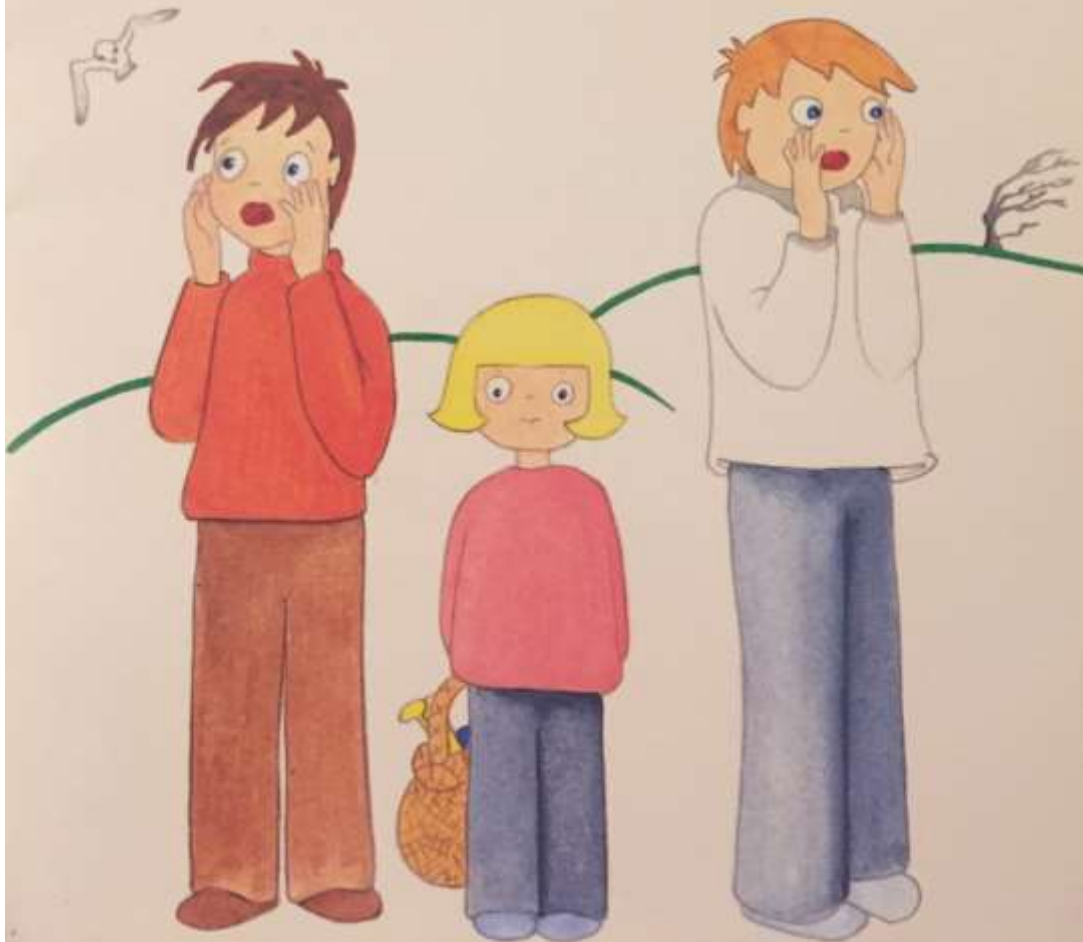




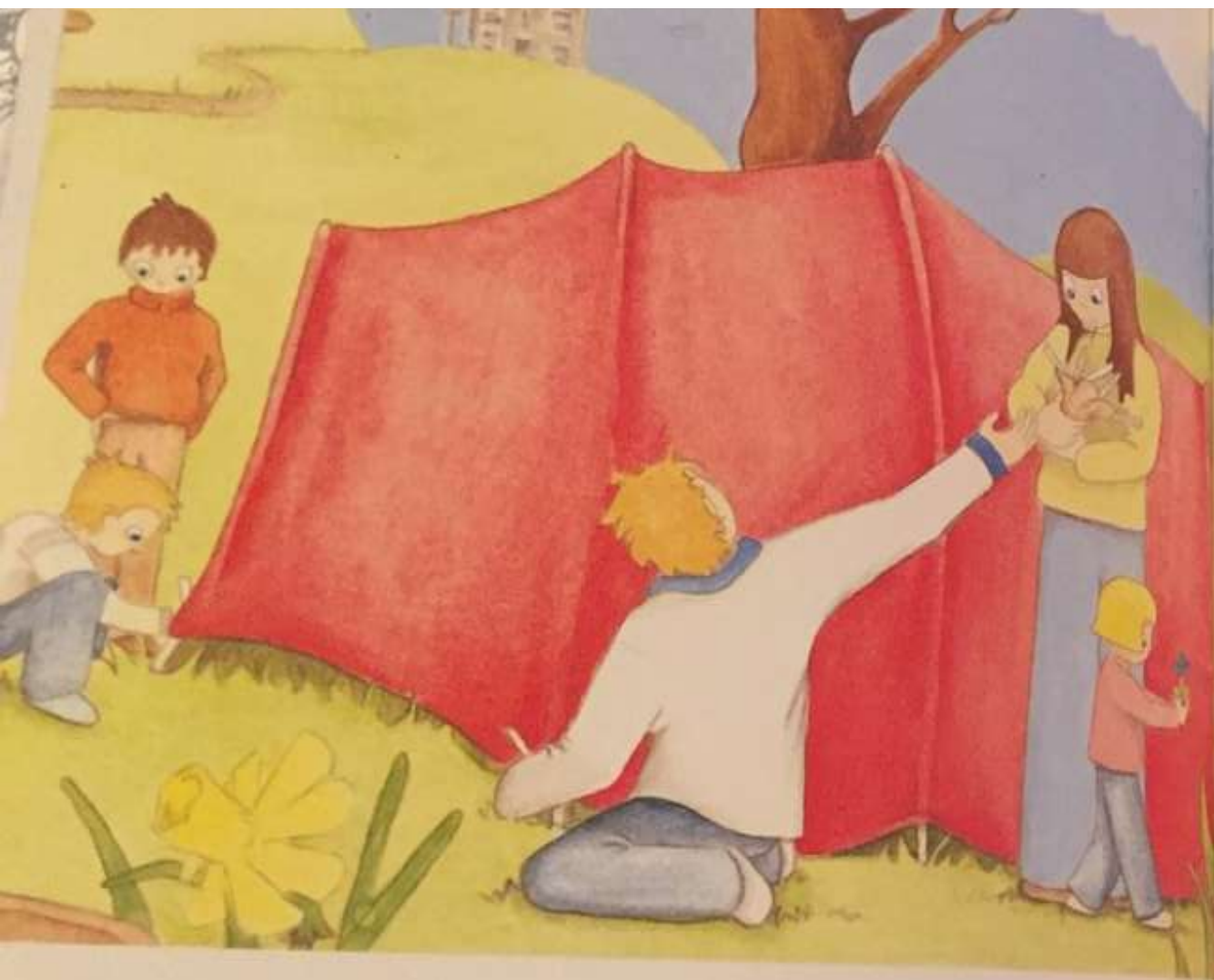
Lost!

Tita Beaven

Illustrated by Judith Wardle



Tim, Rob, Jess, Mum and Dad set up the tent
in the camp.



'It sags a bit. Fit the pegs on the ends,' said Dad, 'and the tent will lift up.'

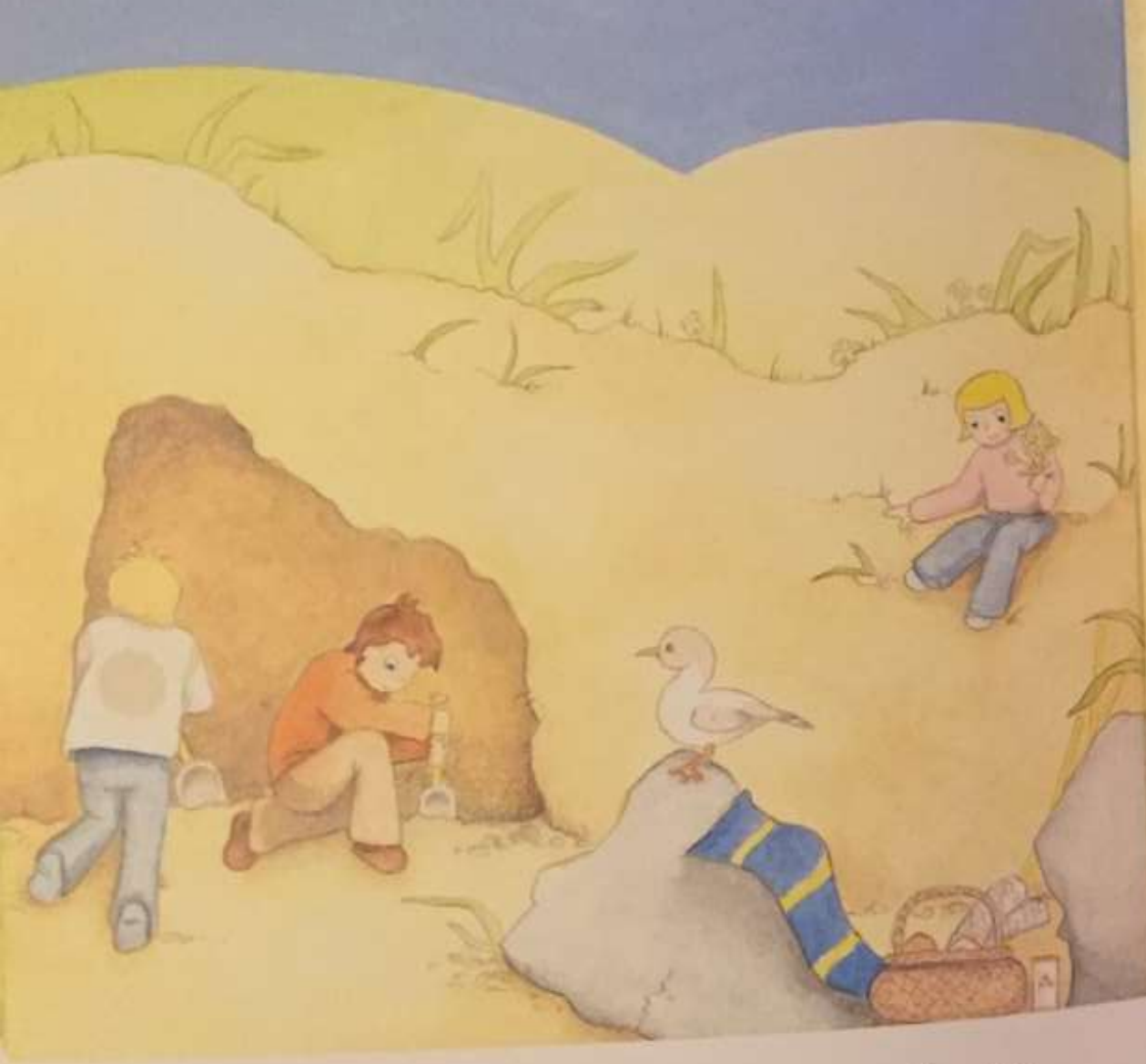


Tim got some rods. Rob got some ham baps and cans of pop. Jess got a bag of odds and ends. The kids set off.



'Come get the map! And the sun sets at six!'
Mum said.

Tim, Rob and Jess got the map. Dad sent the
kids west. 'The land past the pub on the hill is
all sand,' Dad said.



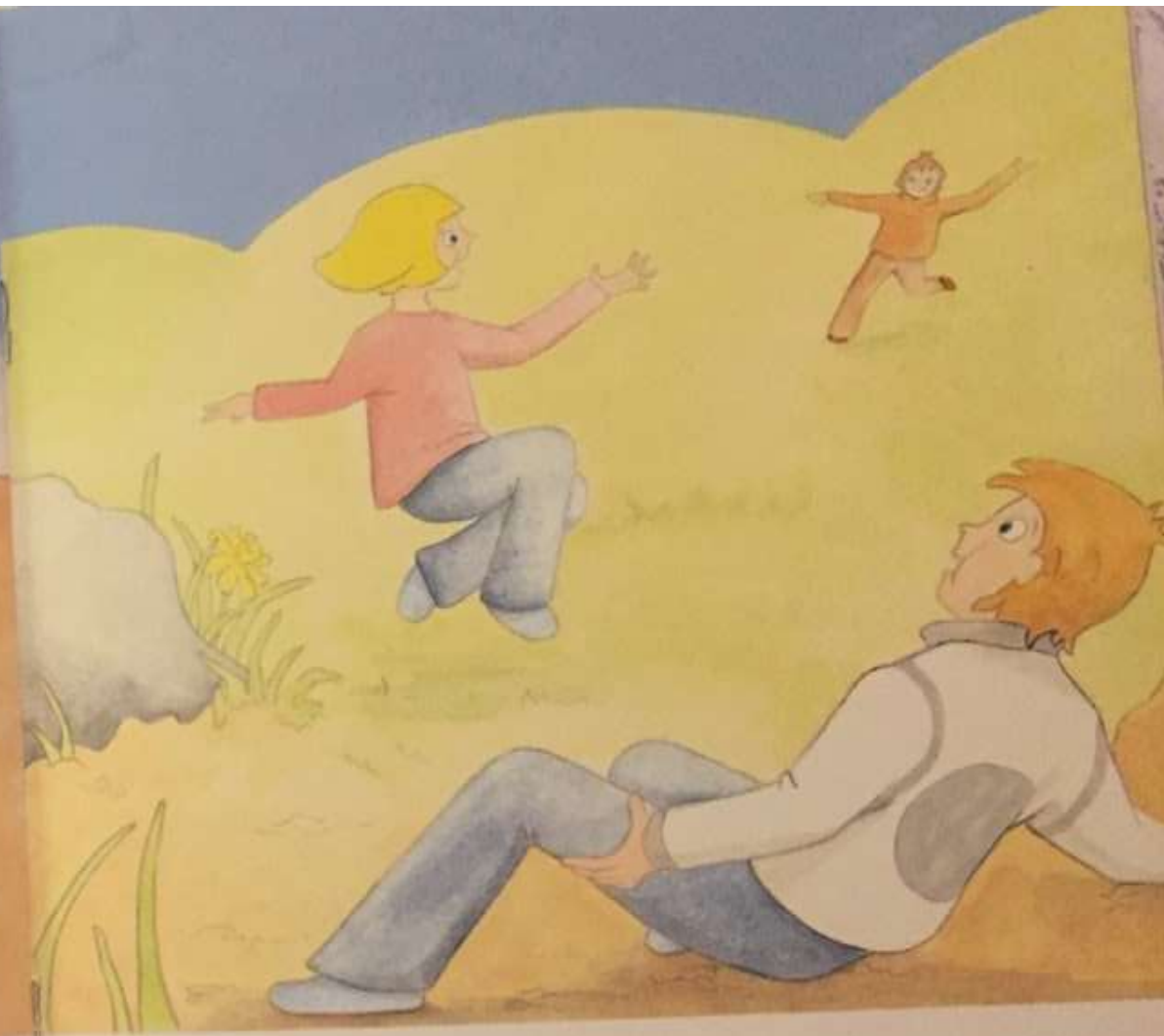
Tim and Rob dug a den in the sand. It was soft and damp.



The den got wet. 'It will fill up,' said Jess. 'It's not a den, it's a pond!'



A dog ran past. 'Let's toss up a bit of ham. The dog will jump and grab it,' said Jess. But a gull, not the dog, got the ham!



Tim, Rob and Jess run, jump, huff and puff. It is lots of fun!

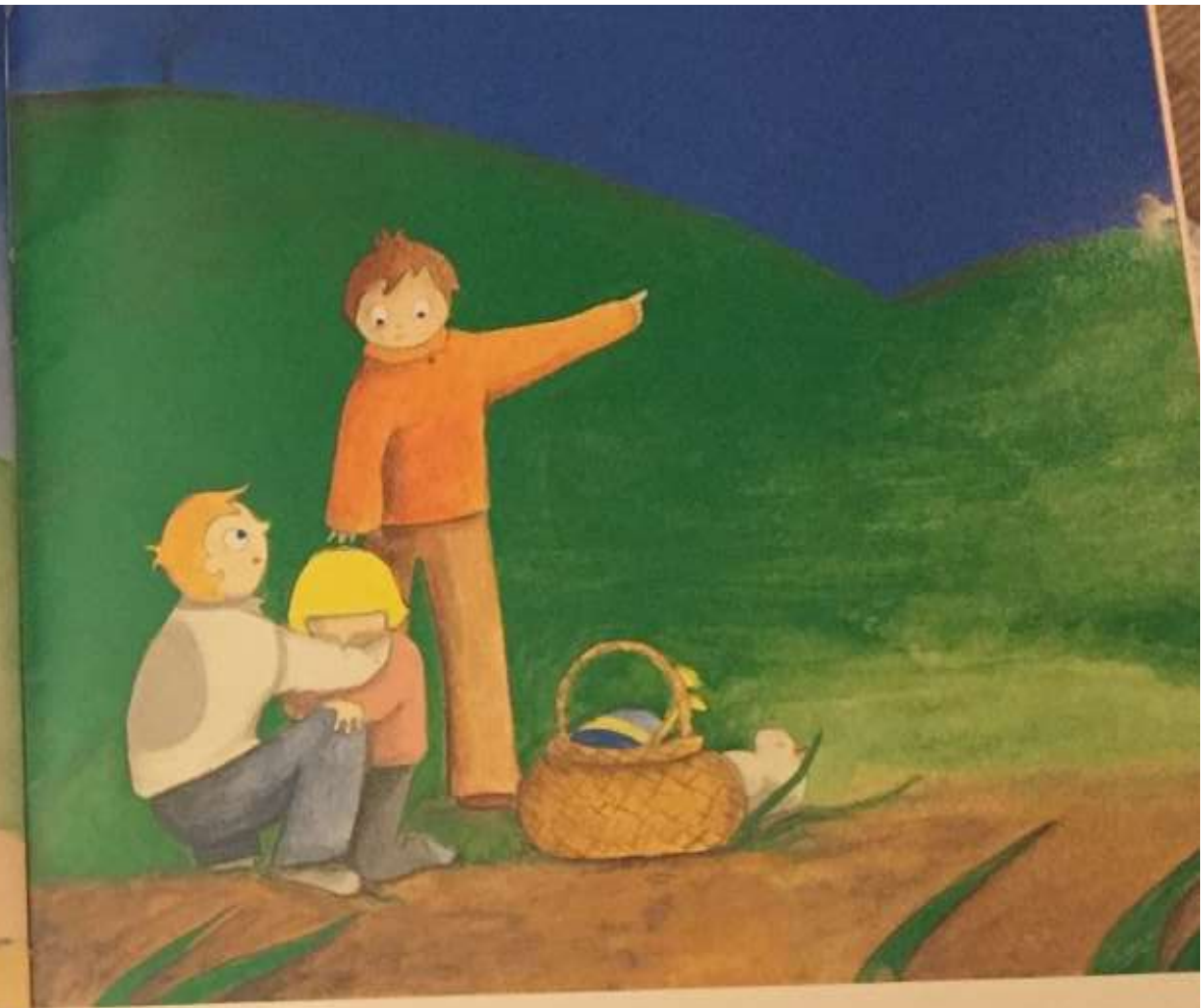


But the fun ends as the sun sets. It's dusk. Jess yells at Tim and Rob, 'Come on! Let's get to camp! Mum will get mad at us! Run up the hill!'

The map is in Tim's left hand. A gust yanks it and it zips off in the wind. The kids are lost!



Jess sinks in the damp sand and sobs. 'Help!'
Tim and Rob yell into the mist and wind.



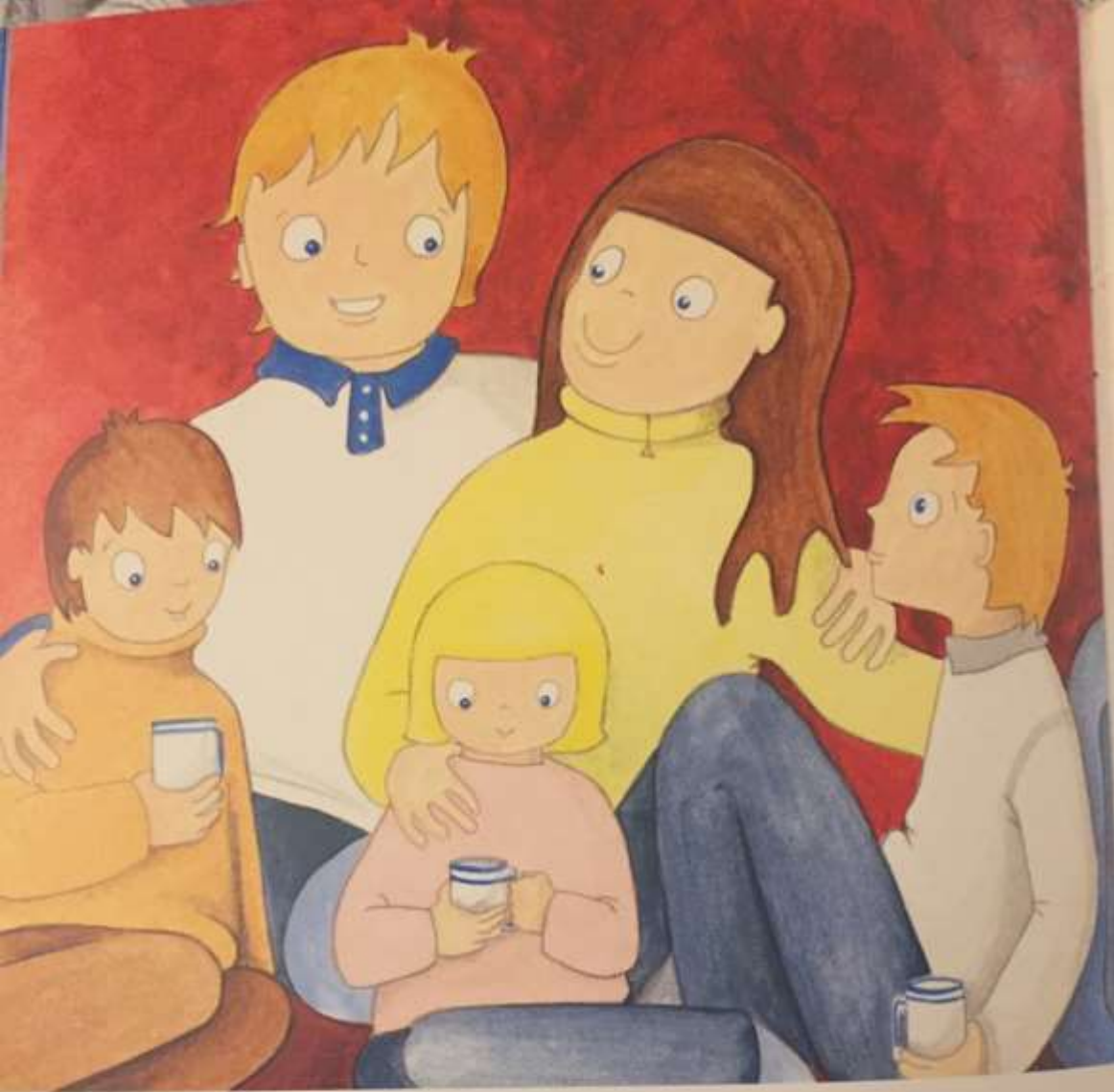
A lamp jumps and dips in the mist at the top
of the hill.



It's Mum and Dad! Hugs and a kiss for Jess.
Hugs and a kiss for Rob. Hugs and a kiss for
Tim.



Tim, Rob and Jess sat up in the tent. It was not
yet ten past six. Jess said to Mum, 'Tim, Rob
and Jess will not run off and get lost again!'



'All of us can get a bit lost if the mist is up on the hills,' Dad said. 'Let's get mugs of hot milk and rest a bit.'

Now talk about what you have just read!

Maybe your grown up could ask you some questions to check you have understood the story?