What you do in your garden ends up in our waterways.

Prevent run-off from fertilisers and pesticides. Apply carefully and only when the weather is fine.

THE DRAIN IS JUST FOR RAIN

www.epa.nsw.gov.au

Leaves and clippings remove oxygen from water, killing aquatic life. Keep garden waste out of the gutter. Compost or mulch it.

THE DRAIN IS JUST FOR RAIN

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How to play **SPUD**

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### 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.
Thirteen-year-old Angus Paradice 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.
A Special Day

An extract from Finders Keepers by Emily Rodda

On Saturday Patrick woke up with a little shock, knowing that this was a special day. For a moment he couldn’t think exactly why, and then, with an excited flutter of his stomach, he remembered. At ten o’clock today he was going to find out once and for all about Finders Keepers. He got dressed more carefully than usual, went downstairs and turned on the TV. Quickly he switched channels. Cartoons, cartoons, advertisement, man talking, snow, snow … and still nothing at all on Channel 8.

“Patrick, tune it in, darling, if you’re going to watch.” Judith wandered past with the newspaper under her arm and her eyes half closed. She headed for the kitchen. Patrick turned off the TV and followed.

“What’s for breakfast, Mum?”

“We’ll see,” Judith murmured vaguely, plugging in the electric kettle. She blinked sleepily at him and smiled. “You look nice, darling,” she said. “You’re all ready. But we can’t go till eight-thirty at the earliest, you know. Nothing’ll be open till then.”

Patrick’s stomach lurched. “We aren’t going out, are we?” he asked anxiously.

She began to make the tea. “Don’t say you’ve forgotten!” she said. “I promised you, last Saturday. Your new sneakers, remember?”

“Oh—oh, but I can’t go out this morning, Mum. There’s something I’ve got to watch on TV. At ten o’clock. I’ve got to! My sneakers’ll be all right for another week,” gabbled Patrick, panic-stricken.

Judith faced him, hands on hips. “Patrick,” she said wearily, “it’s all organised.”
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.


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.
Many dinosaurs used their horns, spikes or armour to defend themselves. But even those without armour had their own defence weapons.

*Apatosaurus* could rear up on its hind legs and crush an attacker with its front feet, or use its tail to injure a predator.

Many other sauropods travelled in herds, relying on safety in numbers so that only weak or sick animals would be attacked.

The bird-mimic dinosaurs such as *Gallimimus* used their speed to escape.

*Pachycephalosaurus* could use its thick skull to defend itself against both predators and other members of its own species.

Meat eaters had speed, agility and sharp teeth for effective attack and defence.

Large predators such as *Tyrannosaurus* hunted alone, and relied on a surprise rush.

Multi-purpose tail
*Diplodocus’s* tail was longer than a tennis court. It used the tail for support when it reared up to crush a predator with its front legs. It also swung its tail like a whip to blind or stun an attacker.

A spiky shield
*Triceratops’s* neck was a massive frill of solid bone with horns one metre long that protected its neck and chest from an attack by another *Triceratops* or a predator.

Stabbing tail
To defend itself against a predator, *Tuojiangosaurus* used its muscular tail, which was armed at the tip with two pairs of sharp spikes.
On Monday, Tim dressed for school.
First, he put on his shorts.
Then, he put on his shirt.
Next, he put on his socks.
Last, he put on his shoes.