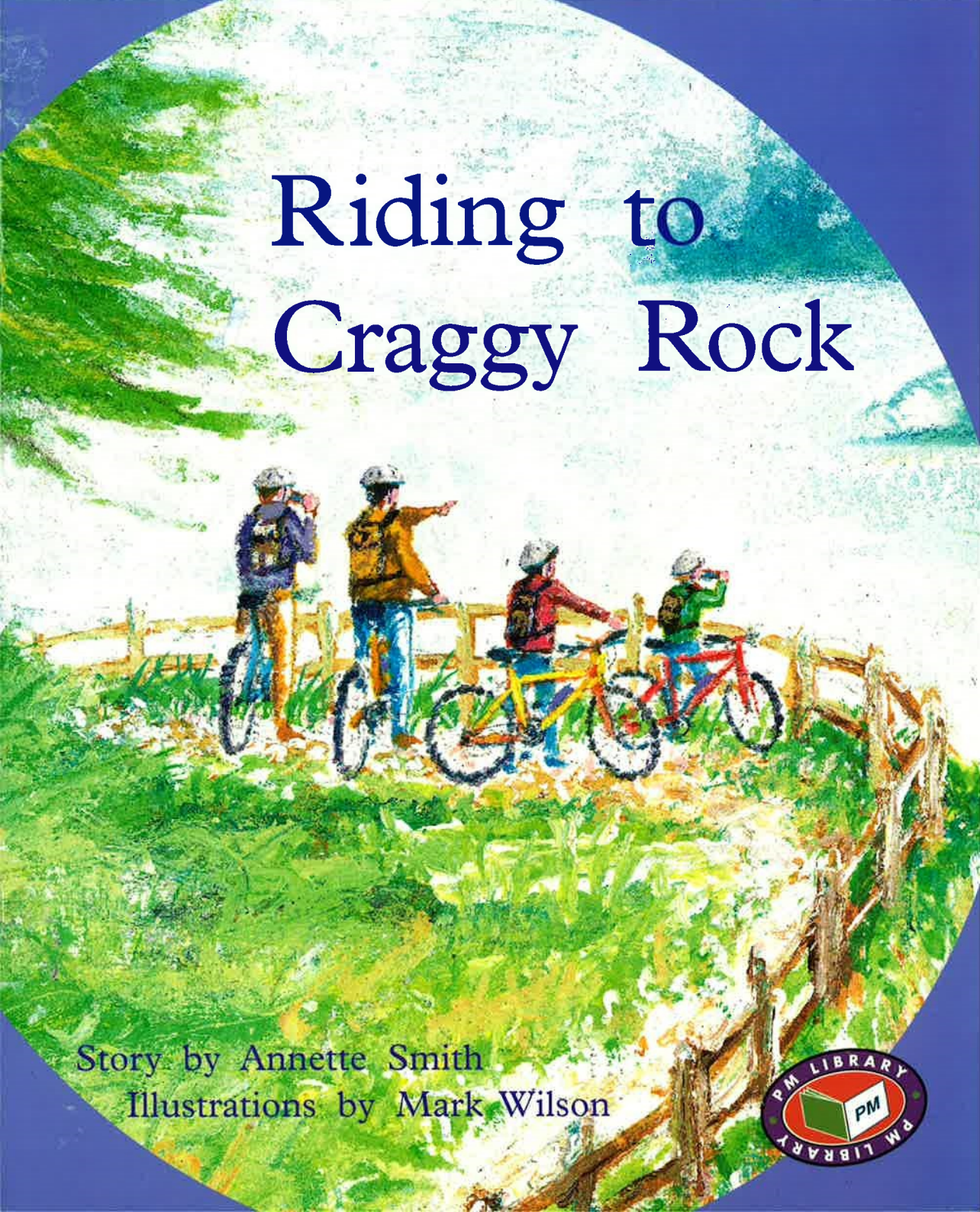
Riding to Craggy Rock

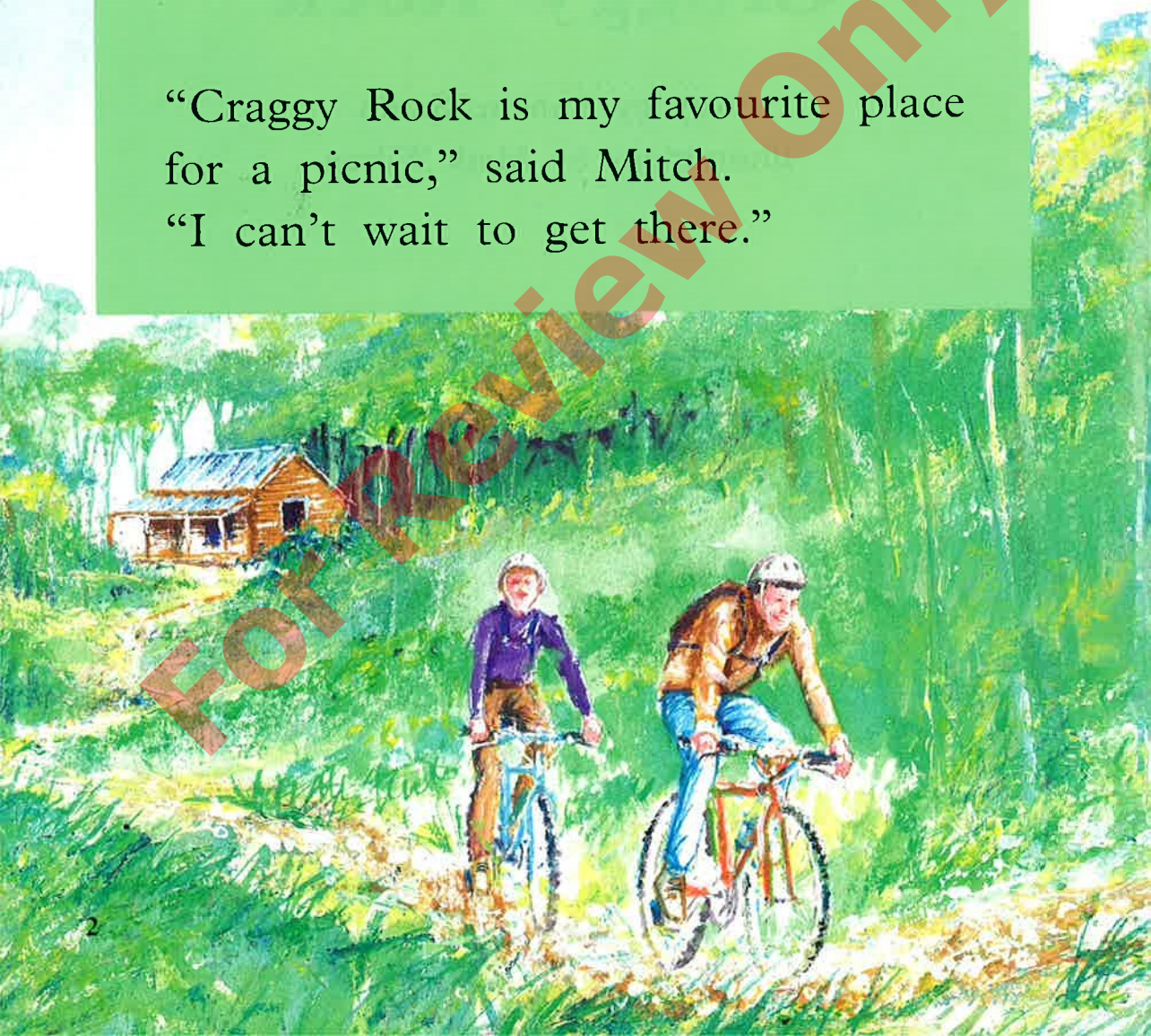


Story by Annette Smith
Illustrations by Mark Wilson

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One morning, Mitch and Ben
and Mum and Dad
set off from the cabin
on their bikes.

"Craggy Rock is my favourite place
for a picnic," said Mitch.
"I can't wait to get there."



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"It's going to be a long ride," said Ben.

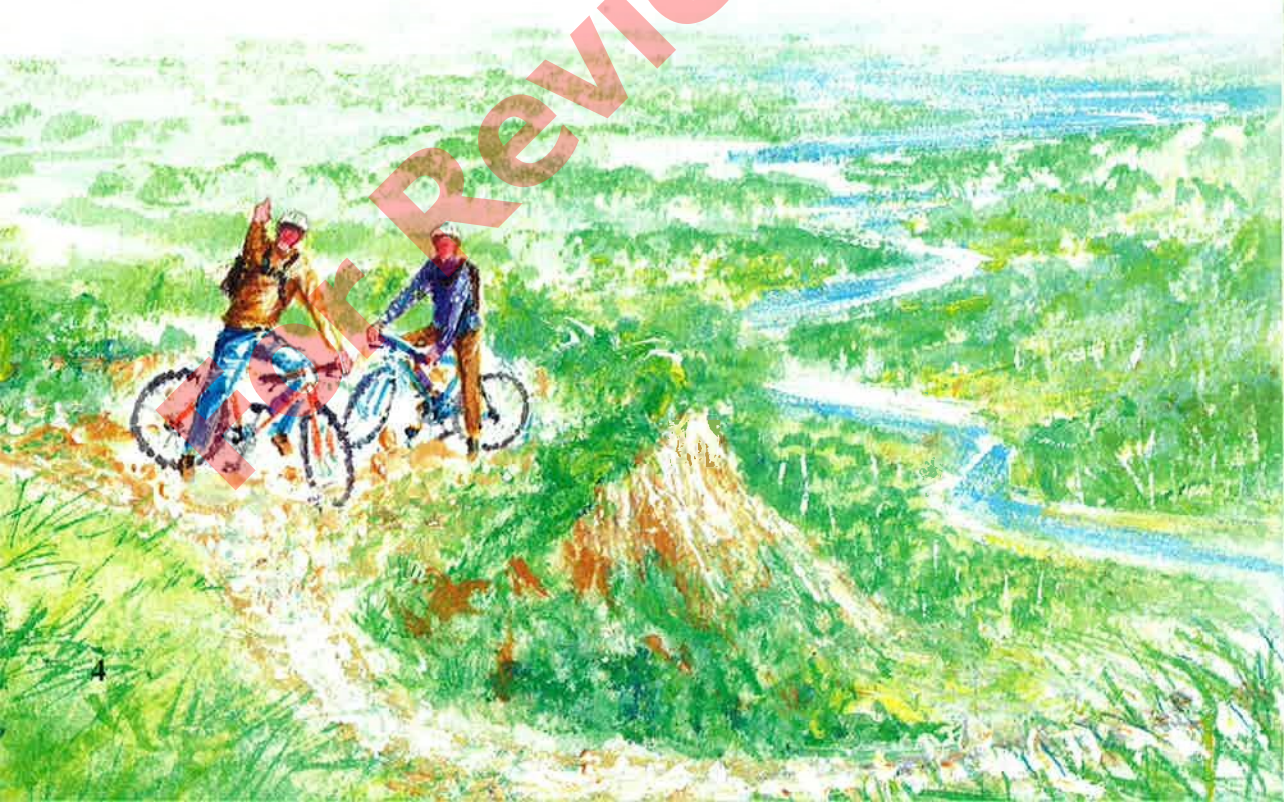
"Yes," said Mum, "just as well we have our water bottles with us. We will need to drink a lot of water on a warm day like today."



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The sun was hot,
and the air was very still.

"We can stop for a drink
at the top of the next big hill,"
said Dad.
"There's a good look-out up there."



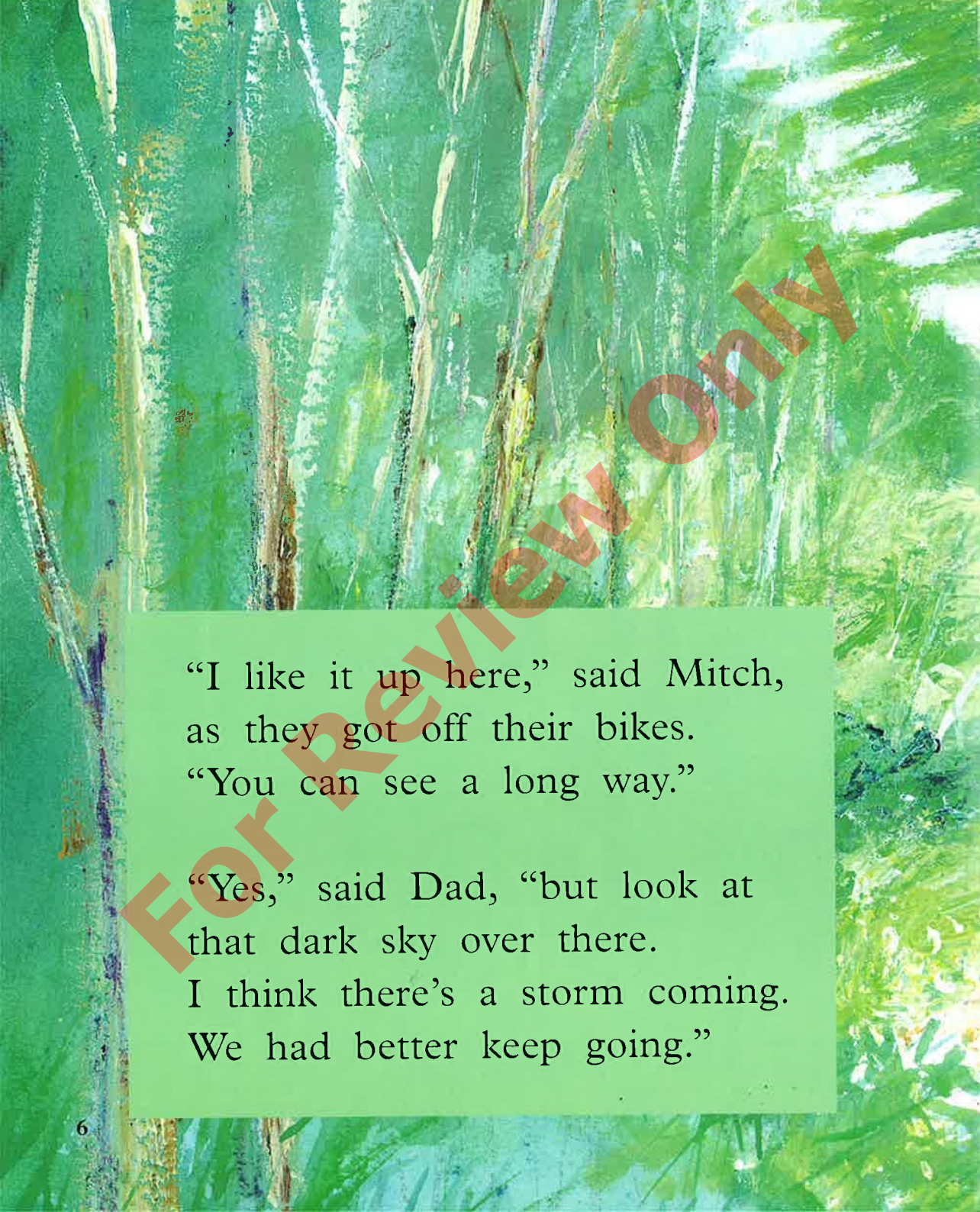
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The boys led the way.

At last, they came to the look-out at the top of the big hill.



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"I like it up here," said Mitch,
as they got off their bikes.
"You can see a long way."

"Yes," said Dad, "but look at
that dark sky over there.
I think there's a storm coming.
We had better keep going."

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