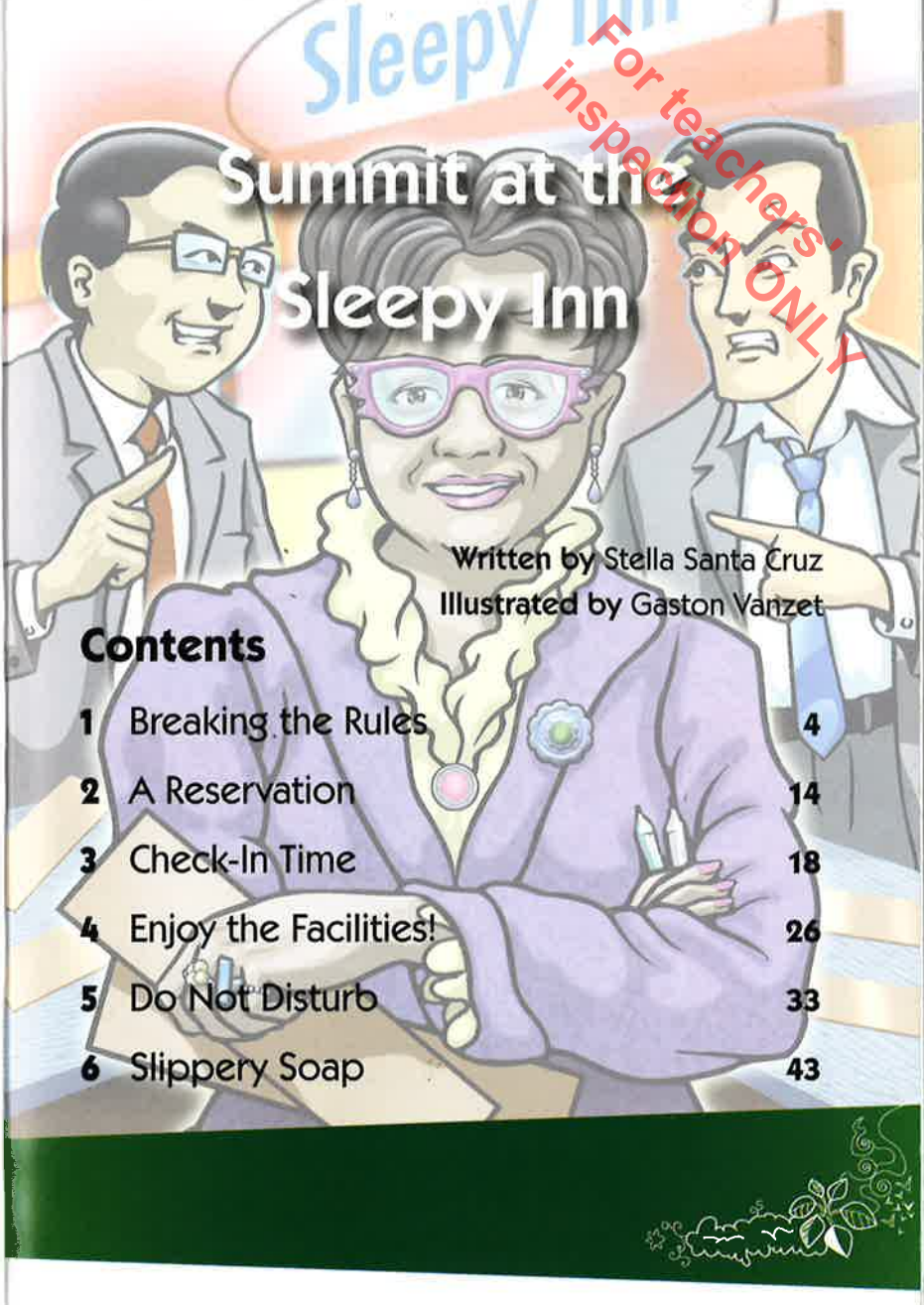
Summit at the Sleepy Inn



Stella Santa Cruz

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Nelson Literacy Directions



For teachers' inspection ONLY

Summit at the Sleepy Inn

Written by Stella Santa Cruz
Illustrated by Gaston Vanzet

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Meet the Characters

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Aunty Rita

The owner of the Sleepy Inn.



President Findlay

President of the USA.



Premier Qing Xuan

Premier of China.

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POSTCARD

Dear Reader

I once stayed at a motel in rural Australia that had dozens of signs everywhere telling me what NOT to do. I had a lot of fun disobeying most of them. One day, while I was there, I wondered what would happen if some really important people came to stay. Would they be expected to behave as well?

Stella Santa Cruz
Author

The Sleepy Inn, Fairhaven



1. The Sleepy Inn motel
2. Fairhaven aerodrome
3. The wharf
4. Grandad Perkins' Takeaway and Bait Shop

1 Breaking the Rules

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Aunty Rita's tongue curled up the side of her mouth and moved slowly across her flamingo-pink lips. It was a sure sign that she was involved in an important task requiring the utmost attention.

When she had finished her important task, she balanced her reading glasses on her nose, and prepared to admire her handiwork.

"NO RUNNIGN!" read Aunty Rita, wrinkling up her nose in disappointment at the sign she had just written. "That's not right," she muttered. "Bother!"

She found another piece of cardboard and, once more, the tip of her tongue crept out of her mouth. Finally, she sat back and peered at her lettering with narrowed eyes, as if that would somehow correct any further spelling mistakes.

"Ah," she said, pursing her lipstick-laden lips victoriously. "That's better. NO RUNNING."



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Aunty Rita had a firm belief in rules and regulations and, since she had taken over the Sleepy Inn motel, she had written down plenty of them – all on cardboard signs, scattered abundantly around the cabins, play areas and pathways.

Aunty Rita liked her guests to be well behaved and she suspected that if there weren't signs around the Sleepy Inn, guests would spend their entire holiday deliberately running everywhere, walking on the grass, bouncing balls, sitting on chairs with wet swimmers, doing forward rolls on the trampoline or recklessly changing channels in the TV room.

Aunty Rita scooped a handful of drawing pins into her palm and tucked the new sign under her arm. She headed out of her office and past the reception desk, which was laden with brochures, small key rings saying "I've Been Driven to Fairhaven" and brightly coloured fishing lines for sale. She headed towards the swimming pool area.

She noticed the Hendersons, who had just checked in with their family of three children, heading in the same direction with rolled up towels under their arms. She

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picked up her pace and, with a triumphant grin, arrived at the pool area just ahead of the Hendersons.

Tongue peeping between her lips, she fixed her new sign to the changing room door and stood back, knowing she had just removed another opportunity for misbehaviour with seconds to spare.

"Hello!" she said cheerily to the Hendersons.

"Hello," they called back. They headed for the changing rooms and stopped, peering at the new sign.

"Phew," breathed Aunty Rita to herself. "Just in the nick of time!"

She trotted primly back towards her office, satisfied with a job well done.





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Sixteen thousand, four hundred and ten kilometres away, the red, top-secret emergency telephone in the White House's Oval Office rang.

President Findlay, who had been holding an emergency crisis meeting with Kryzinski, his Chief of Staff, and his top advisors, sat behind his desk, looking exhausted. He and the other men and women in the White House had been awake for 36 hours without a moment's sleep. They had found themselves dealing with a major international crisis.

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The phone continued ringing insistently. Everyone in the Oval Office knew who would be calling. Kryzinski glanced nervously towards the president.

"I guess that's for me," joked President Findlay, without a trace of humour in his gravelly voice. No one laughed. The phone rang again. President Findlay sighed and reached resignedly for the receiver.

"Good evening, Mr Premier," he said, looking at his watch. "Or I should say 'good morning'. It's Sunday night here, but Monday morning there, I believe."

"And by the time you Americans reach Monday morning, you will realise just how much trouble the world will be in very soon," crackled Premier Qing Xuan's voice impatiently. "In this country, we do not take kindly to people shooting down our meteorological satellites!"

"And, Mr Premier, in this country we do not appreciate people taking detailed satellite photographs of the weather above our military bases. Especially when it occurs three times a day and usually when there's not a cloud in sight."

"Nonsense," replied the premier emphatically. "We are perfectly entitled to see if there are storm clouds gathering on the other side of the Pacific."

