

I was twelve years old and my parents and I were on holiday in Cornwall. They are both biologists and we all love nature. One morning, Dad suggested walking along the beach to a distant village.

It was a lovely day for a walk, but after an hour, I noticed some dark clouds. I asked my parents if they thought we should go back. They smiled at each other, and then Mum said we were nearly there.

What was going on? Mum usually made me go indoors during storms. What's more, we were still far away from the village. Anyway, suddenly, there was loud thunder and it started to rain. "Come on, quick!" my father said. "We're almost there."

I noticed a cottage not far away. Dad started running towards it so we ran after him. When we got there, he seemed really excited, which I must admit was a bit strange. Unfortunately, there was no one home. 'That's unlucky,' said Dad 'but wait...'. Suddenly, he took a key from his pocket, unlocked the door and pushed it open. He was silent for a moment. Then with a smile he said: "Come in. And welcome home!" What a surprise!

In fact, thinking back to my parents' behaviour during the first part of our holiday, I knew something strange was going on – but I had no idea what! Our new holiday home was the perfect place for nature lovers. It was awesome!

We still live in London, but our cottage in Cornwall is our dream house, and I will never forget the day I first saw it.

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