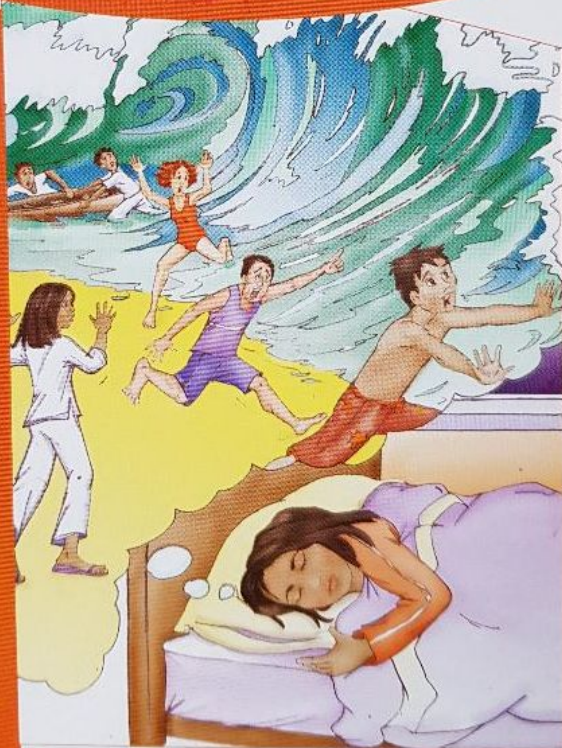


# Cathy's Dreams

By Julie Hart



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## INTRODUCCIÓN

A Cathy Harris la adoptaron en Sri Lanka cuando era un bebé y creció en Inglaterra al lado de unos padres cariñosos. A los 14 años empieza a tener sueños extraños que se repiten constantemente sobre gente y lugares que no conoce. ¿Quiénes son y cómo sabe Cathy lo que ocurre en otro país lejos de su tranquilo hogar inglés? Para descubrirlo decide viajar al otro lado del mundo.

## INTRODUCCIÓ

A la Cathy Harris, la van adoptar a Sri Lanka quan era un bebè i va créixer a Anglaterra al costat d'uns pares molt afectuosos. Als 14 anys comença a tenir somnis estranys que es repeteixen constantment sobre gent i llocs que no coneix. Qui són i com sap la Cathy el que passa en un altre país lluny de la seva tranquil·la llar anglesa? Per esbrinar-ho decideix viatjar a l'altra banda del món.

## SARRERA

Cathy Harris haurtxo bat zela adoptatu zuten Sri Lankan eta Ingalaterran hazi zen guraso maitekor batzuekin. Hamalau urterekin amets arraro batzuk izaten hasiko da, etengabe errepikatzen direnak gainera, Cathyk ezagutzen ez dituen jende eta leku berberak behin eta berriz agertuz. Nortzuk dira eta nola daki Cathyk Ingalaterrako bere etxe lasaitik urrun dagoen herrialde horretan gertatzen ari dena? Deskubritzeko, munduaren beste muturrera joatea erabakiko du Cathyk.

## LIMAR

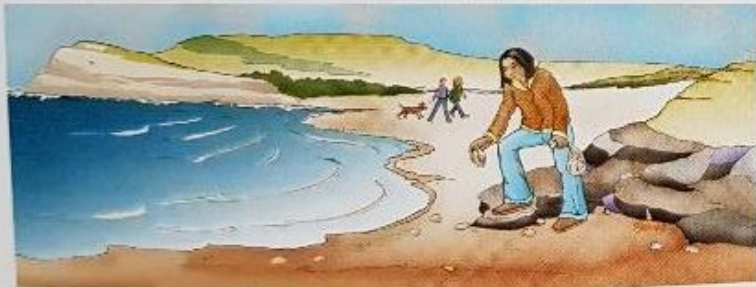
A Cathy Harris adoptárona en Sri Lanka cando era un bebé e creceu en Inglaterra a carón duns pais garimosos. Aos 14 anos comeza a ter soños estranños que se repiten arreo sobre xente e lugares que non coñece. Quen son e como sabe o que ocorre noutro país lonxe do seu tranquilo fogar inglés? Para descubri-lo decide viaxar ao outro lado do mundo.

# Cathy's Dreams

## Chapter 1: My Dreams

My name is **Cathy** Harris and I live in Cornwall, England. But I wasn't born in England. My parents adopted me from an orphanage in Colombo, Sri Lanka. I was a baby then. My biological parents are both dead, and I haven't got any other family in that country.

I love Cornwall. We live in a *quiet* street near the sea. Every day, I go to the beach and *collect* shells.



I've got a beautiful collection of shells. I like making things with them. It's very easy. First, I put the shells together to make figures of animals or boats. Then, I paint them with *varnish*.



Until a year ago, I had a normal, happy life. But then I started to have strange dreams.

In the dreams, I was in a *foreign* country. Sometimes, I was at a school. The students spoke a strange language. The girls had black hair and wore long, white dresses. The boys wore black trousers and white shirts.

Sometimes, I dreamed about a restaurant. I washed dishes there or gave meals to tourists. A man appeared in my dreams. He was tall and thin and he was often angry. He shouted a lot. There was also a woman in the restaurant. She had pretty eyes and long, black hair. She always smiled and talked to me in a friendly voice.



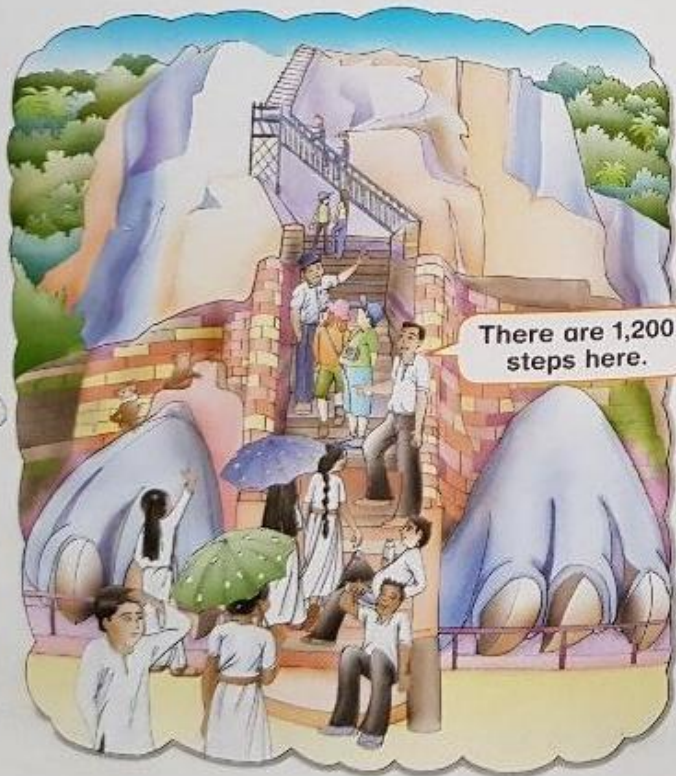
What does Cathy dream about?



I remember one of the dreams very clearly.

I was on a school *trip* with the girls and boys from my class. The girls had umbrellas to protect them from the hot sun. We climbed an enormous rock. There were 1,200 *steps* to climb and it was very difficult. After a long time, we came to a wall. There were paintings on it. The colours were very beautiful.

Then, we continued to climb the steps. We saw two enormous rocks similar to lion's feet. There were monkeys on the rocks next to them. We climbed more steps to the top of the rock. The view from the top was incredible. There was green jungle *everywhere*.



## Chapter 2: The Day after Christmas

At first, I only had these dreams at night. But then I started to *have daydreams*, too. They came to me suddenly at school, or in the street. I told my parents, but they weren't worried.

"You've got an active imagination," Mum said. "That's a good thing." But she soon changed her opinion.

It was 26th December, 2004, the day after Christmas. I was on holiday from school. Sometimes, people swim in the sea on this day. Of course, the water is very cold, so they don't swim for a long time. They normally run into the sea, swim for a minute, and then quickly run out of the water.

Which holiday did people celebrate the day before 26th December?

A



B



C



My friend Lizzy woke me early that morning. She wanted to go to the beach. "OK," I said. "Let's go." We arrived at the beach and it was empty.



"I'm going in the water," said Lizzy. She pulled up her jeans and walked into the sea.

"You're crazy!" I said. "The sea is freezing!"

"It's very cold but it's fun," Lizzie said.

Then, another couple arrived. They jumped up and down to stay warm. "Come on, Jane," said the man. "Let's swim."

I watched them go into the sea and start to swim.

Suddenly, I had a daydream. Images of a tropical beach came into my head. There were hotels near the beach. A few local people and some tourists were on the sand. I had a beautiful orange and white shell in my hand.



### Chapter 3: The Tsunami

In the daydream, the waves suddenly disappeared. The sea went back for thirty or forty metres. People started to scream and run from the beach. "A giant wave is coming!" a tourist shouted. "Quick! Leave the beach!" Then I saw the giant wave. It was enormous. It was taller than the buildings behind the beach.

I started shouting at Lizzy and the couple in the sea. "Come out of the sea!" I shouted. "It's dangerous!"



Lizzy put her hands on me. "What's wrong, Cathy?" she asked. "Are you OK?"

The image of the tropical beach disappeared and I saw Lizzy's worried face.

The couple were out of the water now, too. They had big towels around them. They looked at me. "You frightened us. What was the problem?" said the man. I didn't say a word because I didn't know the answer.

That evening, I sat with Mum and watched the news on TV. The reporter talked about an **earthquake** in the Indian Ocean. The news reporter was on a beach in Indonesia.

"The earthquake made **giant waves, called tsunamis,**" continued the reporter. "These **powerful waves also hit** India and Sri Lanka. Hundreds of people died and many disappeared. The tsunami destroyed families and homes. This is a terrible disaster."

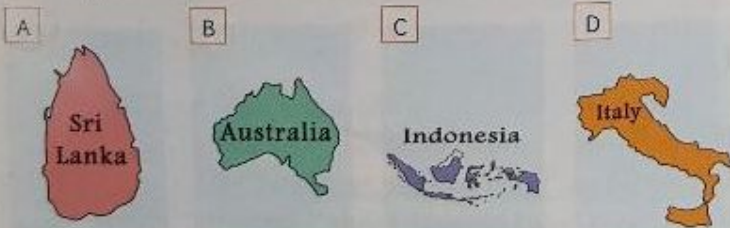


Mum put her hands on her face. "This is terrible!" she said. "We must do something to help those poor people!"

She didn't see my white face.

Dad arrived home and heard the news report. "Were the waves very high?" he asked.

Which places did the Tsunami hit?



"Yes. They were higher than our house," I said. My voice trembled and I had **tears** in my eyes.

"How do you know that?" asked Mum.

"I saw the tsunami," I said.



My parents always believe me, so I told them about my daydream at the beach.

Mum was worried about me. "That's a terrible daydream!" she said to me. "Were you very frightened?"

"Maybe you're telepathic, Cathy," Dad said. "But why did you think about the tsunami? It happened so far away."

"Cathy was born in Sri Lanka," Mum said. "She's got a strong connection with that country."

"I don't want any more dreams like these," I said. "They're frightening me."

## Chapter 4: The Biology Lesson

A week later, we returned to school and I started to forget about my daydreams. One day in our biology class we learned about genetics and identical *twins*.

Identical twins have got the same genes. They've often got the same interests, too.



A girl called Mary *put up* her hand. "Maybe twins have got the same interests because they're from the same family," she said, "not because of their genes."

"Yes, but sometimes identical twins live with different families and they still *behave* identically," said Mrs Davis. "That's because of their genes."

"How can that happen?" asked Mary.

"Sometimes people adopt only one twin," said Mrs Davis. "The twins grow up with different parents, but their identical genes influence them and they like the same things."

"Can identical twins read each other's *thoughts*?" I asked.

"Some people believe they can," answered Mrs Davis. "But there isn't any *proof* of it."

I thought about this for a long time. Did I have a twin sister? Did that explain my strange dreams?

That evening, I told Mum my theory.

"We've got your documents from the orphanage," said Mum. "They don't say anything about a twin sister. We asked the director of the orphanage about your family and we understood that they were all dead," she said.

"Maybe the director lied," I said.

Mum thought for a few minutes. "Well, I don't think so. But I can see this is important to you," she said.



What does Cathy believe? Circle the correct answer.



## Chapter 5: A Trip to Sri Lanka

Suddenly Mum had an idea. "Let's go to Sri Lanka together," she said.



We'll go to the orphanage and discover the truth.



When?

I was very *excited*. I didn't want to wait.

"Well not now, you've got school," Mum said. "And Sri Lanka is recovering from the tsunami. Let's wait until the summer holidays. Tourists will return to Sri Lanka then."

The next few months passed slowly. Finally, the summer holidays arrived and it was time to fly to Sri Lanka.



We arrived in Colombo at eight o'clock in the morning. It was hot and sunny outside. A guide met us at the airport.



"Good morning, I'm Matau," he said. "Welcome to Sri Lanka. I'll take you to your hotel. Then we'll go on a tour of Colombo."

Mum gave Matau a piece of paper with the address of the orphanage. "First, can you take us to this address?" she asked.

"Of course," said Matau. "Oh ... the orphanage! It's a very popular tourist attraction,"

"Is it?" said Mum. She was very surprised.

We got into Matau's car and drove slowly behind a small vehicle with three wheels. It was very hot.



Finally, we passed the tuk-tuk and left the city.

Find three mistakes in the picture.





## Chapter 6: The "Orphanage"

After some time, we stopped the car in a *narrow* street near a river. The street was full of baby elephants.

Suddenly, a group of school children arrived to see the elephants. The girls had umbrellas and wore long white dresses. The boys wore white shirts and black trousers. They were exactly like the students in my dreams.

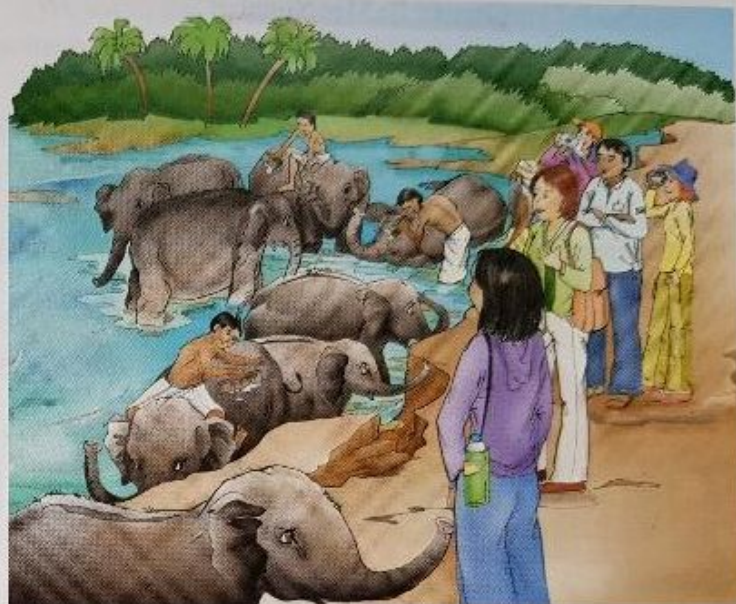


"This is the elephants' orphanage," said Matau. "These baby elephants haven't got any parents. The workers here *care for* them. They are taking them to the river for their bath now. Let's go to the river and watch them."

"ELEPHANTS' orphanage?" said Mum. "I don't understand. Where's the CHILDREN'S orphanage?"

"There isn't a children's orphanage here now," said Matau. "It closed about 12 years ago."

Mum and I followed the elephants to the river. We were very *disappointed*.



"Maybe we can find the director of the children's orphanage," Mum said. "Her name was Dayani Numa."

"I'll look in the phone book in my car," Matau said.

A few minutes later he had two addresses. "There are two people with that name here," Matau said. "One of them lives near here."

We drove to the first address. Matau knocked on the door of an old house.

A young woman came out and spoke to him. Matau returned to the car. "That wasn't the director," he said. "Let's try the second address."



Chapter 7: Mrs Numa

We drove in streets full of cars. Matau stopped outside a small house and went to the front door. He returned a minute later with a smile on his face. "The director of the children's orphanage lives here," he said.

Mrs Numa was an old lady in long, *colourful* clothes.



Mum recognised her. "I'm Mrs Harris," Mum said. "I visited the orphanage 14 years ago. Do you remember me?"

"Harris? No ... no. I don't remember that name," said Mrs Numa.

Who lives at the second address?

A



B



C

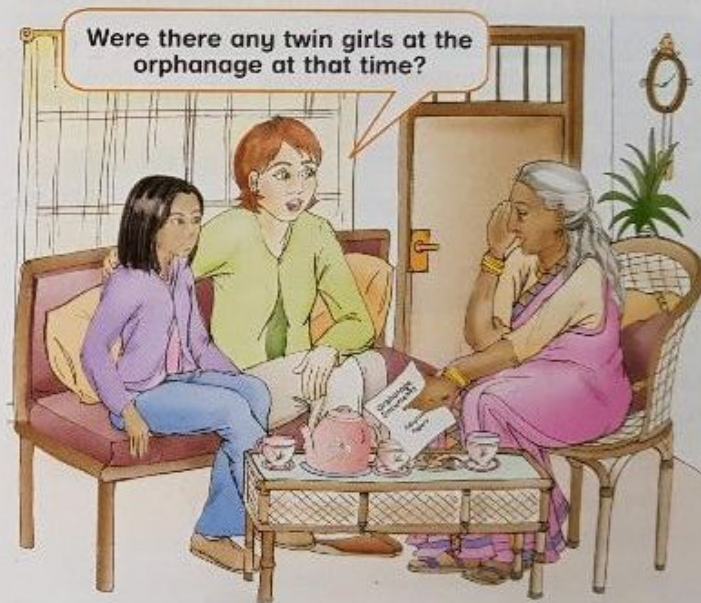


We sat in the living room and Mrs Numa brought us some tea. "How can I help you?" she asked.

Mum put her hand on my shoulder. "This is my daughter, Cathy," she said, and she showed Mrs Numa my documents from the orphanage.

"Cathy was at the orphanage 14 years ago. She was four months old," Mum said, "Do you remember her?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs Numa. "I was director of the orphanage for 23 years. During that time, there were many babies."



Mrs Numa closed her eyes for a moment. "Twins?" she said. "Yes, we had twins at the orphanage. But I can't remember when. My memory isn't very good, you see."

Mum looked at me. Then she turned to Mrs Numa again.

"Who adopted the twin girls?" Mum asked Mrs Numa. "Do you remember?"

"Well, I think an American couple adopted one of the girls," Mrs Numa said. "Or were they English?"

"And what happened to the other twin?" Mum asked. Mrs Numa smiled. "Oh, I remember that," she said. "The cook at the orphanage adopted her. What was her name? Loni? Liyoni? I can't remember."

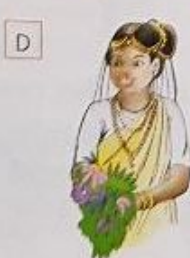
"Please try to remember," said Mum. "It's very important."

"Her name was Liyoni Janghi," Mrs Numa said. "Or was it Liyona Sanghi? I'm sorry. I'm not *sure*."

Mum was getting impatient. "Where does the cook live now?" she asked.

"She went to live in Kibissa," Mrs Numa said. "She and her husband got a job in the hotel there."

Who adopted the other twin?



## Chapter 8: The Cook

Mum wrote the names in her notebook. Then she thanked Mrs Numa and said goodbye.

Matau drove us to our hotel in Colombo. "There's only one hotel in Kibissa," he said. "I can take you there tomorrow. Meet me outside at eight o'clock."

The next morning, Matau arrived at exactly eight o'clock. It was a long drive to Kibissa. We passed small villages and rice fields. There were coconut and banana trees everywhere.



"Sri Lanka is beautiful," I said. "It's like paradise."

"Yes, it is," said Matau. "'Sri Lanka' means 'Little Paradise'."

"People speak English very well here," I said. "Do they learn it at school?"

"Sixty years ago, the English *ruled* our country," said Matau. "So English is our second language."

We drove through a green jungle. Matau pointed at a high rock. "That's Lion's Rock. People climb the rock to the top," said Matau.

"I saw this place in my dreams," I explained to Mum. "Can we go there?"

Matau smiled. "I'll take you tomorrow," he said.

Finally, we arrived in Kibissa and we drove to a beautiful hotel.



Matau spoke to the hotel manager and wrote a name and address on some paper.

"A couple called Janghi work at the hotel," the manager said, "Liyni Janghi is a cook here. But they aren't working today. I can give you their address."

Matau looked at the address. "I know this place," he said. "I can take you there now."

I was excited. "Maybe I'll see my twin sister soon," I thought.

Matau drove to an old building near the hotel and knocked on a door. A woman opened the door. Matau spoke to her, and she looked at me. Then the woman spoke to Mum.

"I adopted a baby girl at the orphanage in Colombo," the woman said. "She had a twin sister but I only wanted one girl." The woman called someone in the house. I put my hand on Mum's arm. "Is my twin sister here?" I thought. I was very excited.

A girl came to the door. She was a few years older than me.



I felt tears in my eyes. Of course, that girl wasn't my twin sister! I was very disappointed ... again.

## Chapter 9: Lion's Rock

We stayed in the Kibissa Hotel that night. Mum *ordered* dinner, but I wasn't hungry.

"I'm sorry Cathy, we tried."

"Maybe I haven't got a twin sister," I said. I was very disappointed.

"Let's try and enjoy our holiday," said Mum. "Sri Lanka is a very interesting country."



Mum *was right*. There was a lot to see and I wanted to have a good time.

The next morning after breakfast, Matau drove us to Lion's Rock. We got out of the car, and I remembered the place from my dream. We started to climb the steps. The climb was very difficult.

"How many steps are there?" Mum asked.

"1,200," I answered immediately. "And there are wall paintings in the middle."

Matau was very surprised. "How do you know about Lion's Rock?" he asked.

What is in the middle of the steps at Lion's Rock?

A



B



C

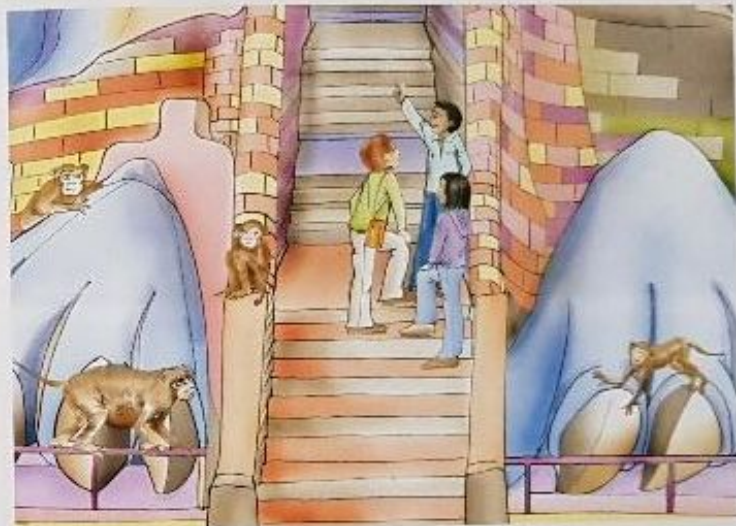


"I was here in a dream," I said.

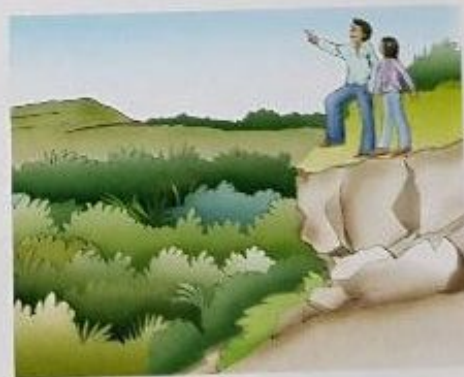
Matau didn't understand. "Oh, it's a long story," I said.

I was right about the paintings. We soon saw them and they were exactly like the paintings in my dream.

We continued climbing. "Soon, we'll see two lion's feet in the rock," I said. I was right about that too. We saw monkeys on the rocks exactly like in my dream.



Mum was too tired to continue. So I climbed to the top with Matau. And there it was: the magnificent view from my dream. There was dense, green jungle everywhere.



After Lion's Rock, Matau took us to a tea factory. We drove up mountains and past fields of tea. There were workers in the fields. They had baskets on their backs.



"Those people are picking tea," Matau said. "They take the smallest leaves to the factory to dry."

Matau stopped the car at the factory. A worker approached us. "I'm going to make tea from these leaves now," she said. She explained the process, and then she brought us some different types of tea to drink.

That night, we stayed in a hotel in the mountains. Mum was tired after the visit to Lion's Rock. "For the next few days, I want to lie in the sun and relax," she said.

What does Mum want to do for the next few days?



### Chapter 10: The Coconut Beach

The next morning, Matau drove us to the beach at a town called Galle. We stopped outside a hotel and took our bags inside. There were workers outside the hotel. They had *paint brushes* and paint.

Matau gave us a phone number. "I'm staying near the hotel," he said. "Phone me tomorrow morning and I'll take you on a tour around Galle." Then he drove away.

Mum and I went to our room and changed into swimsuits. Then we went to explore the beach. It was different to the beaches in Cornwall. The sea was blue and there were coconut trees. But many of the trees were broken.



Mum put her towel on the sand and lay on it. I went to find shells and saw a big shell under a rock. It was orange and white.

Suddenly, I remembered my dream about the tsunami. In the dream, I had a similar shell in my hand. I felt frightened. "I hope that there won't be another tsunami now," I thought. I looked at the waves. They looked OK.

"Are you OK? You look frightened," said a boy on the rock. He was about my age and he had some shells in his hand.

"Was there a tsunami in this area?" I asked him.

"Yes, there was," the boy said. "But we *were* lucky. Many buildings here are far from the beach but the waves destroyed some hotels. That was terrible. Out in the next town, 33 people died, and many people lost their homes."



"Those poor people!" I said. "And where were you? Did you see the wave?"

"Yes. It happened on my birthday, 26th December. I was on the beach that day," the boy said. He pointed at the sea. "Do you see that rock, about forty metres out in the sea?" he asked. "Well, the water went back that far, then a giant wave appeared. Everyone knew that they were in great danger. We all ran from the beach. We were very frightened."

The boy pointed at a *railway line* behind the beach and the hotel. "A wave hit a train on that railway line. It pushed the train from the line and killed the people inside."

"That's terrible," I said. I thought about the people in my dream. "And were the people on the beach OK?" I asked.

Put the pictures in the correct order.



"Yes," said the boy. "We ran to higher *ground* and we were OK. I returned to the beach about 20 minutes later," continued the boy. "The tsunami *was over*, but the windows in many hotels were broken."

"Well, I'm happy that you were OK," I said.

The boy took a pink shell out of his pocket. "Do you collect shells?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," I said. "I make figures with them and then I paint them."

"I found this one. You can have it," said the boy.



## Chapter 11: Sukeena

That evening, Mum and I went to a restaurant for dinner. The *waitress* brought us the menu. "What do you want to eat, Cathy?" asked Mum.

"I'll have chicken," I said.

We ordered our food and the waitress went to the kitchen at the back of the restaurant. She opened the door and I heard a man's voice. It was loud and angry.

"I know that voice," I thought. "But from where?"

The kitchen door opened again and a woman came out with some food. She had pretty eyes and long black hair. Suddenly, I recognised her face.



What does Cathy want to eat?

A



B



C



D





I stood up and looked at the kitchen door.  
 "Are you OK, Cathy?" asked Mum.

The woman with the pretty eyes looked at me. Her mouth opened in surprise and the food fell from her hand. A tall, thin man came out of the kitchen and shouted at her. He looked at me and was very surprised, too. I recognised him immediately.

I ran into the kitchen and saw a girl at the *sink*. She had her back to me. I said "Hello" and she turned her head. I saw the girl's face and I was sure. Her face was identical to mine.



Mum came to the kitchen door. The man and the woman were behind her.

"I don't believe it!" Mum said. "You're identical!"

The woman touched my face and asked me a lot of questions.

The man put his hand on his head. "Incredible!" he said. "Absolutely incredible!"

"But how ... how did you know your sister was here, Cathy?" asked Mum.

"This restaurant was in my dreams," I said with a smile.

We all sat at a table and talked, and my twin sister told us about her life.

Her name is Sukeena and she has got the same interests as me: Sukeena makes figures from shells, too! Her room is full of them.

The man in the restaurant is Sukeena's father. His name is Rahul. The woman with the pretty eyes is her mother, Kiyoma. They adopted Sukeena from the orphanage in Colombo at the age of three months.



Rahul is angry a lot, but he's got a good heart. He gave Sukeena permission to spend a few days with us. Kiyoma is very kind. She gave us cakes and fruit to take to the beach.

Sukeena and I sat on the beach and talked for hours. I learned more about her. She goes to school in Galle. Her class visited Lion's Rock on a school trip. That explains the dream that I had about the rock. After school, Sukeena helps her parents in their restaurant. She works hard, but she's happy.



On the day of the tsunami, Sukeena was on the beach. She found an orange and white shell – the one I saw in my daydream. The waves came, but Sukeena ran to higher ground and was *safe*.

Where did Sukeena go on her school trip?



### Chapter 12: The End of Our Trip

We phoned Dad and told him about Sukeena. He wanted to meet her. Two days later, he was on a plane to Sri Lanka.

Mum and Dad talked to Sukeena's parents. They made preparations for Sukeena to return to England with us, and stay for the rest of the summer holidays.



It's wonderful to have a twin sister! Sukeena understands me. I don't need to tell her my thoughts or feelings. She knows them!

On Sukeena's first day in Cornwall, I took her to the beach. On the way, she ran in front of me.



"How can you know the way?" I asked. "This is your first time in Cornwall."

"I was here in a dream," Sukeena said with a smile.

So Sukeena had dreams about my life, too! I wasn't surprised.

I put some shells in Sukeena's pocket. "You can take these home to Sri Lanka," I said. "You live so far away from here. I'm very sad."

"Don't be sad," said Sukeena. "I'll call you and send you e-mails often. I promise."

"And we'll spend the holidays together," I said.

We **kept** our promises. We write e-mails to each other every day and we also phone and chat on the Internet. And next summer, I'm going to stay with Sukeena's family in Sri Lanka.



And what happened to our dreams? Well, I found Sukeena, and the dreams stopped. I don't need to dream about my sister's life now. Sukeena tells me all about it on the phone!



English	Castellano	Català
<b>behave</b>	se comportan	es comporten
<b>care for</b>	cuidan de	tenen cura de
<b>collect</b>	cojo	agafo
<b>colourful</b>	de colores vivos	de colors vius
<b>couple</b>	pareja	parella
<b>disappointed</b>	decepcionadas	decebbudes
<b>earthquake</b>	terremoto	terratrèmol
<b>everywhere</b>	por todas partes	per tot arreu
<b>excited</b>	emocionada	emocionada
<b>foreign</b>	extranjero	estranger
<b>freezing</b>	helado	gelat
<b>ground</b>	terreno	terreny
<b>have daydreams</b>	soñar despierta	somiar desperta
<b>hit</b>	se desataron sobre, golpearon	es van desencadenar sobre, van colpejar
<b>kept</b>	cumplimos	vam complir
<b>narrow</b>	estrecha	estret
<b>ordered</b>	pidió, encargó	va demanar, va encarregar
<b>paint brushes</b>	brochas	brotxes
<b>powerful</b>	fuertes	fortes
<b>proof</b>	prueba	prova
<b>pulled up</b>	remangó, se subió	es va arremangar, es va pujar
<b>put up</b>	levantó	va aixecar
<b>quiet</b>	tranquila	tranquil
<b>railway line</b>	vía de ferrocarril	via de ferrocarril
<b>ruled</b>	governaban	governaven
<b>safe</b>	a salvo	fora de perill
<b>scream</b>	gritar	cridar

English	Euskara	Galego
<b>behave</b>	jokatzan dute	compórtanse
<b>care for</b>	zaintzen dituzte	teñien conta de
<b>collect</b>	biltzen ditut	collo
<b>colourful</b>	koloretsu, bizi	de cores vivas
<b>couple</b>	bikote	parella
<b>disappointed</b>	nahigabetuta	decepcionadas
<b>earthquake</b>	lurrikara	terremoto
<b>everywhere</b>	alde guztietan	por todas as partes
<b>excited</b>	hunkituta	emocionada
<b>foreign</b>	atzerriko	estranxeiro
<b>freezing</b>	izoztuta	xeado
<b>ground</b>	lursail	terreo
<b>have daydreams</b>	esna egonik amesten	soñar esperta
<b>hit</b>	kolpatu/ jipoitu zuen	desatáronse sobre, golpearon
<b>kept</b>	bete genuen	cumprimos
<b>narrow</b>	estu	estreita
<b>ordered</b>	eskatu zuen	pediu, encargou
<b>paint brushes</b>	brotxak	brochas
<b>powerful</b>	indartsu	fortes
<b>proof</b>	froga(rik)	proba
<b>pulled up</b>	jaso, goratu zituen	remangou, subiu
<b>put up</b>	altxatu zuen	ergueu
<b>quiet</b>	lasai, bare	tranquila
<b>railway line</b>	trenbide	vía de ferrocarril
<b>ruled</b>	agintzen zuten	governaban
<b>safe</b>	onik	fóra de perigo
<b>scream</b>	garrasi egin	berrar

English	Castellano	Català
sink	fregadero	pica
so far away	tan lejos	tan lluny
stay	permanecer; alojarse	estar; allotjar-se
steps	escalones	esglaons
sure	segura	segura
tears	lágrimas	llàgrimes
thoughts	pensamientos	pensaments
towels	toallas	tovalloles
trip	excursión, viaje	excursió, viatge
truth	verdad	veritat
twins	gemelos	bessons
varnish	barniz	vernís
waitress	camarera	cambrera
was over	había pasado	havia passat
was right	tenía razón	tenia raó
waves	olas	onades
were lucky	tuvimos suerte	vam tenir sort
what's wrong ... ?	¿qué pasa...?	què passa...?

English	Euskara	Galego
sink	harraska	vertedoiro
so far away	hain urrun	tan lonxe
stay	gelditu, egon; ostatu hartu	permanecer; aloxarse
steps	mailak	chanzos, banzos
sure	sure ziur	segura
tears	malkoak	bágoas
thoughts	pentsamenduak	pensamentos
towels	toallak	toallas
trip	txango, bidaia	excursión, viaxe
truth	egia	verdade
twins	bikiak	xemelgos
varnish	berniz	verniz
waitress	zerbitzari	camareira
was over	iragana zen	pasara
was right	arrazoi zuen	levaba razón
waves	olatuak	ondas
were lucky	zortea izan genuen	tivemos sorte
what's wrong ... ?	zer gertatzen da?	que ocorre...?