



Unit 6

An Australian novel

Cross-curricular – Literature *After Summer* by Nick Earls

i INSIDE INFORMATION

- Nick Earls is a popular Australian writer. He has written books for teenagers and for adults.
- *After Summer* was Earls' first novel and it won a number of prizes. It is about a boy who is on his summer holidays. The extract below is from the start of the novel. The narrator is the teenage boy.
- In Australia the original title was *After January* because the summer holidays in Australia begin in December and end in January.

1 Przeczytaj tekst. Jak się czuje jego autor?

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1 very happy | 3 nervous |
| 2 excited | 4 bored |

► WORD BOOSTER

Dopasuj wyrazy 1–5 do definicji a–e.

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| 1 waves | a killing somebody for doing a crime |
| 2 execution | b lines of water that go up and down in the sea |
| 3 turn | c shining back |
| 4 reflecting | d move 180° for example |
| 5 showers | e place where you wash with water |

2 Przeczytaj ponownie tekst. Zdecyduj, czy poniższe zdania 1–8 są zgodne z jego treścią (T – true), czy – nie (F – false).

- 1 This summer holiday is different from other summer holidays because the boy has just finished school.
- 2 The boy is waiting for some news which will make a difference to his future life.
- 3 The boy isn't having a good time because he's thinking so much about the 20th January.
- 4 The boy will get his results letter before he sees the newspaper.
- 5 The boy prefers swimming in the morning.
- 6 The boy finds it relaxing to enter the cold water.
- 7 The boy always looks for the place where the waves are the best.
- 8 Today the boy waits for one very big wave before he gets out.

3 Wymyśl tytuł do poniższego tekstu i uzasadnij swój wybór.

Title

Explanation

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4 Odpowiedz na pytania 1–2.

- 1 Do you like beach holidays? Why?/Why not?
.....
.....
- 2 Have you ever been nervous waiting for exam results? When? What happened?
.....
.....

This begins in January, and January is OK. Sometimes it's as if the bright days of summer will last forever.

But the end of January is the end of the known world. It's been easy till now, relatively. I've had a new school year each January, but not this year.

This January I'm waiting for my offer, waiting for the message that will tell me what happens next. Waiting.

And the waiting is everywhere, in the waves and winds, in the familiar lights and sounds of the coastal summer, in the sun rising over the sea and going down through an orange sky into the Glasshouse Mountains.

The twentieth of January. Seventeen days from today. On the twentieth of January it comes out in the paper and I'll be there with the others from school around midnight at Newspaper House. I'll go down from the coast and I'll meet the others and we'll buy a paper and then we'll all know. And if the newspaper says I did it, I still won't believe it until I get the letter.

I need to stop thinking of this like an execution. I need to stop thinking and enjoy myself.

Whatever the weather is like I go to the beach early because I'm in the habit of it. It's the best time. I swim and the first cold wave always comes as a shock.

I swim in the sea right in front of the house. Even if there are better waves to the north or south, I usually swim here. These waves are mine.

This morning the waves aren't great but they're OK, coming in unspectacular threes and fours with long spaces between.

There are people out now, jogging, walking dogs, a girl in the surf. I see her when I turn and she's on a wave, lifting herself to a standing position on her board. And the sun is behind her, reflecting off the water so I don't see her well.

One more wave and I'll go in. I always want to wait for one last great wave but I know it won't come today. So I take the next one and go off to the showers. This is all part of my routine.

