

# Second Time Lucky



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# Second Time Lucky

by Rachel Hayward

At 7 a.m., Cathy's alarm clock buzzed. She hit the OFF button and went back to sleep.

She woke up again at 8.30 a.m. Help! She had a job interview at 9 a.m.!

Cathy scrambled out of bed and threw on her clothes. There was no time to iron her shirt or comb her hair. She grabbed her bag and ran out the door. The bus was already rushing down the street. Cathy splashed through a muddy puddle as she ran to the bus stop.



Cathy tried to call on her cellphone to say she was running late for the interview, but the line was busy. She bounced in her seat. She wished the bus would hurry.

She had forgotten to clean her teeth. There was some peppermint chewing gum in her bag. It would have to do! She popped a piece into her mouth and chewed nervously.



Jenny frowned at her watch. The first job **candidate**, Cathy Smith, was fifteen minutes late. Jenny liked people to be on time. She turned to her **colleagues** Mike and Renee. “Let’s move on to the next candidate,” she said.



The door burst open. A young woman rushed in. Her shirt was crumpled, she had mud all over her shoes, and her hair was tangled. She was chewing gum.

“Sorry I’m late!” she panted. She flopped down on a chair. Mike and Renee smiled at her politely.

“Are you Cathy Smith?” asked Jenny.

“That’s me,” said Cathy. She noticed her muddy shoes and quickly tucked her feet under the chair.

“So, Cathy,” said Jenny, “we’re running late, so let’s get started. Why do you want to be a receptionist?”

“I work in a shoe store,” said Cathy. “But I hate feet, and I don’t like my boss.” She wondered if she should have said that. If only she wasn’t so nervous! “It’s time for a change,” she added.

“What are your strong points?” asked Mike.



“I’m pretty good at talking on the phone,” said Cathy. “And I work well with people – as long as I don’t have to measure their feet.” That was better. She chewed her gum happily, then froze. The gum! She’d meant to throw it out before she came in.

“Have you done this kind of work before?” asked Renee.

Cathy was thinking about her gum. Should she swallow it? “Excuse me,” she mumbled. She hunted for a tissue in her bag. When she found one, she pretended to blow her nose. She spat the gum into the tissue and put it back in her bag.

Suddenly, her cellphone rang. Without thinking, Cathy answered it. “Kia ora, Cathy Smith speaking!” She saw Jenny frown and make a note on a pad.



“It’s Frank Hager here from Super City Cars,” said the voice on the phone. “I’m calling to **confirm** your interview at 9 a.m. tomorrow.”

“That’s fine,” said Cathy. “See you then.” She put the phone away and looked at Jenny.

“I’ve got off to a really bad start,” she said quietly. “Could we start again?”

“I think that’s a good idea,” agreed Jenny, smiling.





On the bus home, Cathy thought about the interview. It had improved, but she didn't think she would get the job. She had even left a trail of muddy footprints on the carpet! Tomorrow, she would be better prepared. She made a list.

1. *Set two alarm clocks, and ask Mum to call me at 7.30 a.m.*
2. *Iron clothes and clean shoes TONIGHT.*
3. *Brush teeth – no gum!*
4. *Avoid puddles.*
5. *Catch the early bus.*
6. *Turn cellphone OFF!*



Cathy put the list in her pocket. She smiled to herself. She had a great feeling about tomorrow. Second time lucky!

## Glossary

|            |  |
|------------|--|
| candidate  | person who applies for a job               |
| colleagues | people who work with each other            |
| confirm    | to say that something is certain to happen |

illustrations by Rebecca Kereopa

# Working around the Clock

**Megan Whelan talks to Philippa Werry  
about her job as a reporter.**

Megan Whelan is a reporter for Radio New Zealand International. She helps to broadcast news and stories to a Pacific region that reaches from Hawaii to Papua New Guinea. There is a time difference between these islands and New Zealand, so Megan has to work early in the morning or late at night.



At 4.30 a.m., my alarm clock goes off. Time to get up. My clothes and shoes are ready to put on, and my breakfast is on the table. A taxi arrives at 4.50 a.m. The streets are quiet and dark. Ten minutes later, I'm starting work.

In my job as a reporter, I work a mixture of **shifts**. Usually, I work very early in the morning or very late at night. Sometimes I work during the day as well.



Some days, I read the news for our listeners. I have to practise reading each **bulletin** before I read it **on air**, so I spend a lot of time sitting in front of a computer or a microphone. Other days, I work on a news story. I start with an idea, then I talk to people on the phone and put the story together.





Today I'm on the early shift, so I finish work at 1 p.m. The whole afternoon stretches in front of me! On wet days, I might go to the movies. If it's a fine day, I might go for a walk along the waterfront. Or maybe I'll curl up in the sun at home with a book. I might even have a short nap. Waking up early catches up with you after a while.

There are lots of things I like about shift work. Usually there aren't very many people around when I finish. It's great not having to sit in traffic jams or queue at the bank. Shopping is easier when there are fewer people around, too.



But shift work has its **drawbacks**. One big problem is that it can be hard to catch up with my friends. They're still working when I'm off in the afternoons. When they want to go out after work, I'm getting ready for an early night. I have to make a real effort to see people.

Sleep can be another problem. If I have a late night out, I can end up feeling exhausted for the rest of the week. You have to balance your social life with your sleep! It's important to make sure you don't get run down.

# Shift Workers in New Zealand

- Many people work shifts in New Zealand. They include hospital workers, taxi drivers, and police officers.
- People who work night shifts need to make sure they get enough sleep. This is especially important if their job involves driving or using machinery.
- Shiftwork Services is an organisation that supports shift workers in New Zealand. It helps people to manage the challenges of working shifts.



Getting up in the dark can be hard, especially in winter when it's rainy and cold. Even so, I prefer early shifts to late shifts. When you start work early, you finish early. It feels like you have more free time. But when you don't start work till 4 p.m., it's even harder to catch up with friends. By the time you've finished work, they're at home asleep.

On the days I work an early shift, I try to have dinner at around 6 p.m. and be in bed by 9 p.m. But it doesn't always work out that way! Sometimes at night, I play netball or have dinner with my friends.



Before I go to bed tonight, I choose what I'm going to wear tomorrow. I set out my breakfast on the table. I phone up to book a taxi, and I make sure my alarm clock is set for 4.30 a.m. Now it's lights out – and time to get some sleep!

## Glossary

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| bulletin  | short news story  |
| drawbacks | problems or disadvantages                                       |
| on air    | when something is being broadcast live                          |
| shifts    | periods of work that start at unusual times of the day or night |



# Fili's Fall

by Feana Tu'akoi

Fili pushed a trolley towards the baking room. The trolley was heavy with mince-and-cheese pies. Fili walked slowly and carefully because the problem with the floor still wasn't fixed.

At the Health and Safety meeting last week, Fili had told Management that spills were making the floor wet and slippery. It was only a matter of time before someone slipped over and hurt themselves. But nothing had been done. Everyone was too busy.

Fili rounded the corner and stopped with a crash. Someone had dumped some pie crates on the floor, right outside the baking room. Now Fili's trolley was jammed up against them.

Fili sighed. He got a good grip on his trolley and yanked it backwards.







Suddenly, his feet shot out from under him. Fili tried to save himself from falling, but it was too late.

He **skidded** to the floor and the trolley went with him. Mince-and-cheese pies rolled onto the floor.

“Are you OK, mate?” It was Marty, the Health and Safety officer. Marty hated it when things went wrong.

Fili sat up slowly. “Yeah, I think so,” he said. He stood up, rubbing his knee. “Bit of a bruise, I reckon! But otherwise I’m fine.”

Marty was still worried. “You could have really hurt yourself,” he said.

Fili shrugged. “I tried to tell Management at last week’s meeting,” he said. “But they haven’t done anything.”

“Write it down,” Marty told him firmly. “Then they’ll have to take action.” Marty **scooped up** a pie and slopped it into a rubbish bin. “You fill out an accident form, and I’ll deal with this mess.”

Fili groaned. He hated forms.

Half an hour later, he was still bent over a table in the staff room. He would have given up, but he **was determined** to fill out the form before someone else got hurt. Just then, Jess walked past.





Fili took a deep breath. “Hey, Jess!” he called. “You’ve always got your nose in a book – can you give me a hand to fill out this form?”

Jess wrinkled her nose. “I hate forms!” she said. “But I’ll see what I can do.”

It was easier with two of them working together. They wrote down Fili’s details, then described what had happened. The “Action Needed” part of the form was no problem. Fili was full of ideas.

1. Store the pie crates in the packing room.
2. Mop up spills as soon as they happen.
3. Put out Wet Floor signs to warn people.
4. Give non-slip shoes to all workers.



“Sweet!” said Jess, writing it all down. “You’re good at coming up with ideas, Fili. You should do all the accident reports.”

Fili was **horrified**. “No way! I’ve got the ideas, but forms aren’t my thing. You know that.”

Jess laughed as they took the form to the manager’s office. “You could come to our reading group, Fili.” She pointed at a poster on the wall. “It’s made a big difference for me. Reading and writing used to be hard going, but now I love them both.” She **paused**. “Except for forms,” she said quickly.

Fili thought about it. “This place could definitely do with some new ideas,” he **admitted**. “Maybe I’ll give it a go.”

At the next Health and Safety meeting, the manager told everyone about Fili's suggestions. "We'll get started immediately," she said. "And Fili, these are for you." She handed him a pair of non-slip shoes. "Hopefully they'll help you stay on your feet!"

Fili grinned and put them on. They were a perfect fit.

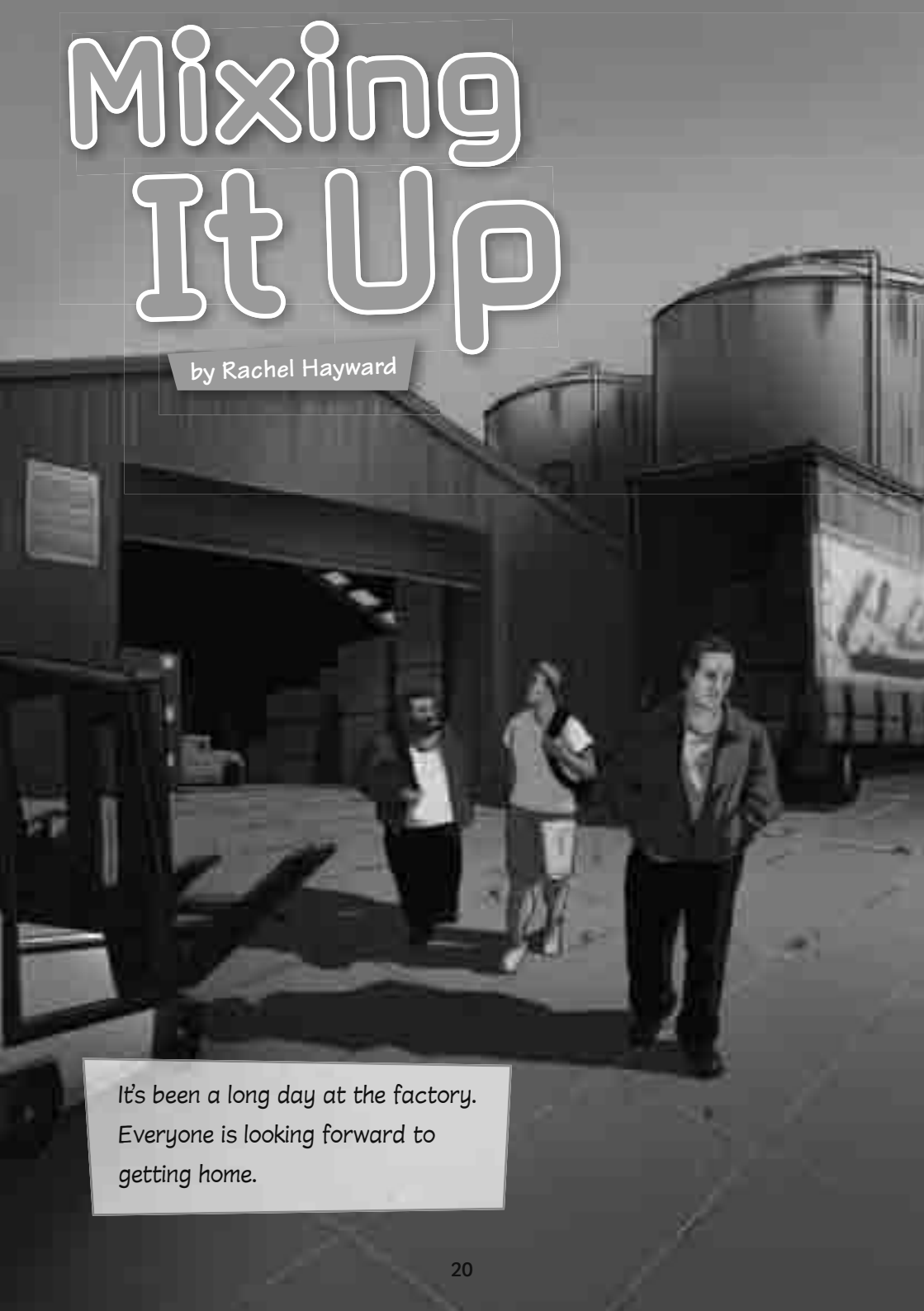


## Glossary

|                |                        |
|----------------|------------------------|
| admitted       | agreed                 |
| horrified      | shocked and worried    |
| paused         | was quiet for a moment |
| scooped up     | picked up quickly      |
| skidded        | slipped and slid       |
| was determined | wanted very much       |

# Mixing It Up

by Rachel Hayward



*It's been a long day at the factory.  
Everyone is looking forward to  
getting home.*



Tōfā, Frank!

Goodbye.



Hey, what's wrong with that guy?


You mean Frank?  
Nothing - why?




He doesn't like me.

He's a good bloke.  
You just have to get to know him.


Later that evening at Frank's house ...



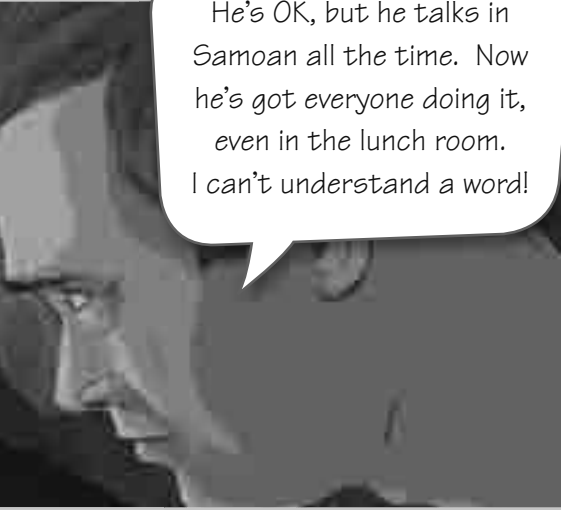
What's wrong with you, Frank? You've been grumpy all week!




It's just work. There's a new guy called Simi working with us.




Don't you like him?



He's OK, but he talks in Samoan all the time. Now he's got everyone doing it, even in the lunch room. I can't understand a word!



You can't blame people for wanting to speak their own language.



Well, I can't understand them! I wish they would speak English.



Next day in the lunch room ...

Tālofa, Simi!  
O'a mai oe?

Ua ou fia ai! E iai nisi  
mea'ai?

Hi, Simi! How are you?

I'm hungry! Anyone got any spare food?



Fesili ia Frank. E lelei  
tele lana fai mea'ai.  
Masalo o totoe se isi  
paluga ae oute masalo  
e te le maoga ai!

What's so funny?  
What are you all  
laughing at?



Ask Frank. He's a great cook.  
He might have some extra baking –  
but not enough to fill you up!





At the end of the shift, Frank and Tavita leave together.

How's it going, Frank?

Not so good. I can't stand that new guy.

Who, Simi? Why?  
He's all right.


He's always laughing and carrying on. Like at lunchtime today. Why were you all laughing?

We weren't laughing at you, mate! We were joking about how much Simi eats. I was telling him how good your cooking is.

How could I know that? You're all yakking away in Samoan. I never know what you're talking about any more.




Sorry, Frank.  
I used to feel like that  
when I first came to the  
factory. Everyone spoke  
English all the time.



I like speaking Samoan at work for a change. But we don't have to speak Samoan all the time.

Maybe you could mix it up a bit. Speak in English sometimes. And explain the jokes?



All right! And if you don't know what we're talking about, just ask. Maybe we could even teach you some Samoan.

Yeah, maybe. Thanks, Tavita.

The next day, Frank brings a banana cake for morning tea.

**Tālofa**, Simi –  
want some cake?

Hello.

**Fa'afetai tele lava**,  
Frank. Thanks very  
much! I've always  
got room for cake.

Thanks very much.

**Nofo i lalo**, Frank.  
Sit down, move that  
cake out of Simi's  
reach, and let's eat!

Sit down.

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