



A Wet Night



Chip and Len set up camp by the river. They found a flat spot in the soft grass. "This is a good place to stop," said Chip. "We can fish in the morning." They began to unpack their bags. They set up the tent and laid out their thick sleeping bags.



Then, they had a nice dinner and went to sleep. In the middle of the night, a bad storm hit. Dark clouds poured down rain. The river rose up. Soon, cold water and mud came creeping into the tent. Chip woke up in the pitch black. He did not feel well at all.



His fur was wet and dirty. "Len, wake up!" yelled Chip. "This spot is unsafe!" Len sat up in the dark. He felt the deep mud on the floor of the tent. "We cannot stay here," said Len, shaking his head. "We must pack up right now and get to high ground." Chip nodded.



He reached down and unzipped the tent flap so they could get out into the storm. The rain fell fast and hard. Chip and Len had to work quickly in the wet and the cold. They had to undo all their hard work. Chip had to untie the wet ropes from the wooden pegs.



Len had to stuff the damp sleeping bags back into the packs. Then they had to fold up the tent. It was a big mess. They grabbed their heavy things and ran away from the river. They climbed up to the top of a tall hill. At the top, it was safe and dry. The water could not reach them.



"We can set up camp again here," said Len. They began to set up the tent again in the wind. It took a long time, but at last they got it to stand strong. They crawled inside to wait out the storm. By morning, the rain had stopped at last. The sun came up bright and warm.



Chip and Len went outside and sat on a big log. Len made a small fire with dry sticks. They heated a tin pot of tea and filled their cups. They needed to warm up after the long, cold night. As they sat by the fire, they watched the rushing river far below them.



They were so glad to be high up on the hill. Chip began to retell the wild story of their night. Len thought back on the long night and smiled. It had been hard, but they were safe. Next time, they would pick a dry hilltop spot from the start! They would fish later, when the river was safe.