bibi.

I explain to her what Mum and Dad are doing. I can hardly get the words out, I’m so excited. Bibi is doubtful at first, until she realises she’s in the running for the national team too.

‘Fantastic,’ she says, eyes wide.

Another thought hits me. One that makes me jump up and spill the rest of the yoghurt.

If Mum and Dad are really going to convince that government soccer official, they need us there too.

People are milling around outside the soccer stadium. Hundreds of them. They seem pretty excited. But not as excited as me.

‘There must be a match,’ I say to Bibi. ‘The government must have given permission. This is great. The national team selectors could be here.’

Mum and Dad, you are so clever.

I smile as I imagine how delighted the national team selectors will be to meet us. Their job must be so boring, never selecting anybody.

Bibi looks doubtful. ‘I don’t think I’m ready for national selectors,’ she says. ‘I’ve only ever scored one goal outside my bedroom.’

‘You’ll be fine,’ I say. ‘It’s talent they’re looking for in a nine-year-old, not experience.’

I give her the ball to hold while I tuck a few strands of her hair back under her hat. It’s actually Dad’s hat, so it’s a bit big.

‘Remember you’re meant to be a boy,’ I tell her. ‘We won’t show them you’re a girl till after you’ve dazzled them with your ball skills.’

‘These pants of yours are really loose,’ grumbles Bibi. ‘I can hardly walk in them, let alone play soccer.’

There are quite a few taxis pulling up outside the stadium. We push through the crowd, looking for a red one with a green driver’s door and a photo of me and Bibi hanging from the mirror.

No luck. Mum and Dad don’t seem to be here yet.

‘We’ll never find them,’ says Bibi, pulling my pants up and squinting through the dust.

‘Keep looking,’ I say.

I explain to her that this stadium is nowhere near as big as the ones on TV, but it can still probably hold two thousand people. That’s at least two hundred taxi loads. There’ll be plenty more taxis arriving before the match starts.

‘What if they’ve parked the taxi?’ says Bibi. ‘What if they’re in the crowd?’

It’s a good point. We push through the throng, searching for two familiar bodies.

Still no luck.

Bibi cups her hands around her mouth. ‘Mum, Dad, where are you?’ she yells at the top of her voice.

I grab her and pull her through the crowd, away from the staring faces.

‘Bibi,’ I plead. ‘We don’t want to attract quite so much attention. Just the selectors, OK?’

I can’t believe it. Some people just don’t know how to behave when they’re on a government death list.

Then I see something amazing. The stadium gates are open. People are just walking in without tickets. There aren’t any ticket collectors. Either they haven’t arrived yet because they couldn’t get a taxi, or this is a free match.

‘Come on,’ I say to Bibi. ‘Let’s look for Mum and Dad inside.’

The stadium is almost full. It must be a big match. Maybe a famous club is on tour. Real Madrid or Juventas. Or even Manchester United. Sir Alex Ferguson could be in the dressing room right now, giving his players a stirring speech and checking their hamstrings.

‘Let’s go up to the high seats,’ I say to Bibi. ‘We’ll be able to spot Mum and Dad better from up there.’



We push our way up the crowded steps to the very back row of seats, right up the top, ten or twelve rows from the pitch. While Bibi peers around at the spectators, I lean back over the stadium wall and check out the people and taxis around the entrance.

Except there aren't many people left outside. And hardly any taxis.

Suddenly the whole stadium goes quiet.

For a panicked second I think it's because they've recognised me and Bibi as students from an illegal school. I put my arm round Bibi. But it's not that. An army truck has driven onto the pitch.

I'm shocked. Don't they realise that heavy vehicles can damage the playing surface? It's really hard to dribble through tyre ruts. I know, I've tried. If Sir Alex Ferguson sees them, he'll go mental.

The truck drives to the far end of the pitch, stops, and soldiers jump out. They open the back of the truck and drag out several women. Even at that distance I can tell they're women because they're covered with clothes from head to foot.

What's going on?

'Look,' whispers Bibi. 'Their hands are tied up.'

She's right.

The soldiers start chaining a couple of the women to the goal posts.

Suddenly I understand what's happening. It's a warning from the government. The women are pretending to be soccer players. The government is showing what will happen to women who play soccer.

I feel Bibi stiffen as she realises this too.

Part of me wants to run onto the pitch with Bibi and show the crowd her soccer skills so they'll see how stupid the government is.

But another part of me is starting to think this isn't such a good idea. The soldiers have got guns. Even though this is just pretend and the guns probably aren't loaded, they could still give you a nasty whack round the head.

I can tell Bibi feels the same. She's shaking.

'Jamal,' she whimpers.

I hug her closer.

Suddenly one of the women breaks away from the soldiers and runs towards our end of the pitch. All the spectators in the stadium start yelling at her. They yell angry, rude, nasty things. The people around me are getting really worked up. The noise makes my head hurt. I put my hands over Bibi's ears.

I can't take my eyes off the woman.

There's something about the way she's running.

No, it can't be.

No, don't let it be.

Lots of women have clothes like that. Lots of women run like that. The exact way Mum used to run when Bibi was a toddler and we had family walks in the desert and Bibi made a break for it.

'Mum,' whimpers Bibi. 'It's Mum.'

It is.

It's Mum.

Down there on the pitch. Hands tied. Running from soldiers. This isn't pretend. This is real.

I stare, numb with shock, trying to take it in, as two soldiers catch Mum at our end of the pitch and fling her to the ground. They point their rifles at the back of Mum's head.

The stadium goes silent.

'No,' screams Bibi.

I clamp my hand over her mouth. People glance at her, then turn back to the pitch.

'It's just a warning,' I plead into Bibi's ear. 'They're just warning Mum not to run away.'

But why? Why is Mum here?

Suddenly I realise. Last night. The government must have arrested Mum before they blew up our house. These women must all be illegal teachers, here to be punished.

Oh no.

Up the other end of the pitch the soldiers are making the other women kneel down. Pointing guns at the backs of their heads too. Taking aim.

I try to scream but all that comes out is a horrified sob.

They can't. The government can't do this. They can't kill people for being teachers.

'Mum,' whimpers Bibi.

'Stay here,' I say to her.

I stuff the soccer ball and Dad's money into her hands and fling myself down the stadium steps. I don't know how I'm going to do it, but I've got to stop them shooting Mum.

Other people are running down the steps too. One of them is Bibi, I can hear her sobbing behind me. For a moment I think the other people are going to help me. But they don't run onto the pitch, they run out of the stadium. They don't want to save Mum, they just don't want to see her shot.

It's just me and Bibi.

Then I hear shouting from the stadium entrance, and the screeching of tyres. A taxi is speeding into the stadium. It smashes through the low fence around the pitch.

People scream.

Smoke is pouring from the back windows of the taxi as it hurtles past Mum and the two soldiers.

It does a half-circle in front of the other soldiers at the far end of the pitch, spraying them with grit. Burning oil cans fly

towards them out of the driver's window. The soldiers dive for cover.

The taxi accelerates out of the smoke and speeds down the pitch towards Mum.

The two soldiers with Mum aim their guns at the taxi. Mum scrambles up and starts running again. The taxi goes into a broadside skid and slams into the two soldiers, sending them sprawling, their guns sliding away across the pitch.

The passenger door of the taxi flies open. Mum sees this, runs to the taxi and flings herself in.

People are shouting. The stadium is full of smoke. I can just make out the soldiers at the other end of the pitch stamping on the burning rags from the oil cans and aiming their guns towards the taxi. People are crawling under their seats.

Gunshots crackle. I'm so numb with shock I can't move. The taxi wheels spin. The taxi lurches forward. For a moment it looks like it's going to crash into the goalposts at this end. Then it veers away and hurtles across the pitch and out of the stadium.

I struggle to breathe.

Bibi is clutching me, struggling to speak.

'Jamal, it was ... it was ...'

It was.

It was Dad.



We're out of the crowds now and almost back at the shop. It's taken a while because you keep bumping into things when you're running and crying at the same time.

'Will they be OK?' sobs Bibi.

She's been asking me the whole way, but I don't blame her. I've been asking myself the same thing.

'They'll be fine,' I say to her. 'Dad rescued Mum. You saw him.'

I don't say anything about government roadblocks and helicopters with telescopic sights. I just glance at the sky and feel sick with worry.

We arrive back at the shop.

Mum and Dad aren't there.

Bibi howls. I hug her and hug myself at the same time. 'This is good,' I say to us both. 'If they got back first and found we weren't here, they'd be really worried.'

I wish it felt good.

'But why aren't they here?' wails Bibi.

'Dad probably wants to make sure he's not being followed,' I say, desperately hoping I'm right. 'He's probably whizzing down one-way streets the wrong way, you know, like he's told us city taxi drivers do.'

I decide to pack our bags to be ready for a quick getaway when Mum and Dad do arrive. I go into the shop, then remember I packed everything before we went to the stadium. Everything except my ball, which I pack into my rucksack now.

And Mum's candlestick, which we left with a candle burning in it. The candle is still burning. I'm not going to pack that. Not yet.

'Jamal.'

It's Bibi, screaming.

I rush outside. A vehicle is speeding off the road in a blur of red and green. It ploughs across the open land and stops in a whirl of dust between the tape trees and the shop.

Now I'm screaming too, we're both screaming their names as we run towards the taxi.

Mum and Dad get out.

We cling onto each other, all four of us, so hard it feels like my arms will snap. Then Dad pulls away. 'We've got to move fast,' he says, going to the boot of the taxi.

I'm not ready to move fast, but Mum pulls away too.

'I thought they were going to kill you,' sobs Bibi, clinging to Mum's dress.

'No', says Mum softly, stroking Bibi's head.

Then Mum stares at Bibi as she realises we were in the stadium. She looks at me. I nod. No point in hiding it.

'Were they going to kill you because you're a teacher?' says Bibi.

Mum looks away. She nods. Her face is pale and dazed. Suddenly I can see she thought they were going to kill her too, and that makes me cry again.

Mum turns and moves towards the shop. She stops. She stares at the candle burning in her candlestick. She turns back and puts her arms round me and Bibi again.

'Thank you,' she whispers.

'Mum,' says Bibi in a tiny voice. 'What will happen to those other women?'

Mum doesn't say anything for a long time. I look up and see the anguish on her face. My own chest hurts with the sadness of



it.

'We couldn't do anything,' I say softly to Bibi. 'We're just a family.'

Mum takes a deep breath. 'And we're going to stay a family,' she says, keeping her arms round us. 'No matter where we go.'

She's never held me so tight.

'Are we going on a trip?' asks Bibi.

Mum nods.

'Where?' asks Bibi.

'A long way away,' says Mum.

'Like a holiday?' asks Bibi.

Mum hesitates. Then she gives me and Bibi a brave smile.

'Sort of,' she says.

'When are we going?' asks Bibi.

'Very soon,' says Dad from over by the taxi.

I turn and see he's crouching by the driver's door with a can of paint. He's already painted half the green door red. He takes a lump of chewing gum out of his mouth and pushes it into a bullet hole and paints over it.

'Come on Bibi,' says Mum. 'Let's get the things in the car.' She goes into the shop. She's incredible. An hour ago she was nearly shot and now she's organising Bibi.

While Dad paints, I kneel next to him and catch the drips off the bottom of the door with my sleeve. The government will be on our trail soon and we don't want to leave tracks.

'Clever thinking, Jamal,' murmurs Dad.

That makes me feel good.

'Dad,' I say. 'What you did was so brave, driving into that stadium and rescuing Mum. But I wish you'd taken us. We could have helped you throw the smoke cans.'

Dad stops painting and stares at me. I remember he doesn't know I was in the stadium. I swallow. He puts a paint-spattered hand on my shoulder.

'Jamal,' he says quietly. 'You are a part of my heart and a part of my soul. I'm proud that you're my son.'

I put my arms round him so he can feel how I'm glowing inside.

'I'm proud that you're my dad,' I say.

We look at each other. And suddenly I know that if Dad can be a desert warrior in a soccer stadium, so can I.

Then I remember we have to move fast.

'Shall I scratch the boot?' I ask. 'And put some dents in the back doors? To disguise it more?'

Dad blinks. He gives a flicker of a smile and shakes his head.

'This'll be enough,' he says. 'It's just to get us to the other side of the city. Then I'm going to sell the taxi to get money for our trip.'

I look at Dad in amazement.

Sell the taxi?

That must be really sad for him. He's had that taxi for years. Longer than he's had me and Bibi. We must be fleeing to somewhere too far away to go in the taxi. Somewhere up some really steep hills. The taxi was never that good at hills.

While Dad finishes the painting, I catch the drips and keep an eye out for government trucks and try not to think about the other women in the stadium.

Mum sticks her head out of the shop.

'If you want to go to the toilet,' says Mum, 'go now.'

None of us do.

I'm too busy having thoughts about my new plan.

'If a person goes somewhere else and becomes a huge soccer star,' I say to Yusuf's grandfather in my imagination, 'and so does his sister, and they play regularly on TV, and then they come back to Afghanistan with their parents, do you think they'd be popular enough to help form a new government? A kind and fair government that wouldn't murder anyone?'



‘Yes,’ says Yusuf’s grandfather.

He’s pretty old and wise, Yusuf’s grandfather, even in my imagination, and he knows about these things.

‘OK,’ I say to him, ‘I’ll do it.’

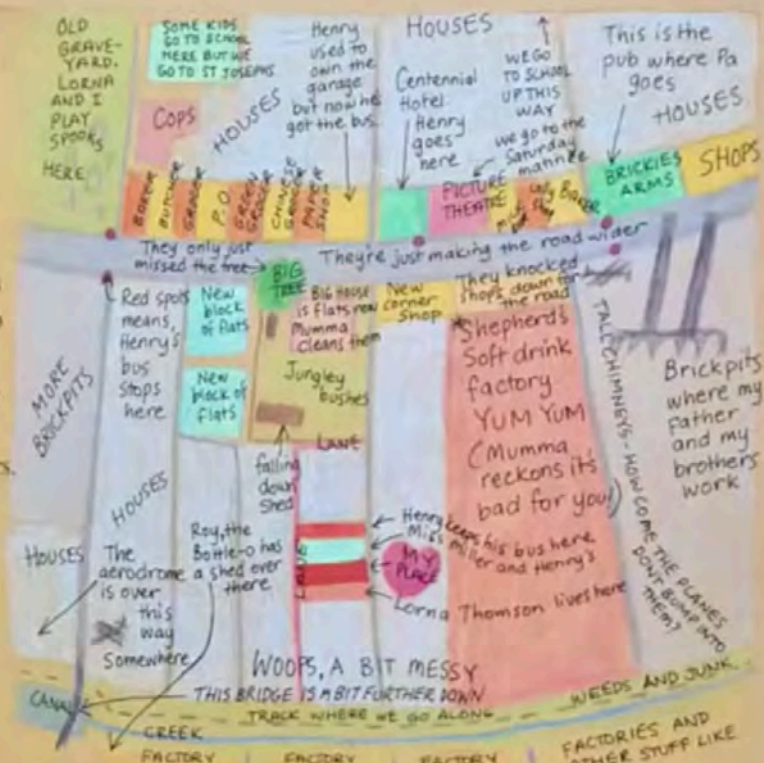


My name's Bridie and this is my place. I'm seven. I was born in Dublin, but Pa and Mumma left because there wasn't much work there. Now Pa reckons jobs are getting hard to find here too. The rest of my family is Paddy and Declan and Kathleen and now Colum. Mumma says he was a surprise. Pa and Paddy and Declan all work at the brickworks. Dec had to put his age up because he's only thirteen.

I don't have a pet, but Kath and I look after Col in the afternoon because Mumma cleans at the flats. We put him in the pram and bounce him along the creek track till he goes to sleep. I wish the creek was clean enough to swim in.



This is a map of my place. Last year they put in the poles, so now our lights are electric! It's really exciting living here because the aerodrome's just nearby, and sometimes aeroplanes fly over. I climb up the big tree and wave to the pilots. Mumma says we're lucky here because we've got good neighbours. Miss Miller lets Kath and me play her piano, and if we catch Henry's bus he won't let us pay. The Thomsons on the other side have got a wireless! Lorna Thomson's my best friend.



We had a party last Saint Patrick's Day. He's the Saint of Ireland, and we all wear green for him and sing and dance. Pa got a bit sad because he was missing home, so Mumma invited the Next Doors in to cheer him up.





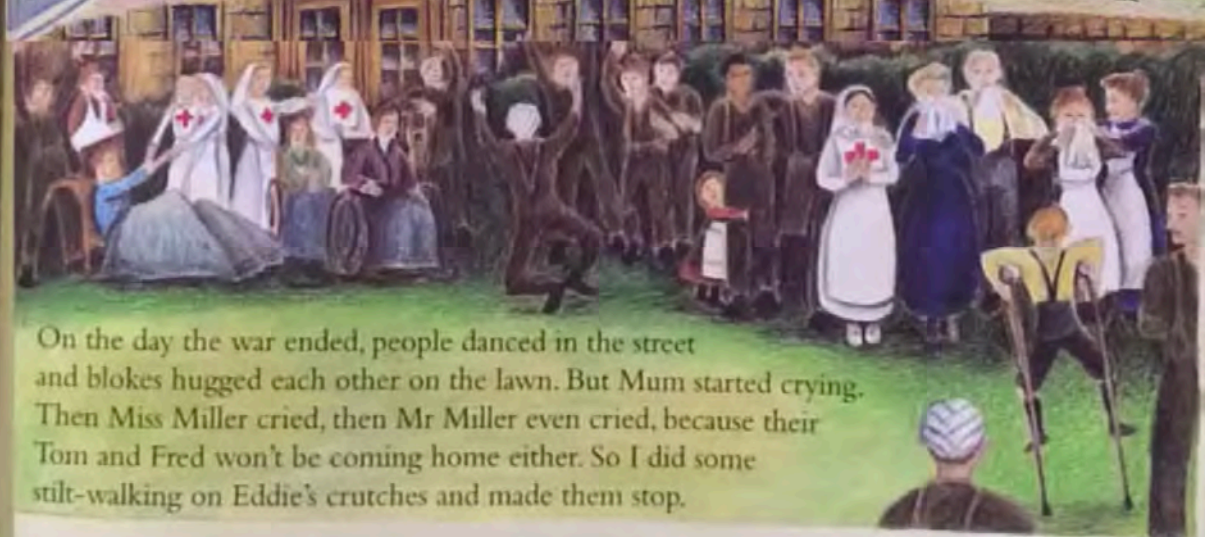
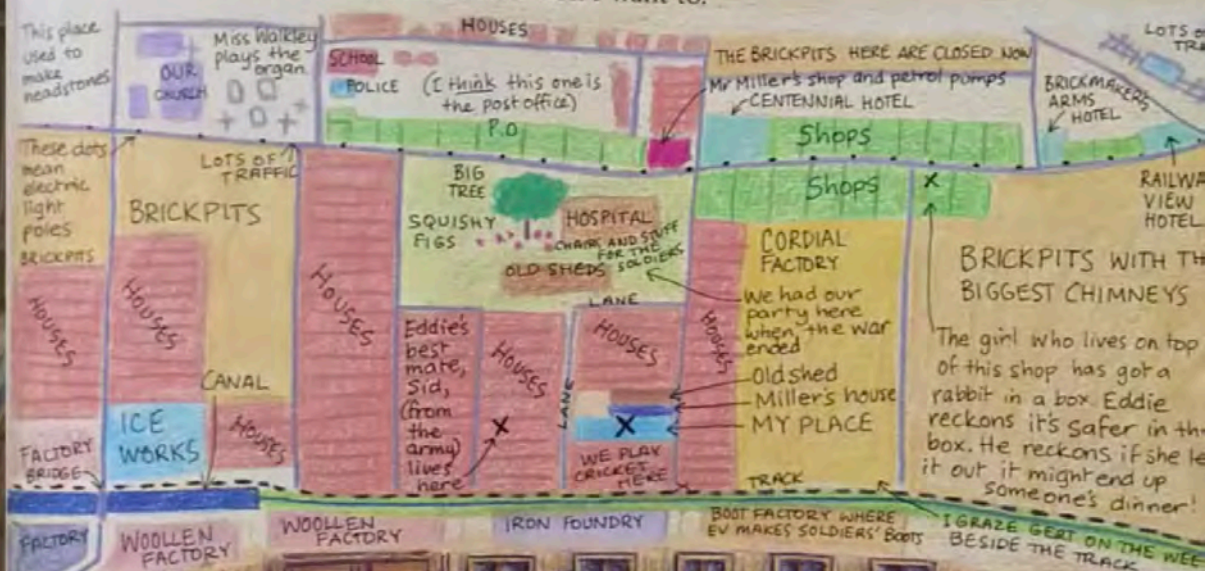
1918



This is my place. Mum calls me Bertie, but Eddie and all the blokes at the hospital call me Champ. I'm nine. My brother Eddie's only got one leg, but he's still great at cricket. He and the blokes sometimes let me play with them down by the creek. I live with Mum and Eddie and my sister Ev, and we let the front room to Miss Walkley, from church. Dad died at Gallipoli. Miss Walkley says that's something to be proud of, but I reckon it stinks. He was a great spin bowler.

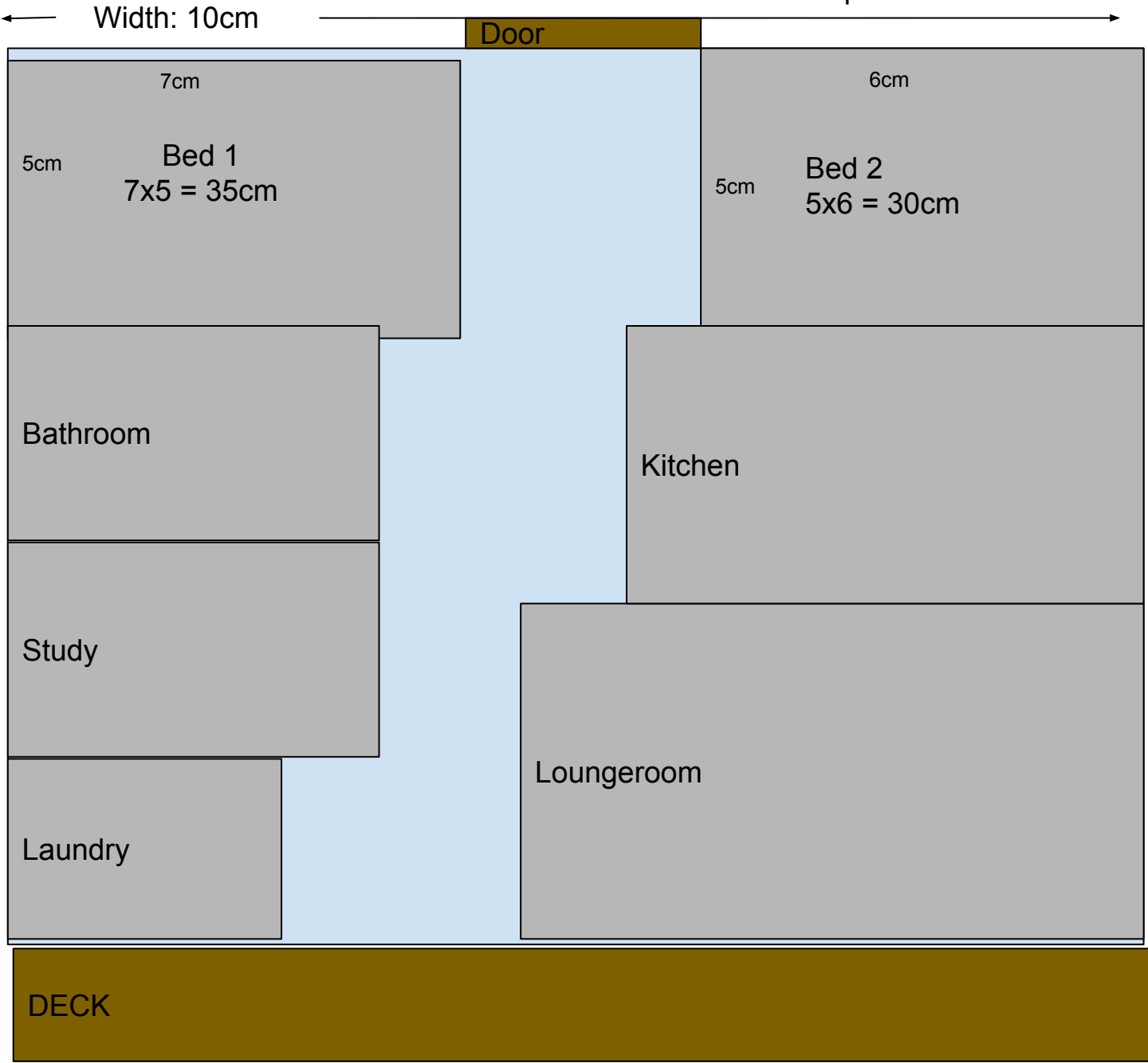
This is me and Gert. We got her to help the War Effort.

This is a map of my place. Mum works in the kitchen at the hospital, and when Ev comes home from the factory she puts on her VAD dress and goes over there too. I've got a treehouse in the big tree. Mum says we might have to move to the country because we can't afford to live here now, but I don't want to.



On the day the war ended, people danced in the street and blokes hugged each other on the lawn. But Mum started crying. Then Miss Miller cried, then Mr Miller even cried, because their Tom and Fred won't be coming home either. So I did some stilt-walking on Eddie's crutches and made them stop.

Total area: 10cm x 15cm = 150cm squared  
Example: each room will need to be completed





## Reasons for Transportation

### Why were convicts transported to Australia?

The jails in London in the 1700s were very crowded so a lot of convicts were sent to America. This stopped in 1775 when the American War of Independence broke out. The government had to find a new place to send the convicts.

Old navy ships called hulks were used as extra prisons. They were anchored along the banks of the River Thames in London, or at ports such as Portsmouth and Plymouth. Soon, these too became full.

Transportation removed the criminals from England. It was cheaper than looking after them for many years in jail, so the government decided to send the prisoners to Australia instead.

### Who were some of the convicts and what crimes did they commit?



Artist's interpretation of a convict ship of the First Fleet

Elizabeth Bedford

Maids, aged 70

Stole 12 pounds of Gloucester cheese worth 4 shillings

Sentenced to 7 years transportation

John Williams

Labourer, aged 15

Stole 1 wooden cask, 6 quarts of liquor, 2 silver teaspoons, 1 coat and some copper coins

Sentenced to be hanged, changed to 7 years transportation

Ann Sandlin

Needleworker, aged 30

Stole copper saucepan, teakettle and flat iron

Sentenced to 7 years transportation

James Freeman

Labourer, aged 16

Committed highway robbery

Sentenced to be hanged, changed to 7 years transportation



# “Mongolian Octopus—Its Grip On Australia”

*Bulletin* (Sydney, Australia)

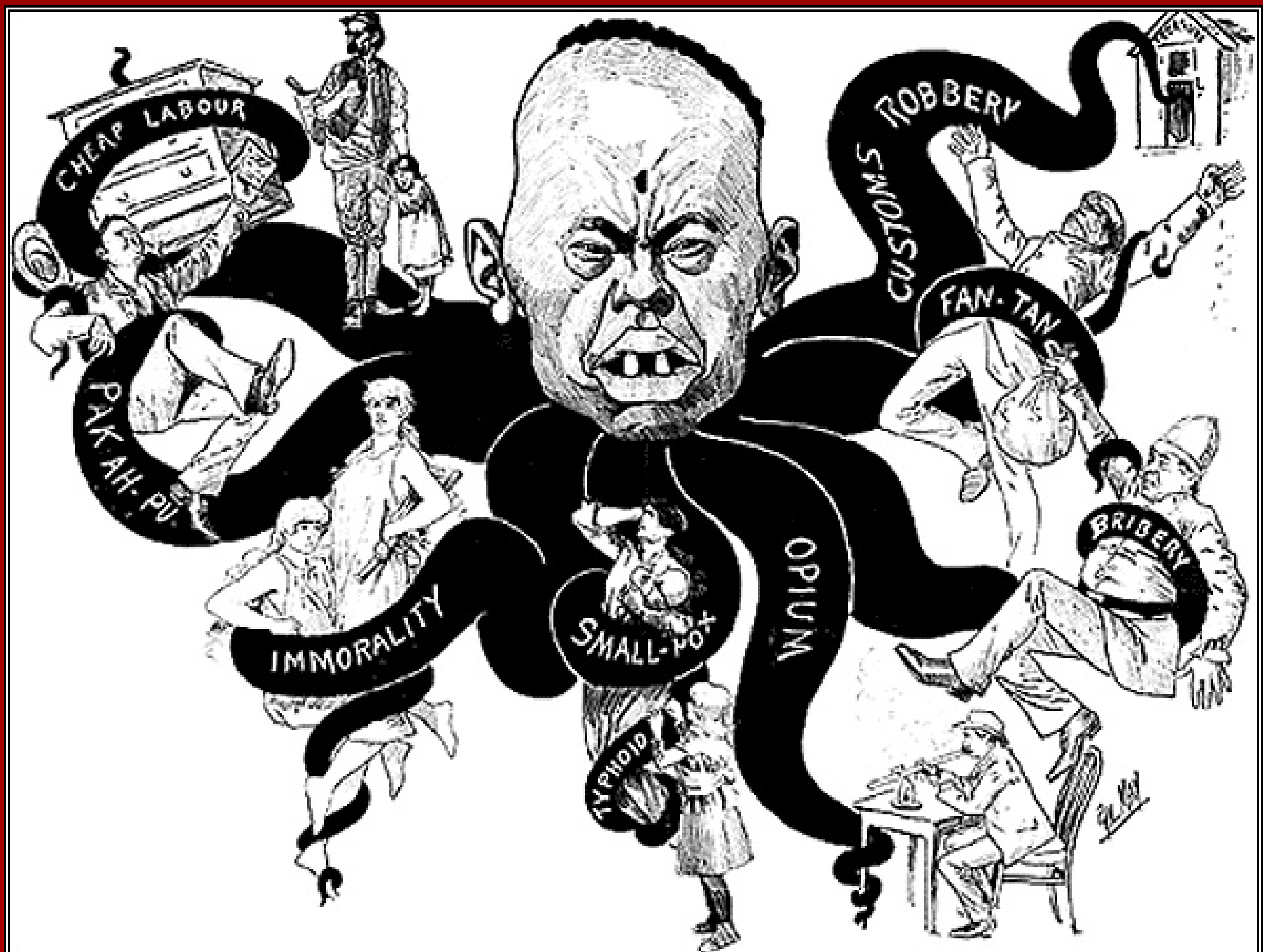
August 21, 1886

Ron Thornton

First-Year Seminar (COLA 100) Cartoon Project - Fall 2012

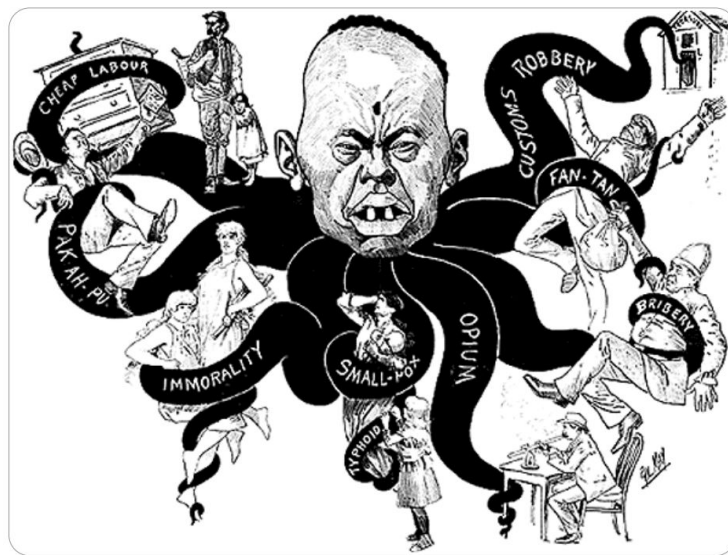
Published in the Sydney based *The Bulletin Magazine* on August 21, 1886, “The Mongolian Octopus – His Grip on Australia” cartoon was pointedly used as a form of propaganda against Mongolian & Chinese immigration. The cartoon illustrates an octopus with a human head and eight outstretched arms. On each of these arms is a different term, such as typhoid or immorality. These terms, along with the octopus itself, all portrayed racist views of Chinese and Mongolian immigrants.

The head of the octopus is the first striking detail. The narrow eyes, large forehead, and buck-teeth are all negative stereotypes of Chinese culture. The fact that the human head is attached to an octopus’ body is another racist comparison to the immigrants resembling animals. On the arms of the octopus are eight crimes that these immigrants were thought to bring into Australian society. These crimes were “Fan Tan” and “Pak-Ah-Pu,” which were gambling games, “Customs Robbery,” “Bribery,” “Cheap Labor,” “Immorality,” “Typhoid,” “Small Pox,” and “Opium.” Each of the crimes listed were various racial stereotypes, such as Chinese disease, cheap labor, and gambling addictions. Many of these crimes were extremely unfounded, and were only circulated due to increased greed during the Australian Gold Rush.



# Life in the Australian Colonies for early migrants from Asia and the Pacific Islands

1. Life in the Australian Colonies for the early migrants from Asia and the Pacific Islands was not always easy. Why do you think this was so?
2. View the image below. This was a cartoon published in the Bulletin, an Australian newspaper, in 1890.



3. How do you feel about the cartoon? What words would you use to describe it?
4. What do you think the cartoonist was trying to say?
5. Would a cartoon like this appear in today's newspapers? Explain your answer.

# Homophones

Homophones are words that are pronounced the same, but have different meanings. The words may be spelt the same, such as rose (flower) and rose (past tense of "rise"), or differently, such as where, wear and we're, or there, their, and they're. Homophones that are spelt the same are known as both homographs and homonyms. Homophones that are spelt differently are also called heterographs. Some more examples of homophones are:



## Library— Vasco Da Gama Biography



Vasco da Gama (1460 – 1524) was a Portuguese explorer. He led the first expedition that travelled from Europe to India by sailing around Africa.

### Where did Vasco da Gama grow up?

Vasco da Gama was born in a small coastal town in Portugal named Sines. His father was a knight and an explorer. He followed in his father's footsteps and soon commanded ships in the king's name.

### A Trade Route to India

Spices from India were very popular in Europe, however, the only way to travel from Europe to India was over land. This was a long and expensive trip. The King of Portugal figured if he could find a way to get to India by sailing on the ocean, he would become rich trading spices in Europe. An explorer by the name of Bartolomeu Dias had discovered the Cape of Good Hope at the tip of Africa. It was thought that there may be a way around the Cape and to the northeast towards India. However, many were sceptical and thought that the Indian Ocean did not connect with the Atlantic Ocean. Vasco da Gama was given a fleet of ships by the king and told to find a trade route around Africa to India. He was also told to find any other trading opportunities along the way.

### The First Voyage

Vasco da Gama left on his first voyage from Lisbon, Portugal on July 8, 1497. He had 170 men and 4 ships: the Sao Gabriel, Sao Rafael, the Berrio, and a fourth ship unnamed and used for storage. The expedition rounded the southern tip of Africa at the Cape of Good Hope on November 22. They then headed north up the coast of Africa. They stopped at trading ports along the way including Mombasa



and Malindi. At Malindi they gained a local navigator who knew the direction to India. With the help of a Monsoon wind they were able to cross the Indian Ocean and arrive in Calicut, India in less than a month. At Calicut, Vasco ran into issues when trying to trade. He had brought little of value in his ships. This made the local traders suspicious. Soon he had to leave. The voyage back was disastrous. Around half of his crew died from scurvy as the trip back took much longer. However, when he returned home, he was a hero. He had found the much needed trade route to India.

Later Voyages Vasco da Gama commanded two more fleets to India. The second voyage was more of a military expedition where he captured Arab ships and tried to show the might of the Portuguese navy. On the third voyage Vasco was to take over as Viceroy of Portuguese India. However, he died of malaria shortly after arriving.

### **Fun Facts about Vasco da Gama**

- Originally Vasco's father, Estevao, was going to be given the command of the exploration fleet, but the trip was delayed for many years. Eventually, the command was given to his son Vasco instead.
- There is a crater named Vasco da Gama on the Moon.
- His fleet on the second voyage consisted of 20 armed ships.
- He had six sons and one daughter. His second son became governor of Portuguese India.

### Library Week 4— Vasco De Gama

Read 'Vasco De Gama Biography' and answer the questions below about the explorer. You will be able to find the answers in the text.

a) What nationality was Vasco Da Gama? \_\_\_\_\_

b) What expedition did Vasco Da Gama lead? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

c) Who discovered the Cape of Good Hope around the tip of Africa?

\_\_\_\_\_

d) Why did the King of Portugal want to find a sailing route to India?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

e) How many ships did Vasco da Gama take on his first voyage? \_\_\_\_\_

f) Which of the following best describes the return trip of Vasco da Gama's first voyage?

- It took much longer and half of his men died from scurvy
- Monsoon winds made the trip back much faster
- Three of his ships sunk in a storm
- He was attacked by the Arab Navy and barely escaped
- He had to return by land

g) What was the main purpose of Vasco da Gama's second voyage?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

h) Many explorers set out on voyages to open world trade routes. That meant countries would have access to foods, materials and many other things they had never seen before. In your own words, why do you think these trade routes were so important?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



## Australia's Migrant Population

### Reading the tables

Look at the data from 1901. The total Australian population was 3 788 123 people. The number of Australians born overseas was 857 576. Most people were born in the United Kingdom (495 074 people). This is 57.7% of the total number of Australians born overseas (857 576 people).

A **census** is a count of a population. In Australia, a census is conducted around every five years. The census also records other details about the population, such as where people were born.

The following tables contain information gathered during Australian census counts in 1901, 1971 and 2011. They show the top ten countries of birth of Australian people who were born overseas. Look at the tables to investigate how these countries and population numbers have changed since 1901.

1901 Australian population (3 788 123)		
Birthplace	Number	%
1. United Kingdom	495 074	57.7
2. Ireland	184 085	21.5
3. Germany	38 352	4.5
4. China	29 907	3.5
5. New Zealand	25 788	3.0
6. Sweden & Norway	9 863	1.2
7. India	7 637	0.9
8. USA	7 448	0.9
9. Denmark	6 281	0.7
10. Italy	5 678	0.7
Other	47 463	5.5
Total number of Australians born overseas	857 576	100.0
Percentage of Australian population born overseas	22.6%	

1971 Australian population (12 755 638)		
Birthplace	Number	%
1. United Kingdom	1 046 356	40.6
2. Italy	289 476	11.2
3. Greece	160 200	6.2
4. Yugoslavia	129 816	5.0
5. Germany	110 811	4.3
6. Netherlands	99 295	3.8
7. New Zealand	80 466	3.1
8. Poland	59 700	2.3
9. Malta	53 681	2.1
10. Ireland	41 854	1.6
Other	507 663	19.7
Total number of Australians born overseas	2 579 318	100.0
Percentage of Australian population born overseas	20.2%	

2011 Australian population (21 507 719)		
Birthplace	Number	%
1. United Kingdom	1 045 024	19.8
2. New Zealand	483 396	9.1
3. China	318 969	6.0
4. India	295 363	5.6
5. Italy	185 401	3.5
6. Vietnam	185 039	3.5
7. Philippines	171 233	3.2
8. South Africa	145 683	2.8
9. Malaysia	116 196	2.2
10. Germany	108 000	2.0
Other	2 236 131	42.3
Total number of Australians born overseas	5 290 435	100.0
Percentage of Australian population born overseas	24.6%	

### Library Week 4– Australia's Migrant Population

1. Read 'Source Card 36– Australia's Migrant Population'

2. Complete 'Worksheet 72– Australia's Migrant Population'. Colour in the top 10 countries of birth for the year 2011. Add lines and labels to the countries to show their percentages.

3. Answer the following questions about the data on Source Card 36.

a) Look at the table from 1901. How many Asian countries are there?

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b) How many Asian countries in the table from 1971? List the countries.

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c) There are five Asian countries out of ten in the table for 2011. What do you think the table for 2041 might look like? Why do you think this?

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d) In all three tables, the largest numbers of people are from the United Kingdom. List some reasons why you think this might be the case.

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**Australia's Migrant Population**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Using the map below, colour-in the top 10 countries of birth for the year 2011. Add lines and labels to the countries to show their percentages.

