

5mag


2009 Year 5 — Literacy preparation

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The Sea Caves

This extract is from the book *The Sea Caves* by Colin Thiele. Twelve-year-old Nick is visiting his school friend Sam during the holidays. They have been scuba diving on an old shipwreck in the waters off Point Danger on the South Australian coast.

Sam and Nick spent a long time nosing about on the wreck, sometimes pulling themselves along with their bodies stretched out like a couple of crayfish, sometimes more or less upright as they tried to work out where the main mast must have been. They didn't notice how quickly things were changing overhead.

It wasn't until Sam surfaced that he saw what was happening. The tide had come in and had swung round to the south. Whitecaps were racing in and the reef was lathered with foam. There was no hope of going down.

Up a Tree

Up a Tree is about a demented parrot, a crazy neighbour and a dastardly flying fox. Here's the beginning of the story...

The Grubb twins' flying fox was up at Granite Gorge, above the river where the rocks stick up like big teeth. They had nicked about a hundred metres of rope off their dad. The last week of school, all we heard about was this flying fox, how dangerous it was, how everyone would be too chicken to go on it. It wasn't like the ones we built at school camp over little gullies, they said. *Their flying fox would scare*

THE CIRCUS

The circus has its roots in ancient Rome. In the ancient circuses, acrobats performed, gladiators fought, chariots raced and exotic beasts prowled around a sandy circular arena. When the Roman Empire collapsed, this kind of entertainment ended.

In the Middle Ages, jugglers entertained in royal courts. But the modern circus did not begin again until 1769 when Phillip Astley, a bareback horse rider, set up a show in London. In this 13 metre circus ring, gladiators and chariots were replaced by fabulous fire-eaters, silly clowns and amazing acrobats.

There are two sorts of clowns. Clever, white-faced clowns wear pointed hats and are called 'Joey'. They work with red-nosed, foolish clowns, called 'Auguste'. Each clown has their own make-up design, so that they all look a bit different.

Many clowns play musical instruments.

Auguste clowns wear bright, baggy clothes.

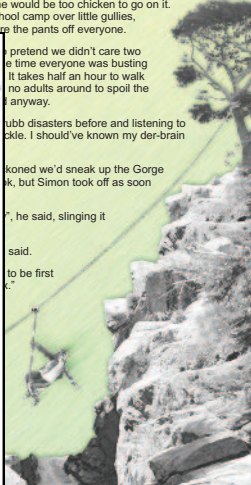
Jugglers use clubs, balls, rings and even knives! The best jugglers can keep six or seven clubs in the air at a time.

Acrobats can walk on their hands!

People laugh when clowns trip up over their huge shoes.

This one-wheeled bike is called a unicycle. It is difficult to ride.

Trapeze artists swing through the air about 5 metres above the ground.



pretend we didn't care two weeks ago. It takes half an hour to walk to the top. No adults around to spoil the fun.

Grubb disasters before and listening to Nick. I should've known my der-brain was back, but Simon took off as soon as he said, slinging it over his shoulder.

"I'll be first," he said.

"You'll be first," he said.

"There are hollows like that all over the place. The sea caves are a long way under the land. On rough days the water is in the rock and the spray shoots up into the air. Blowholes."



Trapeze artists swing through the air about 3 metres above the ground.

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People laugh when clowns trip up over their huge shoes.

Acrobats can walk on their hands!



Up a Tree

Up a Tree is about a demented parrot, a crazy neighbour and a dodgy flying fox. Here's the beginning of the story...

The Grubb twins' flying fox was up at Granite Gorge, above the river where the rocks stick up like big teeth. They had nicked about a hundred metres of rope off their dad. The last week of school, all we heard about was this flying fox, how dangerous it was, how everyone would be too chicken to go on it. It wasn't like the ones we built at school camp over little gullies, they said. Their flying fox would scare the pants off everyone.

We all said, "Yeah, sure," and tried to pretend we didn't care two cents about their stupid fox, but all the time everyone was busting to get up the Gorge and have a look. It takes half an hour to walk all that way up the river, but it means no adults around to spoil the fun. That's what the Grubb twins said anyway.

Me, I was curious but I'd seen the Grubb disasters before and listening to them skite about it made my ears prickle. I should've known my der-brain brother, Simon, wasn't so smart.

School was out – yes! Most of us reckoned we'd sneak up the Gorge sometime over the weekend for a look, but Simon took off as soon as the bell rang.

"Take my bag home, Molly", he said, slinging it at me.

"Where are you going?" I said.

"Up the Gorge, I'm going to be first to try out that fox."

Sheryl Clark

The Sea Caves

*This extract is from the book **The Sea Caves** by Colin Thiele. Twelve-year-old Nick is visiting his school friend Sam during the holidays. They have been scuba diving on an old shipwreck in the waters off Point Danger on the South Australian coast.*

5 Sam and Nick spent a long time nosing about on the wreck, sometimes pulling themselves along with their bodies stretched out like a couple of crayfish, sometimes more or less upright as they tried to work out where the main mast must have been. They didn't notice how quickly things were changing overhead.

10 It wasn't until Sam surfaced that he saw what was happening. The tide had come in strongly and the wind had swung round to the south. Whitecaps were racing in towards the coast and the reef was lathered with foam. There was no hope of going back the way they had come.

15 Sam waved urgently, beckoning Nick to follow. He knew there was a spot under the cliffs that was sheltered by a couple of big boulders and not yet covered by the tide. They both headed for it as fast as they could. They were lucky. Although they were picked up by a big wave and flung forward savagely they escaped with nothing worse than bruises.

They floundered onto the strip of dry land at the base of the cliffs.

"There's no way we can get back to the inlet at the creek," Sam said.

"Then what do we do?" asked Nick.

"Climb the cliffs."

20 The climb was easier than it looked. The cliff was no more than eight or nine metres high and they were able to climb at an angle. When they were more than halfway up they came to a jagged patch where a huge rock slide had crashed down into the sea many years before. The face of the limestone cliff was loose and crumbling there, and the footholds were unreliable.

25 A piece of rock that looked solid enough came away suddenly when Nick put his foot on it. For a terrible moment it seemed certain that he was going to pitch down backwards, but luckily the stone moved inwards instead of downwards and his leg slid into the hole it made. It left him hanging there like a one-legged mountain climber. The other leg had disappeared into the cliff. It probably saved his life. He
30 was able to hang on and regain his balance, although it took a while for him to get over the shock and extract his leg.

"Hey," he called. "There's a hole in here. It goes right into the cliff."

35 He bent down carefully and tried to peer inside. A blast of cold air struck his face. "It's a big hole, Sam. A real cave. There's a strong breeze coming out of it and I can hear the sea inside. It would be great if we could have a look."

"Yeah, yeah," Sam shouted. "There are hollows like that all over the place. The sea carves them out."

"Sea caves?"

40 "Yeah. Some of them go in a long way under the land. On rough days the water is forced up through holes in the rock and the spray shoots up into the air. Blowholes."