Model Text

Plot point 1

“What was that?” I shoot around in a full circle, three-hundred-and-sixty degrees and can see nothing. Nothing other than thick lush foliage surrounding me. Who thought trekking through the Amazon was a bright idea? Chirps, croaks, moans and groans fill the air all around me and are totally deafening. Snap! What was that? A bead of sweat drips down my forehead. I stumble through an emerald clearing and see something glistening in the bright sunlight that bursts through the canopy. Is that an axe? A man! I stoop down and crouch – hidden – beneath the moving undergrowth. What is he doing?

*Plot point 2*

A few seconds later, I need to carefully and slowly re-adjust my position. I re-focus ahead, pulling back the array of long rubbery leaves, an entire spectrum of greens, which hang in front of my face. A truly breath-taking, picturesque and heavenly image awaits. It reminds me of the reason we came here. A gigantic speckled brown tree trunk stands before me, towering up into heaven, with millions of branches and trillions of emerald leaves attached to it. These thick branches move rhythmically - waving at me - like gigantic fingers. The foliage was so thick and lush above us, I could not even see the sky! Just tiny flecks of blue and light burst through the lush varied greens. It is teeming with life!

*Plot point 3*

On the ground in front of it, waves of movement across the plant leaves, I think it is what looks like millions of tiny warriors cross crossing over the foliage. Army ants – they deliver a nasty bite, I remember the guide telling us that when we first entered, I’ll stay away from them! Small six-legged monsters that are a rust amber colour, just like the colour of some of the leaves they are traveling over. ‘Rib-it. Rib-it.’ I focus in to the left of the gigantic tree, just above my face, a frog. It was mind-blowingly attractive – a powerful sky blue with pitch black splotches on it. It was mesmerising. It was drawing me to it with every sound its tiny body made. Suddenly, after I twitch, it flies through the air off into the undergrowth, never to be seen again. A movement in the opposite direction, next to the tree on its right, the man was just standing there, frozen. Focused on the great tree, looking puzzled and full of confusion. He barely moved. So still the wildlife was happy to move around him. If that was me I’d be scared stiff! He just stands there, sweat dripping off of him, his orange top stained with sweat patches and dirt. What is he doing?

Plot point 4

Movement. Again. Every inch of this place is alive and flourishing. Vines and branches dangle down from the canopy, some full of green life, others brown crumbly marking death in this place. A slow and laboured movement catches my eye again. It is a snake! No further than a few metres in front of my face. Constricting and twisting around the thick brown branch beneath it. Its greens, browns and blacks camouflaged it perfectly into its surroundings. It was weird though, it had a thick section in its middle – peculiar. I wonder why that is? Shooting into view were the most beautiful birds I had ever seen! A true bright red, offset with hints of yellow, blue and green on their wings. Their beaks did not stop moving, releasing a hypnotising melody. It was so beautiful I became transfixed. They were watching everything, everywhere. Constantly on guard or constantly having their attention caught by the life that was around us.

Plot point 5

I came back to my senses. I realised where I was. What do I do? Is the man safe to approach? I don’t really have any option as I have been separated from the group. I will have to approach and hope for the best. If he moves that is, I can’t say I have seen him move all the time I have been here. I stand up and slowly pull back the vines and branches, watching out for the boa constrictor. I step forward. He turns to my direction and opens his mouth…