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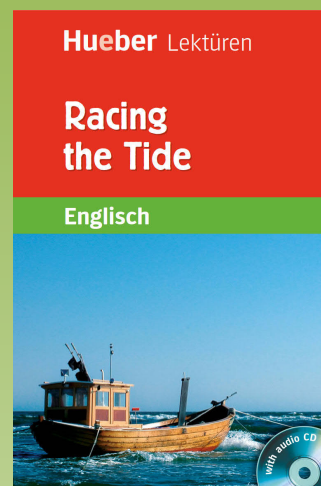
Unterrichtsmaterialien in digitaler und in gedruckter Form

Auszug aus:

Racing the Tide

Das komplette Material finden Sie hier:

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Another beginning

Ella lay on her bed and looked at the map of Western Australia. She looked at Margaret River in the south and at Broome in the north. She counted the kilometres between them – she was 2,496 kilometres from the place she wanted to be. She was in Broome.

Broome felt like another country. It was on the coast, but it was hot and flat and dry. It was full of impossible colours – the dusty red desert became fine white sand that disappeared into the blue-green waters of the Indian Ocean. To see it for the first time was amazing, but Ella felt as if she had come to the end of the Earth.

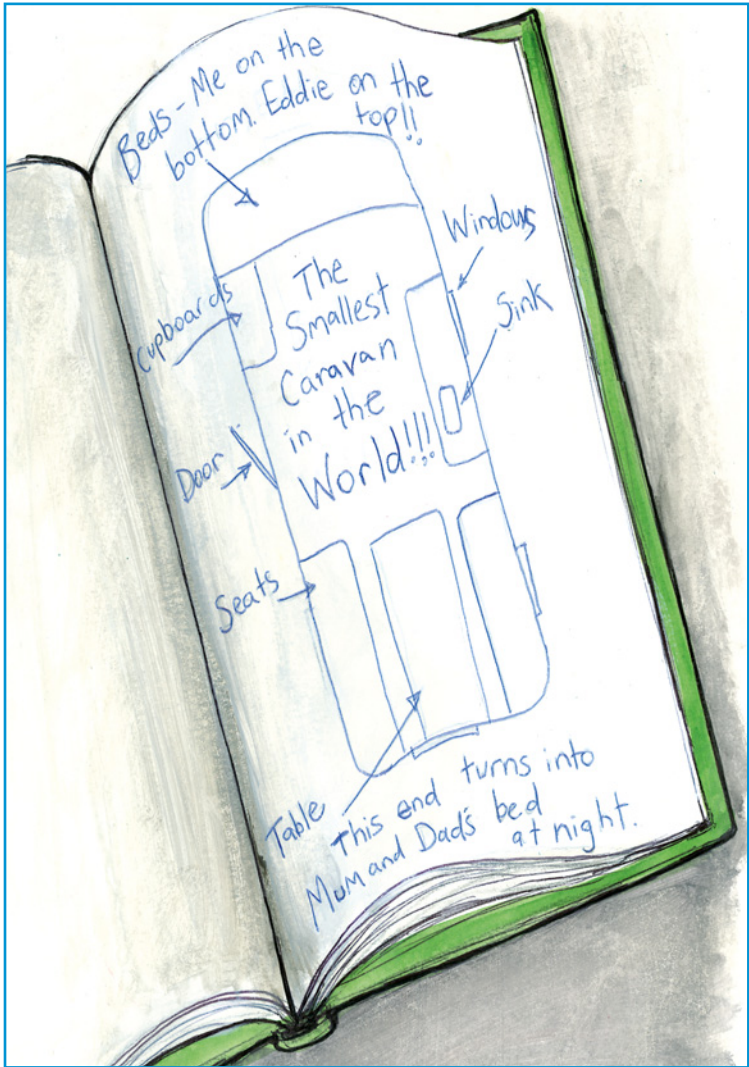
She lay on her back on the bed. Why did her father have to change jobs again? She had been happy in Margaret River. All the things she wanted – her plans and her dreams – were there. She liked her school there. She had great friends. And she had her own room – her family wasn't in this stupid caravan. Okay, the caravan was not her father's fault. They were supposed to move into a house. But somebody had made a mistake – the people were still living in it and weren't going to leave for two weeks.

So for two weeks, Ella and her family had to stay in this stupid caravan, a long way out of the town. They had only been here two days and already Ella hated it. Couldn't her father and mother have found somewhere else to stay? There was no space and nothing was private. It was very possible that she would kill her brother, Eddie, before the two weeks were over.

She reached under the pillow and pulled out a small green book. Across the middle was written the word 'Private'. She



opened it. Yesterday she had drawn a picture of the inside of the caravan. She looked at it.



She took out the little gold pencil she kept in her diary and began to write.

Sunday 12th

Dear Diary

Can you believe it? To make up for leaving his friends in Margaret River, Mum and Dad have taken Eddie into town to buy him a new bike. And what do I get? Nothing. I told them, 'All I want is to start that metalsmithing course in Margaret River. That's all I want in the whole world.' So then Dad says, 'That's enough, Ella. We talked about this until we were blue in the face. Let it go.'

But I can't let it go. I want to be a metalsmith. I want to make amazing jewellery. I want to do it for the rest of my life. If we were in Margaret River, I would be doing that metalsmithing course now. Instead, I'm sitting in this caravan on the edge of the desert thousands of kilometres away. And tomorrow I have to

Suddenly the caravan door was thrown open and Eddie's head appeared. Ella quickly shut her diary.

'Hey, Ella. Come and have a look at my new bike.' Eddie was smiling from ear to ear. He stepped up into the caravan.

'Close the door, Eddie,' called their mother from outside. 'Keep the cool air in.'

Eddie shut the door, went over to his sister and waved something in front of her face. 'Dad let me get these too.'

'What are they?' said Ella.

'Flashing lights. I'm going to put them on the front of the bike. You connect them to the wheels and then when you start riding, they flash on and off.'

'Amazing,' breathed Ella slowly, meaning quite the opposite.

Eddie's smile fell away. Then he grabbed Ella's diary. He ran to the other end of the caravan and opened the book.

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