Happy Camping?

I thought camping would be wonderful, then I tried it.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. I was reading a holiday brochure wondering how to spend my summer break when I saw a photo of happy campers under a blue sky at a lovely campsite. Why not go camping? I thought. It could be fun, and it certainly wasn't expensive.

I'd only ever been camping once before, when I was a teenager. On the first day I'd got hopelessly lost, been unable to put my tent up and ended up in a cave waiting for the mountain rescue team. I suppose I shouldn't have gone on my own and I should have remembered to take a map too. But this time I was sure it would be different.

There was a sale on at my local camping store. I bought a tent, a sleeping bag, an air mattress and an electric torch for less than the cost of one night in a hotel. I packed my rucksack and checked off everything on my list. I was ready. Nothing could go wrong.

As soon as I walked into the campsite, I realised I had forgotten something. It was dinner time and my fellow campers were all sitting outside their tents, camper vans and caravans cooking sausages in frying pans on little blue camping stoves. I didn't have a camping stove. Or a frying pan. Or any sausages. Never mind, I could eat at the local pub. It was only three miles away.

First, I had to put up my tent. Unfortunately the instructions were not very clear. In fact, they were impossible to understand. As for the pictures, I wasn't even sure which way up to hold them. But after an hour, the tent was up. I inflated my mattress, unrolled my sleeping bag and went to the pub.

After my meal, which was excellent, I realised something. It gets very dark in the country at night. I could hardly see a thing. It was a good thing I'd bought that torch. It was just a pity I'd left it in the tent. It took me almost two hours to get back to the campsite. I was cold, I had mud up to my knees and I was hungry again.

The only thing to do was to go to sleep. At least the sleeping bag was warm, and the inflatable mattress was comfortable too. I woke up in the middle of the night feeling thirsty. My back ached because my inflatable mattress had lost its air. It was raining heavily outside. Unfortunately, it was also raining inside the tent. The bottom of my sleeping bag was totally wet. I didn't sleep for the rest of that night.

The next night was much better, however. I was warm, dry, comfortable and I slept well. I woke up to the smell of frying bacon. Camping isn't so bad, I thought, it's just not for me. So I got up, got dressed, closed the door behind me, went downstairs, walked through the reception area to the dining room and sat down to eat my breakfast.

1 The author decided to go camping because he
- ○ had never done it before.
- ○ didn't have much money.
- ○ had had a good experience the last time he tried it.
- ○ thought it would be enjoyable and economical.

2 He
- ○ spent some time preparing his camping trip.
- ○ was pessimistic about going camping.
- ○ arrived at the campsite in the morning.
- ○ had already planned to have dinner at the pub.

3 He
- ○ couldn't find the instructions for the tent.
- ○ found it easy to put up the tent.
- ○ found it difficult to put up the tent.
- ○ found it impossible to put up the tent.

4 It took him a long time to return to the campsite because
- ○ he had eaten too much.
- ○ there wasn't enough light.
- ○ his torch didn't work.
- ○ it was cold.

5 During the night
- ○ everything went well.
- ○ more than one thing went wrong.
- ○ the noise of the rain woke him up.
- ○ he dropped water on his sleeping bag.

6 He spent the second night in
- ○ the same tent.
- ○ the country.
- ○ a better campsite.
- ○ a hotel.

LIVEWORKSHEETS