

While you are reading the book, I would like you to have the prediction questions with you. I will tell you to stop at certain points and answer some of the questions where you need to think about what will happen next. You can answer the question straight into your book.

To start off, look at the front cover and fill in Q1. What do you think this book is going to be about?

AMAZON

DIARY

PROPERTY OF *Alex Winters*



WRITTEN BY
Hudson Talbott
AND
Mark Greenberg

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
Mark Greenberg

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
Hudson Talbott

In memory of my father,
Herbert Greenberg,
and the boundless energy
of his youthful spirit
—M.G.

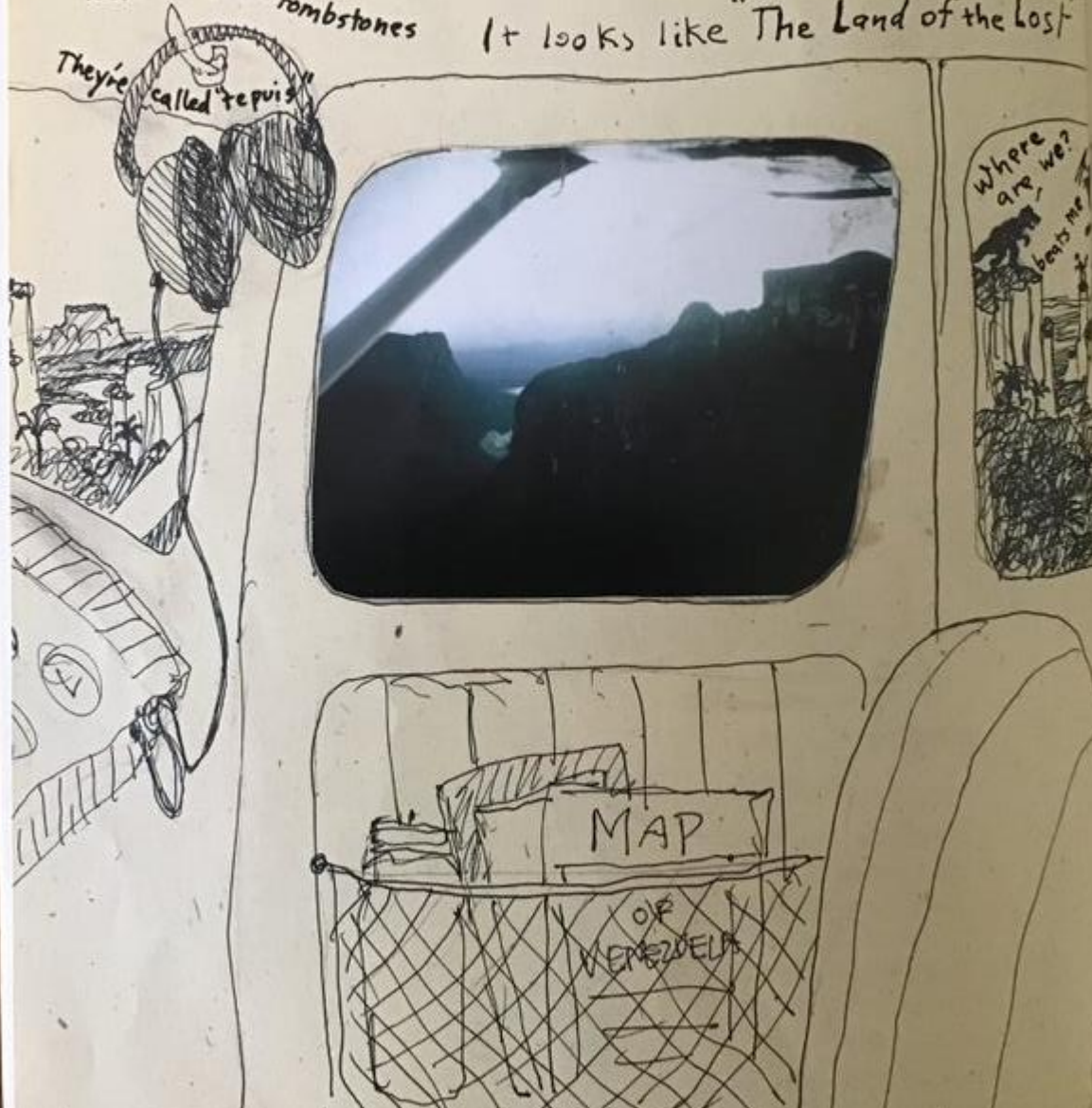
For Gurumayi Chidvilasananda,
with love, respect, and gratitude
—H.T.

The view from my window.

The mountains
look like giant tombstones

It looks like "The Land of the Lost"

They're
called "repuis"



← Chicago



Parima →
(the camp)

Jungle
↓

Captain's Log

STARDATE: Dec. 18

(Kirk would approve)

I can't believe it's finally today. I, Alex Winters, am actually sitting in a Cessna 185, next to the pilot, flying over the Amazon Jungle !!! This is really happening, right? I mean, who else in the whole sixth grade is even leaving Chicago for Christmas? Much less flying down to South America to visit parents who are searching for a "lost" tribe of Indians? I'm glad Mom & Dad see that I want to be an anthropologist too, but I'll have to convince Mom that I'm old enough to go with them into the jungle, looking for the tribe Yanomamis - the so-called "Fierce People" - I wonder if they'll shrink my head. I wonder if there are any left. I wonder if I'll even get to see one before I go home. That would be cool.

Whoa! It's getting dark outside fast! bump

Mike the pilot said we're gonna have to fly around a big thunderstorm to get to Mom & Dad's camp. I'm glad they have airsick bags on board. When Grandpa gave me this book he said to write down everything that happens as it happens. Right now it's getting really bumpy. The plane is shaking. Mike said to put down the book and

tighten my seatbelt

Stop reading.

Answer Q2. Is Alex going to arrive safely? Why do you think this?

Use the text to help you answer this question. Look at the layout and your inference lggy skills to help you answer. Maybe try to use because in your answer.

Dear Diary, Dear God, Dear Whoever may find this -
I'm alone in the forest now. As far as I know, I was in a plane
crash, but I'm O.K. I've been in the dark for a few hours and my
head really hurts. The last thing I remember Mike saying is that
we have to try landing. We're by a river now, and the right wing
is sheared off. Mike is out cold but at least he's breathing. There's
blood on his head and his leg looks pretty twisted. If I move him I'll
need to make a splint first. We did it in Boy Scouts, last year. I just
hope I remember how. I don't know what to do - except pray a lot.
I smell gas fumes.

Stop reading. Now it's time to answer Q3.
What do you think Alex is going to do now
he's in the rainforest?

Use your knowledge about the Amazon
Rainforest to help you. Think about what
you would do if it was you.

12:30 A.M.

I found my watch - it was in my backpack. I got some bandages and stuff out of it to make a splint for Mike's leg. I'm gonna try to move him in a minute. Please, God, are you there? Are you listening? What am I doing? What am I supposed to do? Are Mom and Dad coming? Am I gonna die here?

3:15 A.M.

Sitting next to a fire I made with a Sterno can from the plane's emergency pack. Most of the wood is wet. I'm so exhausted from pulling Mike out of the plane I could collapse but every peep and squawk from the jungle shakes me up again. I probably shouldn't sleep anyway. They'll fly over soon and I'll need to wave something at them. They're on their way, I know they are. Mom says the rainforest is getting smaller and smaller. And they have all kinds of tracking systems now.

Please, God, help is on the way, right? Please





Stop reading. Now it's time to answer Q4.

How do these people look/dress differently to people who live in the UK? Why might they look like this?

Wow, where to begin? I think I found the "lost" tribe - or should I say - they found us. They carried Mike for two whole days, back to their village - he's still unconscious. I was exhausted from just following along.

When we finally arrived a man giving orders (the chief?) told them where to lay Mike down. Then he came over with his arms out and hugged me. He motioned to a hammock where I could rest. I'm still alive after 3 days with them so I guess I'm safe. But I wonder if they've ever seen anyone with pale skin or blonde hair? or wearing clothes? What do they see when they look at me?



Dec. 22 11:30 A.M.

There's not much I can do about getting out of here until Mike wakes up. I'm glad I've got the Walkman recorder, Polaroid camera, and all my paint stuff so I can record all this. No one would believe me otherwise.

↑ I'll start with view from my hammock. This is the family "next door." The chief wasn't around when I took this, but that's one of his daughters. She seems sick. I heard her moaning last night. She is kinda yellow and always shivering. I hope it's not malaria.



Stop reading. Now it's time to answer Q5.

How have his feelings changed throughout the 3 different times in the day?

Extra: Which words make you think this?

9:35 P.M.

I got her to take some of my malaria pills when she saw me take mine, but her older brother pulled her away. What's his problem?

Gosh, it's hot here