



# Learn English Through Stories

K Series

K8

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## Chapter 5: Waterslides Part 2

'I'll tell you what,' said Dad as we walked past the tower, 'let's go on the slides?'

'Yay!' shouted Charlie. 'I want go on The Dragon!'

'I am not going on The Drago,' I said firmly.

'Me neither,' said Mum. 'It looks horrific. And the kids are too small? 'I'm not small I'm FREE!' shouted Charlie, stamping his foot.

'You may be three, but you're still not big enough. Maybe next year?'

'Ah relax,' said Dad. 'I'll go down with them. You can wait for us at the bottom?'

'Yay! Yay-yay-yay! Yay-de-yay-yay!' shouted Charlie.

Have you noticed how much Charlie shouts? I once told Charlie that his belly button was a volume control. I stuck my finger in it and twiddled it around to see if he'd be quiet. But then he started shouting at me. So I told him his button must be broken.

Mum put a swimming jacket on Charlie and helped me with my armbands and then took all our bags. We grabbed Dad's hand and set off up the steps.

'One two three four five seven ten eleven twenty,' counted Charlie as we went up. He's rubbish at numbers. 'I reckon you could do The Dragon,' said Dad to me.

'But it looks really scary,' I said. 'I might get stuck in the tube?'

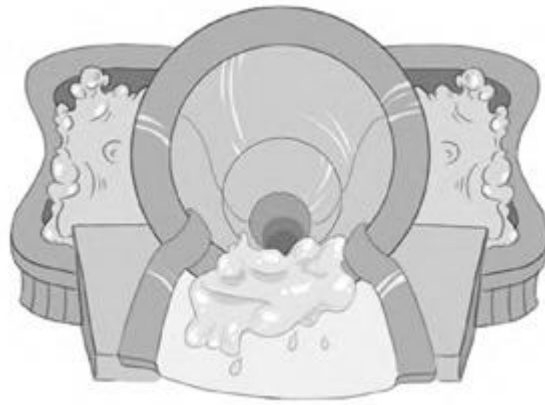
'It's not like Charlie and the Chocolate Factory you know, Harry. And you're a skinny minnie, anyway. Come on, it'll be fun, and I'll hold you the whole way down?'

'Only if you promise to lift me up at the end so I don't get water up my schnozz,' I said. 'Pinky promise.'

'Pinky promise,' said Dad.

And so we climbed past the entrance to The Hamster, all the way to the top of The Dragon.

We were seriously high. You could see right out of the hotel over the roofs of the town towards the sea. The metal platform had little gaps and you could see people climbing up the steps underneath you. In front of us, two more steps led up to The Dragon; there were handles to grab so you could sit down and get ready. I could just see the first bend and the entrance to the green tunnel.



I grabbed the railing and looked down to find Mum. Big mistake. I got the 'humpy bridge' feeling in my tummy. Does yours do that? It feels like your insides are rolling over and over like socks in a washing machine.

I grabbed Dad's arm. 'I'm scared,' I said. Even Charlie was a bit quieter than normal. All you could hear were the jets of water and the far-away cries of children at the bottom.

'Ah, come on,' said Dad. 'It'll be brilliant. Now, how are we going to do this? Perhaps I should have thought this through a little bit more.' He picked up a mat from the pile.

'Right. I'll get onto the mat and hold onto the bars. Charlie, you climb on and sit between my legs so you're at the front. Harry, you're on last. Climb over me into the middle and grab Charlie round the waist. Easy peasy.'

And before we could say anything he'd let go of our hands, climbed up the steps, and plonked himself down on his mat in the waterjets at the top of the slide.

'Whoah, these babies are strong!' he said, grabbing onto the bars.

'What babies?' said Charlie.

'He means the jets,' I said. Dad's always talking about babies instead of the proper words. I don't know why.

'Right, Charlie boy, climb on board the Daddy train!'

Charlie clambered up the steps behind Dad and stood there, not quite knowing what to do.

'Just crawl over me,' said Dad. He grabbed the bar above his head with one hand and took Charlie's arm with the other. Charlie wriggled down Dad's body towards the space on the mat at the front, between Dad's knees. Everything was wet and slippery and Charlie's little hands were grabbing and prodding, trying to get a grip.

'Ooh!' said Dad as Charlie climbed on top.

'Fnurgh!' said Dad as Charlie's knee squashed Dad's nose.

'Aieeee! Don't grab that!' said Dad when Charlie grabbed hold of the hairs on Dad's chest.

'Finally!' said Dad as Charlie twizzled around and sat himself down, grabbing Dad's shorts to stop him sliding off down the tube.

'Right Harry, you're up. Do the same as Charlie, but try not to break every bone in my body,' said Dad.

I was seriously scared but I didn't want to show it because there was now a big queue behind us. I took a big step over Dad's head, swung my other leg over and sat down on Dad's chest.

'Shuffle down!' said a voice from under my bottom. So I did a bum shuffle forward, jumping down Dad's tummy, making him groan some more.

I pushed myself forward one more time. Except that maybe I pushed a bit too hard because I thumped into the back of Charlie, grabbing him round his waist because I was too far from the handles to hold on any more.

'Harry!' he shouted. 'Stop bumping me! I slipping!'

He was right, he was slipping. And he wasn't the only one either. Dad's knees were trying to squash us to stop us sliding away but the mat underneath us was moving, too.

'Hold on, Charlie!' shouted Dad. 'We're not ready!' 'I am holding on!' shouted back Charlie.

Have I explained this properly to you? Dad's holding onto the bars, trying to get comfy on the mat. I'm sat between his legs, holding onto Charlie. And Charlie is now sat on my lap, holding onto the ends of Dad's shorts. And all the time massive jets of water are trying to push us down the slide.

Now when Charlie grabs hold of something, you can't make him let go. It doesn't matter if it's your hand, a packet of mini Cheddars or - in this case - Dad's shorts. But Dad's shorts weren't so grabby. In fact, they gave up completely.

'Whoooooaaah!' said Charlie, and it was the right noise because we were off down the slide! Charlie, me, the mat and... Dad's shorts. Without Dad in them.

Looking back I could see him still grabbing onto the metal bar, stretched out on his back with no clothes on, jets of water spraying all over him. He let go with one hand and tried to make some hand pants with the other, but it was too

late: the people in the queue were already howling with laughter and pointing at him.

And that's all I saw because Charlie and I were off! We zoomed into the tunnel and round the first bend, sliding up the walls, screaming like mad. After that it just got faster and more terrifying. We went round in a complete circle at one point. I think we might even have done a loop-the-loop.

But you know what was funny? At the top we were screaming because we were frightened. But by the bottom, when we plopped into the pool, we were screaming with laughter. Same noise, different feeling.

We plopped into the pool and bobbed up, coughing and spluttering. Mum was waiting with the towels at the shallow end. A quick rub down and Charlie was off again.

'Don't go too far, Charlie!' said Mum as he waddled away.

It was only then that we noticed the crowds of people by the side of the pool, all pointing up at the top of the slide. They were the same people who had been so angry when Charlie had mixed up their stuff.



But they weren't angry now. They were laughing, shouting, and taking pictures with their phones... of Dad. Because Dad was still up there, hanging on.

He'd somehow managed to grab another mat and he was trying to wrap it around him like a towel. Except the water kept pushing it sideways and unrolling it and he only had one hand to hold it.

As we watched, he lost his grip on the mat and it zipped off down the slide. He let go of the bar, covered himself up with his hands and followed the mat into the tunnel.

You could see his shadow as he went round the bends; we all followed him round and round, down and down, until he shot out at the bottom, feet first, still absolutely naked, into the pool.

Everyone - and I mean everyone - cheered. 'Smile for the camera!' shouted a man.

'I got you on YouTube!' shouted a boy waving a phone.

'Nice bum!' shouted a woman nearby. Mum turned and gave her a funny look.

Dad swam to the side and waved at Mum to bring a towel. She smiled and pointed to the steps. Dad looked very grumpy and waved again, so Mum took a towel down. With a final flash of his white bottom, Dad was up on the side and wrapped up.

Back by the sun loungers everyone calmed down and Dad started to smile again. 'I'm glad I gave everyone a treat, anyway. Where are my shorts?' he said.

'Harry had them,' said Mum. 'No I didn't,' I said, 'Charlie did.' 'Charlie?'

Charlie was back.

He stood and pointed.

There, at the end of the tube and pulled over the head of The Dragon, were Dad's baggy, soggy shorts.

'I might have known. Cheeky Charlie,' sighed Dad, and he plodded off to get them, wrapped carefully in his towel.