

My brother Peter and I were on a jungle wildlife holiday with six other people and Juan our guide. It was an amazing experience and we saw lots of monkeys, crocodiles and huge snakes. But one morning Peter and I did a very stupid thing.



We wanted to take photos of monkeys. We got up early and walked into the jungle. We didn't have to go far before we heard some monkeys. We were excited and we followed

the monkeys for about ten minutes. Suddenly, Peter stopped. He was worried. "I'm not going to walk further," he said. "We'll get lost. I'm going back."

We looked around us. There were trees everywhere. The campsite wasn't far, but we had no idea which direction to take. "I think we are already lost," Peter said. "How are we going to get back? Nobody knows where we are. They'll never find us."

Then it started to rain. Luckily, I had a waterproof coat. We sat on our rucksacks with the coat over our heads. There were loads of mosquitoes and we had no insect repellent. We were scared and miserable.

After two hours, we heard a noise. It was Juan and he was angry. "You're very lucky," he said. But we were very happy. "We're never going to follow monkeys again," we promised. Juan laughed, "Come on. Let's go back to camp."