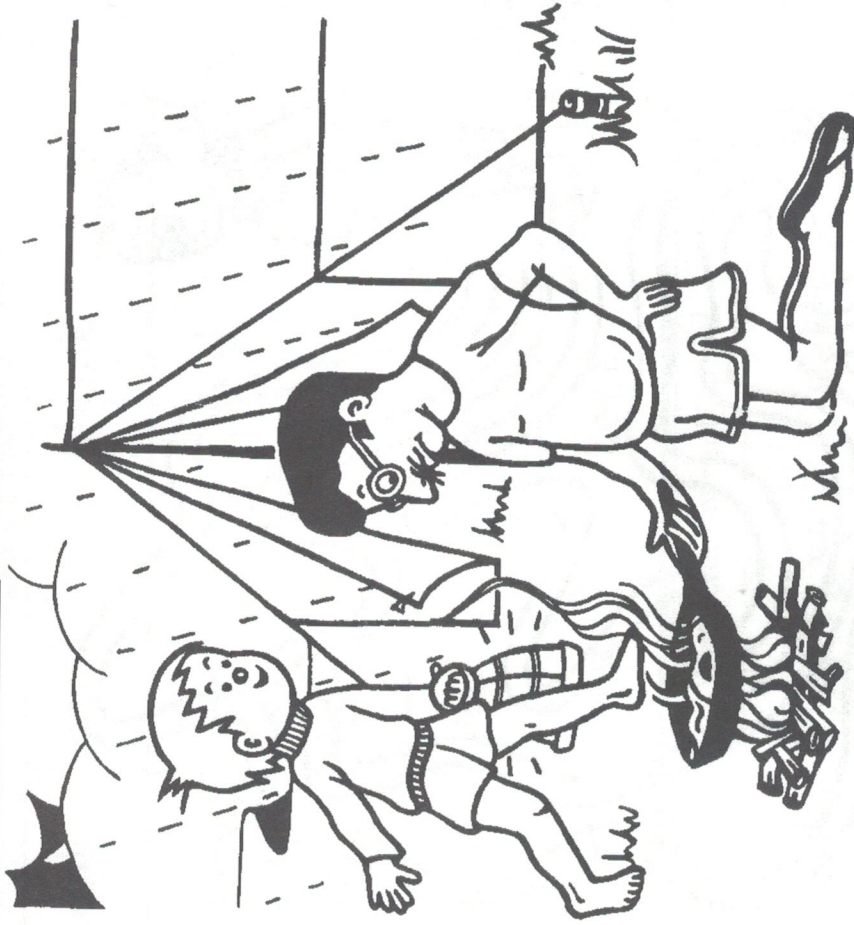


lonely "ff, gg, zz".



## Camping on the Cliff.

could

came

day

On Tuesday, Dad and Jim went camping on Rocky Bluff.

Dad set a pan on a clump of twigs. Then he lit a match. Soon Jim could sniff eggs and bacon sizzling in the pan.

It began to drizzle. Jim lit a lamp in the tent. Dad got the sleeping bags from the back of the truck. When they got into the sleeping bags, the stuffing was damp.

Dad was a bit upset!

As they slept, a stiff wind came up. The tent began to flap. Dad had to get up and fix the rope on the tent pegs.

The next day Dad said "Let's pack up. Camping is not for me!"