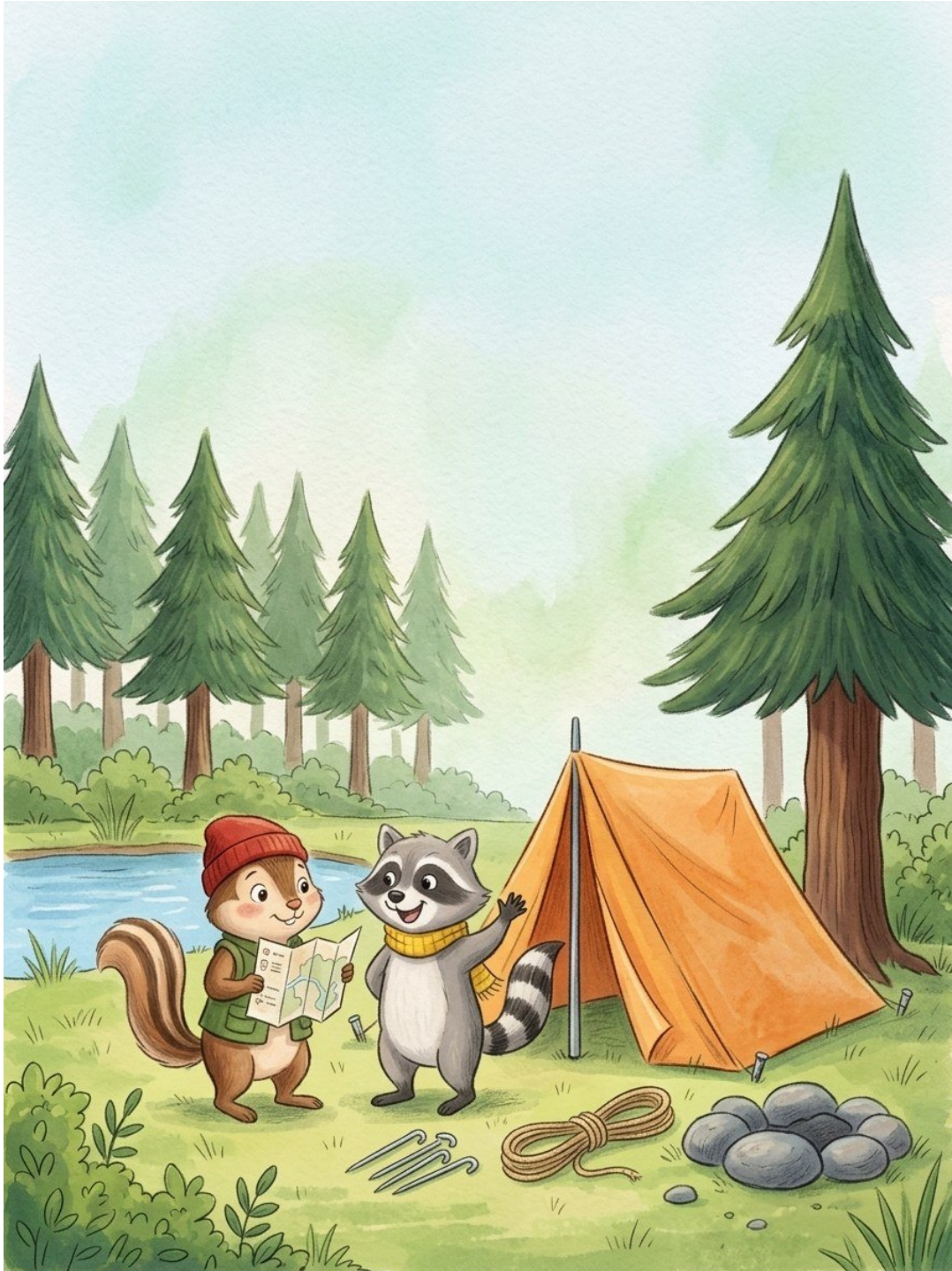




The Helpful Camper



Chip and Len loved to camp in the woods. Chip was always very careful when they went on a trip. He liked to plan things out. His pal Len was joyful and playful. Len was fun to be with, but he could be careless at times.



Today, they set up their tent in a flat spot next to a big pine tree. "Did you pound the stakes into the ground?" asked Chip. Len just smiled. Len had been quite careless.



He did not pound the tent stakes into the dirt. He thought a bit of wind was harmless. He wanted to go play in the pond instead. "It will be fine," Len said. Late that night, a stormy wind began to blow.



It felt like an endless blast of cold air. Wham! The tent pole fell down. The tent flapped away in the dark. It landed in the bushes. Chip felt hopeless. The two pals were stuck in the storm.



The cold rain felt painful on his skin. Chip was helpless in the muddy, wet grass. "Our tent is gone," Chip yelled. "This is very bad!" Len felt very bad. He had felt useless on this trip, but now he wanted to be helpful.



He decided to be fearless. He ran through the wind and rain to the bushes to get the wet tent. He wanted to fix his mistake. Len dragged the tent back to the camp. He set the tent pole back up. He got a long rope.



He tied the tent to a strong tree. Then he got heavy stones. He stacked the heavy stones on the edges of the tent. Now the tent was held down tight. The wind could not blow it away again. The pals went inside.



It was damp inside, but it was snug. They were out of the cold wind at last. "You saved our trip, Len," Chip said. Chip felt thankful. Len was cheerful again. They went to sleep safe and snug until the sun came up.