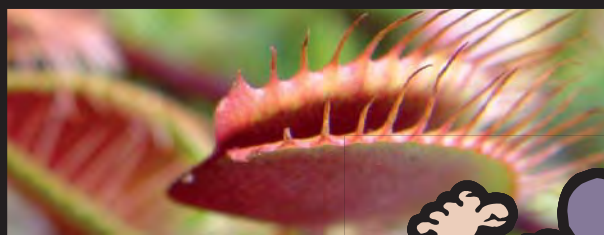




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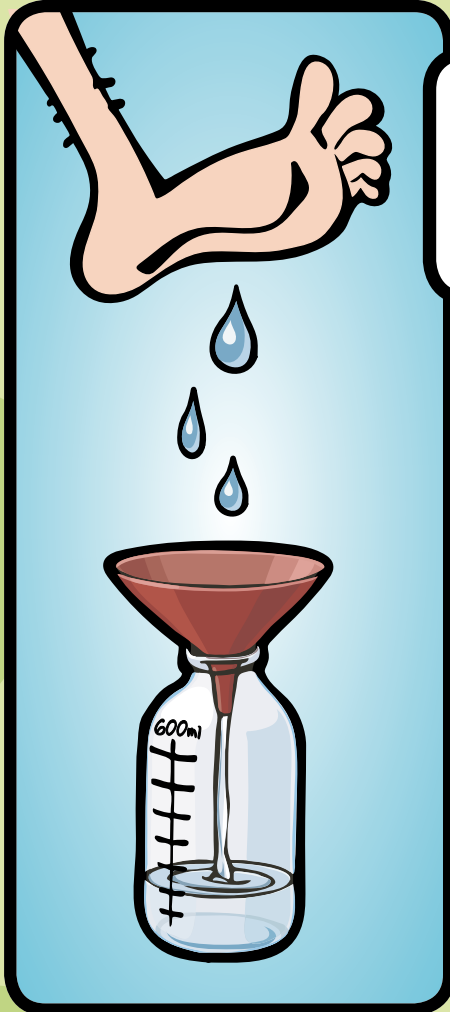
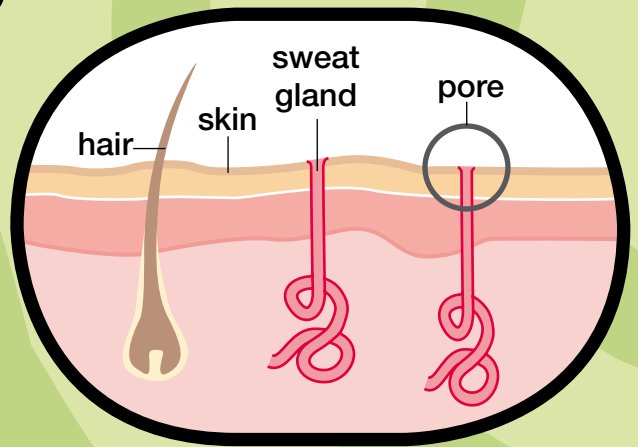
Practice Reading Magazine

Year 5-A Band 2



Smelly feet

Feet sweat all the time!
Sweat stops the skin on your feet from drying out, as well as keeping your feet cool.



Each foot can produce up to 600 millilitres of sweat per day.



There are about 950 sweat glands in each square centimetre of skin on your feet. That's about 250 000 sweat glands per foot.

WHY
do some
people's feet
SMELL
so much?

Hands, like feet, have thousands of sweat glands, but the sweat evaporates easily into the air.

... MORE about SKIN

- Your largest organ
- Covers about 2 square metres
- More than 2.5 million sweat glands



Sweat is 99% water and 1% salt and amino acids, so sweat has no particular smell of its own. But when you wear socks and shoes, the sweat cannot escape into the air. It collects in your footwear, and then the bacteria on the skin of your feet feed on it. As they feed, they produce waste, and *that's* what smells!

Centre of attention

Monday morning. Nine am. The Principal of Mittavale Primary School takes me to my classroom. Even as she's talking and being friendly, and even as I'm answering and trying to smile, my stomach is squirming. I want to run. My new red school bomber jacket feels stiff, like I'm stuck in a bag.

'You'll fit in very well Tiff.' Mrs Tarrant knocks on a door that is half glass. 'The children and Mrs Henderson will make you feel right at home. We get new children quite often, which is great, I think we'll be getting another new student next week. So you won't be the latest arrival for very long.'

I nod, but I'm not listening about this other new kid, I'm too busy worrying about me. I can see rows of heads and lots of big projects on the walls. And then I'm inside and everyone's staring. I feel like I'm in slow-motion as I move around the room and then sit. The board's full of neat writing. Wherever I look there are eyes on me. I look at my table. Someone's drawn eyes on that as well!

I'm aware of lots of little noises; chairs scraping, a pen dropping, words being said, the heaters ticking. The room smells OK, anyway, and that's a bonus. I see flowers in a vase on the teacher's table.

'Tiffany comes to us from Tilgong Primary,' Mrs Tarrant tells the class. 'She now lives in Mittavale and will be with us for the rest of the year. I know of course, 6H, you will make her most welcome.'

This is my new classroom. I can feel everything around me; the dusty warmth of the air, the rickety table under my elbow, the lino under my shoes, my backpack on my knees. I take out my old Tilgong folder, which feels heavy with its new lined pages, and I see down next to my lunch a little red present. Dad must've put it there! For a few seconds I stop feeling scared. I don't take the present out, though, just my school stuff.



The explorers

The three explorers moved slowly, zigzagging up the wall of the canyon. Bartlett led the way. He was thin and wiry, with lean, stringy muscles and a freckled face. The well-worn boots on his feet were as creased and creviced as a turtle's neck, and his fingers, gripping the rocks, were strong and knobbly. Behind him came Gozo, who was barely more than a boy, with a little upturned nose and hair that stood up in spikes. And last in line came Jacques le Grand, a giant of a man whose powerful shoulders were broad enough to carry any burden.

There was no path for them to follow. Bartlett picked his way from ledge to rock to niche. Sometimes, when he couldn't see another foothold, he would look down at Jacques, and wait until the big man had examined the wall as well.

Then Jacques would point, or tilt his head, or even just indicate with a glance where he thought they should go. There was hardly ever a need for words between them.

If Gozo couldn't manage by himself, Bartlett would reach back down for him, or Jacques would push him up from behind.

They had been following the Rift for over a week, and now they were reaching the end. Once they had climbed out of the canyon they would be able to see what lay beyond it. There were rumours and myths. Bartlett and Jacques knew them all, of course, they had heard all the stories and speculation. But even they didn't know what they would really find when they got to the top.

