

Dressing Up Text

Have a go at presenting text using various facilities on the computer. You might:

- use different colours and sizes of letters to emphasise the meaning of the words in a text.
- present the title of a book or poem to best effect
- design and print off a poster to catch the eye of people passing by a notice board
- convert story passage into a newspaper or magazine article, using different sizes and weights of text

Clean it up!

Imagine the pain when a badger or fox steps onto the broken glass of a discarded bottle. A paw cut to ribbons on the sharp edges.

There are no sticking plasters in the wild. There is no antiseptic cream. The animal must lick its wounds and hope that they don't turn septic. If they do, the animal probably dies!

What about the water bird that can't fly because it has a plastic drinks can holder stuck over its wing? (Please cut the rings before disposing of drinks can holders.) Many animals die because of our need to tie our cans together to make them easier to carry.

We've even heard of an otter cub that got caught up in an old duvet cover that someone mindlessly threw away, and drowned in a lake! These terrible incidents have all been reported to the Wildlife Trusts.

But there's much more! All over our country, thousands of animals are dying because of the litter we are throwing away because we can't be bothered to dispose of it properly, (or better still, recycling it.)

If you drive or walk around our streets and even country roads, you can't fail to notice the empty cartons from certain fast food outlets that seem to cover everywhere you look. Drinks cans lie abandoned in our woods, where young people have gathered to drink, out of sight.

This lot can be fatal for wildlife!

To small mammals, such as mice and voles, glass and plastic bottles by the roadside or in the wood offer the chance of a tasty meal or drink. They smell them out with their amazing sense of smell, and squeeze their tiny bodies into the bottles to get at the promised feast inside. But once inside, it is not quite as easy to escape! Bottles are shiny and very smooth. Tiny claws just can't get a grip on the surface and the animal can't climb out. Small animals must eat often to keep up their body temperature. Soon they begin to lose energy. A few hours later, the animals lie down and die from starvation or cold. Drinks cans and plastic bags can all have the same fatal effect.

Lizards and slowworms are also attracted by the warmth of glass bottles, and the same thing happens to them.

Glass bottles can also start fires on sunny days, as the rays of the sun pass through the bottle like a lens. Then more animals die in the fires! It is a disaster for ground-nesting birds, whose chicks just can't escape the flames.

Waterbirds, such as ducks and swans are very vulnerable to old fishing tackle, discarded by anglers. It is unspeakably cruel to leave old fishing line in lakes and rivers, but still we see birds with line caught around their necks, beaks, wings and legs. They can't fly. They can't swim properly, so can't feed. They are also vulnerable to predators.

Marine animals are also suffering from our throw-away society. Much of what we throw away ends up on our beaches. These are the same beaches we like to walk on and play on in warm weather. You only need to take a short walk on one of our beaches and count the litter items to know that the problem is serious.

Floating plastic bags are particularly dangerous, as turtles think they are jellyfish, and therefore a tasty meal. However, once they've swallowed the bag, it sticks in their intestines and eventually kills the turtle. The turtle sinks and rots away. The bag then rises to the surface again to kill another turtle!

Seabirds like gannets use rubbish to decorate their nests. However, their chicks get the plastic around their legs and necks, so when the time comes to fly away, they can't!

But cans, bottles and plastic bags are just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to our litter problems. Even on nature reserves! Unfortunately, nature reserves tend to be quiet places, and so some low individuals think it's a great place to dump their litter! Can you imagine that?

Nowadays, municipal tips are never too far away, and most don't charge ordinary people to recycle or dump their rubbish. There is no excuse!

Imagine the bill that wildlife organisations such as the Wildlife Trusts have to pay to have the rubbish cleared away! That money could have been spent on conserving wildlife.

We can only hope that these litter-bugs think the next time they wind down the car window to throw out their fag end or drinks can, they might think again and take their litter home with them to dispose of it properly.

(Oh, and don't forget – there is no such thing as the Dog Poo Fairy!)

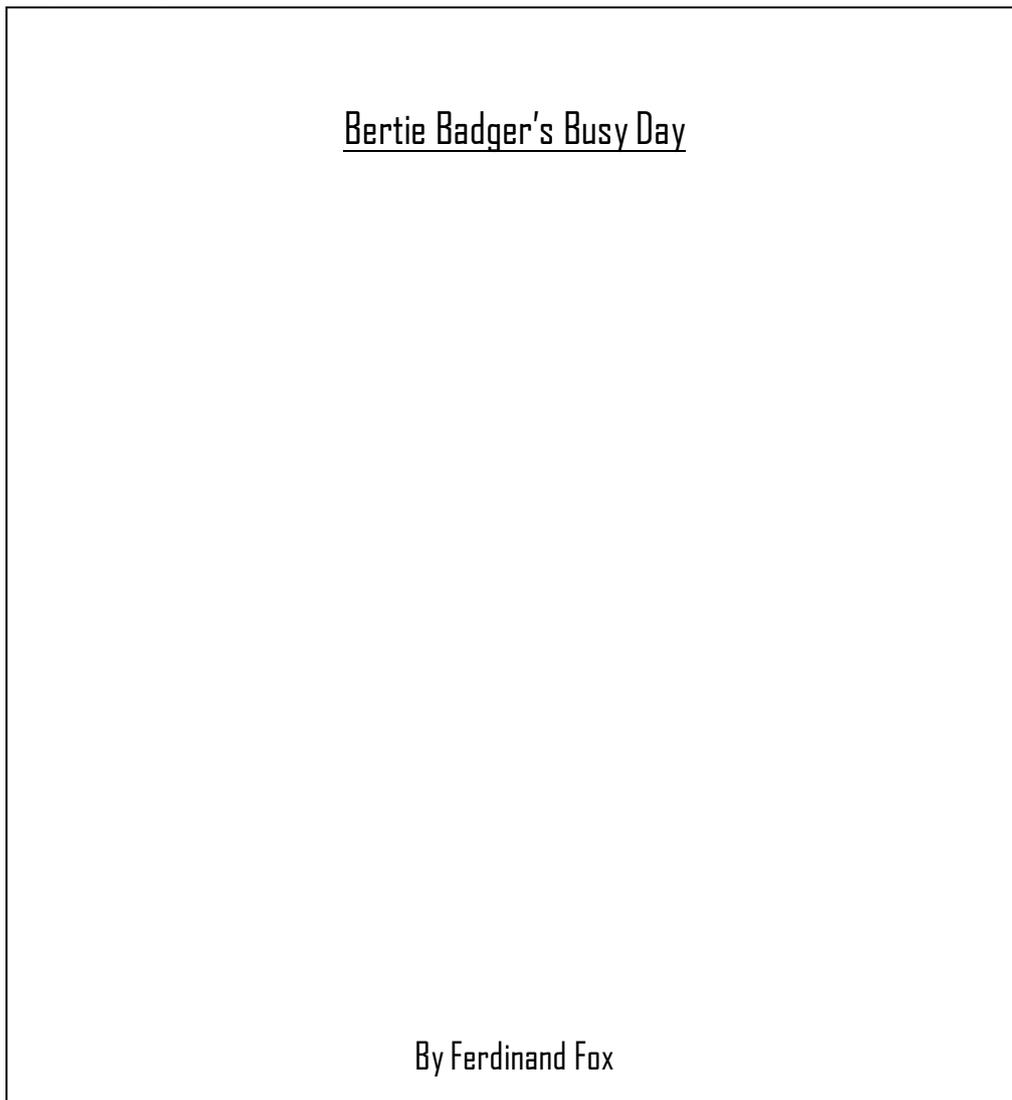
Some material taken from the Daily Mail Wed. May 16th 2012

Go to our website. Look in the KS2 Literacy files to find **Clean it up!** You'll see how we did it.



.....

What about presenting a book cover?



Not very inspiring is it? I'll bet you wouldn't even take it off the shelf! Have a go at presenting the book cover. Use exciting fonts and sizes. Use colour. Why not put in some clip art? Whatever you do, it's bound to be better than this!

.....

How about a poster? Your poster will need to catch the eye of people passing by a notice board in your school. Think what sort of things it might have to have. Colour? Font? Size? Pictures? A message? How many words is too many?

Take a look at the activity below, from our website [KS 2 Literacy pages](#). Read and discuss the information given with your friends and classmates.

Now design a poster to get your message across.

Chopping Down the Forests?

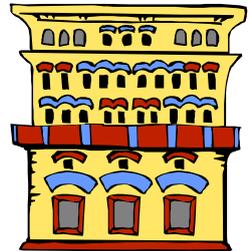


So what should we do about our forests? Are they worth keeping, or should we just chop them down and use the wood and the land for other things?

This is your chance to discuss it.

Our world has belts of forest in almost every region. But there are plans to chop down large sections of trees. Below are some reasons why people might be in favour of this happening.

- Forests cover a huge area of the world, and as our population grows, the people need space to live. Felling the forests can make room for new roads, homes and schools, etc.
- Cleared areas could be used to build hotels and other tourist attractions. This would bring jobs and money to the local areas.
- Many people who live in forests often clear small areas to grow food. This is often known as 'slash and burn' agriculture.
- The wood from trees that have been cut down can be used for many purposes, such as houses, furniture, etc.
- Wood can also be made into paper and cardboard. These have many uses, such as toilet paper or kitchen towels, etc.
- Wood can be burned in fires to cook food, provide light and to keep people warm.
- The timber and building industries can provide jobs to many local people, who often struggle to survive without jobs.



So what about the other side of the argument?

- People live in the forests and many might lose their homes and their livelihood if the trees around them are cut down. Life in the city just wouldn't be the same, and many would struggle to survive such a move.
- Many different plants and animals can live only in forests, and if they lose their habitat, many species could become extinct.
- 20% of the oxygen we breathe is produced in the forests, and we need oxygen to survive!
- Lots of medicines are made from plants found in the forests. If



we cut them down, we could destroy these life-saving medicines, or we might lose the chance to find new medicines we don't even know about yet!



- There are other things which people can use for light and heat without burning wood. Electricity doesn't run out, but the trees eventually would.



Discuss this problem with your class. Make sure you look at each of the arguments on each side.

KEEP AN OPEN MIND WHILE YOU DISCUSS THE PROBLEM. COULD YOU THINK OF A COMPROMISE?

Once you've discussed all of the points, make up YOUR OWN mind.

Then you could have a class vote to see how your class feel about the issue.



Could you take it further? Could you contact people who are involved in these issues and ask them what they think?

You could ask them how they intend to solve all of the problems you've discussed.

Try your local council, your MP, the Environment Minister, your local Wildlife Trust, timber companies and the Forestry Commission.



Why not try to convert a story passage into a newspaper article? The chapter below, from our online novel – **'Jason Hawk – Special Agent'** should be an ideal piece of writing to do it. (Read the whole story, about the RSPCA Special Operations Unit and their fight against badger baiting, on our website.

Chapter 13

The next day was a little overcast and cold. The surrounding hills were a faint smudge in the half gloom of dawn when the two SOU agents awoke. They'd set the alarms on their mobiles last night, as they didn't want to be caught snoozing when the police arrived. They quickly breakfasted – it had to be a 'cold camp' this morning. Nothing could give them away and spoil the operation!

A little time passed, but it was still very early when the police arrived. Jane and Paul arrived and began to sort out where they should position the officers they'd brought with them. They were dressed in body armour and helmets – you just couldn't know if these criminals might be armed! The two SOU officers reflected again on the fact that it was not at all unusual for officers to be shot at and injured in the course of duty against badger diggers.



Jane and Paul indicated to the police officers where they wanted them, in the surrounding undergrowth. They quickly deployed to their positions. They didn't know how long it might be until the diggers turned up – morning, afternoon, evening? One thing they did know was that they'd have to sit quietly and patiently until something did happen – if it happened!

The IT lads set themselves up in the well. It allowed them to get low to the ground and just have the cameras peering through the undergrowth. They'd record the whole procedure, which could then be given in evidence against the diggers. They'd spent a few days tracking the movements of Sean O'Vile and some of his associates. New technology, developed by Durham Police themselves, made it so much easier to track criminals around the country!



Dr Alec Chance of the forensics team was busying himself about with his equipment. It was his work that had pinpointed Sean O'Vile's involvement in the first place. DNA analysis gave the police an important weapon against this kind of thug. Forensic science was moving very fast, the SOU men knew, and that could only make their job so much easier.

Jason and Will discussed the tactics with the wildlife officers. "As we discussed," Jane said, "we should have a couple of 'wolves' posted at each end of the wood. Jason and Will, you volunteered for that one. You told us to listen for fox barks," she said. "Then we'll know that action is coming!" The two special ops men nodded and left to collect their gear and make last-minute preparations.



There were police vehicles hidden in the barn up at the farm. Mr Green had been only too happy to help out. He didn't want these people on his land any more than the police did. Hidden a little farther out were police with large German Shepherd dogs. The dogs were still and silent. They knew exactly what they had to do. They had been well taught by their handlers.

They'd let the diggers get to work first, and then they'd surprise them. It was important to catch them in the act of putting the dogs down the sett and actually digging for the badgers.

Will and Jason, dressed in their camouflage gear, deployed to the two ends of the wood, where the men would probably enter. Once in the wood, Jason and Will would close the trap, cutting off quick escape. The two agents thought back to their time in the Special Forces. It was nice to be back in action again.

Once everyone was in position, it was just a waiting game. This was the boring bit! Each man and woman hoped that things would happen quickly and it would be over soon. No one wanted it to drag on. The only good thing that came from a long wait was the opportunity to watch the local wildlife. Once the wood had settled again, the birds would begin to come back and go about their business. They might even get a glimpse of a mammal, though the mammals tended to smell the men from a distance, and stayed away.

A couple of hours or so had gone by, when a sharp fox bark came from one end of the wood. It was the end away from the farm - the people obviously didn't want Mr Green to know they were there. The bark was followed by two more. Everyone knew what it meant!

The police shrank down and mimicked the shapes of the boulders and trees they were hiding behind. They were as still as kids on a playground playing statues. Every man and woman held their breath. Nothing had to go wrong!

Time seemed to stand still until a group of men entered the clearing where the setts were. Sean O'Vile led two other men, and Charlie Asinine and Jim Dim brought up the rear, trotting like little lap-dogs in their wake. They were clearly enjoying being with the hard-cases. Two of the men had dogs on leashes. They were muzzled to stop them making a noise. The police dogs that were in attendance were lying flat to the floor. The police didn't want the diggers' dogs to get wind of them just yet. The German Shepherds would do exactly what their handlers told them when the time was right.



The men approached the sett they intended to dig, attended by the two teenagers, who fawned over them. "They're over 'ere," said Chav.

"Main sett," added Yob. "Yer bound to get some 'ere."

Once in position, the men decided into which hole to deploy the dogs. They finally decided on a large hole toward the top of the sett. Presumably, they thought digging might be easier there. A shock awaited them! Nets were laid on the other entrances. One of the dogs' muzzles was slipped and a radio collar fastened around its neck. The radio receiver was switched on, and a digger stood ready. The dog was pushed into the large hole and, after a slight hesitation, it disappeared under the ground.



"Not long now, lads," one of the men said. They nodded; the tension building. What would the outcome be? The digger with the radio receiver looked puzzled. He took off the earphones and looked at the others.

"The signal's gone haywire," he said. "I can't get nuffin." He moved over the sett and tried in a number of locations where he judged the chambers to be. Each time, he shook his head. After a while, he gave up. "There's signals all over the place," he said, looking totally bemused.

O'Vile went to the sett entrance and called the dog's name. "Scrapper, get out 'ere now!" he bawled. Then he thought better of it. Noise might attract the farmer. Little did he know that lots of sets of eyes were watching his every move.



By this time, Jason and Will had made their way carefully back to the edges of the clearing. Jason's form was a flitting shadow as he blended with his environment to be invisible to the men. Will snaked low on his belly until he could see the whole proceedings. The two agents would be in place and ready when the time came.



One of the men picked up a spade and began to dig. "I don't think we'll get anything from the dogs. Must be something wrong with the collar or the receiver. I reckon there's probably a tunnel or chamber about 'ere." He dug down about 30cm until his spade rang like a bell. "What the..." he exclaimed. He dug and scraped at a small area. "It's concrete!" he exclaimed. "We'll 'ave to try somewhere else, if we want the badgers from this sett!"

That was enough for Jane Rule. They'd been filmed in the act of badger digging, and had even admitted, on film, that they were indeed, digging for badgers. The detective sergeant rose from the bushes, flanked by her burly detective constable. "Hello lads," she greeted them. "Not having any luck?"

The men looked from one to another, slowly weighing up the situation in feeble minds. The teenagers cringed and sank to the ground, wailing.

More police rose from the undergrowth. One was on his radio. It seemed moments until more police and very large dogs crashed through the bushes. The diggers' dogs began to growl and bark at the new-comers. "Speak!" called the police dog handlers, and their obedient dogs began a cacophony of barks, enough to be heard in the village! The diggers' dogs strained at leashes, but the men held on tightly. They knew their dogs were no match for trained police dogs.



The two SOU men, at each end of the clearing stepped from their hideouts.

"Stand still!" shouted Paul Deed. "You are under arrest for the crime of badger digging, contrary to the 'Protection of Badgers Act 1992'. You do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something you later rely on in court. Anything you say may be given in evidence."

"It is a serious offence to kill, injure or take a badger, or to damage or interfere with a sett unless a licence is obtained from a statutory authority. You're nicked!"



The men looked wildly around them, uncertainty etched on their faces. "Run for it!" yelled O'Vile. The men began to run towards the entrances to the wood. Jason stepped out in front of two of them. His hard eyes showed no emotion. His words were cold as ice, hard as granite. "Stand still!" he bawled. The two men still ran. He grabbed one as he tried to pass, and threw him to the ground. A policeman appeared and held the criminal. A police dog barked at his face. He lay on the floor, quivering.

Jason leapt to his feet. His eyes fastened on the other man and he ran like the wind after him. His hard muscles propelled him forward. His feet felt sure on the solid ground. The wind in his face! His instinct to hunt, to destroy came into play. Swiftly, Jason caught up with the man and threw himself at his legs. The man flew forward, Jason's arms wrapped tightly around his knees. He fell, trying to break his fall with outstretched arms. Jason grabbed the man's arms and pushed them up his back. "Stay still!" he yelled. Then he bent to the man's ear. "I don't intend to hurt you, but I haven't ruled it out!" he whispered. The man lay still and moaned.

Will also caught his prey. He'd run for dance through the trees. The man had spotted a gap in the had seen it first and had angled off



one corner of the wood, and had led Will a merry stopped, momentarily, trying to find the best fence and ran for it. Unfortunately for him, Will towards it. The two men arrived at the gap at the

same time. The thug turned and pulled a wicked-looking knife from his belt.

Will looked at the man. Would he use it? It was hard to tell. He might, if he was desperate enough! The two men had circled each other, staring into each other's eyes. Not a face to meet on a dark night, thought Will. Each man looked at the other, weighing the danger. Suddenly, Will had feinted right and his opponent reacted. He lunged in that direction... just as Will had hoped. Will's leg suddenly flashed upward in a karate kick, and caught the man's wrist. The knife had flown into the undergrowth. The thug looked at his empty hand, startled, and tried to run. Too late! Will was upon him in a flash and brought him to the ground with one deft sweep of his leg. The man hit the earth with a thud that drove the wind out of him. He lay, gasping on the ground like a fish in dust! Will then frog-marched his opponent back to the clearing.

The police sat the men and teenagers down and were searching them for weapons. The police dogs stood near, growling and snarling as their handlers had taught them. The diggers' dogs had lost their confidence in the face of the huge Alsatians, and had lain down, with their paws over their muzzles.

"Well, what have we here?" said Jane Rule. "Sean O'Vile. Nice to see you, Sean."

"Sam Mean," she continued.

"And brother Bill too.



"Fancy meeting you here!"

"Keeping it in the family. That's nice!"

"And who do we have here?" she asked, looking

at Chav and Yob. "This is Charlie Asinine and Jim Dim", Dan told her.

She looked at Dan. "Yes, that really is his name, he chuckled."

"Yes," said Paul Deed. "I remember these two from my visits about the fox in the snare. Swore to me that they weren't involved in anything like this! Much too gentle!"

"Well, well. Now what are we going to do with you two?" she asked. The two teenagers cowered and whimpered. "Take them back to the station," she ordered a policeman with a dog. "I don't think they'll give us any bother - particularly with the dog in attendance. The two climbed to their feet and tottered along, glancing back at the huge dog, who barked whenever they did. He knew exactly how to keep two wastes-of-space like these two in place! The police marched the criminals back to the farm, where the police vans were waiting to transport them back to the station. They knew they were going down, and were resigned to their fate.



The IT men and the forensics team worked at the site and eventually began to clear up their equipment. Dr Chance waved to the agents, as he carried his equipment back to the car. The cameras were dismantled and packed away in their boxes. The evidence they would provide would be crucial, and would certainly send the men to prison.



The two SOU agents climbed into their own 4x4, which had been parked behind the barn, and made their way to the station to make their own statements and to help with the evidence. Will would send the report to HQ via his laptop later in the evening. All in all, it had been a very satisfying day.



After long hours at the station, the two men returned to their camp, dirt-caked and bone weary. They lit a fire and set about making a meal - with plenty of strong coffee. A crescent moon hung in a star-spangled sky as they settled down. Tomorrow would be another day.

