

What can you recall from PART 1.

Make a prediction on what will happen next?

Word Identification

- *Silent letters - limb, climb, lamb, numb, crumb*
- *-ient - patient, ancient, efficient, ingredient, lenient, obedient*
- *-ain - domain, brain, remain, maintain, complain, strain, sustain, entertain, ascertain,*

Vocabulary Development

- **Revision**

- [orangutans](#);
- bonobos;
- [domain](#);
- trilling;
- [carousel](#);
- accomplished;
- sleek;
- migrate;
- forage;
- frantic;
- Stalking

New words.

Sculptures

- **Crimson**
- **Ebony**
- **Patient**
- **Baseball**
- **Slithering**

Sculpture the act, process, or art of carving or cutting hard substances, modelling plastic substances, or casting melted metals into works of art.



Crimson a deep purplish red.



Ebony 1: a hard heavy blackish wood of various tropical chiefly Southeast Asian trees related to the persimmon. **2:** a tree that produces ebony



Use this card after each paragraph.

Stop-and-Think Card

- Do I understand what that was about?
- Were there any parts I did not understand?
- Could I explain what I have just read to someone else?
- What might the next part be about?
- Are there any questions I need to have answered?

Congratulations!
Read ON!

Part Two

Artists

In my domain, I have a tyre swing, a baseball, a tiny plastic pool filled with dirty water, and even an old TV. I have a stuffed toy gorilla too. Julia, the daughter of the weary man who cleans the mall each night, gave it to me. The gorilla has empty eyes and floppy limbs, but I sleep with it every night. I call it Not - Tag. Tag was my twin sister's name.

Julia is ten years old. She has hair like black glass and a wide, half-moon smile. She and I have a lot in common. We are both great apes and we are both artists. It was Julia who gave me my first crayon, a stubby blue one, slipped through the broken spot in my glass along with a folded piece of paper. I knew what to do with it. I'd watched Julia draw. When I dragged the crayon across the paper, it left a trail in its wake like a slithering blue snake.

Julia's drawings are wild with colour and movement. She draws things that aren't real: clouds that smile and cars that swim. She draws until her crayons break and her paper rips. Her pictures are like pieces of a dream.

I can't draw dreamy pictures. I never remember my dreams, although I sometimes awaken with my fists clenched and my heart hammering.

My drawings seem pale and timid next to Julia's. She draws ideas in her head. I draw things in my cage, the simple items that fill my days: an apple core, a banana peel, a candy wrapper, (I often eat my subjects before I draw them.)

But even though I draw the same things over and over again, I never get bored with my art. When I'm drawing, that's all I think about. I don't think about where I am, about yesterday or tomorrow. I just move my crayons across the paper.

Humans don't always seem to recognise what I've drawn. They squint, cock their heads, murmur. I'll draw a banana, a perfectly lovely banana and they'll say, "It's a yellow airplane or a duck without wings". That's all right. I'm not drawing for them. I'm drawing for me.

Mack soon realised that people will pay for a picture made by a gorilla, even if they don't know what it is. Now I draw every day. My works sell for twenty dollars apiece (twenty five with frame) at the gift shop near my domain.

If I get tired and need a break, I eat my crayons.

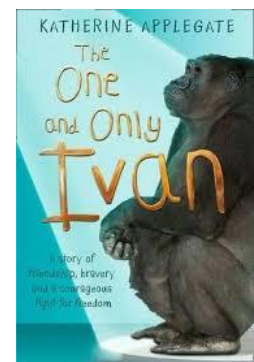
I think I've always been an artist. Even as a baby, still clinging to my mother, I had an artist's eye. I saw shapes in the clouds and sculptures in the tumbled stones at the bottom of a stream. I grabbed at colours - the crimson flower just out of reach, the ebony bird streaking past.

I don't remember much about my early life, but I do remember this: Whenever I got the chance, I would dip my fingers into cool mud and use my mother's back for a canvas. She was a patient soul, my mother.

Someday I hope I can draw the way Julia draws, imagining worlds that don't yet exist. I know what most humans think. They think gorillas don't have imaginations. They think we don't remember our pasts or ponder our futures. Come to think of it, I suppose they have a point. Mostly I think about what is, not what could be. I've learned not to get my hopes up.

Questions

1. Name the items in Ivan's cage.
2. Who is Julia?
3. Describe Julia's drawings.
4. Name some of the objects that Ivan draws.
5. How much do his drawings cost?
6. What does Ivan remember about his early life?



Exercise B

1. How do you know that Ivan misses his twin sister Tag?
2. Why does Ivan say that Julia's pictures are just like a dream?
3. Do you think that Ivan is happy when he is drawing?
4. Why do you think Ivan likes the company of Julia?
5. Why do you think that Ivan sometimes wakes up with his fists clenched and his heart hammering?