My terrible weekend trip

I shut the door behind me and said hello to the motorist who had pulled his car to give me a lift. I couldn´t complain, the day was beautiful. It was the sixth of June and there wasn´t even a sign for any clouds, which allowed the sun shining as bright as it hadn´t been for a long time. When I got out of the car, I stepped to the pathway which headed to the sea, where my friends should have already been waiting for me. I had totally sweated with my bags on my back till I got to the beach. The coast was deserted so I decided to sit down ,drop my baggage and take a rest for a while. The soft beating of the waves immediately convinced me to take my clothes off and jump into the water. After a few lengths, diving and lying on the surface of the water I made for the place where I had  left my things. As I was approaching the beach I got a bad sensation that my clothes weren´t there anymore so I sped up. The clothes and bags had gone, only the tent was still on the same place. Worries about how I could meet my friends like that filled me up. And then... I got an idea! I put the tent on, even though it wasn´t very comfortable and headed for the road. The road was empty as never. I had been waiting for an hour before I caught some car back home.

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