

The Camping Trip

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Last autumn, my friend Sam and I decided to camp by a lake. We borrowed a tent from his brother and packed our bags carefully. We rode there on our bicycles because the campsite was only two hours away.

The lake was beautiful and the weather was quite warm. While Sam was putting up the tent, I walked along the beach. I was taking photos with my camera when I saw a small boat, so we went out onto the water.

In the evening we were hungry, so we cooked eggs on a little fire. "This is brilliant," Sam said. "Camping is my favourite hobby now." Later we sat on a blanket and looked at the stars.

But in the night the weather changed. While we were sleeping, the wind began to blow and rain started to fall. The tent began to move. "Did you close the door?" I shouted. Sam didn't answer because he was already outside.

We ran through the wet grass into the tent again, but everything was wet. One bottle was empty and my blanket was on the ground. We were cold and tired. "This is awful," Sam said. "I didn't bring any dry socks."

In the morning the sun came out and we ate some biscuits. An old man came past in his boat. "Were you warm last night?" he asked with a laugh. We didn't say anything, but we laughed too. That was three weeks ago, and we still laugh about our exciting, awful camping experience.