“The difference between successful people and unsuccessful people is those who are successful never gave up”

Com-mon Words

About 1 In Every 4 Words We Use (25%)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>his</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>her</td>
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“The difference between successful people and unsuccessful people is those who are successful never gave up”

**Com-mas**

When you see a com-ma click your fin-gers.

This lit-tle stroke wants you to lin-ger. *(wait a while)*

So when you see a com-ma click your fin-gers.

Sam saw the ol-der boy kick-ing the dog. With grow-ing anger, Sam grabbed the boy, sur-pris-ing him.

“Don’t do that!” Sam screamed. The large boy squin- ted, siz-ing Sam up and then be-gan to at-tack him, throw-ing pun-ches, slaps and kicks. Sam dodged and ducked the sav-age blows, but he was scared. Hearts thump-ing, the two boys glared at each oth-er fierce-ly. Sam called out for help and with-in sec-onds peo-ple be-gan to run to his aid. The cow-ard-ly boy growled in an-ger, but then fled on a near-by bi-cy-cle. Sam went straight to the dog’s aid, car-ry-ing it to his Mum’s car where it could re-cov-er, un-til he could find a new home for it.
# Chapter 6

## Cakes

- **Fruit Cake**: $1.00
- **Insane Cake**: $1.00
- **Muffins Choc Chip (large)**: $1.80
- **Muffins Choc Chip (small)**: $1.00
- **Muffins Micro Chip (very, very small)**: $1,000.00
- **Lamington**: $0.90
- **Sheepington**: $0.90
- **Mud Cake**: $1.30
- **Mud Pie (ingredients fresh from school creek)**: $1.30
- **Poppy seed (a lot of things in the old days ...)**: 50 years ago
- **Apricot Tart**: $1.10
- **Custard Tart**: $1.10
- **Busted Heart**: $1.00

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Pat Flynn

Mrs O'Neill is shorter than many of the students. She speaks soft and slow, leaving the yelling to our deputy, Mr Brown. His thunderous voice can scare the pants off kids (or scare something wet into their pants). So you might think that a talk with Mrs O'Neill in her air-conditioned office isn't so bad.

You'd be wrong.

'Sit down, Matthew!'

She leans back and holds her chin in three fingers, not saying anything for a long time, and looks at me. Just looks. Though not at my flabby arms or my messy hair or even the one freckle on my nose, but at my eyes. Right into my eyes. And for some reason I find it impossible to look away. It's like her stare is a bright light and I'm a kangaroo about to get bowled over, or shot. I realise she's giving me the infamous 'O'Neill look', the one that Andy Reynolds reckons can make the toughest boy cry. I haven't cried in months so I'm quietly confident I can stave off tears, but know I'm in deep doo-doo.

'Tell me what happened,' she says, finally.

Now a lot of things have happened to me lately. I've fainted, been to the doctor, eaten a sandwich without butter. But I suppose I know what she's talking about.

'I was playing handball,' I say slowly, 'with some of the boys. There were other boys watching. Someone served me the ball. I think it was Andy Reynolds or Joe Haase. Or it could've been David Garrett, I dunno ...'
THE TUCKSHOP KID

Why aren't I fainting? Stupid, good-for-nothing diabetes.
'Anyway, I hit this really hard shot and it came off the side of my hand ...'

Side of my hand? Where'd you pull that one from? ...
... and it accidentally hit Craig Withers in the eye. Accidentally.'

She doesn't say anything, just gives me another 'O'Neill look'. I start feeling like I would if one of my pets died, although I don't own any pets.

Eventually, she speaks. I'm disappointed in you, Matthew. Very, very, very disappointed.'

Please. Whatever happens, don't cry!
'I would've thought you'd be able to tell me the truth.'

More silence, another 'O'Neill look', and tears start to show up like unwanted relatives.

'Now, tell me again. What happened?'
'I threw the ball at Craig,' I blubber.

I reckon I've reached a new low, turning into a wuss in less than five minutes. I'm worse than Withers.

'Why?' she asks.

'Because. Just... because.'

'Did he say something to you?'

I don't answer.

Last year I made a decision to stop telling teachers when I got teased. It's not like it never helped - sometimes it did. The comments would stop for a while, and the worst kids would act all nice to me in front of the teachers, trying to suck up. But I realised there's only so much teachers can
do. I don't want kids to act nice to me because they have to. I don't want to be no charity case. And I don't want Kayla to think I'm a bloke who can't handle his own problems.

"Craig said you were mad at him because he doesn't want to be your friend anymore,' Mrs O'Neill says. 'Is that true?'

No! I think. But I don't say anything.

She sighs, like I said, I'm disappointed. Just because you're bigger than other kids doesn't mean you can hurt them. Violence is not acceptable in our school. Do you understand?'

I nod.

She continues: 'I should suspend you, you know that. But because you've never done anything like this before I'm going to let you off with a week of detentions.'

Thanks, Mrs O'Neill.'

I can't believe I've just thanked someone for giving me detention. I get up to leave.

'And Matthew.'

I turn around.

'Next time tell the truth. If you don't, you're only lying to yourself.'

That afternoon I open the front door to my house and get a huge scare. Mum's home.
'What are you doing here?' I ask.
She kisses me on the forehead. 'Just wanted to spend some quality time with my son.'

After a day like today, the last thing I feel like is quality time with my mother. I'd rather veg out in front of the tube.

'How was school?' she asks.

I start getting suspicious. Perhaps Mrs O'Neill called her at work?

'It was ... okay. How was work?'

She bites her lip. 'Okay!' 'Good.'

There's a pause.

'I baked you a cake for afternoon tea,' she says. 'A fruit cake. It's supposed to be both healthy and delicious.'

I have a small bite. It'd better be healthy because it's certainly not delicious. In fact, I reckon it's the worst thing I've tasted that hasn't been able to run away after I've bitten it. 'Mum, this is shockin'.'

She gives a little smile. 'I know.'

We walk to the park and chuck the Frisbee around. I don't think we've done this since the X-Box was invented. One slips through Mum's fingers and hits her right in the noggin. Falcon. It doesn't hurt her, though, 'cause she's got a hard head. I go for a between-the-legs grab and catch one in the groin. It kills.

Apart from minor injuries, the afternoon is a lot more

Pat Flynn
fun than I thought it would be - although I hope no kids from school see me playing Frisbee with my mum. Afterwards, we take the cake out of the car and feed it to the birds. Well, bird. There's only one around. It takes a peck, squawks, and flies off like it's running late to migrate.

Mum and I look at each other, and laugh like we've never laughed before.
Children Of The Revolution
By Marc Bolan

1. Yeah
2. Well you can bump and grind
3. It is good for your mind
4. Well you can twist and shout let it all hang out
5. But you won't fool the children of the revolution
6. No you won't fool the children of the revolution, no no no
7. Well you can tear a plane in the falling rain
8. I drive a Rolls Royce ‘cos it's good for my voice
9. But you won't fool the children of the revolution
10. No you won't fool the children of the revolution, no no no – yeah!
11. But you won't fool the children of the revolution
12. No you won't fool the children of the revolution
13. No you won't fool the children of the revolution
14. No you won't fool the children of the revolution
15. No way, yeah
16. Wow!
“The difference between successful people and unsuccessful people is those who are successful never gave up”

Understanding Why People Give You A Hard Time

People who stir, upset and bully others are everywhere. Even adults can be bullies.

These are the people who are not happy or lack confidence. They have their own problems.

- **Bully Boys** tend to be more physical.
- **Bully Girls** use words and can be more mean and spiteful.

Bullies do not feel powerful and to make themselves feel powerful they will pick on others who they think are weaker than them.

1. Avoid the bully and stick with a buddy
2. Act brave, walk away and ignore them
3. Get a friend or older brother or sister to help you
4. Tell an adult – talk about it
5. Remember they are weak – so feel strong
“The difference between successful people and unsuccessful people is those who are successful never gave up”

Timothy Hart

### Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials C-1 to C-7 students should be able to…

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C-1</th>
<th>Sound out short ‘i’ and read the words on the print out.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C-2</td>
<td>Attempt to read all the words on this sheet. Students may try to write them too. Teachers can display this table for future reference.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C-3</td>
<td>Listen to the teacher read this story and follow along with the words clicking fingers when a comma is used.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C-4</td>
<td>Talk about these chapters of The Tuckshop Kid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C-5</td>
<td>Discuss what a revolution is? Does this song make sense? Why do you think the children can’t be fooled?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C-6</td>
<td>Discuss why some people bully others? Give two strategies to deal with a bullying?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C-7</td>
<td>How old was Timothy when he found out he had dyslexia? Did he go to university? What does he do now? What was his message to others?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 starting to attack words really well”😊
“I will find some-thing I am ver-y good at and stick with it – I can cre-ate my fu-ture”

More on Si-lent ‘E’ On The End

En-glish Words Can’t End In ‘v’ or ‘u’

- glue
- give
- blue
- have
- clue
- ac-tive
- in-tu-i-tive
- cre-a-tive
- live
- sieve
- ar-gue
- cue
- val-ue
- res-cue
- queue

‘e’ Making Sure That Every Syll-able Has A Vowel

- lit-tle
- bee-tle
- cas-tle
- ket-tle
- can-dle
- pick-le
- peo-ple
- peb-ble
- rum-ble
- ax-le
- a-ble
- ta-ble
“I will find some-thing I am ver-y good at and stick with it – I can cre-ate my fu-ture”

Why Do I Need Commas?

Com-mas show us how to read ex-act-ly what the wri-ter in-tend-ed.
A lit-tle pause can change ev-ery-thing.

Who ate my huge hot dog?

Who ate my huge, hot dog?

Af-ter we left Dad, Mum, Sal-ly and I had our pho-to tak-en.

Af-ter we left, Dad, Mum, Sal-ly and I had our pho-to tak-en.

I am go-ing to eat up, ev-ery-bod-y.

I am go-ing to eat up ev-ery-bod-y.
No push-ing Jill.

No Push-ing, Jill.

An-dy teas-ed the girl with the ted-dy.

An-dy teas-ed the girl, with the ted-dy.

That child said the teach-er is fun-ny.

That child, said the teach-er, is fun-ny.

What is this hon-ey?

What is this, hon-ey?
Chapter Seven

HOW TO ORDER

PAPER BAGS MUST BE USED (not plastic) and marked with your NAME, YEAR LEVEL and HOW MUCH MONEY is enclosed. A separate bag for DRINKS is preferred, marked in the same fashion as the lunch bag. Any CHANGE will be TAPED to the OUTSIDE OF THE BAG. CAPITALS ARE USED FOR IMPORTANT INFORMATION BECAUSE SEVEN OUT OF TEN PEOPLE ONLY READ IMPORTANT INFORMATION. Here is a test to see if you are one of those people:

YOU ARE A GREAT big, crazy PERSON and I LOVE messin' with YOU!
THE TUCKSHOP KID

Detention means that I have to order my lunch, as I don’t have time to line up for tuckshop and make it to the detention room before 1 pm. I hate ordering, because it means I have to decide in the morning, and no one really knows what they feel like for lunch until lunchtime. It’s like trying to guess the future.

As I’m writing on the bag, Marcus Wright comes over. Marcus is like some world champion tennis player for his age, and all the girls love him because he’s going to be rich and famous for hitting a fluffy, yellow ball over a net. (Big deal.) He’s also a nice bloke, but why wouldn’t you be if you’re going to be rich and famous and all the girls love you?

'Hey, Matt,' he says.

'Hey, Marcus.'

'I was wondering if you could do me a favour?'

I tend to lose concentration when popular kids talk to me. My brain seems to have a mind of its own. What can I do for you? I think. Teach you how to hit a tennis ball into your opponent’s eye?

Marcus says, 'Kayla told me ...'

Stay away from her, you underhanded player! The score between you two will never be love!

'... that you always win free chocolate milks. She said you’re gifted or something. My dietician says I need a double dose of calcium before my three-hour training session after school, so if I give you money would you be able to order me a carton for lunch?'
The request catches me by surprise. Because it has led to some bad experiences, I wasn't planning on buying a chocolate milk today.

'Sure' I say. 'But I can't promise it'll win.'

'Kayla says it will.'

I shrug.

At lunch I pick up my bagful of food - a cheese and salad sandwich, a small tub of fruit salad and a chocolate milk. The chocolate milk is the only half-decent thing in there, and it occurs to me that I really want it. I've got twenty minutes of looking up words in the dictionary and copying down their meanings to look forward to, so something sweet to drink would go down a treat. But before I get a chance to skol and tell Marcus I forgot, he shows up.

Thanks, Matt'

He rips the carton open and drinks it in two tilts of the head, and although I can do it in one it's still an impressive performance. He peers into the container and gets mad. 'Matt! I thought you always won!'

'I didn't promise anything.'

He steps in front of me and I get ready to defend myself in case he tries a forehand volley to the gut or a backhand smash to the kidney. Instead, he shows me the carton, and I'm confused because it says 'WINNER!'

Marcus smiles. 'I was just pulling ya leg, mate. You aced it! You're in the zone!'

_In the zone? Cool._
THE TUCKSHOP KID

I look at my watch. I may be in the zone but I'm supposed to be in detention.

'Fallacious', 'antilogous' and 'subreptitious' all mean 'illogical'. In other words, something doesn't add up, it's bogus, there's like no possible way, man. After four days of detentions I know such words. I also know that winning free chocolate milks five lunchtimes in a row is fallacious, antilogous and subreptitious, but that's what has happened. When it comes to winning chocolate milks, I'm still in the zone.

After he won, Marcus told Jasmine - the second prettiest girl in our school (behind Kayla) - and she had me win a free one for her and her best friend, Nina. When I got out of detention, Jasmine and Nina were waiting and they both gave me a hug. (I was actually scared to squeeze in case I snapped them in half. They're about size 2.)

Then Eric, the toughest kid in our grade, heard about it, and you don't say no to Eric. When he won, he said I could have one favour, kind of like the Tim Tarn genie. Except Eric is more of a mafia genie. I thought about having him beat up Withers and the new kid, but instead I asked him to punch me in the gut if he ever saw me eating fried food. He said it'd be his pleasure.

Somehow Mrs Spencer caught wind of my luck
Pat Flynn

(better than catching wind of my wind), and today she offers me a deal. If I can win a free chocolate milk for her son (that's what she says - she probably wants it for herself) she'll pull some strings and get me out of the fifth and final detention tomorrow. She gives me the money, I hand over the milk, and she sucks it through a straw while we do a maths worksheet after lunch. The whole class is quiet, waiting to see whether or not she wins. I think most hope she will, but seeing a teacher lose and me get another detention is an attractive prospect to some kids. When it's empty, she takes the carton outside to wash it, leaving me in charge. If any students misbehave while I'm gone, Matt, write their names on the board and they will join you in detention tomorrow. Well, if you are in detention, that is.'

Some kids are silly but I can't be bothered scribbling down their names. The last thing a chubby kid needs is more enemies.

When Mrs Spencer comes back, kids are eager to know how she went. 'Did ya win, Miss? Did ya, did ya? Did ya win?'

'When you're quiet HI tell you.'

You can hear a pen drop.

She gives me a serious look. Tm afraid, Matthew, that tomorrow at lunchtime you have... no detention. I won!' The class cheers and a few kids rush over and slap me on the back. It stings, especially when Eric does it.

'Okay, that's enough,' says Mrs Spencer. 'Sit down now.'
Kids don't, of course, and in the commotion Kayla lobs a folded-up piece of paper onto my desk. 'Hurry up!' says Mrs Spencer, louder. As the class settles down, I unfold the note.

_Dear Matt You're_  
_the best! Love_  
_Kayla xxxOOO_

When I look over she gives me a huge smile. I feel like I've just died and ate a Heaven.
## They Long To Be Close To You

**By Burt Bacharach & Hal David**

1. Why do birds suddenly appear?
2. Every time you are near?
3. Just like me, they long to be – Close to you
4. Why do stars fall down from the sky
5. Every time you walk by?
6. Just like me, they long to be – Close to you
7. On the day that you were born the angels got together
8. And decided to create a dream come true
9. So they sprinkled moon dust in your hair
10. Of golden starlight in your eyes of blue
11. That is why all the girls in town (Girls in town)
12. Follow you (Follow you)
13. All around (All around)
14. Just like me, they long to be – Close to you
16. On the day that you were born the angels got together

17. And decided to create a dream come true

18. So they sprinkled moon dust in your hair

19. Of golden starlight in your eyes of blue

20. That is why all the girls in town (Girls in town)

21. Follow you (Follow you)

22. All around (All around)

23. Just like me, they long to be – Close to you

24. Just like me, they long to be – Close to you

25. (Whaa? Close to you)  Repeat

26. (Haa, close to you)

27. (Whaa? Close to you)
"I will find some-thing I am ver-y good at and stick with it – I can cre-ate my fu-ture"

**I Don’t See What You See**

1. “The white paper is too bright.”
2. “The words are too small to read.”
3. “The white glares and flares over the words.”
4. “The words move around on the page.”
5. “I am too slow to read each letter and word.”
7. “I bump into things and can’t catch or hit a ball.”
8. “I get so tired when I read.”

**Things To Try That Might Help**

1. Ask to get your eyesight checked
2. Increase the font size
3. Change the font style
4. Try tinted paper
5. Use a reading ruler
6. Eye exercises
7. Tinted glasses
8. Patching one eye

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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?

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😂Smile – “Way To Go – That Is A Great Effort” 😊

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**COM-MON WORDS**

**About 25% Of All The Words We Use**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>this</th>
<th>up</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>be</td>
<td>* said</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>go</td>
<td>* by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>if</td>
<td>* do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>me</td>
<td>* its</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>yes</td>
<td>* has</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>no</td>
<td>* new</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or</td>
<td>* now</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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I am never too old to learn to read well

When Do I Use A Comma?

When writing a list
1. Apples, bananas, oranges, pears, grapes, pineapples.
2. Please put your maths equipment, your reading books, your P.E. uniform and your pencil cases in your lockers.

Add an extra thought into a sentence
3. The lesson was, I thought, a complete waste of time.
4. My friends thought it was, surprisingly, a good idea.

For comparative or contrasting statements
5. The higher you climb, the further you have to fall.
6. The more he ate, the skinnier he became.
7. Although badly injured, she was still alert.

For speaking and pauses before speech
8. Jack stomped from the room saying, “If that is how you feel, why don’t you go home?”
9. “Of course, she deserved to win.”
10. “You are going to buy a car soon, aren’t you?”

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## Chapter Eight

### FRUIT AND SALADS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Apple, Banana, Orange, Pear</td>
<td>$0.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special - pair of pears</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit Salad - small</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit Salad - large</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit Salad - ginormous</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(served in swimming pool)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garden Salad</td>
<td>$2.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garden Salad with Chicken, Ham, Tuna, or Roses</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tossed Salad</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tossed Salad with Duck!</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boiled Egg - Hard</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boiled Egg - Runny</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boiled Egg - Walky</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boiled Egg - Talky</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moderately Warm Egg</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Something else is fallacious, antilogous and subreptitious in my life. Mum's home early every afternoon this week.

'Do you even work anymore?' I ask.

'Yeah,' she says with a smile. 'But I've told Lincoln I want fewer hours'

'Really? What did he say?'

Lincoln is the only person in the world who works harder than my mum. If there was a workaholic's anonymous meeting, he'd be the first to show up and the last to leave.

'He grumbled and mumbled, but I make him a lot of money so what can he do? There's a new whiz-kid who knows everything about everything. He's taken over half of my accounts, and if it works out I'll be home most afternoons'

It takes a few seconds for this to sink in. 'Are you going to be all right?'

She looks at me, a hint of worry on her face. 'What do you mean?'

'You know. Are you going to be okay . . . not working all the time?' Mum without work is like a cheeseburger without cheese.

She runs a hand through my hair. 'I think so. We both know I'm happier when I'm busy, but here I can cook, exercise with you and help with your homework.'

I can't think of anything worse than exercising, doing homework and eating my mum's cooking. Then all of a
THE TUCKSHOP KID

sudden I can. 'How about money?' I ask. 'Will you make heaps less?'

What I mean is, will you still make enough to buy me the latest DVDs and computer games?

'I will make less,' she says, 'but I think it'll be worth it, don't you?'

I'm not sure about this so I don't answer.

'Besides,' she adds, 'I don't think we'll starve.'

Talking about starving, I realise I’d love a bit of afternoon tea. I rub my stomach and Mum reads my mind.

She opens the fridge and pulls out an ice-cream container. I get excited until I realise there's no ice-cream in it.

'Apricot slice,' Mum says. 'I found the recipe on the Internet. No butter and hardly any sugar.'

Oh no!

She gives me a piece. It's not the best but I have to admit it's a lot tastier than the fruit cake.

'You've got a lot better,' I say, surprised.

'Oh, thanks!

'I mean it, Mum. It's almost edible.'

Suddenly, she turns away, and I bend around so I can see her face. There's a tiny waterfall trickling down her cheek.

'I was only joking,' I say quickly. 'Look.' I take another bite.

'It's not that' She wipes her eye with the inside of her
wrist. 'It's just... I wish I could be a better mother, that's all.'

'You're heaps good. You buy me cool stuff and ...'

I hate it when I say 'and' and then can't think of anything to say after it.

'Anyway' I add, 'I bet you didn't think you'd end up with a son like me.'

For some reason, this doesn't make her feel better. The waterfall starts again, more of a stream this time than a trickle.

'Don't you ever think that,' she says, taking me in her arms. 'I'm lucky to have you.'

She looks into my eyes. 'I love you so much. It's just that... I don't always love me.'

All Mum's tears are starting to make me a bit sad. I bury my head in her shoulder. 'Well, I love you,' I say.

But I don't think she hears.

Although I've won my way out of detention, Thursday has something even worse. PE.

'Hurry up, people. The grass won't bite. At least three times around without walking,' says Mr Simpson.

I reckon he shouldn't call it cross-country training. Round-oval training is more accurate.

He claps his hands. 'C'mon, people. Get moving. Except Matthew. You come over here.'
THE TUCKSHOP KID

I wonder what's going on. He's probably going to give me one of his boring pep-talks.

'You can sit under a tree and watch,' he says. 'I don't want a repeat of last week.'

Now normally I'm happy as a pig in mud to sit in the shade during PE, but today something inside me snaps. Td rather not, if that's okay.'

'What?'

What? I'm not sure why I said it. Perhaps because every Thursday Mr Simpson reads my mum's note and says, 'Matthew, Matthew. When are you going to learn that exercise is good?' Today he hasn't even asked for the note (although it's in my back pocket). It's like he's given up on me.

Td rather run,' I say.

'Why?'

'Because, sir, when are you going to learn that exercise is good?'

I run off.

After two laps I wonder how I could've been so stupid. I'd succumbed to a rare moment of weakness - for the first time in my life I cared about being the most unfit person on the face of the planet. That sort of attitude will get me into a lot of trouble if I'm not careful.

Sweat starts to drip into every crack of my body, and it's not good. I think about taking a detour to the shady tree.
Kayla catches up to me. (Actually, she's lapping me.) She jogs beside me for a bit. 'Wow, Matthew. You're doing great!'

I am? I remember that every afternoon this week I've done some form of exercise. Mum and I rescued dusty bikes from the back of the shed and rode to the park. We drove to a dam, hired a canoe and rowed for twenty minutes before capsizing. (Okay, I did it on purpose.) And most tiring of all, we walked around a massive shopping centre for an hour. Perhaps I can do this?

Kayla interrupts my train of thought. 'I want to talk to you about something later, okay?'

I try to say 'Yes' but no word comes out. I'm breathing too hard. Instead, I nod.

Withers and the new kid run past. They slow down to deliver an insult. 'Hey, there's Kayla and her new boyfriend,' says Withers. The Goodyear blimp.

If I had any energy I'd tell him to duck next time someone threw a tennis ball at his face. But I don't, so I don't.

Kayla also doesn't spit out a comeback line. Her face is red, but I'm hoping it's just from the running. She speeds up and passes the boys. When she does, I notice how hard Withers is breathing - almost as hard as I am. And I'm breathing heavily enough to blow out the birthday candles of someone turning 100.

When I've done two and a half laps Mr Simpson blows his whistle. Most kids have done four or five laps,
THE TUCKSHOP KID

the real good runners more than six. Kids cut across the oval to the finish line, but in another rare moment of weakness, I don't. For some reason I feel like I've got a point to prove, so I keep plodding along, one step at a time.

Something strange starts happening. Instead of talking to Mr Simpson or each other, kids look at me. A group starts to crowd around the finish line.

'Yeah, Matt!' yells Jasmine. 'Keep going!'

What do you think I'm going to do? Turn around?

'You the man!' screams Andy.

Now I'd love to sprint home and be a hero. The trouble is that by this stage I'm completely knackered. I'm also starting to feel a bit sick in the gut (though at least there's no chocolate milk swishing around in there) and possibly a touch dizzy, although I'm hoping it's just my imagination.

'Matthew! Matthew! Matthew!' chants the crowd.

I can't believe this. No group has chanted my name since the day I won the school donut-eating competition. I downed eighteen in a minute.

'Matthew! Matthew!'

With about 20 metres to go I get a sudden spurt of energy. I run like I've never run before. It's a bit stupid when you think about it, as I've already come last

'MATTHEW!'

But the crowd loves it.

'YAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!'
THE TUCKSHOP KID

Marcus Wright shakes my hand when I finish. 'Game, set and match.'

Mr Simpson calls us over. 'Class, I think we all learnt something today, about guts.'

Withers and the new kid snigger.

'I'm not talking about the guts hanging over your pants, Craig.'

The class laughs.

'I'm talking about the guts needed to do something very difficult' Mr Simpson gestures to me to come out the front, and he shakes my hand. 'Congratulations, Matthew.'

The class clap and cheer and though I feel like spewing, I've never felt better in my life.
The Twist
By Hank Ballard

1. Come on baby let's do the twist
2. Come on baby let's do the twist
3. Take me by my little hand and go like this
4. Ee-oh twist baby baby twist
5. Oooh-yeah just like this
6. Come on little miss and do the twist
7. My daddy is sleepin' and mama ain't around
8. Yeah daddy just sleepin' and mama ain't around
9. We're gonna twisty twisty twisty
10. 'Til we tear the house down
11. Come on and twist yeah baby twist
12. Oooh-yeah just like this
13. Come on little miss and do the twist
14. Yeah
15. Yeah you should see my little sis
16. You should see my my little sis
<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>She really knows how to rock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>She knows how to twist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>Come on and twist yeah baby twist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Oooh-yeah just like this</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>Come on little miss and do the twist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>Yeah that’s alright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>Yeah twist so nice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>Twist.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“I am nev-er too old to learn to read well”

Hints To Help You Pass A Math Test

Ask Your Teacher To

1. Where possible use diagrams in your questions
2. Bold the math symbols
3. Only put two or three sums per page
4. Provide grid paper where you can show working out
5. Don’t use tricky worded questions
6. If you do use worded questions provide a reader to help me to access the math
7. Provide a tables grid or calculator if possible
8. Give me more time to finish a test
10. Give me a separate room so I can concentrate
11. Give me rest breaks, let me drink water and move around to keep my brain working at its best

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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”

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” 😊
“If I don’t try – I can’t fail... But...If I nev-er have a go – I will nev-er suc-cede”

**Cracking The Reading Code**

There are on-ly 26 let-ters in the al-pha-bet but there are o-ver 1200 dif-fer-ent sounds that they can make in words.

Learn-ing the dif-fer-ent sounds that let-ters can make in words is how you crack the read-ing code.

**Let’s look at ‘a’**

“ay” — “ah”— “o”— “or”— “uh”— “ar”—

“ay”— as in baby, sailed and way

“ah”— as in a and ant  “o”— as in was

“ar”— as in fa-ther and car  “or”— as in ball

“uh”— as in above

**Draw it**

A baby ant was sitting on a ball as it sailed way above his fa-ther’s car.
“If I don’t try – I can’t fail... But... If I nev-er have a go – I will nev-er suc-ceed”

Even More on Silent ‘e’ On The End

An ‘e’ On The End Of The Word Changes

A ‘g’ To Its Soft Sound Of ‘j’

large charge barge ridge
age cage ave-rage ban-dage
bulge col-lege cot-tage edge
lounge man-age page

And ‘c’ To Soft Sound ‘s’

ace dance space ice
dice nice ad-vice mice
de-face fence force
grace mince niece sauce

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“If I don’t try – I can’t fail… But…If I nev-er have a go – I will nev-er suc-ceed”

**PUNCTUATION**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Punctuation Marks are a Set Of Symbols that tell us what the Writer Intended</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Edison had a dream of creating the light bulb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time after time he was unsuccessful in his attempts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After more than 100 attempts his assistant said to him, “Can’t you see this isn’t going to work? You’re not going to succeed, you’re wasting your time! You’ve already failed 100 times”!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edison replied, “I have not failed at all, I have successfully determined 100 ways that it will not work, therefore I am 100 ways closer to the one way it will work.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edison went on experimenting some 18,000 times before he finally had success.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From his viewpoint each attempt was a step on the journey to success.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Better Out Than in - Peter's Pimple

Written by Adam Wallace - Illustrated by Heath McKenzie

Well it's Friday night,
another week done,
It's been okay,
even school was fun.
You've done all your homework,
assignments are in,
You got a D for one of them, it's
in the bin.

The weekend's ahead, and
you can't wait,
You're ready for bed, 'cos
it's pretty late.

Saturday morning,
you leap out of the covers,
Race into the room where you
find both your brothers.
'Getup, GETUP!'
you yell as you shake,
Jimmy looks up, then does a
double take.

There's a tiny tingle on the
left of your head,
You give it a rub,
then head off for bed.

'WOW. WHAT IS THAT JUST
Above your left eye?
IT'S HUGE. BABY,
IT LOOKS LIKE A STY!
You don't know what
he's talking about,
Then your other brother wakes,
and lets loose a shout.

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and comes with a video. It is © Copyright by Transformation Trust.
Go to www.thetenminutetutor.com to find out more.
Now you're worried,
so you exit stage right,
As you head for the bathroom
your dog yelps in fright.

It was just a tingle when you went to bed,
Now it seems like you've grown a second head!

You look in the mirror.
There it is. It's simple,
You have possibly the world's
BIGGEST Pimple.

You think you might give a monster a fright,
You can see in the dark it's glowing so white.
Well you might as well do it, get ready to squeeze,
'Nothing to see here, move along please.'
'But I want to see, I couldn't walk past,
I WANT TO SEE THE PUS HIT THE GLASS.'

You SLAM the door quickly, in your brother's face,
One pimple and the bathroom's a real crowded place.
The door flies open when you're about to let rip,
And your arm is grabbed in a vice-like grip.

Your Mum cries out, NO! STOP NOW
**Don't do it**
It's not ready to go yet, that monstrous zit.

You look at your Mum like she's out of her mind,
Can she see this zit? Is she blind?
This pimple needs squeezing, it needs it bad,
But she drags you out to show your Dad.

Don't squeeze it yet, you have to stop,
You must wait till it's about to POP.'
'HEY SON,' he says, 'THAT'S QUITE A VOLCANO. You should pop it now, it's ready to go.'

You tell him you want to, you're willing and able, Besides, as volcanos go, this one ain't stable.

You hide in your bedroom till lunch comes around, Then you sneak to the kitchen, where your Mum's to be found. 'Come on Mum, can I squeeze it now, can I? IT'S HARDER AND HARDER TO SEE OUT OF THIS EYE.'

Your Mum says okay, so to the bathroom you go, Your volcano is totally covered in snow.

You start to squeeze, softly at first, But nothing happens, your zit won't burst. So then you squeeze harder, till you're stretching the seams, If zit pus made paper you'd have twenty reams.

You stand at the mirror, your hands at the ready, They're a little bit shaky, not at all steady.
The head of the zit just touches the glass,
And then the explosion knocks you flat on your... bum.

It's doubled in size as you squeeze and you shove,
You worry that maybe you should wear a glove.

The mirror breaks, but that's just minor,
As zit squeezes go, there's never been finer.
Your Mum in the kitchen, starting to bake,
Now has a big chunk of pus in her cake.

There's pus, pus, pus everywhere,
It got your Dad's paper, your sister's hair.
It's in the food bowl of your cute little pup,
Dogs don't care, so he just licks it up.
Your brothers were playing a computer game,
But that computer'll never be the same.
You're still in the bathroom, down on the floor,
Though you're pretty well hidden, that's for sure.
You slowly stand up and check your head,

YES! You got it
That pimple is dead.

You clean your face as much as you can,
And you're looking good, you're now a pimple-free man.
Evie (Part One) Stevie Wright

By Vanda and Young

1. I got some money in my pocket

2. I got the car keys in my hand

3. I got myself a couple of tickets

4. To see a rock `n rollin band

5. Come on girl just get on your shoes

6. We’re gonna hear some sounds

7. Come on babe you know there ain’t no time to mess around – round – round……

Chorus

8. Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down

9. Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down

10. Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down

11. Evie, Evie – let your hair hang down

12. You’ve got the body of a woman

13. The way you move it like a queen

14. You got the face to raise a riot

15. Still you’re only seventeen

16. Oh little girl you’re oh so shy
17. You hardly make a sound.

18. Come on babe you know there ain’t no time to mess around – round – round...

**Chorus**

19. Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down

20. Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down

21. Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down

22. Evie, Evie – let your hair hang down

23. Aaaaaahhhhhhhh Yeah Owhoo

24. Come on try it baby

25. Take me by the hand

26. There’s a world out there for you

27. You’re goin’ to understand

28. You’ve got the chance to make it

29. Who’s going to pick and choose?

30. C’mon give it just one try

31. You know... you can’t lose

32. You got the body of a woman

33. You know you make me lose my breath

34. You know you give me such a feeling
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>35.</td>
<td>You almost scare me half to death    Ow…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>Oh little girl you’re so reserved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37.</td>
<td>You hardly make a sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38.</td>
<td>Come on baby, you know there ain‘t no time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39.</td>
<td>Don’t mess around – round – round- round -round</td>
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**Chorus**

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>40.</td>
<td>Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41.</td>
<td>Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down. Yeah yeah yeah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42.</td>
<td>Evie, Evie, Evie let your hair hang down</td>
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<tr>
<td>43.</td>
<td>Evie, Evie – let your hair hang down</td>
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<td>44.</td>
<td>Let your hair hang down</td>
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<td>45.</td>
<td>Let your hair hang down</td>
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<td>Let your hair hang down</td>
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<td>Let your hair hang down</td>
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<td>48.</td>
<td>Let your hair hang down</td>
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<tr>
<td>49.</td>
<td>Let your hair hang down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50.</td>
<td>Let your hair hang down               Yeah.........</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“If I don’t try – I can’t fail... But...If I nev-er have a go – I will nev-er suc-ceed”

I Don’t Know What I’m Sup-pos-ed To Do

Au-di-tor-y Pro-ces-sing

Just as your brain can mix up visual images when you read, it can also mix up the sounds that you hear too. This is called Auditory Processing Difficulties.

The world is full of sounds; everyday you are bombarded with sounds coming from everywhere.

I Can’t Re-mem-ber What I’m Sup-pos-ed To Do

Your brain needs to know which ones are the important sounds, but this is not always the case. Some people can focus on the sounds they need to hear, many cannot.

When a teacher, a parent or your boss is giving you instructions it can be difficult to remember them and then act on them.
“If I don’t try – I can’t fail... But... If I never have a go - I will never succeed”

Chelsea

Student Weekly Review
At the end of tutorials C - 22 to C - 28 students should be able to...

C-22 – Write the sentence for the student. A baby ant was sitting on a ball as it sailed way above his father’s car. Ask them to underline the a’s in this sentence and say the sound that each ‘a’ is making in each word

C-23 – Discuss what happens to the ‘guh’ and ‘cuh’ sounds when these letters are followed by a silent ‘e’ on the end of words.

C-24 – Discuss what punctuation is for. Show the hand gestures for a capital letter, a full stop, a comma, a question mark, an exclamation mark, an apostrophie and talking marks.

C-25 – Talk about the story ‘Peter’s Pimple’ by Adam Wallace.

C-26 – Talk about the song ‘Evie’. Why is it famous? What is the song about? Read 5 lines from the song?

C-27 – Discuss what Auditory Processing Difficulty is? What modern day technology makes so much noise? How do some classroom designs make it worse?

C-28 – How old is Chelsea? Does she like reading? Why not? What devices does she use to help her read?

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 Can Be Proud Of Your Efforts Today” 😊