

“Let's start at the ver-y be-gin-ning”

The Alphabet Song

a b c d e f g

h i j k l m n o p

q r s t u v

w x y z

Now I know my abc's, next time
you can sing with me.

A B C D E F G














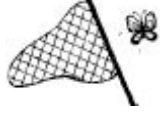
















H I J K L M N O P

Q R S T U V

W X Y Z

Now I know my ABC's, next time
you can sing with me.

Alphabet Letters And Sounds To Start Words

<p>a A</p>  <p>a for ant</p>	<p>b B</p>  <p>b for bat</p>	<p>c C</p>  <p>c for cat</p>	<p>d D</p>  <p>d for dog</p>	<p>e E</p>  <p>e for egg</p>	<p>f F</p>  <p>f for fan</p>
<p>g G</p>  <p>g for gate</p>	<p>h H</p>  <p>h for hat</p>	<p>i I</p>  <p>i for ink</p>	<p>j J</p>  <p>j for jug</p>	<p>k K</p>  <p>k for kite</p>	<p>l L</p>  <p>l for leg</p>
<p>m M</p>  <p>m for man</p>	<p>n N</p>  <p>n for net</p>	<p>o O</p>  <p>o for ox</p>	<p>p P</p>  <p>p for pig</p>	<p>q Q</p>  <p>q for queen</p> <p>qu Qu</p>	<p>r R</p>  <p>r for rat</p>
<p>s S</p>  <p>s for sun</p>	<p>t T</p>  <p>t for tap</p>	<p>u U</p>  <p>u for umbrella</p>	<p>v V</p>  <p>v for van</p>	<p>w W</p>  <p>w for wig</p>	<p>x X</p>  <p>x for <u>ox</u></p>
<p>y Y</p>  <p>Y for yo-yo</p>	<p>z Z</p>  <p>z for zip</p>	<p>th Th</p>  <p>th for <u>thumb</u></p>	<p>ch Ch</p>  <p>ch for <u>chin</u></p>	<p>sh Sh</p>  <p>sh for <u>ship</u></p>	<p>wh Wh</p>  <p>wh for <u>whale</u></p>

"Let's start at the ver-y be-gin-ning"

Capital Letters

Cap-i-tal let-ters are the big let-ters

A B C D E F G - H I J K L M N O P -
Q R S - T U V - W X Y - Z

They are used for people's first and last names

Ben Sam Meg Bill Yula Jill
Superman Mr Clark Kent

They are used for important places, things and events

Australia England Christmas
Parliament House May Day
London Marathon Uluru I
The Opera House New Year

They are also used for;

Days of the week, months of the year, street names, schools, books, restaurants, TV shows, anything important, **but not seasons.**

The Tuck Shop Kid

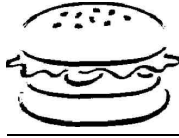
By Pat Flynn

PAT FLYNN grew up running around an old dairy farm in Queensland, before moving to the Australian Institute of Sport in Canberra on a tennis scholarship. After playing and coaching on the professional circuit he became a teacher, where his observations of young people-their interests and stories-led him to writing a book.

Now he writes books for a living, in a house near the beach on the Sunshine Coast. He likes to start the day off with a surf and end it walking along the beach with his wife and son.

His novel, *To the Light*, was shortlisted for the 2006 CBCA Awards in the Younger Readers category.

Chapter 1



HOT FOOD

Meat Pie	\$2.40
Potato Pie	\$2.40
Mathematical Pie	\$3.16
Hot Dog	\$1.70
Cheese Dog	\$1.90
Homework-Eating Dog	\$2.00
Hamburger with Salad	\$2.80
Hamburger without Salad	\$2.60
Cheeseburger	\$3.00
Cheeseburger without Cheese	\$2.80
Chicken Nuggets	\$0.40
Gold Nuggets (served in pan)	\$40.00
Hot Chips	\$1.50
Warmish Chips	\$1.25
Chip off the Old Block	\$1.00

Some kids star at sport, some are young Einsteins, some are born bullies and a couple make careers as class clowns. Some girls are pretty, some boys are tough, some can do backflips and some make you laugh. Some are poets and they know it. 'Every child has a special talent,' Mrs O'Neill, our school principal, always says, 'even if some of you don't know what it is yet.'

I'm lucky, I reckon, 'cause I know what I'm good at. It mightn't make me prime minister or an Olympic athlete or win me a prize on speech night, but at the beginning of lunch it's me that kids want to talk to. It's me they come to for advice.

Andy Reynolds jogs up as I enter the covered area. Around us kids **run** and scream, letting off some lunchtime steam. 'One ninety,' he says.

'Summin hot?' I say.

'Course.'

'Drink?'

'If possible.'

I don't even have to think, let alone look at a menu. The answer pops from my mouth like bubblegum. 'Two party pies and a plain milk. But if you ask nice you can get two squeezes of chocolate topping for nix. Shake it up and you got your very own milkshake.'

Andy squints, trying to remember what I'm saying.

'And I'd go to Jan 'cause Mrs Dwyer is mad at the world lately,' I add.

'Thanks, Matt. You're a legend!' He runs off.

'I know.'

Yep, I mightn't be the smartest, fastest or best looking, but I've got a special talent all right. It's called 'tuckshop'.

Trouble with giving other kids advice is that I don't have time to plan my own lunch, which is what I need to do right now. I'm leaning towards a meat pie (with sauce, of course) washed down by a slush puppy followed by a rainbow Billabong for dessert, but I'm not sure. Perhaps a cheeseburger, passiona and jelly cup? It's a tough decision. Tough but good.

There's no rush, because it's a good five minutes of waiting. Some kids, as soon as the teacher lets them out, run like the wind to make it to the front of the tuckshop line. When you've got a gut like mine, however, it's much easier to make wind than run like it. And to tell you the truth, I don't mind the waiting. The sense of anticipation, the smell of fried food, the smell of girls (let's face it, this is as close as I'm likely to get for a while) - it's all part of the tuckshop experience. Besides, what else am I gonna do during lunch break? Play 'chase the fat kid'? Not much fun when I'm the fat kid. After tuckshop I usually play handball, and 'cause I'm hopeless at handball I spend most of the game standing in line. I'd rather be in a line that smells like food than a line that smells like sweat.

Kayla slots in behind me, and butterflies zip around my tummy like pinballs. My tummy can fit a lot of butterflies so I'm full-on packing it. Kayla and I have this

love/hate relationship. I love her and she hates me. No, that's not true. She's pretty nice to me sometimes. Though normally there's a reason.

She pokes me in the back. If anyone else did it I'd be annoyed, but from Kayla it feels like a massage. I turn around.

'What are you looking at, fatzilla?' says Tasha, the girl behind Kayla.

'Your ugly face,' I say. Tasha and I have a hate/hate relationship.

'You don't need tuckshop. You've got ten rolls under your shirt.' Tasha loves to have the last insult.

But so do I. 'At least I don't scare little kids just by looking at them.'

'Stop it, you two,' says Kayla. She looks at Tasha. 'I want to talk to my friend Matt for a second, okay?'

Tasha pokes her tongue at me.

Kayla puts an arm on my shoulder. I wish she'd take it off because I can't concentrate on what she's saying, and I know the only way to impress her is to give good advice.

'I haven't eaten all day,' she says. 'I'm *starving*'.

I know technically that's not true, but I don't disagree. 'How much you got?'

'See, that's the thing.' She paints on a smile that lights up her face and my insides. 'I really, really, *really* want a hamburger, but I've only got two dollars.'

'You can get a sausage roll and fifty cents worth of

lollies,' I suggest.

She rolls her eyes.

'Three chicken nuggets and a Sunnyboy?'

She looks at me with puppy-dog eyes and gives my shoulder a squeeze. 'C'mon, Matt. Please? I'll be your best friend. Forever.'

One of the golden rules of the tuckshop line is never give in to scabs. Once you become known as a soft touch they'll come back again and again, like pigeons. I've had boys begging on their hands and knees, girls turning on fake tears like fountains, and not weakened.

Then Kayla came along. There are good scabs, there are pros, and there's Kayla. She uses touch, eye-contact, voice expression, promises - if scabbing was a subject, she'd get an A+ for sure.

As I give her 80 cents, our hands come together, if only for a second.

'I love you!' she says.

Even though I know she doesn't, hearing it makes me feel all warm inside, like hot chips.

I Feel Good

By James Brown

1. Whoa-oo-oo! I feel good, I knew that I would, now
2. I feel good, I knew that I would, now
3. So good, so good, I got you.
4. Whoa! I feel nice, like sugar and spice
5. I feel nice, like sugar and spice
6. So nice, so nice, I got you
7. When I hold you in my arms
8. I know that I can't do no wrong
9. And when I hold you in my arms
10. My love won't do you no harm
11. And I feel nice, like sugar and spice
12. I feel nice, like sugar and spice
13. So nice, so nice, I got you
14. When I hold you in my arms
15. I know that I can't do no wrong

16. And when I hold you in my arms
17. My love can't do me no harm
18. And I feel nice, like sugar and spice
19. I feel nice, like sugar and spice
20. So nice, so nice, I got you
21. Whoa! I feel good, I knew that I would, now
22. I feel good, I knew that I would
23. So good, so good, I got you
24. So good, so good, I got you
25. So good, so good, I got you
26. HEY!!

JAMES BROWN

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"Let's start at the ver-y be-gin-ning"

Find-ing Read-ing, Writ-ing and Spell-ing
Diff-i-cult
Why?

Some people have a brain processing difference. It can affect receiving, processing and expressing words when you **talk, read, spell** and **write**. It can even impact on some areas of **math**.

Having a brain that thinks differently is not related to how smart you are. You are most likely **Super Smart**, **Super Creative** and a **Super Thinker**, but don't feel like it because school is based mainly on using words, reading, spelling and writing.

There are 6 areas to understand



1. Seeing
2. Hearing
3. Hearing and saying the sounds of letters and words
4. Being organised
5. Remembering things
6. How fast you can do things

“Let’s start at the ver-y be-gin-ning”

Lucas Haynes



Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials A-1 to A-7 students should be able to...

- A-1** – Attempt to say the alphabet clearly and accurately
- A-2** – Pick any row or column of the table and say it like this “ah ah – ah for ant”
- A-3** – Discuss what capital letters are used for?
- A-4** – Talk about this chapter of The Tuckshop Kid?
- A-5** – Read or recite 3-4 lines of this song?
- A-6** – Discuss 3 ways that brains can find learning difficult at school
- A-7** – Discuss two things they learnt from Lucas Haynes?

This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist... These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student’s answers can be spoken, written or read.

😊 Smile – “You Did A Great Job” 😊

"I can do this"

The Alphabet Sound Song - First Verse

Sounds, sounds in eve-ry word I read.
Can you teach them to me at dou-ble
light-ning speed?

a says "aah"

b says "buh"

c says "cuh" and also says "sss"

c-h says "ch"

d says "duh"

e says "eeh"

and **f** says "fffff"

"I can do this"

Sounding Out Words To Read

ant	a - n - t	bat	b - a - t
cat	c - a - t	dog	d - o - g
egg	e - gg	fan	f - a - n
gate^e	g - a - te	hat	h - a - t
ink	i - n - k	jug	j - u - g
kit^e	k - i - te	leg	l - e - g
man	m - a - n	net	n - e - t
ox	o - x	pig	p - i - g
queen	qu - ee - n	rat	r - a - t
sun	s - u - n	tap	t - a - p
umbrella	u - m - b - r - e - ll - a		
van	v - a - n	wig	w - i - g
ox	o - x	yo-yo	y - o - y - o
zip	z - i - p		
thumb^b	th - u - m - b		
chin	ch - i - n		
ship	sh - i - p		
whale^e	wh - a - le		

"I can do this"

Capital Letters

A B C D E F G -
H I J K L M N O
P - Q R S T U V -
W X Y Z

30 Days has September
April, June and
November.

All the rest have 31,
except February, which
has 28 days and 29 each
leap year.

Chapter Two



DRINKS

Flavoured Milk	\$1.80
Plain Milk	\$0.90
Low Fat Milk	\$0.90
Plain Fat Milk	100 Kilos
Poppers - apple, orange, tropical	\$1.20
Nannas - blue hair, purple hair, no hair	\$1.20
Soft Drinks- cola, lemon, orange	\$1.30
Hard Drinks - iceberg, cement, algebra	\$1.50
Sportswater	\$2.00
Lazywater	\$1.00
Slush Puppy	\$2.00
Shoe-Eating Puppy	\$2.00

Pat Flynn

Except for a few minutes at the start of lunch, I don't have many friends. I used to be best mates with Craig Withers until a new kid started calling him water buffalo. I told Craig to either ignore it or beat the hell out of the new kid, but for some reason it got to Withers - who's the second fattest kid in the school, behind yours truly. After that, Withers didn't want to be my mate anymore. In fact, he started teasing me more than anyone. And his new best friend? The new kid. When you're like me you learn something pretty quick. Life doesn't sense too much make.

But there is someone who's always nice to me: Jan the tuckshop lady. 'Well, if it isn't my young friend Matthew?' she says when I finally make it to the counter. 'What would you like today?'

Sometimes the other tuckshop lady, Mrs Dwyer, gives me a look as if to say, 'What are *you* doing here? I like Jan heaps more than Mrs Dwyer, so I nearly always go in her line, even if it's longer.

'Hi, Jan.' I'm 80 cents poorer so a new lunch strategy must be quickly planned, but I thrive under pressure. 'Can I please have a cheese dog with sauce, barbeque chips and a plain milk?' I lean forward. And do you reckon I could have a couple of hits of chocolate topping in the milk?

She smiles. 'Of course you could, darl, except there's no chocolate left. I just used up the last bit' She gives me a wink. 'I think someone's been spreading our little secret'

THE TUCKSHOP KID

I look across the covered area to see Andy Reynolds shaking his milk up and down like a madman, spilling half of it.

Jan puts her mouth near my ear. 'How about I give you a chocolate one for the same price?'

Like I said, you gotta love Jan. Sometimes I have this dream that she's my mum, and in the dream we go on a picnic and there's a blanketful of beautiful food laid out on soft grass. And then Kayla comes up with melted chocolate over her fingers and puts them in my mouth and ... I think I've said too much already.

I take lunch to the handball courts. I'd prefer to sit at a table, but eating on my own would make me look like more of a loser than I already am, so I eat standing in the handball line. The cheese dog is superb. The roll is fresh but slightly toasted, so each bite has a soft crunch. The melted cheese melts in my mouth (as it should), and the dog is hot and tasty, especially with heaps of sauce over it. About ten blokes ask for a bite but I say no. I'm not getting scabbed on again this lunchtime.

With the chips and chocolate milk in my pockets, I get in then out of the dunce square in handball, which suits me fine because I want to finish my food. The chips disappear first, barbeque being tasty but causing a real thirst. It's impossible to drink while you eat at school, as it's a sure way to spill, drop or have something nicked. Rather than struggle with the crumbs, I give the chip packet away and open my milk. It's cold. It's chocolatey.

THE TUCKSHOP KID

It's good.

Andy comes over. 'Why didn't you use the milkshake trick?'

'Someone used up all the chocolate.'

'Yeah, sure. You just wanna win a free one.'

'What do you mean?'

He points to the side of the milk carton. It says that one out of every ten chocolate milks is a winner. *Look inside when it's empty*, it says. I remind myself to do it.

I get into the game again and take an air-swing. Kids laugh and so do I.

Then someone yells from the stairs above: 'Good shot, pork chop!'

Kids laugh again, but I don't. On the stairs are Withers and the new kid.

'Watch out for the hippo behind you,' says Withers. 'Oh, that's right, it's your bum.'

He and the new kid high-five.

I imagine myself chasing and catching them, then sitting on their heads and breaking wind. But I'd be flat out catching a Year 1-er.

'Come here and say that,' I tempt them.

'I'd rather not get any closer to your man boobs,' says Withers.

'You've got a lot of guts, Withers.' I grab my stomach. 'A *lot* of guts.'

This makes everyone laugh but I don't feel too flash. In Year 2, when I was first teased about being fat, I'd get

Pat Flynn

real upset and find a teacher. They'd always say, 'Sticks and stones will break your bones but words will never hurt you.' What I want to say to teachers is this: you get called 'moo-cow' every day for a year and see how you feel. And because I know how it feels I'd rather not do it to Withers, except for one thing: he started it (which is something else teachers never seem to understand).

The bell rings and I finish my chocolate milk, and written on the bottom of the carton is a word which sums up how I never feel: 'WINNER!'

I walk quickly to the tuckshop and show Jan, who gives me a smile and a free drink. 'Put it in your bag for later,' she says.

'Okay.'

But when I get around the corner I skol it. It's just gonna go off in my bag, or get pinched, I reckon. And since that little confrontation with Withers I feel like a bit of a pick-me-up. But for some reason, this choccy milk doesn't taste as sweet as the first one. In fact, as I line up for class, I start to feel slightly sick in the stomach.

Friday On My Mind

By George Young & Harry Vanda

1. Monday morning feels so bad,
2. Everybody seems to nag me
3. Comin' Tuesday I feel better,
4. Even my old man looks good,
5. Wednesday just don't go,
6. Thursday goes too slow,
7. I've got Friday on my mind.

Chorus

8. Gonna have fun in the city,
9. Be with my girl she's so pretty
10. She looks fine tonight
11. She is out of sight to me,
12. Tonight.....I spend my bread
13. Tonight.....I lose my head,
14. Tonight.....I got to get tonight.
15. Monday I have Friday on my mind.

16. Do the five days drag once more,
17. Know of nothing else that bugs me

18. More than working for the rich man,
19. Hey, I'll change that scene one day,
20. Tonight I might be mad,
21. Tomorrow I'll be glad,
22. I've got Friday on my mind.

Chorus

23. Gonna have fun in the city,
24. Be with my girl she's so pretty
25. She looks fine tonight
26. She is out of sight to me,
27. Tonight.....I spend my bread
28. Tonight.....I lose my head,
29. Tonight.....I got to get tonight.
30. Monday I have Friday on my mind.

JOHANNES HENDERIKUS JACOB VANDENBERG/GEORGE REDBURN YOUNG
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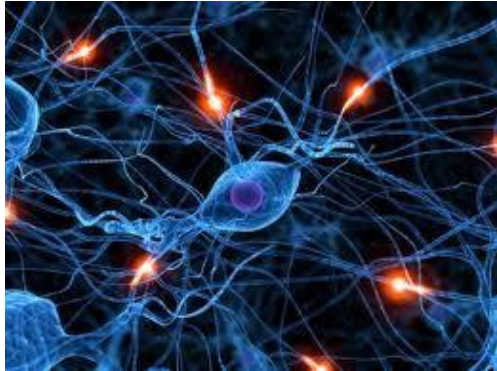
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"I can do this"

Strengths



Nerve pathways in your brain are different and these paths can make you more creative, imaginative and strategic, big picture thinkers.

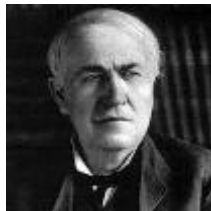


You can have amazing ideas. Can you imagine making the world a better place?

Many people who find school difficult do very well when they leave school and do what they are good at.



Richard Branson



Thomas Edison



Agatha Christie



Ingvar Kamrad



Orlando Bloom



Kiera Knightley



Steve Jobs



John Chambers

"I can do this"

Andrew Grant - Part One



Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials A-8 to A-14 students should be able to...

A-8 - Attempt to say or read the first verse of the Alphabet Sound Song?

A-9 - Pick any 6 words on this page and sound them out to read them

A-10 - Attempt to say this verse about the months?

A-11 - Talk about this chapter of The Tuckshop Kid?

A-12 - Read or recite the chorus of this song?

A-13 - Name 3 people who became successful even though they didn't do well at school?

A-14 - How did Andrew Grant feel when he was at school? What does he say about mind powers?

This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist.... These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student's answers can be spoken, written or read.

😊 Smile - "Way To Go - That Is A Great Effort" 😊

“Go-ing to school will give me a job, but
if I ed-u-cate my-self the sky’s the lim-it ”

The Alphabet Sound Song - Second Verse

Sounds, sounds in eve-ry word I spell.
I will get to know them so I can do
it well.

g says “guh”

g can say “juh”

h says “huh”

i says “ih”

j says “juh”

k says “cuh”

and **c-k** says “cuh”

“Go-ing to school will give me a job, but if I ed-u-cate my-self the sky’s the lim-it”



Syll-a-bles



Words have a beat and a rhy-thm. By say-ing a word out-loud we get a big clue how to spell it.

Learn-ing to spell is a-bout hav-ing a go.

car-pet	hap-pen	din-ner	rob-ber
pup-pet	tem-per	tar-get	far-mer
per-son	com-et	hon-ey	jo-ker
pi-lot	la-zy	pas-ta	or-bit
li-quad	tun-nel	un-it	sal-ad

Use syll-a-bles to help you to re-mem-ber how to spell words

Jan-u-ar-y	Feb-ru-ar-y	March
A-pril	May	June
Ju-ly	Au-gust	Sep-tem-ber
Oc-to-ber	No-vem-ber	De-cem-ber
Mon-day	Tues-day	Wed-nes-day
Thurs-day	Fri-day	Sat-ur-day
Sun-day		

“Go-ing to school will give me a job, but if I ed-u-cate my-self the sky’s the lim-it”

Capital Letters

Cap-i-tal let-ters start a sen-tence. At the end of the sen-tence you need to put a full-stop.

Days of the week need cap-i-tals.

○n **M**on-day I went to the **C**ity **Z**oo.

○n **T**ues-day I said, “Achoo!”

○n **W**ed-nes-day I got the flu.

○n **T**hurs-day I felt very blue.

○n **F**ri-day I ate some stew.

○n **S**at-ur-day I felt brand new.

○n **S**un-day I was hap-py when I saw you.

Mon-day, Tues-day,
Wed-nes-day,
Thurs-day, Fri-day,
Sat-ur-day, Sun-day

Chapter 3



FROZEN ITEMS

Fruit Juice Sticks	\$0.50
Fruit Juice Stones	\$0.50
Fruit Juice Bones	\$0.50
Fruit Juice Words (will never hurt me)	\$0.00
Sunny Boys	\$0.70
Sunny Girls	\$0.70
Cloudy Boys	\$0.60
Cloudy Girls	\$0.60
Icy Poles	\$0.70
Icy Russians	\$0.70
Icy U	\$0.70
Uc Me	\$0.70
BiJUjahong - chocolate, rainbow, swagman	\$1.00
Frozen Yoghurt	\$1.30
Frozen Yoyo	(price goes up and down)

Pat Flynn

Mr Simpson stands at the front of class. He's tanned, muscly and fit.

This isn't good, I think. Our normal teacher, Mrs Spencer, is nowhere to be seen. Mr Simpson teaches Physical Education and we're supposed to have it on Thursday morning. I know this for a fact, because every Wednesday night I get Mum to write a note excusing me from PE.

'This week there's been a swap,' he says. 'As you know the cross-country race is coming up so we'll use this afternoon to get in some extra training.'

One boy actually says, Yes!

A girl puts up her hand. 'I don't have my running shoes'

Me *either*, I think.

'That's okay, you can run in bare feet'

'Cool,' she says.

Not cool.

As I walk to the oval I have two thoughts:

1. *I don't have a note.*
2. *Why did I have that second chocolate milk?*

I decide to try and talk sense into Mr Simpson. Surely he doesn't expect me to run? I jog to catch up with him - even his walk is fast. 'Excuse me, sir.'

Yes, Matthew?"

'I'm feeling sick, sir. I don't think I can run.'

'Do you have a note?'

'No, but -'

THE TUCKSHOP KID

'If you don't have a note then you'll have to participate.'
He looks at my stomach. 'Exercise is good for you,
Matthew. Very good.'

This is bad, I think. Very bad.

'One lap to warm up,' Mr Simpson yells when we get to
the oval.

As usual, I'm the last one back. And I'm a lot more than
warm. I'm stuffed.

Kids are already stretching and Mr Simpson tells me to
touch my toes.

'He can't even see his toes,' says Withers.

Lots of kids laugh and even Mr Simpson doesn't hide a
smile.

That's mean, sir,' Kayla says. You should tell Craig off
for saying that'

She gives me a little smile and I feel a little better,
though the chocolate milk swishes around my stomach
even faster.

'Everyone must run at least three laps,' orders Mr
Simpson. 'Only then can you walk if you have to. Serious
athletes should continue running until I blow the whistle.'

Kids line up like it's a race and Mr Simpson says 'Go'.

I run as slowly as I possibly can, but even so the two
chocolate milks and cheese dog and chips all call up to me
and say, 'This is a bad, bad idea.' It doesn't take long
before I'm lapped, and some follow the lead of the new kid
and slap me between the shoulder blades as they run
past.

Pat Flynn

After the first lap I start walking! then Mr Simpson roars, 'Run, Matthew, or you'll do it tomorrow at lunchtime!'

I run. Halfway through the second lap I feel like I'm gonna barf, I try and take my mind off running and barfing and think of Kayla. Right then she jogs past and says, 'Keep going, Matt. You can do it!'

I start feeling better, and even run a bit faster. Then I hear Withers' voice from behind. 'Move over, boys. We're passing a wide load.'

Suddenly I start seeing spots, and then I see nothing at all. Nothing except blackness.

When I wake up, Mum is holding my hand. She looks stressed. This isn't unusual as Mum often looks stressed.

'Are you okay?' she asks.

'I don't know.'

'Do you have amnesia?'

'I can't remember.'

The school office lady comes in with an ice pack. She uses her happy voice. 'Feeling better are we? You just had a little faint, that's all. It's quite hot today.'

She puts the ice pack on my forehead. It's freezing.

A little faint? Like a nightmare things start coming back. 'Mr Simpson made me run,' I say to Mum.

'I'm sure it was just one of those things,' says the

THE TUCKSHOP KID

office lady. Though you probably should visit a doctor just to check that everything's all right.'

Mum gives the office lady a death stare. She uses her quiet, angry voice. 'I *will* do that. And if the doctor tells me that I've been called out of a VERY important business meeting because of a teacher's incompetence, you can be assured I will be back to make a formal complaint'

Go Mum!

I hop in the Beamer and realise that all the energy from fainting has made me peckish. 'Could we drive by Maccas?' I ask. 'I feel like a burger and fries.'

Mum gives me a death stare. I wish I hadn't asked.

'Do you know what it's like getting a phone call saying your child has collapsed?' she says.

Well, I don't have a child so... no.

Mum answers her own question. Grown-ups do that a lot. 'It's scary, Matthew. Besides, I don't have time. I'm flat out at work at the moment.'

As if confirming what she said, Mum's car phone rings. It's Lincoln, her boss. His deep voice booms through the speakers. 'How's the boy?'

'He's okay,' Mum says.

'Good. Look, Lorraine, we're going to have to move quickly on the Steckworth account...'

They start talking business and I start thinking of something else. Well, someone else. Even though it has been a bad day, Kayla said heaps of nice things to me,

THE TUCKSHOP KID

although it's probably because I gave her 80 cents. Then again, maybe she likes me? Maybe she has a thing for big-boned blokes and I could be her very own teddy boy? Or maybe she doesn't care about looks, only about what I'm like on the inside. Which is sensitive, funny, smart... Well, smart at tuckshop.

We pull up outside the doctor's surgery. Mum tells Lincoln she'll be back in an hour and checks her hair in the rear-view mirror. She smooths it over, covering the small bald spot she's got from pulling her hair out -strand by strand - when she's really stressed. She doesn't think I notice this, but I do.

As I walk into the waiting room, I see a girl who looks a bit like Kayla and I smile at her, hoping for one in return. If Kayla likes me, maybe this girl will too?

She scrunches up her nose and turns away.

Who am I kidding? I think. No one likes the fat kid.

Singing In The Rain

Lyrics by Arthur Freed Music by Nacio Herb Brown

1. I'm, singing in the rain
2. Just singin' in the rain
3. What a glorious feeling
4. I'm happy again
5. I'm laughing at clouds
6. So dark up above
7. The sun's in my heart
8. And I'm ready for love
9. Let the stormy clouds chase
10. Everyone from the place
11. Come on with the rain
12. I've a smile on my face
13. I walk down the lane
14. With a happy refrain
15. Just singin'
16. Singin' in the rain
17. I'm happy again
18. I'm dancin' and singin' in the rain...

NACIO HERB BROWN/ARTHUR FREED
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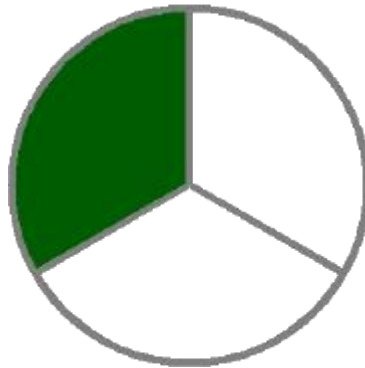
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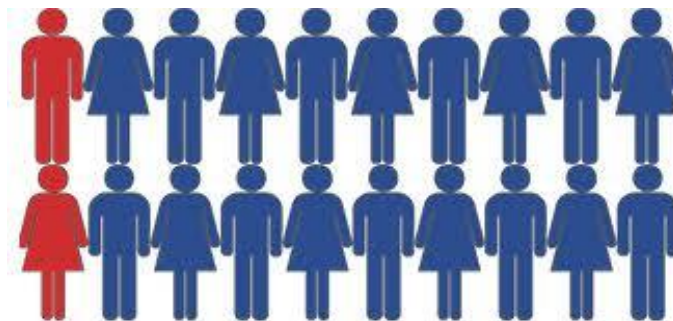
“Go-ing to school will give me a job, but if I ed-u-cate my-self the sky’s the lim-it”

Are There Other People Like Me?

- Everybody has strengths and weaknesses.
- Nobody is perfect.
- Some people are good at school because they can read, write and spell well, remember information and recall facts for tests and exams.



About a third of people will begin school and struggle with their schoolwork. Some find it really hard because schools expect you to be a good reader, writer and speller and not everybody is, even though they are smart.



You are the way you are because you were born this way **OR** maybe you have had an accident or illness and this changed the way your brain works. About 2-3 people in every class will find learning to read really hard. Struggling at school doesn't mean you can't be successful in life.

“Go-ing to school will give me a job, but if I ed-u-cate my-self the sky’s the lim-it”

Andrew Grant – Part Two



Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials A-15 to A-21 students should be able to...

A-15 – Attempt to say or read the second verse of the Alphabet Sound Song?

A-16 – Pick any 6 words in the top box and any 6 words in the bottom box - read them and tap the syllables (or students can repeat after the teacher)

A-17 – Repeat after the teacher – “Capital letters start a sentence and full stops finish a sentence” Now say it 3 times
- Say and tap the syllables in the days of the week

A-18 – Talk about this chapter of The Tuckshop Kid?

A-19 – Can you read or recite 4 lines of this song?

A-20 – Ask the student to answer ‘True or False’ to the facts on the sheet. Just read and make the answers all True.

A-21 – What did Andrew Grant study at university. What does he do now? What was his message to others who find school difficult?

This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist.... These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student’s answers can be spoken, written or read.

😊 Smile – “You Are A Champion... Good on you” 😊

"I will al-ways try my best. It would be a very qui-et world if no birds sang ex-cept the ones that sang the best."

The Alphabet Sound Song - Third Verse

Sounds, sounds in eve-ry word I write.

I don't want to fight to have to get it right.

l says "lllll"

m can say "mmm"

n says "nnn"

k-n says "nnn"

o says "o"

p says "puh"

and **p-h** says "ffff"

"I will al-ways try my best. It would be a ver-y qui-et world if no birds sang ex-cept the ones that sang the best."

Vowels a e i o u

Syll-a-bles - Sneak-y



The Other Vowel 'Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y'

There is a let-ter in the al-pha-bet that wish-es it was a vow-el.

Cheeky 'Y' pre-tends it's a vowel.

Rules to re-mem-ber Eve-ry syll-a-ble must have a vowel **AND** words can't end in an 'i'.


Some exceptions include; 'ski, taxi, Fiji, rabbi, bikini, corgi, calamari, octopi, broccoli, and chilli'


<u>by</u>	<u>my</u>	<u>try</u>
<u>hap-py</u>	<u>cry</u>	<u>cry-ing</u>
<u>car-ry</u>	<u>why</u>	<u>dad-dy</u>
<u>cy-clone</u>	<u>sky</u>	<u>ang-ry</u>
<u>shy</u>	<u>mud-dy</u>	<u>cyl-in-der</u>
<u>crys-tal</u>	<u>rhyth-m</u>	<u>sys-tem</u>
<u>type</u>	<u>an-y</u>	<u>bus-y</u>
<u>eve-ry</u>	<u>nec-es-sar-y</u>	
<u>fin-al-ly</u>	<u>love-ly</u>	<u>prop-er-ly</u>


When you see a 'y' in a word try a 'y' and a 'yuh' sound, then try 'i', an 'ee' and a 'ih' sound.

"I will al-ways try my best. It would be a very qui-et world if no birds sang ex-cept the ones that sang the best."

Full-Stops

When you see a full-stop clap your hands. 

This lit-tle dot loves his fans. 

So eve-ry-time you see one clap your hands. 


I have a hat. 

My hat is red. 

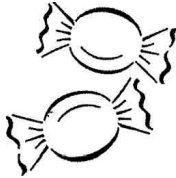
I have a red hat on my head. 

My red hat is old. 

My red hat is bold. 

My old bold red hat stops me
get-ting cold. 

Chapter 4



LOLLIES

Jellybeans	\$0.70
Jellypeas (green only)	\$0.70
Jellybelly	\$0.70
Redskin	\$0.60
Blistered Skin	\$0.60
Peeling Skin (served in bite-sized chunks)	\$0.60
Mixed Lollies	\$0.50
Anti-social Lollies	\$0.50
Lollipop	\$0.40
Lollipop	\$0.40
Oh Lolly, Lollipop	\$0.40
Frogs - red, green, bull	\$0.30

THE TUCKSHOP KID

'Doctor Morrison will see you now,' the receptionist says in a hushed tone.

Mum and I walk into a small room packed with medical stuff. On a shelf is a jar with a blue eye inside, floating. I take a gulp. My eyes are blue.

The doctor shakes my hand. 'How are you, Matthew?'

Great! I think. *That's why I'm seeing a doctor.*

'He collapsed during PE,' Mum says.

'Mmm. What were you doing?' the doctor asks me.

'Running,' says Mum. 'Fancy making kids run in this heat?'

'Mmm. How far did you run, Matthew?'

Mum doesn't know the answer to that question.

'Umm. About two laps,' I say.

'Were you sprinting?'

Even though I don't remember it too well, I know the answer.

'No.' I never sprint

'Well, let's have a look at you, shall we?'

Why do adults say 'we' when they really mean 'me'? Or in Doctor Morrison's case, him and his cold, metal equipment. After I take off my shirt and shoes he listens to my heartbeat, hits me on the knee with a drumstick (I wish it was fried chicken), takes a prick of my blood, and then full-on tortures me - making me stand on a weighing machine.

After the tests I get dressed. Doctor Morrison looks at Mum, then at me. 'I don't like to say this, but you're not a well boy, Matthew.'

Pat Flynn

Mum looks stressed.

The doctor continues: 'I'll have to do some urine tests...'

I try not to giggle. He said 'urine'.

"... but I think you may have type 2 diabetes. I don't want to scare you, but it's a disease with serious complications - including possible blindness and limb amputation.'

He mightn't *like* to scare me but he's good at it. I blink and touch my arm.

Mum looks even more stressed. 'What sort of treatment will he need? Insulin injections? Tablets?'

'Perhaps. But first Matthew needs to lose weight, become more active, and eat healthy, balanced meals'

What? My idea of a balanced meal is a pie in one hand and a coke in the other.

Mum's quiet for a moment. This usually means her can-do, business brain is ticking away. 'I have a client who had his stomach stapled. He lost 40 kilos in six months -'

'Impossible,' says the doctor. 'Matthew's far too young.'

For once I agree with the doc.

Mum has another thought. 'I could order Slim Fit meals. They deliver healthy, ready-to-eat dinners for \$200 a week.'

'Again, not really appropriate for a boy Matthew's age.'

No, definitely not Healthy always means yucky.

Pat Flynn

'It's just that, well, I'm very busy with work, Doctor. I don't have time to cook. Actually, I can't cook. I know Matthew's big for his age but he's a good kid. Never gives me any trouble. I bring home dinner at night, give him money for lunch. He doesn't eat that much, he's just naturally large.'

The doctor turns to me. 'What did you have for dinner last night, Matthew?'

I remember it well. 'Pizza. Meatlovers with barbeque sauce.' The thought of it makes me hungry. 'Can we have it again tonight, Mum?'

She doesn't answer.

'And for lunch today?' asks the doctor.

A cheese dog, barbeque chips and a chocolate milk. Well, two chocolate milks -1 won a free one.' I smile at Mum but she doesn't smile back.

Instead, she takes out her mobile. 'Lincoln? Yeah, it's me. I won't be back at work today. My son needs some attention.'

I don't like the sound of this. Not at all. You see, Mum and I have an understanding. She lives to work, I live to have fun. As long as I get tuckshop money, a top-of-the-line TV/DVD entertainment system and my own computer, I don't bother her. I don't make her feel guilty for getting home so wound up from trying to please rich, fussy clients that the last thing she needs to deal with is a kid. I leave her alone and she pretty much leaves me alone, but it looks like that's all about to change. I think

THE TUCKSHOP KID

I've just become her latest client.

We're there for ages. The doc writes out all the food I'm allowed to eat, and how much, and even gives Mum a cooking lesson. He talks about exercise - suggesting walking and playing games rather than cross-country running. Then he asks to speak to me on my own. I'm having a hard time concentrating because on his desk is a jar of jellybeans. I really feel like one. Preferably red, but I'd take any colour, even black.

'You know, people eat for a lot of different reasons,' the doc says. 'Sometimes because they don't feel so good about themselves. Why do you think you like to eat?'

I think for a second. 'Because it tastes good.'

He smiles. 'I want you to try something for me, okay?'

I don't nod. I want to see what it is first. Then again, nodding might help me get a jellybean.

'I want you to like the Matthew you are right now, while at the same time looking forward to the new, healthy Matthew you're going to become. Understand?'

I don't, but I nod anyway. I'm still thinking about the jellybeans. Maybe I'll get a handful?

He shakes my hand. 'Your Mum's right, Matthew, you're a good kid. I'll see you in a week, okay?'

Damn! No jellybeans.

When You're Smiling

By Larry Shay, Mark Fisher, and Joe Goodwin

1. Oh, When you're smiling
2. When you're smiling
3. The whole world smiles with you baby
4. Yes, when you're laughing
5. When you're laughing
6. Yes, the sun comes shining through
7. But, when you're cryin
8. You bring on the rain
9. So stop your sighin' baby
10. And be happy again
11. Yes and keep on smiling
12. Keep on smiling baby
13. And the whole world smiles with you

MARK FISHER/JOE GOODWIN/LARRY SHAY
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"I will al-ways try my best. It would be a very quiet world if no birds sang ex-cept the ones that sang the best."

Gillian Lynne - Her Story

From a lit-tle girl who could-n't sit still in class to a fam-ous dan-cer and chor-e-og-raph-er.



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“I will al-ways try my best. It would be a very qui-et world if no birds sang ex-cept the ones that sang the best.””

Darren Obah – Part One



Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials A-22 to A-28 students should be able to...

- A-22** – Attempt to say or read the third verse of the Alphabet Sound Song?
- A-23** – Tell you why ‘Y’ is sneaky. Then repeat after the teacher 5 times
- “Every syllable must have a vowel and it can be a ‘Y’”
 - “Words can’t end in an ‘i’ – You can use ‘y’ instead”
- A-24** – Read this page with claps or students can repeat after the teacher
- A-25** – Talk about this chapter of The Tuckshop Kid?
- A-26** – Can you read or recite 3 or 4 lines of this song?
- A-27** – Why was Gillian Lynne’s future at risk? What did she become famous for?
- A-28** – Discuss Darren Obah’s life as a child? Why did he find learning difficult?

This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist... These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student’s answers can be spoken, written or read.



Smile – “Well done- You Are A Great Learner”

