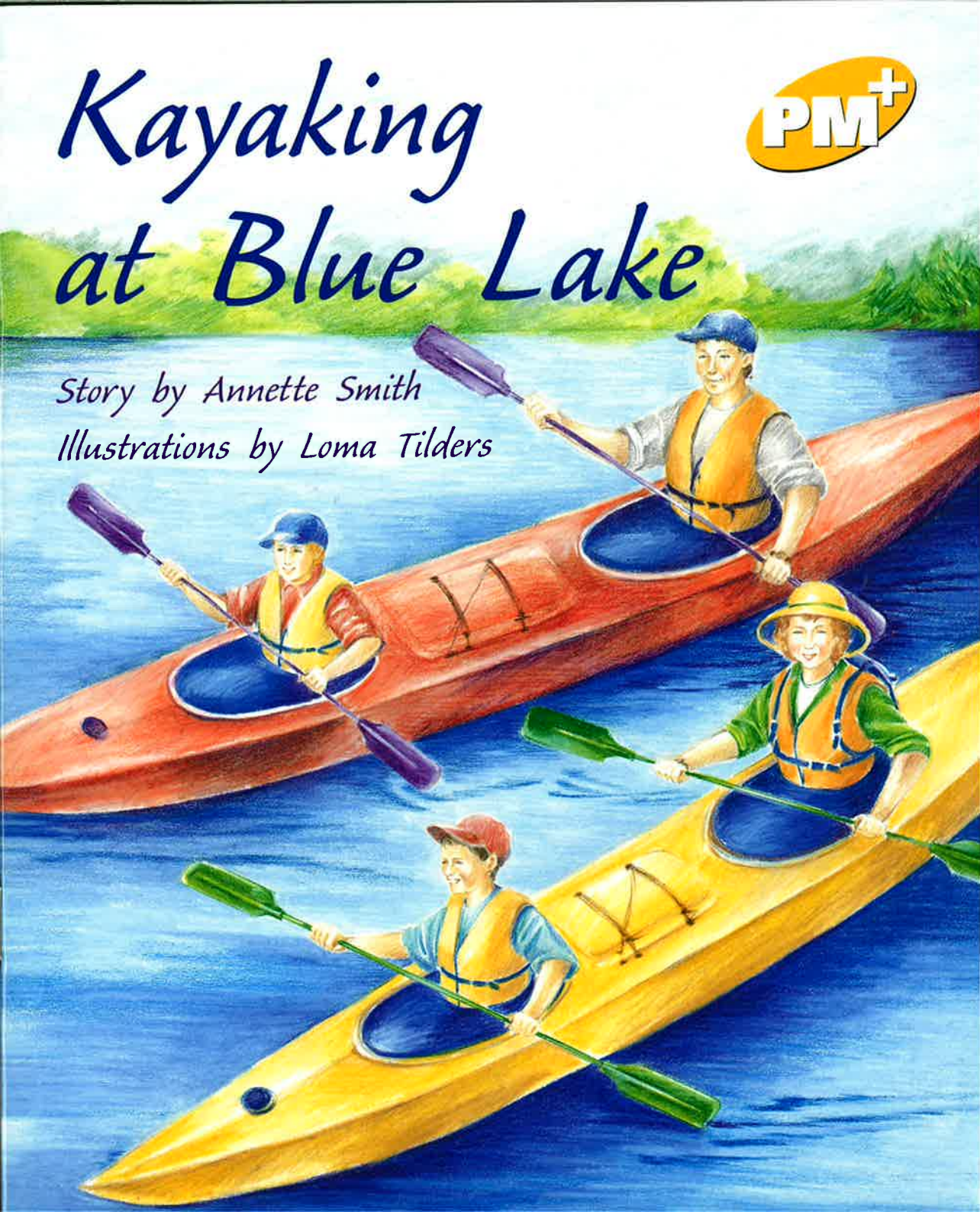
Kayaking at Blue Lake

PM+

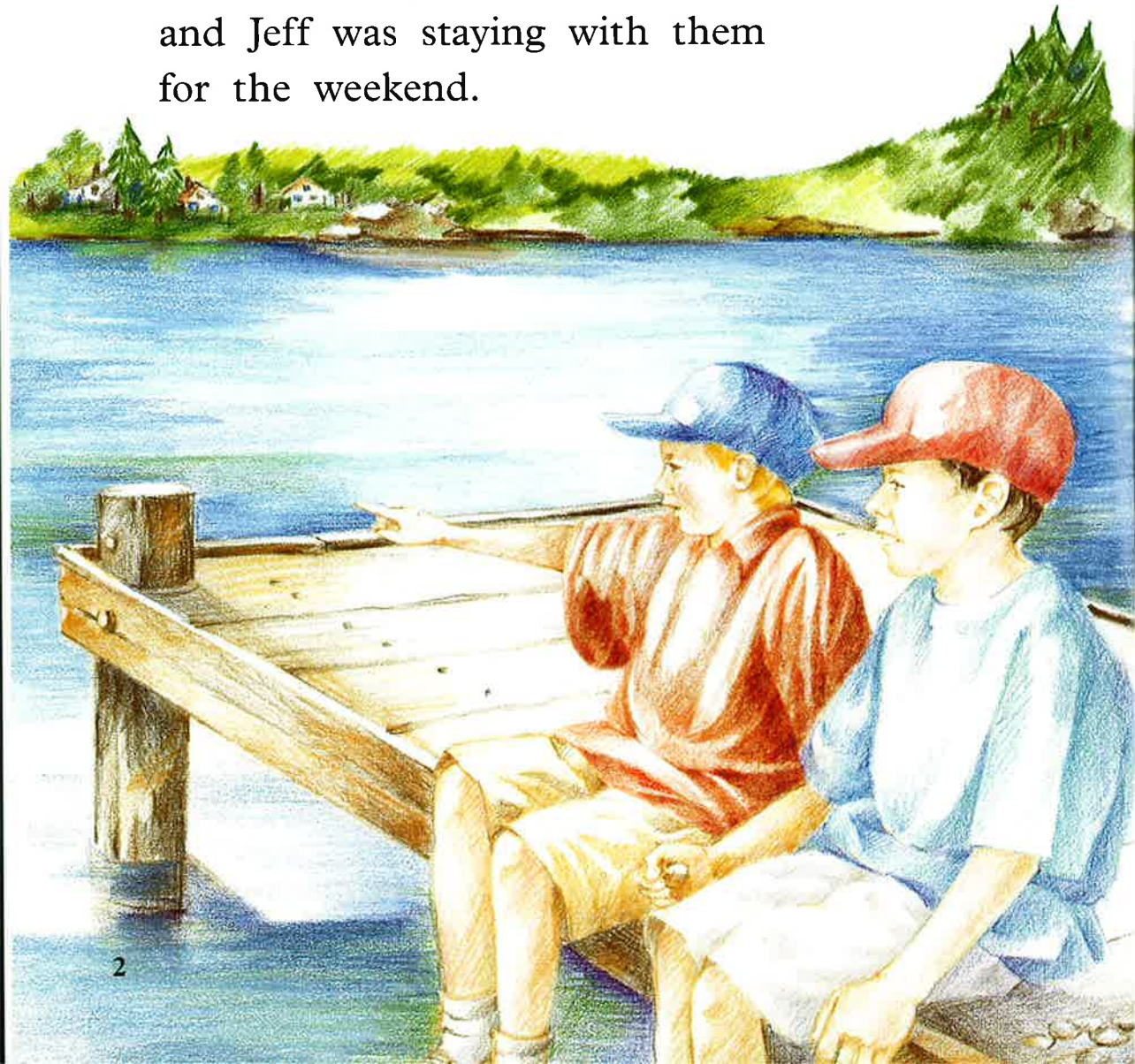
Story by Annette Smith

Illustrations by Loma Tilders



For teachers' inspection ONLY

Tim and Jeff sat on the jetty
and tossed stones into the water below.
Tim's parents owned a small wooden cabin
at Blue Lake,
and Jeff was staying with them
for the weekend.

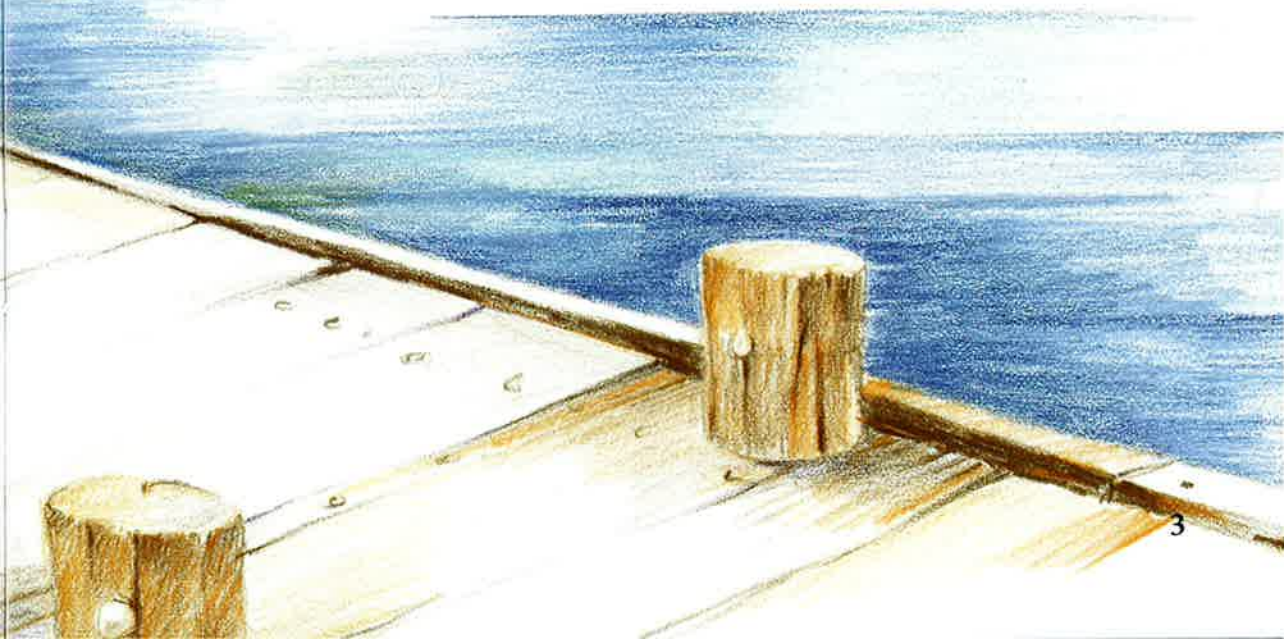


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"Are we going to paddle the kayaks
all the way around the lake?"
asked Jeff,
pointing to the cabins in the distance.

"Yes," replied Tim.
"We're going to visit some friends,
and have lunch with them."

"It looks a long way from here,"
said Jeff.
"I don't think I can paddle that far!"



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"Of course you can," laughed Tim.
"Remember, you're going with Dad
in his kayak.
He's the strongest paddler.
Don't worry!
Anyway, we'll keep close to the shore."

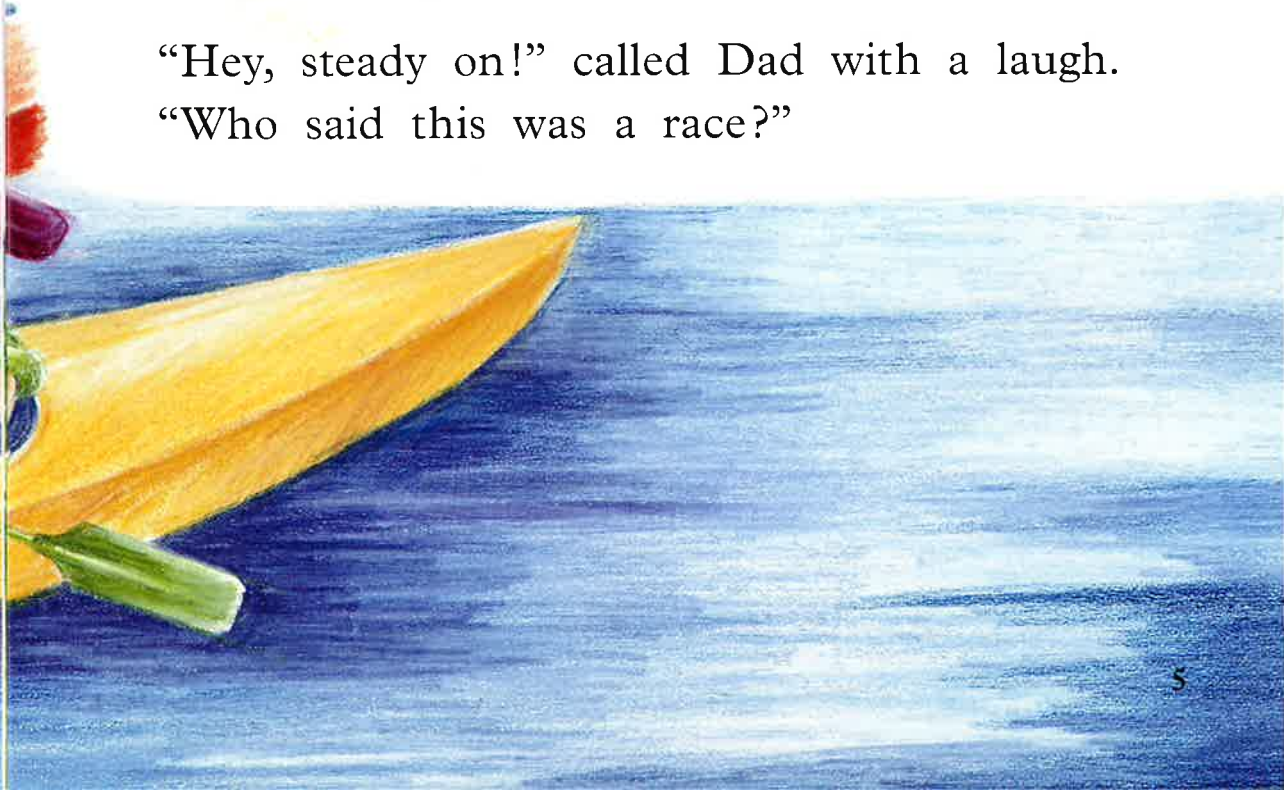


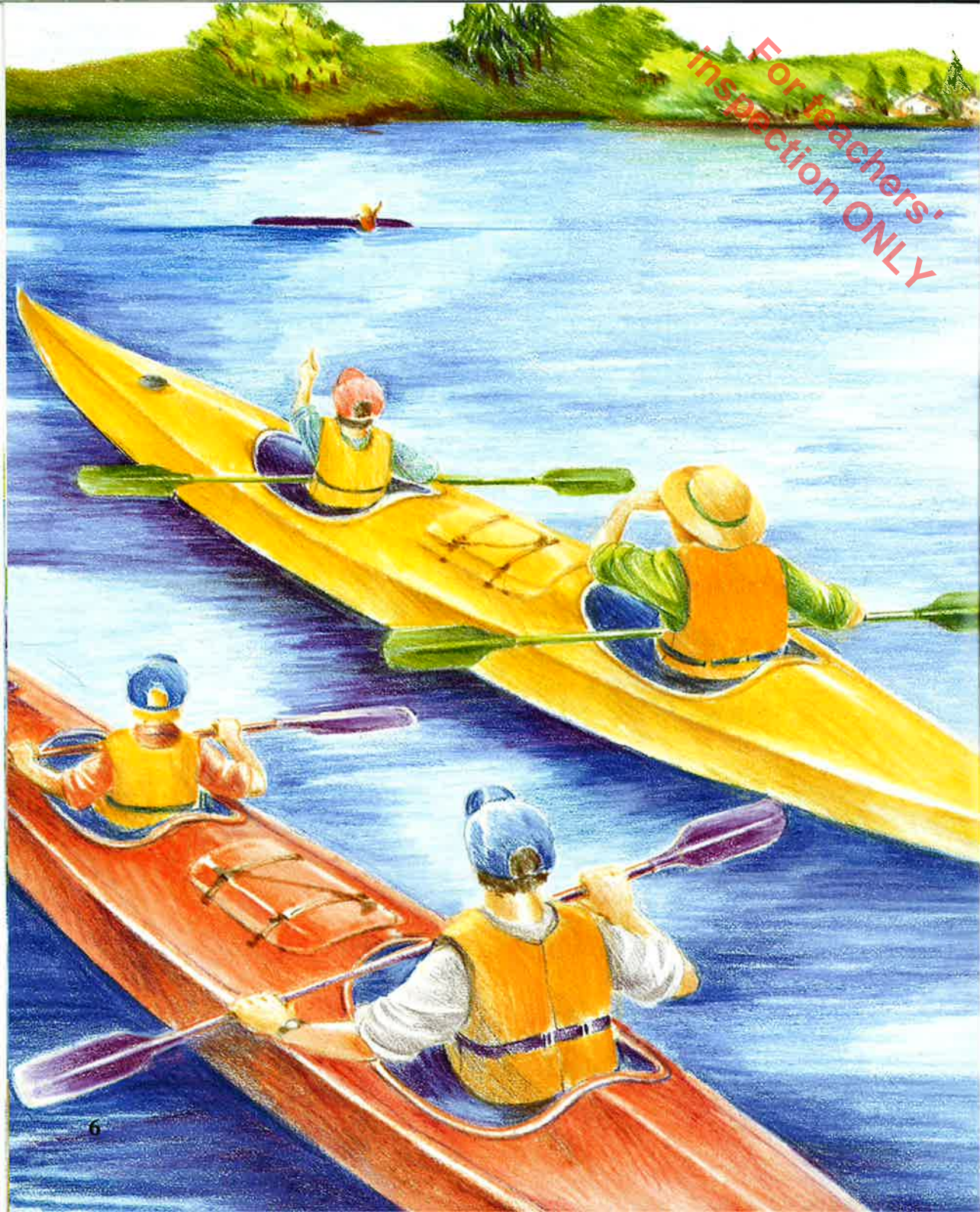
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Just then, Tim's parents came down the path towards the jetty.
"Come and help us get these kayaks into the water," called Tim's dad.
"They're quite heavy."

When they were settled in their seats, Tim shouted, "Let's go, Mum!
We'll have to paddle hard
if we're going to beat those two
around the point."

"Hey, steady on!" called Dad with a laugh.
"Who said this was a race?"





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