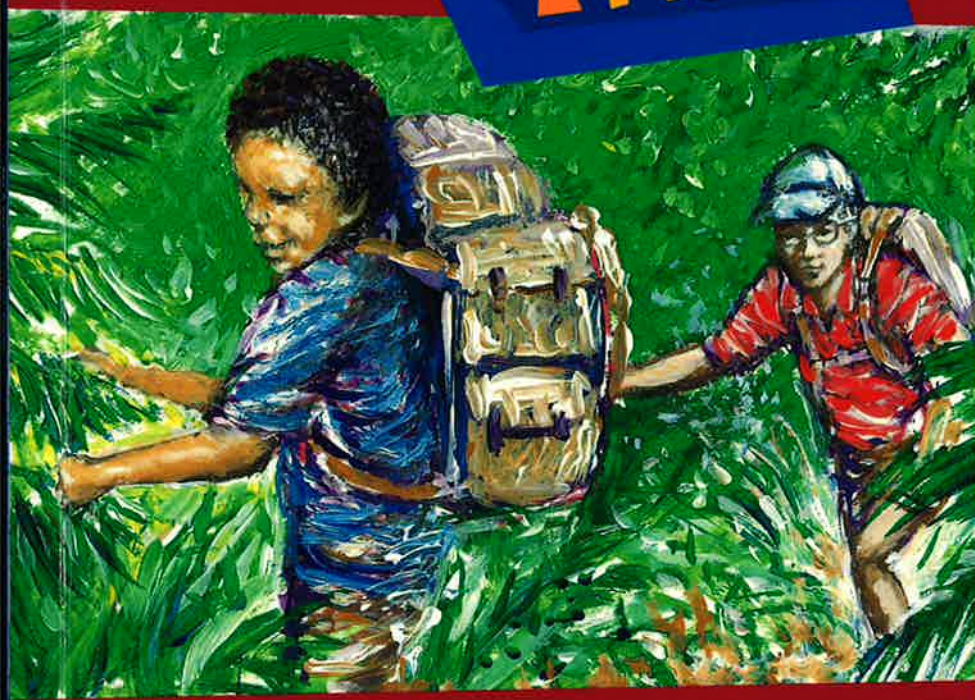
Jungle Trek



Story by Dianne Wolfer

Illustrations by Mark Wilson

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Jungle Trek

Key vocabulary

altitude, antennae, article, carapace, commissioned, humidity, Kokoda, Papua New Guinea, porters, Port Moresby, proboscises

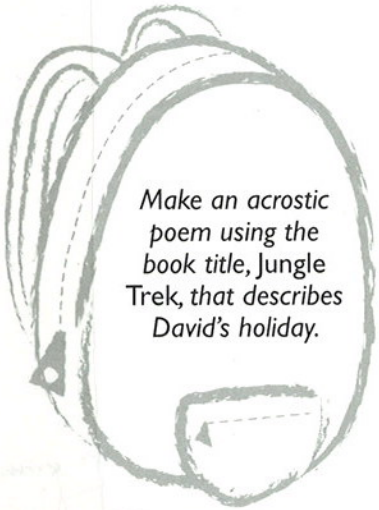
Grammatical conventions

- Expressive verbs: gasped, whispered, groaned
- Temporal and causal conjunctions: after, but, because, then, when, while

Spelling

- Contractions: hasn't, we'll, we've, you've, they've
- Compound words: airlift, airstrip, backdrop, daypacks, painkillers, supersonic, wildlife

Creative thinking task – Knowledge

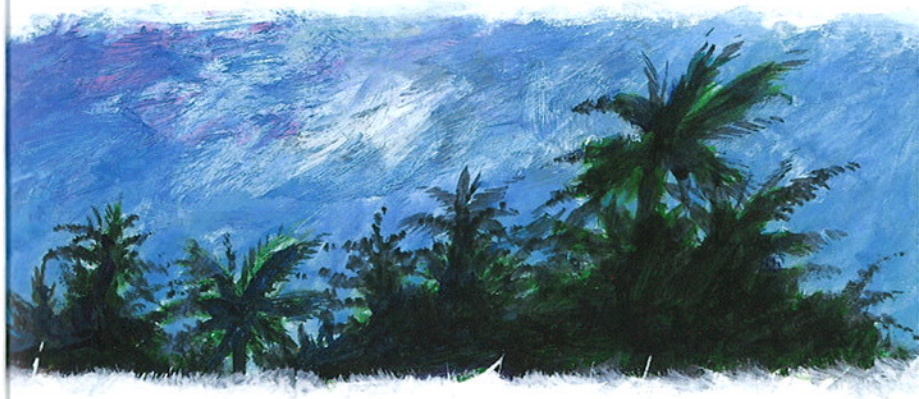


Make an acrostic poem using the book title, Jungle Trek, *that describes David's holiday.*

For teachers' inspection ONLY

JUNGLE TREK

Story by Dianne Wolfer
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PM Extras Chapter Books in Sapphire Level Set A

The Bommyknocker Tree
Lizard Tongue
Eric's Thai Travel Diary
H for Horrible
Jungle Trek
The Man Who Measured the World

With special thanks to Niugini Holidays.

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CHAPTER 1

No Buts!



'But what will we do each day?'

'I told you, David, we'll be hiking. And I'll be taking photos for the magazine. It won't be easy. Some days we'll be walking from dawn till dusk.'

'Do I *have* to go?'

'We've already been through this…'

'Why can't I stay with Grandma?'

'Ten days is too long,' Mum replied. 'You know she hasn't been well.'

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'What about Jared's family. They like having me.'

'Not for ten days!'

'But…'

'No buts, David, it's already organised.'

Once Mum gets *that tone* in her voice, there's no point arguing. I slammed the kitchen door and went outside to shoot a few baskets. I knew there was nothing I could do to make her change her mind.

The next day I heard Mum on the telephone confirming our tickets with the travel agent.

'We'll be joining the group in Port Moresby. Yes, two tickets. One for my son and one for me. No, he's twelve. Yes, he's very fit. I'm sure he'll be able to cope…'



'Where's Port Moresby?' I asked Mum after she'd hung up.

'Port Moresby is the capital of Papua New Guinea. We'll stay there overnight before catching a smaller plane into the mountains.'

Mum is a wildlife photographer. She specialises in insects and Papua New Guinea has the best bugs in the world! A nature magazine has commissioned an article on the insects that live along some famous walking trail. Mum will be snapping pictures of butterflies, but there's an endangered beetle she's also hoping to find.

Mum's been planning this trip for months. I was sure that somehow I'd be able to get out of it. Unfortunately that's not looking likely.

'Mum, I spoke to Jared,' I said casually. 'His family isn't doing anything during the holidays. He reckons his dad will need help with hay baling…'

'David, the answer is no! I want us to go together. A mother-and-son adventure. It'll be fun.'

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Hiking through muddy, mosquito-infested jungle – I don't think so! I stormed outside again with my basketball.

Bang, bounce, bang. Maybe I can break my hoop record. Bang. It isn't fair! Just because Mum wants to go and take photos, I have to get dragged along.

Bang, bounce. If Dad was alive, I bet he'd let me stay home! Bang, bounce, bang…



CHAPTER 2

Bug Fanatics



Okay, I have to admit, the flight was pretty cool.

They showed a movie and the meals came on little trays with lots of small packets and containers. The flight attendants kept offering me lemonade and juice. But the best thing was flushing the toilet. It sounded supersonic!

By the time we landed in Port Moresby I was *almost* happy that Mum had made me come along. Almost, but not quite.

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The tour organiser met us in the arrival hall. What a place!

There were people everywhere, balancing bags of groceries, nursing babies, holding bush knives… and they had the wildest hair! Masses of thick, black frizz, decorated with bright stretchies and hats made from cuscus fur. I flicked my lanky fringe off my face, feeling totally jealous.



A mini-bus whisked us through the dusty streets to our hotel, managing somehow to avoid the dogs and people stepping out in front of us.

The hotel had a pool, so that's where I spent the afternoon. Then, at five o'clock, Mum said I had to go with her to the hike briefing.

There were six others in the group. All bug fanatics! Did I mention that this trek was specially designed for insect enthusiasts? Mum reckons Papua New Guinea has more kinds of insects than any other place in the world. So, not only will we be scrambling through the jungle for ten days, we'll be on a continual bug-hunt. And I'll have to listen to endless conversations about wings and antennae and proboscises and leg segments… Boring!

The other trekkers were all Mum's age, but they seemed okay. After we introduced ourselves, the group leader began talking.

'We'll meet in the lobby at 5.00 a.m. The flight leaves at 6.00 a.m. and we'll need to check-in our food and daypacks,' she said.

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'Make sure you keep water, your camera and any other essentials in your daypack. Once we reach Kokoda, we'll meet our porters, visit the museum and then begin trekking. Any questions?'

There were heaps! I sipped my drink and finished writing up the day's events in my journal.

Wednesday, 7.00 p.m.

Just as I suspected. There are no other kids in the group. Looks like I'm in for a boring ten days with bug-obsessed adults. One of the guys seems okay. At least he talked to me, and listened. For all the interest the others showed, I might have been a common dung beetle!

At last, they've stopped talking. My stomach's grumbling. It must be time for dinner…

