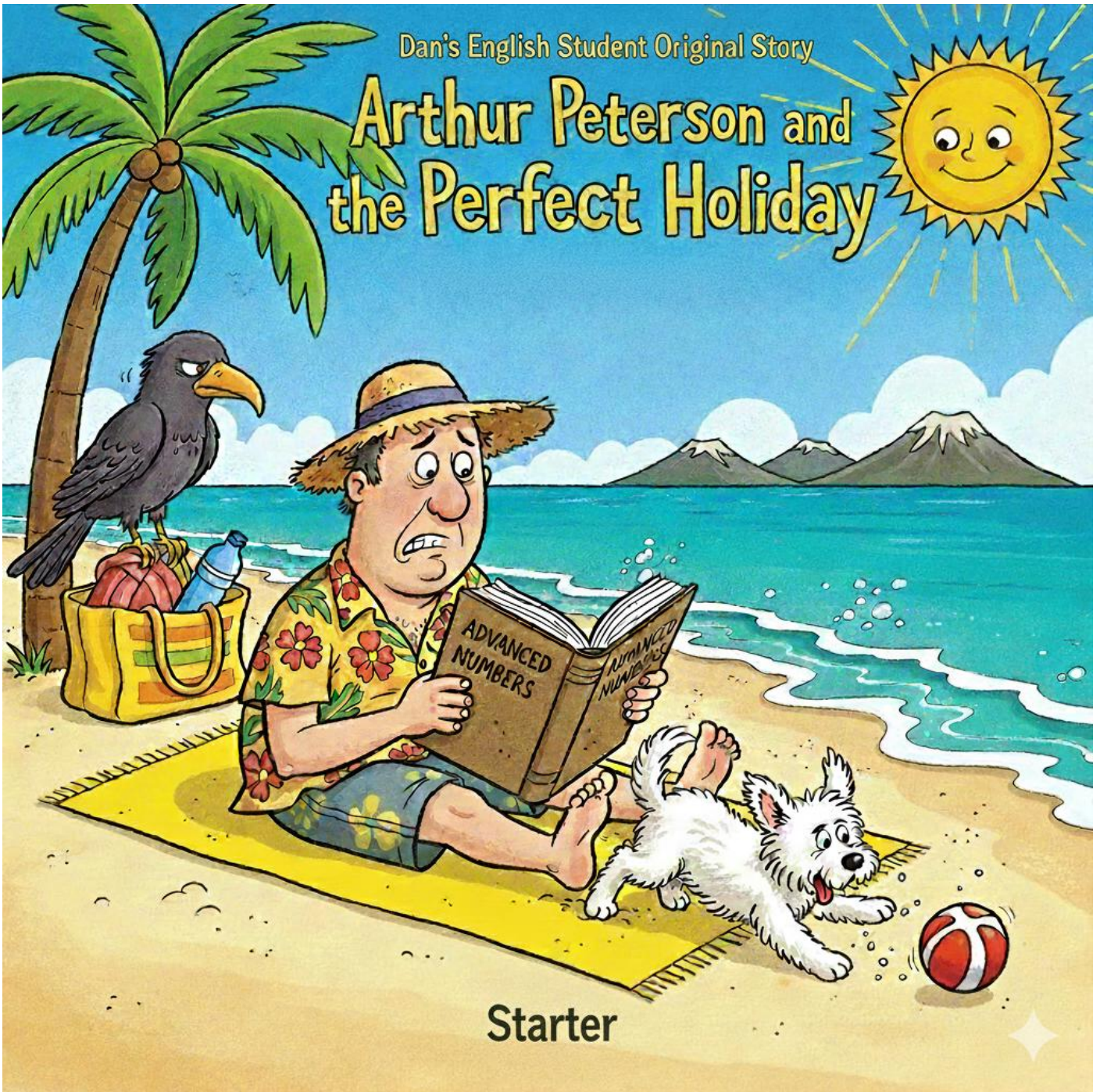


Dan's English Student Original Story

Arthur Peterson and the Perfect Holiday



Starter

Arthur Peterson and the Perfect Holiday

Chapter 1: The Heavy Bag

Arthur Peterson is fifty years old. He is a very tired man. For twenty-five years, Arthur works every day in New York. He works with numbers. Numbers are heavy. So Arthur's head is heavy, too.

"I need a holiday," he often says.

Now, he is here. Hawaii. The sun is hot and the sky is blue. Arthur looks at the blue sea from his hotel window.

"This is good," he thinks. "Perfect."

Arthur wants to go to the beach. He puts on his shorts. He puts a big book, a bottle of water, a towel, and his phone in his beach bag. The bag is quite heavy.

He walks from the hotel to the beach. It is a short walk, though the sun is very strong.

He finds a good place on the sand. It is next to a tall green tree.

"I will read my book and sleep," he decides.

He sits down. He opens his big book. It is a book about numbers, just a little different from the numbers he works with. He wants to read just ten pages.

But then, he hears a noise. Woof! Woof!

A small dog is running fast. It is running for a ball. The dog runs past Arthur's feet. Woof! Woof!

Arthur looks at the dog. He looks at the book. The book is now full of sand.

"Oh," Arthur says. He is too tired to be angry.

He closes the book. He stands up. He decides to swim. He puts his heavy beach bag under the green tree. He looks at it.

"It will be safe," he thinks.

He walks slowly to the sea. The water feels cold on his hot feet. He walks deeper. The sea is beautiful.

Splash!

A big wave comes. The water is now up to his chest. Arthur smiles. Maybe this is the perfect holiday, though the dog is a problem.

Suddenly, a loud noise comes from the beach. Caw! Caw!

Arthur looks back. A big, dark bird is standing next to his heavy bag. The bird looks at the water bottle. Arthur starts to run out of the sea.

Chapter 2: The Thirsty Bird

Arthur runs out of the sea. The sand is hot under his feet. He runs fast, **though** he is a middle-aged man and his body is a little heavy.

The bird is next to his bag. *Caw! Caw!* The big bird looks like a crow, but it is larger and darker. It pushes the water bottle with its long, black beak. The bottle falls down and the cap comes off. Water starts to run out onto the sand.

"No! Stop!" Arthur shouts.

The bird looks at Arthur. It does not fly away. It drinks the water quickly.

Arthur stops next to the tree. "That is my water," he says quietly. He is not angry, just tired.

The bird finishes the water and then flies up into the tall green tree. It sits on a branch and watches Arthur.

Arthur looks at his bag. It is wet from the water. He picks up the bottle. It is empty.

"Now I have no water," he thinks. He looks at the sea. "The sea is too salty."

He decides to go back to the hotel. He needs a new bottle of cold water. He picks up his heavy bag. It feels heavier now.

He walks slowly back. The sun is still very hot. *Walk, walk, walk.* He is tired again.

Near the hotel, he sees a small shop. It sells cold drinks and ice cream.

"Good," he thinks. "I will buy a drink here."

He opens his bag. He looks for his phone. He wants to buy the water with his phone.

He looks, and he looks again. No phone.

"Where is it?" Arthur thinks. He takes the book, the towel, and the empty bottle out of the bag. He looks inside. No phone.

"Oh, no," Arthur says. "The bird... No, the dog! Did the dog take it? No, dogs don't take phones."

He thinks about the beach. He remembers the dog and the sand. He remembers the thirsty bird.

Maybe I dropped it.

He must go back to the beach. He puts the things back in his heavy bag. It is a long walk again. He is hot and tired.

Chapter 3: New Friends

Arthur walks back to the tall green tree on the beach. He looks all around the sand. He moves his feet slowly.

No phone. No phone.

Then he sees a small, colorful ball. It is the dog's ball. He looks up. The dog is running to him. *Woof! Woof!* The dog stops at Arthur's feet. It is happy.

Arthur smiles a little. "Hello, dog," he says.

A woman is walking behind the dog. She is young and has long, black hair. She wears a yellow shirt and white shorts.

"Hello," she says to Arthur. "Is this your dog?"

"Oh, no," Arthur says. "It is yours?"

"Yes," the woman says. "Her name is Kiki. She likes to play. I am so sorry. Did she get sand on your book?"

"Yes, but it is fine," Arthur says. "I have a problem. I lost my phone. I think I lost it here."

The woman, Kiki's owner, looks at the sand. "We can help you look," she says. "Kiki, find!"

Kiki the dog does not look for the phone. She looks at Arthur's bag. She puts her nose on the bag. *Sniff, sniff.*

"She is looking at your bag," the woman says. "Maybe it is in the bag?"

"I looked in the bag," Arthur says. "It is not there."

Kiki pushes the bag with her nose. *Woof!* She pushes it again.

Arthur is tired, **though** he tries to smile. He opens the bag again. He looks at the book. It is a very big book. He takes the book out.

Thump.

Something falls out from under the big book. It is his phone!

"Oh!" Arthur says. "Here it is! I am a very tired man. I did not see it."

"Kiki found it!" the woman says. She is smiling. "Good dog, Kiki!"

Arthur looks at the phone. Then he looks at the woman and the dog. "Thank you," he says. "You helped me a lot. I wanted a perfect holiday. I was too tired for it, **though.**"

The woman laughs. "Holidays are sometimes difficult! My name is Mia. Do you want to try the water again? The sea is very calm now."

Arthur looks at the blue sea. He looks at his heavy bag. He looks at the friendly woman and the happy dog.

"Yes," he says. "I do. But I will leave the heavy bag here."

He puts the bag under the tree. He walks with Mia and Kiki to the sea. The water feels warm and good.

Arthur Peterson is still a tired man, but now he is smiling. He is with new friends in Hawaii. Maybe this is the perfect holiday after all.