

rise. It's about the steepest part on the way home and I really have to puff up that bit. Then I get to the top and there's a long steep slope going down. It's so steep and straight it makes you want to yell and I usually do. That's not all though.

Just as you start picking up speed on the down slope you get this whiff of pigs. Poo. Pigs. It makes you want to laugh and shout it's such a stink.

And as I go whizzing down and stretch on my bike I do a big sniff up, a great big sniff, and get a full load of smell of pigs. It's such a horrible great stink that I don't know how to describe it.

We've got a book in our library at school and in it there's a poem about bells and the poem says "joyous". "The joyous ringing of bells" or "bells ringing joyous". Something like that. Well "joyous" is the word I think of when I smell the pigs. Joyous. A joyous big stink of pigs. It's really great.

It's not far to my place after I've taken the straight. When I get home I lean my bike up against the shed and I feel really hot and done for. I don't go straight inside though. Instead I flop myself down on the grass underneath the lemon tree and I pick a lemon and take a huge bite of it.

The lemons on our tree are as sour as sour, but I take a big bite because I feel so good. It makes me pull awful faces and roll over and over in the grass, but I keep on taking big bites until the lemon is all gone, skin and everything. Then I pick another lemon and eat that all up too because I don't want to miss a thing in my life.

We have an old lady living next door to us. She's pretty old and doesn't do much except walk around her garden. One day I heard her say to Mum, "He's full of beans that boy of yours. Full of beans."

KUPU WHAKAATA/Reviews

Two bright moments in a difficult Autumn

By D. S. Long

THE DREAM SLEEPERS AND OTHER STORIES

Patricia Grace
Longman Paul

KARANGA

Haare Williams with illustrations by
Rei Hamon
Coromandel Press

There's always something really great about reading a good book. Getting off by yourself and so caught up in the world of the author that it takes a minute or two to realise that someone's tapping you on the shoulder or that the kettle's boiled. *The Dream Sleepers* and *Karanga* are both like that.

I'm a teacher of the deaf and quite a few of my high school kids aren't exactly what you'd call the world's greatest readers.

Well, I want to tell a story and I hope the kid it's about won't mind me telling it too much. I took these books with me to school thinking that I'd read some of the stories and poems to the kids during the day.

"If deaf kids like them that's got to be the ultimate test," I figured.

Now, here's a thing about *The Dream Sleepers* which Patricia Grace lets you find out for yourself. It's not really just her second collection of stories.

Unlike her earlier collection *Waiariki*, *The Dream Sleepers* has got two

sections. Section one is a selection of seven stories (including "Between Earth and Sky", a story a lot of us know). But section two is a real surprise. It's really her second novel (or quite a bit of it anyway) and five "chapters" here are my favourite parts of this book.

I liked "Drifting" so much I was reading it to my third deaf kid before lunch and I've got to report that they liked it too.

This third kid has just started the fourth form and he's dead set on becoming a chef. He'll do it, too.

My concern is that I want him to get a lot out of his next year or two at school and one of the keys to that is reading.

But he's not been very keen on his first English book of the year. So I pull out *The Dream Sleepers* dead set on a fourth stab at "Drifting" and this kid gets ready to switch his hearing aids off.

"No, seriously," I tell him (even I'm believing it I'm saying it so convincingly), "you're really going to like this book!" when he turned the book over and suddenly shouts "That's my Auntie!"

I mean, how was I to know that one of Patricia's relatives was one of my deaf kids.

Well, then we end up reading two stories in one period and he's getting

me to explain all the hard words and we're even using the glossary in the back.

Right there I figure I've got him hooked on reading at least until the middle of the second term. I even had to explain to him how to request Patricia's other two books from the public library in Upper Hutt. And "Drifting" is almost the perfect story for a set up like this.

Even stopping to explain the hard words (hard words for a deaf kid) you are all caught up in what's going to happen next.

"Drifting" is about Uncle Kepa, though at the start you think it's going to be about Mereana. You figure things like that out around about your fourth reading of the day. Right at the start there's this fantastic bit of descriptive, evocative, writing:

"He came in making the room small. The skin on his face was mottled with the shock of cold water. His eyelids were rimmed with red as though his eyes had been always shut and forgotten but had now suddenly been slit open with a sharp blade to reveal surprised and bulging brown eyes, the whites all yellowed with waiting."

I don't know about you but I can see Uncle Kepa coming into that room as