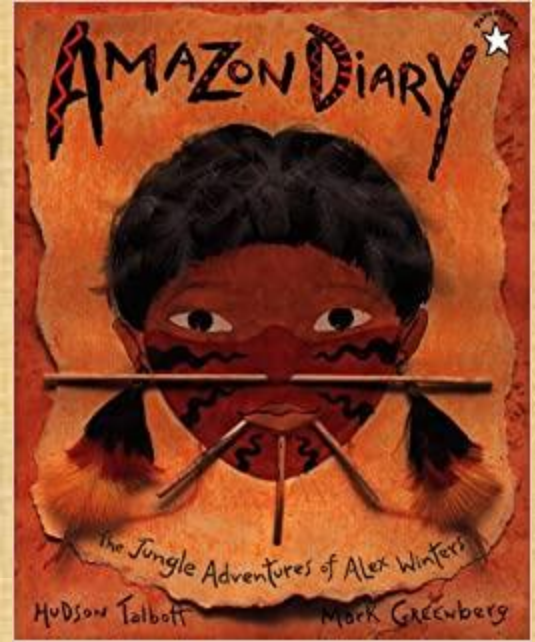


Amazon Diary – Part 3

This week, you are going to read the final instalment of the Amazon Diary book. This section is full of drama as an argument breaks out with a rival tribe!

As you are reading, write down any words you are unsure of the meaning of so that you can find out using a dictionary.

There are 2 other English activities on your mat this week that link to Amazon Diary so there will be some questions throughout this Powerpoint to help you with these activities. Write the answers to the questions down in your home-working book.



2:15 P.M.

Items on the

Yanomami Stock Exchange

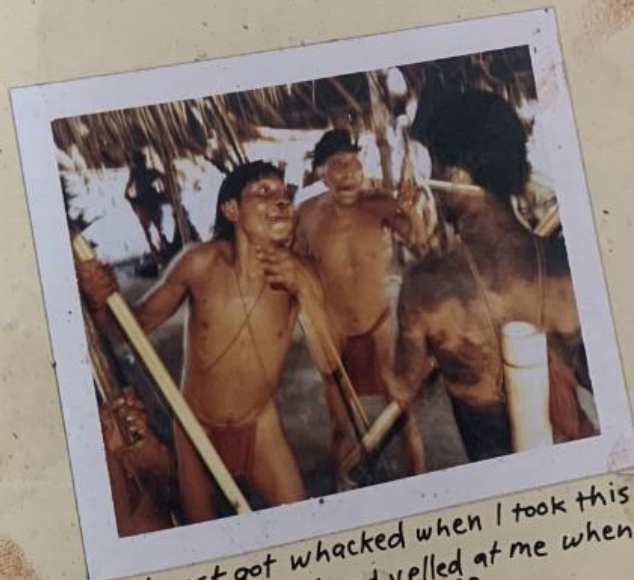


3:45 P.M. - Poor Mike - he has no idea what a cool time he's missing. At least he drank a little more. Sounds like the swap-meet is heating up - I'll report from there -

4:30 P.M. - whoa!

Things suddenly changed and all the traders are angry now! A woman came into the swap meet and started yelling at her husband - probably that he was an idiot for getting cheated. Now everybody's up on their feet and grabbing their clubs. And they're all yelling at each other. Uh-oh...

Looks like the party's over.



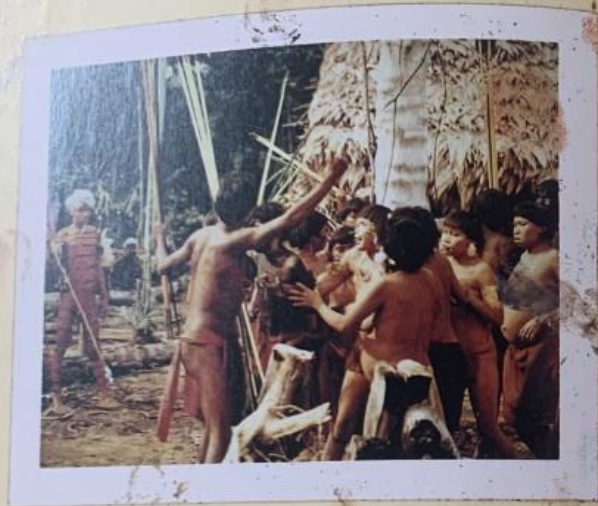
I almost got whacked when I took this pic. They all turned and yelled at me when the flash went off.

What type of things do they swap on the Stock Exchange?

Why might they swap things?

What does Alex mean by 'Looks like the party's over'?

How might he be feeling?



The air is electric here now. Things sure have turned ugly fast. Something exploded between Bub (Wakima's brother) and a big guy from the visiting village and now it's a free-for-all. The big guy keeps snarling at Bub and grabbing Katoma, Bub's other sister, like he's trying to take her. Then Bub grabs her back and hits the guy. I wish I could help Katoma—she's so upset. Bub just whacked "Snarly" with his club. What guts—he couldn't be more than 14 and Snarly's a grown-up. The visiting women have grabbed their babies and are hiding behind their men, who are standing together with their bows drawn. Bub and his dad, the chief, are leading our guys now. They've gotten Katoma away from Snarly and are forcing him and the other visitors out of the shapono.



Poor Katoma —
They're pulling at
her from both directions



They're leaving now, thank God. A few guys have bloody heads from the clubbing, and Katoma is a mess, but at least it's over. Or is it? I haven't seen Wakima during all this. She may be hiding. I wouldn't blame her. I want to make sure that she's O.K. though.

6:30 P.M.

Something terrible has happened. After looking everywhere for Wakima, I gestured to her dad, "where's Wakima?" He looked alarmed. The whole village started searching and pretty soon they were all in a panic. I think the visitors took her.

What is meant by
'the air is electric
here now'?

What do you think
might happen
next?

How might Alex's
feelings have
changed from the
start of the day to
now?



Dec. 29 11:00 A.M.

It's hard to write now, but I have to do something. I'm very scared. The babies are crying - even the parrots are crying. The men are no longer dads, husbands, hunters or gardeners - they're warriors. They've lined up in the center of the shapono and are taking turns charging at a straw dummy. They let out blood curdling screams as they hack at their enemy with clubs and axes. It's like a psyche-up for a big game - but this is no game. I'm recording it all on my Walkman. There's no way I can take pictures now.

I wish I were invisible.

Bub is acting kinda weird. He and his two buddies are in a corner sharpening arrow points. He's too young to be a warrior, but he really got shamed yesterday when they kidnaped his sister from right under his nose.



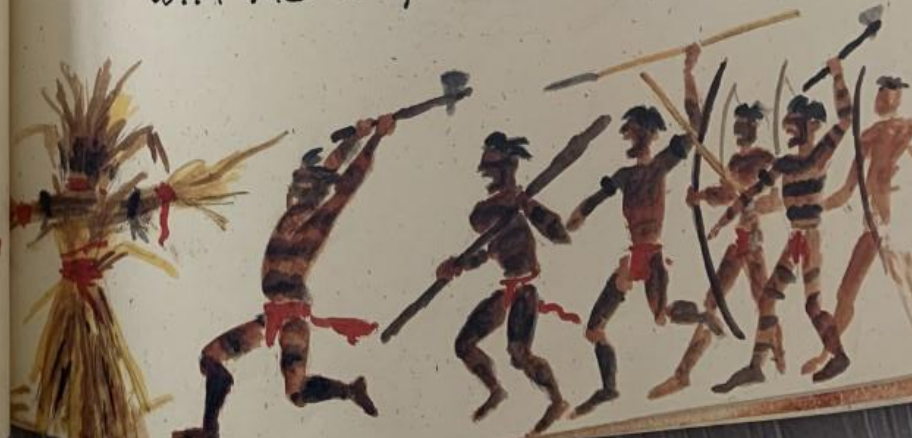
If there is going to be a war, I just hope that no one dies, and that they bring back Wakima.

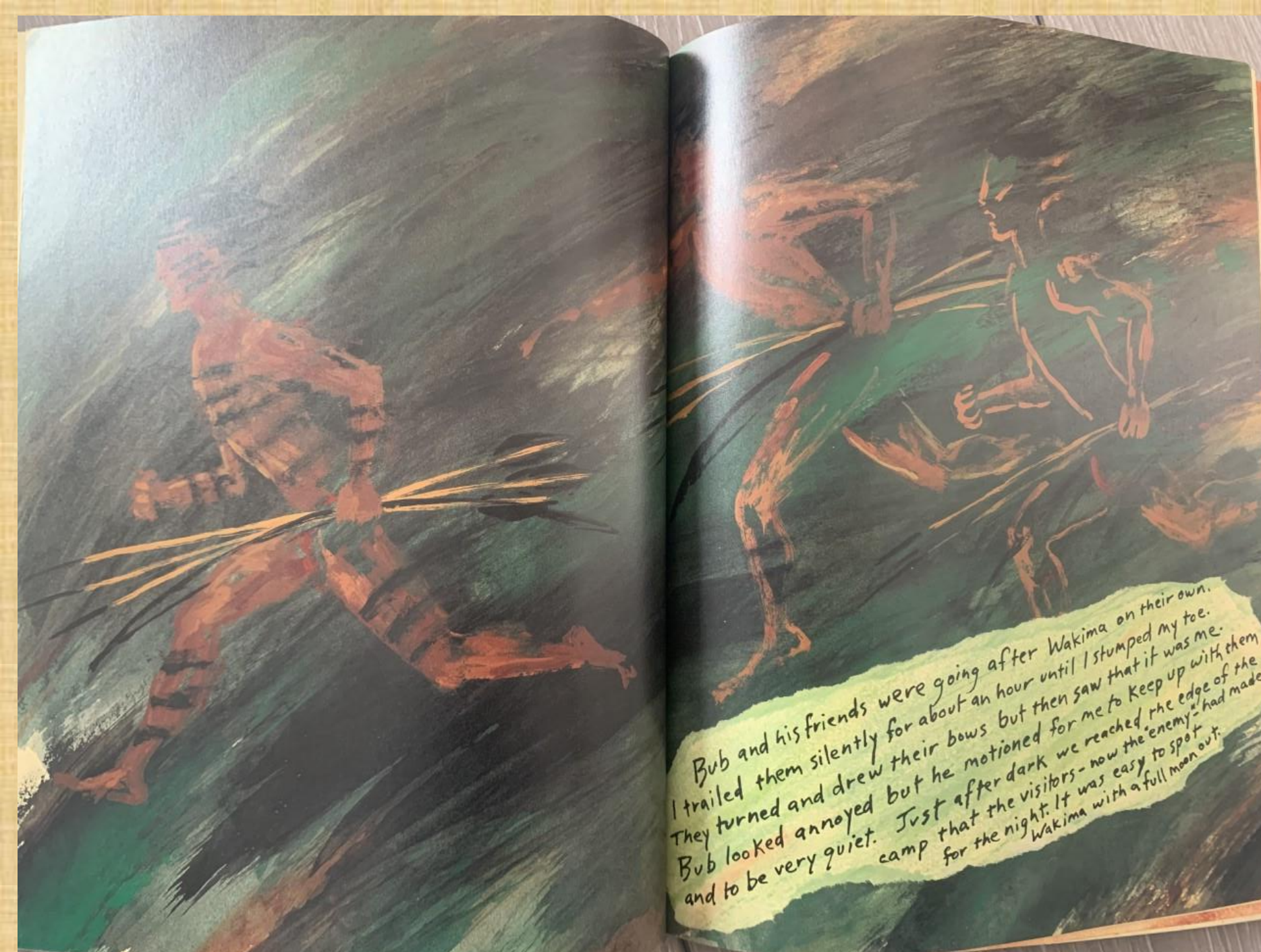
Uh-oh - Bub & his pals just sneaked out under the back wall with their weapons - I'll finish this later -

Why are the men charging at the straw dummy?

What are they planning to do?

Why have Bub and his friends sneaked out?



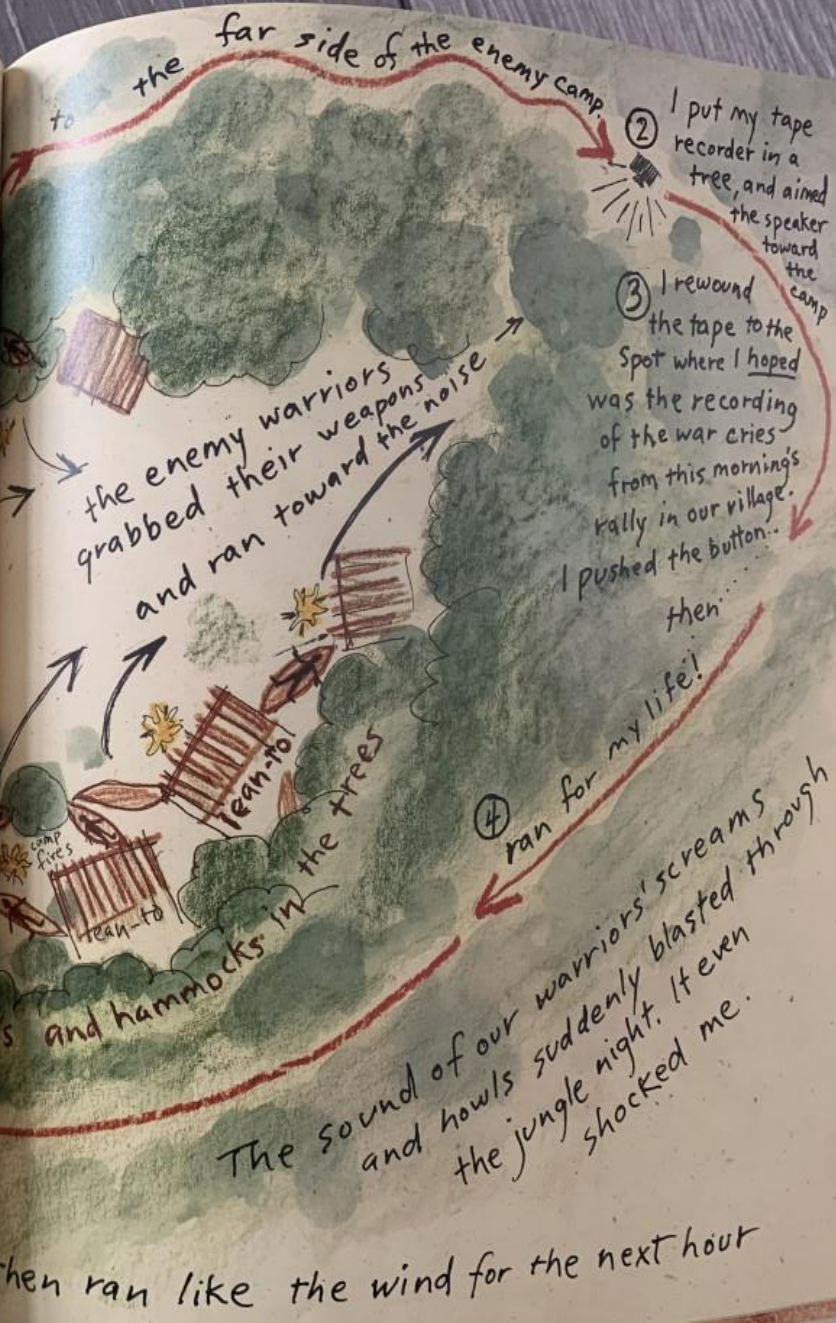
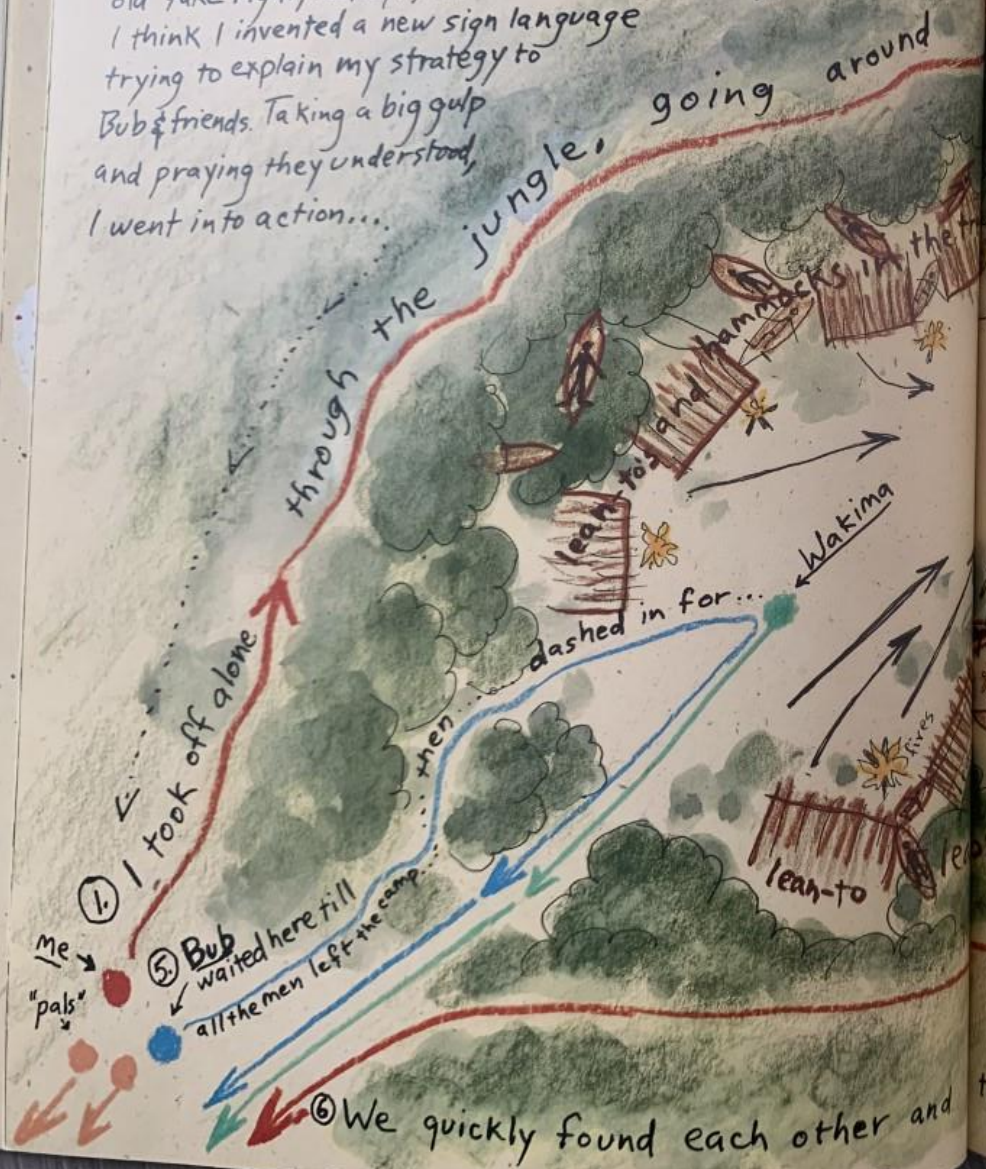


Bub and his friends were going after Wakima on their own. I trailed them silently for about an hour until I stumped my toe. They turned and drew their bows but then saw that it was me. Bub looked annoyed but he motioned for me to keep up with them and to be very quiet. Just after dark we reached the edge of the camp that the visitors - now the "enemy" - had made for the night. It was easy to spot Wakima with a full moon out.

Do you think they will get Wakima back?

What problems might they face?

In the camp Snarly and another guy were fighting over Wakima. Bub seemed clueless about what to do next, and pretty soon his pals were making signs of backing out. Then I got an idea. It was the old "fake right, run left," but with a Walkman twist. I think I invented a new sign language trying to explain my strategy to Bub & friends. Taking a big gulp and praying they understood, I went into action...

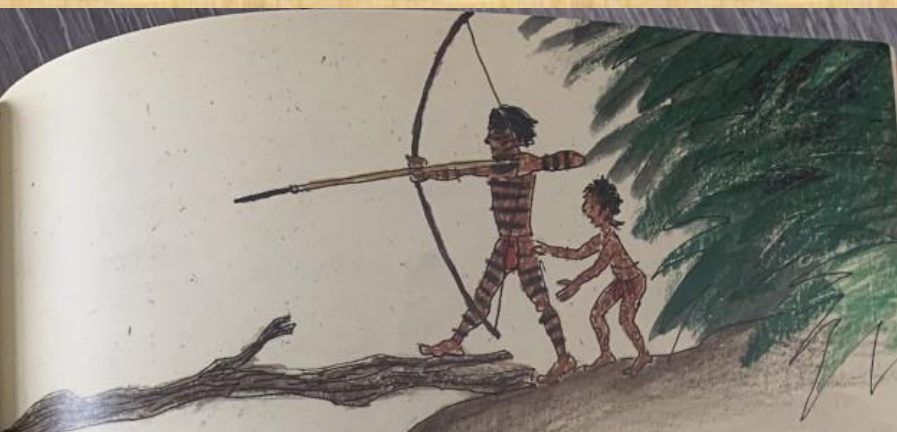


Why was their plan successful?

How do you think Alex was feeling?



It was hard for me to keep up with the others. I had fallen pretty far behind when I sensed someone chasing us. Then a spear flew past my ears! I could see Wakima and Bub ahead, walking on a log to cross a deep ravine. If I could get there quick, we could shove the log off the edge. I leaped for it, but a hand grabbed my shirt tail. Snarly — I yelled for help, but there was no one in sight. They were long gone.



Then Bub stepped out of the shadows, with an arrow aimed right at us. Snarly had no other weapons now, and was trying to use me for a shield. But I wouldn't let him. Bub was looking for a clear shot when Wakima appeared. She yelled something across to Snarly and he yelled back. Bub answered him, lowering his bow. Suddenly, Snarly pushed me forward and fled into the night. I scrambled across the log, knocked it off the edge, and hugged my friends. Then we ran like mad.

How do you think Alex was feeling?

Why did Snarly grab Alex?

We finally stopped to rest alongside a stream, and I had a chance to take off my sneakers. Somehow, a tiny frog had crawled into one, shimmied down to my toes and died. He must have been there a long time. I guess I've been distracted.



He was our only casualty

Just before dawn we ran into the war party coming from our village, led by Wakima's & Bub's father. You should've seen the looks on the warriors' faces - surprise, disbelief, joy, amazement. Actually, I think it can be summed up in one word - R.E.L.I.E.F.



Dec. 30

Boy, did it feel good to walk into our shapono, sort of like soldiers coming home from the war. Wakima's family and friends were all over us - in fact, the whole village came out. Then a strange sound hit my ears - English. "Alex, you're alive!" It was Mike, the pilot, awake at last. He laughed at seeing me all painted up. I told him some of what he had missed while he was "out of it." He was shocked to hear that we had already been there for almost two weeks. He said we had to leave at first light tomorrow and find our way back to the plane crash site, because the emergency radio transmitter would've sent out distress signals from there and that's where any rescuers would go. It had been a long time since I'd thought about being "rescued," or even leaving. I'm using the rest of the day today to work on my diary and catch up on all of yesterday's events. And then to say my goodbyes.

I'm not really ready to leave, but I know that what I'm taking with me is what matters. I love the people here, and the way they live - like one giant family. I love the forest, and the river, and the night. I love my friends - Bub, his dad, Wakima. I love feeling accepted. I don't think I need anything else except knowing this.

How do you think Alex was feeling when he came back to camp and saw the warriors?

Does Alex want to leave the camp?

Why might Alex have mixed feelings about leaving?



I'm finishing this diary now in Seat 2A on the way back to Chicago. The story of our "rescue" was such big international news that the airline put us in 1st class, like we're celebrities. I can't say I'm unhappy about going home, but I feel a part of me is still back in Taponowateri. I'm glad Mom & Dad aren't worried about me anymore. They had been scouring the area around the crashsite for a couple of days when we showed up with our Yanomami friends. Now that was a moment they won't forget soon.

Dad had learned a bit of their language and talked as long as he could to the chief until we had to leave in the helicopters. He said the chief called me "son" and was proud of me. And Bob called me a "clever" warrior and a fine brother. Then Wukima quietly came forward. Wiping away tears, she fastened her beads around my neck and hugged me. Dad told her that when I finish school in Chicago-ateri I could come back and visit her in the land of the Yanomami. And I will.

