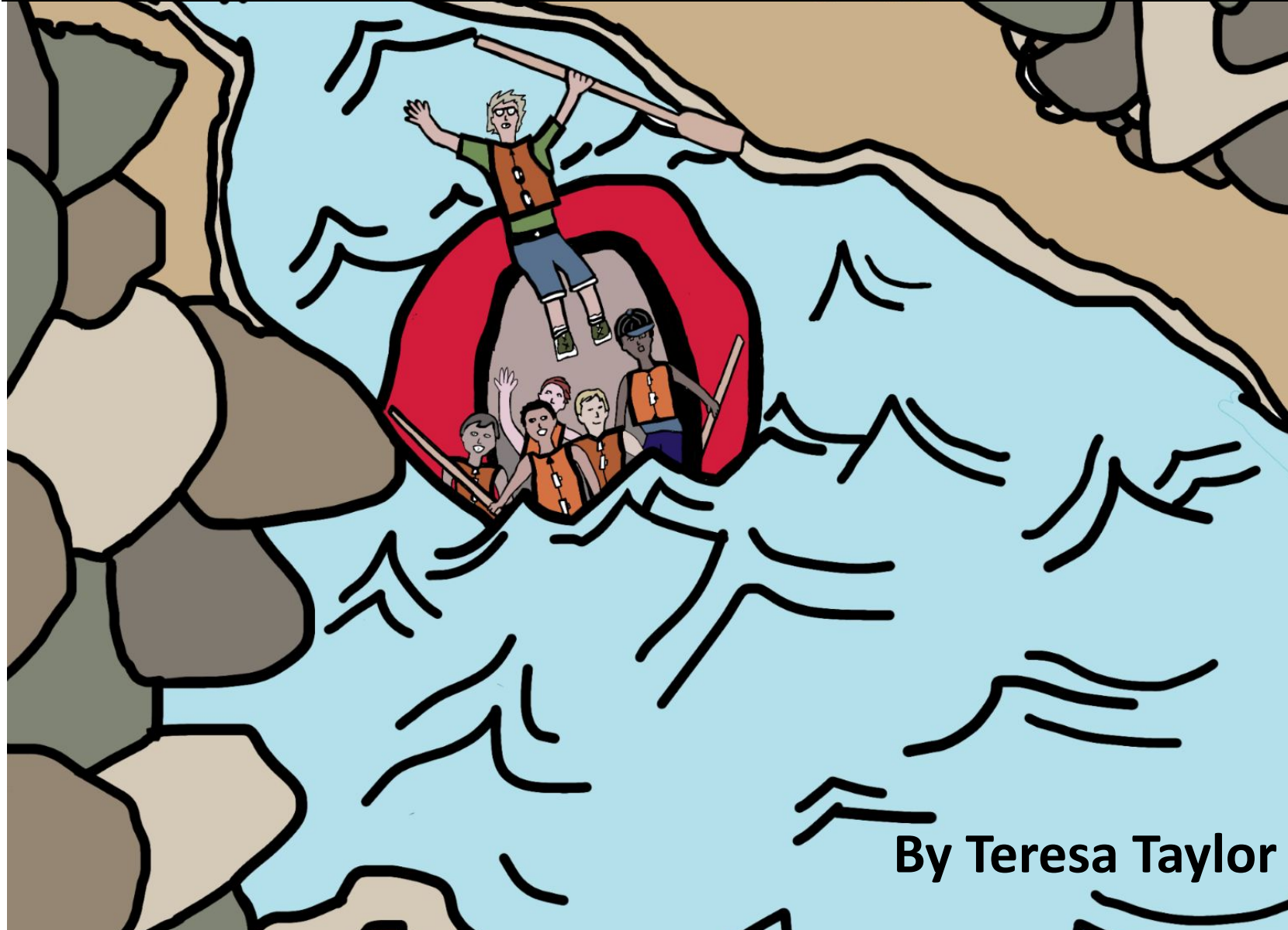


A Trip on the Raft.



By Teresa Taylor

We push the red raft off
from the dock!

I find a spot to clip my
frog flag.

The flag flips in the
wind.



Next on our trek we get to a sharp bend on the path.

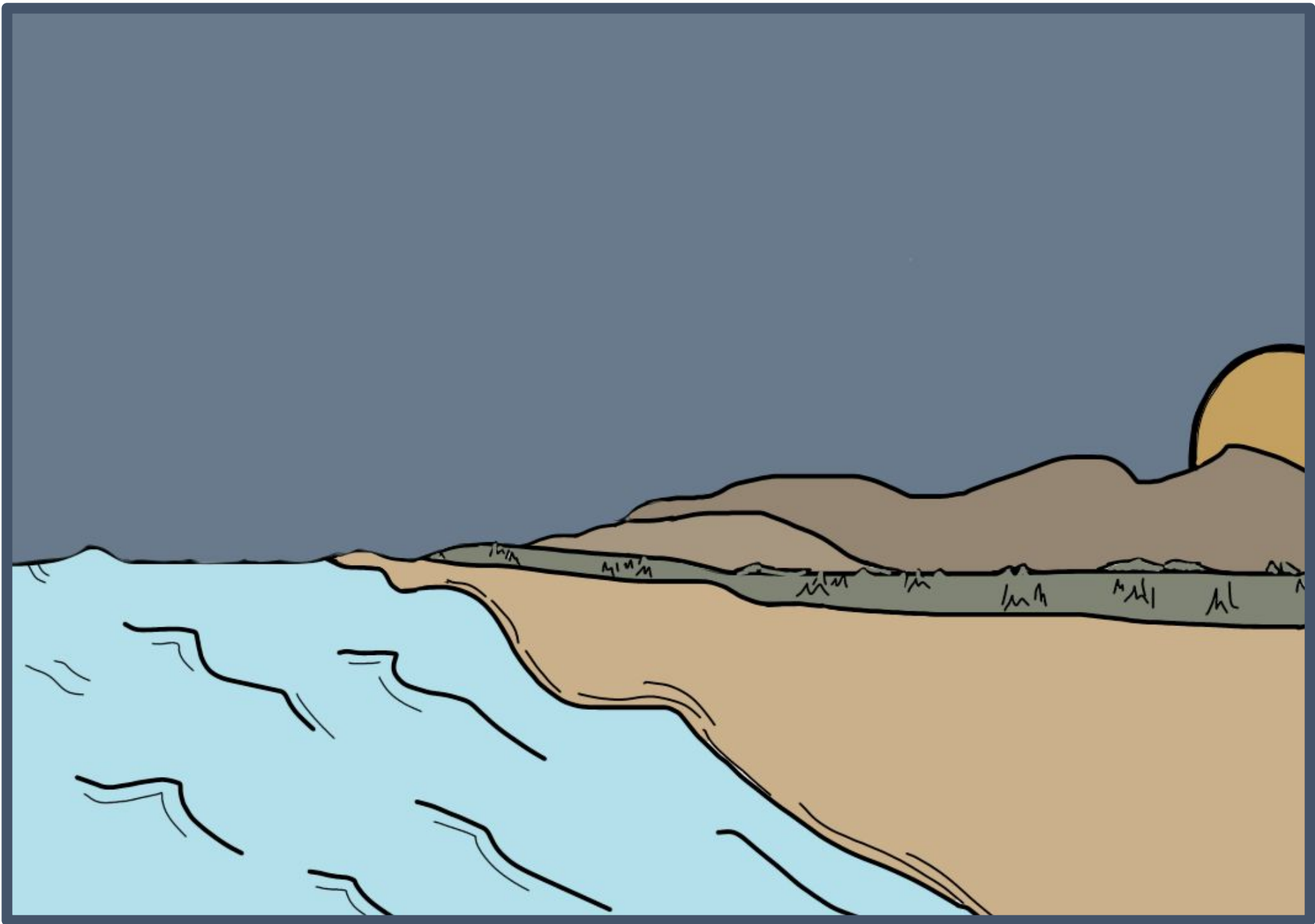
Slam! The raft hits a rock.

But the raft does not pop.



We flop and spin, but we do not sink or flip the raft.

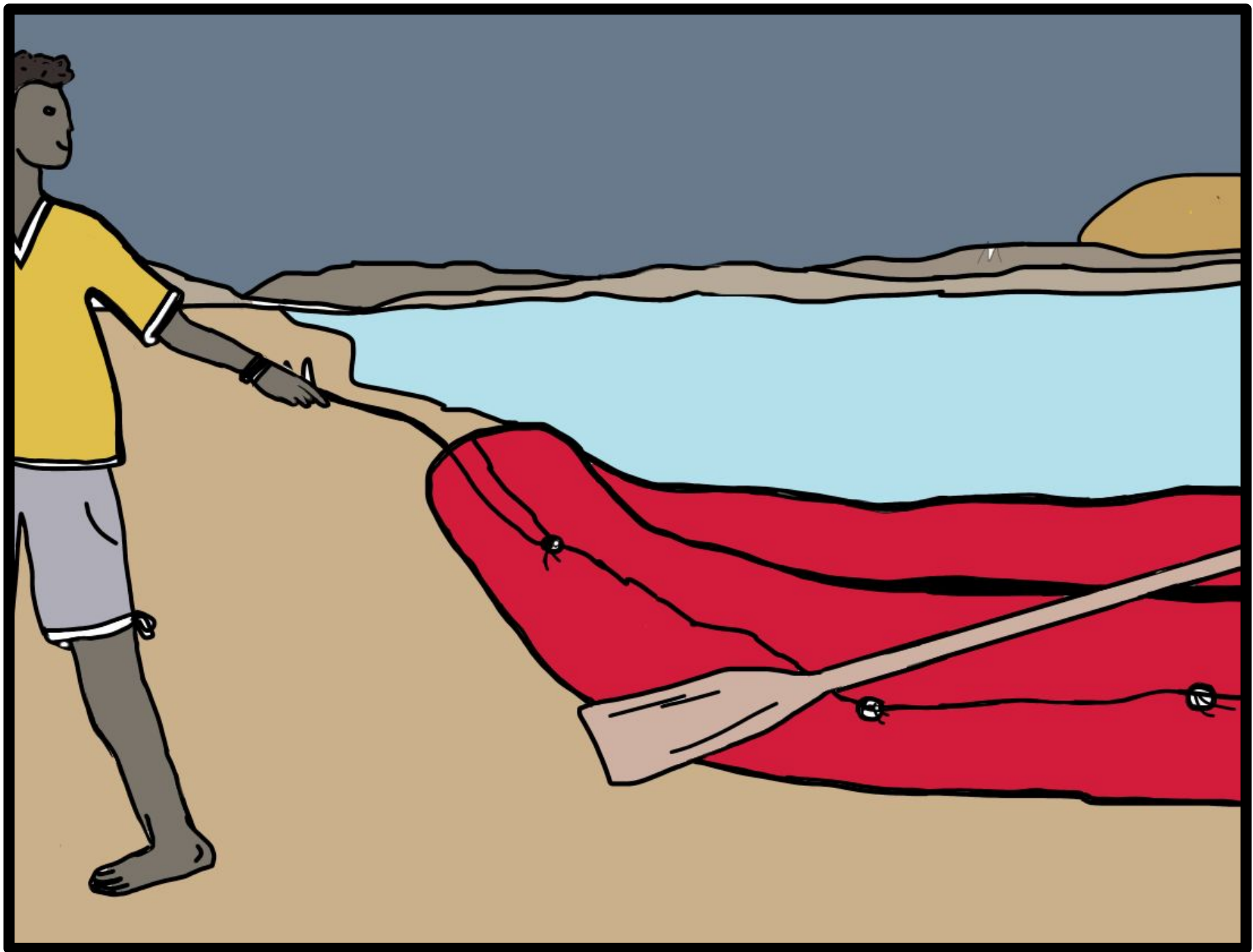
As the sun sets, we spot a plot of land.



I step off the raft when it hits land.

It is hot in the sand. I am glad I can go for a swim.

Kris drags the raft to a flat spot.



Then we scan for a path.

We want flat land plus grass to put up tents.

I am glad when we stop at a spot to camp.



Fred grabs a tent and preps a spot. Then he clips the frog flag to the tent.

Brad and I bring twigs and logs to the  pit.



We slip into our tents and
get snug.

I sing a song and we all talk
and plan our trek back.

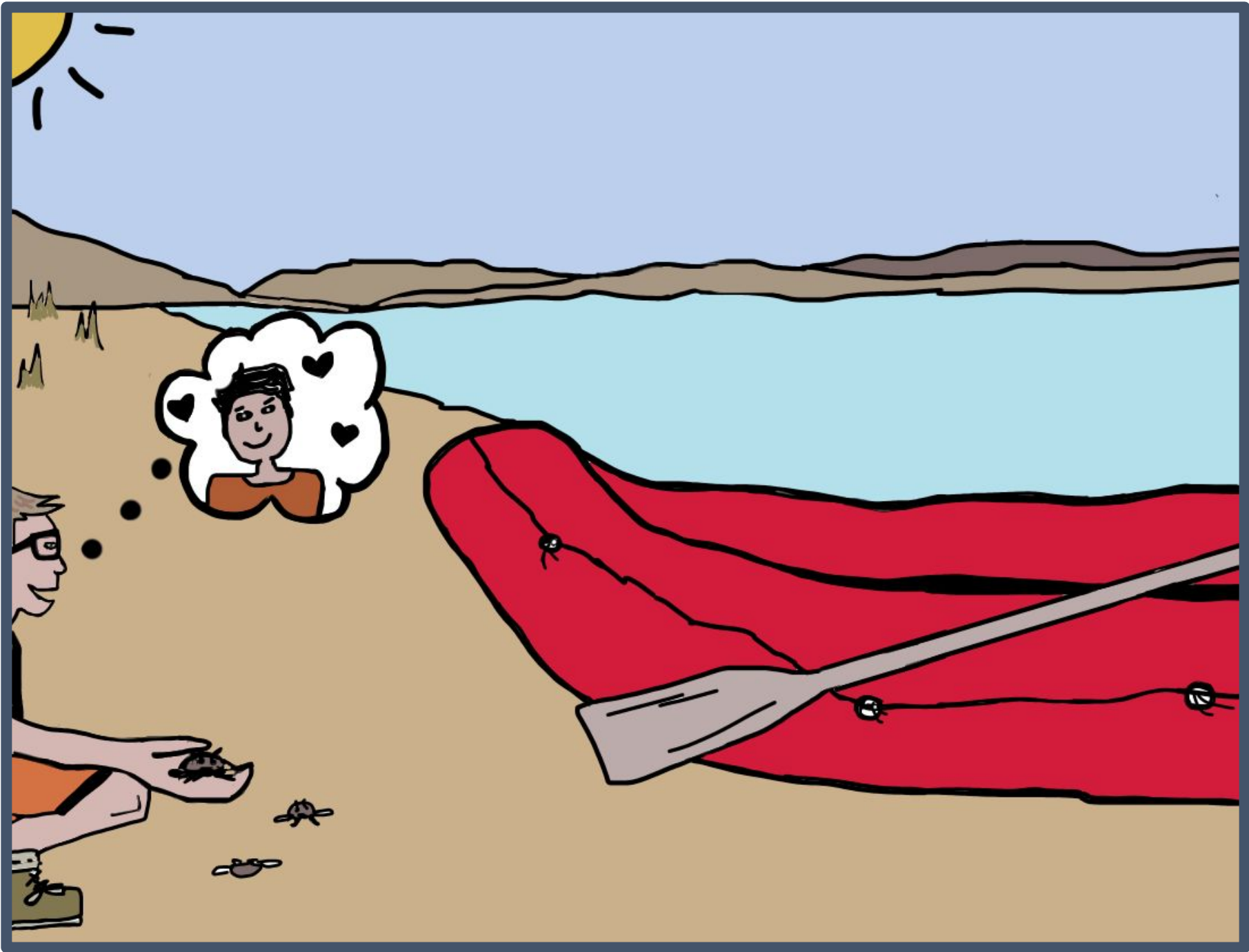


I get up with the sun.
Then I trot down to the
raft and get in the sand.
I stop, squat, and trap a
crab in my hand.



It has been a fun camp trip
with the red raft, plus the
swim.

But I will be glad to get
back. I miss my dad.



BLUE level 2
4 sound words
Introducing: beginning blends

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