

READING MAGAZINE

2009



Year 9

Nursing Standard helping you to protect patients and staff

Infection control



Palm to palm



Right palm over left back and left palm over right back



Palm to palm with fingers interlaced



Backs of fingers to opposing palms with fingers interlocked



Rotational rubbing of right thumb clasped in left palm and vice versa



Rotational rubbing backwards and forwards with clasped fingers of right hand in left palm and vice versa



Patients and staff in healthcare environments are vulnerable to infections, including methicillin-resistant *Staphylococcus aureus* (MRSA). Frequent and appropriate handwashing is a key principle to avoiding contamination. Here is a guide to effective handwashing and some useful tips for avoiding the spread of infection:

- Hands should be washed with soap and water or alcohol hand-rub using the correct technique before and after procedures and contact with patients.
- Disposable gloves and aprons should be worn for contact with body fluids, lesions and contaminated materials (wash hands after use).
- If taking a uniform home to clean, a hot wash should be used and the washing machine should not be overloaded.
- Linen should be handled carefully (not shaken) and transported in correct colour-coded laundry bags. Soft furnishings, such as curtains, should be cleaned regularly.
- Patient areas should be uncluttered and cleaned regularly.
- Compliance with infection control policies should be monitored through audits.

An extract from

FINN AND THE BIG GUY

by David Metzthen

A phone call came from Mr Lensky at nine o'clock one Wednesday evening. Instantly, the television was turned off, and a deep hush settled over the lounge room. Mrs Deegan folded towels in slow-motion. The twins huddled and hissed. Mr Lensky asked Finn about horses and riding, work, school, and Collieton. He asked Finn how he felt about leaving home.

'Be all right,' said Finn, not knowing if it would be or not.

Mr Lensky spoke in a way that put words into two categories only – questions or orders. Finn felt as if he was being interrogated.

'Okay boy, get your mother or father,' Mr Lensky said.

Finn waved a hand at his mother. She put a brown towel down on the back of a brown chair.

Mr Lensky spoke to Finn's mother and Finn sat in his beanbag, staring at the identical splits in the sides of his dark-blue runners.

'Hmmm,' Mrs Deegan said, looking down at the worn rug with the picture of the haystack on it. 'Hmmm. And where would he ... yes, all right, yes, fifteen and three months. Hmmm.'

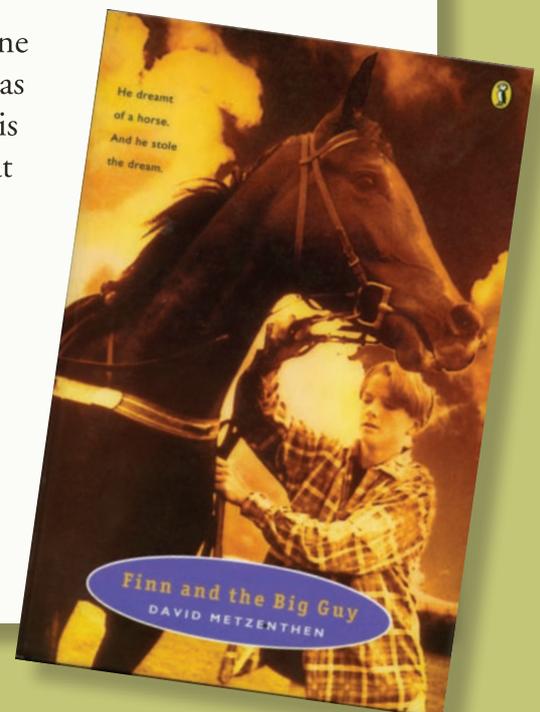
Finn was nervous. He put two bits of Juicy Fruit into his mouth, even though he didn't feel like chewy. His mum put the telephone down.

'You're gunna go an' see Mr Lensky on Saturdee for a talk.' She walked slowly back to the half-empty washing basket. 'Catch the morning train down and the arvo train back. You sure about this? You better be.' She picked up a towel and cracked it like a whip.

Finn nodded. He wasn't sure though. Suddenly everyone was demanding answers from him, and giving answers was something he was not good at. Often he liked to change his mind – sometimes to the opposite of what he'd just said – at the very last minute.

'You'd better wear your good blue shirt and school tie,' Mrs Deegan said. 'You gotta look your best.'

Finn nodded. Fear thrummed in his stomach. He wouldn't have minded if his mum had hugged him now, but she didn't. She continued to deal with the washing, smoothing tea-towels against her stomach, pairing up socks, snapping hankies.



Looking at Desert Art

An extract from *Desert Dreamings* by Deirdre Stokes
 Artwork by Michael Nelson Tjakamarra



Michael Nelson Tjakamarra (born 1949)
 Walpiri
 Papunya, Northern Territory
Dreaming sites in the Western Desert

Two ancestor kangaroo men and creeks around the Dreaming site

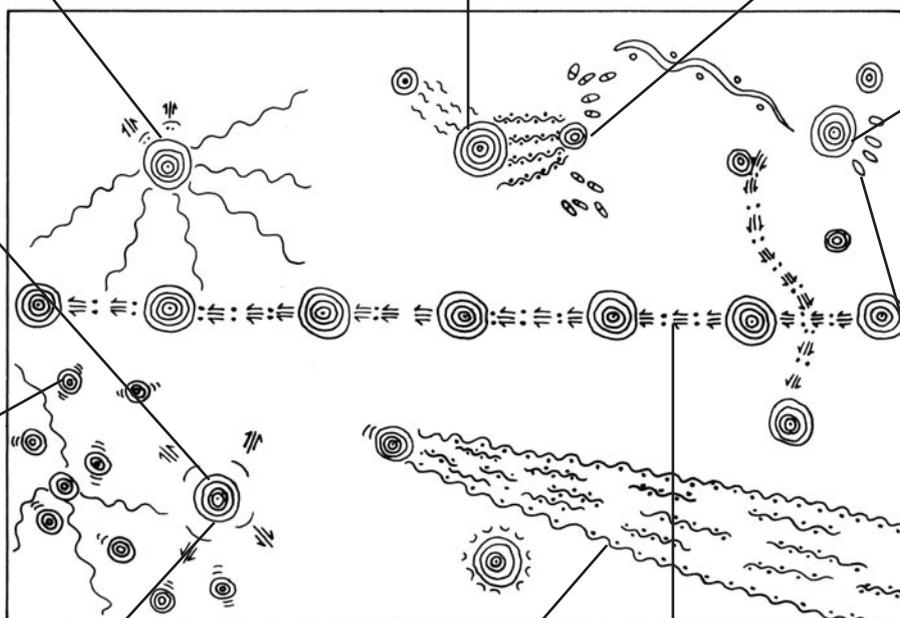
Kalitjara site where stone knives are found today

Mt Singleton, where ancestor possum men armed with stone knives defeated the ancestor witchetty grubs fighting with wild potatoes

Wantapi, a site surrounded by four ancestor kangaroo men

Vaughan Springs. The wavy lines are bush banana vines. The pattern is used as a body decoration.

Mt Wedge, where the ancestor wallaby still sits today after journeying from Tjuntyi, stopping at a waterhole before reaching Mt Wedge



Mawitju, north of Vaughan Springs, a Possum Dreaming place, where ancestor men and women held corroborees

Tracks of the possum ancestor

Ancestor kangaroo travelled between the secret-sacred places

One of the four witchetty grubs turned into a rainbow snake and travelled north towards the Granites in the Tanami Desert

The Garden

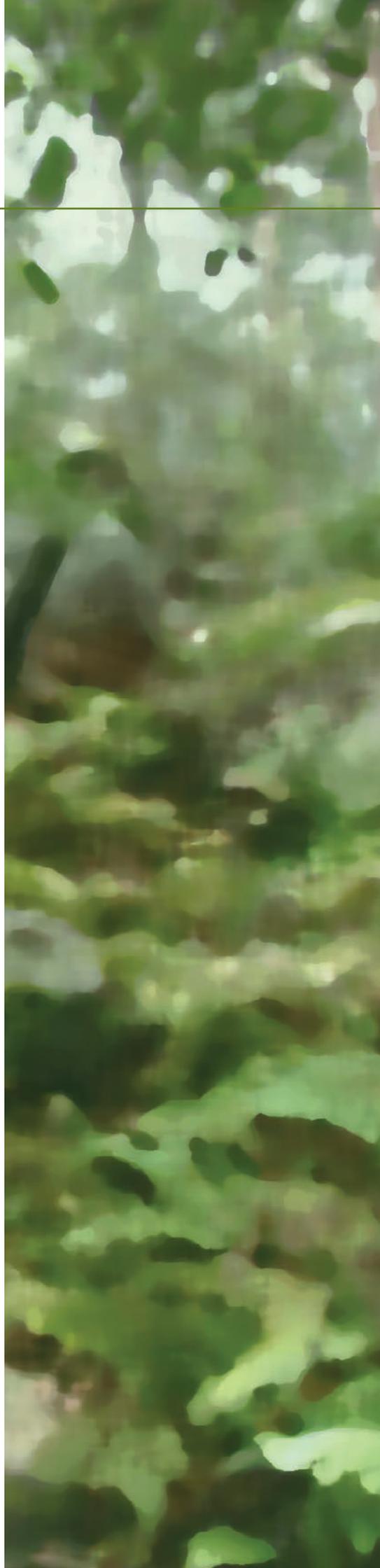
An extract from *The White Earth* by Andrew McGahan

After the death of his father in a tragic farming accident, William and his mother move to the home of William's great-uncle.

His new home frowned at him. William turned his back on the House and took a few steps away from the car, the gravel crunching beneath his feet. The pebbles of the drive were white, or had been, before becoming mixed up with dirt and grass. The garden spread before him. There were hints that it had once been something grander. He could see pathways meandering between the weeds, some of them paved with fractured stone slabs. There was other stonework visible as well – the borders of garden beds, a bench, a bower in a far corner – all of it smothered in plants, or half buried in dirt. Lampposts were dotted along the pathways, but there were no bulbs in the sockets, and a washing line had been strung between two of the posts, pale laundry hanging there forlornly. Great shaggy trees loomed all around. And sticking up crazily at the very front of the yard, where the hill dropped away, a diving board perched on what must have been the rim of a swimming pool.

Nothing moved and no one came. Overhead the clouds hung motionless. The air in the garden was chill, cooler than down on the plain, and it smelled different too. William was used to the dry scent of grain and chaff, and the dusty breath of black soil. This place had a dank odour to it, a complexity of plants and trees and weeds, a bitter forest smell, with an underlay of rotting wood. He noticed that there was a tall metal pole by the drive. A tattered flag hung limp at the top, patterned in blue and white, unrecognisable. A wave of loneliness swept over him.

He turned back towards the House. It might have been deserted. He walked towards the front steps, feeling very small as the weight of the walls rose up on either side, a vertigo of stone. He came to the fountain, peered in. Water hadn't flowed in it for years, and sand had gathered in the bowl, giving root to the grass. Its central pillar looked as if it had once borne a statue, but the column was snapped clean off, and only the enigmatic stump remained, a broken water pipe protruding.



No one is a loser

by Ben Okri

We must not think ourselves victims,
Disadvantaged, held back—
Because of race, colour, creed,
Education, class, gender,
Religion, height, or age.
The world is not made of labels.
The world, from now on,
Will be made through the mind.
Through great dreaming, great loving
And masterly application.
Those who transcend their apparent limitations
Are greater than those who apparently
Have little to transcend.
Our handicaps can be the seed of our glories.
We shouldn't deny them.
We should embrace them,
Embrace our marginalisation,
Our invisibility, our powerlessness.
Embrace our handicaps, and use them,
And go beyond them,
For they could well be the key
To some of the most beautiful energies
That we have been given.
Accept no limitations to our human potential.
We have the power of solar systems
In our minds.
Our rage is powerful. Our love is mighty.
Our desire to survive is awesome.
Our quest for freedom is noble, and great.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

(1890–1976)

Agatha Christie is the world's best known mystery writer. Her books have sold over a billion copies in the English language and another billion in more than 45 other languages.

In a writing career that spanned more than half a century, Agatha Christie wrote 79 novels and short story collections. She also wrote over 19 plays including *The Mousetrap*, which has created theatrical history by running continuously since it first opened on November 25, 1952.

Christie's first novel, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* (1920), was also the first to feature her eccentric Belgian detective Hercule Poirot, who was to become the most popular detective in crime history since Sherlock Holmes. Poirot boasted of his 'little grey cells' that triumphed over devious criminals in 33 novels and many dozens of short stories. Christie's last published novel, *Sleeping Murder* (1976), featured her other world-famous sleuth, the shrewdly inquisitive Miss Jane Marple of St Mary Mead. Miss Marple appeared in twelve novels, beginning with *The Murder at the Vicarage* in 1930.

Both Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple have been widely dramatised in feature films and made-for-TV movies. *Murder on the Orient Express* (1974), *Witness for the Prosecution* (1957), *And Then There Were None* (1945) and *Death on the Nile* (1978) are a few of the successful films based on Christie's works.

Agatha Christie used the pseudonym Mary Westmacott to write six romantic novels. She wrote non-fiction as well – four books including an autobiography and a highly entertaining account of many archaeological expeditions she shared with her second husband, Sir Max Mallowan. In 1971, she achieved her country's highest honour when she received the title, Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

Her enduring success, enhanced by many film and television adaptations that are now appealing to new generations, is a tribute to the timeless appeal of her characters and the unequalled ingenuity of her plots.

Teenage Sleep



All parents of teenagers have seen the changes that happen with puberty – the growth spurts, the mood changes, and also, the unlimited ability to sleep-in on weekends. But this altered sleep pattern is not the teenagers being bone-lazy or anti-social – no, instead, it is their changing biology, lurking deep inside their brains.

How much you sleep depends on your age. Newborn babies will sleep, in a series of naps, for 16–18 hours per day. By age five, this is down to about 11 hours, and continues to drop with age – until puberty and adolescence start. Then sleeping time increases again. Puberty lasts to about 17.5 years for boys, and 16 years for girls, as measured by the end of bone growth. But adolescence continues for a few more years.

Adolescence is that awkward time between childhood and adulthood. During adolescence, the natural circadian rhythm is mightily interfered with. First, there is a distressing delay in the onset of sleep, probably due to the later release of melatonin. I remember lying in bed as a teenager, listening to my parents' chiming clock mark away the night, before I would eventually drop off to sleep. Sometimes I would hear it run through ten sets of quarter hours – two-and-a-half hours – before I finally fell asleep. So when teenagers say that they are not tired at 11 pm, they are usually being truthful. The second biological change is that adolescents need more sleep – between nine and ten hours every night. Indeed, one marker of the end of adolescence is the switch to the shorter and earlier adult sleep hours. This happens, on average, at 19.5 years in women, and 20.9 years in men.

This all means that the teenage years are very messy, in terms of sleep. They can't get to sleep early, and they need more sleep.

And the next time you want to chide your teenager with a well-worn cliché, in the interests of scientific credibility better not make it the "Early to bed and early to rise" one.

by Karl S. Kruszelnicki

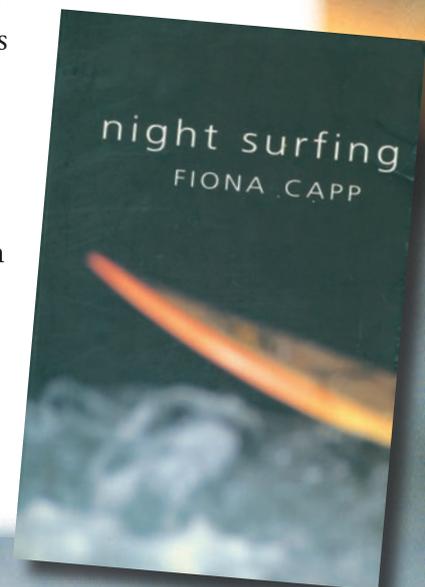
MARCUS

An extract from *night surfing* by Fiona Capp

EVERY AFTERNOON MARCUS WORKS in the dunes planting marram grass and spinifex to stop the sand from blowing away. From a distance the coastline looks rugged and invincible but up close it crumbles at his touch. Day and night rivulets of sand trickle down the pockmarked, sandstone face. Slowly, the cliffs are dissolving. It's not only the wind, sea spray and waves that wear it away, but the plucking and drilling of tiny marine animals—periwinkles, barnacles and mussels—living on the pitted, biscuity surface. Sometimes the changes are dramatic. Just months ago, a minor landslide at the Back Beach saw a chunk of the cliff slide abruptly into the sea.

Marcus straightens. His back aches from the constant bending and his eyes are stinging from the glare. He wonders if he's starting to hallucinate. Figures in strange clothes are heading towards him across the ridged hummocks of the dunes. He looks again. Two men in wide hats and ponchos, and a woman in a peasant skirt. They wave madly and run towards him as though he is the first human they have sighted in days. They are Japanese. Tourists in Mexican dress who want him to take their photo. They smile sheepishly and arrange themselves as if taking a siesta, brandishing guns, drinking ... After much bowing, they continue on their way.

Marcus is too stunned to tell them they shouldn't be there. He has just erected a series of signs: RECLAMATION AREA. NO ENTRY. He doesn't like keeping people out. But too much damage has been done. The dunes are the soft flesh covering the bare bones of the foreshore. Blowouts are his biggest worry, the sudden ravaging that strips the land back to the ice age, breaking it into gravel like the stony tracts of the Sahara. He knows that it's only a salvage job but halting the drifting dunes has brought a satisfaction he couldn't have imagined. When high winds whip up the sand in spirals and carry it out over the ocean or inland toward the city, he is seized by a terrible urgency. Every patch he can secure with mesh and grass is a small victory against time and loss.



**This page is
meant to be blank.**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cover

Image of planet from NASA, www.nasa.gov.

Infection control

'Infection Control' guideline, published in *Nursing Standard*, RCN Publishing Company, www.rcnpublishing.co.uk. Image of nurse: © iStockphoto.com

Finn and the Big Guy

Extract and book cover from *Finn and the Big Guy* by David Metzenthén, Puffin Books, reproduced with permission by Penguin Group (Australia), 1997.

Looking at Desert Art

Text and annotated diagram from *Desert Dreamings* by Deirdre Stokes, Heinemann, Australia, 2001. Artwork © Michael Nelson Tjakamarra, licensed by Aboriginal Artists Agency 2008.

The Garden

Extract from *The White Earth* by Andrew McGahan, Allen & Unwin, Australia, 2004.

No one is a loser

Extract from the poem 'No one is a loser' by Ben Okri, from *Mental Fight* by Ben Okri, Phoenix House, U.K., 1999. Reproduced with permission of Weidenfeld and Nicolson (an imprint of The Orion Publishing Group), and The Marsh Agency.

Agatha

© Curriculum Corporation, on behalf of the Ministerial Council on Education, Employment, Training and Youth Affairs, 2009.

Teenage Sleep

Extract adapted from 'Teenage sleep', from *Great Moments in Science*, Australian Broadcasting Corporation, www.abc.net.au/science. First published in *Please Explain* by Dr Karl Kruszelnicki, HarperCollins Publishers Pty Ltd, Australia, 2006. Copyright © Dr Karl S. Kruszelnicki Pty Ltd, 2006.

Marcus

Adapted text and book cover from *Night Surfing* by Fiona Capp, Allen & Unwin, Australia, 1996.

Sun Catcher

Text adapted from *The Sunny Day Book* by Jane Bull (Dorling Kindersley, 2004). Copyright © Dorling Kindersley, 2004. Reproduced by permission of Penguin Books Ltd. Images © Dorling Kindersley.

Sun Catcher

Things you need

- string
- foil
- an old CD



1

Cut some foil and roll it up.



2

Twist the foil tightly.



3

Curl the foil around your hand.



4

Tie a piece of string to the CD, then to the top of the spiral. Hang it up in the sun.

