"I will only see the ob-sta-cles
if I take my eyes off the long-term goal"

Learn To Spell 'air' Sounds

air



hair

air

fair

chair

pair

fair·y

hair·y

ayer



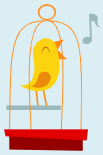
prayer

ayor



Mayor

ar



ca·nar·y

scar·y

scarce

scarce·ly

Feb·ru·ar·y

Ayer



Sir Henry Ayers

1821 -1897

Premier of South Australia

ear



pear

bear

tear

wear

Ayer



Ayers Rock

Named for Sir Henry Ayers

Now called Uluru

are



bare

fare

snare

rare

com·pare

aer



aer·o·plane

eah



(Slang)

Yeah!

ere

there

where

ey're

they're

eir

their

They're over there with their dad.

Eyre



Lake Eyre

Salt lake discovered by Edward John Eyre in 1839

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"I will only see the ob-sta-cles
if I take my eyes off the long-term goal"



The Aardvark's Adventure
- an aA Story

A long time ago – or was it yesterday? – An African aardvark had an absolutely amazing adventure.

He flew all the way to Australia in a magic aeroplane on automatic pilot. He landed at a large cattle station in northern Australia.

He went for a walk around the place in the warm sunshine. There were lots of Aussies on chairs and tables, talking away while they waited for hamburgers with tomato sauce.

"Will you share your food with me?" asked the aardvark, even though he thought it would be awful. But the Aussies didn't answer, so he stayed hungry.

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After a while, a small ant walked by, and asked the aardvark, "Would you like to share some of my apple cake?"

"What an angel you are!" exclaimed the aardvark. He watched while the ant took a large slice of apple cake out of his basket and passed it to him on a plate.

"That was tasty!" said the aardvark.

"Have you eaten it all, already?" asked the ant. "Let's play a ball game. But I must not harm my damaged arm – I have a band-aid on one of my six arms and need to take care."

They had such fun. Soon it was time for the aardvark to get back into his magic aeroplane and go back home. He'd had a great day. The ant waved as the aeroplane disappeared beyond the stars.

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What Are Verbs?

Verbs are doing or action words. They also give the idea of a state or existence. Verbs can also change in form and tense.

Action run fight do work play sing
I sing. I am singing. I have sung. I sang yesterday.
I work. I am working. I have worked. She works hard.
I run. I am running. I have run. She also ran.
I do homework. I am doing well. They did a good job. Mum does the best job.

State seem feel belong exist be
I seem sleepy. She seems sleepy.
I feel well. I felt good. That feels nice. I am feeling hungry.
I belong here. This child belongs to me.
Can I be with you? You are being silly.



The Verb is King in English. The shortest sentence contains a Verb. Every word that ends in 'ing' is a Verb. **"Stop!"** You cannot make a one-word sentence with any other type of word.



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Yellow Bird and Me

By Joyce Hansen



Chapter 1
MY DEAR AMIR

October 20th

My Dear Amir,

163rd Street is dingy gray even though the leaves on the trees are gold and red and orange. I bet upstate is much more beautiful. I still feel sad when I think about how you had to go away. It was wrong that your foster family put you in a home and didn't take you with them to California. Anyway, at least Syracuse is closer to the Bronx than California is.

I'm glad you was put into the eighth grade where you belong. What is it like in the group home? Do all of you live in one big building? Like an institution or something? Did you find any of your brothers and sisters yet? Hope you do soon. Did you make any friends or do you stay by yourself like you showed me how to do?

Everything changed since you left. I don't be with Mickey and Dotty, the twins, and Lavinia much anymore. They all stuck up and mean this year.

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Big Russell, T.T., and Yellow Bird haven't changed though. They the same — playing basket-ball and bothering decent people. Russell lost some weight but he's still the biggest kid in the sixth grade. And Yellow Bird with his pale, long-nose self. He still flies around like a little bird. Lately he's been acting silly as ever and bugging me about helping him with his school work.

Are you lonely, Amir? I guess you are. I am too. Seems like I have no one to talk to the way I could talk to you. I'm going to figure out how to come upstate to visit you. It ain't been the same here since you left.

It's imperative (new word we learned from our teacher) that you write soon. I don't have no one else to talk to. Anyway, I don't let things bother me the way I used to. I'm doing real good in school so far and I hope to make the honor roll. I haven't been under punishment for a month.

I'm sending you a poem. Maybe you can draw a picture to go with it. Do you still draw beautiful pictures?

Please, please, please write soon.

Your friend to the end, Love, Doris

I read over the letter, then folded it and slipped it inside of my bag. I needed to find a quiet place to write my poem for Amir, so I escaped into the library to get away from the schoolyard, where my friends played and teased and acted as if everything was the

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same — as if Amir was still around. Even though Amir had been gone from our block for a month, I still missed him as if he'd only left yesterday. Losing a best friend is one of the worst things that can happen to you.

The clock on the wall said 8:15. Twenty minutes before it was time to line up for classes. The librarian allowed no talking above a whisper. The carpet on the floor even smothered the sound of footsteps. Three second graders at the table next to mine quietly read a picture book.

I sat at my usual spot by the window and tried to think up a poem for Amir. I stared out of the window and the building across the street stared back at me. A woman on the third floor opened her window and waved to someone passing in the street below. I wrote the first line:

A friend is like a crown of rubies,

"Yo, Doris!" Yellow Bird, whose name is really James Towers, called to me loudly from the library entrance. The librarian frowned at him and put her finger to her lips. He covered his mouth and opened his eyes wide. "I'm sorry," he croaked in a hoarse, loud whisper.

Why did he have to find me when I was in the middle of writing an important poem?

He burst through the doorway and made his way over to my table. His jacket hung off his shoulders and his elbows stuck straight

out like wings. I covered the line I'd written with my hand. "What you want, Bird?" I whispered.

"Nothing. Just come here to study."

I didn't believe him. Bird never studied unless he had too. "The only thing you study is a basketball," I said.

He spread his books and papers all over the table. He looked worried and more birdlike than ever. "My father said he's taking me off the basketball team if I bring home another bad report card."

"So you want help?"

"I didn't ask for help. I already did all of my homework. Just have to finish reading these last four pages. I don't need no help."

Before he came I'd had peace and quiet. I also had a nice, empty neat table all to myself. I tried to get back to my poem, but was distracted when he opened his social studies book and noisily rustled through the pages.

I picked up my things and started to move to another table. "Doris, stay here. I ain't gonna bother you. Promise. Just make believe I ain't here." He rustled some more papers.

"That's impossible," I said, standing up to move.

He batted his eyelashes. "Doris, please stay." He leaned into me and grinned.

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"Bird, I'll pop you upside your head if you don't get out of my face." I put my papers back down on the table and tried to work again as he concentrated on his book, turning the pages quickly and noisily. I stared at the one line I'd written before he found me, and then out the window. As a large, puffy white cloud rolled across the sky, I wrote the next line:

beautiful and rare.

Bird tapped me on the shoulder. "What's this word?"

"Pharaoh," I snapped. "You said you wasn't gonna bug me."

"I know the rest." He cleared his throat, crossed his legs, and reared back in his chair.

I studied what I'd written so far. I could just see Amir now, reading my poem. He'd be so happy to hear from me. I knew he was lonelier than me in that home upstate, and my letter and poem would really cheer him up. I thought of the next line for my poem:

You're the most precious jewel of all.,.

Bird nudged me with his elbow. "Doris, what's this word here?" he whispered loudly.

"I thought you knew the rest."

"I do. I just don't know this word." His index finger dug into the page.

"Country," I said, turning back to my poem.

He put his head back in the book and then I felt another tap on my shoulder. I thought I was going to strangle Bird.

"Remember how you and Amir used to write down important dates for me to memorize when we studied for the social studies tests?"

"Of course I remember," I said.

"Why can't you help me now, like you and him used to when we was in the fifth grade together?"

"Because things are different now."

"How?" He frowned, and pouted like a little kid.

"Amir was the one who helped you, and he ain't here."

"You could do the same thing he did." He popped out of his seat and held my shoulders. "Doris, please. You're the only one who can save the basketball team."

I pushed him away. "Sometimes you talk crazy. What does the basketball team have to do with it?"

"If my father takes me off the team, they'll lose. I'm the star player. Help me, Doris. Do it for the team. For Dunbar Elementary School."

The librarian looked at us again. "If you two continue to make noise, you'll have to leave."

I threw a crumpled piece of paper at him. "See, you always make someone get in trouble."

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"The team is in trouble. They need me to confuse our opponents."

I sucked my teeth. "You don't really want to study, Bird. You only want me to do your homework. You play around too much."

"I'm not playing around. I want to do better." He made a gloomy, sad face. "I want to do good this year, but the work is harder now. I can't do it. I'm afraid I'm not going to pass the sixth grade if I don't start doing better."

He lowered his head. "Doris, do you have time to help me until the bell rings? Please?"

I wouldn't be able to write the poem as long as he was around. I put it in my bag. "Just till the bell rings. And this ain't gonna be no everyday thing."

"We only have ten minutes. You read the last two pages to me, and I'll remember it better."

"You want me to do all the work."

"No. I just want you to read." He shifted uncomfortably in his seat and rubbed his head. It takes too long if I read it by myself."

I read the remaining pages about ancient Egypt while he followed along. The bell rang just as I finished. We raced out of the library, and Bird jumped down the steps, two at a time. Mrs. Barker, our teacher, hates us to be late lining up for class.

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Most of the class was already on line in the cafeteria. The first ones on line were Mickey and Dotty, the un-identical twins. The only thing alike about them is that they're both short. Usually they don't dress anything alike; however, today they wore straight yellow skirts and red ribbons tied around a puff of hair on top of their heads. They looked like two lollipops. The twins were so busy gossiping with Lavinia, who was standing behind them, that they didn't see me.

As she talked, Lavinia bounced around with one hand on her hip while waving her other hand back and forth like she was conducting a band.

Lavinia lives on Union Avenue, and we call her The Daily News because she tells everyone about everything that happens in the five blocks between Union Avenue, 163rd Street, the playground, and the school.

Lavinia looks older than the rest of us. Her hair is braided with gold and silver beads that end in a perfectly straight row across her shoulders. I wish I had beads like those, I thought.

Towards the end of the line was Big Russell. He carried a basketball under one arm and his books under the other. He frowned when he saw Bird. "Where you been, man? We was looking for you all morning."

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T.T., who also lives on Union Avenue, stepped out of line behind Russell and blocked Bird. "I wanted to show you some new moves I been practicing for the game," he said.

Bird surprised Russell and grabbed the basketball out of his hands. 'The only move you can show me is to move out of my way," Bird answered, darting back and forth, dribbling the basketball.

"Where was you this morning?" Russell asked again.

"With Doris. She's going to help me study so I can save the team," he shouted for the entire cafeteria to hear.

T.T. snatched the ball from Russell. "I'm the one that's going to save the team," he said.

Before I could say anything, a short, fat shadow crossed the floor. "Class 6-3 QUIET ON THAT LINE!" Most of us stopped talking and clowning around, as we followed Mrs. Barker to our room.

I'd have to let Bird know, I thought, as I walked through the long hallway, that things had changed from the way it used to be when me and Amir helped him study. Amir was gone, and I was sad. I just wanted to be alone to remember how fine it was when the two of us was together. And Yellow Bird was the last person on this earth that I wanted to be bothered with.

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Black Eyed Bruiser

Stevie Wright - By Vandenberg and Young

1. If you see me walkin' down the street.., better get out my way.
2. I'm a real king-hitter, always have my say.
3. If you're lookin' for a heavy time, best you don't come around.
4. Or else you'll get your heavy, six feet of solid ground.
5. I don't like trouble, but if trouble's the name of your game.
6. Know where you can find me boy.
7. Everybody knows my name.
8. I'm the black eyed, the black eyed, the black eyed bruiser...
9. I used to be a peaceful man, of flowers and love.
10. I believed in my soul, and the good Lord above.
11. But I was forced to change my tune.
12. By candles and grace, by the power of the dollars and the kicks in my face.
13. There ain't no peace in this world that's a fact.
14. Take a good look around.
15. So I'm gonna stand here and fight, ain't nobody putting me down.

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16. They call me the black eyed, black eyed, black eyed bruiser.
17. All, I want, is a little bit of understanding.
18. I Don't wanna be….. the man I am.
19. All, I need, is a little bit of lovin' care now.
20. Don't wanna be….. a hated man.
21. Don't wanna be…..aaahh be a black eyed bruiser.
22. Aaahh…. I don't wanna be a black eyed bruiser.
23. They call me the black eyed, the black eyed,
24. They call me the black eyed bruiser...

Harry Vanda / George Young
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"I will only see the ob-sta-cles
if I take my eyes off the long-term goal"







Can Eating Marshmallows Determine Your Success?

Can you wait for something you really want?

Can you work hard over time to reach a goal you have set?

Can you do homework, chores or your job without being asked?

Can you control your behaviour?

OR…. Do you want it NOW?

'Instant' Gratification	Versus	'Delayed' Gratification
"I want it now"		**"I can wait"**

The Stamford Marshmallow Experiment conducted by psychologist Walter Mischel in 1972

1. Conducted in the Bing Nursery School at Stamford in 1972 – 600 Children aged 4-6 years old
2. A room with no distractions – One marshmallow on a tray
3. If the child didn't give into temptation and eat the marshmallow after 15 minutes they received a second one.
4. Years later – further studies revealed that the children who could wait for 15 minutes and receive 2 marshmallows had overall better academic outcomes, better job outcomes and better life outcomes

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Doctor Kathy (Part One)



Student Weekly Review

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

I-1 – Read or repeat all the words from the printout with the phonic sound "air" in it from the printout.

I-2 – Read or repeat one page of 'The Aardvarks Adventure Story'.

I-3 Fill in these gaps in writing or verbally. A verb is a do____ or Ac_____ word. They also give the idea of a st_____ or exis_____. A one-word sentence must be a v_____.

I-4 – Why is Doris in the library? When Bird comes in what does he want? What reason does Bird give for asking for Doris's help? Why does he want Doris to read for him?

I-5 – Discuss What a black-eyed bruiser is? Does he want to change? Read 10 lines of this song.

I-6 – Discuss the marshmallow experiment. What is instant gratification? What is delayed gratification? Which one is better?

I-7 – Discuss what Kathy finds difficult? How does she remember how to spell words? What did she want to do for her career when she was at school? What happened when she got to university?

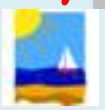
This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist…. These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student's answers can be spoken, written or read.

Smile – "You are learning more every day"

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"Make peace with your past
so it won't de-ter-mine your fu-ture"

24 'a A' Vowel Combinations Revision Page

a  apple	a  apron	a  ate	a  ask
a  watch	a  water	a  many	a  asleep
ay  bay	ar  arms	aw  saw	ar  warm
ai  train	a  sausage	ai  said	ar  canary
au  sauce	aur  dinosaur	aye  'Aye, aye, Sir!'	au  laugh
ae  algae /al-jee/	air  chair	are  bare	aigh straight

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"Make peace with your past
so it won't de-ter-mine your fu-ture"

tion sion tian cian….  …. "Sh'n"

tial cial….  ….. "Sh'l"

tion	tian	cian	tion	cial	tial	sion	tion	tial
cial	cian	sion	cial	tion	tial	tian	sion	cial
tion	tial	tian	sion	cial	tion	tial	cian	tial
sion	tion	tial	cial	tion	tian	cian	tial	sion

e-mo-tion	emotion	pas-sion	passion
mag-i-cian	magician	E-gyp-tian	Egyptian
add-i-tion	addition	in-ven-tion	invention
spe-cial	special	de-ten-tion	detention
in-i-tial	initial	men-tion	mention
frac-tion	fraction	na-tion	nation
Dal-ma-tian	Dalmatian	man-sion	mansion
ac-tion	action	so-cial	social
pol-lu-tion	pollution	es-sen-tial	essential
spa-tial	spatial	pol-i-ti-cian	politician
men-tion	mention	po-ten-tial	potential

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"Make peace with your past so it won't de-ter-mine your fu-ture"

What Are Adverbs?

An Adverb **adds to the verb.** It tells us **more** about the action, or state. An Adverb tells us How? Where? When? How Often? or How Much?

I sing loudly. How do I sing?	loudly
Afterwards, he walked to work. When did he go to work?	afterwards
I run daily. How often do I run?	daily 
They did a terrific job. What sort of job did they do	terrific
She walks to a local school. Where is the school?	local
I seem to be extremely sleepy.  How sleepy am I?	extremely

Adverbs can also modify a whole sentence.

Obviously, I seem to be extremely sleepy.
Definitely, they did a terrific job.

Adverbs often end in 'y' or 'ly'…… Ask How????

staring angrily,	running slowly,	tanning quickly
briskly walking,	driving badly,	speaking breathlessly

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Yellow Bird and Me

By Joyce Hansen

Chapter 2
THE POEM

Barker stood in front of the room taking attendance, looking like a general in her navy blue suit.

Mickey sat with me and Dotty. Lavinia was on the other side of the room, running her mouth to the boy sitting next to her.

Mickey turned to me. "So, you going to tutor the Bird?"

"No," I answered.

"Why did he say you would?" she asked, looking at me slyly.

"How should I know?" I snapped.

Mrs. Barker clapped her hands. "Doris, no more talking. Class, your attention."

I sat sideways, turning my back to Mickey. The twins and I had classes together since the first grade. Anytime they talked to me, ***I*** got caught with my mouth open. When classes started in September, I sat in the front of the room to get away from them. The second day of class, Barker rearranged seats, and I ended up in the middle of the first row near Mickey and Dotty again.

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Mrs. Barker put her roll book on her desk. "Class, we will now review the social studies homework. Who can tell me when King Tutankhamen reigned?"

Bird's hand shot up in the air before anyone else even opened their books. He sat one row away from me. "I know. ... I know it," he yelled excitedly.

Mrs. Barker looked annoyed, but she said, "Okay, James." I guess she thought he was going to say something crazy, as usual, to make everyone laugh.

"King Tut reigned in the Eighteenth Dynasty of the New Kingdom," he shouted and then peeped at me. I made believe I didn't see him.

"Thank you, James." Her eyes swept the room. "Is it known how the king died?"

Bird's hand flew in the air again. She nodded toward him.

"No one knows for sure how he died. Maybe he was killed." He'd remembered everything I'd read to him.

Mickey leaned over to me. "What happened to Him?"

I ignored her and gazed out of the window. Poor Amir, I thought, all by himself in that home. I had to figure out how I was going to save some money so I could go upstate and visit him. I didn't get an allowance. I was too young to work in a restaurant like the high school kids. I could baby-sit, maybe. Except I helped my mother mind my baby brother, Gerald. Maybe I could —

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"Doris Williams! Do you know the answer?" Barker interrupted my thoughts.

I hadn't heard a word she'd said. "Oh, ah. . . what was the question again, Mrs. Barker?"

"Young lady, get your mind back here in this room. Now tell me the year his tomb was first discovered."

"Whose tomb?" I asked, my face going blank.

Big Russell let out a loud hoot from the back of the room.

"Doris, you're supposed to be a good student. I'm disappointed."

I hated for Mrs. Barker to do that. Next thing Mickey and them would be talking about Miss Goody-Goody Two Shoes. Someone moaned, and Lavinia sighed real loud.

Bird waved his hands wildly. "I know what it is. I know. ... I know."

Barker stared at me. "I'm waiting, Doris."

Bird couldn't hold it in. "1922," he blurted.

Barker wheeled around and got red in the face. "You can't behave for more than five minutes, young man. Don't call out." Then she turned to me again. "I expect better than this from you, Doris." She swung her gaze away from me and found another victim. A sleepy-eyed boy who couldn't remember anything about Tut's tomb either.

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The next time I looked up, Barker had written out fractions from one end of the board to the other. I hated math, but at least she didn't talk as much for a math lesson as she did when she taught history and English. After she'd finished writing, she asked for a volunteer to solve the first problem.

Lavinia's the math whiz. She strutted up to the blackboard, sucked her lips into her mouth, and cocked her head to the side like she was solving the hardest math problem in the world. Her numbers were large and clear as she quickly worked out the problem.

The light from the window fell on her gold and silver beads. They jingled as she wrote, and sparkled like tiny round pieces of sun and moon. I'd get beads for my braids too, I thought. Except mine would be red and orange and rust, like the fall leaves.

Suddenly the idea came to me. Beads. Hair. Braids. Cornrows. Miss Bee, the hairdresser on 163rd Street. A girl about my age who used to live on the block once worked for her. After school I'd ask Miss Bee if I could work there. If she'd let me, I could pay for a trip to see Amir.

I took the poem out of my bag and placed it between the pages of my notebook. I needed something to rhyme with beautiful and rare. As I watched Russell slowly divide 2¾ by 1¼ the rest of the poem came to me. I wrote it quickly and read the whole poem.

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A friend is like a crown of rubies,

beautiful and rare.

You're the most precious jewel of all

the one, the only Amir.

With all my love, Doris

"Psst, Doris. What you reading?" Mickey asked, leaning over me and nearly toppling off her seat. I almost choked from her perfume. It was probably her idea to dress like a lollipop.

I quickly closed the book. "Nothing," I said.

"Don't lie. You was reading a letter. A love letter?" She smirked.

Barker stared at me. "Doris Williams, if you're not talking math, then you shouldn't have anything to say."

Mickey and Dotty giggled.

"And why is your notebook closed, Doris?" Barker continued.

Lavinia stared at me from the other side of the room. When I opened the book, my poem fell out. I snatched it off the floor, and Barker saw it.

"What's that?" she asked. "You know you're not to pass around notes. Now give me that."

"But Mrs. Barker, I wasn't passing notes. . . . I—"

"Give. It. To. Me." Barker was death on note passing ever since she found one that Big Russell wrote saying that she looked like a

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construction worker in a dress. She either destroyed notes or read them aloud.

"I wasn't doing anything," I pleaded.

She stretched her hands out for the poem and moved towards me. I didn't know which was worse — her tearing up the note, or reading it to the class. Bird raised his hand and stood up.

" 'Scuse me, Mrs. Barker, ma'am. That's my note. See, Doris helped me study this morning in the library cause she's smart and all, and anyway, she was helping me read a note someone sent me and see, she put it in her bag then by mistake when the bell rang, and —"

"Sit down and be quiet!" Bird sat down fast like someone had pushed him back in his seat. I wish he'd mind his own business.

"The brave Bird tries to save Doris," T.T. called out.

"But he cannot help her," Russell finished.

Barker slammed her ruler on her desk, and everyone got quiet. I decided I'd tear the poem up if she tried to make me give it to her. I'd die of embarrassment if anyone besides Amir read my poem.

"Give James his note and let me hear no more of this."

Barker turned back to the blackboard and wrote more fractions. I handed Bird my poem. At least he wouldn't tear it up, and he never read anything unless he had to. I almost hollered at him

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when he scrunched it in his back pocket, leaving part of the paper sticking out. I saw T.T. eyeing it. Mickey leaned over to me again. 'That ain't really Bird's note. Who'd write him?"

"Why don't you mind your business, Mickey?" I mumbled. I nervously watched Bird's pocket and my poem and tried to get his attention so he'd pass the paper back to me. He was furiously erasing. I tried to concentrate on the numbers and keep track of my poem at the same time. It seemed as if every time I looked away from my paper or the blackboard, Barker saw me. Finally, she said, "Doris, do the next problem."

As I walked to the blackboard, I saw T.T. pass a piece of paper to the boy sitting alongside of him. Seemed like every pair of eyes in the room was pasted on my back. I didn't hear any talking, but I knew someone was sure to say something about my out-of-style pleated blue skirt or the way my hair was braided.

I finished the problem and walked quickly back to my desk. When I sat down, I saw that the paper wasn't in Bird's pocket. My blood went cold when I heard giggles and whispers throughout the room. I tried to act as though nothing were wrong, but I couldn't help looking in horror as I watched my poem going from hand to hand. A boy sitting next to Russell blew kisses at me. My hands shook as I copied another problem. I'd destroy Bird. Wring his scrawny neck. I twisted in my seat again to see where my poem was.

Mickey tapped me and handed me a wrinkled piece of paper.

"The one, the only Amir. With all my love, Doris," she said breathlessly, fluttering her eyelashes.

I snatched my poem out of her hand and stuffed it back into my notebook. "I'm getting you for this, Mickey."

They'd stolen my words. My eyes began to water, but I couldn't let the tears spill over. I leaned over my notebook and scribbled in the margins. I didn't care if Barker checked my book either. The worst thing had already happened. Nothing could be more embarrassing than everybody seeing your personal and private thoughts.

"Class, finish the problems and then take out your readers for silent reading. Turn to page 21." The teacher sat down at her desk, arranged a stack of papers, and started writing.

I opened the book and didn't care what page it was. I stared at blurry words running together, too ashamed to raise my head.

I didn't look up until the lunch bell rang, and I saw Bird reaching in his pockets and rummaging through his desk. I stood on the back of the line. Mickey, Dotty, Lavinia, and a couple other girls were at the head of the line whispering and giggling. It felt as if everyone in the room was laughing at me, and I couldn't look anyone in the eye.

I couldn't even go near the cafeteria. I sneaked to the schoolyard and sat on the steps while everyone ate lunch.

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It wasn't until the end of the day that Bird came over to me as we walked down the hall to go home. "Doris, I can't find your note."

"Don't say nothing to me, Bird. I'm two minutes away from the side of your head. You let them get their hands on my poem."

He had the nerve to look at me like he didn't know what I was talking about.

"Who got your poem?" He looked confused.

"Don't give me any more help, Bird. All you did was make things worse!" I left him and ran downstairs. When I got outside, I raced across Cauldwell Avenue, took the shortcut through the playground, and didn't stop until I got to Miss Bee's.

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Take Me For A Ride In The Car Car

Animation – By Woody Guthrie

Chorus

1. Brrr Brrr Brrr Brrr Brrr Brrr Brrr Brrrm *(repeat)*
2. Brrrm Brrr Brrr Brrr Brrr Brrrm *(repeat)*
3. Take me riding in the car, car. *(repeat)*
4. Take you riding in the car, car.
5. I'll take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

6. Click clack, open up the door, girls.
7. Click clack, open up the door, boys.
8. Front door, back door, clickety clack.
9. Take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

10. Trees and the houses walk along. *(repeat)*
11. Truck and a car and a garbage can.
12. I'll take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

13. Climb, climb, rattle on the front seat.
14. Spree I spraddle on the back seat.
15. Turn my key, step on the starter.
16. Take you riding in my car.

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17. Engine it goes boom, boom. *(repeat)*
18. Front seat, back seat, boys and girls.
19. Take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

20. Take me riding in the car, car. *(repeat)*
21. Take you riding in the car, car.
22 I'll take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

23. Ships and the little boats chug along. *(repeat)*
24. Boom buhbuh boom.
25. Take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

26. I'm gonna let you blow the horn. *(repeat)*
27. A oorah, a oorah, a oogah, oogah
28. I'll take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

29. I'm a gonna send you home again. *(repeat)*
30. Boom, boom, buhbuh boom, rolling home.
31. Take you riding in my car.

Chorus (Repeat 1. and 2.)

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"Make peace with your past
so it won't de-ter-mine your fu-ture"



How Angry Are You?



Anger is a powerful emotion and if not controlled it can lead to serious problems in our relationships, at school, in our careers and in life.

1. I don't always show my anger when I'm mad, but if I do – Look Out
   True / False
2. I still get mad when I think about bad things that have happened in the past
   True / False
3. I fly off the handle quickly
   True / False
4. I sometimes lie awake at night thinking about all the things that have upset me in the past
   True / False
5. I find it very hard to forgive someone who has done me wrong
   True / False
6. I've been so angry at times that I cannot remember what I said or did
   True / False
7. I've had trouble at home/school or work because of my temper
   True / False
8. When I'm really mad I often say things I later regret
   True / False
9. Sometimes people are afraid of me when I get angry
   True / False
10. In the past I have hit objects, other people and broken things when I am angry
    True / False

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Doctor Kathy (Part Two)



Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials I -8 to I –14 students should be able to…

I-8 – Read or repeat the words in each box of the table on the printout like this – "apple ---the a says a-, apron ---the a says a–."

I-9 – Read or repeat two lines of the words in the light pink box and read or repeat 10 words from the "sh'n" and "sh'l" word lists.

I-10 – Fill in these gaps in writing or verbally. An adverb adds to the v____. It tells us more about the ac_____ or st_____. An adverb tells us H____? Wh_____? When? How Of____? and How Mu____?

I-11 – Discuss what happens to Doris's note in class? How does she feel? How does she react when the other children read it? How does Bird react?

I-12 – Read or repeat 20 lines of this song.

I-13 – Discuss what makes you angry. How do you display your anger? Do you ever damage things when you are angry?

I-14 – Why did Kathy decide to be a doctor? What subject did she have to go back and study at night school. What type of doctor is she? How does she get help for spelling when she is writing at work?

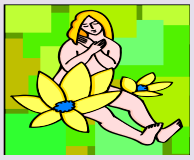
This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist…. These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student's answers can be spoken, written or read.

Smile – "You are doing really well"

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"Ev-ery-thing out of your com-fort zone will be in your com-fort zone when you suc-ceed - Your com-fort zone just keeps grow-ing"

Vowel 'E' 'e' Combinations Part 1

e–	e—	e—/e	ee/e—/	ea/e—/
				
el·e·phant egg emp·ty en·ter her·ring	me be she the equal	Eve Pete Steve	feet steep sweet green queen	beach read leap please dream
ea/e–/	**ei**/e—/	**ei**/i—/	**eigh**/a—/	**er**/uh/
	ei·ther nei·ther re·ceive seize	 Ei·der Duck Hei·di	8 eight weight neigh neigh·bour sleigh vein	 flow·er moth·er pow·er·ful **e**/uh/ the
feath·er read head tread spread				
er/er/	**ew**/ew/	**ey**/a—/	**ea**/a—/	**ey**/e—/
		 grey they 		
fern stern jerk germ term	screw flew drew new /yoo/u—/ dew stew	prey o·bey dis·o·bey	break steak great	keys mon·keys hon·ey mon·ey bar·ley

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"Ev-ery-thing out of your com-fort zone will be in your com-fort zone when you suc-ceed - Your com-fort zone just keeps grow-ing"

More Vowel 'E' 'e' Combinations Part 2

ear /ear/  ear hear tear fear rear clear	**ear** /air/  pear wear tear bear swear	**ear** /er/  pearl earl·y earth heard search	**ear** /ar/  heart hearth	**eer** /ear/  deer beer steer jeer peer
ere /ear/ here mere sin·cere sin·cere·ly in·ter·fere	**er** /ear/  ma·ter·i·al mys·ter·i·ous de·ler·i·ous	**eo** /e~o/ ne·o = new **eu** /yoo/  eu·ca·lyp·tus euro Eu·rope	**ea** /e~a/  cre·ate **eo** e/~o  ne·on	**-e** ta·ble have horse an·te·lope case
eo /e–/  peo·ple **e** /a–/  fete **ei** /e-/  lei·sure	**eye** /i–/  eye **eo** /e-/  leo·pard Leo·nard	**ere** /air/  Go there! Where? **'re** /air/ We're/ they're coming! **eir** /air/ Their dogs are barking.	**ere** /er/ We were late. **ew** /o–/  sew	**e** /i-/  pretty **eigh** /i–/  height

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"Ev-ery-thing out of your com-fort zone will be in your com-fort zone when you suc-ceed - Your com-fort zone just keeps grow-ing"

What Are Ad-jec-tives?

Adjectives are describing words.

Adjectives can describe nouns.

Adjectives - Add to Objects

A **big** dog.

A **black** cat.

A **happy** teacher.

I like **hot** pies.



Adjectives can come after verbs.

It seems **soft**.

I feel **happy**.

The kitten looks **safe**.



We can put adjectives together.

Lucy is a **beautiful, young, blonde, strong** woman.

It is a **warm, windy** and **wild** day.



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Yellow Bird and Me

By Joyce Hansen

Chapter 3
PLANS (Part One)

The best thing about Miss Bee's Beauty Hive was the comforting sweet shampoo smell. I also loved the two posters of women with beautiful hairdos that stood in the tiny window next to the drooping spider plant. I wondered whether anyone ever came out of Miss Bee's with their hair looking like the women in the posters.

The Beauty Hive was small and narrow. More pictures of hairstyles were pasted on the walls. Three booths in the front of the shop were separated by the kind of thick frosty glass that you can't see through.

Miss Bee sat on a stool in the first booth, holding a large black curling iron over her customer's head. The other booths were empty. I almost tripped over a hair dryer cord.

"Who's that?" Miss Bee peeped above the top of the divider. "Hi, Honey Bunch," she said as soon as she saw me. A gleam of light sparkled out of her front gold tooth.

"Hi, Miss Bee," I said. "I just wanted —"

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"Your mother sent you here to make an appointment for her? It's about time." She looked at her customer in the mirror. "You should see this child's mama. Pretty as a picture. But I lost her when she started wearing them out-of-date Afros."

If I didn't want a job so bad, I would've told her off. "My mother just like to be natural," I said.

She clicked the irons like castanets. "Natural? People wearing curls these days. That's what's natural now. So Honey Bunch, when does she want her appointment?"

"Miss Bee ... I want to know if ... I mean, do you —? I need a job."

"You and a lot of other people," she said. The customer laughed. Miss Bee's gold tooth glittered. "Yes, child. It's a rough world out there. Everyone's looking for work."

"Miss Bee ... I mean … I was wondering if you need some help."

She twirled a lock of the customer's hair around the iron. "We all need help, Honey Bunch."

Smoke rose out of the customer's hair as Miss Bee made a big, fat curl. I moved from one foot to the other. I didn't know whether she was trying to be funny or really thought I had come in just to talk.

"Miss Bee, what I mean is, I was wondering whether you need someone to answer the phone, to run errands ... or write down appointments. You know."

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She put the irons in the burner and wiped her sweaty forehead. "Honey, I thought you was bringing some money in here. Not trying to take it out."

I was thinking of leaving right then until I thought about Amir upstate, and how sad we were both feeling, and how important it was for me to see him. "You don't need someone to keep things straight for you?"

Her counter, filled with lotions, shampoos, combs, brushes, curlers, and pins, looked worse than my table at home.

"You volunteering?"

"I mean when you're busy."

She looked around the empty shop. "Do it look busy in here?"

"Aren't Saturdays busy?"

"Well. . . sometimes, but I —"

"Miss Bee, I can braid hair too — and make all kinds of cornrows with beads and —"

She pulled the customer's hair with the iron so hard the lady squinched. "On no. My clientele don't want no braids. I ain't having no beads and all kind of crazy stuff walking out of my shop. I'd lose my customers."

"But Miss Bee, I —"

"You young people are backwards. We used to wear braids

because we couldn't afford to go to the hairdresser. Right?" She looked at her customer, who agreed.

"Curls is what's happening now," she said, clicking the iron.

"But, Miss Bee, the little girls — I could braid their hair when they come in with their mothers."

"She shook her head. "Their mamas want those girls to have curls. When are you coming in for some? You a cute child. Let me curl your hair and you'll be a raving beauty."

The customer grinned, looking at me in the mirror. Miss Bee put the last curl in the woman's hair and slipped off her stool. "So child, I — Who is that fool?" She headed for the door, and I followed her.

Yellow Bird's face was pressed into the glass watching us. He looked like some kind of monster with his nose and lips mashed up against the window. I could have smacked him. Messing up my job interview.

"You know him?" Miss Bee asked.

"I think he lives around here."

"What you want, rascal?" she yelled, shaking her fist at Bird.

Bird ran. I'd tell him off good when I saw him. If I didn't get to see Amir, I didn't know what I'd do. I had to get this job. "Miss Bee, what about Saturday?"

Miss Bee wiped her hands on her apron and looked at me like

I was wearing her out. "Come by then and see what's happening. Maybe you could run a few errands. Drop in."

"So I got the job?" I said excitedly as the customer handed her some money.

"If you want to call it that," Miss Bee said. "There are two other hairdressers here on Saturdays. They'll tip you for running to the store for them."

"Tip?"

"Yes. We all believe in helping the youth."

It wasn't what I'd expected, but it was better than nothing.

"I'll be here Saturday."

"Okay, honey. And tell your mama to come in for some curls."

Bird was gone when I got outside. Dotty was jumping double Dutch in front of her building with some little girls. Mickey and Lavinia were on the stoop, draped over the bannister like a pair of curtains. I was on the other side of the street but since the block is as narrow as the Beauty Hive, I know they all saw me. They didn't speak to me, though, and I didn't speak to them.

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Runnin' For The Red Light (I gotta life)

Meatloaf - By Aday, Durkee, Russo, Vanda & Young

1.	Madder than a mad man and bored to the c-c-core.
2.	Minute hand crawling, can't take it anymore.
3.	Future's up the highway, I gotta get away.
4.	I'm gonna take a little trip and find a Tijuana stray.
5.	I got the time to take it.
6.	I got the balls to break it.
7.	Got a car that'll make it.
8.	South of the border, don't drink the water.
9.	Gonna have a good time tonight.
10.	Crazy from the heat and runnin' for the red light.
11.	Oh Senorita, have two tequila.
12.	Love seeker, Lord the will is getting weaker.
13.	Gonna have a good time tonight.
14.	Burnin' with the fever and runnin' for the red light.
15.	She ain't a teacher, she ain't a preacher.
16.	Just so close to holy that you're runnin' just to reach her.
17.	The bomb is tickin', my heads about to burst.

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18.	Need some personal attention or I swear I'm gonna rust.
19.	Gonna find a little place, where no one will tell you what to do.
20.	Tell her I'm a rebel, she says "Yeah, without a clue"
21.	Just need some understanding, a girl who ain't demanding.
22.	Who ain't afraid to fake it, south of the border.
23.	Don't drink the water.
24.	Gonna have a good time tonight.
25.	Crazy from the heat and runnin' for the red light.
26.	Oh Senorita, have two tequila.
27.	Love seeker, Lord the will is getting weaker.
28.	Gonna have a good time tonight.
29.	Burnin' with the fever and runnin' for the red light.
30.	She ain't a teacher, she ain't a preacher.
31.	Just so close to holy that you're runnin' just to reach her.
32.	Need some understanding, a girl who ain't demanding.
33.	A little bad behaviour, she's gonna be my saviour.
34.	My knees are shakin', my back is breakin'.

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35. Oh Mama Mia, my Senorita.
36. Gonna have a good time tonight.
37. Crazy from the heat and runnin' for the red light.
38. Oh Senorita, have three tequila.
39. Love seeker, Lord the will is gettin' weaker.
40. Gonna have a good time tonight.
41. Burnin' with the fever and runnin' for the red light.
42. She ain't a teacher, she ain't a preacher.
43. Just so close to holy, that you're runnin' just to reach her.
44. Gonna have a good time tonight.
45. Crazy from the heat and runnin' for the red light.
46. Oh Senorita, have some tequila.
47. Need sneakers, Lord the will is getting' weaker.
48. Gonna have a good time tonight.
49. Burnin' with the fever and runnin' for the red light.
50. Just heard the bell, that got me outta hell.
51. I gotta girl, I gotta life.

Harry Vanda/George Young/ Michael Lee Aday/ Sarah B Durkee/Patti Russo
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"Ev-ery-thing out of your com-fort zone will be in your com-fort zone when you suc-ceed - Your com-fort zone just keeps grow-ing"

Understanding And Dealing With Anger

Feeling angry from time to time is normal

It can be caused by something simple like classmates, teachers, bosses, friends or a family members annoying behavior, to worrying about our personal problems or remembering a troubling life event

As a **positive** emotion anger can help you to stand up for yourself and fight the system when things aren't right
As a **negative** emotion anger can lead to hurting people, violence, injury and physical damage to property

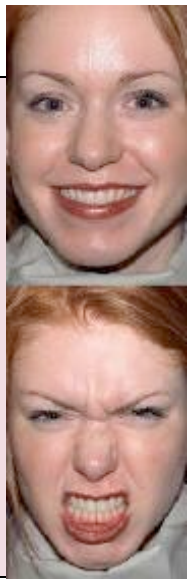
Being able to control anger is therefore very important

What is Anger and what can it do to us?

Anger is an emotional state that can range from, frustration, mild irritation and feeling really annoyed right up to feelings of intense rage and fury. Being angry actually creates physical changes in our body, such as increased heart rate, higher blood pressure and adrenalin entering our bloodstream.

GREAT WAYS TO DEAL WITH ANGER

1. Don't bottle it up
2. Relax….breathe
3. Change your thought patterns
4. Problem solve
5. Communicate
6. Manage the stress that caused the anger
7. Change the situation or your location



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Robert (Part 1)



Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials I -15 to I -21 students should be able to…

I-15 – Use the print out to practice reading or repeating all the words with 'e' vowel combinations.

I-16 – Use the print out to practice reading or repeating all the words with 'e' vowel combinations.

I-17 – Fill in the gaps. Adject_____ are descr_____ words. They add to Ob_____. Adj_____ describe N_____.

I-18 – Discuss how Doris's interview went? What made her persevere when Miss Bee said she didn't need any more workers to pay? Who was watching through the window?

I-19 – Discuss what 'runnin for the red light' means. Where is over the border? Read 10 lines of this song.

I-20 – Discuss how 'anger' can be both a positive and negative emotion? What are some of the physical changes that occur in your body when you are angry? What are three ways to deal with anger?

I-21 – What did Robert do when he had to read aloud in class? How did the other boys treat him when he was at the private school? Did he pass Year 11? Why did he choose such hard subjects?

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 – "Your knowledge is increasing all the time"

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"Suc-cess-ful peo-ple are al-ways look-ing for ways to help oth-ers – Un-suc-cess-ful peo-ple want to know what's in it for me?"





Practise All The 'E' 'e' Vowel Combinations

egg	me	Eve
green	feather	either
height	eight	mother
term	drew	they
hear	pear	heart
beer	here	people
eye	pretty	where?
sew	monkeys	earth
early	empty	spread
stew	the	please





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"Suc-cess-ful peo-ple are al-ways look-ing for ways to help oth-ers – Un-suc-cess-ful peo-ple want to know what's in it for me?"



The Beach – An 'e E' Story

On Wednesday Fred's mother took him to the beach.

"Make sure you wear your new headgear!" his father re·mind·ed him, before he left the flat where they lived. (Fred had been given a green hat to wear when·ever he went outside.)

There were people everywhere at the seaside because it was such warm weather.

"Let's climb up that steep cliff," said Fred to his mother. They were hot afterwards, so Fred said, "You can read your book and I'll go for a paddle if you like?"

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He went into the sea. "Oh, yuk! There's too much seaweed here! It's getting tangled around my feet!"

"Come and have something to eat," yelled his mum.

"What's on the menu?" Fred wanted to know.

"Either eggs or meat, ginger beer, then pears."

"What a delicious feast!" he declared, delighted.

Suddenly they could hear thunder. "Oh dear, it's getting grey and wet," said mum, nearly with a tear in her eye. "We'll have to leave early – what a shame."

"This is the tenth time this has happened! It just wasn't meant to be!" exclaimed Fred as they left the already wet beach area and headed for cover.

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"Suc-cess-ful peo-ple are al-ways look-ing for ways to help oth-ers – Un-suc-cess-ful peo-ple want to know what's in it for me?"

What Are Prepositions?

A preposition is a word that shows a relationship between a noun and another word in a sentence.

Here is a list of the more common one-word prepositions. E.g. The **book** was **under** the **papers**.

aboard	about	above	across	after
against	along	amid	among	anti
around	as	at	before	behind
below	beneath	beside	besides	between
beyond	but	by	except	considering
despite	down	during	from	in
inside	following	for	minus	near
of	into	like	onto	opposite
outside	off	on	per	plus
regarding	over	past	since	than
through	round	toward	towards	under
underneath	to	until	up	upon
versus	via	with	within	*Well Done!*

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Yellow Bird and Me

By Joyce Hansen

Chapter 3

PLANS (Continued)

As I slowly walked up the stairs to my apartment, I wondered how I was going to break the news to Ma about my job. She should be happy since she's always telling me about responsibility. But she also hardly ever lets me out of her sight.

When I opened the door, I nearly bumped into her as she put on her jacket. "Doris, you ain't doing anything. I saw you walking up the block slow as a snail. Stay here with the baby for me while I run to Third Avenue to do some shopping. He's sleeping now."

Here was my chance to get on her good side. "I'll go for you, Ma."

"No. You can't shop like me. I'm looking for specials. Gotta save some money, you know. Be back soon."

I listened to her heels click down the hallway. After I heard the front door bang shut, I went to the kitchen to find a snack and checked on Gerald on my way to my room.

My room was really a hallway between my parents' room and the rest of the apartment. It was only big enough for my bed and a monstrous old-fashioned chest of drawers that I used as both a

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dressing table and a desk. A small low bookcase stood under the window. I made a clearing on the top of the chest — barrettes, comb, and blouses to one side, books, papers, and pencils to the other. I did some homework for a while, and then took Amir's letter and the crumpled poem out of my notebook. I read them over and over again. My stomach hurt as I thought of the whole class reading my personal poem. I wasn't sorry I wrote it, though. Maybe people in class would think I was the biggest fool in the world, but Amir would understand and he'd feel good. The next time I see Yellow Bird ... I thought.

As soon as Ma walked in the door, Gerald started to cry. "Doris, go get that child and keep an eye on him while I fix supper," Ma called to me from the kitchen.

I went and got Gerald, and then ran around behind him as he tore around the house. I pulled him out from under the table as he grabbed for a piece of raw onion that must have fallen off Ma's cutting board. I sat down at the table across from her with Gerald on my lap as she diced onions.

"Ma," I began, wincing as the smell of onion stung my nose. "What do you think about — ?"

The doorbell rang.

"Get that, Doris," Ma said, as she dropped potatoes into a pot of boiling water.

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With Gerald in my arms, I went to the living room and opened the door. Mrs. Nicols, who lived in the apartment upstairs, floated in with a big false-tooth smile. Once a week she came downstairs to visit Ma.

Mrs. Nicols and I sat at the table, and I sat Gerald next to me making sure he didn't splatter the walls with orange juice.

"Have some coffee?" Ma asked Mrs. Nicols. "Just put up a fresh pot on the stove."

"Yes, darling."

Ma handed her a water glass full of coffee. That was the only way she drank it. Once I asked Ma why Mrs. Nicols didn't drink coffee out of a cup like everyone else. Ma said, "Because she's not like everyone else."

Mrs. Nicols crossed her skinny legs and smiled at me. "Doris, you're a wonderful little mother's helper."

Ma put the onions into the frying pan, and she put a lid over the steaming pot of potatoes. "She's a good girl," Ma said. "Been real responsible lately."

Now was the time to say something about the job if I could get a chance to open my mouth.

Mrs. Nicols sipped her coffee loudly and put the glass on the table. If I'd have done that, Ma would have yelled.

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She reared back in her seat and dangled her hands over the back of the chair. They were wrinkly and old, but her fingernails were long and pretty, sparkling with red nail polish. She reminded me of an older Lavinia. Mrs. Nicols hands spread like a fan, which meant that a speech was coming.

"This girl is precious," she said. "It's a cruel, vicious world out there. And there's no love like a mother's love, darling. Keep her close to home."

Ma smiled proudly as she gave the sizzling onions a stir. Ma said, "Yes. Doris is a good kid. And it ain't easy raising children nowadays. You have to watch them all the time."

I wished Mrs. Nicols would go back upstairs. She put her hand out as if she were waiting for someone to hand her something. "Girl, don't talk. You know, when I was a young lady, you went from your father's jurisdiction to your husband's."

She smiled, and even though she was old, something young happened to her face. "But, of course, I always had my own mind. Made sure I saw some of what happened between Daddy's house and my husband's house, God rest both their souls." She winked at Ma and picked up her coffee glass, her pinkie standing straight out like a soldier.

"These women liberationists need to come and see me," she continued. "I was a feminist long before they had a name for it."

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Ma laughed at Mrs. Nicols' chatter. Maybe I'd say I was a feminist, too. That's why I wanted a job, I thought to myself. I wiped Gerald's mouth, still wondering how I could get one word between Mrs. Nicols' ten.

She took another long swallow of coffee and turned to my mother. "Talking about trouble youngsters get into, some of these old folks round here worse than kids. For instance, have you heard what folks around here saying about that woman upstairs on the top floor?"

Ma looked at me. "Doris, thanks for helping with Gerald. You can go and finish your homework now."

Now that Mrs. Nicols was getting to the good part of her visit, they wanted to get rid of me.

"Between me and Mrs. Nicols, we'll watch him." Ma gave me one of her fierce looks, and I knew I had to leave.

I heard Ma and Mrs. Nicols' voices in the kitchen while I tried to do my homework. Sometimes their voices would get really loud, and then they'd fade right when they got to the good part. They sounded like two young girls — gossiping and giggling. I wished Mrs. Nicols would hurry up and leave, but she didn't go until Daddy finally came home.

My father has the kind of face that looks like it's always crinkled in a laugh, but he came home an hour late, and his face was lined

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and tired. "I did the work of four men in that factory today," he complained as we all sat down at the dinner table.

Ma said, "When Gerald gets a little bigger, I'm going back to work."

"I want you to stay home with these kids," Daddy said, piling mashed potatoes and roast onto his plate. "I'll manage."

I sat up straight in my chair. "Suppose I get a job?"

Daddy didn't smile. "You already got one," he said. "Helping you mother."

Ma looked kind of amused. "Why do you want a job?" she asked.

"To make some money," I said.

She put a spoonful of mashed potatoes on my plate. "You're too young," she said and continued eating.

"Ma, I'm not too young," I said. "You always tell me I should be responsible."

Daddy stared at me. He still wasn't smiling. "We ain't that bad off. We give you everything you need," he said. "The junk you think you want ain't important."

"But, Daddy, I don't want to buy junk."

Ma rested her fork. "Doris, you better concentrate on your school. You have the rest of your lifetime to work, believe me."

"It won't interfere with school."

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"No!" they both said at the same time. Daddy added, "You got work to do right here in this house." He patted my head like I was a puppy. "You stay in here and help your mother."

"But Daddy, suppose it was only on Saturdays?"

Ma didn't even let him answer. "We manage to give you any money you need for school, or to go out with your friends, and you ain't walking around in rags. We rich compared to half the people in this world," she said. "You working is a ridiculous idea. All we need is for the neighborhood to see us putting our eleven-year-old daughter to work," she continued.

"Can I have an allowance then?" I figured since we were so rich, they could give me a regular allowance.

Daddy wiped his mouth and put his napkin down. "Allowance?" he said. "You already get an allowance. I allow you to eat, sleep, and live here for free. That's your allowance. Allowance ain't nothing but bribery for getting a kid to do what she's supposed to do anyway. You live here. You part of this family. You supposed to help." He sounded exactly like my mother.

Ma didn't say a word and she even smiled a little. She always complained that Daddy was too soft with me, and I could tell she was glad to see him being tough.

I said no more. We ate quickly and quietly, and then they went to the living room to watch television. I washed and dried the dishes. It isn't fair, I thought. I wouldn't have a job or allowance.

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Even Mickey and Dotty get an allowance and there are two of them.

After I cleaned the kitchen, I stayed in my room for the rest of the evening. My parents never even asked what kind of job I was talking about. I sat at my table and stared at Amir's letter. Usually I did everything that Ma and Daddy told me to do, but they were wrong this time. It wasn't fair that Amir got taken away from his home on 163rd Street. And it wasn't fair that I lost my best friend. He only brought happiness and good things to everyone he was ever around, and now I was going to bring some happiness to him. I was going to visit him and cheer him up, and I was going to keep my job at the Beauty Hive. I'd prove to them that my going to work was a good idea.

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Somebody Stole My Horse

Harmony James - By Harmony James

1. I got quite a reputation, for moving on.
2. So why must you lie in here, when it's almost dawn.
3. There must be something wrong.
4. My get up and go is gone...I rode off in the sunset,
5. before the credits even roll.
6. I was the epitome, of that old rollin' stone.
7. I gathered no moss, it was me and my horse.

Chorus

8. Somebody stole my horse.
9. That must be what it is.
10. You ever try to run in,
11. fancy cowboy boots like this.
12. No I ain't fallin' for you.
13. That's just crazy talk, you fool.
14. Somebody, must have stole my horse.

15. You go find a sheriff, and file, a report.
16. There must be outlaws in this town,
17. the damn thieves breakin' laws.

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18. I just have to wait 'round here.
19. I'm no good without my gear.

Chorus

20. Somebody stole my horse.
21. That must be what it is.
22. You ever tried to run in, fancy cowboy boots like this?
23. No, I ain't fallin' for you.
24. That's just crazy talk, you fool.
25. Somebody, must have stole my horse.

Chorus

26. Somebody stole my horse, that must be what it is.
27. You ever tried to run in, fancy cowboy boots like this?
28. No, I ain't fallin' for you.
29. That's just crazy talk, you fool.
30. Somebody, must have stole my horse.
31. Somebody, must have stole my horse.
32. Somebody must have stole... my... horse.

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"Suc-cess-ful peo-ple are al-ways look-ing for ways to help oth-ers – Un-suc-cess-ful peo-ple want to know what's in it for me?"

Conquering Test And Exam Stress

Test and exams are stressful for everyone. But….. they can be especially stressful when……



1. You lack confidence and suffer from exam anxiety.
2. You don't feel as though you are prepared.
3. You feel disadvantaged because you struggle to read, write or spell and this can make you slower.
4. You know you have a set time to complete the exam.
5. You are a divergent thinker and you have difficulty selecting the right - or only one answer in multiple-choice questions.
6. You have trouble recalling facts and information and putting your thoughts in order to answer questions and write essays.

What can you do about it?



1. Use stress to your advantage if possible.
2. Be prepared for an anxiety attack (acknowledge it) and use breathing and other strategies to keep yourself calm.
3. Find out exactly what information is going to be tested so you know what to revise. Have a key word list and the word meanings learnt as best you can.



4. See if you can look over a past exam paper.
5. Have a strategy ready to put your thoughts in order.
6. Be prepared to guess an answer and have a go.
7. Utilise every accommodation you can from; extra exam time, a separate room, movement breaks, food and drink breaks, use of a scribe, a question reader/explainer, oral exams, use of computer to type your answers…..etc.

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Robert (Part 2)



Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials I -22 to I -28 students should be able to…

I-22 – Read or repeat the words in each box of the table on the printout like this "egg---the 'e' says e-, green the 'ee' says e—."

I-23 – Read or repeat one page of 'The Beach'.

I-24 – Fill in the gaps writing or verbally. A Preposition shows the rel_____ship between a N_____ and another word in a sen_____.

I-25 – Discuss who Mrs. Nicols is? How does she drink her coffee? What do her parents say when Doris asks if she can get a part time job on Saturdays. Do they pay her an allowance? Why not?

I-26 – Discuss why Harmony James is saying that somebody stole her horse. Read 10 lines of this song?

I-27 – Discuss why tests and exams can be stressful for everybody. What are three strategies that students can use to overcome exam and test stress?

I-28 –What was Roberts first job when he left school? What did he do next? What did his friends say when he told them he wanted to go to university? Did he get straight into university? How did he get in? What are his two favourite subjects to teach?

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 – "Once you begin to learn – it is hard to stop"

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