

# *Horizons*

*Year 7 2003  
Reading Book*



# The Father of Medicine



Hippocrates was a doctor, surgeon, scientist and artist. He was born about 460 BC, on the Greek island of Cos. He was in charge of the medical school and hospital there. His writings and teachings helped to form much of our modern medicine.

In ancient Greece, religion and magic were a part of medicine. But Hippocrates and his followers believed that a doctor should examine the patient carefully to identify and work out treatment for the illness. They did not look for religious and magic 'signs' as a cause of the illness.

Hippocrates believed that the body has amazing powers to heal itself when the illness is not too serious. Unnecessary treatment could make the patient worse.

## **The moral code**

Hippocrates and his followers made guidelines about how doctors should think and act. They wrote that a doctor's main job is to help the patient. When a doctor gets personal information about a patient, this should not be told to others.

# The Arrival

We walked forward about ten metres before anyone noticed us. A man in jungle greens, carrying a shovel, came out of a tent, saw us, **gaped in disbelief**, then straightened up and gave a bird call. It was meant to be an imitation of a kookaburra but it wasn't very good. Nevertheless, it worked. Within seconds we were surrounded by men and women who came from every part of the camp. There were thirty or forty of them. Some of the women, to my astonishment, wore makeup. The unnerving thing though was that they were so **subdued**. A few of them patted us on the back, but most said nothing at all. They crowded us quite closely, close enough for us to smell their sweat and hair and breath. They didn't seem unfriendly, just wary, watchful. They seemed to be waiting for something.

I spoke up. 'Hello. We sure are glad to see you. We've been on our own a long time'.

# Super Spies

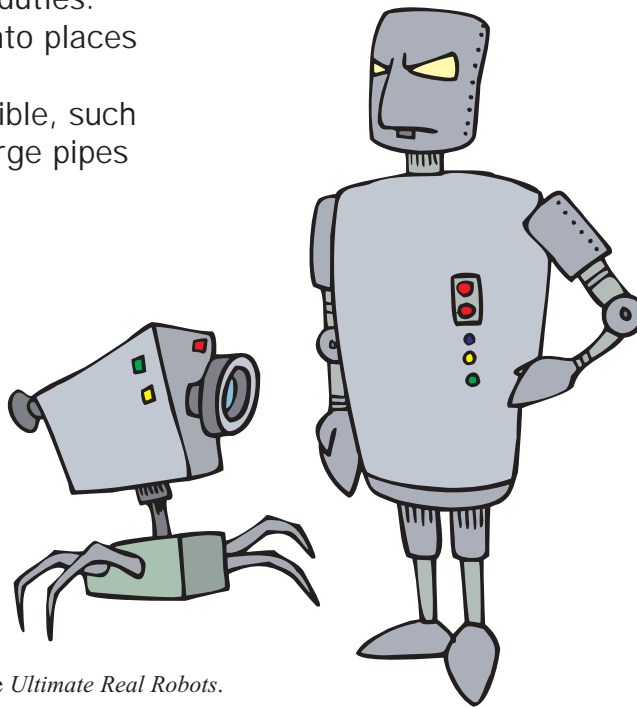
## CYBER SNOOPERS

Single image (still) cameras and video cameras were the first machines used for surveillance, and are still popular for protecting warehouses, offices and homes. But robot spies **have the edge** in the spying game due to their mobility. Although most working robots have a fixed base and cannot move around, robot spies usually have means to transport themselves. This gives robots greater versatility so they can be used in many different situations.

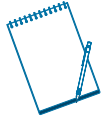
The ability to concentrate for an unlimited time is one of the great advantages robot spies have over humans. Robots are not going to nod off on the job, slope off for a bite to eat or nip to the toilet. This makes them ideal for long patrols and tedious observation duties. Robots can also sneak into places that humans would find uncomfortable or impossible, such as under lorries, down large pipes or into ventilation shafts.

## FEARLESS AGENTS

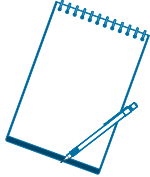
Reducing risk to humans is another major benefit of using robots. Sending a human into a hazardous area is dangerous. The target zone may be the scene of a natural disaster, or chemical or radiation spill. There may also be hostile humans to contend with. If discovered, a human spy could face injury – or even death. Robot spies may not be indestructible, but losing one is far less of a tragedy than losing a human spy. In addition, machines do not feel fear; they continue to send back information until they are seriously damaged or destroyed.



# I Can't Write No Pretty Poem



For almost half an hour Mrs Scott stood at the front of the room, reading poems and talking about the lives of the great poets. Geraldine drew more houses and designs for curtains.

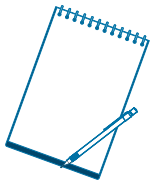


"So for those who haven't done their homework, try it now," Mrs Scott said. "Try expressing what it is like to be ... to be alive in this ... this glorious world."



"Oh, brother," Geraldine muttered to herself as Mrs Scott moved up and down the aisles again, waving her hands and leaning over the student's shoulders and saying, "That's nice," or "Keep trying." Finally she came to Geraldine's desk and stopped, looking down at her.

"I can't write a poem," Geraldine said **flatly**, before she even realised she was going to speak at all. She said it very loudly and the whole class looked up.



"And why not?" Mrs Scott asked, looking hurt. "I can't write a poem, Mrs Scott, because nothing lovely's been happening in my life. I haven't seen a flower since Mother's Day, and the sun don't even shine on my side of the street. No robins come sing on my window sill."



"**Just the rain comes,**" she went on, "and the bills come and the men to move out our furniture. I'm sorry but **I can't write no pretty poem.**"



# The Small Claims Tribunal

Not all legal matters or disputes should be handled by the formal courts. Different bodies have been established which can hear disputes and decide on issues that are within the scope of their own specialist expertise. In many instances this prevents relatively minor matters from taking up court time and saves all parties considerable time and money.

- **Jurisdiction**

Any dispute between a consumer (or customer) and a trader in which the customer claims no more than \$5000 is within the jurisdiction of the Small Claims Tribunal. The trader cannot initiate a complaint through the tribunal.

- **Procedure**

As a consumer you can submit your claim on the proper claim form and pay a \$10 registration fee. You must describe who the parties are in the dispute, specify the amount you are claiming and outline the history of the dispute.

- **The hearing**

The trader is sent a copy of your claim and a date to attend a hearing. The referee assigned to the case tries to bring the two parties to an agreement before any formal hearing takes place (that is, tries to **conciliate**).

If this fails, then both you and the trader must present your arguments under oath. You are both allowed to bring in witnesses or submit any documents to support your claims. You may each ask questions of any witness.

- **The order**

The referee must now decide (arbitrate) on the matter and issue an order. This decision is binding on both of you and there is no right of appeal. If either of you fails to fulfil the order, then the other party can have it enforced through the Magistrate's Court.



# Snook

When the **chaos** at the wharf ended – the shouting and jostling, the tears and arms of his mother, the confusion of questions and flash bulbs, the cries of “make way” from the ambulance men carrying his father to hospital, the peerings of curious idlers and the neck-craned gawkings of visitors and tourists – then at last Snook was able to escape with his mother and stumble away to his home.

**And there he slept.** All that afternoon he lay unmoving in the warm softness of his own bed, and all that night and half the next morning, while his mother like a woman of iron kept guard against intruders: the inquisitive and the querulous, the pencil-poised reporters and the ferret-nosed television-men with their probing proboscis-eyed cameras. And so it was midday on Friday before he emerged – exactly one week after he had sailed out of the harbour on the voyage that had ended his boyhood as suddenly as if he had dropped it over the edge of a cliff.

All that morning his mother had been busy in the kitchen, pausing now and then to drip tears into the wash-up water, wipe her eyes on the tea-towel, or blow a stentorian blast into her tiny handkerchief; and now she had prepared a tea of his favourite food that flooded the table. While he gorged and paused for breath and gorged again, she listened to his story, marvelling at the ways of Providence and men. Then she, in turn, told him of the rare good news from the hospital where his father, after a long operation, lay restfully with the leg and ribs set at last, and the threat of amputation over.



This extract is from *Blue Fin* by Colin Thiele.

