

NAPLAN Proficiency Level Descriptions

Reading Year 5 - Exceeding

Example texts



All you ever wanted to know about chewing gum



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All about
chewing gum

Science of
chewing

Media releases

Cool puzzles and
competitions

What is chewing gum made of?

Chewing gum contains a gum base, sweeteners like sugar, and flavourings. To make it softer and easier to chew, it may also contain glycerine and vegetable oil.

Where does the gum base come from?

Although no longer commonly used, all companies originally used a gum base that comes from the milky white sap or chicle (CHICK-el) of the sapodilla tree found in Central America.

How is chewing gum made using chicle?

After the chicle is collected in buckets, it is boiled down and shipped in 10-kilogram blocks to chewing gum factories.

At the factory, these blocks are melted down and sterilised in a steam cooker. Next, the gum base is pumped into a high-powered centrifuge (machine consisting of a rotating container) and spun at high speed to get rid of dirt and bark.

Once the gum base is clean, it is mixed with sugars (up to 60% sometimes) and flavouring oils like peppermint. While the mixture is still warm, it is passed through pairs of rollers which are coated on both sides with powdered sugar to stop the gum from sticking to the rollers. Knives on the final set of rollers snip off gum from the long ribbon. A different machine then automatically wraps these strips of gum.

History

Bubblegum

Other great
inventions

Make your own
chewing gum



Adventure by moonlight

The moon was so bright that the trees cast bars of shadow across the rough track. The children picked their way carefully over its rutted surface as they moved through shadow to light and back into shadow. Noises they would have disregarded during daylight seemed loud and disquieting in the darkness. The bravado of daytime when the adventure was planned had long disappeared.

‘Come on!’ Joe hissed, as if impatience might mask his fear. ‘We should stick together.’ His cousins looked at him wonderingly, as they were as close behind him as his own shadow. But being the city kids they accepted his authority unquestioningly. This was his home, his territory, and he was their safety. He knew where the tree roots snaked across the path, lying in wait to trip them, and what landmark signalled their turn-off into the bewildering gloom.

A narrow side track forced them into single file and long sweeps of grass whipped their legs as if to discourage them. The country became more open and they could see the narrow sheep trail cutting like a brown thread through the dry grassland.

Silently they stumbled after Joe, not wanting to incur his anger again. The path crested a low hill and suddenly they could see the derelict homestead. As they neared the house, they could see the sheets of iron starting to lift from the roof like the curling pages of an old book and the twisted fruit trees in the orchard sending barren, tortured arms towards the ground.

‘They’re round the back’, Joe said, ‘but keep away from the trees—there could be snakes.’ The cousins shrank into themselves to make a smaller target for the perils of the bush. They placed their feet down reluctantly, shying nervously when Joe cracked a piece of rotten wood beneath his boots.

They skirted the house, trying not to look at the blank windows where bedraggled curtains hung through ragged arcs of broken glass. Beyond the collapsed garden fence stood a small enclosure, its elaborate iron gate wedged slightly open. Joe forced it wider and they stepped through. Two marble headstones glowed palely in the straggly grass, their inscriptions covered in moss. The children stood in a line, considering their great-grandparents.

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!

