

Woodfarm Literacy and Numeracy Newsletter

Level 3 Numeracy Benchmark:

"I can show how quantities that are related can be increased or decreased proportionally and apply this to solve problems in everyday contexts.
MNU 3-08a" (Education Scotland, 2017b)

Recipe requires 300g of mince but the 750g pack was on offer so I bought it! How much of each ingredient do I need so that it still tastes the same?

300g mince,
250g of tomatoes,
15ml Worcester sauce,
20ml tomato puree



Level 3 Reading Benchmark:

"Select texts regularly for enjoyment and interest or relevant sources to inform thinking."(Education Scotland, 2017a)

Forget the House of Commons during PMQ's. Forget Brussels Conference Suites during Brexit negotiations. Forget the Old Bailey during high profile murder trials.

The most daunting place on our delicate little planet to take part in the wild world of conflict and disputation we call debate is, without doubt, reservation or hesitation, the Woodfarm library.

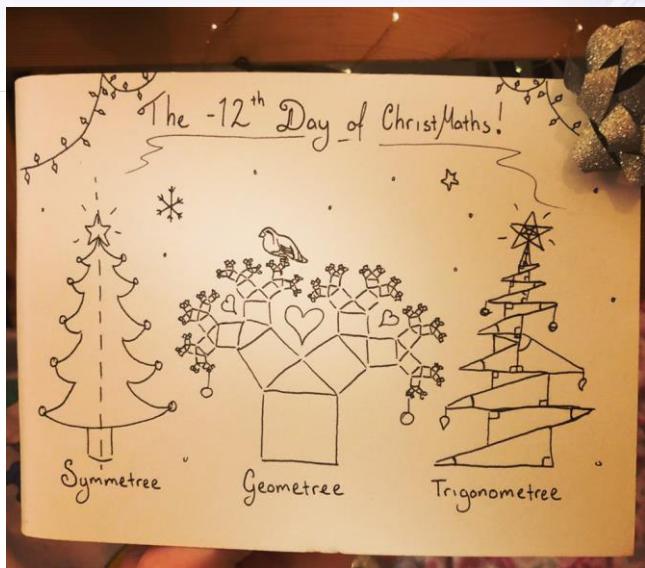
Sat across from you are two well prepared, blazered prefects from an unknown school. They more resemble cabinet ministers than lunch duty monitors.

Behind you are the judges. Three behemoths of their profession. You imagine they spend their time in the UN Courts of Human Rights, waxing lyrical against dangerous despots.

ANSWERS: 625g of tomatoes, 50ml Worcester sauce, 50ml tomato puree

NUMERACY FACTS OF THE MONTH

It's the -12th Day of Christmaths! We are celebrating with a wee doodle sketch 



The French word for pie chart is "camembert" chart – well of course it is!

They don't have time for your mumbling, stumbling, incoherent ramblings.

The room is darkly lit. There are rows and rows and rows of chairs. Almost all are empty. There are a couple of eager parents, a few tired teachers and a wee brother or sister. That's it! It makes it much worse. You can't avoid them. If the place was full you could ignore everyone and talk to the back wall. There is no escape.

This is a warzone.

And this is the arena that Johnny K and Ali P stepped into.

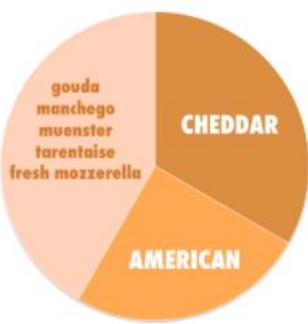
Round One of the Law Society's 'Donald Dewar Memorial Debate' was about to commence. The motion for proceedings was:

This house would introduce compulsory National Civic Service for all 15 and 16 year olds.

Knak was poised. He surveyed the opposition school like a bird of prey (one of the smaller ones- a kestrel perhaps), carefully assessing his victim's weak points before swooping down to attack. Some who were in attendance have speculated that he had been up all of the previous night, so intense and laser-like was his focus.

Pagganwalla was a different story altogether. A man of keen instincts, he had quickly scanned the motion twenty minutes prior and was seen scrolling through YouGov's policy section, mentally putting together a venomous attack strategy that would surely leave the opposition rattled.

The night time setting leant the school library a rather different atmosphere than usual. Gone were the bright and bustling first year learners, feverishly searching for the Greek edition of *Horrible Histories*, or pressing Ioannis our librarian for weekend reading suggestions. Instead the hallowed turf was abuzz with anticipation for the premier debating event in the WHS Dialectic Society diary. It was



The day before the opening of the 2014 Sochi Winter Olympics, it was discovered that the biathlon track - which should be a loop of 2.5km (1.6 miles) - was 40m (130ft) short.

Some hasty repair work ensured the track was the right length for the first event three days later.

How far would the competitors in the 7.5km race and 12.5km race actually have covered, if the mistake had not been uncovered?



shaping up to be a spectacular evening of competitive debating action.

The debate began with Bearsden Academy's first Proposition speaker outlining their advocacy for National Civic Service. Johnny Knak, Woodfarm's first Opposition speaker, carefully picked his opponent's argument apart, forensically examining each contentious statement before adding his own masterful summation. In turn Paganwalla rose to the lectern, scrupulously scrutinising Bearsden Academy's second Proposition speaker's address to the judges. As before this was handled with aplomb.

However, in the words of Christopher Lambert in the 1986 smash-hit *Highlander*, "There can be only one". Well, two, and the two who were adjudged (by the judges) to have presented the most compelling case were the two young scholars from Bearsden's most prestigious educational establishment. It would have been rude, after all, to have sent them home empty-handed. Knak and Paganwalla shook their competitors' hands and thanked them for the debate like the true gents that they are, before heading back to their lair equipped with the judge's constructive comments ringing in their ears.....until next time.

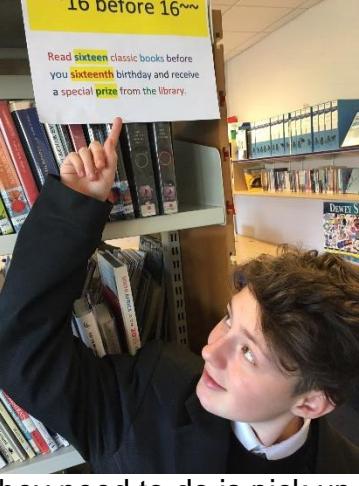
GREEK WORD OF THE MONTH

Adamant =impossible to persuade, or unwilling to change an opinion or decision from Ancient Greek ἀδάμας (adámas, "invincible"), from ἀ- (a-, "not") + δαμάζω (damázō, "I tame") from Greek; literal meaning **unconquerable** Boudica, a queen who



Reading Challenge

'16 before 16' is our reading competition for our current S1, S2 S3 and potentially S4 students. To complete the challenge a student will have to read 16 of the shortlisted titles before he is 16 years old. If a student would like to participate in this competition all they need to do is pick up the pass from their English teacher or from the school library. The pass is designed to allow them to complete a short review of each book and also to enable the school librarian to add his signature to verify that they have completed the text. Students are encouraged to read at their own pace and to then show the school librarian their passbook. And if the read 16 books out of the shortlist of books specially selected then they will be rewarded with a very extraordinary prize!



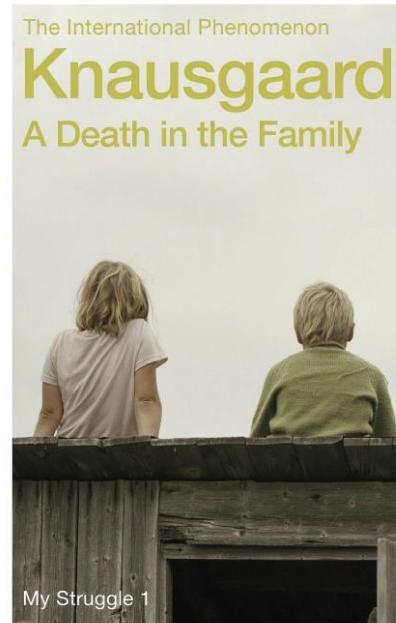
refused to be bullied, she stood up for herself. She was adamant that people should take on the might of the Roman Empire

Book of the Month

Title: A Death in the Family

Author: Karl Ove Knausgaard

Publisher: Vintage



Karl Ove is an exceptional author in my personal opinion. He belongs to the unofficial category "everyone wants to write like him but nobody wants to be him". *A Death in the family* is one of the *Guardian's 100 Best Books of the 21st Century* described as "an addictive and honest novel about childhood, family and grief". As Knausgaard described "The first book opens with a reflection on death, and then it's the father-son thing, and then the being-sixteen-years-old thing " There is also a reference in his interview to Ian McEwan where he used the word "selflessness," and that he really understood what he meant: that's the dream for every writer. To be brave enough to engrave true and inner thoughts without the filter of one's ego.

The portrayal of a family's disintegration enables the writer to voice universal anxieties. There is honesty in his reflections and liberty in

Booking the Library

By Ioannis Panayiotakis



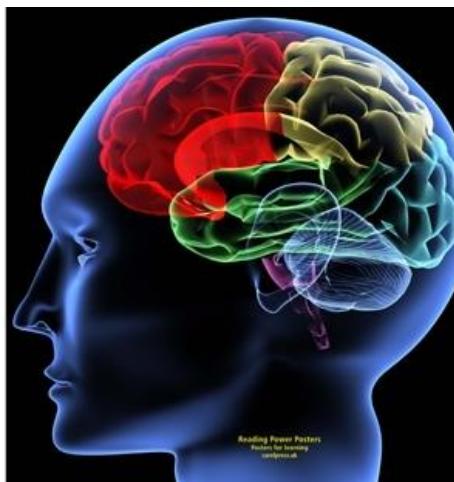
The library offers a fantastic space for all staff to bring classes or small groups to use its resources and facilities. I am in Woodfarm on Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesday

afternoon. On a Thursday or Friday when I am at Eastwood, you are very welcome to book the library as a supervised teaching space. To book the library you can use the online system [here](https://woodfarm.roombookingsystem.co.uk/default): <https://woodfarm.roombookingsystem.co.uk/default> then login using your glow password and then select **Categories**

Other including Library

Reading fiction makes your brain work better.

Research scientists:
Emory University, USA



his thoughts. He writes as if no one is ever going to read it, and no one is going to judge. The main topic is Ove's father passes away and the fallout is felt intensely. The clarity of the impact and the pain is felt so penetrating that while you read it one cannot escape, it genuinely affects the reader.



This is a book about memories and how they are presented he quotes "*A whole world lay between the trademarks of then and no, and as I thought about them, their sounds and tastes reappeared, utterly irresistible, as indeed everything you have lost, everything that has gone, always does*". The concept of alcoholism is well illuminated as a recurrent catastrophic issue for his father, his grandmother and himself and is presented agonizingly vividly.

It is also filled with casual unfiltered thoughts "*Even though the case was heavy I carried it by the handle....i detested the tiny wheels, first of all because they were feminine, thus not worthy of a man, a man should carry, not roll*" (p. 261)

The writing continues as smooth and precise. While talking about the specific smell of houses he writes "*Were the walls impregnated with forty years of living, was that what I could smell every time I stepped inside*" (p.472) A captivating concept is that the duty of literature is to fight fiction and find a way into the world as it is. Perhaps not everyone will enjoy this book, and there lies its power the writer is not writing for them.

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Poem of the Month

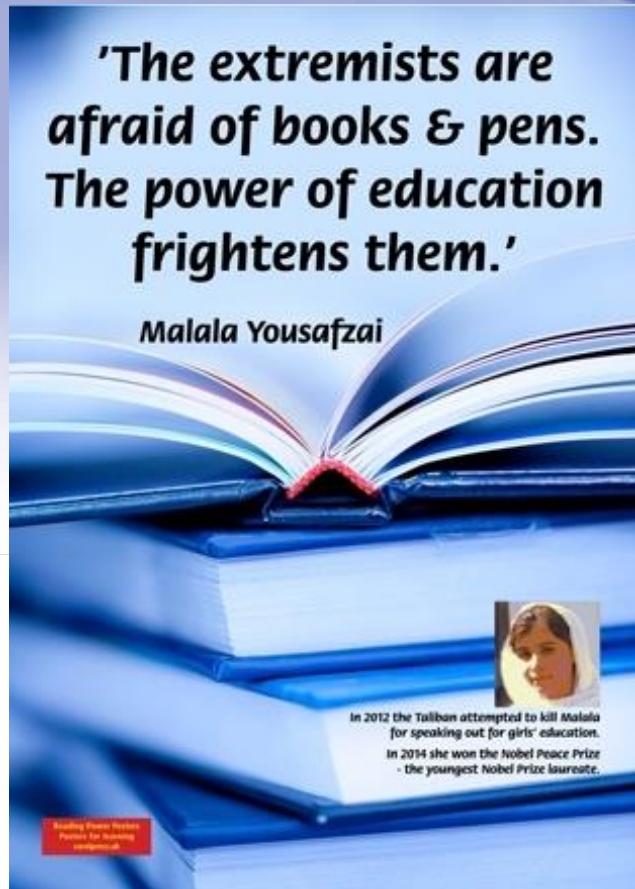
Christmas Trees
By Robert Frost

(A Christmas Circular Letter)



The city had withdrawn into itself
And left at last the country to the country;
When between whirls of snow not come to lie
And whirls of foliage not yet laid, there drove
A stranger to our yard, who looked the city,
Yet did in country fashion in that there
He sat and waited till he drew us out
A-buttoning coats to ask him who he was.
He proved to be the city come again
To look for something it had left behind
And could not do without and keep its
Christmas.
He asked if I would sell my Christmas trees;
My woods—the young fir balsams like a place
Where houses all are churches and have
spires.
I hadn't thought of them as Christmas Trees.
I doubt if I was tempted for a moment
To sell them off their feet to go in cars
And leave the slope behind the house all bare,
Where the sun shines now no warmer than the
moon.
I'd hate to have them know it if I was.
Yet more I'd hate to hold my trees except
As others hold theirs or refuse for them,
Beyond the time of profitable growth,
The trial by market everything must come to.
I dallied so much with the thought of selling.
Then whether from mistaken courtesy
And fear of seeming short of speech, or
whether
From hope of hearing good of what was mine,
I said,
"There aren't enough to be worth while."
"I could soon tell how many they would cut,
You let me look them over."

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"You could look.

But don't expect I'm going to let you have them."

Pasture they spring in, some in clumps too close

That lop each other of boughs, but not a few
Quite solitary and having equal boughs
All round and round. The latter he nodded
"Yes" to,

Or paused to say beneath some lovelier one,
With a buyer's moderation, "That would do."

I thought so too, but wasn't there to say so.

We climbed the pasture on the south, crossed over,

And came down on the north. He said, "A thousand."

"A thousand Christmas trees!—at what apiece?"

He felt some need of softening that to me:
"A thousand trees would come to thirty dollars."

Then I was certain I had never meant
To let him have them. Never show surprise!
But thirty dollars seemed so small beside
The extent of pasture I should strip, three cents

(For that was all they figured out apiece),
Three cents so small beside the dollar friends
I should be writing to within the hour
Would pay in cities for good trees like those,
Regular vestry-trees whole Sunday Schools
Could hang enough on to pick off enough.
A thousand Christmas trees I didn't know I had!

Worth three cents more to give away than sell,
As may be shown by a simple calculation.
Too bad I couldn't lay one in a letter.
I can't help wishing I could send you one,
In wishing you herewith a Merry Christmas