



# SCHOOL JOURNAL

MAY 2015



<b>TITLE</b>	<b>READING YEAR LEVEL</b>
Just One Wheel	4
Coronation Forest	4
Jump!	4
Three Bears	4
Leap	4

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Level 2 May 2015

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# Just One Wheel

by Kelly Dix

Who is your number one sporting hero? Ask students at Bombay School that question, and they probably won't name an All Black or a Silver Fern. They're more likely to say Chris Huriwai or Sam La Hood. Chris and Sam are not very well known in the rest of New Zealand, but they are world champions in their sport – unicycling. And the students at Bombay School love their unicycles. Some days, you can see fifty unicycles at the school.





The cycles belong to the school, to the students – and to Mr Rob, the school’s caretaker. Mr Rob bought some unicycles for the school after seeing how much his grandchildren loved them. They were an instant hit – as soon as the students saw the cycles, they wanted to ride them.





Mr Rob explains that the best way to learn how to ride a unicycle is to move backwards and forwards on it while holding onto a fence. “And the two most important things are to keep your back straight and try not to look at the ground,” adds Katie, a year 4 student.

The students all agree that riding a unicycle was difficult to begin with. “When I saw one,” says Ashton, “I thought, how do you ride a bike with just one wheel?”

“I kept falling off,” says Miles. “I got lots of grazes, and I had to go to the sick bay a few times. I felt like giving up. But then I took a unicycle home for the weekend so that I could do some more practice. It took a while, but all of a sudden, I could ride it. I was so happy!”





The students at Bombay School practise at morning tea and lunchtime and before and after school. The extra-keen ones can even book a unicycle to take home in the weekends.

But staying on the unicycle is just the start. Once you can do that, there are the tricks to master. “I love that you can do heaps of tricks,” Jack says. “I can **idle**, and I can **bunny-hop** onto a thick plank.”

“I want to learn to idle,” says Andres, “and I want to do a **360**.”

*I want to learn to idle, and I want to do a 360.*





The students know which tricks they want to learn because they saw the experts in action. Sam La Hood and Chris Huriwai visited the school and taught the students more about unicycling. “The world champions came to visit us,” Ashton says. “Chris **free mounted** on the **giraffe!**”



# World Champions

At the Unicycle World Championships, there are many different events. They include freestyle, high jump, and cross-country. There is even a 100-kilometre race. Chris Huriwai and Sam La Hood compete in the street division. In this event, riders do tricks using ledges, handrails, and stairs.

## Chris Huriwai

Chris lives in Kaikohe, Northland. He bought a unicycle in 2006, when he was fourteen years old, and taught himself a few tricks. Then one day, he saw some videos on the Internet of what other riders were doing. This fired his imagination – he was inspired to try what they were doing. Four years later, Chris was the world champion!

Chris has won the world championships twice more since then – in 2012 (in Italy) and in 2014 (in Canada). When he's not doing cool tricks on his unicycle, Chris works for Te Hau Ora O Kaikohe, a local health organisation. His work takes him into schools all over the Kaikohe area.



## Sam La Hood

Sam was at a circus festival when she rode a unicycle for the first time. She found that it was harder than it looked, so she talked to Chris Huriwai to learn more about the sport. Sam won the world female championship in 2012 when she was only sixteen years old! She won the world title again in 2014.



At Bombay School, the students' interest in unicycling continues to grow. Mr Rob has raised funds to buy more unicycles for the school. The students are so keen on the sport that Mr Rob and his wife took nearly thirty of them to the Manukau Unicycle Club. "We invaded it!" Mr Rob says proudly. "The students had a great time, and they were able to show the club members a few new tricks too."

The students say that they really enjoyed the visit. "Mr Rob is my hero," says Abbey. "Yeah ... Chris, Sam, AND Mr Rob!"



## Types of Unicycles

**Giraffe unicycles** have a chain like a two-wheeled bike, so they can be much taller than other unicycles. (Most unicycles don't have a chain, which means the seat can only be as high as the length of the rider's legs. The seat on a giraffe unicycle can be up to 3 metres high!)

**Trials or street unicycles** are made very strong so that they can handle long jumps and big drops. Many of the tricks unicyclists do on them are like the moves that riders do on BMX bikes and skateboards.

**Mountain unicycles** (or MUnis) have larger wheels so that the rider can go over obstacles, such as tree roots and rocks. They usually have a comfortable seat and brakes.

**Freestyle unicycles** are made for flat surfaces. Their riders (called freestylers) put together a series of tricks – a bit like skateboarders do. These unicycles are also good for team sports, such as unicycle hockey.

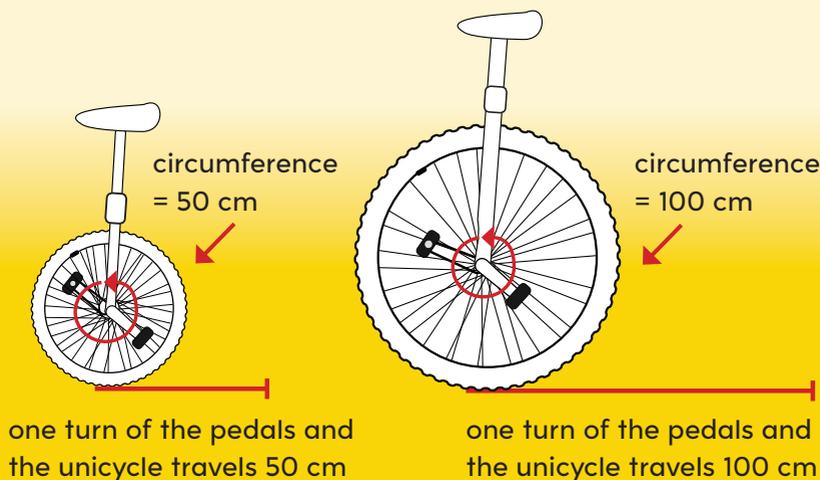


# Parts of a Unicycle



# Unicycle Maths Fact

The distance travelled on one revolution of the pedals is related to the size of the wheel. The bigger the **circumference** of the wheel, the farther you travel.



## Glossary

**bunny-hop** – to jump up and forwards from a standing still position (the way that a rabbit jumps)

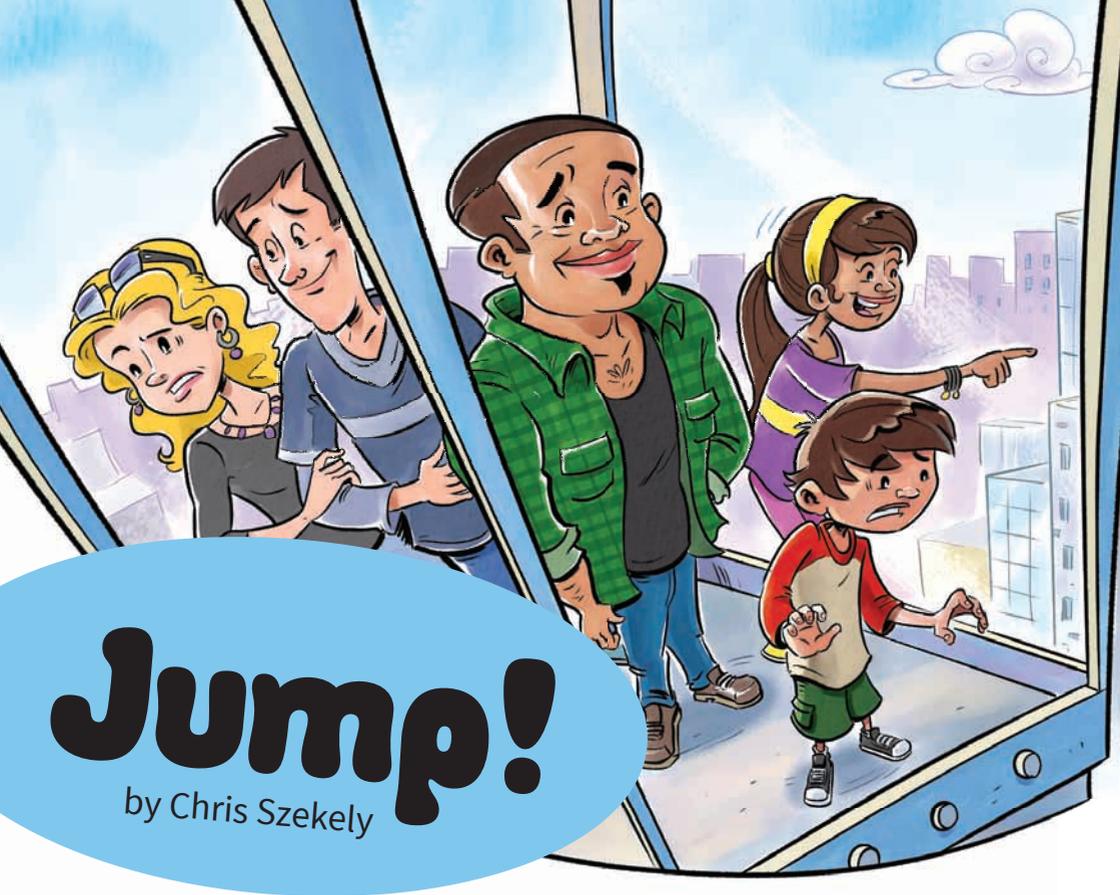
**circumference** – the distance around something, usually a circle

**free mounted** – got onto the unicycle without using any support (such as a wall or a pole)

**giraffe** – a type of unicycle (see page 9)

**idle** – to stay in one spot by making small forwards and backwards movements

**360** – jumping up in the air and turning around in a complete circle (there are 360 degrees in a circle)



# Jump!

by Chris Szekely

“You guys wanna do the bungy jump?” Uncle Hōne asked as they entered the lift.

“No,” said Pānia.

“Yes,” said Matiu.

“We’ll ask at the top,” said Uncle Hōne.

Going up, Matiu’s stomach felt like jelly. Although he’d never been to the West Tower before, he knew it was one of the tallest buildings in New Zealand. Now, he wasn’t so sure about the bungy jump.

“Look!” said Pānia. Through the glass panels, they could see how high they were. They watched the city dropping away below them.

“Ooh!” A woman in the lift grabbed her boyfriend. “I hate heights!”

“Me too,” thought Matiu.

The lift stopped, the doors opened, and they got out. There were heaps of people on the viewing platform, all peering through the floor-to-ceiling windows. The view was incredible – the city was laid out before them like a town for ants.

“That’s where your nana lives,” said Uncle Hōne, pointing.

“Really? How can you tell?” asked Pānia.

“See, there’s the harbour, and there’s the stadium,” said Uncle Hōne. “Nan’s place is south of that – and a bit to the left.”

At the edge of the viewing platform, the floor was also made of glass. Matiu watched Uncle Hōne and Pānia walking on the glass as if they were walking on air.

“How high are we?” Pānia asked.

“Only 292 metres,” said Uncle Hōne with a smile.

Matiu held on to the handrail. His head felt dizzy, and his stomach felt funny.



“Hurry up!” said Pānia. “Come and stand here with us. It’s easy.” She jumped up and down on the glass. Then she lay face down with her arms and legs spread like a starfish.

“This glass floor is perfectly safe,” said Uncle Hōne, reading from a sign. “It says here that it’s as thick as the concrete floor.”

“Like you, Matiu,” laughed Pānia.

“Nah, like you, Pānia! I’m more like hard as steel,” said Matiu, walking off to the bathrooms.

He felt sick. Jumping off West Tower had seemed an easy thing to do when he was on the ground looking up – but now he was up here looking down ...

“Kia kaha,” he whispered, splashing his face with cold water.

When he came back, Pānia and Uncle Hōne were watching a man who was about to jump. The man was on an outside platform with the instructor, and he looked nervous. When he jumped, everyone gasped, and the woman who hated heights squealed, “I think I’m going to faint!”



Her boyfriend looked at Matiu. “Your uncle says you’re going to jump. Is that right?”

“Yes,” said Matiu, even though he felt like fainting, too.

“You sure you’re big enough?” said the man. “I think they have a weight restriction.”

“That’s right!” said Uncle Hōne, with a wink. “I forgot. Jumpers have to be at least 35 kilograms. Otherwise they can fall through the safety harness. Are you 35 kilograms, Matiu?”

“Nearly,” Matiu replied.

“Nearly 25, more like it,” said Pānia.

“Sorry, man of steel,” said Uncle Hōne. “Looks like your jump’s off.” Matiu couldn’t hide the smile. “But that’s not fair,” he said.

“Tough luck, my man! That’s the rule,” said Uncle Hōne. “Put on a bit more weight and come back next year.”

“I will!” said Matiu. “I definitely will.”



“Yeah, right,” said Pānia. “You can’t even walk on the glass floor.”  
Matiu strolled onto the glass and started krumping. Then he did a five-second haka. Then he dropped to the floor and did press-ups.

The crowd gave him a round of applause.

“Show-off,” said Pānia.

“You guys wanna get a photo before we go?” said Uncle Hōne.

“Yes!” said Pānia and Matiu together.



There was a photographer on the viewing deck with a special green screen for trick photos. When Pānia, Matiu, and Uncle Hōne left the West Tower, they had a set of glossy photographs in a cardboard envelope.

“This is my favourite,” said Pānia.

“Mine too,” said Matiu.

The photo showed Matiu and Pānia on the jumping platform. Matiu was falling backwards with a bungy cord attached to him, and Pānia was pushing him off.

“Let’s get it framed,” said Uncle Hōne. “We can give it to Nan for Christmas.”



**illustrations by Scott Pearson**

# Leap

When all that remains  
of the day  
is the salt stain  
on the wooden porch  
rippling out  
like contours on a map –  
she will still remember

the seagulls circling,  
the warm jetty  
beneath her feet,  
laughter rising  
from friends below.

When the last grain of sand  
is washed from her ears,  
she will still know  
what mid-air feels like –  
still be glad  
she took the chance.

*Selina Powell*





# Coronation Forest

by Fiona Terry

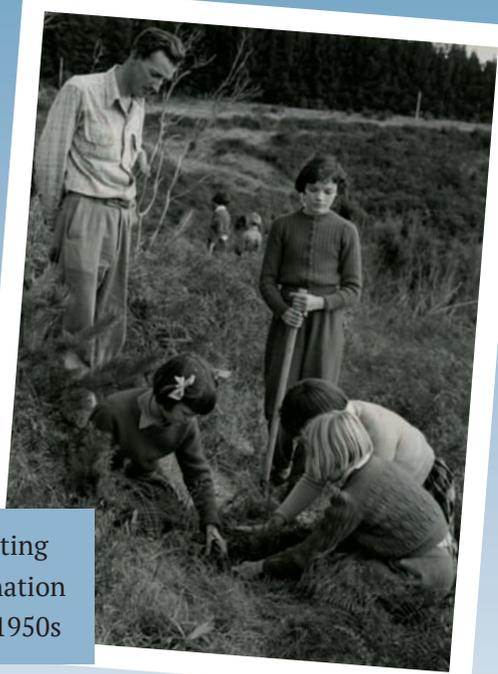
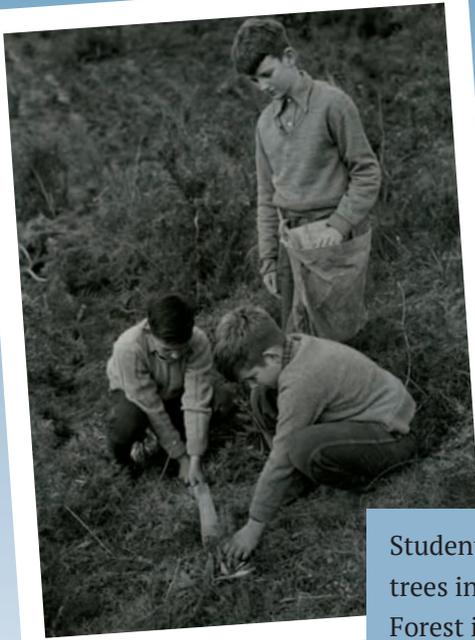
*Breanna and her classmates spread across the steep hillside. They carry digging tools and bags of seedlings. It's a sunny September morning, and the students have come to this special forest in Nelson to plant pine trees.*





First, they dig holes. Then they gently place one seedling in each hole. The students must be very careful because the roots of seedlings can be easily damaged. Finally, they put the earth back around the tiny trees.





Students planting trees in Coronation Forest in the 1950s

## Starting a Forest

Students have been coming to Coronation Forest for sixty years. A man named Arnold Cork came up with the idea of planting the forest to celebrate Queen Elizabeth II becoming queen.

Arnold Cork worked for the Education Board.

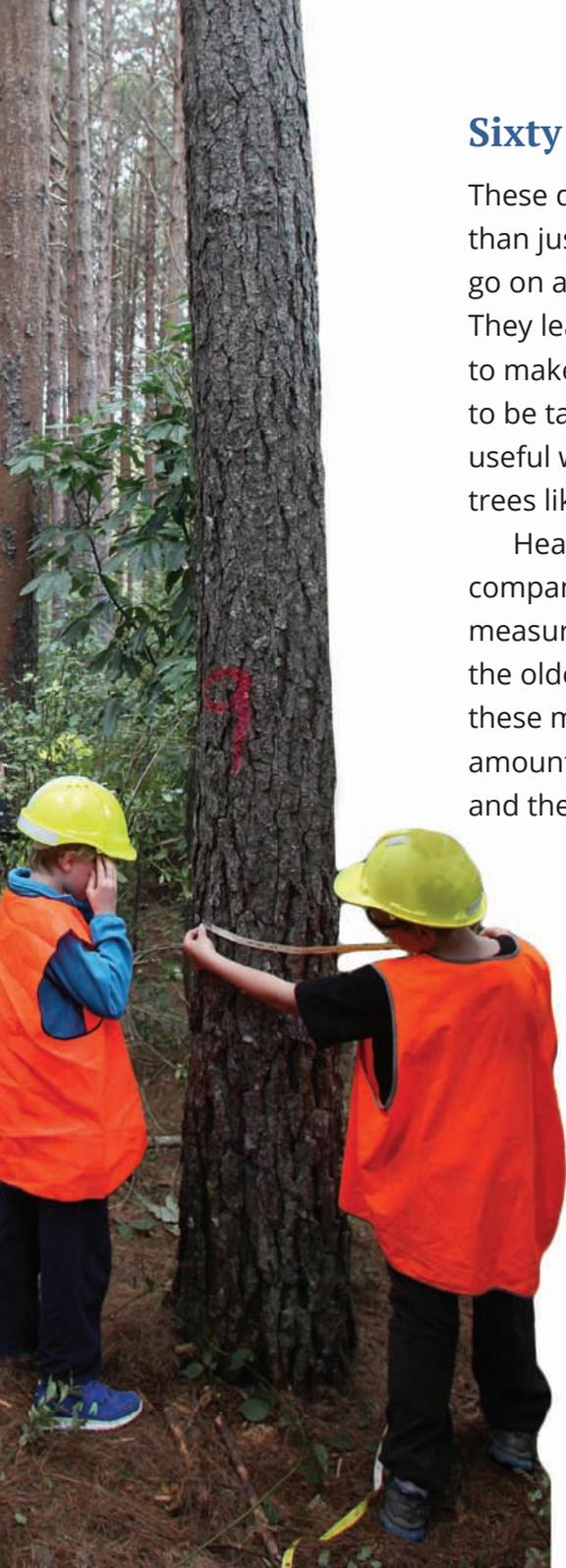
He hoped that a forest would help students to understand the importance of the forestry industry. He also wanted them to remember Arbor Day (a day when people all over the world make a special effort to plant and care for trees).

Although Queen Elizabeth's coronation took place in 1953, the forest wasn't planted until 1954. Back then, students at Nelson schools were given seeds instead of seedlings. They planted the seeds at school. A year later, they took the seedlings to the forest and planted them. The **tradition** has continued ever since. Now, over forty thousand children have planted trees in Coronation Forest.

## Sixty Years On

These days, the trip includes lots more than just planting trees. The students go on a nature walk through the forest. They learn things such as what it takes to make a good timber tree. Trees need to be tall, strong, and straight to make useful wood. Knowing how to grow trees like that takes skill – and maths!

Heather Arnold from the forestry company shows the students how to measure the **diameter** and height of the older trees. Forestry workers use these measurements to work out the amount of wood the trees will produce and the best time to cut them down.



“The place where the trees are planted is very important,” says Barry Walsh, who has been helping students to plant trees since 1974. “The amount of sunlight and the kind of soil affects how quickly they grow,” he says. “Pine trees don’t need fertiliser when they’re first planted. They grow just about anywhere. When they’re four or five years old, we test them to see if they need fertiliser. Usually they don’t.”

Breanna’s dad, Peter, has come along with the students. He planted trees here when he was Breanna’s age. Now he’s a builder. The wood he uses might come from Coronation Forest – maybe even from the trees he planted.



Breanna’s dad, Peter, helping the students to plant the seedlings

## Three Generations

Patricia Meade was at the very first tree planting at Coronation Forest in 1954. She was ten years old then – and the day was very different. “I remember it was winter. It was very cold,” she says.

Patricia has come back to celebrate the forest’s sixtieth anniversary. Her return trip to the forest is even more special because her son David is here too. So are Bradley and Olivia, two of her grandchildren. They’ve all planted trees in Coronation Forest.

“It’s amazing to think about how many years ago it is that I was here as a child and planting trees myself,” Patricia says. “The ones I planted will have been well and truly used by now. It’s wonderful to see the next generation so keen to be involved.”



# Using the Wood from Coronation Forest



1 The trees are cut down.

3 At sawmills, the bark is taken off the logs.\*

5 Wood that can't be used for boards is made into **engineered wood**.

2 Their branches are cut off.

4 The logs are cut into boards ready to be used.

6 The sawdust is burnt to make heat to dry the boards.

\* Most of this bark is used for gardening or landscaping.

Coronation Forest is mostly made up of radiata pine, a type of **exotic** tree. Exotic trees are very important for New Zealand's economy. They grow quickly compared with native trees. Their timber is used in New Zealand and also sent overseas to earn money for our country.

Around 1.6 million hectares of land in New Zealand is covered in **commercial** forests. That's an area over 26 times the size of Lake Taupō. Most of these trees have to grow for around thirty years before they are ready to be cut down.

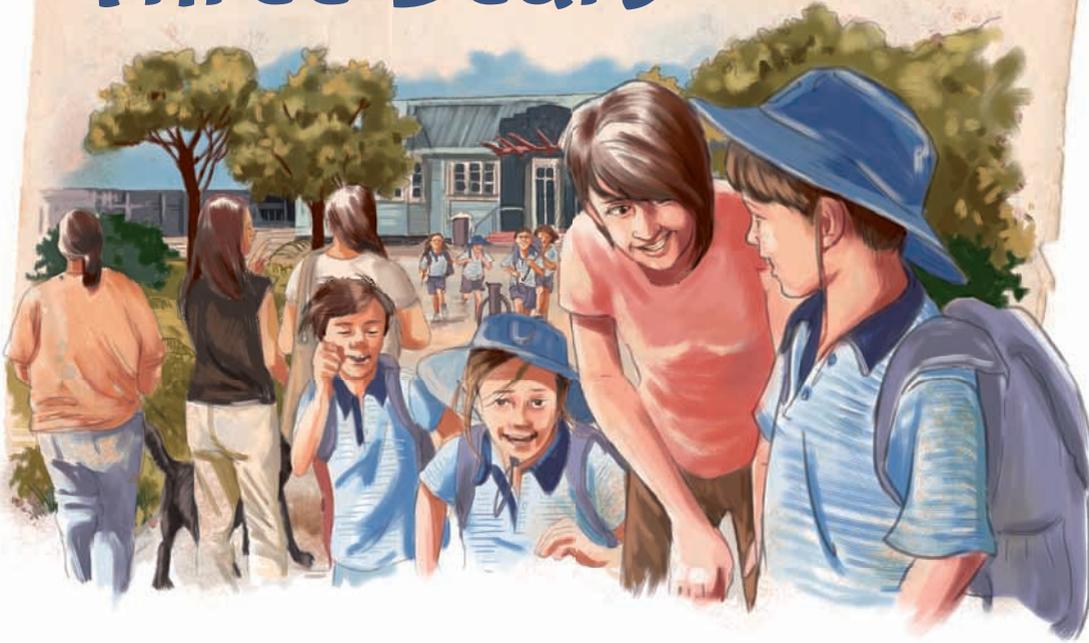
The trees planted in Coronation Forest will mostly be used for building. In the past, the lower branches were taken off to stop knots forming. These days, most of the wood used in building is covered up, so the branches are left on the trees as they grow.

## Glossary

<b>commercial</b>	intended to make money
<b>diameter</b>	the distance through the centre of a circle from one side to the other
<b>engineered wood</b>	boards made from chips of wood that are pressed together using a special glue
<b>exotic</b>	introduced from another country; not native
<b>seedlings</b>	very young, small trees
<b>tradition</b>	something that has taken place for a long time

# Three Bears

by Diana Noonan



*"Awesome!"* said Ms Meadowcroft after Lochie's group had put on their play. *"That was so good I want you to perform it at special assembly."*

*"Cool!"* said Lochie. Lots of parents came to special assembly.

When Mum came to collect Lochie, the play was the first thing he told her about. *"We rewrote Goldilocks and the Three Bears,"* he said. *"We've made it funny. I'm the little bear. I've got the most words to say, and I have to sing a special porridge song. I'm going to call Dad when we get home and ..."*

Suddenly, Lochie stopped.

*"What's up?"* asked Mum.

*"Nothing,"* said Lochie, and he ran on ahead.

That evening, at five o'clock, Dad tooted the horn outside the house.

"Have a fun weekend," said Mum as Lochie picked up his Friday-night bag. All that was in it was his soccer gear. Everything else was already at Dad's – farm clothes, toothbrush, pyjamas, and a spare inhaler in the drawer beside his bed.

"Had a good week at school?" asked Dad as Lochie hopped into the ute.

"Yep," said Lochie. He didn't feel like talking. He didn't even feel like laughing when Dad told him the jokes he'd been saving up.

"Everything OK?" asked Dad when he tucked Lochie into bed that night.

"Yep," said Lochie.

But when Dad turned off the light, Lochie couldn't go to sleep. He kept thinking about the play. He wished Mum and Dad could *both* come to watch it.



Now that Lochie and Mum lived in town, Mum and Dad took turns going to things. Dad watched Lochie play soccer on Saturday mornings, and Mum watched his Thursday night gym class. Dad came to school barbecues, and Mum came to special assemblies. The three of them didn't do *anything* together any more. Lochie turned over. He wished his stomach would stop hurting.

In the morning, Lochie didn't feel like eating the special muesli Dad had made him for breakfast. He didn't even feel like feeding the calves.

At teatime, Dad asked Lochie again what was up. Lochie shrugged. He twirled his spaghetti round and round in his bowl. He didn't say anything for ages. But then he heard himself telling Dad about the play.

"It's for special assembly," he said. "On Thursday afternoon."

"Great," said Dad.

Lochie speared a piece of spaghetti with his fork. "Ms Meadowcroft said to ask our parents to come," he said.

Dad looked up from the slice of bread he was buttering. "Oh, OK," he said.

Lochie didn't say anything else about the play but, that night, when he got out of bed to go to the toilet, he heard Dad talking on the phone. He was saying something about school. Lochie was pretty sure he was talking to Mum.



The next week was really busy. There were bear hats to make and old fur coats to try on – and lots of rehearsals in the hall. Lochie’s stomach didn’t hurt any more, but he still wished Mum and Dad were both coming to see him in the play.

Which was why, on special assembly day, when the curtains opened and Lochie looked down from the stage, he got such a huge surprise. There, right in the very front row, were Mum *and* Dad. They were sitting side by side, smiling up at him!

The play went really well. Everyone remembered their lines, and the audience laughed in all the right places. They even gave a special clap after Lochie had sung his porridge song.



"You were great!" Dad told Lochie in the car park afterwards. He went to unlock the door of his ute.

"Hold on ..." said Mum. "Before you go, why don't we all get an ice cream and eat them in the park?"

Dad looked a bit surprised. He glanced at his watch.

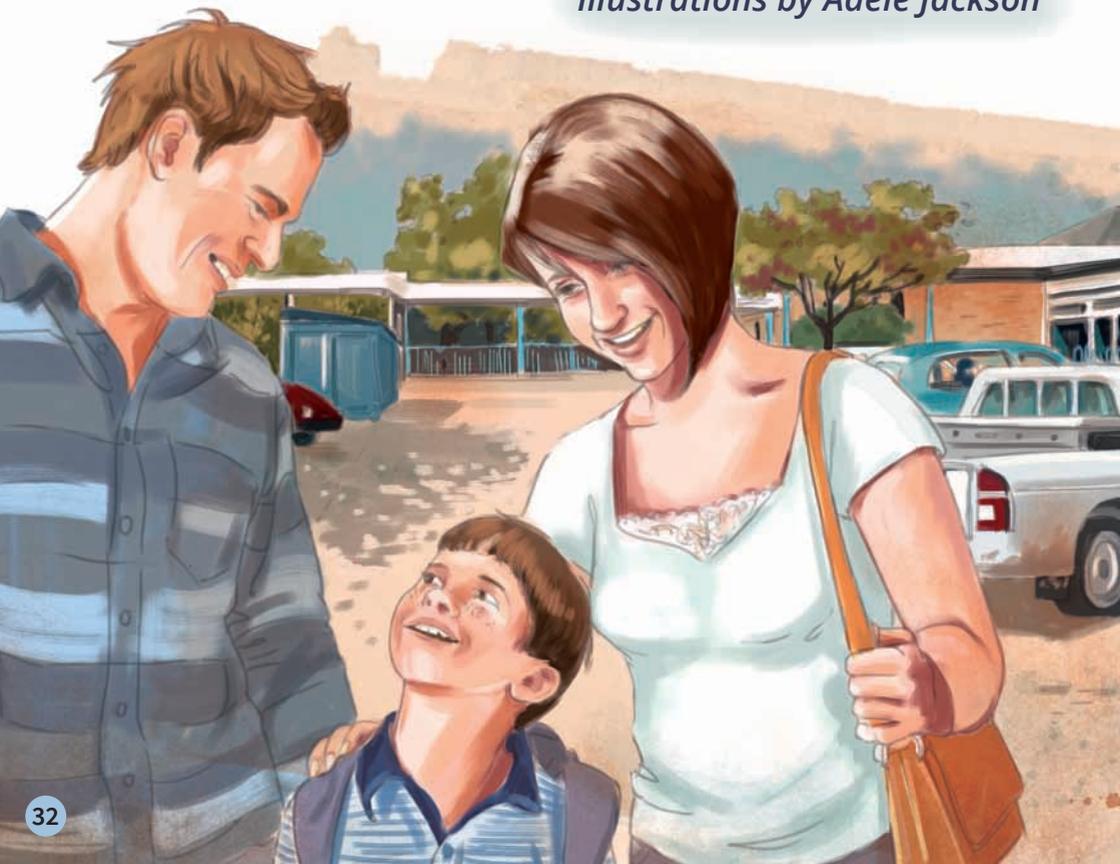
"Just for half an hour," she said. "We can walk."

Dad looked at Lochie. "OK," he said. "Let's do that."

Lochie looked up at his parents. "We're the three bears," he said as they went out of the car park and headed towards the dairy at the end of the street.

"Well, I hope we're not having porridge," laughed Dad, "because I'd much rather have ice cream!"

*illustrations by Adele Jackson*



## Acknowledgments

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