

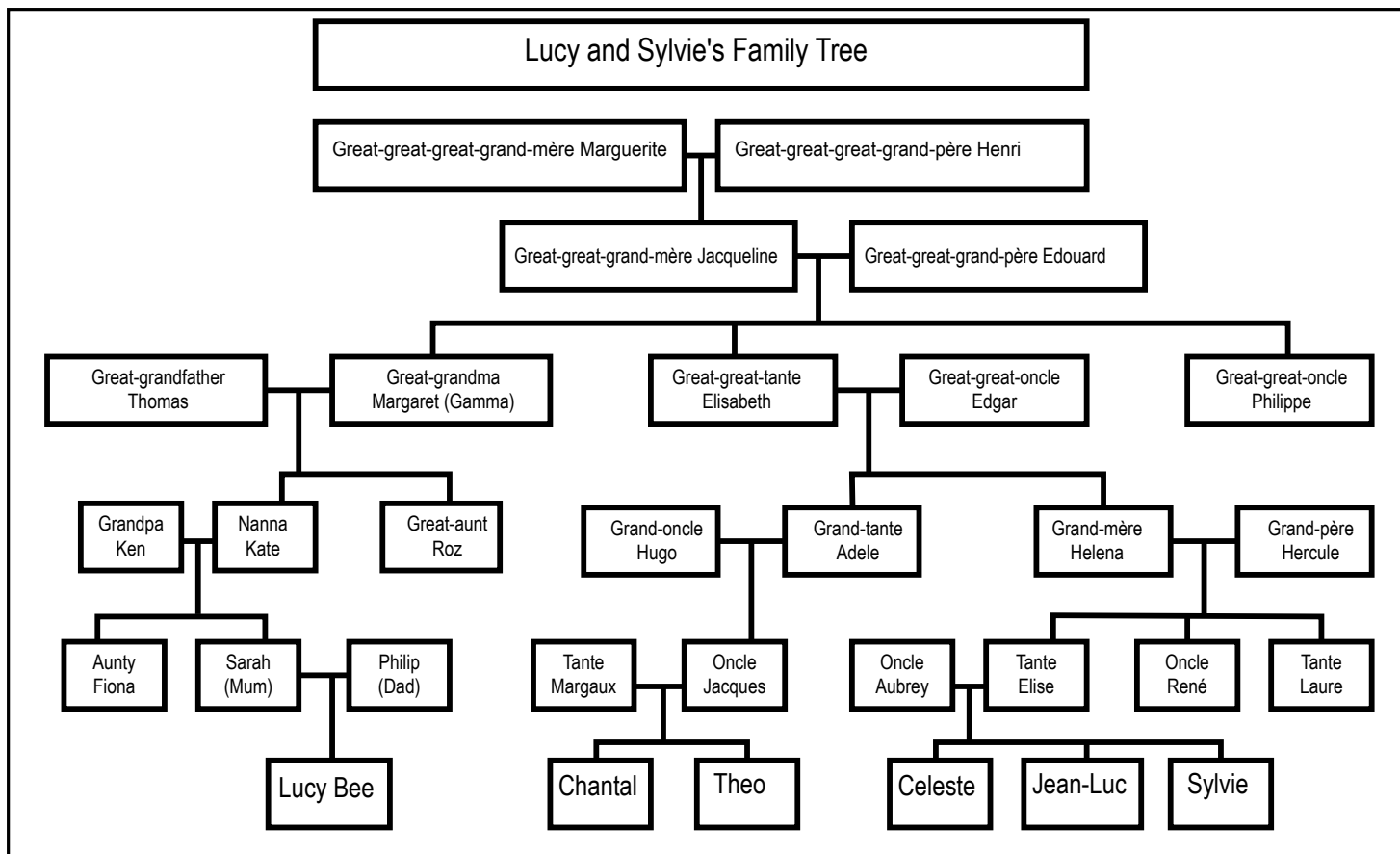
Bonjour Lucy Bee

ACTIVITIES

GET WRITING!

1. FAMILY TREE

It's fun to know where you fit in your wider family. Draw up a family tree to include your sisters and brothers, your parents, cousins, aunts and uncles, and grandparents. Can you go back as far as your great-grandparents, or even further back? As an example, here is Lucy Bee's family tree. (see page 6 of the sample chapter)



2. WRITING AN ADVENTURE

Have you ever been in a really dangerous predicament with a friend? Did you work together to try to get yourselves out of the peril you were in? Or was it left to just one of you to find a way through? Write down what happened, step by step, and how it all ended. OR: Imagine yourself in a highly hazardous situation and what you did about it. Here is an example where Lucy and Sylvie were tested to the extreme. (Pages 188-189)

We rushed up on deck to find we were in the middle of the canal. Looking back we couldn't see the port at all. There were no boats behind us, nothing at all. At a distance away to the right, there was a cluster of lights.

"The village," I yelled. "We're floating downstream!"

It was completely black on both sides of the canal but we could hear the rush of water. Ahead were two red lights. I knew what they were. Lock lights warning that the lock was closed.

"We're going to crash into the lock," I yelled at Sylvie.

"*Mais, regarde!*" Sylvie screamed.

Then I saw it, at least I saw the white frothing water. A weir! It was dragging the *Elisabet* over towards it.

"*Vite, vite*, quick, quick!" Sylvie ran into the wheelhouse. She turned the key in the ignition. The motor came to life. "You sit," she commanded.

I sat in front of the wheel, knowing only I could steer as Sylvie was not big enough to see where she was going, but could I steer us out of this? Uncle had always been at my shoulder before, guiding me.

Sylvie switched on the navigation lights which lit up the horror that lay before us. In a few short minutes we would be swept across the weir.

My heart thumping, I pulled the engine control lever into reverse. I had done this before. The *Elisabet* gave a shudder and slowed. I pulled down harder and she slowly began to go backwards.

"Straight! Straight!" cried Sylvie, now kneeling in front of the wheelhouse.

There was a bump, a grinding sound. We'd hit the bank. Now we were sideways across the canal and pointing straight towards the weir.

I swallowed, put the lever into neutral. Now what? Dare I use that bow thruster? It was too scary. I pushed the lever forward slightly, turned the wheel to the right and pressed the button. My heart was thumping so loudly I could hear it in my ears. But we began to straighten up. I gave the bow thruster another burst. Too much. Now we were going sideways in the other direction.

"Sorry, *Elisabet*," I murmured. I turned the wheel slightly to the left. We gradually straightened up but the weir was getting closer and closer. I reversed, hearing Uncle's voice in my ear, 'Gently, gently?'

Back we went, bit by bit, into the dark. I couldn't tell where we were going but Sylvie was making encouraging faces at me. It seemed like hours later but it was probably only seconds when there was another bump. I'd driven us into the bank again. Sylvie put her hands palms up, signalling me to stop. I put the lever into neutral and she scrambled onto the deck.

My heart in my mouth, I watched her flying onto the bank. There was a cry and then a scrabbling noise.

"Okay!" she called. "Throw to me the bow rope." She'd been tying us up! The stern rope was attached to a

3. WRITING ABOUT AN UNFAMILIAR PLACE

- (a) When you visit a place for the first time, everything seems new and fresh, more vivid. Think of a time when you visited a country or town where things are very different from where you live.

Write down your first impressions. What was different and what was the same? Describe this place, focussing on the main things that stood out for you. Read Lucy's first impressions of the village in France where she is staying. (pages 18-19)

the bank, just in time to see the black barge casting off. *Amila* was painted along the side in white. A skinny man in shorts and grubby white vest was coiling up a rope at the stern. He had a ponytail. I waved. He glared at me, then turned and stepped into the wheelhouse.

"Be like that then," I said.

We walked to the village along a pathway that ran alongside the blind house.

"Who lives there?" I asked.

"Raoul. He is *bricanteur* – he sell old things."

"Antiques?" Mum said.

"*Oui*. But now he stay above his shop in the village. The house it is closed."

It sure was. Every single window was shuttered up tight as though it was hiding something.

The village was busy with cars edging their way through narrow streets, and people dodging traffic. Everyone knew Tante and stopped to say "*Bonjour Madame*". When Tante introduced Mum and me, we started saying *bonjour* too. But then people replied to us in French and we couldn't understand them. Only a few spoke English.

Madame Daubigny, Sylvie's ballet teacher was one. No wonder I'd thought Sylvie looked like a ballet dancer – she *was* a ballet dancer. "Sylvie is very good pupil," Madame told us. "She move delicate like a fairy and she is strong also. But

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perhaps, more practice *est nécessaire*." I couldn't take my eyes off Madame Daubigny's painted face with her bright blue eye shadow and red lipstick leaking into wrinkles around her mouth.

The shops were small and full of people. A queue came right out the door at *La Boulangerie*. Through the window I could see baskets of bread and trays of pastries. The smell was amazing. My stomach was rumbling and we'd only just had breakfast.

As we climbed up the slope, past tubs overflowing with flowers, church bells chimed. We had to step down onto the cobbled road to get past a café that had tables all over the footpath. Ahead, at the top of the road were a pair of huge black wrought iron gates with gold scrolls along the top.

"Our *château*, Trebigny," Tante said. "The village grow around it. So, it have *le nom* Trebigny also."

A tourist bus ground its way past us up the hill, stopping by the gate. Passengers poured out.

"Can we go inside the *château*?" I asked.

"Of course," Tante said. "*Demain*, tomorrow. Today we look only."

Once we had passed through the gates I could see a castle. It had a moat! A bridge across it led through a tall gatehouse into a large square courtyard in front of the *château*.

"It's lovely!" I breathed. "Like something out of a fairy tale."

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- (b) Lucy is trying hard to learn French but is frequently confused about what is being said. And often the French people cannot understand her. Look at this example on page 60.

The doctor very gently pushed a cushion under Mum's leg. She gritted her teeth and gave a funny little moan. "*Désolé,*" he said, looking at her with concern.

Mum's lips were white and stretched with pain. Carefully, he draped the icepack over her rapidly swelling shin.

When the guide tried to give Mum the glass of water, he pushed it away. "*Non! Rien à manger ou boire.*"

Tante looked worried. "Nothing to eat or drink? *Pourquoi?*" she asked.

I knew *pourquoi* means 'why', but I couldn't understand the doctor's reply.

Tante tried to tell us but she didn't know the words in English.

"Fibula break," the doctor said. "Per'aps surgery *nécessaire.* *L'ambulance* come. Go *hôpital pour radiographie.*"

Mum's face was tight. She nodded.

He smiled kindly at her. "*Désolé,*" he said again. "I 'ave little English."

Mum tried to smile back. "*Merci, docteur.*"

The ambulance arrived in fifteen minutes. Two uniformed paramedics wearing white gloves gently manoeuvred Mum onto a stretcher. It wasn't easy getting her down that curving staircase.

Tante and I watched as they loaded her into the back of the ambulance.

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If you have been in a situation where the people speak another language, how did you manage? Explain the challenges you faced, trying to understand and/or speak the language. Were there any awkward or embarrassing moments, worrying times, funny encounters, or successes? Try and turn your experience into a story with a beginning, a middle and an end.

4. PERSONAL WRITING

In *Bonjour Lucy Bee*, Qasim and Lucy come from very different backgrounds (see pages 50-51). Do you have a friend or classmate that comes from another country or place in New Zealand?

<p>Beau's head. A shoe lay to one side and the boy's ankle, roughly bandaged in an old T-shirt, was resting on the backpack.</p> <p>The boy looked up at me, uncertainty and exhaustion written all over his face. He was about my age, judging by his size, but his serious expression was not that of a young person. What had he been through to look the way he did?</p> <p>"Are you all right?" I said stupidly. It was obvious he wasn't and he wouldn't understand me anyway.</p> <p>But he did. "My foot," he said weakly.</p> <p>"Is it broken?" I asked.</p> <p>He picked up a bottle of water and put it to his lips. "I can walk a little," he said, his English strongly accented.</p> <p>"Why are you here alone? Where are the others? I saw five of you yesterday."</p> <p>"They had to go. Many police here."</p> <p>"And they left you?"</p> <p>"I walk too slow."</p> <p>"When did they go?"</p> <p>"Yesterday."</p> <p>"Did you sleep here?"</p> <p>He nodded.</p> <p>I knelt down and gently touched his ankle. I could feel the heat coming through the T-shirt bandage, but he was shivering despite wearing a jacket and beanie. He smelt of stale sweat.</p> <p>"I think you need to see a doctor."</p> <p>"No! I cannot see doctor."</p>	<p>"Why?"</p> <p>"Doctor will tell police." He shut his eyes, screwed up his face. "They will send me back," he whispered.</p> <p>"Where are you from?"</p> <p>"Afghanistan. My family killed."</p> <p>"I'm so sorry." My heart hammered against my chest.</p> <p>"You can't stay here," I said. "You're not well. Not at all well."</p> <p>He opened his eyes, stared up at me. Dark brown eyes. I never knew eyes could reveal so much. Fear. Exhaustion. Hope.</p> <p>What was I going to do? Could I tell Tante? Take him back to Tante? She was so kind, she would help. But Celeste... I could just see her doing a rant, getting the authorities to come and get him.</p> <p>I thought of the outbuildings in the orchard. Could I hide him in one of those? Just for a few days? But that was no place for a sick person. That bedroom in the blind house? No one ever went there. Not even Raoul.</p> <p>"What is your name?" I asked.</p> <p>"Qasim."</p> <p>"Lucy Bee," I said, pointing to myself.</p> <p>"Loosybee," he said, his face breaking into a smile.</p> <p>"Can you stand up?" I asked, giving him my hand.</p> <p>It was a slow trek to the blind house. Qasim could put a little weight on his foot, so I hopped his ankle wasn't broken, just</p>
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- Write down how you first met.
- Describe how you felt about this person initially.
- Outline some of the things you have talked about or done together that have helped you to get to know each other better.
- Give some examples of what you have learnt from this friend and what you been able to teach them.
- Finish by summarising how you feel about this friend now that you have known them for a while.

Do you have a journal? Why not try writing a journal of your activities during these weeks until school starts again?