



Part two!

This week we are going to be carrying on reading The Amazon diary and finding out what Alex Winters gets up to now he has landed in the Amazon Jungle. As you are reading this week, we want you to identify some words that you don't know the meaning of or don't understand. Make a list as you are reading, looking carefully at the spelling.

Also, start to think about what life is like for the Yanomami tribe who live in the Amazon Rainforest. There will be some questions with this to help you think throughout the book. You can write down the answers or discuss with an adult.

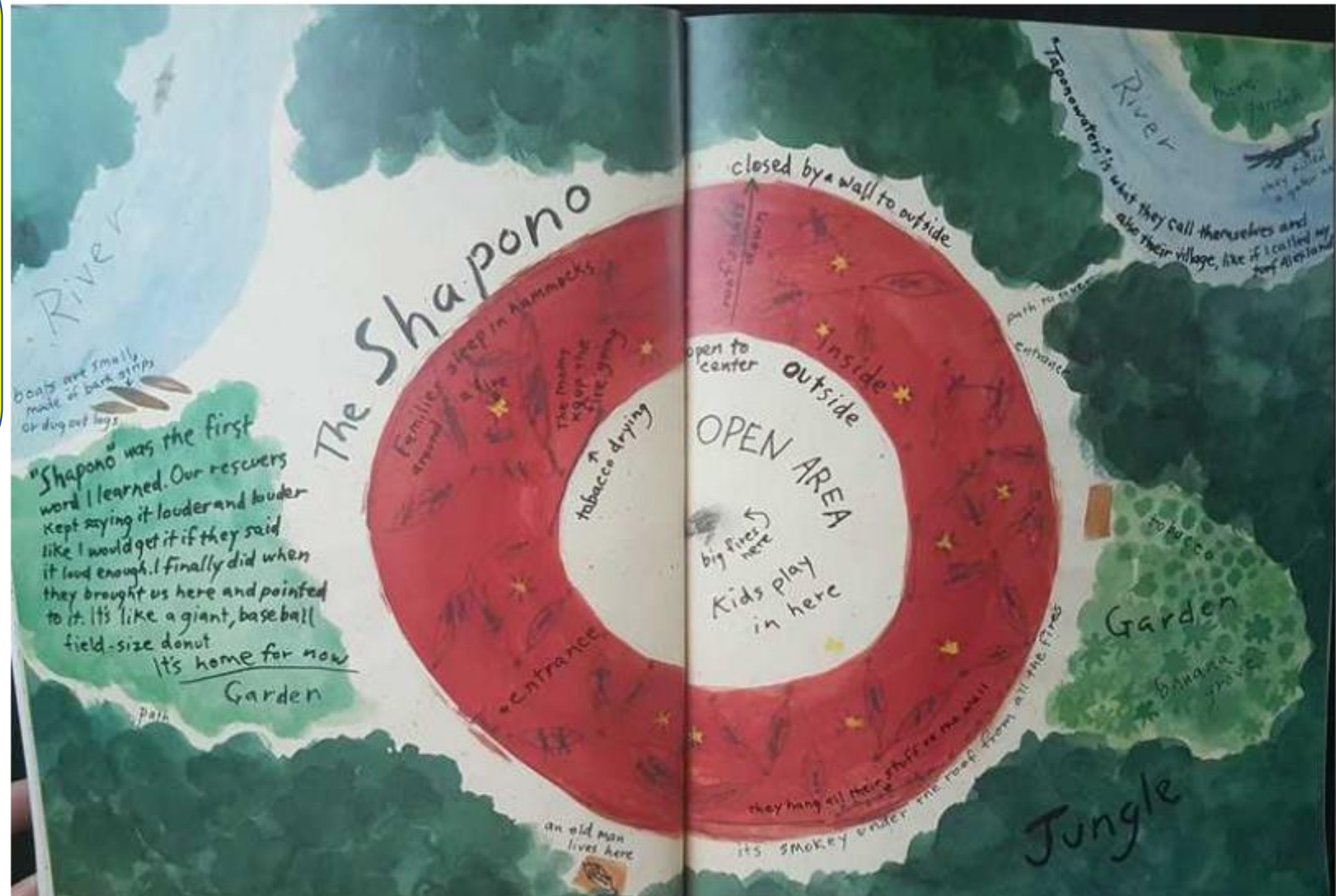
The Shapono:

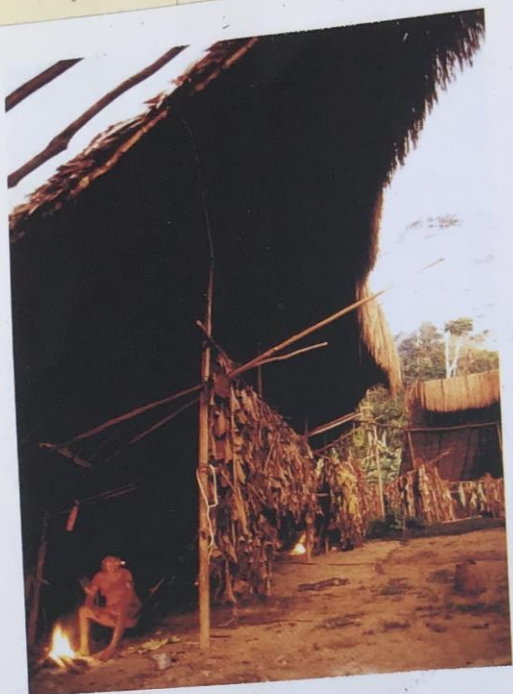
Look at your drawing of the what you thought the camp looked like and think about these questions:

Did you include some of the same things?

Was the shape of your camp similar?

What about the surrounding area? Did you include similar things?





Dec. 24 5:30 AM.

I'm awake because I still haven't got the hang of sleeping here (I don't mean the hammock) It's more like "napping" during a break in the racket. Shouting, arguing, yelling, cackling, chanting, story-telling. LONG storytelling - babies crying.

and kids playing all night long! Don't they have school nights in the jungle? And it gets cold too. I don't think they've discovered blankets yet so the women keep the fires going all night long. The men yell at them when they die down.

Do you think the children go to school? If not, what do they learn?

Why might they need the fire going all night?

What other animals might the men hunt?

The men usually go hunting at first light and don't come back until they have something - mostly monkeys and parrots. Yesterday I saw them chase an alligator for over an hour until they could finally spear it on the riverbank. It seems like they hunt anything that moves.

Now that it's light I can find my way to the "bathroom," otherwise known as the woods. (If this was Chicago I'd probably go out and spell my name in the snow.)

Why do you think the children were so fascinated by the magazine?

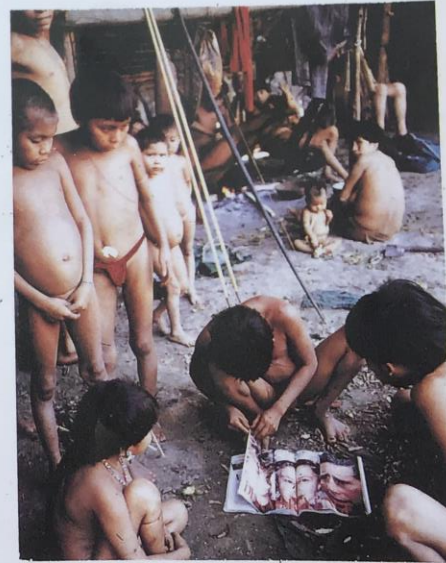
Do you think they could read it?



I try to help out around here whenever I can.
← This guy fixing the roof really liked it when I started passing the palm leaves to him. He almost fell off, though, when I turned up my Walkman to "share" the Grateful Dead. I thought everybody liked them...

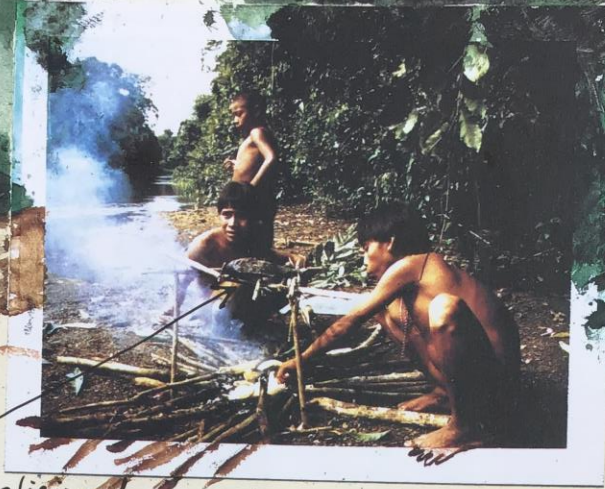
It was fun showing the kids a magazine I was bringing to Mom. They turned it around and around until they came to a picture of the Royal Family. It reminded me of that movie "Trading Places."

I could just picture my friends → hanging out in Buckingham Palace. And the queen taking a bath in the river. Watch out for piranha, Your Majesty...





The river is my favorite place - it's always busy. The ladies are cooling off with a quick dip on their way home from the banana grove. The women and girls do so much work, but always seem to be having fun.



Piranha!
Vicious but delicious!
I wonder if they would say that about me?...

The boys "playhunt" for lizards along the beach
and are always looking for turtle eggs. They find them
by poking an arrow into the sand until it comes up
with yolk on it.



Humans!
taste just like
chicken...



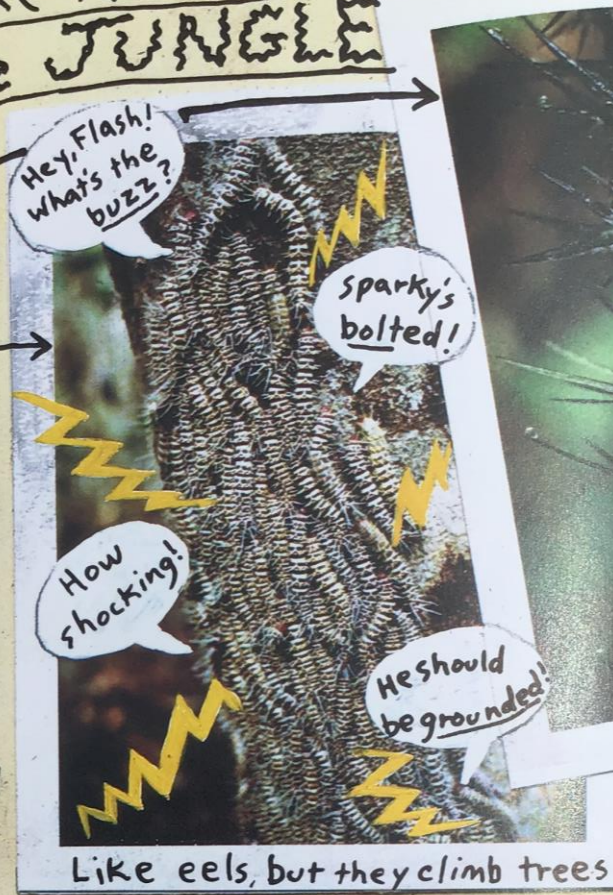
Which jobs do you think you would
enjoy doing in the camp? Think of all
the possibilities.

Things I Don't Like About The JUNGLE

① Trees with an attitude

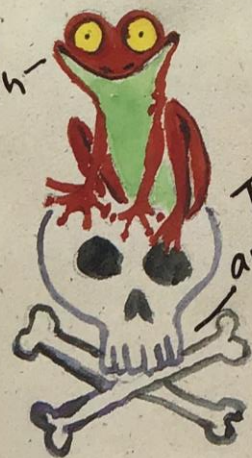
② Electric caterpillars

③ Fire ants



④ Poison frogs

wanna
pet me?
heh, heh



Touch 'em
and you'll croak!

⑤ No-see-ems - but you sure
feel 'em

⑥ Head Lice

even in the best



Yeah, I already have 'em

⑦ Snakes - the little black ones kill you
quick, but the big, fat ones squeeze you
till you can't breathe (sounds like Aunt Edna)

What different feelings do you think Alex might be feeling in the jungle? Think about the different things that have happened to him or he's seen.

Dec. 25

Speaking of snakes, I thought I felt one in my hammock this morning. I remembered that line from the movies, "SNAKE! Don't move a muscle!" So I held perfectly still. When I cracked open an eye I saw the girl I've been giving my malaria pills to. She was touching the hair on my arm. I was glad to see she was alive and well and not a killer snake. Not knowing what else to do, I said, "Hi." "Hi," she said back. I touched my arm hair and said, "hair." "Hair," she repeated perfectly. Slowly her mouth, sticks and all, widened into a smile.

I wasn't sure what to do next, but then she opened her pouch and pulled out what I guess was her idea of breakfast in bed. It was a really moving gesture. Really moving. Now what? I smiled and sat up, then patted my chest and said, "Alex." She glanced around, then slowly whispered, "Wa Ki Ma."

My grandmother used to say "food is a form of love." Somehow, after Wakima roasted those grubs I could've sworn they tasted just like chicken.



The pills seem to be working on her - good thing we have a lot of 'em.

* Good news - Mike just woke up long enough to drink some water.



Merry Christmas, Alex

Dec. 27

I thought "cool" was flying down to South America all by myself. Hah. COOL is sitting in a dug-out canoe, floating down a jungle river with the chief of a "lost" tribe hunting for alligators. Wakima's father invited me along by putting a paddle in my hands. I'm on the "paddling team" with his son (I call him "Bub" because he won't tell me his name). "Bub" still acts kinda weird to me - I think he's jealous of me getting so much attention from his dad and his sister. But, hey, it's too cool being here to let that bother me.

Why did the chief hand him a paddle to invite him to come? Why didn't he ask him?

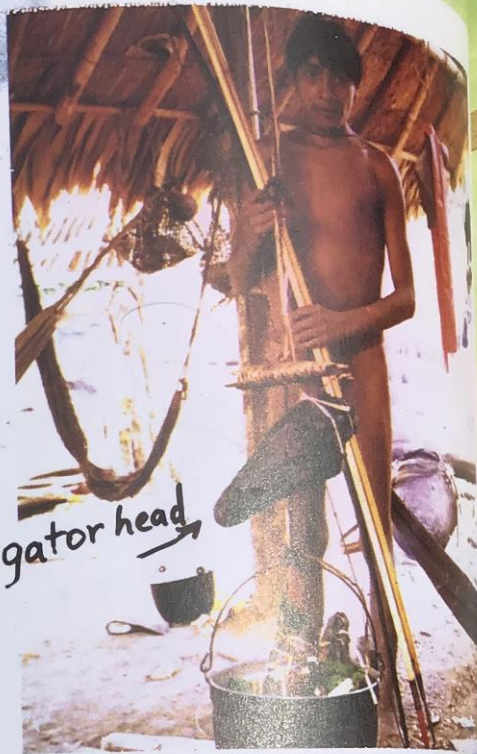


Anyway, it was a great day on the river, and we caught two big gators. We were heading back when the chief pointed to something in the water ahead of us. It was a **tapir**, a giant pig-size animal with a long snout. It surfaced next to our boat, then dove underneath it, and came up on the other side - swimming and splashing through the water for dear life. We zigzagged across the river in hot pursuit, finally closing in on it. Then a spear and two arrows shot out. My eyes could follow its flight through the air and into the tapir's neck. I never saw anything so big die before.

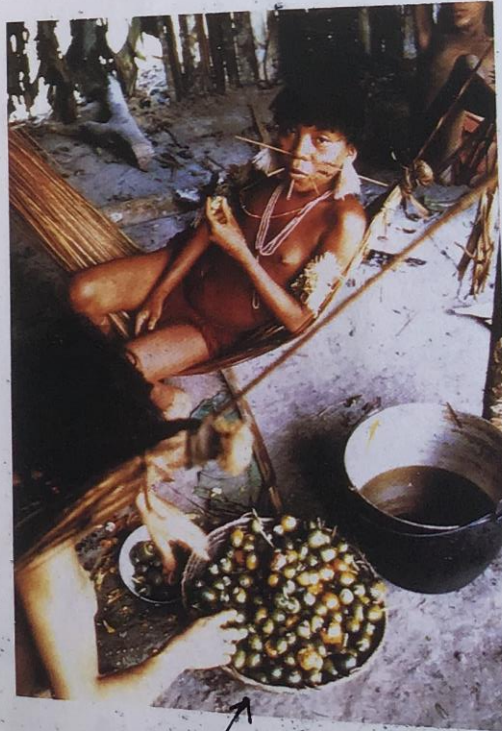


Dec. 28
There's a buzz in the village today.
The tapir is being cut up and smoked
and the gators are all roasting. The
women have been bringing in lots
of this fruit they call rasha.
It's mealy like a chestnut but sweeter.
Great with gator.

I think there's a big party in the
works. Maybe it's Yanomami Thanks-
giving. I mean, what else do you
do with a smoked tapir, 10 gators,
and a zillion boiled rashes except
have a rasha festival!!!

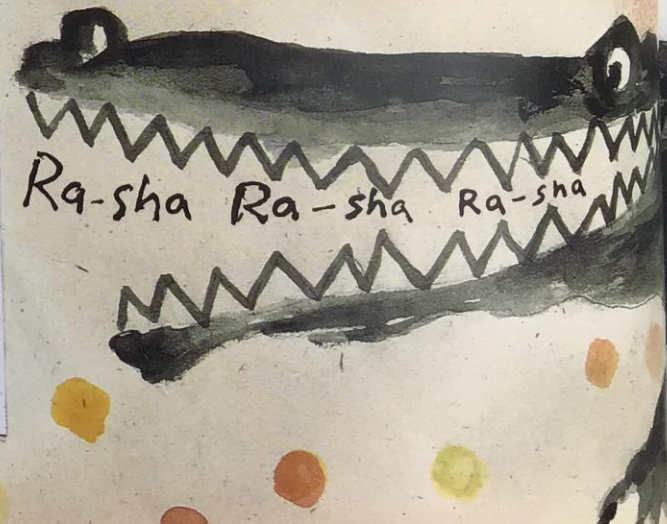


gator head

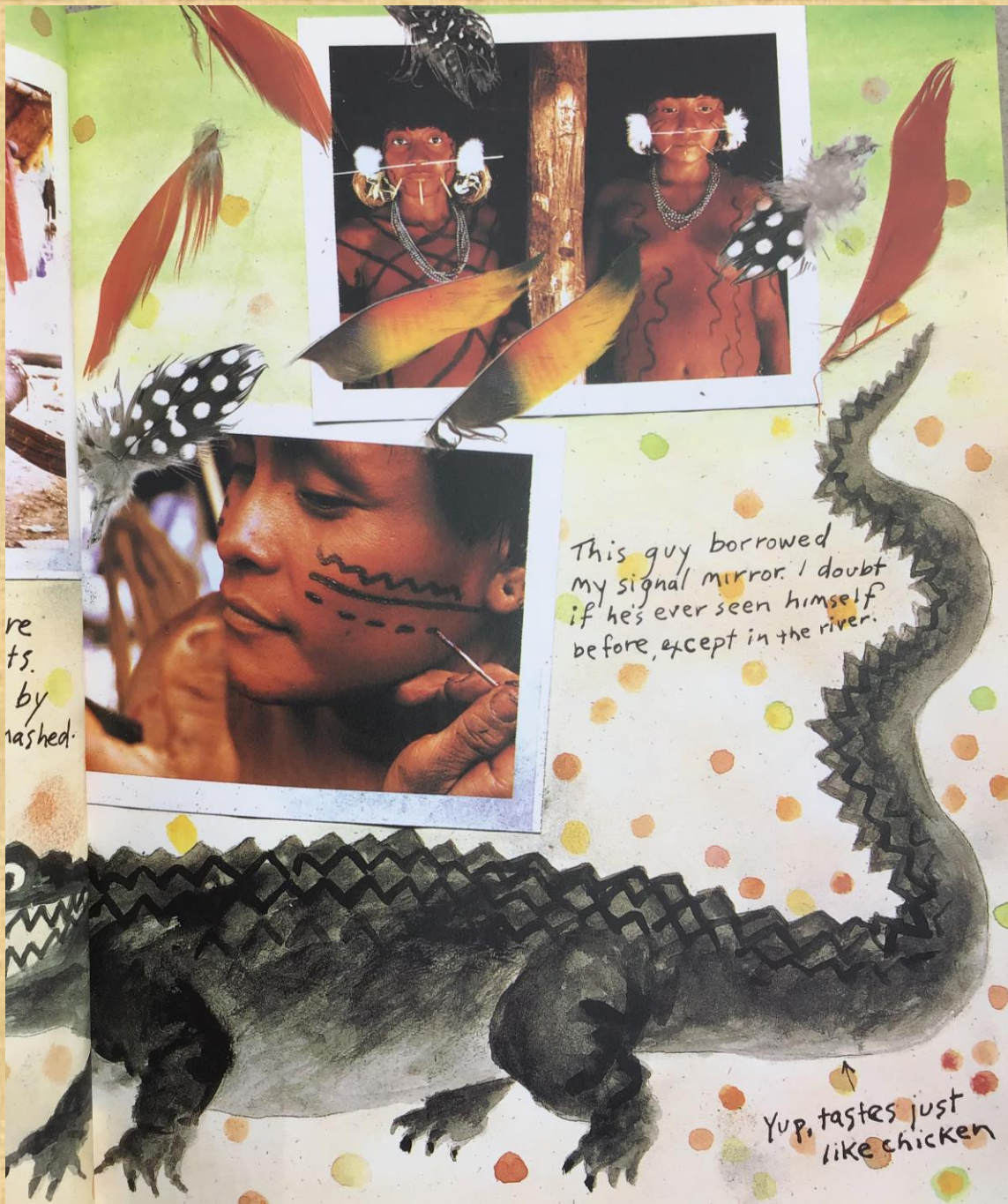


rashas

It's funny but the adults here
don't seem anything like adults.
They're dressing for the party by
painting themselves with mashed
up berries. They would love
Halloween.



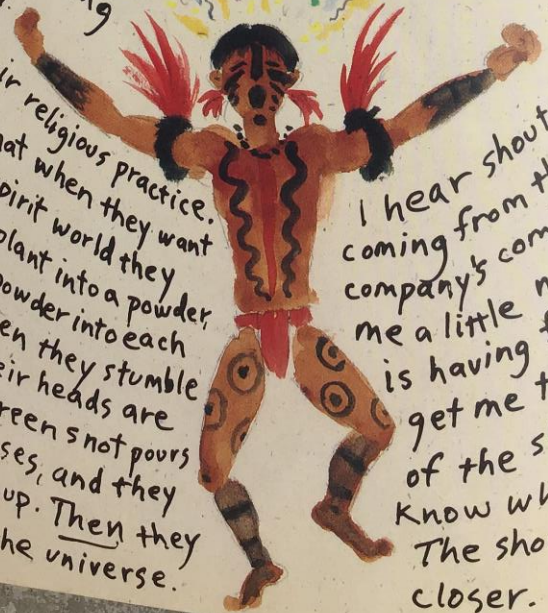
Why do you think they are having a
big party?
How might they celebrate at this
party?





Oh my gosh~
Now a bunch of
guys are waving
their arms and shouting
toward the sky.

It must be their religious practice.
Dad told me that when they want
to contact the spirit world they
grind a certain plant into a powder,
then blow the powder into each
other's nose. Then they stumble
around like their heads are
killing them, green snot pours
out of their noses, and they
usually throw up. Then they
call out to the universe.



I hear shouts and hollers
coming from the forest. I think
company's coming. It's all making
me a little nervous but Waking
is having fun. She's trying to
get me to follow her out
of the shapono. She must
know what's happening.
The shouts are getting
closer. What's up?

A little later —
At first I didn't see all the
people. But there they were.
The guests had arrived.
Their decorations blended
in with the colors of the
forest. They wore feathers
and skins of animals that
I have never seen before.



Why did tears come
to his eyes? Think
about his feelings.

When I tried to take pictures I had to wait
because my hands were shaking so much. I wasn't
scared or anything - it's just that it was all
so beautiful. So amazing. Tears even came to my eyes.



Wow. Where am I?

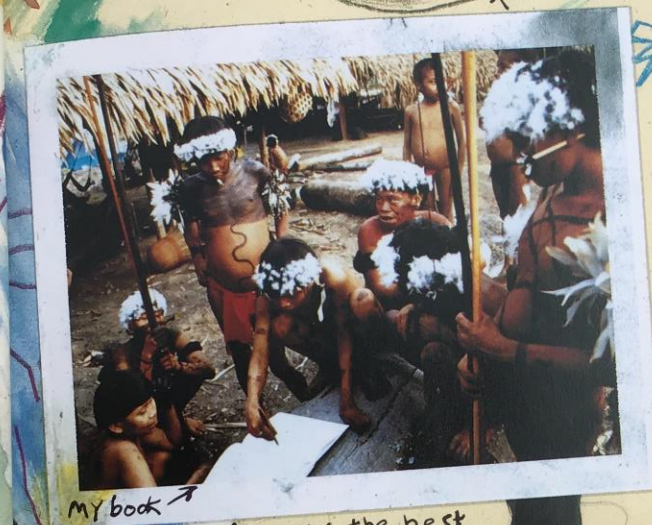
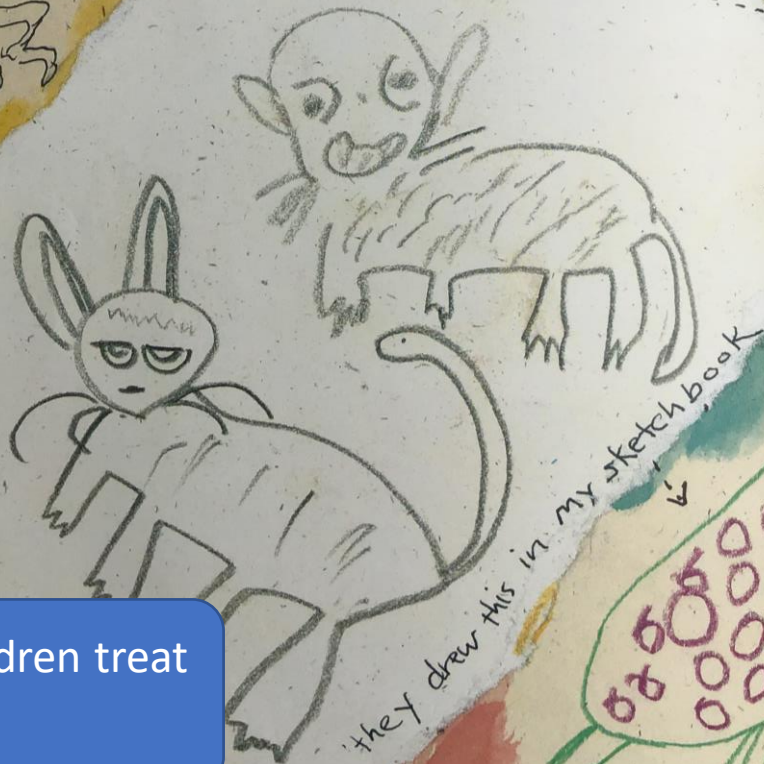
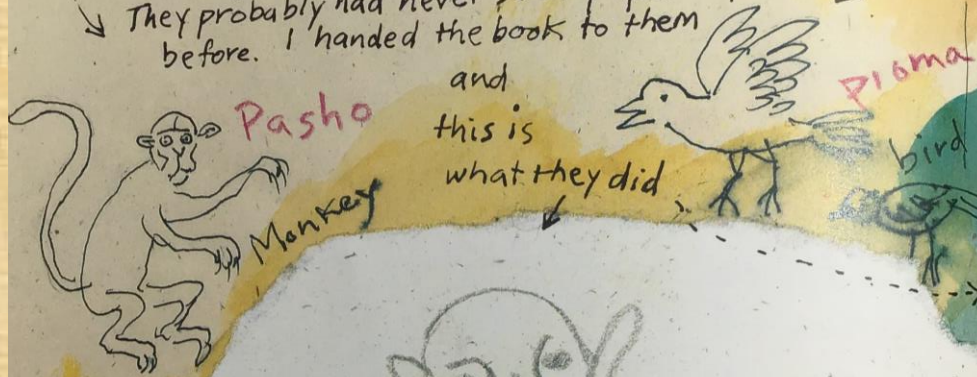


and the
Oscar for
best-dressed
goes to...
←

Noon

The visitors' kids soon found me, and got that "what-planet-are-you-from?" look in their eyes. They surrounded me and seemed curious about this book. I drew this monkey to break the ice. They smiled and said "pasho." Then I drew this bird.

"Pioma, pioma, pioma," they all whispered. They probably had never seen paper or pencils before. I handed the book to them



he was the best

I drew this big snake which
Kinda scared them. They all

whispered "Rahara, Rahara." Then I remembered the story Mom told me - they believe there's a monster serpent in the jungle called "Rahara." Mom says it probably comes from their fear of the giant anaconda, a snake that grows up to 40ft. long and really does live in the rivers here. I'd sure love to see one...
... in the zoo

Why do the Yanomami children treat Alex in this way?

Now everybody's singing and dancing
and hooting and hollering. They're all
swinging their clubs and axes in the air and
laughing, laughing, laughing I feel like
I'm on Mars.

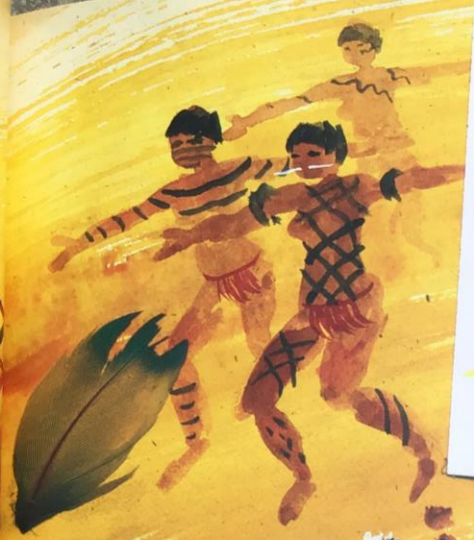
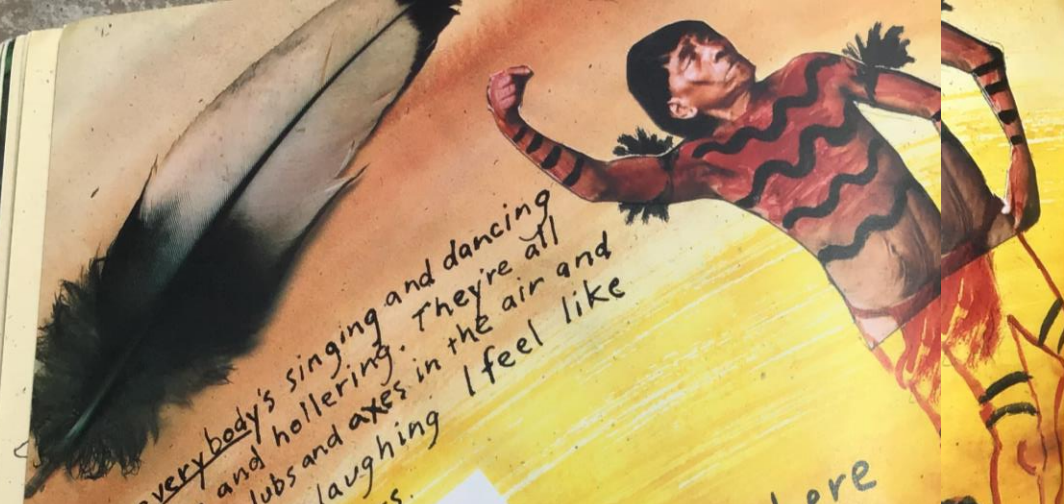
It's getting

WACKY around here

feathers that flew off dancers

Kids
follow
their
MOMS

YEE-HAAA





Is this a party you would like to join in with? Why?

