

The Year 5s are creating digital multimodal transformations of AB Paterson's poem "Fur and Feathers". The students have to innovate upon the poem using stylistic features, noun groups and phrases to provide fuller descriptions of the characters , settings and events. The task is to be presented using digital software that transforms the poem into a narrative with accompanying images and audio.

Poem, Fur And Feathers by A.B. Paterson

Paterson, AB 1933, *Fur and Feathers*

The emus formed a football team
Up Walgett way;
Their dark-brown sweaters were a dream
But kangaroos would sit and scream
To watch them play.

Now, butterfingers,' they would call,
And such-like names;
The emus couldn't hold the ball
— They had no hands — but hands aren't all
In football games.

A match against the kangaroos
They played one day
The kangaroos were forced to choose
Some wallabies and wallaroos
That played in grey.


The rules that in the West prevail
Would shock the town;
For when a kangaroo set sail
An emu jumped upon his tail
And fetched him down.

A whistler duck as referee
Was not admired.
He whistled so incessantly
The teams rebelled, and up a tree
He soon retired.

The old marsupial captain said,
'It's do or die!'
So down the ground like fire he fled
And leaped above an emu's head
And scored a try.

Then shouting, 'Keep it on the toes!'
The emus came.
Fierce as the flooded Bogan flows
They laid their foemen out in rows
And saved the game.

On native pear and Darling pea
They dined that night:
But one man was an absentee:
The whistler duck — their referee —
Had taken flight.



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Next/Orientation

Here are some excellent excerpts from our talented students:

As the glistening dewdrops formed on the lush, green grass of Walgett, the big, tough emus trudged to the Walgett football field. The emus, in their dark brown, dreamy sweaters, were playing a football game with the buff, grey kangaroos to decide who would be on the Coat of Arms of Australia. Kye, the kangaroo captain, rudely remarked, "Butter-Fingers!" to Eric, the emu's captain, over the strong howling wind brushing past both fur and feathers. The burning, blistering sun made both teams and spectators sweat, overpowering the Australian scent of sizzling meat pies and tomato sauce. Finally, the annoying whistler duck, Wilson, blew the whistle for the start of the game. "Booooo!" bellowed the crowd, on the rickety grandstand towards the impatient, unadmired Wilson.

By Jacob 5Ash

As the coin flipped and turned in the air it felt happy and free until it came rushing down to earth. The Emu captain and the Kangaroo captain sternly watched the coin as it landed in the ref's feathery hand. All of a sudden mobs of kangaroo fans poured through the rusted turnstile, which croaked loudly in protest, to fill the bare old stands up Walgett way. Soon the sky above the tired, scarred field became filled with insults, aimed squarely at the long-necked Emu team silently waiting for kick-off.

Jack 5Kro

Forced to choose some sly, speedy wallabies and wallaroos because they were three players short, the Roos were concerned they might have a disadvantage. Crowds of mammals were screaming as loud as gunshots in the outback and the old rusty grandstands were quaking in fear...

Keira 5Kro

Sweat poured off of the Kangaroos' fur like the flowing Murray River. "It's do or die!" exclaimed the kangaroo captain. The players of the River Roo's could see the game slipping away, but as the ball was knocked out of the Emu's feathers and into Kevin's arms, a rush of excitement washed over the team like a road train. They leaped over the emu's head and scored a try. The Emus were left in the dust staring blankly at the score board as the Kangaroos sneered at them.

Hayley 5Kro