

Carry On Camping – Day 5

‘I hope this is worth it...!’ moaned Hardy as they puffed their way to the top of the hill towards the campsite.

Although Hardy was taller, bigger and stronger than the others, it never made any difference. He was always the one complaining. He complained about his knees, his back, his toes, his left eye, and his shin.

‘Ow! My ear!’ he cried as he crashed Clara, who had stopped to adjust her boots. ‘That’s the same ear that I bashed during the second half on Saturday...or was it the first?’

No-one listened. There were there now. There were more important things to think about.

Like where they were going to put their tents.

Like where they were going to sleep.

Like why was it called Nightmare Lake?

‘Look at these trees!’ said Hardy, ‘yes...these should do nicely!’

‘There’s a good flat bit over there for a game’, said Michael, still in football mode, unpacking a red Premiership ball from his bag.

‘Hey, hang on, give us a hand here!’ said Freddy, ‘I’m struggling!’

‘Not as much as him!’ replied Michael, smiling and pointing over to Hardy, who was trying to put a hammock between two trees.

It didn’t look like a hammock. Not from where they were standing. Lots of canvas, yes; several ropes, yes; and two large trees. But would it work?

‘See, all you do, is perch on the side here ...’ (Hardy took a quick look at the instructions), ‘...place your right hand here...’ (Hardy placed his right hand on the left edge of the canvas), ‘...and pull yourself up and rest here...’

Hardy paused on the edge of the canvas, one leg hanging out of the hammock, before crashing to the ground with a yelp.

‘Yelp!’ he said, ‘I must have got these instructions wrong’.

He turned them the other way up.

‘Ah, yes, raise your right leg, put your left hand here...’ he put his left hand under his raised right leg, ‘...grip the canvas here, and...swing...’

(wait a second...)

‘CRASH!’ Hardy, for one second hung in the air, then slid along the length of the hammock and smashed into the tree at the far end.

‘Hmmm...’, he said, ‘I think I’ll just do it my way...’

‘Hiyaaaggggh!’ he screamed before running at the hammock, and leaping onto it. The hammock was having none of this, and as he hit it, it spun round and round on its length, wrapping him up in coloured canvas. Then, the hammock decided to unwind, spinning Hardy crazily and spitting him out on the ground in front of them.

‘Can I sleep in your tent tonight?’ he whimpered.

‘Hey look!’ said Hardy later, ‘this is GREAT!’

He was tugging at something, a piece of rope maybe, behind which emerged an old boat.

‘NO-ooooo-oooo!’

A familiar cry erupted from the trees behind them, and Mr Andrews, waving his bony arms in the air, was galloping down the path towards the water.

‘You can’t go out there!... It’s not your boat!... You haven’t got any lifejackets!... And on that lake!’

‘No it’s fine, really it is!’ cried Hardy, as the boat drifted out towards open water, ‘Look, you can even stan...!’

Hardy didn’t say anything else, as he tried to stand up. His foot had made a big hole in the bottom of the boat. Water was pouring in.

‘Help?’ asked Clara quietly. ‘Help?’ she asked again.

‘HELP!’ yelled Hardy...
