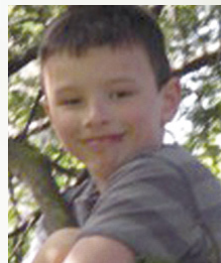




Lost on Holiday

By Kai G., age 7, England



One Easter holiday I went to Scotland with my mum, my two sisters, and my grandparents. We stayed in a caravan just a few metres away from a large field with trees

A **caravan** is like a camper or RV.

and some friendly horses. Every day my sisters and I would go and feed the horses. It was fun. Mum didn't mind because she could see us and knew we were safe.

One day, though, I went on my own to the play area, which was quite far from our caravan. Mum had told me to never go there on my own, but I went anyway.

When I finished playing, I started back towards the caravan, but I didn't know which way to go. All the caravans looked the same. I walked all over the place but could not find my way; every way seemed to be a dead end with bushes. What I did not know was that my mum and granddad were looking all over for me and getting worried.

After a while I was very frightened, so I thought to myself, *I should pray to my Heavenly Father*. After I finished my prayer, I knew I had to go through the bushes. I pushed through them and could see the trees up ahead and knew that was where the field and horses were. I knew I was near the caravan and ran as fast as I could. I said another prayer thanking my Heavenly Father for showing me the way back.

When I got back, my mum and granddad were still looking for me. They were so pleased to see me. They hugged me, and I told them what happened. They were cross because I had gone away but very happy I had prayed when I was lost and afraid. ◆

