# Photographic Memory

*Story by* **Ron Bunney**

*Illustrations by* **Richard Hoit**



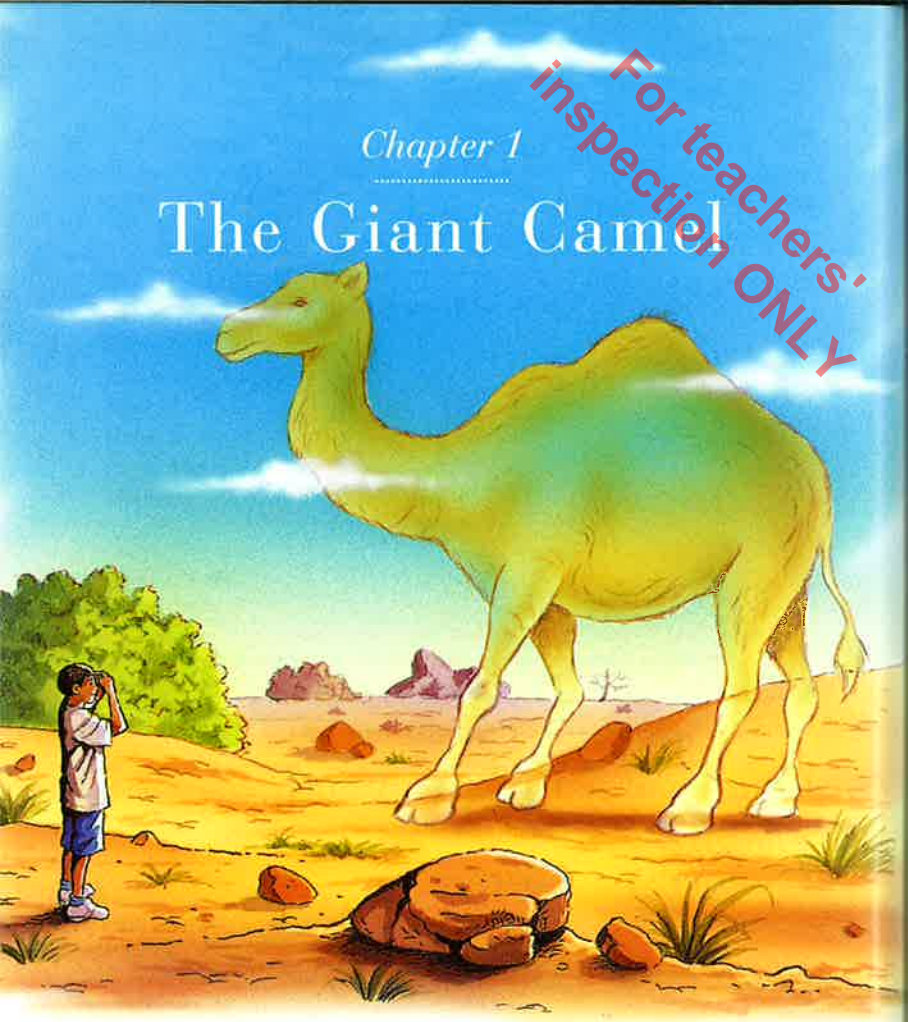
# Contents

For teachers' inspection ONLY




| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Chapter 1* | The Giant Camel | 4 |
| *Chapter 2* | Time for Lunch | 8 |
| *Chapter 3* | Lost! | 12 |
| *Chapter 4* | All Alone | 16 |
| *Chapter 5* | Escape! | 21 |
| *Chapter 6* | Back to Camp | 28 |

For teachers' inspection ONLY



*Chapter 1*

# The Giant Camel

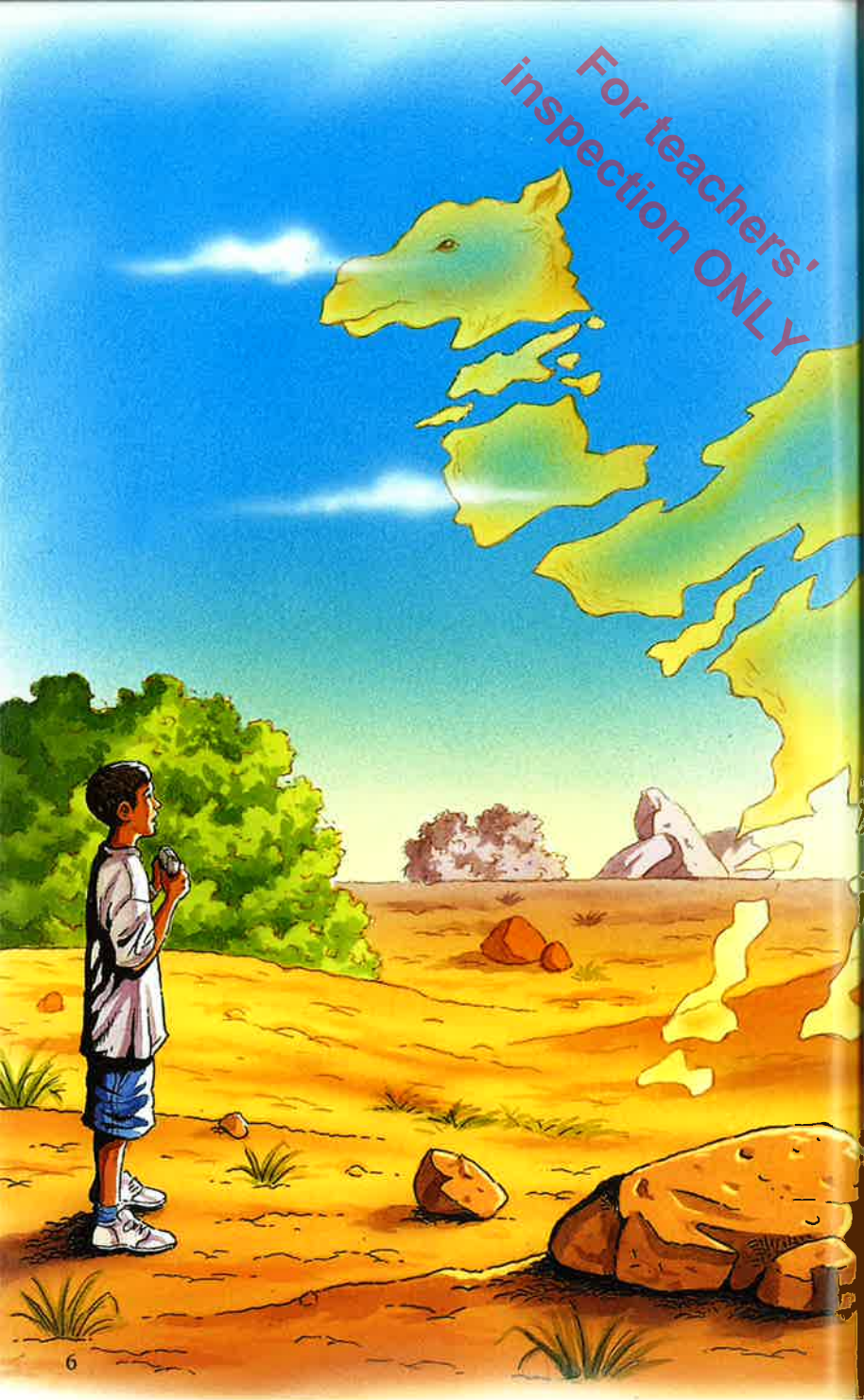
Sam couldn't believe it. Was that a ten-metre high camel walking towards him? He ran towards it. Then he skidded to a stop and pulled his brand new digital camera out of his pocket. It was a gift for his eleventh birthday.

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Sam lined up the camel in the viewfinder of the camera and he snapped the shot. Then Sam charged off again. Everything he saw was new and strange. This was his third day of travelling with his family and living in a hired camper. He was exploring the area as his parents prepared lunch.

Sam ran past a small pile of earth and rocks further away from the camper. He wanted to get a picture of that gigantic camel from another angle. Surely these pictures would make him famous. He jogged down a slope and out into a vast area of low scrub. It was very hot, but he kept on going.

Puffing and panting, Sam paused to wipe the sweat from his eyes. They were stinging and felt rather strange. Sam felt very confused. The camel had shrunk. He rubbed his eyes again.



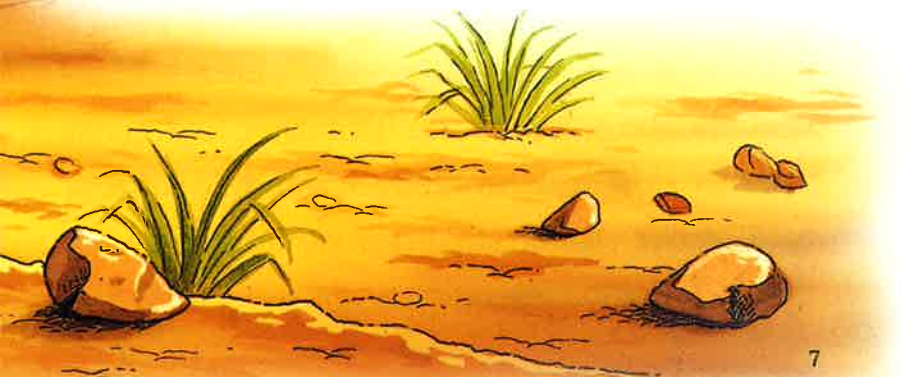
For teachers' inspection ONLY

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Oh no! As Sam looked more closely, he realised the giant camel was only a mirage! It wasn't real at all. Then he remembered his photo. He used the tiny screen on the back of the camera to study the image that had been recorded in the camera's memory.

There was a shape. But was it a camel? Sam had certainly been hoping to see some camels. Perhaps he had imagined it.

Sighing loudly, Sam put the camera back in his pocket. It wouldn't make him famous, but at least it showed the sort of country they were travelling through. He would show it to his grandparents when he got back to India. Otherwise they would never believe that the earth could be so red.



For teachers' inspection ONLY

*Chapter 2*

# Time for Lunch



Sam looked around him. The day seemed to be getting even hotter and he had been away rather a long while. It was time to get back to his parents and have lunch. Sam remembered that he had come past a small outcrop of rock. Yes, that was it over there.

He set off. The sun beat down and he wished he'd worn the hat his mother was always telling him to wear. But he hadn't meant to come so far. He should have brought the water bottle his father had given him. In this heat he really wanted some icy-cold water. Sam tried to swallow but his throat felt too dry.