

# Sam's Seaside Adventure



A bedtime story from  
**DryNites®**



Sam twisted in his seat to look behind him. His Dad's car was packed full of everything he was going to need. His sun hat and sandals poked out from the top of the beach bag and his bucket and spades rattled against the legs of his Dad's deckchair. The sun was shining brightly and its buttery glow warmed the car nicely. A perfect day for a trip to the seaside!

The gentle roll of the car soon rocked Sam to sleep and when he woke up he could hear the faint

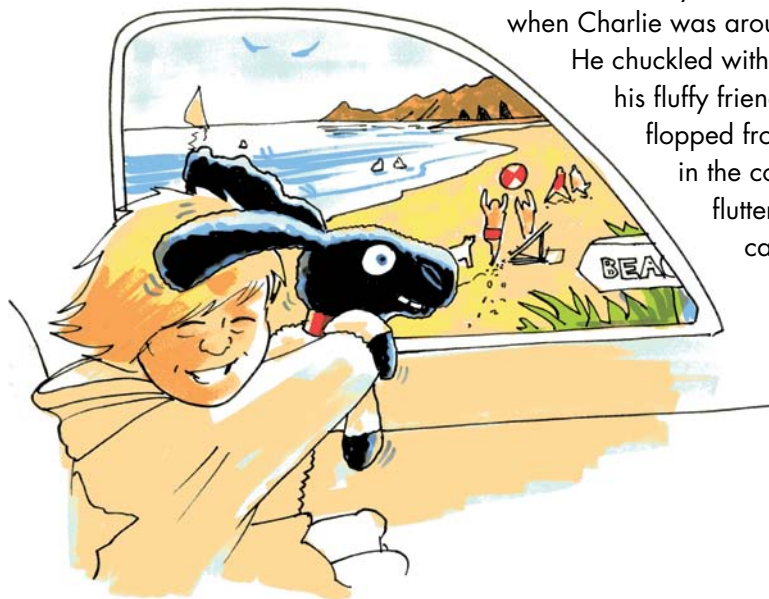


squawk of seagulls; they must be getting close to the sea! As the long, sandy beach came into view he lifted up Charlie Lamb, his favourite soft toy in the whole world, to let him see the rows and rows of sunbathers stretched out before them like little pink sausages nestling in the sand.

Wherever Sam went, Charlie Lamb went too. Charlie had big blue eyes, was made of the softest white wool and wore a bright red ribbon around his neck.

Sam loved him dearly – not least because when Charlie was around he felt safe.

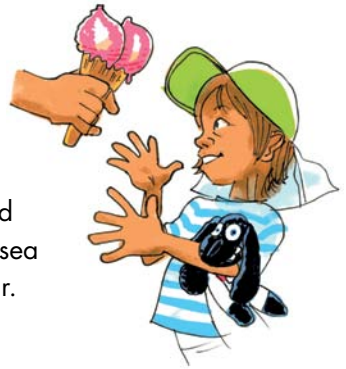
He chuckled with excitement as his fluffy friend's big ears flopped from side to side in the cool breeze that fluttered through the car window.



**“Right,”** said Sam’s Dad,  
**“We’re here! Let’s build the biggest  
sand castle this beach has ever seen!”**



Sam and his Dad got to work with their shovels and had soon built a fantastic castle, surrounded by a huge moat filled with seawater. As a reward for all Sam’s digging, his Dad bought him a **sensational double scoop strawberry ice cream** which Sam finished in no time at all. Then, with Charlie tightly tucked under one arm, he went for a paddle in the edge of the sea while his Dad kept a close eye on him from his deckchair.



Sam ran in and out of the salty sea water, jumping the cool waves that chased him like galloping seahorses. From time to time he stopped to pick up the pink and orange seashells that were swooshed up onto the shore by the sea.



Sam watched as an extra big wave came rolling in. He jumped back onto the shore to miss it and was surprised at what he found at his feet. The sea had spat out a bottle. And not just any bottle – inside this one was a note!

Sam pulled and pulled at the cork that sealed the bottle until his face turned red ... but it wouldn't budge. So with the bottle in one hand and Charlie Lamb in the other he went up to his Dad and asked him to help. His Dad put down his book with a sigh and examined the bottle. "Let's see," he said, twisting the

cork between his big fingers and giving it a tug. There was a pop of air and the paper flew out of the bottle and fluttered down to the sand.

Sam unwrapped the crumpled paper. To his amazement it contained a small map.

The map showed a giant arrow pointing to three caves at the edge of a beach. And it wasn't just any beach – it was this one! The middle cave was marked with a big red cross and there were words written underneath:

Take 5 steps forward and 2 steps to the right ..... then dig the sand with all your might!

**"Wow!"** thought Sam,  
**"I wonder what it could be? Dad, Dad! Can we look for the caves?"**

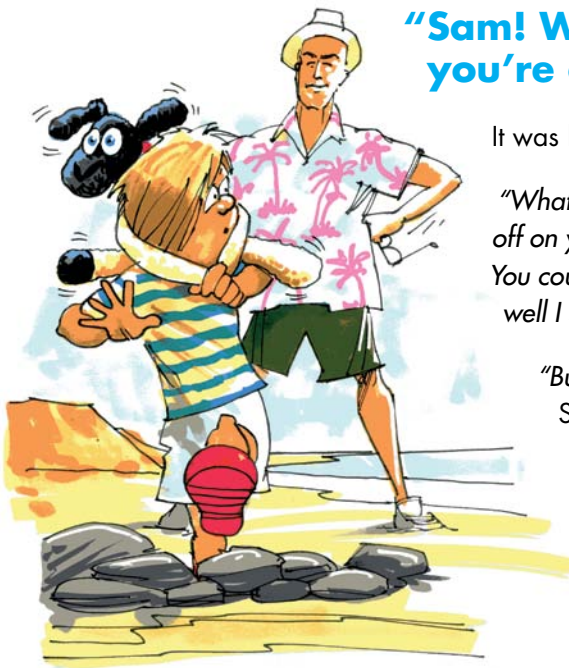


Sam looked up at his Dad, desperately hoping to see him nod his head. Instead his Dad picked up his book and settled down in the deckchair. "It's just someone having a joke, Sam. You play with Charlie. I'm going to read my book. Mind you stay where I can see you!"

Sam tucked the map into the pocket of his shorts and trudged back down to the sea. He put Charlie Lamb on his shoulders and paddled along the beach, disappointed that his Dad wasn't interested in looking for buried treasure.

Soon Sam found himself walking in the direction of the big arrow. He reached down for the map and checked where he was. Sam could see the mysterious caves appearing out of the sun haze in the distance. Surely his Dad would be pleased if he and Charlie Lamb came back with buried treasure? He tucked the map safely back in his shorts and set off towards the caves.

After a while Sam and Charlie reached a river cutting across the sand. On the other side Sam could clearly see the three dark caves. He looked down at the river and wondered if he could leap across to land on the rocks on the other side. Although he was a little frightened Sam decided to jump. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Just then he heard a familiar voice.



**“Sam! What do you think you’re doing?”**

It was his Dad. And he wasn't happy!

*“What were you thinking of, wandering off on your own? Beaches are dangerous. You could have got lost or hurt. Just as well I saw you and followed you!”*

*“But I wasn't on my own,”* muttered Sam with tears in his eyes.

*“Charlie was with me.”*

*“That's not what I meant,”* said his Dad, swinging Sam's spade and trying hard not to smile.

*“Here, hop on my shoulders and we'll cross this river.”*

So Sam climbed on to his Dad's shoulders and hoisted Charlie onto his. And with one stride of his Dad's long legs the three of them stepped onto the rocks. From there it was a short distance to the cave shown on the map.

Sam and his Dad stepped carefully into the cave, blinking as they adjusted to the darkness. "OK Sam," said his Dad. "Do as the map says. Take four steps forward, two to the right and then start digging!"

Sam set to work with his little spade and he soon saw a spot of red appear beneath the sand. He got down on his knees and started to clear away the sand with his hands.



"Look Dad – you're never going to believe this!" he said, as he excitedly pulled out a shiny red diamond made of plastic. It was a beautiful kite that was almost as big as Sam! It had a long blue tail that looked exactly like the ribbon around Charlie's neck. Sam couldn't believe his luck.

He tucked the kite under his arm, scooped up Charlie and ran all the way back to the beach with his Dad.

"It's the best kite I've ever seen! Can we fly it Dad? Can we fly it right now?"

"OK," said his Dad. You hold on to Charlie and I'll show you how to fly the kite. His Dad let the kite flutter free and pulled back on the strings to guide it into the air. The kite was caught by the strong sea breeze and soared high into the sky. It looked fantastic – like a magnificent red jewel against the bright blue sky.

"Right, Sam," said his Dad.

**"Do you think you're ready to have a go?"**

"Yes, please," said Sam, **jumping with excitement** and taking the strings from his Dad.

Concentrating hard, Sam held tightly onto the strings and watched the kite flip and turn high above the beach. But just then a huge gust of wind came crashing over the sea and caught the kite, twisting it high into the air and tearing the strings from Sam's hands.



**“Dad, Dad!”** yelled Sam in panic, as the kite was blown across the beach above their heads.



*“I think I’m going to need Charlie Lamb’s help,”* shouted his Dad as he grabbed hold of Charlie and raced after the flying red kite. Sam’s Dad pulled back his arm and sent Charlie flying through the air. Charlie’s big ears flapped as they were caught in the wind, and the cuddly lamb soared towards the red kite. Sam saw the kite wrap itself round Charlie Lamb, and with nothing for the wind to catch, the little red parcel of kite and Charlie fluttered gently to the sand below.

Sam raced along the sand and carefully unwrapped Charlie, holding him tight to his chest.

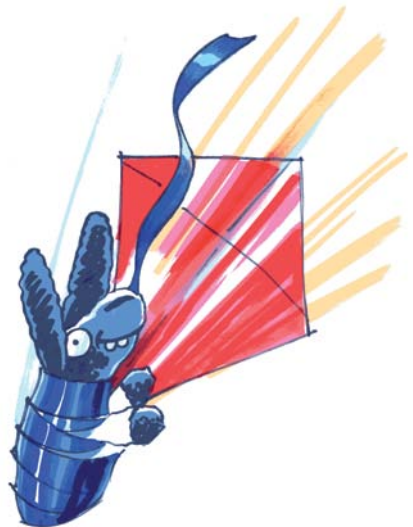
*“Will the kite be OK Dad?”* he asked in a whisper.

*“It’s fine Sam,”* smiled his Dad.

*“It looks like Charlie Lamb saved the day!”*

*“I think Charlie and I are the greatest adventurers ever Dad – I’ll bet nobody else has had a day like this before!”*

*“You certainly are a great pair!”* said his Dad.



*"Can we come back next week, Dad? And we'll fly the kite even higher next time? I'll remember to hold on tightly to the strings, I promise!"*



*"We will, Sam, we will,"* laughed Sam's Dad as they headed back to the car.

And with that, Sam tucked Charlie under his arm and they jumped into the car, ready for their next great adventure.

## **The End**