

Hueber Lektüren

Blown Away

Sue Murray

Illustrated by Elizabeth Botté

VORSCHAU

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Corey talks to the school

A tall, blond-haired boy walks onto the stage of a school hall in Santa Barbara, California. His name is Corey Cassidy. He is sixteen years old. Something happened to him in the holidays and it gave him an idea. He is about to tell his story to the whole school. The hall is quiet now. Everybody is looking at Corey. He is looking at the school principal.

Thank you, Principal Tanner, for letting me speak to the school today about my idea to start up a group called 'Surfers for Samoa'.

Now Corey turns to face the school.

I can hear you thinking, *Samoa – where's that?* I hadn't heard of it either until I went there in November. Going to Samoa changed my life.

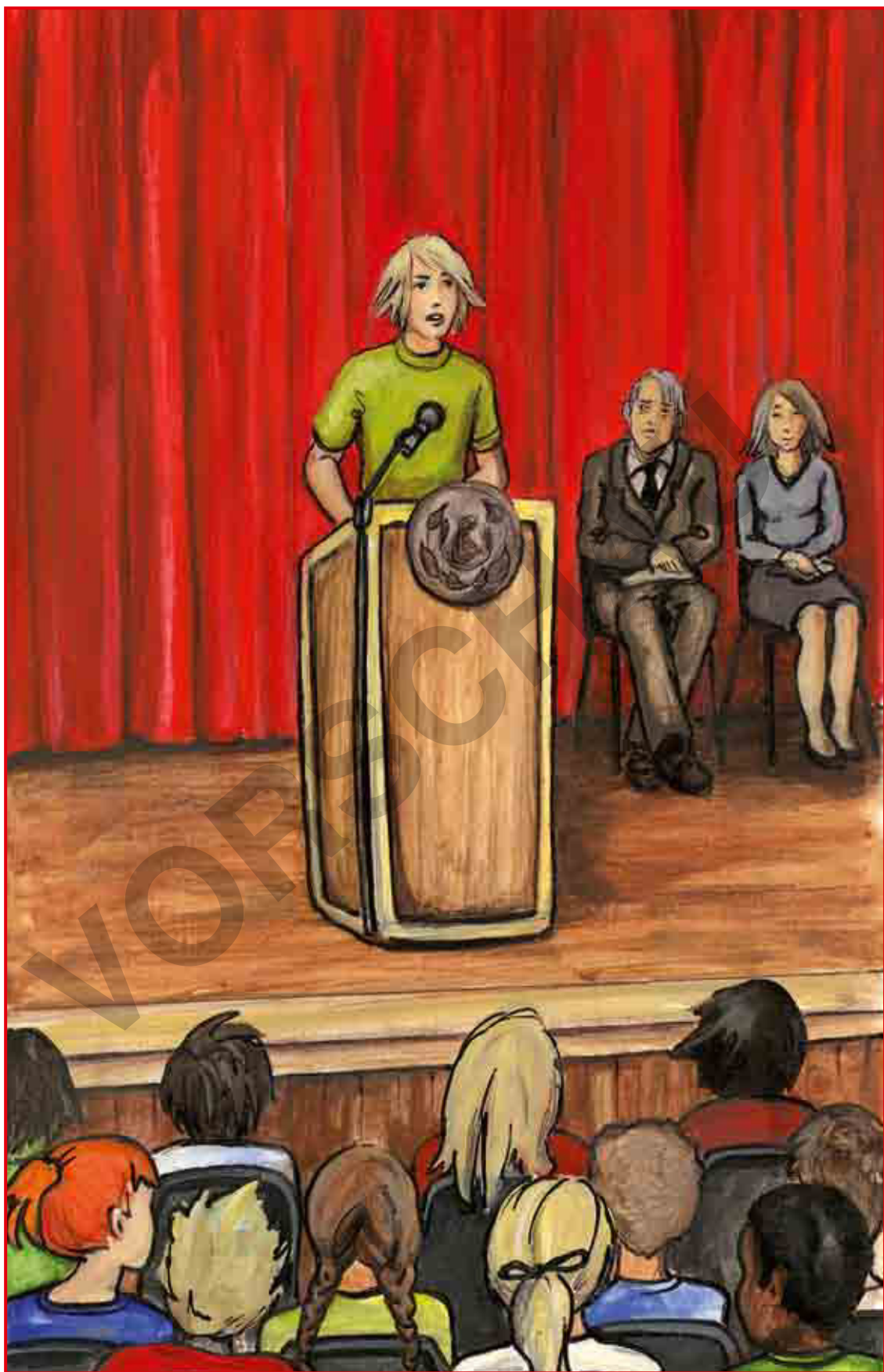
Corey stands and looks at the floor for a moment. There is silence. Corey takes a deep breath and he starts speaking again.

Most of you know that I love surfing. All I've ever wanted to do is stay around here and go surfing up and down the coast. Why go anywhere else when we get good waves here, right? So when my parents said that we were going to a small country called Samoa, I didn't want to go.

My parents are both ophthalmologists – eye doctors – and they had both volunteered to work for two weeks on the most remote island of Samoa. Samoa is in the Pacific Ocean. Now, if they'd said we were going to a remote island of Hawaii, I would have started packing my bags. I've always wanted to go surfing in Hawaii. But Samoa? I'd never heard of it. I refused to go – I even said that I didn't want to miss any school!

The whole school laughs – including the teachers. Corey smiles at Mr Tanner.

Sorry, Principal Tanner, but most people know that this



we live, *palagi* young man. These are our *fales*.'

We were standing in front of some small huts that had no walls. There were a few things in each hut – pillows, boxes, mats made from *tapa*, but not much. There was one bigger hut, with an iron roof, that had a table and some chairs.

'We sleep in these *fales*,' said Tapu's grandmother. 'We eat over there,' she said, pointing to the larger *fale*. Behind the *fale* I could see some smoke rising and some people digging in the ground.

'I invite you and your parents to join my family for Sunday lunch. Go and get them,' she said.

Man, there was something about that old woman. You just did whatever she said. I hurried down the hill and found Mom and Dad.

'Oh, how wonderful! I've read about their lunches,' said Mom. 'They cook the food in an *umu*, a stone oven under the ground. The food cooks for hours. Now remember, Corey, to show respect. It says in the guidebook to sit before you speak and to cross your legs when you sit. Oh, I hope we don't do anything disrespectful.'

The hotel staff seemed surprised when Dad told them we were eating with Tapu's family. As we climbed back up to the huts, Tapu's grandmother was there to meet us.

'Welcome, doctors. I thank you for helping Falanika. She is much better. And thank you for coming to this part of Samoa to help with my people's eyes. Come and share our food.'

Some of the food was okay – baked fish, roasted pork and a coconut milk dessert – but some of it was awful. One dish had raw fish and onion in it. But the weird thing was that nobody would eat anything until Mom and Dad had eaten, then Tapu's grandmother and other adults. And when I went to help myself to some rice, Tapu stopped me. In Samoa, there are rules about who eats when, and kids come last.

We sat and ate, and Tapu's grandmother talked a lot to my

Going around the island

‘So what are you two going to do today?’ asked Mom as we ate breakfast with Grant on Monday morning. Mom and Dad and the other doctors were going to be in the clinic all day.

‘Let me guess,’ said Dad. ‘You’ll go surfing.’

‘Could we please take the hire car again, Dr Cassidy?’ said Grant. ‘I’d like to take Corey surfing on the west coast today. Satuiatua has some of the best waves in Samoa.’

‘I don’t know if that’s a good idea,’ said Mom. ‘What if you get lost?’ My mother worries about everything.

Grant laughed. ‘There is only one road on Savaii. It goes all the way around the island. We can’t possibly get lost.’

My parents looked at each other. Finally Dad gave a small nod.

Mom sighed, ‘Okay, but take my guidebook, Corey. It has a map in it. You never know.’

Man – Mom and her guidebook! She must have read every page at least ten times.

Grant and I packed the car quickly – just in case Dad changed his mind. We tied our surfboards onto the roof racks and put our bags in the back. Mom also made us take a lot of water bottles.

‘Drink a lot of water, Corey,’ she said. ‘This heat can really cause problems. But don’t drink any of the local water – it could make you sick. Take care now – look out for pigs. And don’t drive too fast...’

Mom was still calling out as Grant and I drove out of the gates of the hotel.

Grant was a good driver – Mom would have been pleased with the way he drove. ‘I hit a pig once,’ he said as we headed

A new day

Nobody except Grant slept much that night, but by morning the cyclone had passed. It was still raining, but there wasn't much wind. We all wanted to get out of the cave. Grant woke up, feeling terrible. 'It's probably the *ava*,' he said. 'It gives me a sore head every time. On some other islands, like Tonga, they call it *kava*. Different name, same drink. And the same headache.' But I looked at him and he looked sick. His skin was grey. He sat up but I could see that it hurt him to move.

'What shall we do now?' I asked Grant. 'We can't drive anywhere. I saw the car. It's destroyed. A tree fell on it. Maybe we should wait here for help to arrive.'

Grant closed his eyes for a moment, then he said, 'I think that you and Tapu will have to get help. I'll stay here. Tapu, please ask these people if I can stay with them.'

Tapu talked to the others. They agreed to look after Grant while we went for help. Their homes were nearby – if they had not been destroyed by Rosa. They said that the nearest village with a telephone was Letui and that it was only about one kilometre away.

I shook Grant's hand and said, 'Man, we'll be back before you know we've gone.'

Grant smiled and said, 'Just come back before we run out of *ava*.'

I remembered the minister in the church saying that *fa'afetai* meant 'thank you', so I said, '*Fa'afetai*,' to each of the Samoans. They smiled and shook my hand.

I picked up my bag and I said, 'Come on, Tapu. See you soon, Grant.'

The walk from Pe'ape'a Cave to Letui was terrible. Everything was flattened. There was wreckage all over the

Activities

Chapters 1 and 2

Before you read

A. Look at the picture on page 5 and circle the correct answers.

1. Who do you think the boy is speaking to?
a. his family b. his school c. the police
2. Which word describes best the look on his face?
a. serious b. happy c. afraid

B. Find these words in your dictionary. Use them in the sentences.

surf infected jungle medical

1. We saw a lot of animals among the trees in the _____.
2. Ann did six years of _____ training to become a doctor.
3. Chris learnt to _____ at the beach in Hawaii.
4. If you don't clean that cut, it may become _____.

C. Listen to Track 3 on CD 1 and answer these questions.

1. Which coast did they drive along?
a. the west coast b. the east coast
2. When did they get to the hotel?
a. close to sunrise b. close to sunset
3. What was the water like?
a. really warm b. really cold

After you read

COMPREHENSION

A. Circle the correct answers.

1. How old is Corey Cassidy?
a. 14 years old b. 15 years old c. 16 years old
2. What is the name of 'The Big Island' of Samoa?
a. Hawaii b. Savaii c. Vaisala
3. Which country was Grant from?
a. New Zealand b. Samoa c. Tonga
4. Which member of Tapu's family did Corey's father help?
a. his grandfather b. his sister c. his mother

remote /rɪ'məʊt/ *adj.*

respect /rɪ'spekt/ *n.*

v.

ruin /'ruːɪn/ *n.*

service /'sɜːvɪs/ *n.* (church)

shelter /'ʃeltə/ *n.*

v.

staff /stɑːf/ *n.*

surf /sɜːf/ *n.*

v.

surf break /sɜːf breɪk/ *n.*

(a surfing term)

surfer /'sɜːfə/ *n.*

tala /'tɑːlə/

tapa /'tɑːpə/

taro /'tɑːrəʊ/

telofa /tə'ləʊfə/

tropical /'trɒpɪkl/ *adj.*

ulcer /'ʌlsə/ *n.*

abgeschieden, entlegen

Respekt

respektieren

Ruine

Gottesdienst

Schutz, Unterstand

sich unterstellen, Schutz

finden

Personal

Brandung

surfen, wellenreiten

Surfgebiet

Surfer

Währung von West-Samoa

in der Südsee hergestellter

Stoff aus der Rinde des

Papiermaulbeerbaums

Wasserbrotwurzel,

Nutzpflanze, die v.a. in

tropischen und subtropischen

Gebieten angebaut wird und

deren Knollen wie Kartoffeln

gekocht werden

Hallo (samoanisch)

tropisch, Tropen-

Geschwür