This happened in Australia, when I was about twenty-five. I spent a few days at a hotel in Alice Springs and went to Ayers Rock and, well, anyway, **one day**, I went out for a walk, in the outback. It was a lovely day so I walked and walked, and **then** I I didn't really know where I was. I was a bit stupid, really, because I decided to go further. I guess I thought I'd find the way back.

Um, anyway, **after that** I heard some dogs. First I heard them barking, and then I saw them – there was a group – maybe five or six dogs, wild dogs, coming towards me. **I felt really frightened**, but I remembered some I, I read in my guide book: don't move, and don't look at the dogs. So I froze, like a statue – I didn't move and I looked at a tree, not at the dogs, and didn't move my eyes. The dogs were all around me, jumping and I thought they were going to bite me. Then one dog *did* bite my arm, just a little, but still, I didn't move.

In the end, after about twenty minutes, the dogs went away. I stayed there for a few minutes and then luckily, found my way back to the hotel. **It was the most frightening experience I've ever had!**



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