



WIND CHIMES

BY PAUL MASON ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAT TAIT



SCHOOL JOURNAL STORY LIBRARY

School Journal Story Library is a targeted series that supplements other instructional series texts. It provides additional scaffolds and supports for teachers to use to accelerate students' literacy learning.

Wind Chimes has been carefully levelled. While the contexts and concepts link to English and social sciences at level 4 of the curriculum, the text has a reading year level of years 5 to 6.

Teacher support material (available at www.schooljournalstorylibrary.tki.org.nz) contains key information to help teachers to provide the additional support and scaffolding that some students may need to meet the specific reading, writing, and curriculum demands of *Wind Chimes*.



WIND CHIMES



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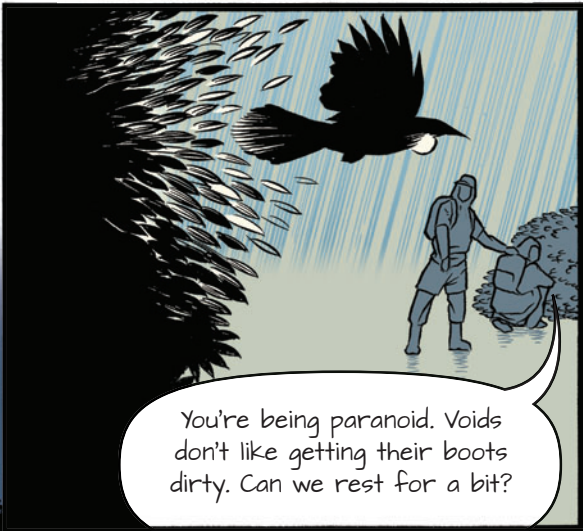


They've been walking through this wilderness for hours.

The track is soft and yielding.

Trees loom like watchmen.

Since their escape, it's rained non-stop.



Tre remembers the Voids' boots.
It was a normal day, just like any other.
No one could have seen it coming ...



He remembers the sound of wood splintering, the open book flying through the air ...



Everything destroyed in minutes, as if they had done it a thousand times before.



He caught the fear in his mother's eyes as they hauled her into a truck with the others.



His father was already in the back.



The children were taken in a different direction.



They watched as the settlement grew smaller, scarcely able to breathe. He didn't know if he'd ever see it again.



The city droned, stifling and grey.



Tre stared at his new classroom, an unsteady flicker in his eyes.



The class sat around piles of building blocks, each brick as white as a hospital sheet.

They dipped into the plastic, searching for the pieces they wanted.



There was one exception.



This is Tre from Region G. You'll make him feel at home, won't you, girls?

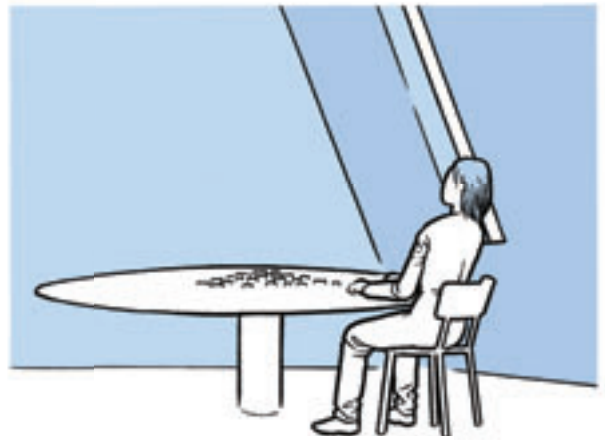


I bet his parents were hushed.

Hushed, shame ...



They were all building towers - tall, rectangular, and white.

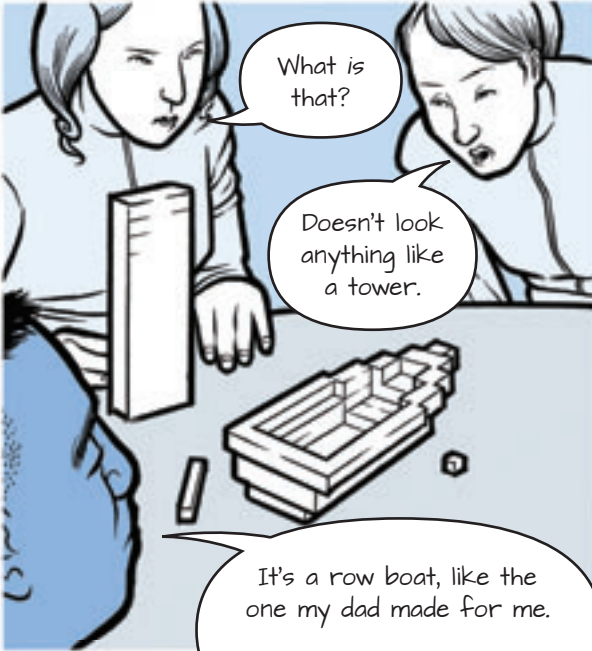


The girl in the corner didn't join in. She wasn't building anything.



Tre struggled to hear his thoughts through the sound of clicking bricks.

The examiner checked the class's progress, picking her way through the work stations.



What is that?

Doesn't look anything like a tower.

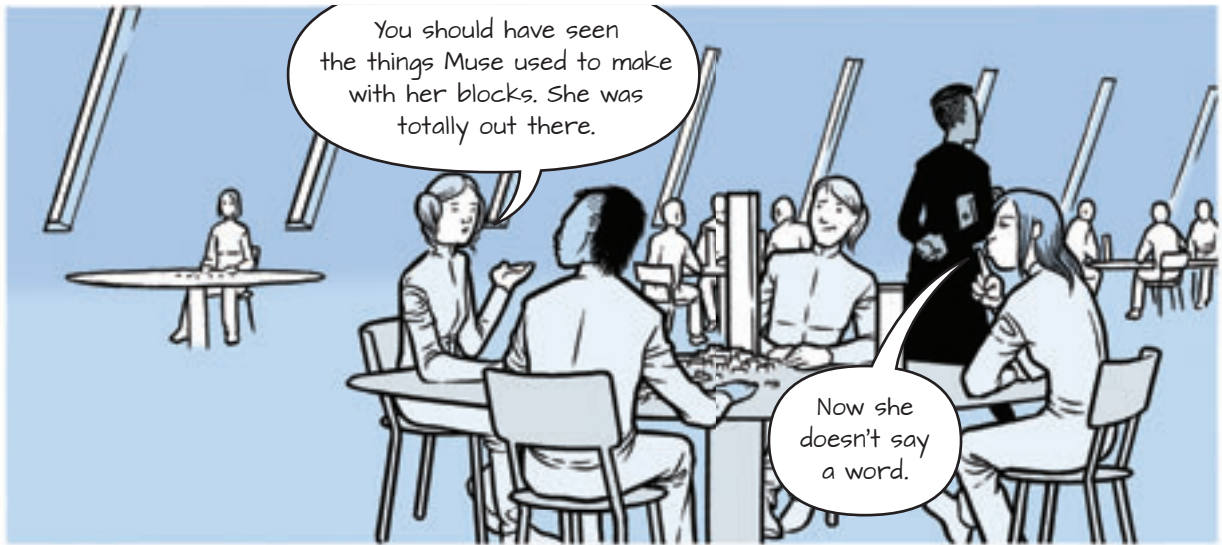
It's a row boat, like the one my dad made for me.



We don't make that sort of thing here. Break it up.



That's better. We don't want another Muse.



You should have seen the things Muse used to make with her blocks. She was totally out there.

Now she doesn't say a word.



Do something. Tell me I'm not alone!

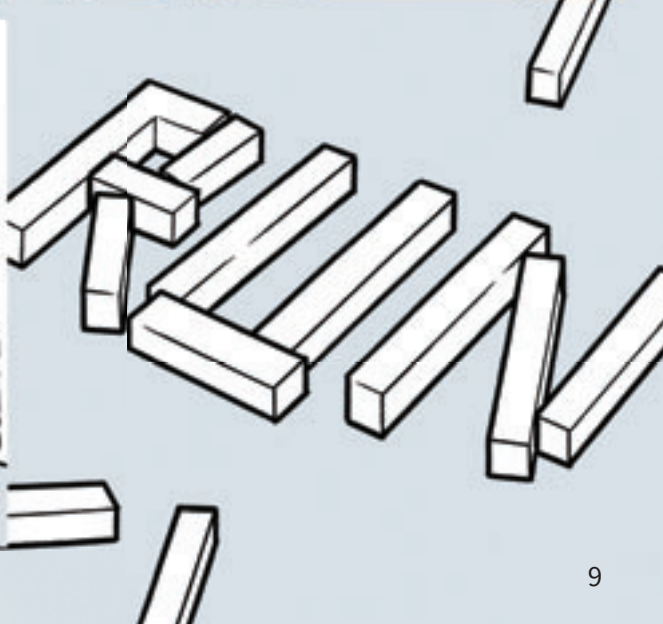
Hush, little baby ...



Tre wanted to see a glimmer, a spark in her eyes.



A single word.



Muse had been waiting for the right person. She had the plan all worked out. But still, they only just got away.

The Voids have been quiet for a few days. Tre's knowledge of the land had helped to shake them off, but there's something suspicious about the silence.



The examiners know that even the smallest act of disobedience can grow into something bigger. No one could be allowed to escape.

We should get going.



And in the bush, traps could be anywhere.



The settlement's just at the bottom of this valley. We'd better get off the path.



You think your parents will be there?

You beat being hushed didn't you?



Mum and Dad will have beaten it, too. I know.



Tre thinks about the last time he heard his father's voice. It was the week he was taken away - his first week in the pen.



From the moment they arrived, the children from the regions were reprogrammed.



It was like being admitted to a prison.



At the end of the week, they got a phone call from their parents. Tre thought it was to calm them all down.

You have a call.



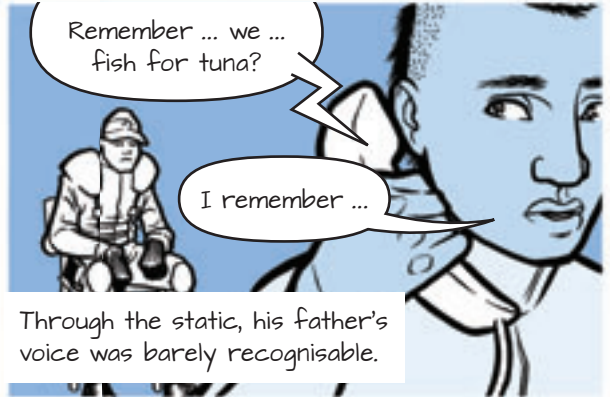
He'd heard whispers that the calls were fake - a copycat speaking on the other line.

You get one minute.



Remember ... we ... fish for tuna?

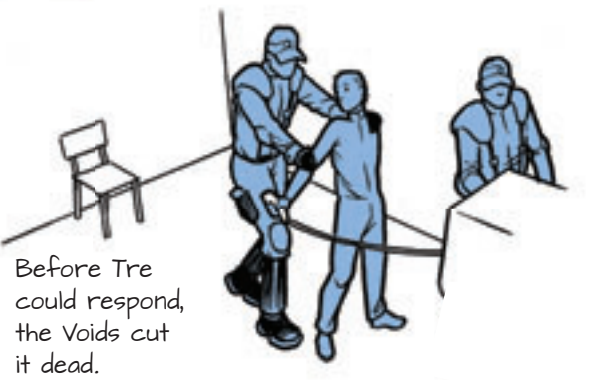
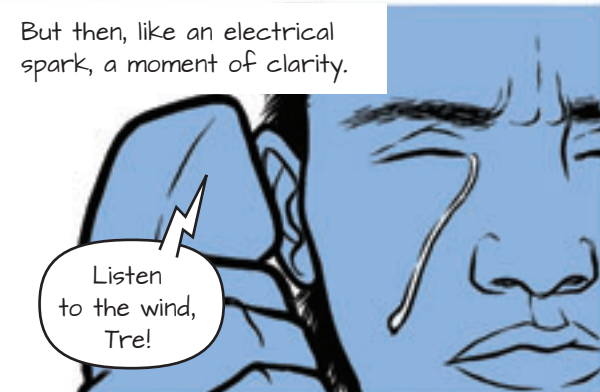
I remember ...



Through the static, his father's voice was barely recognisable.

But then, like an electrical spark, a moment of clarity.

Listen to the wind, Tre!

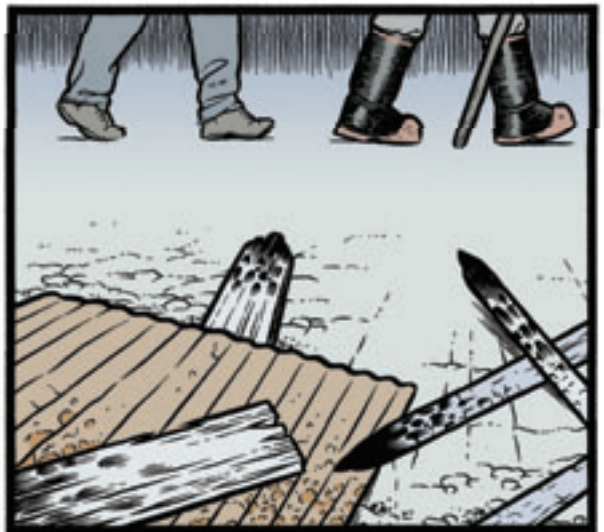


Before Tre could respond, the Voids cut it dead.



The settlement is gone. All gone.
Nothing but ashes and rubble.





Tre remembers the cabin. Dinnertime. Mum and Dad on the porch.



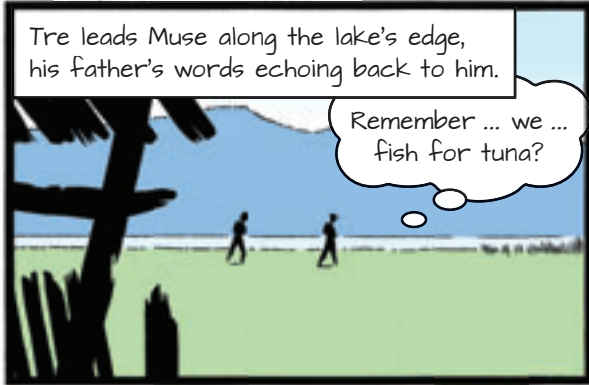
He lifts the wind chimes out of the rubble.

Mum was always making these. Guess they've been hushed, too.

His voice catches.



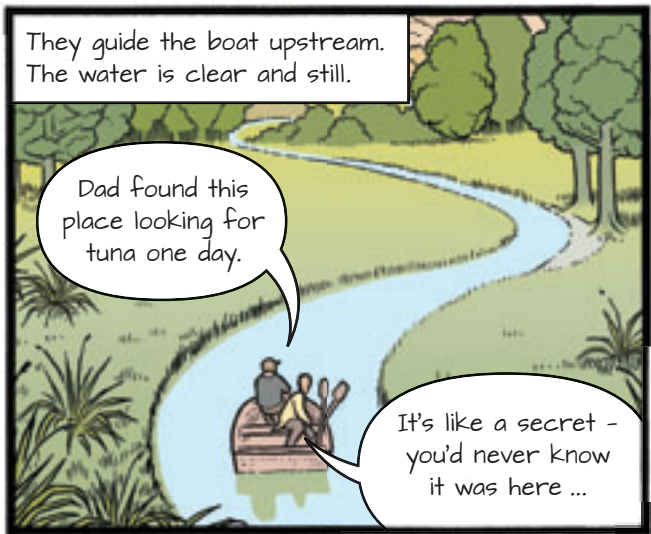
We can't stay. The Voids will know to look for us here.





Bring the oars in.
We're almost there.

The harakeke closes in, swallowing them up. A moment later, and they are hidden.



They guide the boat upstream.
The water is clear and still.

Dad found this
place looking for
tuna one day.

It's like a secret -
you'd never know
it was here ...



From up ahead,
they hear a noise.

Shh!



A rattle in the wind.

A clunk.



Suddenly, Tre sees something
in the trees. He points it out,
his arm trembling.



Wind chimes.



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