



# Reading Magazine 2011

## Year 5

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# From pop band to movie star

Johnny Depp is the actor who plays Willy Wonka in the movie, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. With his good looks and unusual sense of humour, Johnny has become one of the biggest names at the box office, but did you know that he started his career in a pop band?

Johnny taught himself to play guitar when he was twelve years old. Soon afterwards he formed a band called Flame. The band wrote their own music and practised in a garage. Johnny designed the band's costumes – many were made from old clothes found in his mother's wardrobe.

By the time Johnny was sixteen, Flame had changed its name to The Kids and the band was playing gigs around America. The Kids worked hard for six years but they did not hit the big time.

It was only after meeting the actor Nicolas Cage that Johnny decided to try acting. The rest, as they say, is history. But Johnny still finds time for music – he has recently played guitar on the album of his musician girlfriend, Vanessa Paradis.

Johnny Depp in  
*Charlie and the  
Chocolate Factory*





# How to play

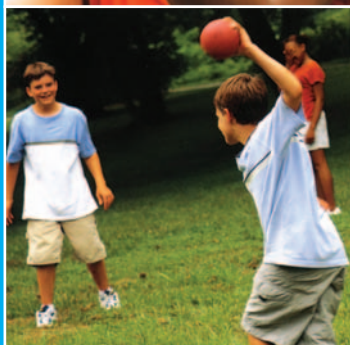
# SPUD

What you need	Setting up a playing area	Aim of the game
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• five or more players</li><li>• a soft rubber ball</li><li>• a clear space outside</li></ul>	Choose trees, fences, footpaths or buildings to mark the edges of a playing area.	To be the last player in the game. (You are out as soon as you spell the word <b>SPUD</b> .)

## Rules of the game

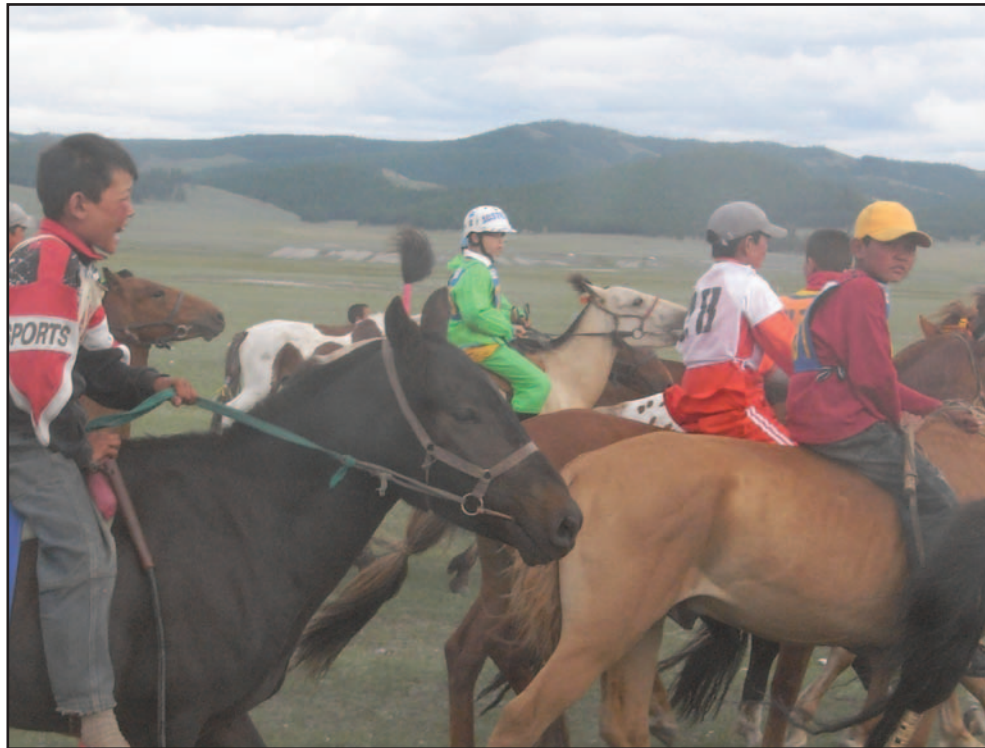
1. Pick a player to start with the ball. The player with the ball is called *It*.
2. *It* stands in the middle of the playing area with the ball. All the other players gather around.
3. *It* tosses the ball into the air, and calls another player's name. This player is now *It* and has to get the ball. Everyone else runs away.
4. *It* yells '**SPUD!**' as soon as *It* gets the ball. Everyone else has to freeze.
5. Then *It* takes three giant steps towards another player, and throws the ball at that player's feet. The other player must not move, even if there's a chance of being hit by the ball.
6. If *It* hits the other player, **or** if that player moves, then the player gets a letter (**S** first), and becomes *It*.  
If *It* misses, then *It* gets a letter and stays *It*.
7. The first letter for a player who is hit is **S**, the second letter is **P**, and so on. Any player who has spelled **S-P-U-D** is out.

The winner is the last player in the game.



# Young adventurer

2009



*Riders at the Naadam festival horseraces.  
Angus is the rider in green.*

Thirteen-year-old Angus Paradise lives on a farm in New South Wales. In 2008, he travelled with his family on holiday to Asia. In Mongolia, he saw the famous Naadam festival horseraces. All of the jockeys were children. Angus wanted to race too, so he decided to enter the 2009 competition.

After he returned to Australia, Angus trained for the long distance competition by riding 22 kilometres after school each day and by running and doing sit-ups.

In 2009, Angus returned to Mongolia. Some of his Mongolian friends arranged for him to ride in a 10 kilometre race for two-year-old horses, and a 15 kilometre race for five-year-old horses. Although he had a bad fall before the races, Angus finished in the top 10 in both events.

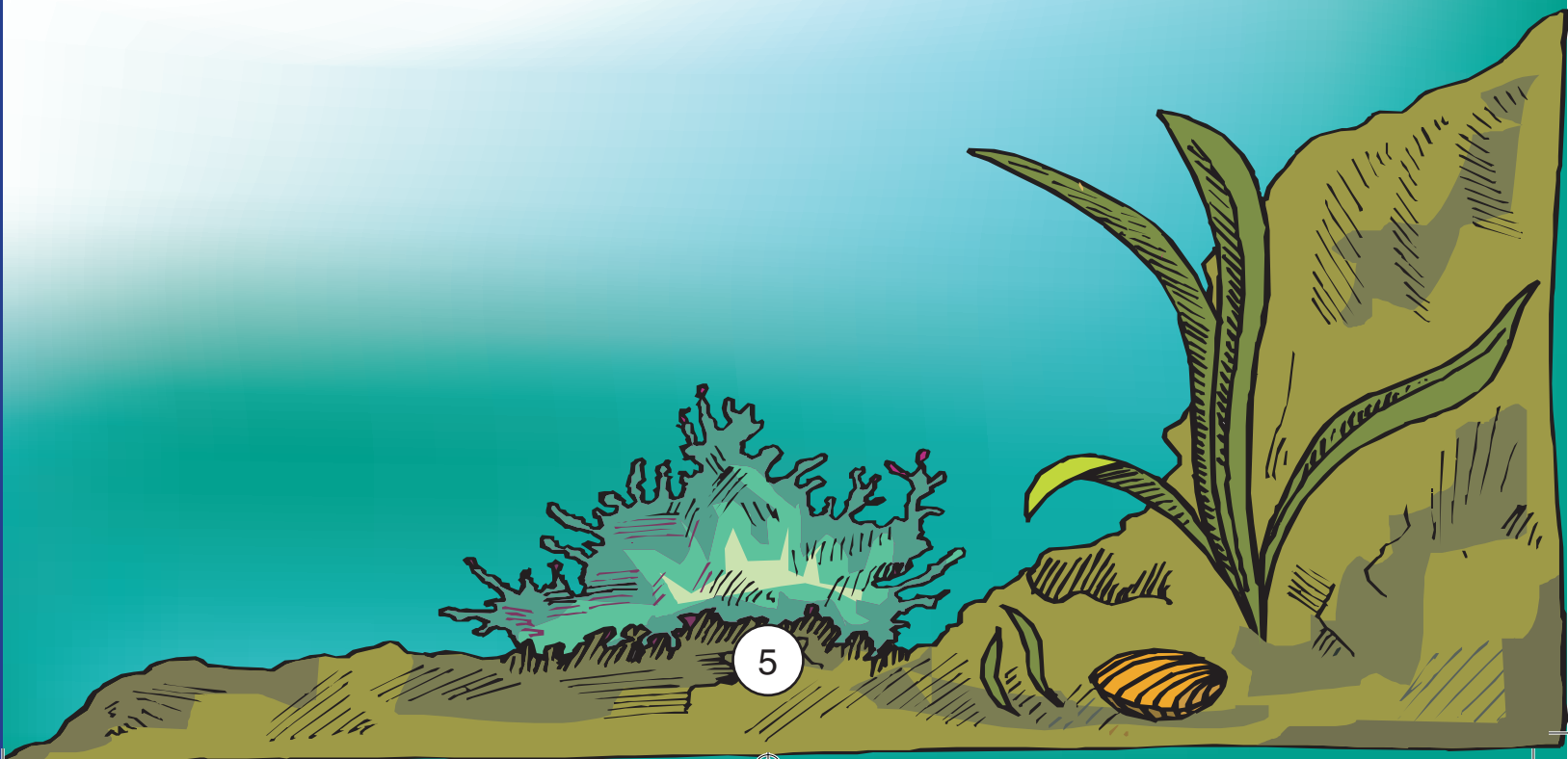
His efforts won him the 2009 Young Adventurer of the Year Award.

# The diver

I put on my aqua-lung and plunge,  
Exploring, like a ship with a glass keel,  
The secrets of the deep. Along my lazy road  
On and on I steal –  
Over waving bushes which at a touch explode  
Into shrimps, then closing, rock to the tune of the tide;  
Over crabs that vanish in puffs of sand.  
Look, a string of pearls bubbling at my side  
Breaks in my hand –  
Those pearls were my breath! ... Does that hollow hide  
Some old Armada wreck in seaweed furled,  
Crusted with barnacles, her cannon rusted,  
The great *San Philip*? What bullion in her hold?  
Pieces of eight, silver crowns, and bars of solid gold?

I shall never know. Too soon the clasping cold  
Fastens on flesh and limb  
And pulls me to the surface. Shivering, back I swim  
To the beach, the noisy crowds, the ordinary world.

*Ian Serraillier*





# The outsider

*On an Arctic island long ago, a stranger is approaching a village.*

“Papa,” I yell. “Someone is coming.”

Papa gathers Uncle and the other men. They come to stand beside Finn, Tuaq and me in a show of communal strength.

“He must be from one of the groups that have already arrived at the coast,” Uncle suggests. Papa nods. He doesn’t take his eyes off the approaching figure.

“Get Nana,” he tells Miki.

If the man wants to stay, Nana will decide. She’s already walking towards us, wearing her priestess cape trimmed with raven feathers and arctic fox fur.

“Hullo-o-o,” the man calls into the wind.

Papa waits until he can see the stranger’s eyes. The man is not from any villages we join with on the coast.

“Good morning,” Papa says cautiously.

“I am Hulag,” the man responds.

Papa doesn’t say his name. Instead he nods in Nana’s direction. “This is Ananaksaq.” Nana is famous throughout the icelands and Papa is reminding Hulag how powerful our village is.

“It’s an honour to meet you.” Hulag’s eyes measure Nana up and down. He doesn’t look impressed. His grin says he thinks it will be easy to charm this old woman with an oil-stained parka and dirty face.

Papa leads, but Nana decides, and she has made her first decision. This man must wait out in the cold.

# I'm a walking advertisement

*For a school assignment, Sally wrote this argument about advertising.*

When I look at myself, what do I see? Most of my clothing these days carries a company logo. There's my T-shirt with its brightly coloured stamp, my sunglasses, my cap, my jeans and my shoes, all carrying an identifying mark. There's even advertising on my underwear.

The worst thing is that every logo is immediately recognisable as the sign of the clothing company. Each one is a promotion. Sometimes it's only a small and barely noticeable icon, a well-designed little shape on the front of a shirt. But it still lets everyone know who made it – and how much it cost. More often, though, that new 'must-have' shirt carries a whole chestful of the company's mark. The ad is so large it can't be missed. It's a huge statement that these clothes are admirable so the wearer must be admirable too.

So why do we do it? How have we been tricked into providing millions of dollars of free advertising to already wealthy companies? Surely we've seen so many advertisements that the last thing we really need to do is to wear them. It just shows how clever the advertisers are. They know that seeing advertisements results in brand recognition and brand loyalty. Companies know that placing products in films and music videos is a clever trick to promote sales. So for them, the next step in product placement is to have the proud owners of products actually wearing the advertising. Putting ads on clothing follows naturally from putting products in favourite TV shows or films – and it's just as sneaky. In fact, you could call it 'advertising by stealth'.

But we are now seeing a change: many people are experiencing 'logo-backlash'. They have seen too many advertisements and they are rejecting the product placement trend. I'm going to join them. I have already paid the companies for my clothes and that is all they are getting out of me. I'm not going to be a free walking billboard for any company!





# On the bush track



Riko and Sam were walking along a bush track. Sam stopped beside a tall tree.

‘I am tired and want to go back to the camp,’ he said.

‘Wait,’ said Riko. ‘Look up in the tree. I can see something good.’

Sam looked up and smiled.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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### From pop band to movie star

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