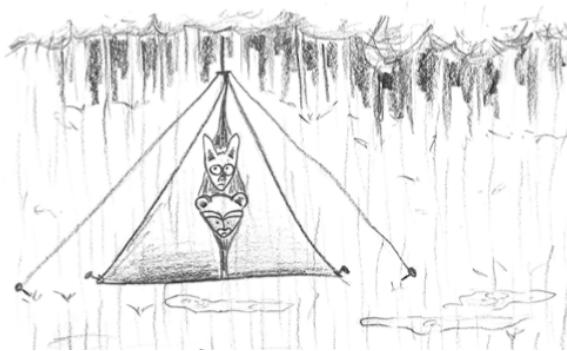


## Boris and Sid Go Camping 2

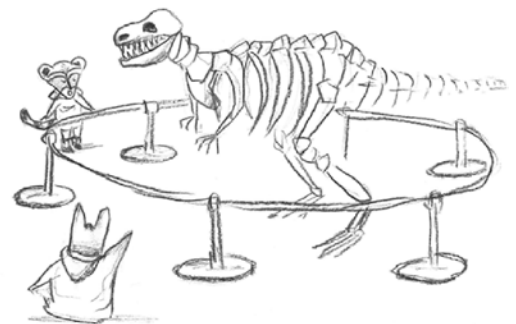
When they arrived, the campsite was better than Boris and Sid had ever imagined. It was in a beautiful location, with sea and sand and with rocks to climb. But best of all, there seemed to be absolutely nobody else there. The place was theirs alone and, full of excitement, they immediately began to set up their tent.



But as night fell, they realised why nobody else was camping. Everybody else must have read the weather forecast. What awful weather it was! It didn't just rain; it rained, poured and hailed. It seemed to them as though the sky was trying to empty itself of water.

Nor did the rain stop when morning began. The friends decided to shelter in a café. Their breakfast was delicious, but still the weather did not improve.

Despite this, they remained cheerful and made a visit to the museum. Boris's love of dinosaurs and Sid's enthusiasm for fossils kept them content throughout the whole morning. But when they emerged, the weather was no better.



They found themselves in the café again. This time for lunch. It was equally delicious, and they had high hopes for the afternoon.



But again, as they stepped outside, their hopes were dashed. The skies had not stopped emptying.

Now their only option was the shops. Boris's strong dislike of shopping was out-balanced by his desire to stay dry. So they agreed to shelter in the shops.



They enjoyed looking at toys and then exploring clothes. But when they found themselves in the furniture department, they knew it was time to move on.

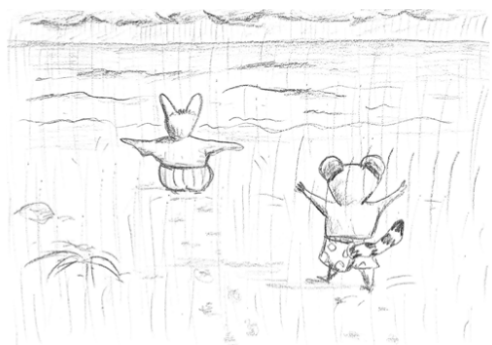
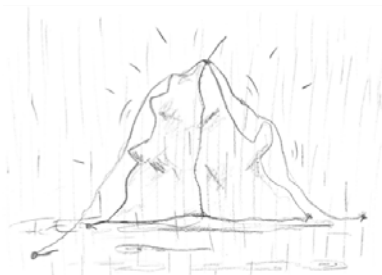
Still the weather had not improved. Not in the slightest. The rain continued to pour. Now things were worse. They could not even go to the café for their tea. They were out of money.



Reluctantly they returned to their tent. After struggling for a long, long time to light the stove, they ate a miserable meal of sodden sausages and barely edible beans.

When it was time to sleep, their sleeping bags were soaking and there was a cascade of water coming into their tent.

Now they had enough. Their tempers flared and they began to blame one another. Whilst they argued, neither noticed that the tent was collapsing. Not until it fell on them and they found themselves covered in wet canvas!



Most of the rest of the night was taken up with repairing the tent and so they woke bleary-eyed in the morning.

Still the rain fell unceasingly.

It was now that inspiration came to Sid. Wet and cold already, a swim was the only sensible idea.

And what an idea it was! The sea felt so warm and welcoming compared with the damp cold of the rain. The sea was completely empty too. They were the rulers of the ocean! They swam and surfed, until they could swim and surf no more.

When they finally emerged from the sea, to their very great surprise, the weather had changed! A warming sun shone down on them, filling them right through with a feeling of joyful contentment. No longer did camping seem the worst holiday imaginable. Now they no longer disagreed. Camping was the best holiday that they could possibly imagine!

