

# AMAZON DIARY



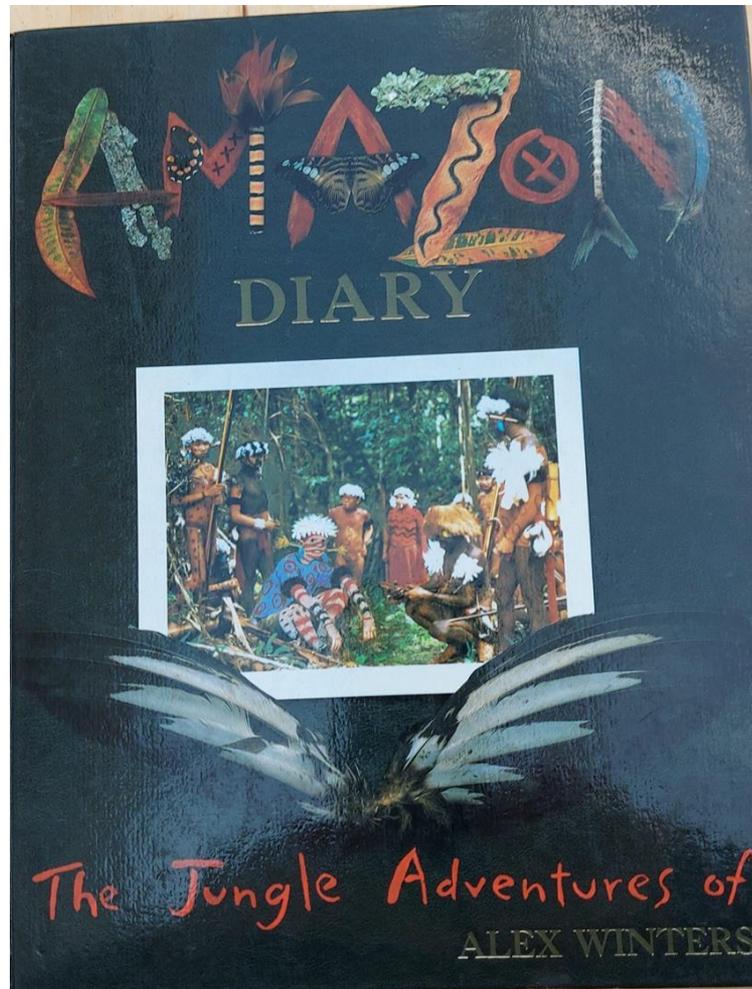
*The Jungle Adventures of*  
**ALEX WINTERS**

## Amazon Diary

### The Jungle Adventures of Alex Winters

By  
Hudson Talbott  
and  
Mark Greenberg

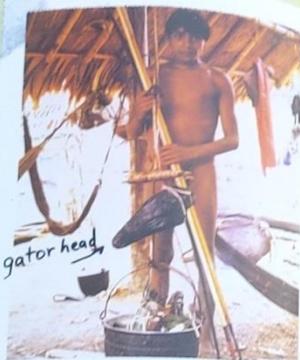
# Part 2



Dec. 28

There's a buzz in the village today. The tapir is being cut up and smoked and the gators are all roasting. The women have been bringing in lots of this fruit they call rasha. It's mealy like a chestnut but sweeter. Great with gator.

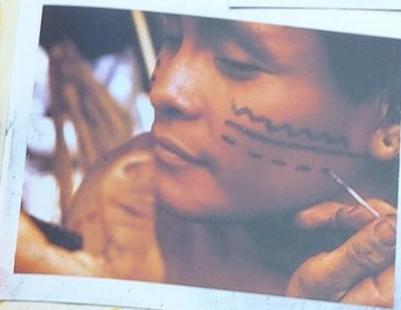
I think there's a big party in the works. Maybe it's Yanomami Thanksgiving. I mean, what else do you do with a smoked tapir, 10 gators, and a zillion boiled rashes except have a rasha festival!!!



gator head



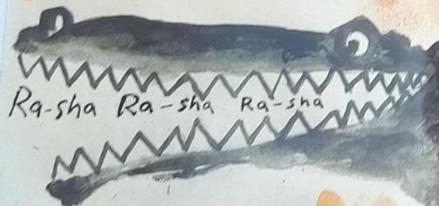
It's funny but the adults here don't seem anything like adults. They're dressing for the party by painting themselves with mashed-up berries. They would love Halloween.



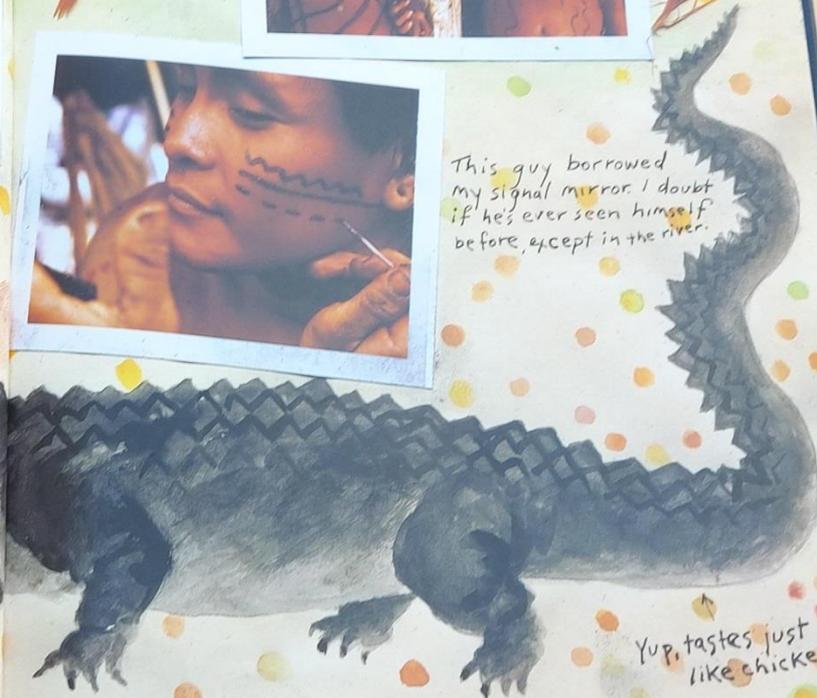
This guy borrowed my signal mirror. I doubt if he's ever seen himself before, except in the river.



rashes



Ra-sha Ra-sha Ra-sha



Yup, tastes just like chicken

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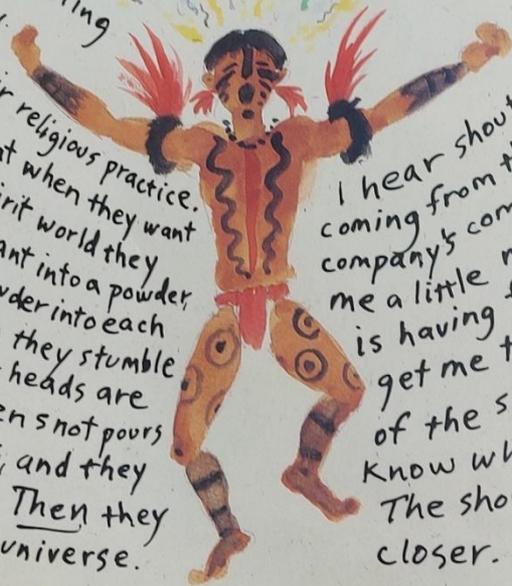
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Yup – the gator tastes like chicken



Oh my gosh ~  
Now a bunch of  
guys are waving  
their arms and shouting  
toward the sky.

It must be their religious practice.  
Dad told me that when they want  
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grind a certain plant into a powder,  
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others nose. Then they stumble  
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I hear shouts and hollers  
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The shouts are getting  
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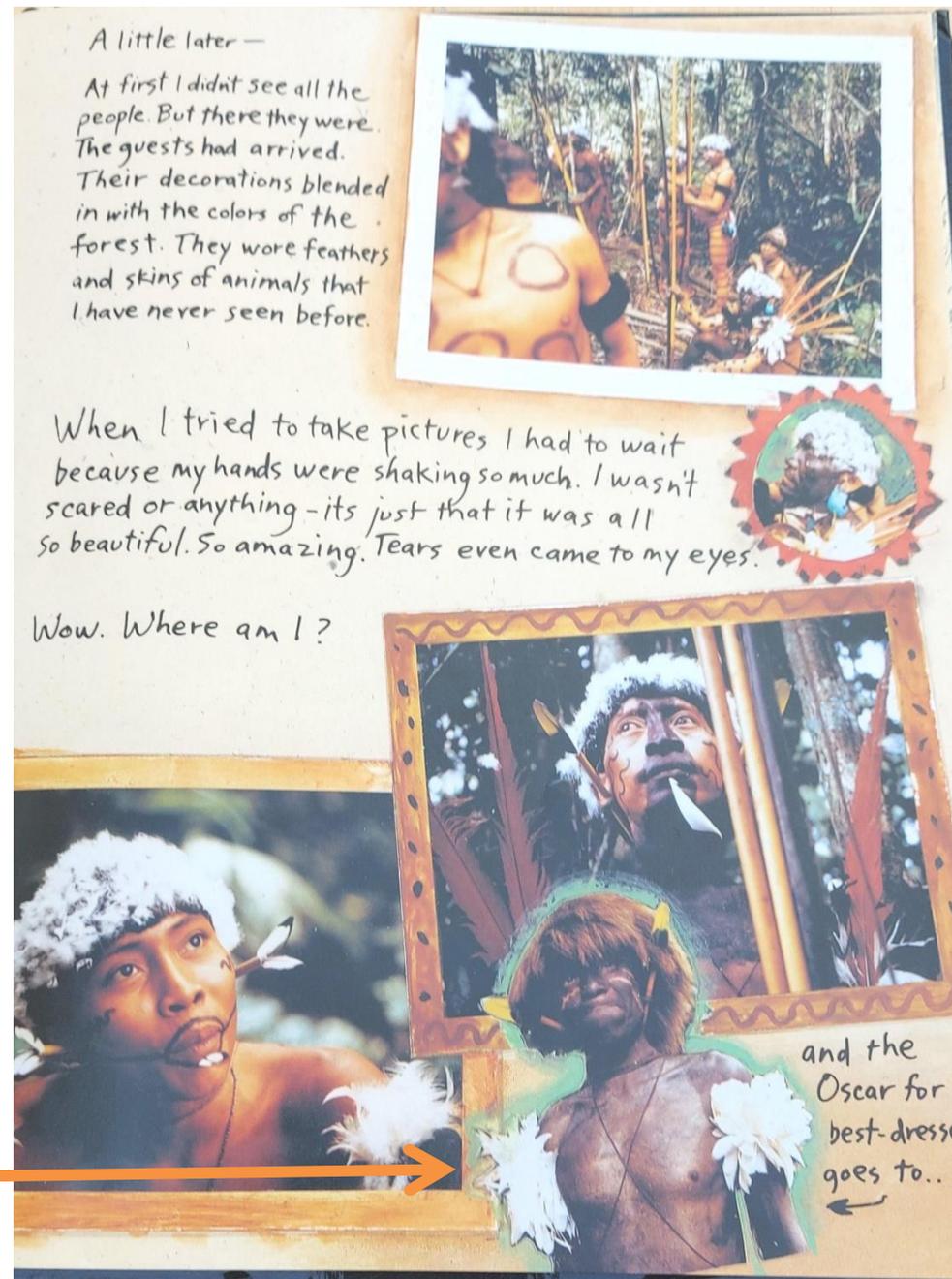
**A little later –**

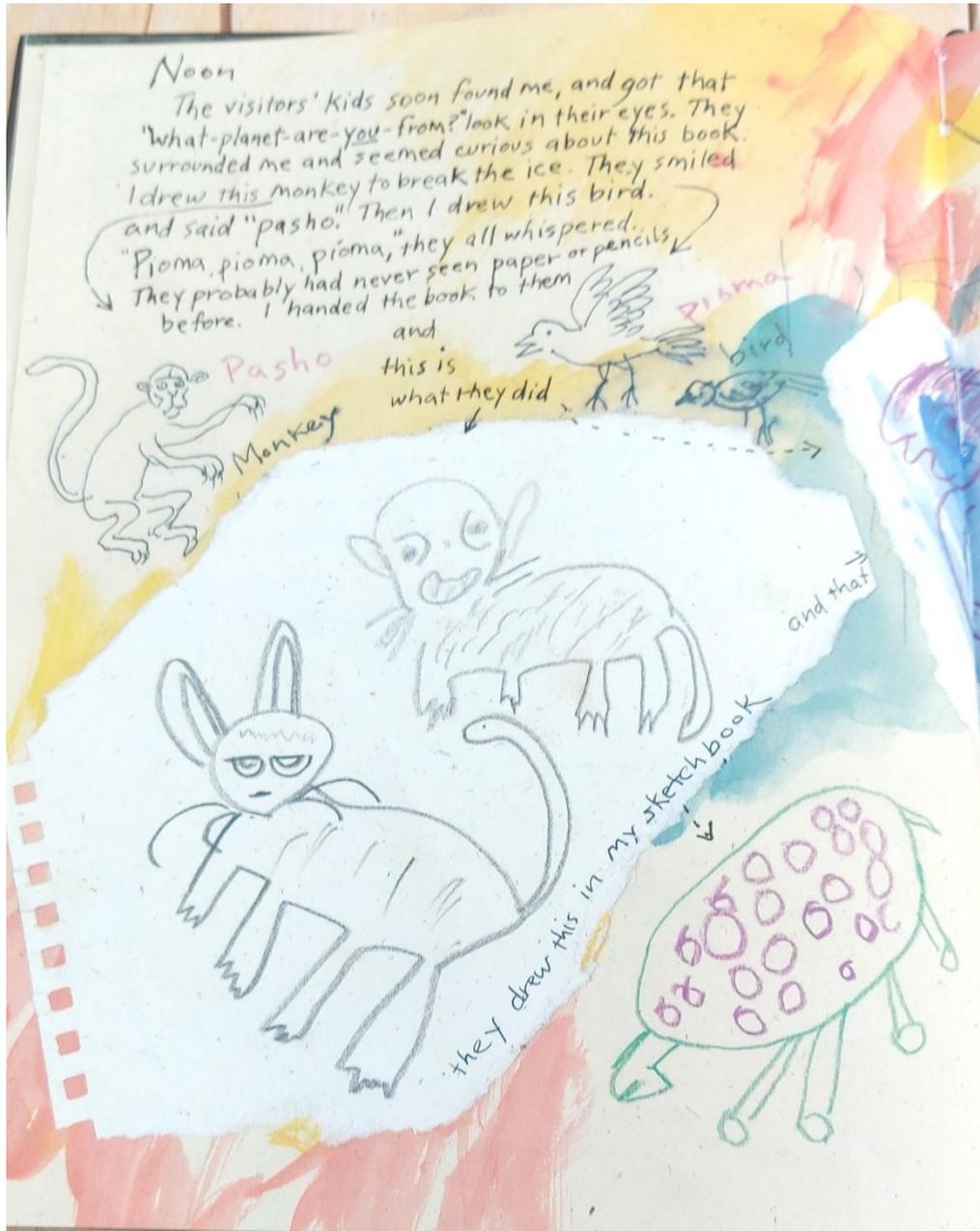
**At first I didn't see all the people. But there they were. The guests had arrived. Their decorations blended in with the colours of the rainforest. They wore feathers and skins of animals that I have never seen before.**

**When I tried to take pictures I had to wait because my hands were shaking so much. I wasn't scared or anything – it was just that it was all so beautiful. So amazing. Tears even came to my eyes.**

**Wow. Where am I ?**

**And the Oscar for best dressed goes to ....**

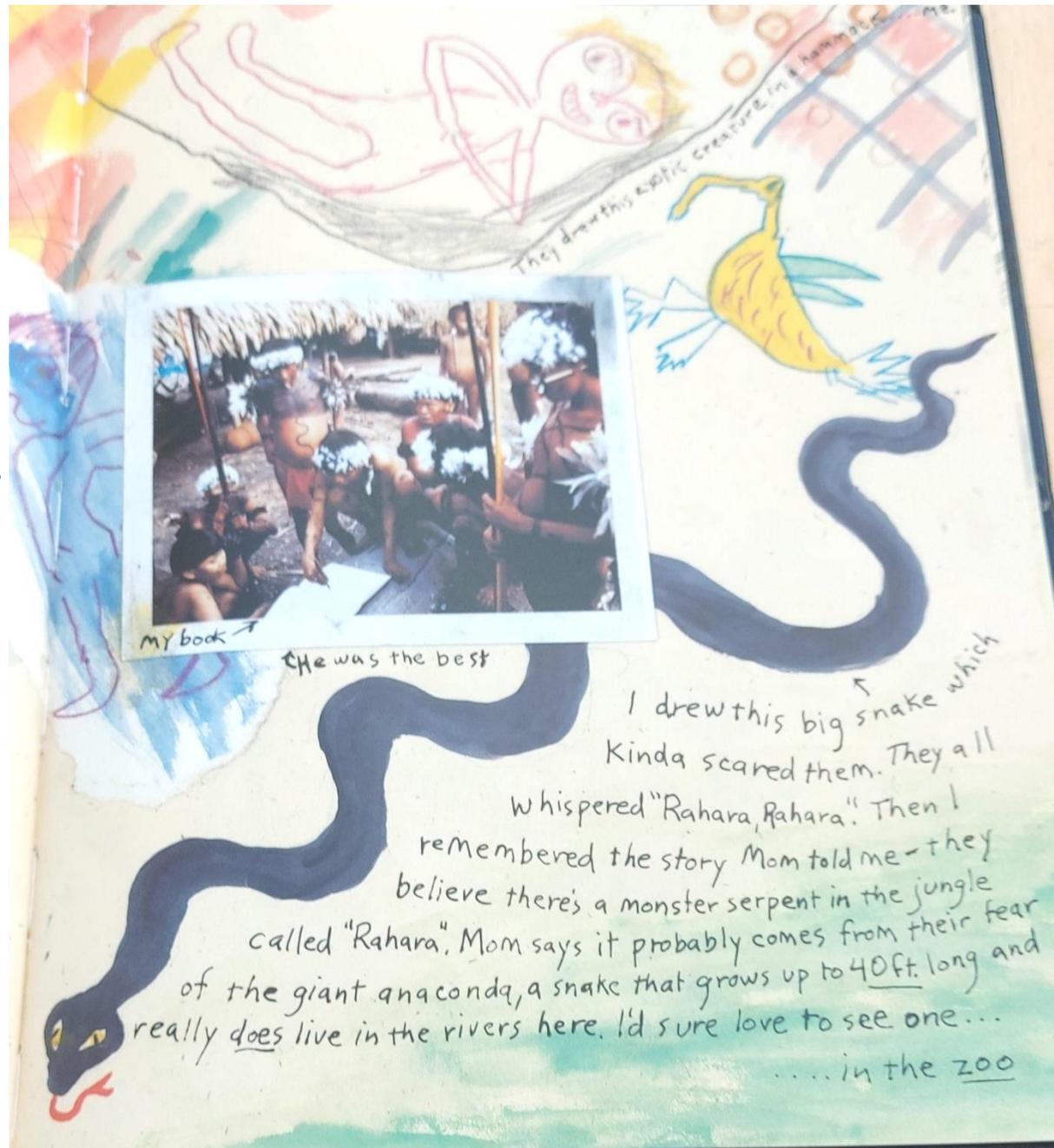


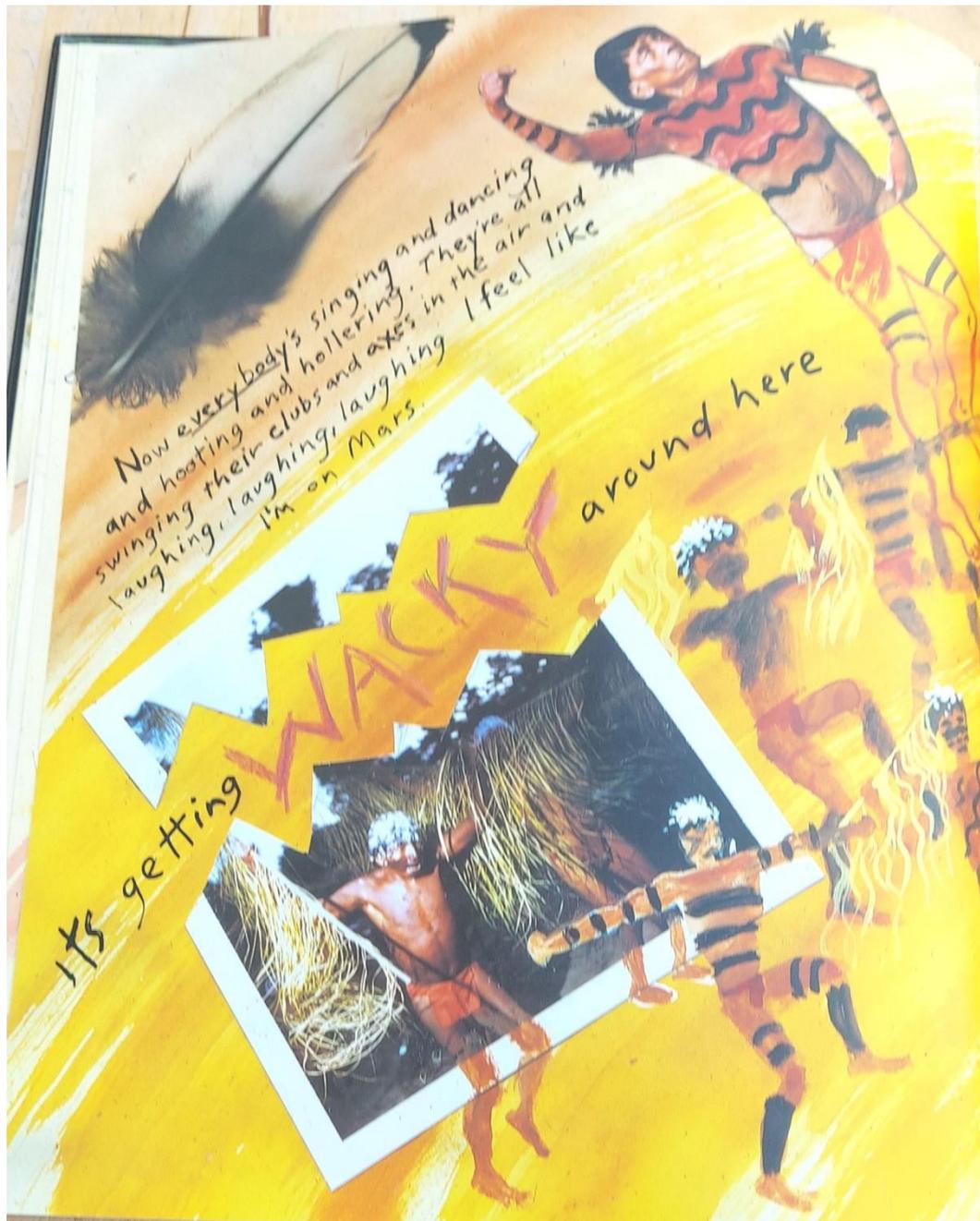


Noon

The visitors' kids soon found me, and got that "What-planet-are-you-from?" look in their eyes. They surrounded me and seemed curious about this book. I drew this monkey to break the ice. They smiled and said "pasho." Then I drew this bird. "pioma, pioma, pioma," they all whispered. They probably have never seen paper or pencils before. I handed the book to them and this is what they did ... They drew this in my sketchbook .... and that

I drew this big snake which kinda scared them. They all whispered "Rahara, Rahara." Then I remembered the story Mom told me – they believe there's a monster serpent in the jungle called "Rahara." Mom says it probably comes from their fear of the giant anaconda, a snake that grows up to 40 ft. long and really does live in the rivers here. I's sure love to see one ..... in the zoo





Now everybody's singing and dancing and hooting and hollering. They're all swinging their clubs and axes in the air and laughing, laughing, laughing.

I feel like I'm on Mars

It's getting **WACKY** around here

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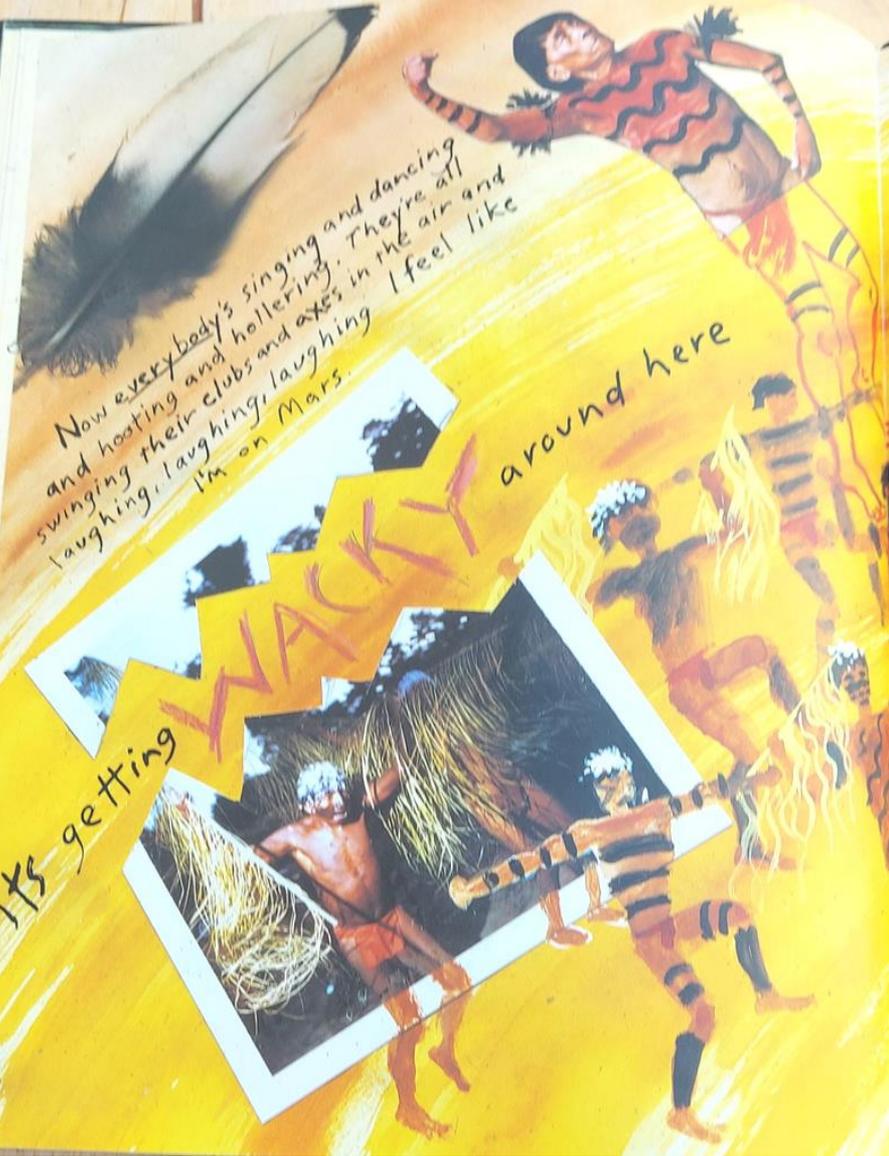
It's getting

NACKY

feathers that flew off dancers

YEE-HA A A

Kids  
follow  
their  
MOMS





2:15 P.M.

# Items on the Yanomami Stock Exchange

bow & arrows

arrow points

beads

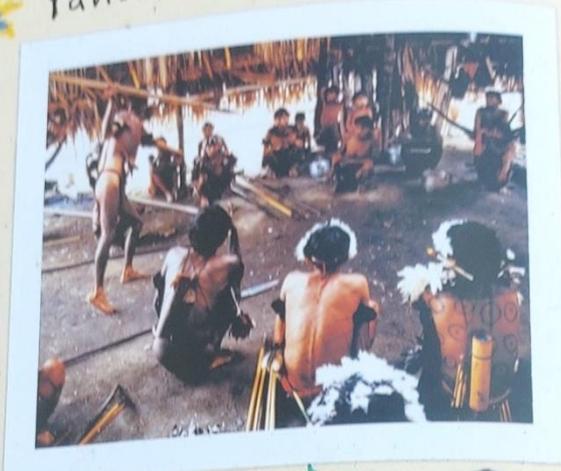
leopard hat jaguar

baskets

ear doo-dads

axe heads

monkey fur armbands



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## Items on the Yanomami Stock Exchange

Bows and arrows

Beads

Baskets

Axe head

Feather armbands

Arrow points

Jaguar hat

Ear doo-dads

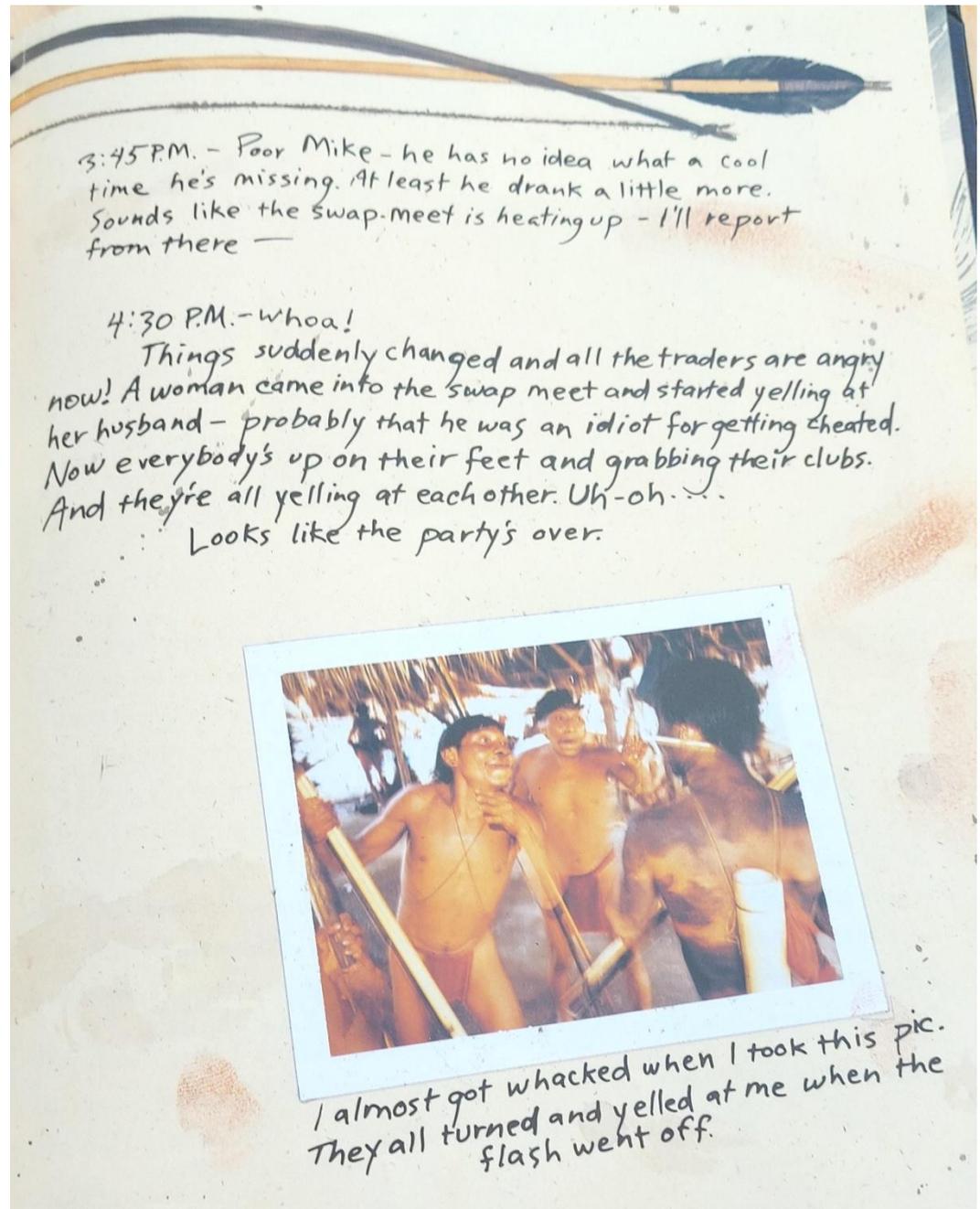
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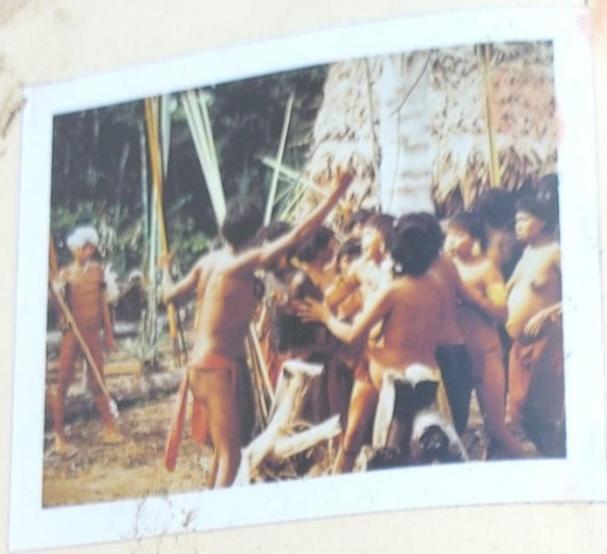
The dancing finally ended and everyone rested for a while. Now the men have gathered for what appears to be a big trading session. All the trade stuff is piled in the centre of a big circle, with the visitors on one side and the "home team" on the other. Wakima's dad is trying to trade a bow and arrow for a visitor's fur hat, but the visitor wants more arrows thrown in for the deal. Everyone on the sidelines is giving their opinion, it seems ("you're getting rooked!" or maybe - "Hold on to that jaguar! It's getting harder to come by!") It's their spectator sport, I guess. This could go on for hours. I better go check on Mike.

**3.45 P.M. – Poor Mike – he has no idea what a cool time he is missing. At least he drank a little more. Sounds like the swap-meet is heating up – I'll report from there –**

**4.30 P.M. – Whoa  
Things suddenly changed and all the traders are angry now. A woman came into the swap-meet and started yelling at her husband – probably that he was an idiot for getting cheated. Now everybody's on their feet and grabbing their clubs. And they're all yelling at each other. Uh – oh .... Look's like the party's over**

**I almost got whacked when I took this pic. They all turned and yelled at me when the flash went off.**





The air is electric here now. Things sure have turned ugly fast. Something exploded between Bub (Wakima's brother) and a big guy from the visiting village and now it's a free-for-all. The big guy keeps snarling at Bub and grabbing Katoma, Bub's other sister, like he's trying to take her. Then Bub grabs her back and hits the guy. I wish I could help Katoma - she's so upset. Bub just whacked "Snarly" with his club. What guts - he couldn't be more than 14 and Snarly's a grown-up. The visiting women have grabbed their babies and are hiding behind their men, who are standing together with their bows drawn. Bub and his dad, the chief, are leading our guys now. They've gotten Katoma away from Snarly and are forcing him and the other visitors out of the shapono.

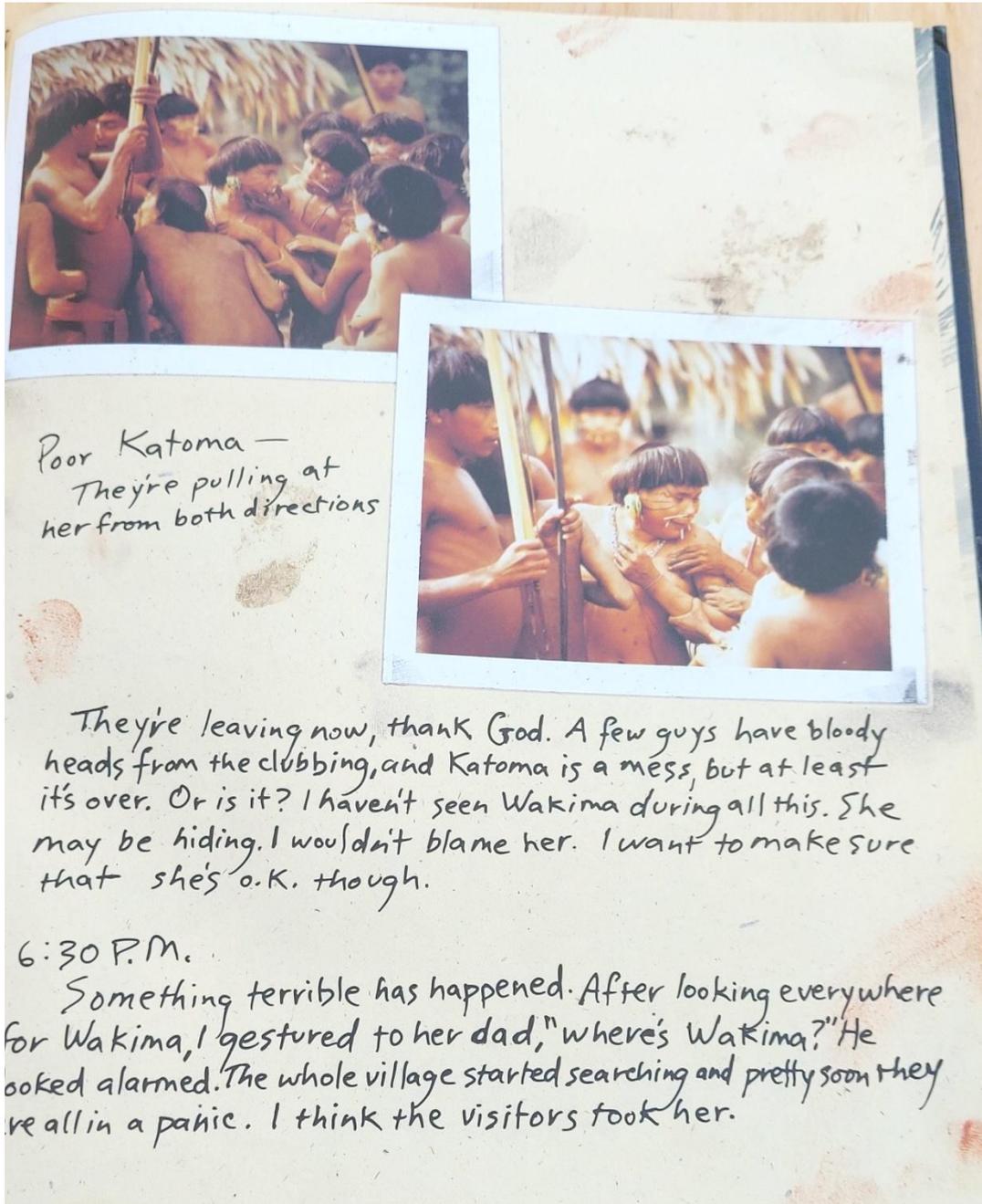
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**Poor Katoma – They're pulling at her from both directions**

**They're leaving now, thank God. A few guys have bloody heads from the clubbing, and Katoma is a mess, but at least it's over. Or is it? I haven't seen Wakima during all of this. She may be hiding. I wouldn't blame her. I want to make sure that she's ok though.**

**6.30 P.M.**

**Something terrible has happened. After looking everywhere for Wakima, I gestured to her dad, "where's Wakima?" He looked alarmed. The whole village started searching and pretty soon they were all in a panic. I think the visitors took her.**



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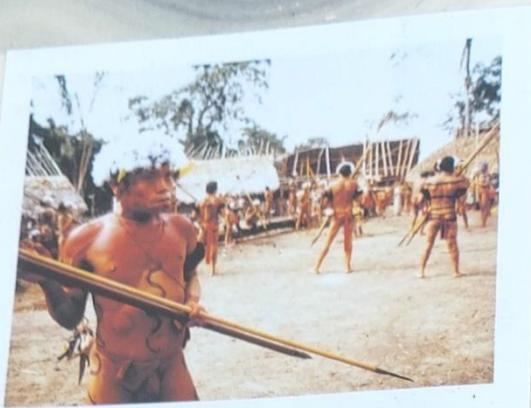
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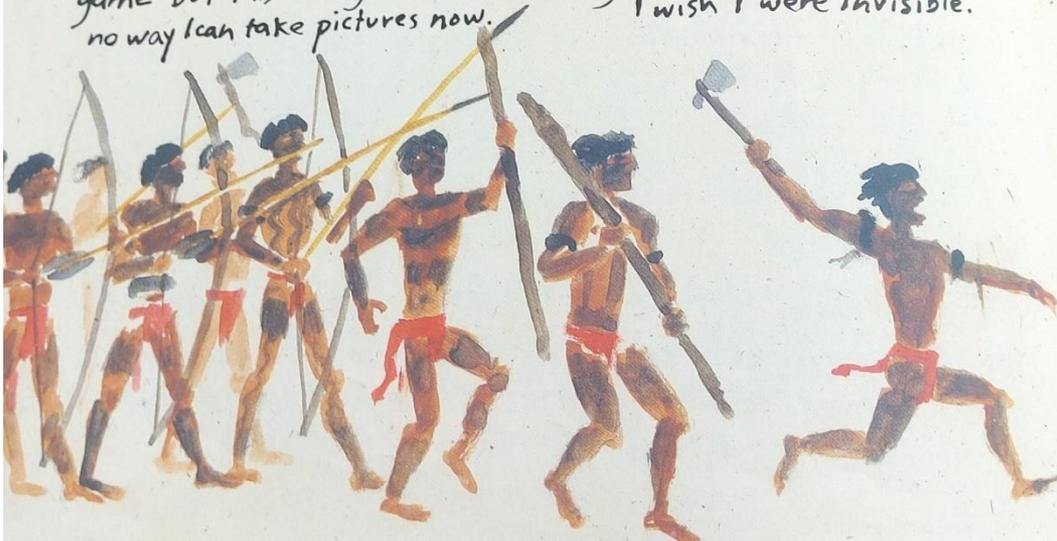
Dec 29 11:00 A.M.

It's hard to write now, but I have to do something. I'm very scared. The babies are crying – even the parrots are crying. The men are no longer dads, husbands, hunters or gardeners – they're warriors. They've lined up in the centre of the shapono and are taking turns charging at a straw dummy. They let out bloodcurdling screams as they hack at their "enemy" with clubs and axes. It's like a psyche-up for a big game – but this is no game. I'm recording it all on my Walkman. There's no way I can take pictures now. I wish I were invisible.



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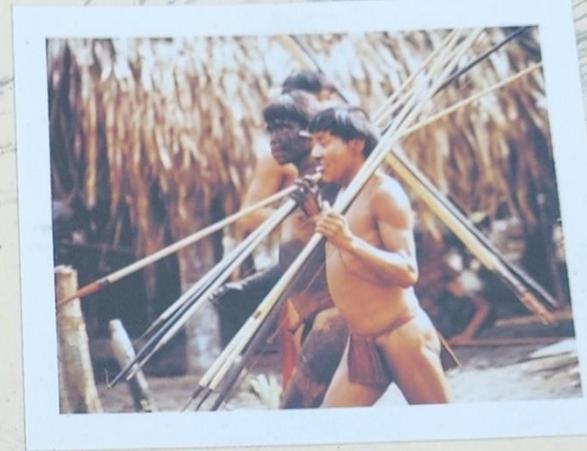


**Bub is acting kinda weird. He and his two buddies are in a corner sharpening arrow points. He's too young to be a warrior, but he really got shamed yesterday when they kidnaped his sister from right under his nose.**

**If there is going to be a war, I just hope that no one dies, and that they bring back Wakima.**

**Uh-oh – Bub and his pals just sneaked out under the back wall with their weapons – I'll finish this later -**

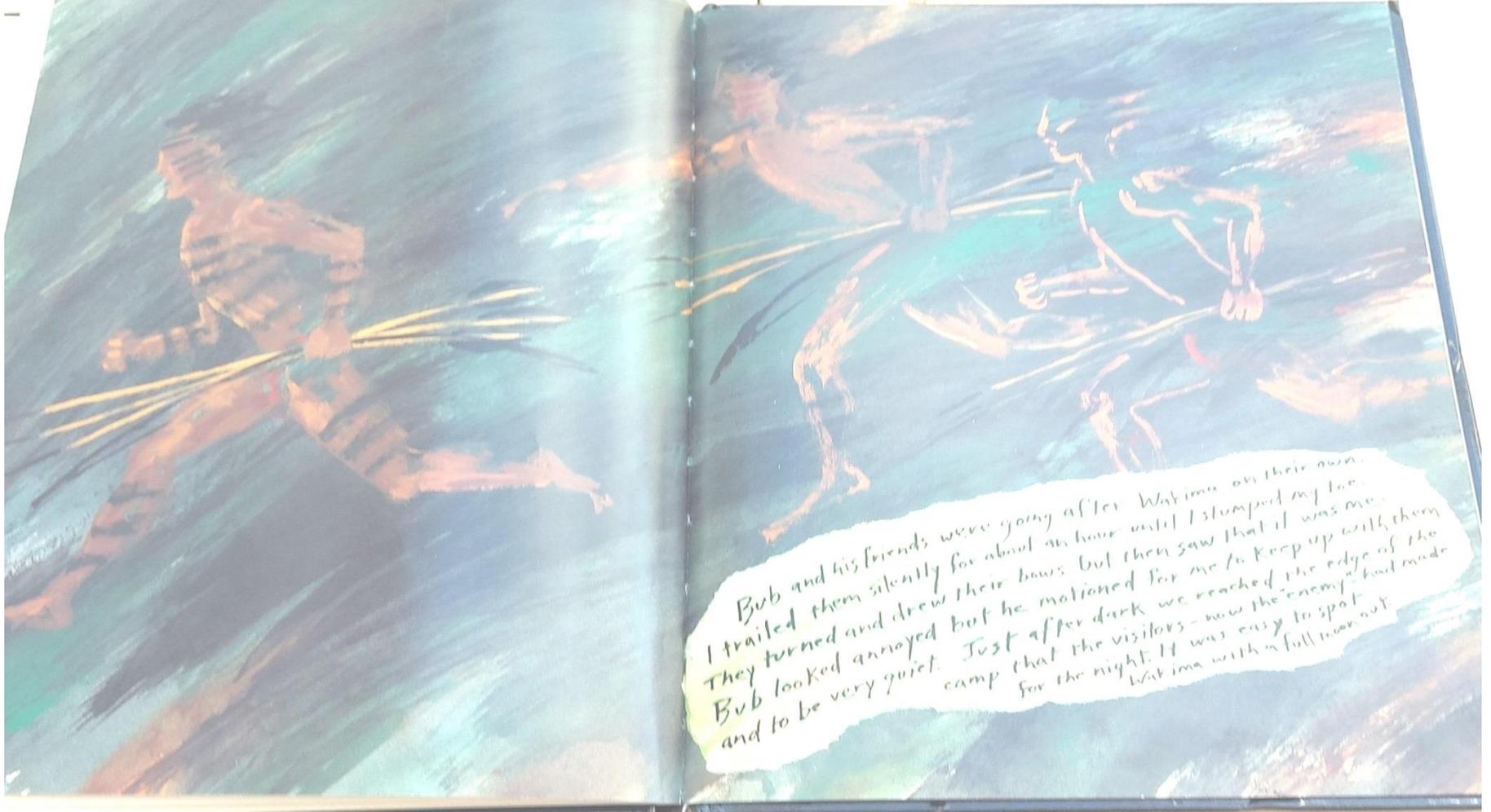
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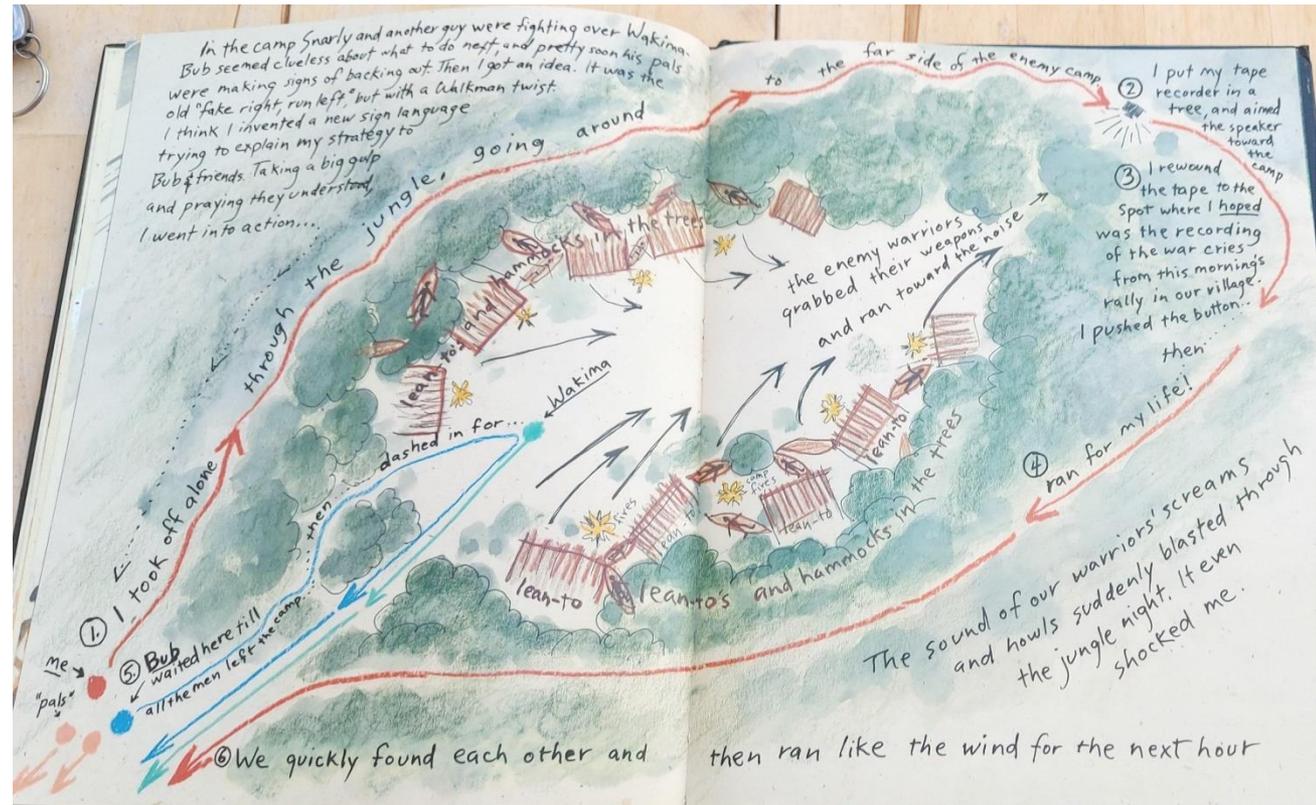


Bub and his friends were going after Wakima on their own. I trailed them silently for about an hour until I stumped my toe. They turned and drew their bows but then saw that it was me. Bub looked annoyed but he motioned for me to keep up with them and to be very quiet. Just after dark we reached the edge of the camp that the visitors - now the "enemy" had made for the night. It was easy to spot Wakima with a full moon out.

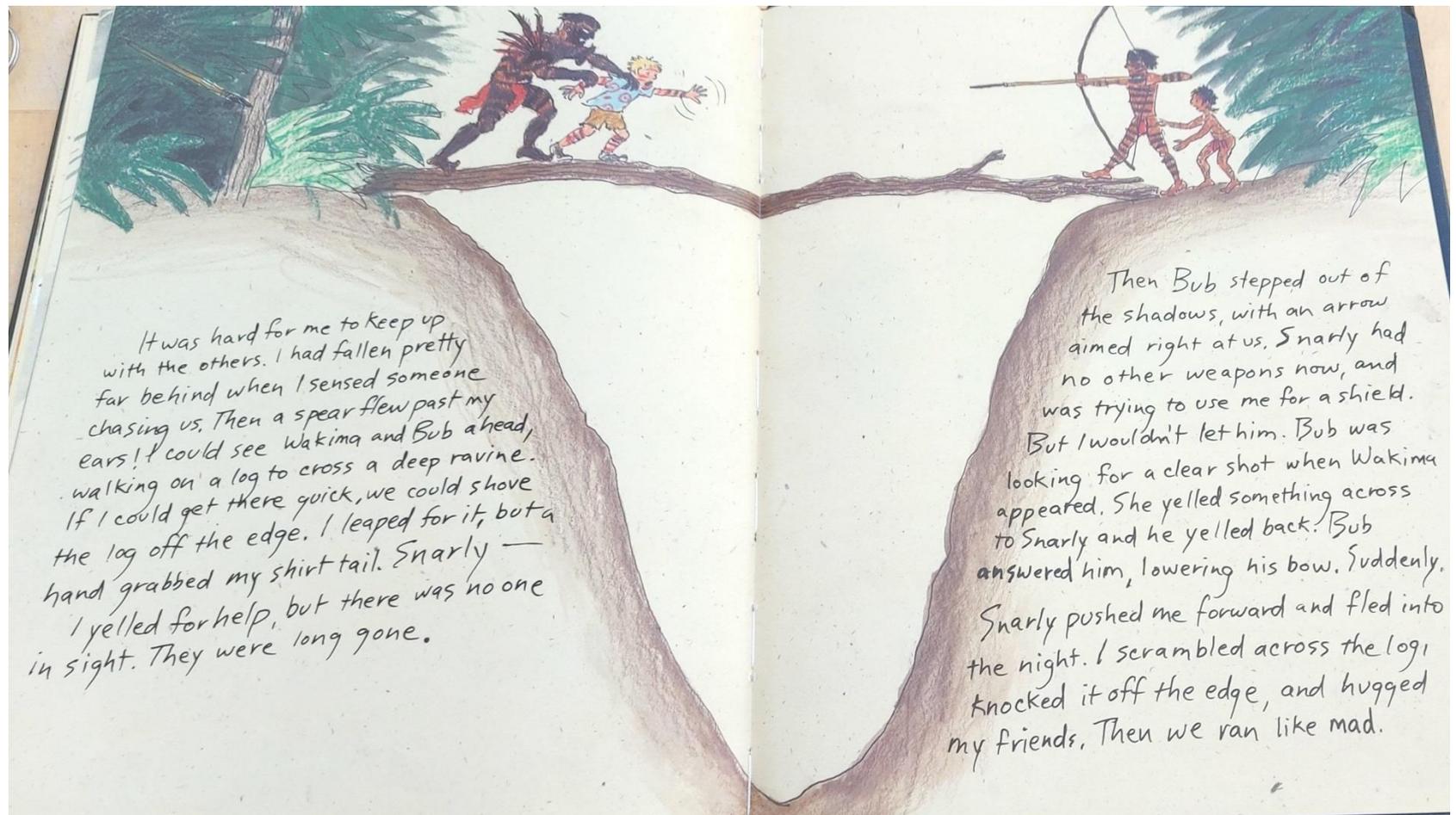
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1. I took off alone through the jungle, going around to the far side of the enemy camp.
2. I put my tape recorder in a tree, and aimed the speaker toward the camp.



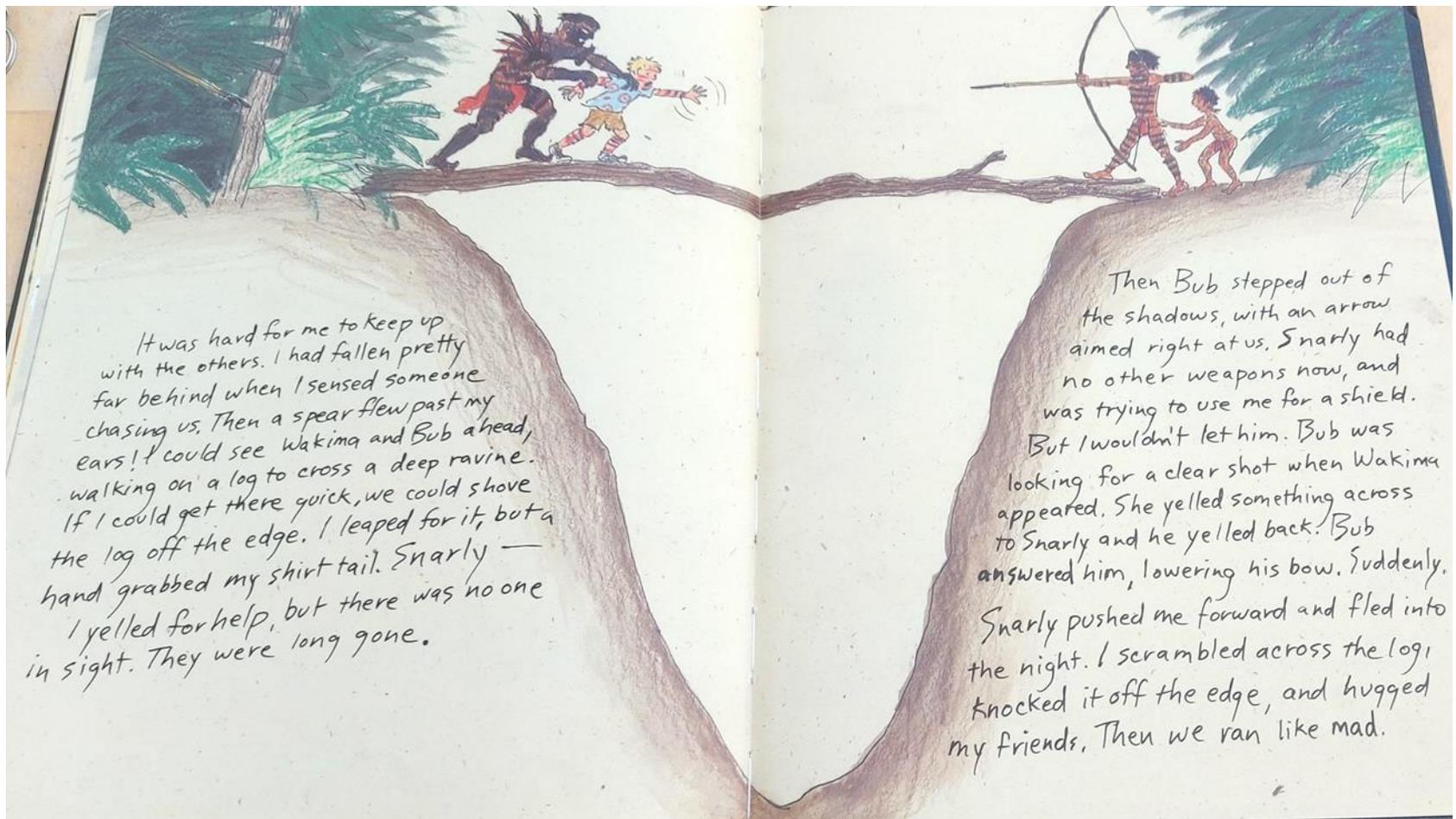
3. I rewound the tape to the spot where I hoped was the recording of the war cries from the morning's rally in the village. I pushed the button..... then .....
4. Ran for my life! The sound of our warriors screams and howls suddenly blasted through the jungle night. It even shocked me.
5. Bub waited at the entrance till all the men left the camp ... Then ..dashed in for Wakima
6. We quickly found each other and then ran like the wind for the next hour.



It was hard for me to keep up with the others. I had fallen pretty far behind when I sensed someone chasing us. Then a spear flew past my ears! I could see Wakima and Bub ahead, walking on a log to cross a deep ravine. If I could get there quick, we could shove the log off the edge. I leaped for it, but a hand grabbed my shirt tail. Snarly — I yelled for help, but there was no one in sight. They were long gone.

Then Bub stepped out of the shadows, with an arrow aimed right at us. Snarly had no other weapons now, and was trying to use me for a shield. But I wouldn't let him. Bub was looking for a clear shot when Wakima appeared. She yelled something across to Snarly and he yelled back. Bub answered him, lowering his bow. Suddenly, Snarly pushed me forward and fled into the night. I scrambled across the log, knocked it off the edge, and hugged my friends. Then we ran like mad.

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**We finally stopped to rest alongside a stream and I had a chance to take off my sneakers. Somehow, a tiny frog had crawled into one, shimmied down to my toes and died. He must have been there a long time. I guess I have been distracted.**

**He was our only casualty.**

**Just before dawn we ran into the war party coming from our village, led by Wakima's and Bub's father. You should've seen the looks on the warrior's faces – surprise, disbelief, joy, amazement. Actually, I think it can be summed up in one word – R.E.L.I.E.F**

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Dec. 30

Boy, did it feel good to walk into our shapono, sort of like soldiers coming home from the war. Wakima's family and friends were all over us - in fact, the whole village came out. Then a strange sound hit my ears - English. "Alex, you're alive!" It was Mike, the pilot, awake at last. He laughed at seeing me all painted up. I told him some of what he had missed while he was "out-of-it." He was shocked to hear that we had already been there for almost two weeks. He said we had to leave at first light tomorrow and find our way back to the plane crash site, because the emergency radio transmitter would've sent out distress signals from there and that's where any rescuers would go. It had been a long time since I'd thought about being "rescued," or even leaving. I'm using the rest of the day today to work on my diary and catch up on all of yesterday's events. And then to say my goodbyes.

I'm not really ready to leave, but I know that what I'm taking with me is what matters. I love the people here, and the way they live - like one giant family. I love the forest, and the river, and the night. I love my friends - Bub, his dad, Wakima. I love feeling accepted. I don't think I need anything else except knowing this.

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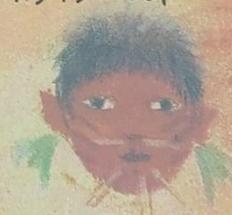


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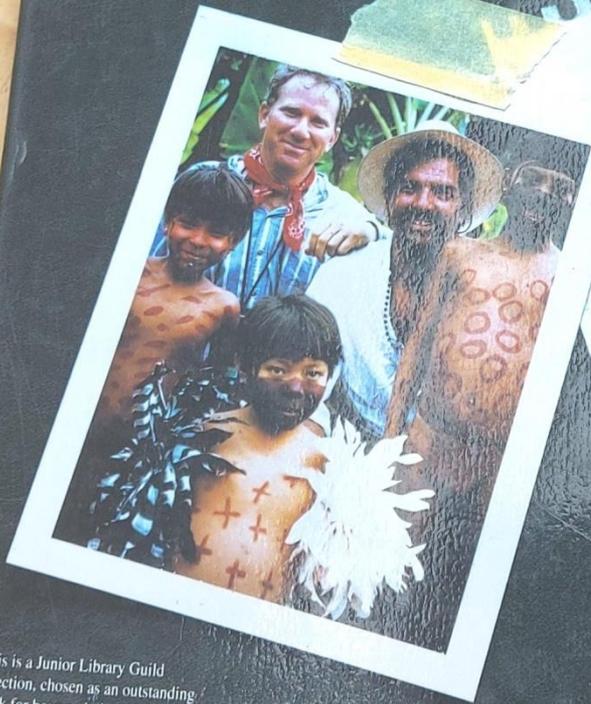


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This is a Junior Library Guild  
selection, chosen as an outstanding  
book for boys and girls. (A Group)

Book Club Edition



ISBN 0-399-22916-7