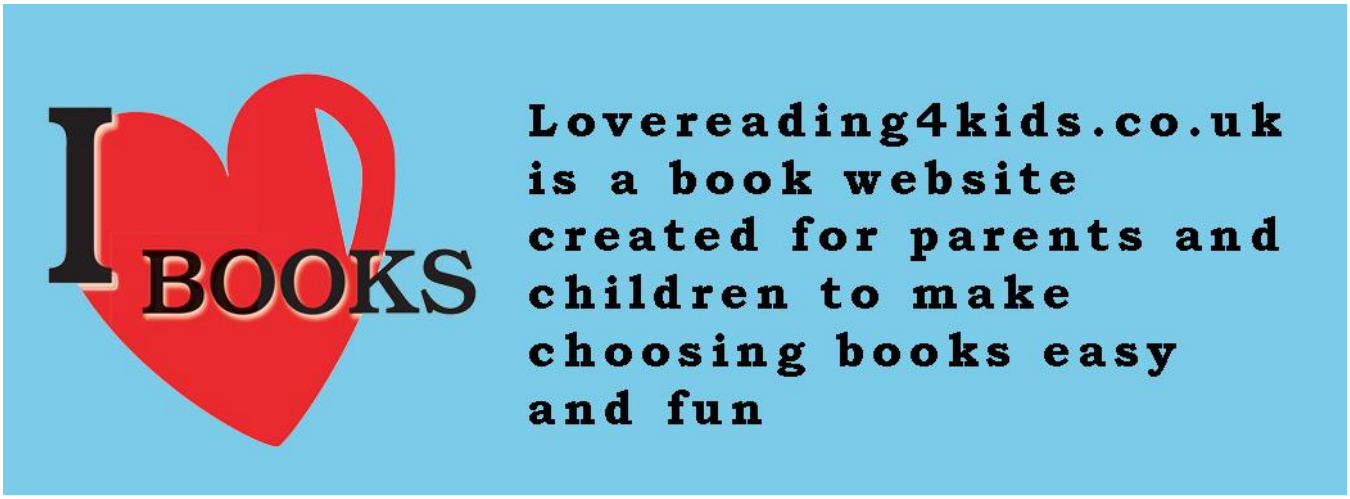


extracts from

Isadora Moon Camping

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changed to a black and white stripy pattern.

'Ooh yes, that's more like it.' I said, crawling inside. Pink Rabbit followed me and we sat crouched under the canvas walls listening to Mum and Dad.

'We'll be right next to the beach so we can go swimming in the sea every day,' Mum was saying. Pink Rabbit put his paws over his ears. He hates getting wet because it takes him ages to get dry. We have to peg him up outside on the washing line.

'And anyway,' Mum said. 'It's booked. It's final. We're going camping. We leave this afternoon. So you'd better get packing!'

'Well then,' said Dad. 'I'm going up for a bath. To enjoy my home comforts while I still can.'

I did wonder how Dad was going to cope without his bathroom on our camping trip. He does like to spend a lot of time in there. He has baths that last for hours where he plays classical music and lights hundreds of flickering candles. Then he spends at least an hour with his special comb, smoothing down his shiny black hair with gel.

'A vampire's hair is their pride and joy,' he always says. 'You ought to brush yours more often.'







After breakfast we all went to pack our things and then stood by the front door waiting for Dad. Eventually he appeared at the top of the stairs with five giant suitcases.

'You can't bring all that!' Mum gasped. 'It won't fit in the car!'

'We'll strap it onto the roof then,' said Dad cheerfully.

Mum sighed. She tried to pick up one of the suitcases but it was so heavy she couldn't even get it off the ground.