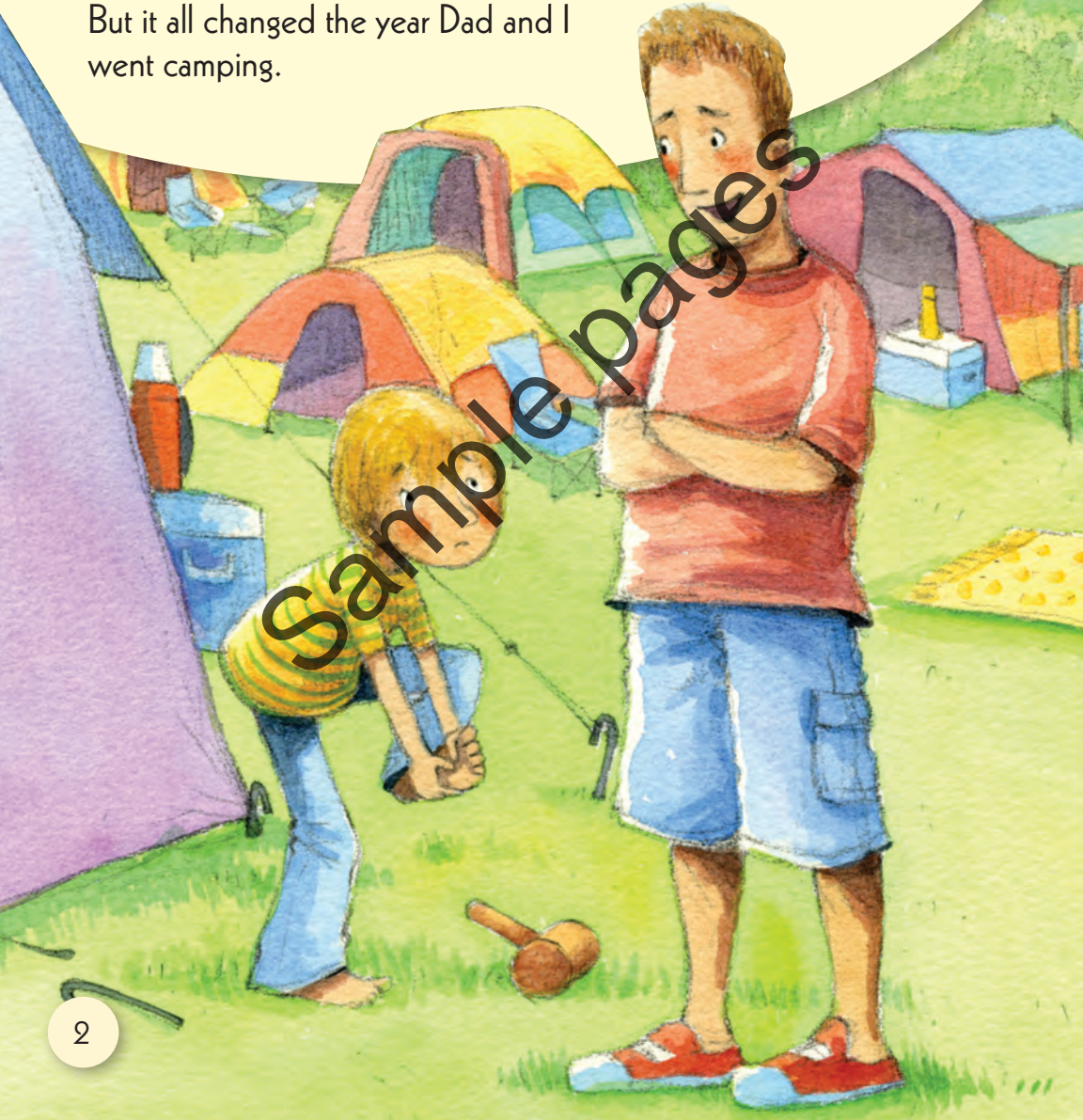


When I was young, I was terrified of water. I don't know why. Dad joked that I'd been bitten by a plastic duck in my baby bath! Even swimming lessons didn't help. I spent most of them clinging to the railings like a frightened barnacle. I didn't like being scared of water. I just didn't know how to get over my fear. But it all changed the year Dad and I went camping.



The campsite was bursting with families. A rainbow of tents dotted the grass beside a long row of trees. There was plenty of room to play and the only water I could see was over in the kitchen and shower blocks. I was hammering in tent pegs when a boy and girl burst out of the tent next door, waving towels and, wearing swimsuits!

"Swimming pool?" I blurted out, mashing my foot as I dropped the mallet.

"No, Adam," said Dad with a grin.

"A river. Behind those trees."

