

"I might dream of com-ing first, but it is the eff-ort I put in that makes me a win-ner"

More On Cracking The Code

Let's look at 'c'

"cuh"- or "sss"—

'c' says "sss" before e, i and y in words

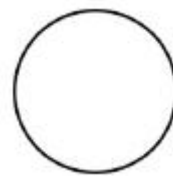
cent city ice bicycle centre

cereal circle certificate circus

accent cyclops December Science

Draw it

The cyclops paid ten cents to ride a bicycle around the city in a circle.

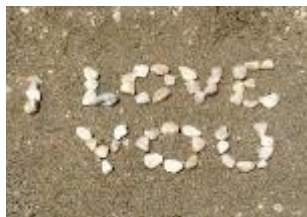


"I might dream of com-ing first, but it is the eff-ort I put in that makes me the win-ner"

COM-MON WORDS **4**

About 25% Of All The Words We Use

| | |
|-----|--------|
| he | old |
| she | see |
| big | * our |
| can | * out |
| did | * two |
| get | * who |
| him | * what |
| off | * how |



"I might dream of com-ing first, but it is the eff-ort I put in that makes me the win-ner"

? ? Ques-tion Marks ? ?

Who? What? Where? Why? How?
When? Can? Does? Are? Do? Did?

1. Who is com-ing to the par-ty?
2. What time is it?
3. Where are my shoes?
4. Why did you do that to your broth-er?
5. How did you work that sum out?
6. When are you com-ing over?
7. Can you sing in the con-cert?
8. Does an-y-one know where my dog is?
9. Are you sure you're feel-ing o-kay?
10. Do you want to get marr-ied?
11. Did you see that?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

It's quite simple really. You put a question mark after a question and because the question mark has a full stop on the bottom, it is the full stop.

THE FOX AND THE WOLF

A Tale from the West Highlands Of Scotland

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar



Once upon a time, at the foot of some very high mountains there was a small village, and a little way off two roads met, one of them going to the East and the other to the West.

One warm summer night, when a round full moon shone down upon the road, a great Wolf came trotting round the corner.

"I positively must get a good meal before I go back to my den," he said to himself.

"It's been nearly a week since I have tasted anything but scraps, though perhaps no one would think so to look at my figure! Of course there are plenty of rabbits and hares in the mountains, but indeed, one needs to be as fast as a greyhound to catch them, and I'm not as young as I was. If I could only eat that fox I saw a fortnight ago, curled up into a delicious hairy ball. I could have eaten her then, but

(1)

unluckily her husband was lying beside her. Besides, everyone knows that foxes, great and small, run like the wind. It seems as if there is not a living creature left for me to prey upon. However, let's see what this village can produce. I am as hungry as a bear."

Now, while these thoughts were running through the mind of the Wolf, the very Fox he had been thinking of was galloping along the other road.

"All day I have listened to those village hens clucking until I can't bear it any longer," she murmured as she bounded along, hardly seeming to touch the ground.

"When you like chickens and eggs as much as I do, it is the sweetest of all music. As sure as there is a moon in the sky, I will have some of them tonight, for I have grown so thin my very bones rattle, and my poor babies are crying for food."

As she spoke she reached a little patch of grass, where the two roads joined, and flung herself under a tree to take a little rest, and make her plans.

At the same time the Wolf arrived. The sight of the fox lying within his grasp made his mouth water, but his joy was somewhat reduced when he noticed how thin she was.

(2)

The Fox's quick ears heard the sound of his paws, though they were as soft as velvet, and turning her head she said politely, "Is that you, neighbour? What a strange place to meet in! I hope you are quite well?"

"Quite well in regards to my health," answered the Wolf, whose eyes glistened greedily, "at least, as well as one CAN be when one is very hungry. But what is the matter with you? A fortnight ago you were as plump as one could wish!"

"I have been ill... very ill," replied the Fox, "and what you say is quite true. A WORM is fatter compared to me."

"You're right! Still, you are good enough for me," said the Wolf.

"Oh, you are always joking! I'm sure you are not half as hungry as I am!"

"That we shall soon see," cried the Wolf, opening his huge mouth and he crouched ready to spring.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the Fox, stepping backwards.

(3)

"What am I doing? What I am going to do, is to make you my supper, in less time than it takes a rooster to crow."

"Well, I suppose you must have your joke," answered the Fox lightly, but she never removed her eyes from the wolf.

"I don't want to joke, but to eat!" replied the Wolf, with a snarl, which showed all his teeth.

"But surely a person of your talents must see that you might eat me to the very last morsel and never know that you had swallowed anything at all?"

"In this world the cleverest people are always the hungriest," replied the Wolf.

"Ah! How true that is, but...."

"I can't stop to listen to your 'buts' and 'yets'," broke in the wolf rudely. "Let us get to the point, and the point is that I want to eat you - not talk to you."

"Have you no pity for a poor mother?" asked the Fox, putting her tail to her eyes, but peeping slightly out of them all the same.

(4)

"I am dying of hunger," answered the Wolf, doggedly; "and you know," he added with a grin, "that charity begins at home."

"Quite so," replied the Fox. "It would be most unreasonable of me to object to you having your fill at my expense. But if I am about to be eaten, this Mother asks you for one last request."

"Then be quick and don't waste my time, for I can't wait much longer. What is it you want?"

"You must know," said the Fox, "that in this village there is a rich man who, in the summer makes enough cheeses to last him for the whole year, and he keeps them in an old dry well, in his courtyard. By the well hang two buckets on a pole that are used to draw up the water. Many nights I have crept down to the place, and lowered myself in the bucket, to get enough cheese to feed my children. All I beg of you is to come with me, and, instead of hunting chickens and such things, I will make you a good meal of cheese before I die."



(5)

"But what if the cheeses are all gone by now?" said the wolf.

"If only you could see how many there are!" laughed the fox.
"And even if they were all gone, there would always be ME
to eat."

"Alright, I will come. Lead the way, but I warn you, not to try
to escape or play any tricks!" threatened the Wolf.

All was silent in the village, and not a light was to be seen
except for the moon, which shone bright and clear in the
sky. The Wolf and the Fox crept softly along, when suddenly
they stopped and looked at each other.

A savoury smell of frying bacon reached their noses, and at
the same time it reached the noses of some sleeping dogs,
which began to bark loudly.

"Is it safe to go on, do you think?" asked the Wolf in a whisper.
The Fox shook her head.

"Not while the dogs are barking," she said. "Someone might
come out to see if something is the matter."

The Fox signalled to the Wolf to curl himself up in the shadow
beside her. About half an hour later the dogs grew tired of

(6)

barking, or perhaps the bacon was eaten up and there was no smell to excite them. The Wolf and the Fox jumped up, and hurried to the foot of the thick wall that surrounded the rich man's house.

"I am lighter than he is," the Fox thought to herself, "and perhaps if I hurry, I can get a head start, and jump over the wall on the other side, before he manages to spring over this one." So she quickened her pace. But if the Wolf couldn't run, he could jump, and with one bound he was beside his companion.

"What were you going to do, my friend?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the Fox, annoyed at the failure of her plan.

"I think if I were to take a bite out of your rump you would jump better," said the Wolf, giving a snap at her as he spoke.

The Fox drew back uneasily. "Be careful, or I shall scream," she snarled. And the Wolf, understanding all that might happen if the fox carried out her threat, gave a signal to his companion to leap on to the wall, where he immediately followed.

Once on the top, they crouched down and looked about them. Not a creature was to be seen in the courtyard, and in the furthest corner from the house stood the well, with its two buckets suspended from a pole, just as the Fox had described it.

The two thieves dragged themselves noiselessly along the wall until they were opposite the well. By stretching out her neck as far as it would go the Fox was able to make out that there was a little water in the bottom, just enough to reflect the moon, big, and round and yellow.



"How lucky!" she said to the Wolf. "There is a huge cheese about the size of a mill wheel. Look! Look! Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?"

"Never!" answered the Wolf, peering over the edge too, his eyes glistening greedily, for he imagined that the moon's reflection in the water really was a wheel of cheese.

"And now, disbeliever, what have you to say?" laughed the Fox gently.

(8)

"That you are a woman - I mean a fox - of your word,"
replied the Wolf.

"Well, then, go down in that bucket and eat your fill," said the
Fox.

"Oh no! Is that your game?" asked the wolf, with a grin. "No!
No! No! YOU will be the one who goes down in the bucket!
And if you don't go down your head will go without you!"

"Of course I will go down, with the greatest pleasure," said
the Fox, who had expected the wolf's reply.

"And be sure you don't eat all the cheese, or it will be worse
for you," continued the Wolf.

But the Fox looked up at him with tears in her eyes. "Farewell,
suspicious one!" she said sadly and climbed into the bucket.
In an instant she had reached the bottom of the well, and
found that the water was not even deep enough to cover
her legs. "Why, it is larger and richer than I thought," she
cried, looking up at the Wolf, who was leaning over the side
of the well.

"Then be quick and bring it up," commanded the Wolf.

(9)

"How can I, when it weighs more than I do?" replied the Fox.

"If it is so heavy bring it in two bits, of course," he said.

"But I have no knife," answered the Fox. "You will have to come down yourself, and we will carry it up together."

"And how am I to get down?" asked the Wolf.

"Oh, you really are very stupid! Get into the other bucket that is above your head."

The Wolf looked up, and saw the second bucket hanging there, and with some difficulty climbed into it. As he weighed four times as much as the Fox, the bucket went down with a jolt, and the other bucket, in which the Fox was seated, came rushing to the surface.

As soon as the Wolf understood what was happening, he began to get angry, but felt a little better when he remembered that the cheese would all be for him.

"Where is the cheese?" he asked when he reached the bottom of the well. The Fox, who was leaning over the edge of the well, smiled.

(10)

"The cheese?" replied the Fox, "why, I am taking it home to my babies, who are too young to get food for themselves."

"Traitor!" cried the Wolf, howling with rage, but the Fox was not there to hear the insult, for she had already gone to a nearby chicken-house, where she had seen some fat young chickens the day before.

"Perhaps I did treat him rather badly," she said to herself.

"But, it looks like it's getting cloudy, and if there is some really heavy rain, the other bucket might fill up and then sink down to the bottom of the well, pulling him up again. But I doubt it! I'm glad I was born a clever fox instead of snarling wolf", and off she ran to feed her cubs.

The End



(11)

I Hate The Music

John Paul Young

By Vanderberg & Young

1. I hate the music – the people say I sing my song so well.
2. I just can't sing it without you,... ooh-hooh
3. I hate the music – 'cause every time I hear that melody.
4. It just reminds me of the – things we did together.
5. The way we used to be – the day when life was better.
6. Back in the days, you were with me.
7. Now on the day that I met you – the day you happened along.
8. Remember me up there on stage – singin' it wrong
9. I saw you lookin' toward me – and right away I could tell.
10. Made up my mind to go all out – and started singin' it well. – You could tell.
11. I hate the music – the people say I sing my song in tune.

12. I just can't sing it without you - ooh-hooh
13. I hate the music - 'cause every time I hear that melody.
14. It just reminds me of the - things we did together.
15. The way we used to be - the day when life was better.
16. Back in the days, you were with me.
17. Now music bought us together - and music tore us apart.
18. And day and night the song goes on - breakin' my heart.
19. Ooooh on, the radio in the mornin' and on the TV every night.
20. I tell you girl it's so damned hard.
21. To get to sleep at night... Every night!
22. I hate the music - I hate the music...
23. I hate the music - the people say I sing my song so well.
24. (Hey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey - yeah)
25. I just can't sing it without you - Ooh you know that it's true.

26. I hate the music, cause every time I hear that same
old, stupid melody
(Hey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey - yeah)
27. I just can't sing it without you, oh you know
that it's true
28. I hate the music cause, every time I hear that
melody yeah
(Hey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey - yeah)
29. I just can't sing it without you, oh you know
that it's true
30. I hate the music... (Hey-hey)
I hate the music (Hey-hey) (*repeat...*)

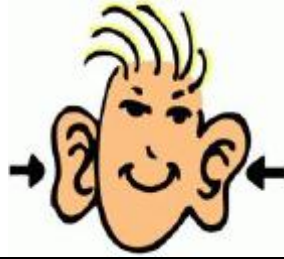
Harry Vanda, George Young
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"I might dream of com-ing first, but it is the eff-ort I put in that makes me a win-ner"



Tips To O-ver-come Aud-i-tor-y Pro-ces-sing Diff-i-cul-ties

Ask your Parent, Teacher or Boss to

1. "Make sure it is quiet before you give me instructions"
2. "Make sure you have my attention and I can see you"
3. "Give instructions in short point or number form"
4. "Speak clearly and directly"
5. "Provide a diagram, a picture or notes I can follow"
6. "Don't waffle on about other things and confuse me"
7. "Let me ask a question if I am not sure about something"
8. "Don't groan, pull faces or get grumpy at me if I ask you to repeat instructions"
9. "Give me a private signal if you are going to ask me a question in front of other people so I can do my best to answer you correctly"
10. "Let me use technology"

April



Student Weekly Review

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

D-1 – Say the two sounds for 'c'. State that 'c' will say "sss" before 'e' 'i' and 'y' in words.

D-2 – Attempt to read all the words on this sheet. Students may try to write them too. Teachers can display this table for future reference.

D-3 – Identify a question mark. Write one and know that a question mark comes after a question and replaces a full stop.

D-4 – Talk about this story "The Fox and the Wolf". Did they like it? Why was the fox so thin? How did the fox outsmart the wolf?

D-5 – Why does John Paul Young hate the music? Read 10 lines of this song.

D-6 – What are some instructions you could give a teacher to make it easier to listen in class?

D-7 – What does April do? When did she leave school? Will she ever go back to school? Why?

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"



"What I think af-fects how I feel a-bout my-self
and what I say to oth-ers – I need to think
pos-i-tive thoughts to be the best I can be"

I Am A Code Breaker

Let's look at 'g'

"guh"- or "juh"-

'g' says "juh" before e, i and y in words (usually)

gentle giraffe giant cage badge

gem gypsy gym ginger

Try both sounds when you see a 'g' in a word

However When 'g' is followed by an 'a', an 'o' or a 'u'
it usually makes the "guh" sound.

For example: gate got gut

Draw it

A gentle giraffe was put in a cage by a gypsy.



"What I think af-fects how I feel about my-self and what I say to oth-ers – I need to think pos-i-tive thoughts to be the best I can be"



Remember About On The End

1. 'e' on the end makes the vowel say it's alphabet name a,e,i,o,u



mat – mate lik – like typ – type

2. Words can't end in 'v' and 'u'

glue blue have active creative

3. Every syllable must have a vowel

lit-tle cat-tle ab-le peo-ple

4. 'g' changes to soft sound 'juh' and 'c' to soft sound 'sss'

age edge ace fence sauce

And finally Odd Job 'e'

1. Can come after s,m,n,r.
2. Keeps words that are not plurals from ending in 's'
3. 'e' adds length to short two letter word
4. Makes words that sound the same but have different meanings look different
5. A throw back to a time when we would pronounce the 'e'

| | | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|-------|
| are | ore | ewe | owe | rye | mouse |
| house | cause | nurse | false | thee | thine |

"What I think af-fects how I feel about my-self and what I say to oth-ers - I need to think pos-i-tive thoughts to be the best I can be."

Ex-clam-a-tion Marks



Ex-claim **Ex-claim** **EX-CLAIM** Ex-claim

To cry out in sur-prise, an-ger, ex-cite-ment or pain

| | | | |
|--|------------------------|---------------|---------|
| We won! | Help! | Ouch! | Hooray! |
| I'm a winner! | Be quiet! | No swearing! | |
| <i>I am so excited because today is my birthday!</i> | | | |
| Stop kicking me! | Please help me! | | |
| Don't be so stupid! | Hey! We need help! | | |
| Arrghhh! | You are such a loser! | Oh! | |
| My house is on fire! | Let's get out of here! | | |
| Oh, no you don't! | Wait for me! | Stop the car! | |
| Aha! So you took my money! | There's a shark! | | |
| Stop it! It's biting my leg! | Sh@#! | | |

Better Out Than In – **Nancy's Nose**

Written By Adam Wallace Illustrated by Heath McKenzie

It's Monday and you
don't know what's in store,
The **SHOCK**, the **Horror**,
the grossness and more.
You cruise through the morning,
reading's easy,
Then comes maths,
and that's easy peasy.



Now it's recess, you're out in the
yard, with Julie, and Nancy,
and Tracey Lombard.
Eating your apple,
chatting and laughing,
But in a few seconds
you'll feel like barfing.



You bite into your apple,
it's all crisp and juicy,
You smile and wave to
Kristy and Lucy.



Then just in your vision,
trying to be slick,
You spot Nancy,
going in for a pick.

Just a little one, maybe a scratch,
To clear some snot from an itchy patch.



You turn and you stare,
you can't look away,
'OH Gross, you cry,
NANCY go away!'

The finger comes out,
Nancy stops to listen,
Some snot's on the end,
and boy, does it glisten.



Half dry, half moist,
shining in the sun,
You just have to stare,
though you're aching to run.

'WHAT'S WRONG?' asks Nancy,
wiping her finger,
On the back of the jacket
of Mandy Olinga.
• ***'IT'S JUST SNOT,*** you know,
that's all it is,
You think that was bad,
THEN JUST WATCH THIS!'



Oh my gosh, in her finger went,
So far up her nostril she should've
paid rent.
It wiggled and jiggled and poked
all around,
And we all had to listen to the
Squelchy sound.

Nancy pulled out her finger,
and she was a grinner,
Holding it up she'd sure
picked a winner.



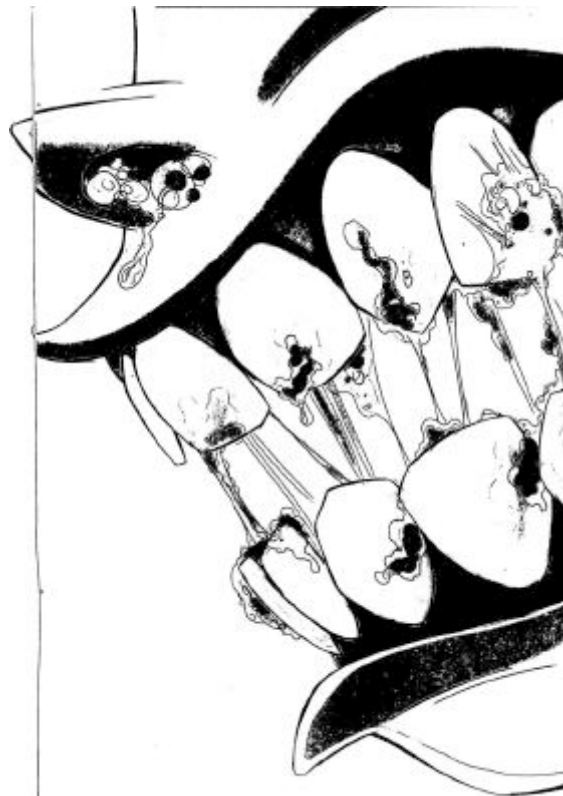
Getting that out must have
caused her some pain,
She'd gone so far up she'd
picked some of her brain.

If we thought that was
it we were plain out of luck,
'Cos Nancy opened wide, and
she started to suck.

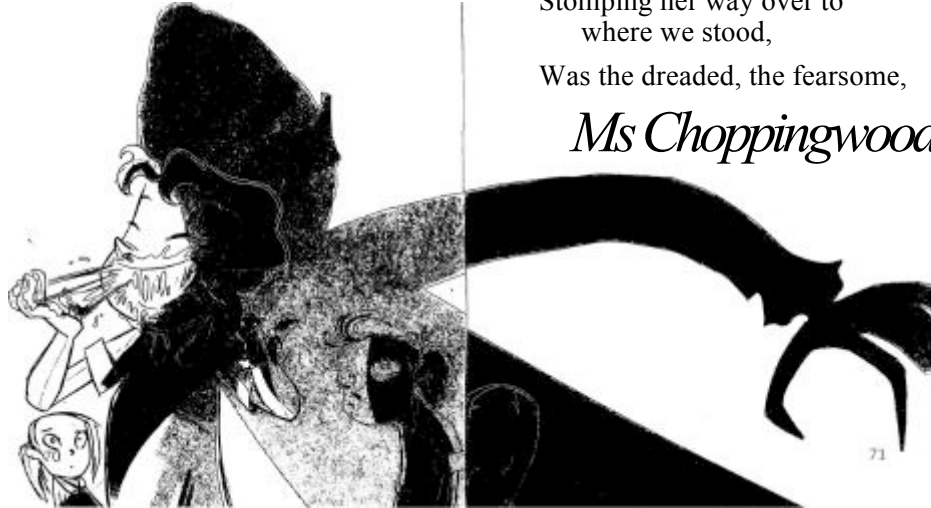
Licking and sucking snot into
her mouth,
Guzzling it north and
swallowing it south.

67

We rolled on the ground,
some laughing, some crying,
And still Nancy ate, it's true,
I ain't lying.
The pieces of snot looked
like green spinach leaf,
Jammed right in to the
gaps of her teeth.



Nancy chewed hard,
for one final time,
The last chew of gooey,
green, gross, snotty slime.



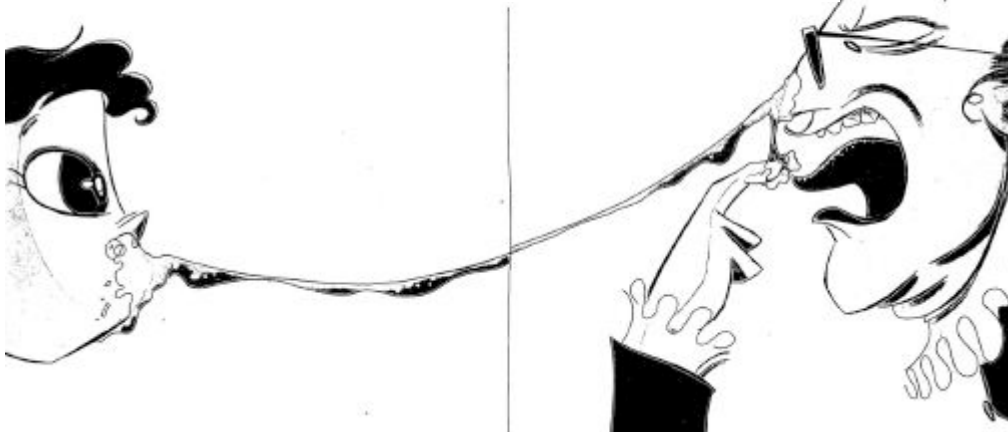
She mushed it all up into a big
pile of pulp,
Then she swallowed it
down in one mighty gulp.
Suddenly though, everyone froze,
We all looked away from Nancy's nose.
Stomping her way over to
where we stood,
Was the dreaded, the fearsome,

Ms Choppingwood

She wobbled, she waddled,
through puddles she wallowed,
'Was that gum?' she screamed,
'That you chewed and then
swallowed?'
'IT'S SNOT, MS CHOPPINGWOOD!
Nancy spat out,
But some snot shot forth,
and hit Choppingwood's snout.

She wiped it off slowly,
then gave it a lick,
'Snot-flavoured gum?
THAT'S THAT'S
OFF! SICK!'

She grabbed Nancy's
ear, and led her
away,
And we didn't see Nancy for
the rest of the day.



So it's not the snot that
made Nancy glum,
Although such a big pick
was pretty dumb.
As picks go though,
very few could beat it,
Nancy's problem was
that she tried to eat it.



The Wild Colonial Boy

1. There was a wild colonial boy,
2. Jack Doolan was his name.
3. Of poor, but honest parents,
4. he was born near Castlemaine.
5. He was his father's only son,
6. and his mother's pride and joy.
7. So dearly did his parents love, their wild colonial boy.
8. Barely sixteen years of age,
9. he first began to roam.
10. And found Australia's sunny shores,
11. and called it his true home.
12. He robbed the wealthy squatters,
13. their assets to destroy.
14. A terror to the rich ones,
15. was the wild colonial boy.
16. Back in 1861,
17. began his wild career.
18. With a head that knew no danger,

19. and a heart that held no fear.
20. He held the Mudgee mail coach up,
21. and he shot Judge McAvoy.
22. A curse to every copper was, the wild colonial boy.
23. Later on that very day, as Jackie rode along.
24. Listening to the kookaburra's, pleasant, laughing song.
25. He spied three mounted troopers Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy.
26. With a warrant for the capture, of the wild colonial boy.
27. Surrender now Jack Doolan for you see we're three to one.
28. Surrender now in the Queen's high name, or your living days are done.
29. Jack drew two pistols from his belt, and he waved them proud and high.
30. I'll fight, but not surrender cried, the wild colonial boy.
31. Jack fired once at Kelly, and brought him to the ground.
32. Then turning round from Davis gun, received his mortal wound.

- | |
|---|
| 33. A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy. |
| 34. And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy. |
| 35. Yes, that's the way, they captured him, the wild colonial boy. |

"What I think af-fects how I feel about my-self and what I say to oth-ers - I need to think pos-i-tive thoughts to be the best I can be."



I Hate Be-ing Diff-er-ent

- Struggling to read, write and spell is enough to make anyone feel different in a world full of print.

When you have to ask people for help to do things that others do easily it can make you feel different.

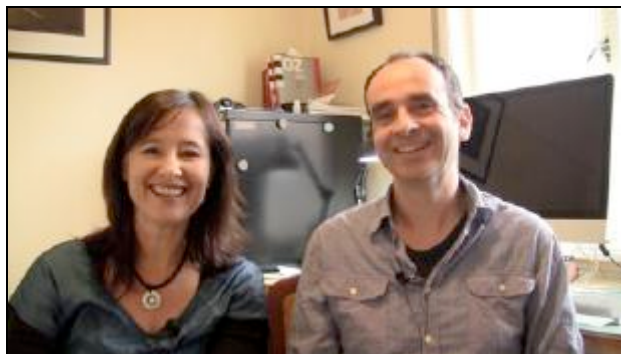
- People have only been expected to be able to read well for about the last 200 years. Now we are all expected to read well, but that doesn't make everybody good at it.

*Many schools and teachers do not know how to teach children who process information differently. It is for this reason you have to help them to improve. **Yes You!***

Being Different Does Not Make You Better Or Worse Than Anyone Else. *Everyone Is Different.*

1. Tell the kids at school, your teacher or boss you learn differently.
2. Tell your teacher how you like to learn. If they are good teachers they will listen and help you.

Matt



Student Weekly Review

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

D-8 – Say the two sounds for 'g' – 'guh' and 'juh'. State the soft sound 'juh' usually comes before 'e', 'i' and 'y'.

D-9 – Give between 3-5 reasons why silent 'e' is used on the end of English words.

D-10 – Give 10 oral examples of exclamations and write 3 exclamation mark examples.

D-11 – Say what part of Nancy's Nose they found the most disgusting and why?

D-12 – What was the Wild Colonial Boy's real name? What did he do wrong? What happened to him? Read 10 lines of the song.

D-13 – Discuss – How am I different to others. Discuss their own strengths and weaknesses.

D-14 – What does Matt do? What happened to him when he had to sit an exam? Who helped him to overcome his fear of exams? How?

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Smile – “Well done! That was a great effort!”



"My brain is 70% wa-ter and us-es 25% of my bod-y's ox-y-gen - I need to drink plen-ty of wa-ter and ex-er-cise"

The More Sounds I Know The Bet-ter My Read-ing Will Be

Let's look at 'o'

"o"-  as in top, pop, stop hop

"oh"— as in - oboe, boat, snow, rose

"ew"— as in - do, to, shoe

"uh"- as in - son, season

Draw it or write it

The oboe player and his son both wore top hats, orange shoes and red roses in their coats.



"My brain is 70% wa-ter and us-es 25% of my bod-y's ox-y-gen - I need to drink plen-ty of wa-ter and ex-er-cise"

Com-mon Words



A-bout 25% Of All The Words We Use

| | |
|------|---------|
| way | made |
| back | much |
| been | o-ver |
| came | * put |
| from | * down |
| into | * when |
| just | * man-y |
| like | * come |



"My brain is 70% wa-ter and us-es 25% of my bod-y's ox-y-gen – I need to drink plen-ty of wa-ter and ex-er-cise"

Full Stop ● **Ex-clam-a-tion Mark** 

Or **Ques-tion Mark** 

1. Was the mo-vie scar-y . ! ?
2. It is go-ing to be sun-ny tom-or-row. ! ?
3. What were you think-ing . ! ?
4. I won-der when he will get here . ! ?
5. Don't ask me that ques-tion a-gain . ! ?
6. I'm not sure if we need more bread . ! ?
7. It is 7:00 a.m . ! ?
8. How did your exam go . ! ?
9. Good morn-ing ev-ery-one . ! ?
10. What a sil-ly thing to say . ! ?
11. Own up . ! ?
12. We are go-ing to crash . ! ?
13. Do you like vege-tab-les . ! ?
14. My sis-ter does bal-let . ! ?

THE TWO BASKETS

By Hans Christian Andersen

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

Far, far away, in an old pine forest, lived a woman who had both a daughter called Violet and a step-daughter called Rosie. The mother had given her own daughter Violet, all that she wanted, so she grew up to be mean and selfish.



Rosie, the step-daughter, had spent her childhood working hard, keeping the house clean and tidy. She was loved by all the neighbours for her kindness and her hard work. As the years went by the mother treated Rosie, worse than ever. She was always looking for an excuse to yell at her.

One day, the mother sent both girls to sit on the edge of their well to spin thread.

"You had better be careful," said the mother, "because the one who breaks the thread first, shall be thrown to the bottom of the well." Of course, she made sure that her own daughter's yarn was fine and strong. Poor Rosie only had some weak coarse yarn, which no one else would even think of using.

(1)

All of a sudden, Rosie's thread snapped and the mother, who had been watching from behind a door, grabbed Rosie and threw her into the well.



"That is the end of you!" she said. But she was wrong, for it was just the beginning. **Down, down, down** went Rosie until at last her feet hit the ground and she found herself in a pretty green field. Although Rosie was quite alone, she felt happier than she had ever been.

Rosie stood up and walked until she came to an old broken fence. It was so old, it needed the vine that climbed all over it, to stop it from falling down. Rosie looked for a place where she could safely climb over the fence. But before she could move, a voice cried out from the fence:

"Please do not hurt me, my child. I am so, so old", said the fence, "and I do not have much longer to live."

Rosie answered, "I will not hurt you." She saw a spot where the vine was not as thick and she jumped carefully over it.

"May all go well with you," said the fence. Rosie smiled and walked on.

(2)

After a while Rosie was very thirsty. She saw a cow with a milk-bucket hanging from her horn.

"Milk me and drink as much as you like, young lady," said the cow. "Please don't spill any on the ground and don't hurt me."

"No, I will not hurt you," answered Rosie.

Rosie sat down and milked until the bucket was nearly full. Then she drank it all except for a little drop at the bottom. The cow said, "Now throw any milk that is left over on my hooves, then hang the bucket back on my horns again". Rosie did as she was asked and kissed the cow on her head as she went on her way.

It was getting late and it would soon be dark.

"Where shall I spend the night?" thought Rosie, looking around. Then she saw a very old lady leaning against a gate, which she had not seen before. "Good evening," said Rosie.

The old lady answered, "Good evening, my child. I wish everyone were as polite as you. What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for a place to stay the night," replied Rosie.

The lady smiled and said, "Then stay a little while and comb my hair. You can tell me all the things that you can do."

(3)

"With pleasure" answered Rosie. Rosie began combing the old lady's hair, which was long and white.



After half an hour had gone by, the old woman said, "As you did not mind combing my hair, I will show you where you can stay and work." So Rosie thanked her and set out for a farm close by where she could work for the farmer's wife and milk cows and plant corn.

The next day, Rosie got up early and went into the dairy. "You must be hungry," said Rosie, patting each cow in turn. Rosie got some hay from the barn and while they were eating it, she swept out the dairy and lay clean straw on the floor. The cows were so happy, they stood very still while she sat on her stool and milked them.

When Rosie had finished milking and was going to get up, she saw a whole line of cats. They were black and white, tabby and ginger. In one voice they all cried, "We are very thirsty, please give us some milk!"

(4)



"Dear little pussy cats, of course I will give you some," said Rosie. She went into the dairy, followed by all the cats and gave each one a bowl full of milk. The cats were so happy, they purred.

The farmer's wife was also happy with Rosie's work. She paid her more money and treated her like her own daughter.

One day, Rosie was asked by the farmer's wife to come into the kitchen. "I want you to take this sieve to the well and fill it with water. Then bring it back home to me without spilling one drop on the way."



Rosie's heart sank, as she knew it was impossible to carry water in a sieve. She did not say a word and took the sieve down to the well. Leaning over the side of the well, Rosie filled it to the top. But as soon as she lifted it up, all the water ran out of the holes. **Again and again** she tried, but not a drop would stay in the sieve. Rosie was about to give up when a flock of birds flew down from the sky. "Ashes! Ashes!" they twittered.

(5)

Rosie looked at them for a moment then ran back to the kitchen and filled the sieve with ashes. Once again she dipped the sieve into the well, and guess what! This time not a drop of water fell!

"Here is the sieve," called Rosie, as she ran to the room where the farmer's wife was sitting.

"You are very smart or someone with magic has helped you." But Rosie kept quiet and the farmer's wife did not ask her any more questions.

Then one day, the farmer's wife said, "I have something more for you to do. Here are two balls of wool. One is white and the other is black. You must wash them in the river till the black one turns white and the white one turns black." Rosie took them to the river and washed hard for many hours, but as hard as she tried, they did not change at all. She was about to give up when she heard the rush of wings through the air and on every branch of the trees, sat a bird.

"Black to the east and white to the west!" they all sang. Rosie tried again. Picking up the black wool, she stood facing the east and dipping it in the river. In an instant it was as white as snow. Then turning to the west, she held the white wool in the water and it turned as black as a crow. Rosie smiled up at the birds as they flew swiftly away.

At the sight of the wool the farmer's wife was lost for words. When she asked Rosie who had helped her, she got no reply. Rosie was afraid of getting her little friends into trouble.

Then one day, the farmer's wife came into the kitchen and said, "There is one more test you must do and if you pass, you will not have to do any more. Here are the balls of wool you washed. Weave them into a cloth that is as smooth as a king's robe, before it gets dark tonight."

When Rosie began to weave she found that the wool tangled and broke all the time.

"Oh no, I will never do it!" cried Rosie. Just then the door opened and the line of cats entered the room. They jumped on the loom, and wove so fast, that in a very short time, the cloth was fit for any king to wear. Rosie was so happy that she gave each cat a kiss on their head as they left the room one by one.



"Who has made you so wise?" asked the farmer's wife. Rosie only smiled and did not answer.

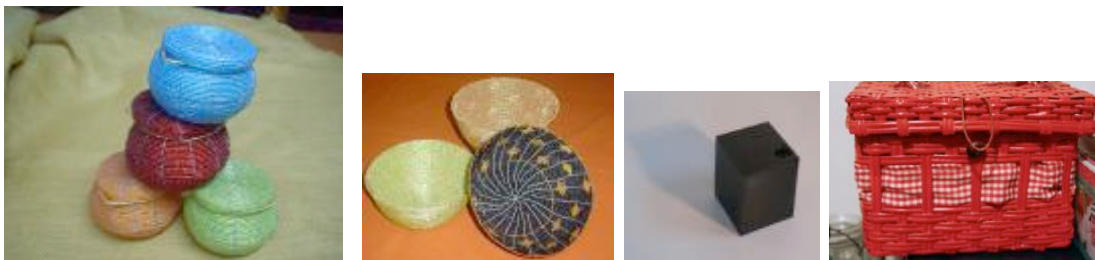
After a year, the farmer's wife told Rosie that she was free to go home but she hoped that she might stay with her.

(7)

Rosie said gently, "I have been very happy here and thank you for being so kind to me, but I have a step-sister and a step-mother, and I must be with them again."

The farmer's wife looked at her for a moment, and then said, "Well, as you have worked so hard for me, I will give you a reward. Go upstairs and you will find many baskets. Choose the one you like best, but do not open it until you have put it in the place where you wish it to stay."

Rosie went upstairs and as soon as she got there, she saw all the cats waiting for her. They followed her one by one, to the room, which was filled with all sorts of baskets.



Rosie did not know which one to choose and went from one to the other, when she heard the cats say, "Choose the black! Choose the black!" The cats helped her look in all the corners, until she saw a black box that was so small and so black, she nearly missed it.



"This is the one I like best," said Rosie, carrying it down the stairs and out of the house. The farmer's wife smiled and they said good-bye.

Rosie set off, saying good-bye to the cows, the cats and the birds. They were all sad she was leaving.



She walked on and on until she was back home. When she entered the house, her step-mother and her step-sister, Violet, stared at her as if they had seen a ghost.

Rosie told them where she had been and that apart from her money, she had brought home a little basket, which she would like to set up in her bedroom.

"Give me the money and take your ugly little black box to the out-house" cried the step-mother in anger. Rosie was so scared, she hurried away, hugging her little basket to her chest.

The out-house was very dirty, as no one had been near it since Rosie had fallen down the well.

(9)

Rosie scrubbed and swept until it was clean again and then she placed the little black basket on a small shelf in the corner.

"Now I may open it," she said to herself and she raised the lid.



She was almost blinded by the light that burst upon her. No one would have guessed that the little black box could have held crowns, necklaces and things made of pretty stones. They shone so brightly that the step-mother, Violet, and all the neighbours came running to see if the house was on fire! With everyone watching Rosie's step-mother could not steal the jewels for herself, so she made a plan to get another one just like it or perhaps an even richer one.

She told her own daughter, Violet to sit on the edge of the well, and then pushed her in, just as she had done to Rosie. Just as before, the pretty green field was at the bottom.

Violet walked the same path that Rosie had walked and she saw the same things that Rosie had seen.

(10)

But... when the fence asked her not to hurt it, she laughed rudely, and pushed some of it over, so she could get through more easily.

When Violet had milked the cow, she drank as much as she could. Then she threw the rest on the grass and kicked the bucket to bits. Violet never heard any of them say, "You will pay for doing this to me!"

Later when she saw the old lady leaning against the gate, she walked by her without saying a word.

"Don't you have manners in your village?" asked the old lady.

"I can't stop and talk. I'm in a hurry," said Violet. "It is getting late, and I have to find a place to stay."

"Please stop and comb my hair for me," said the old lady, "and I will help you to find a place."

"Comb your hair! I have more important things to do!" Violet shouted, shutting the gate in the old lady's face and she went on her way. Again Violet did not hear the words, "You will pay for doing this to me!"

Violet arrived at the farm, and was asked to look after the cows and plant the corn as Rosie had. But Violet only did her work when someone was watching.

(11)

Most of the time the dairy was dirty and the cows were hungry. Every one said they had never seen such thin cows or such poor milk.

As for the cats, she chased them away and did not give them enough milk, so they did not have enough energy to chase the rats and mice away. When the birds came to beg for some corn, violet threw her shoes at them, until they flew away to the trees in fright.

One day the farmer's wife called Violet to her.

"Every thing I have given you to do has been done badly," she said, "But I will give you another chance. Take this sieve to the well, and fill it with water, then make sure you bring it back without spilling a drop."

Violet took the sieve to the well as Rosie had done, but no little birds came to help her and after dipping it in the well two or three times, she brought it back empty.

"I thought as much," said the farmer's wife angrily.

After a while the farmer's wife sent for Violet again and gave her the black and white yarn to wash in the river.

But there were no birds to tell her the secret of how the black would turn white, and the white, black, so she bought them back as they were.

(12)

This time the farmer's wife shook her head in disgust, but Violet didn't care.

Three weeks later her third test came, and the yarn was given to her to spin, just as it had been given to Rosie.



There was no line of cats in the room to weave fine cloth and so at sunset Violet only came back with handfuls of dirty, tangled wool.

"It seems you cannot do anything!" said the farmer's wife and she left Violet alone.

When the year was up, Violet went to the farmer's wife to tell her that she wanted to go home. "You did not do anything I have asked of you, so you may go," said the farmer's wife. "Still, I will give you some payment. Go upstairs and choose one of the baskets. Make sure that you do not open it until you put it where you wish it to stay."

This was what Violet had been hoping for and she ran as fast as she could up the stairs. Again there were the baskets of many sizes and colours to choose from, but no line of cats to

(13)

help her. Violet spotted a little black basket in the corner, just like the one Rosie had brought home, but she left it there.

"If there were so many jewels in that little black basket, this big red basket will hold twice as many," Violet said to herself. She snatched it up and sped off down the road, without even saying thank you or good-bye to any one.

"Come and see what I have brought home!" cried Violet, as she burst into the cottage holding the big red basket in both hands. Violet searched for a place for it to go, as her mother smiled greedily as the basket was so much bigger than Rosie's had been.



"It will look best here, no, here," she said, setting it first on one table and then on another. "I know, let's put it in the guest bedroom." So Violet and her mother carried it proudly upstairs and put it on the shelf where they opened the basket.

As soon as the lid was opened a bright light leapt out just as before, but it was not from the shine of beautiful jewels, but from hot burning flames. The flames darted along the walls and burnt up the cottage and all that was in it, as well as, the step-mother and Violet.



As the bright light lit up the sky, all the neighbours rushed to see what it was, but they were too late. Only the out-house was left standing, and in spite of being rich, that is where Rosie lived happily for the rest of her days.

The End



Always Complaining

The Skybombers Bethune/Gurney/McMurtrie/Sharma

1. Well I don't know why – she's always complaining.
2. A total lie – she's always complaining.
3. She's starting to cry – she's always complaining.
4. To me.. – Always complaining – always complaining.
5. Out of a night – she's always complaining.
6. My jeans are too tight – she's always complaining.
7. But she's got the right – she's always complaining.
8. To me... – Always complaining – always complaining.
9. It can't be easy – It can't be easy – It can't be easy.
10. For a girl like you to understand.
11. It couldn't turn out how you planned.
12. And everybody knows what you,
13. knows what you are taking – taking
14. Taking from me..... – Oh
15. Ohhhhh – she always complains.
16. A roll of the dice – she's always complaining.
17. A twist of the knife – she's always complaining.
18. Trouble and strife – she's always complaining – to me.....always complaining, always complaining.

"My brain is 70% wa-ter and us-es
25% of my bod-y's ox-y-gen - I need
to drink plen-ty of wa-ter and ex-er-cise"



Ways You Might Like To Learn

Everybody has a favourite way to learn and to remember what they learn.

Learning is to understand new information, relate to it and then remember and recall what you have learnt.



Watching videos, movies, plays, theatre, seeing a demonstration, a presentation

Listening to speaking, music, songs, instructions or books or information being read to you, arguments, debate, rhymes mnemonics, shouting, comedy

Touching objects, texture, doing experiments, typing, cooking, measuring, building, modelling, constructing

Moving to learn, attaching spelling, facts and math to movement, drama, acting, singing, dancing, doing an experiment, presenting, explaining, telling or showing someone

Feeling Emotion is your Super-Charger

Rob



Student Weekly Review

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

D-15 – Say the four sounds for 'o' – 'o', 'oh', 'ew' and 'uh'. Write out the sentence for the student *'The oboe player and his son both wore top hats, orange shoes and red roses in their coats.'* Ask them to underline all 'o's in this sentence and say the sound that each one is making in each word.

D-16 – Attempt to write the 5 harder words on the sheet and read the rest of the words.

D-17 – Give 3 oral examples of how exclamation marks, full stops and apostrophes are used. Write one example of each.

D-18 – Why was Rosie thrown down the well? Who helped Rosie choose a good basket? When did Violet do her work on the farm? Give 3 reasons why Rosie may have received help? What happened to Violet and the Stepmother?

D-19 – Give 3 things she complained about in the song. Did he know why she was complaining? Read 10 lines of the song.

D-20 – What are 5 different ways to learn? Discuss 3 ways, which might help you to learn and remember.

D-21 – What condition does Rob have? Discuss ADHD and how it affected Rob at school? How has he overcome his ADHD now?

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 doing really well”



"I will keep a note-pad next to me at school so I can write down key words, make quick notes or draw a picture to help me to re-mem-ber what I need to do"

When I Come To A Word I Don't Know I Have To Attack It

Let's look at 'u'

"uh" -  as in - us, bus, hum

"you" — as in - cute, music

"oo" - as in - put, full, push

"ew" — as in - blue, glue, true, flu

"kw" - u is silent - it makes the 'q' say "kw" -
as in - quiet, queen, quite

Draw it

The cute driver put music on in the blue bus and
it made us quiet.



"I will keep a note-pad next to me at school so I can write down key words, make quick notes or draw a picture to help me to re-mem-ber what I need to do"

Let's Talk About Spelling

The growth of **ICT** (**I**nformation and **C**ommunication **T**echnology) is causing a writing revolution

For many people spelling is not a problem.

For others letters are not their friends. Letters are part of a code that they cannot break or that causes on-going difficulty.

In the past poor spelling skills could.....

- ✗ Cost people jobs
- ✗ Deny them educational opportunities
- ✗ Make them lose business
- ✗ Make them seem less intelligent

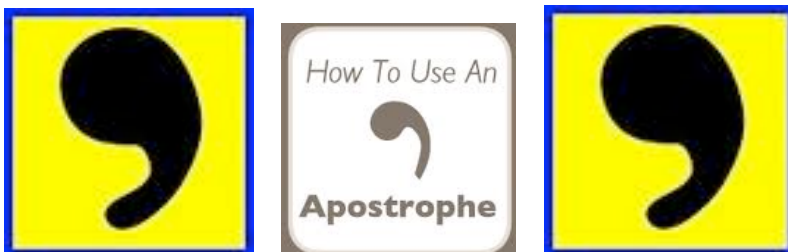


But All That Is Changing With Technology

Why is English Spelling so frustrating?

- ★ Phonics – Sound symbol/relationships
- ★ Spelling Rules – 'i' before 'e' except after "c"
- ★ Building Words – Adding prefixes and suffixes
- ★ Influences – Other languages
- ★ Spoken Words – How we say words and how spelling relates to the meaning of words

"I will keep a note-pad next to me at school so I can write down key words, make quick notes or draw a pic-ture to help me to re-mem-ber what I need to do"



A-pos-troph-es

1. To replace missing letter in words.

- Like in our song lyrics

| | | | | | |
|--------|---------|---------|----------|---------|------|
| comin' | singin' | dancin' | cryin' | sighin' | |
| 'cause | 'cos | 'round | sleepin' | 'til | sis' |

- In contractions (Making words shorter)

| | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|
| it's | can't | won't | don't | she's | he's |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|

2. To show ownership

| | | |
|---------------|-----------------|---------------|
| girl's jumper | Bob's Burgers | Pete's Pimple |
| Bill's watch | Men's toilet | Helen's house |
| car's engine | flower's petals | dog's fleas |

3. AND When making plurals of letters..... ABC's P's and Q's

Better Out Than In – Bob's Burp

Written By Adam Wallace, Illustrated by Heath McKenzie

A boy named Bob,
the star of this story,
Had no idea he was
headed for glory.



He asked his Mum if he
could go for a walk,
She just nodded. She wasn't
one for much talk.
Bob walked down the street till
he reached the milk bar,
It only took him five
minutes. It wasn't far.
He went inside, bought a
drink and some gum,
And this was where the
fun really begun.

<ly

Bob chewed on his chewie
and took a big drink,
Into his body fizzy bubbles
did sink.
Then the drink and the gum
did a wonderful thing,
From deep within Bob a
massive burp did ring.



100

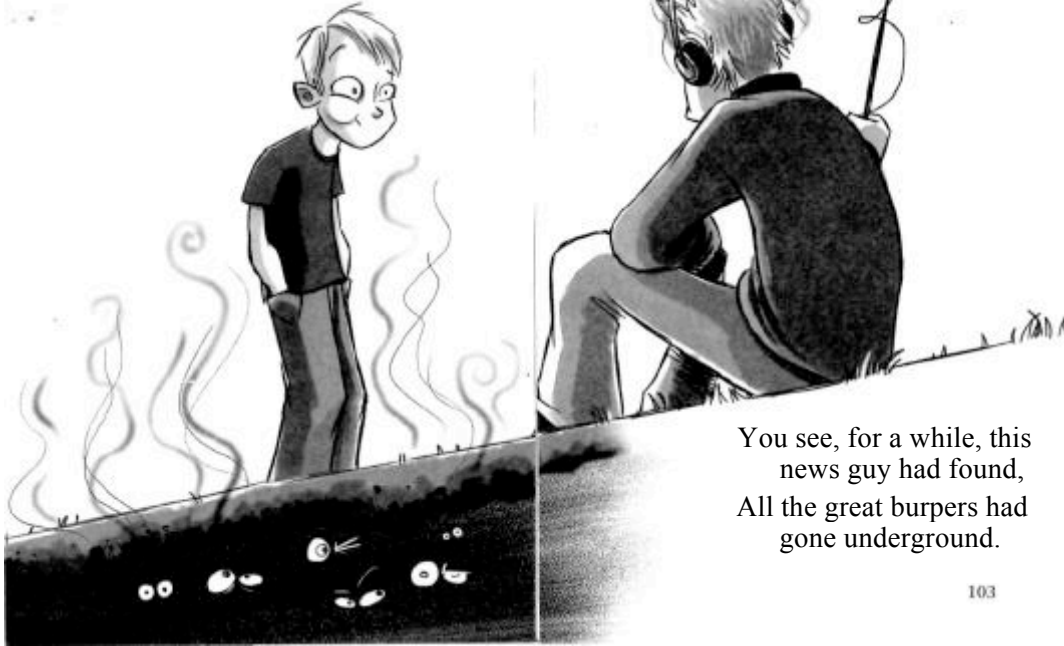
Everyone looked at Bob like
he'd committed a sin,
Bob just smiled and said,
'BETTER OUT THAN IN.'



A news crew member who
was part of the crowd,
Had never, ever, EVER heard
a burp THAT loud.

101

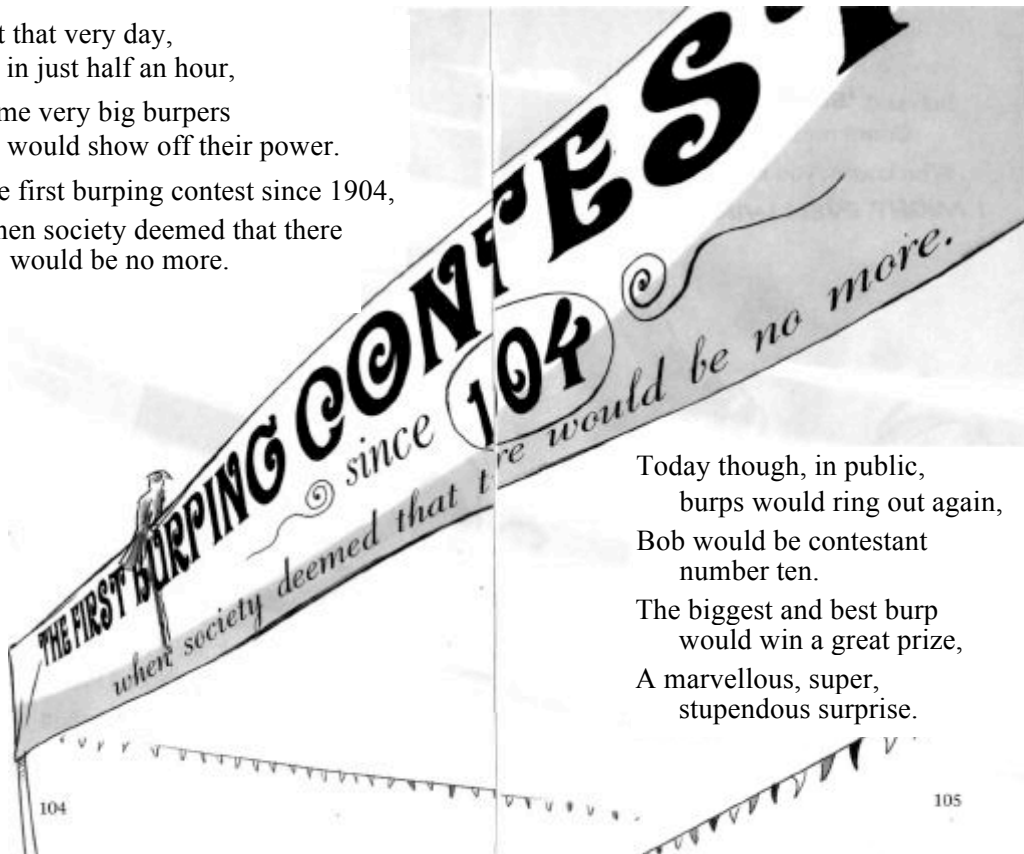
He went up to Bob and
said a quick hi,
Said he'd loved Bob's burp,
then began to say why.



You see, for a while, this
news guy had found,
All the great burpers had
gone underground.

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But that very day,
in just half an hour,
Some very big burpers
would show off their power.
The first burping contest since 1904,
When society deemed that there
would be no more.



Today though, in public,
burps would ring out again,
Bob would be contestant
number ten.
The biggest and best burp
would win a great prize,
A marvellous, super,
stupendous surprise.

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105

Bob said, 'SURE. WHY NOT?
Count me in.
Who knows, you know,
I MIGHT EVEN WIN!'



'That's the spirit young lad,' said
the excited news man,
Then he raced Bob off in his
brand new news van.

Well the contest began, a
big crowd was there,
The first burper let rip
with barely a care.
A monsterly, big, smelly,
loud, garlic belch,
A bit of food content was
heard in the squelch.



Three people fell down,
they were in the front row,
Not a good spot at a burp
comp, you know.
The burp was quite good, the
ground shook a bit,
But it wasn't so good that Bob
thought he should quit.



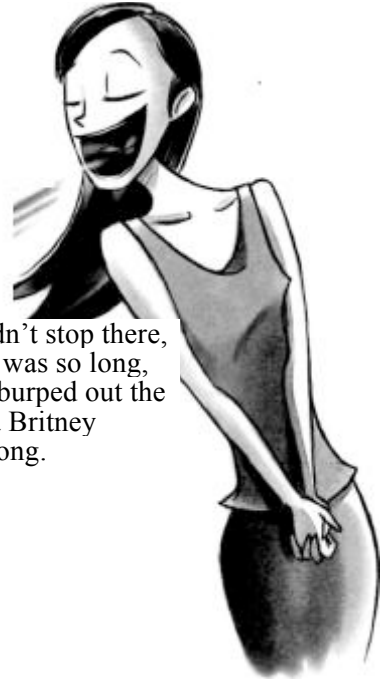
108



The next seven burpers,
they all had their go,
But compared to the first
guy they were so-so.
Then it was the turn of
burper number nine,
And as burpers go she
was really quite fine.



Not a whole lot of power, but
length? You bet,
In one mighty burp she said
The whole alphabet



And she didn't stop there,
the burp was so long,
that she burped out the
tune of a Britney
Spears song.



On the last note, the burp,
it finally stopped,
Not with a bang, it sort of
just popped.
The burper sat down, a smile
on her face,
She felt pretty sure that
she'd sewn up first place.

Bob chewed on his gum,
then took a long swig,
He knew that to win this burp
had to be big.
He opened his mouth,
but nothing came out,
'Come On! BURP!' the audience
did shout.



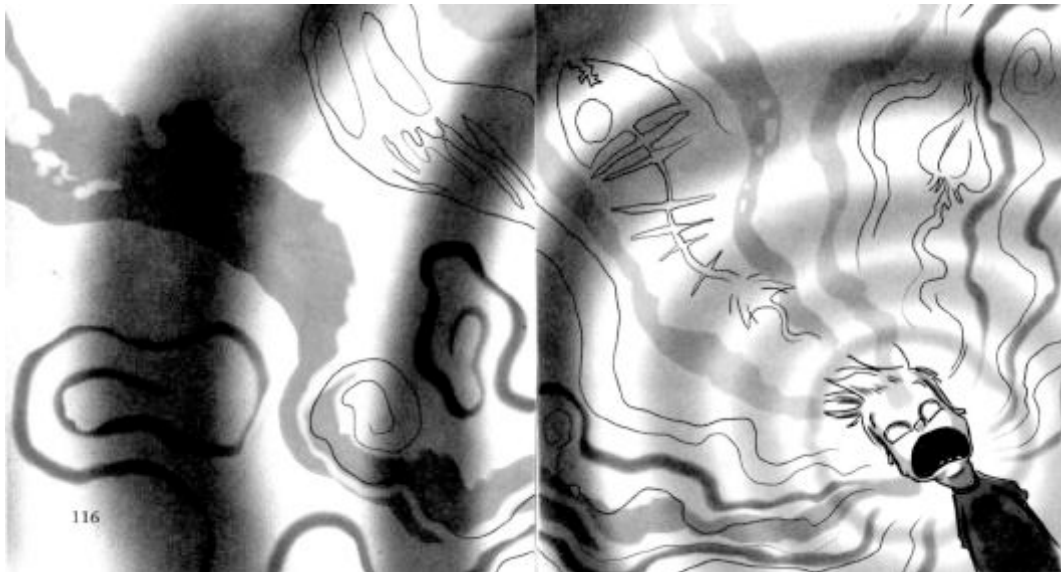
Bob gave his drink one more
little slurp,
And then let loose with
an astounding burp.
The judge standing next to him?
He was knocked flat,
And some deaf guy in England said,
'BY GUM, WHAT WAS THAT?'
The burp just kept going,
its power immense,
It made the Great Wall of China
a three foot high fence.
The Leaning Tower of Pisa, it
don't lean no more,
Bob's burp sent it down,
straight to the floor.

114



On and on Bob burped,
and although the power became less,
It still turned Stonehenge
into a rubbly mess.

And when Bob did stop, it was
just as well, 'cos then came
along the burp's mighty smell.'



Brussel sprouts from the night before
Garlic, and eggs, and fish and more.
All mixed together, from deep
in the belly,
It made the burp's aftersmell
ever so smelly.
There was no doubt now
that Bob would win,
Those still conscious raised an
almighty din.
And then, though he'd caused
a worldwide disaster,
Bob got a trophy, and the title
of Grand Burpmaster.



Georgina

By Roscoe James Irwin

1. I had the sun in my eyes,
2. and I know you've got something more to hide.
3. But oh... pretty girl.
4. Please don't leave me alone.
5. And if I could see you one more time,
6. I'd thank you on my knees, oh Georgina.
7. Future is quite a surprise.
8. And I thought this town had nothing left to hide.
9. But please don't close your door.
10. My heart is already on your floor.
11. And if I could see you one more time,
12. I'd thank you on my knees, oh Georgina.
13. Walking home in the morning light.
14. I think of you.
15. Six a.m., is quite a sight when you're drunk and
lonely.
16. Walking still, the silent film.

17. Where I'm watching the masses all look down on me.
 18. Foxes and cats in all their suspicion.
 19. I cannot think at all in my condition, I hope I'm okay...
 20. I had the sun in my eyes.
 21. And now I know you, you've got something left to hide.
 22. But please don't bother me.
 23. Oh, 'cos I'm talking so carelessly.
 24. And if I could see you one more time,
 25. I'd thank you on my knees, oh Georgina.
 26. And if I could see you one more time,
 27. I'd thank you on my knees, oh Georgina.
 28. And if I could see you one more time,
 29. I'd thank you on my knees, oh Georgina.
 30. Oh, pretty baby..
 31. You know you drive me crazy..
 32. Like candy wine...
- Na-na-na-na-na-na

Na-na-na-na-na-na

Na-na-na-na-na-na..... ..(fade)

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"I will keep a note-pad next to me at school so I can write down key words, make quick notes or draw a pic-ture to help me to re-mem-ber what I need to do"



Don't Let School Strug-gle Get In The Way Of Your Suc-cess

1. "I was a dyslexic and had no understanding of school whatsoever. I would have failed IQ tests and this was one of the reasons I left school at 15 years of age."

Richard Branson - Founder Of Virgin Companys

2. "The old Nürburgring race track had 187 corners per lap, and I can still give you every gear change, every braking distance on each of the 187 corners. But I can't say the alphabet." **Sir Jackie Stewart - Formula One Racing Car Driver**

3. "I didn't really enjoy school. I was dyslexic and I did not really enjoy that side of it, so I was happy to leave when I was 16." **Tom Lewis Amateur Golfer - British Open 2011**

4. "He told me that his teachers reported that . . . he was mentally slow, unsociable, and adrift forever in his foolish dreams."

Hans Albert Einstein, the son of - Albert Einstein

5. "I, myself, was always recognized . . . as the "slow one" in the family. It was quite true, and I knew it and accepted it. Writing and spelling were always terribly difficult for me. My letters were without originality. I was . . . an extraordinarily bad speller and have remained so until this day."

Agatha Christie - Author England

6. "My teachers say I'm addled . . . my father thought I was stupid, and I almost decided I must be a dunce."

Thomas Edison - Inventor, Scientist and Businessman USA

7. "I had to train myself to focus my attention. I became very visual and learned how to create mental images in order to comprehend what I read."

Tom Cruise - Actor USA

8. "I couldn't read. I just scraped by. My solution back then was to read classic comic books because I could figure them out from the context of the pictures. Now I listen to books on tape."

Charles Schwabb - Financier, Investment Broker and Businessman

9. "I'm dyslexic, and at six years old they realized I couldn't read one word and had been fooling them. My mum said to me: 'If you come to me with a book in your hand and a smile on your face every day through the summer holiday, I'll get you an agent.'"

Keira Knightley - Actor Britain

10. "I never read in school. I got really bad grades--D's and F's and C's in some classes, and A's and B's in other classes. In the second week of the 11th grade, I just quit. When I was in school, it was really difficult. Almost everything I learned, I had to learn by listening. My report cards always said that I was not living up to my potential."

Cher - Singer/Actor

Ruth



Student Weekly Review

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

D-22 – Write out the sentence for the student. *'The cute driver put music on in the blue bus and it made us quiet.'* Ask them to underline all the 'u's in this sentence and say the sound that each 'u' is making in each word.

D-23 – Discuss what has made having a difficulty to spell well, even easier today. What are 3 things that influence spelling in the English language?

D-24 – What are the apostrophes used for in the words comin', cryin' it's and can't and also in Bob's burger and girl's jumper ?

D-25 – Where was Bob when his burping talent was discovered? Why was the girl's burp in the competition so good? How did Bob win in the end?

D-26 – What makes the song 'Georgina' so entertaining to listen to? Read or sing 10 lines of the song.

D-27 – Name some of the famous people who struggled at school, but were very successful in life. What careers did they choose?

D-28 – What does Ruth do? What did she do when she left school? How did she learn more about her strengths and weaknesses? Did she seek help? Who did she ask?

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!”



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