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Primary 5 Lesson  
Creative Writing: Picture Composition

CAMPING (by Annette Poh)

There was a cool breeze in the air as it neared evening. Andy was pitching his tent under a shady tree that towered over him. Andy and his companions were scouts and they had to camp in the park in order to get their next badge. Andy was one of the scout leaders and he was in charge of all the junior scouts.

"Hey, light the fire, will you?" Andy ordered one of the junior scouts.

He obediently started gathering some wood. Meanwhile, two other junior scouts were playing hide and seek. Andy glanced at them. They were shrieking away in delight and laughing very loudly. Andy sighed. Another two to report to the scout master, he thought.

Unexpectedly, he felt a tap on his shoulder. He spun around, and to his surprise, the scout whom he had asked to start the fire asked how much firewood he should use. He rolled his eyes in annoyance and furrowed his brows angrily. The junior scouts had just been taught the skills of starting a fire the week before. Andy curtly told the boy the amount of firewood to use.

There were at least five tents to pitch and none of the other scouts were helping Andy, apart from that one incompetent junior scout who was still struggling with the campfire. Beads of perspiration dripped down Andy's forehead. This was pure torture but he had to earn that badge. He grit his teeth and kept persevering.

What felt like hours later, the tents were pitched at the campfire was roaring, all from the efforts of only two boys. Two other scouts were still playing hide and seek while a third was down on all fours, mimicking a dog's movements. Andy was tired and furious and was in no mood to enjoy the activities for the night.

After dinner, Andy excused himself and let the others continue singing campfire songs. He had purposely pitched the tent for the two junior scouts who had been playing hide and seek while they should have been working near an ants' nest. Creeping towards it, he kicked the ants nest directly into their tent and closed the flap. Grinning away, all his frustration gone and replaced by vengeful glee, he went back to where the others were and sang his heart out.

Soon it was bedtime. Andy headed back to his tent, preparing himself for some drama. Sure enough, the quiet of the night was soon pierced by loud screams. Andy could see the two lazy junior scouts outside their tent protesting that big, angry, red ants were crawling all over their belongings. Andy stifled a giggle and feigned ignorance. He whipped out a bottle of pesticide from his bag (he always came prepared) and furiously sprayed it into their tent. Within fifteen minutes dead ants were sprawled all over the tent.

Serves the right, he thought as he yawned. Let them clean up the mess while I snuggle in for the night.