

image not found or type unknown



On summer vacation, my grandparents decided to go for a walk in the forest. They live in their own house, and not far away a large river flows and there is a green forest. I went with them. We walked along the forest paths for a long time, it was warm, grandmother told interesting stories, and grandfather whistled beautifully. He promised that someday he would teach me how to whistle like that. Soon I said that I was tired, and my grandmother took a blanket out of her backpack and spread it on the green grass. We had a picnic. We laid out our things, took out a baked cake and began to enjoy a pleasant day.

Soon my grandmother and grandfather decided to lie down to rest, and I could walk not far from them. I walked along the overgrown path and looked at the trees. I didn't notice how I had moved too far. At first I decided to call for help, but then I remembered how cartoon characters act, and decided to find my way on my own and go back. I began to follow my footsteps. Then I realized that I was confused and started crying. Suddenly, I heard the voice of my grandfather and shouted back. It turned out that I had not gone far at all, and our camp was behind two bushes.

After this incident, my grandmother told me that as soon as I realized that I was lost, I should scream and call for help. If I went the other way, I could go very far and really get lost. Now I know that if I lose sight of people again, I will stop there and call them, so as not to get lost even more.