

The Stormy Day

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It was a warm summer evening, and Joshua, Rosie, and Abigail were upstairs getting ready for bed.



Everyone was excited because tomorrow
they were going on a trip to the seaside.



Dad was trying to tuck a wriggly Joshua into his bed.

"I can't wait to go to the beach!" Joshua said happily.

"Me too!" said Dad. "We're going to build the biggest sandcastle ever!"





He kissed Joshua goodnight and went downstairs to get things ready for the morning.

Very early the next day, the children were wide awake
and bounced into Mum and Dad's room.

"Is it time to go to the beach yet?" Rosie asked excitedly.

Dad began to sit up in bed.



Yawning, Mum got out of bed
and opened the curtains.

“Oh no!” she gasped.
“It’s pouring with rain!”



The sky was dark grey, and suddenly there was a bright flash and a rumble of thunder.

“I’m sorry everyone but I’m not sure we’ll be able to go.”

Joshua sat down on the bed with his head in his hands.

Abigail began to cry.



“But the weather forecast
didn’t mention thunderstorms!”

Dad said crossly.

“Oh dear,” said Mum,
putting on her dressing gown.

“We’d better go downstairs
and have breakfast anyway.”

