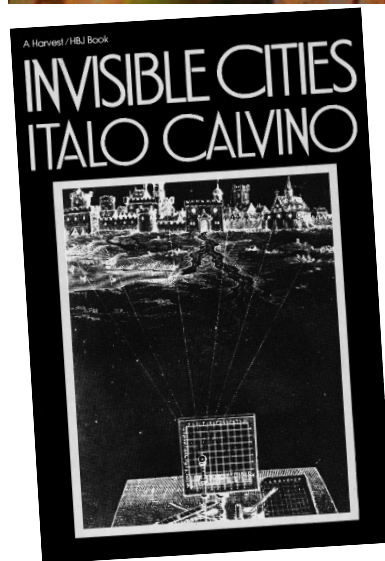
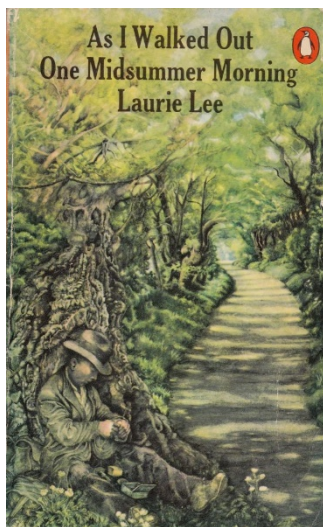
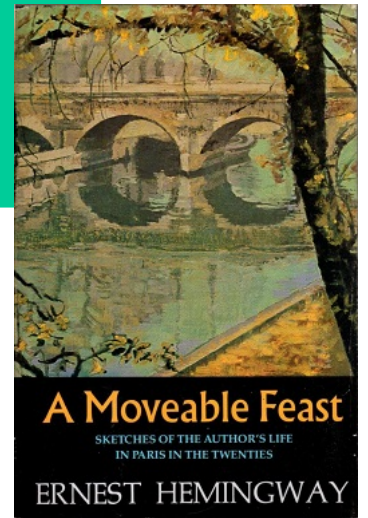
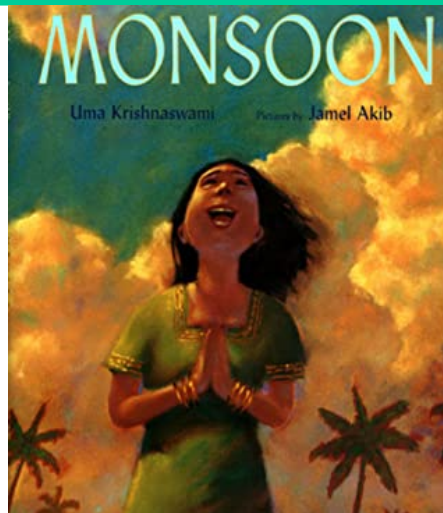
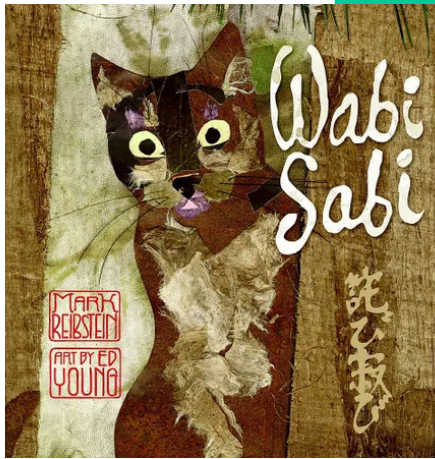


World Literature: Travel and Adventure



Questions to think about:

Where's the best place you have travelled to?

What do you remember most clearly?

If you could travel anywhere where would you like to go?

What does travel literature do?

What counts as travel literature? Is journeying to a fantasy world travel literature? Are the Chronicles of Narnia travel literature?

Do you think a book can replace an experience?

Can reading be as powerful as travelling?

Can your mind go on a more powerful journey than your body?

Should travel books tell the truth? Should they only focus on the good bits of a place? Can they make things up?

Guess the Place!

Invisible Cities by Italo Calvino

A city of water, a network of canals and a network of streets span and intersect each other. To go from one place to another you have always the choice between land and boat: and since the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line but a zigzag that ramifies in tortuous optional routes, the ways that open to each passerby are never two, but many, and they increase further for those who alternate a stretch by boat with one on dry land. And so the inhabitants are spared the boredom of following the same streets every day. And that is not all: the network of routes is not arranged on one level, but follows instead an up-and-down course of steps, landings, cambered bridges, hanging streets. Secret and adventurous lives, here as elsewhere, are subject to greater restrictions. The cats and thieves and secret couples move along higher, different ways, dropping from a rooftop to a balcony, like acrobats. Below, the rats run in the darkness of the sewers, one behind the other's tail: they peep out of manholes and drainpipes, they slip through double bottoms and ditches, from one hiding place to another they drag crusts of cheese, contraband goods, kegs of gunpowder, crossing the city's compactness pierced by the spokes of underground passages. A map of this city should include, marked in different coloured inks, all these routes, solid and liquid, evident and hidden. It is more difficult to fix on the map the routes of the swallows, who cut the air over the roofs, darting to gulp a mosquito, spiralling upward, grazing a pinnacle, dominating from every point of their airy paths all the points of the city.

***Journey to the River Sea* by Eva Ibbotson**

In places the river was so wide that she understood why it was called the River Sea and they sailed between distant lines of trees. But sometimes they made their way between islands and then, on the sandbanks, they saw some of the creatures that Maia had read about. Once a litter of capybaras lumbered after their mother and they were close enough to see their funny snouts and sandy fur. Once they passed a tree whose roots had been killed by the rise of the water, and its bare branches were full of scarlet and blue parakeets which flew up, screeching, when the boat came past. And once Maia saw a grey log lying in the shallows which suddenly came to life.



‘Oh look,’ she said, ‘A croc— I mean an alligator. My first one!’ and a man standing close by nodded, and said he was glad that she knew there were no crocodiles in this part of the world. ‘You’d be surprised how many people never learn.’

They passed plantations of rubber trees and villages with the houses built on stilts to stop them being flooded when the river rose. The Indian children came out onto the landing stage and waved and called out, and Maia waved back and didn’t stop till they were out of sight.

Sometimes the boat went close enough to the shore for them to pass by old houses owned by the sugar planters or coffee exporters; they could see the verandas with the families taking tea, and dogs stretched out in the shade, and hanging baskets of scarlet flowers.

She was becoming more and more excited. The colour, the friendly waving people, the flashing birds, all delighted her, and she was not troubled by the heat. The market was dazzling. There were watermelons bigger than babies, and green bananas and yellow ones and some that were almost orange. There were piles of nuts heaped on barrows, and pineapples and peppers and freshly caught fish and fish that had been dried. There were animals tugging at their ropes, and delicate lacework and silverware and woven baskets and leather bags. And selling them, talking and laughing, were beautiful black women in brilliantly coloured bandannas.

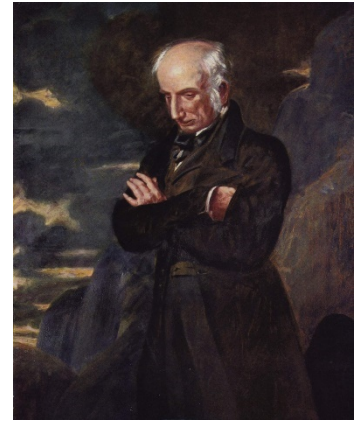
***The Great Gatsby* F Scott Fitzgerald**

Over the great bridge, with the sunlight through the girders making a constant flicker upon the moving cars, with the city rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of money. The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world... ‘Anything can happen now that we’ve slid over this bridge,’ I thought; ‘anything at all...’



William Wordsworth

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!



Ruby's Wish by Shirin Yim Bridges

If you walk down a certain road in a certain city in, past the pet market with its yellow-and-green ricebirds hopping in their bamboo cages, and the goldfish and the terrapins in their porcelain bowls, you will come to a block of houses, five houses wide and seven houses deep. Many families live here now, and the buildings are brown with age and dirt. But if you look closely, you will see that, once upon a time, this was all one house, the magnificent home of one family.

The house was built by an old man who returned from the Gold Mountain. That was what the people called California, when many men left to join the Gold Rush there and few came back again. But as I said, this man did come back, and he came back very rich. And he did what rich men did in that place: he married many wives. His wives had many sons, and these sons also had many wives. So at one time, the house was filled with the shrieks and laughter of over one hundred children.

Red is special here. On New Year's Day, children receive red envelopes full of good-luck money. Brides wear red on their wedding days.

Your turn to make the reader travel... (write a poem or short description of where you live or somewhere you have been)

Further Resources – things to get your mind travelling!

Films

Life of Pi
Pirates of the Caribbean
About Time
Paddington 1 and 2
Hugo
Spirited Away
The Chronicles of Narnia

TV

Dr Who
The Adventures of Tintin
His Dark Materials
Merlin

Music

<http://www.naturesoundmap.com/> Listen your way around the world! A lot of fun!