



I'm Sarah Smith, a languages student studying French with Italian. When I'm not studying languages, I enjoy playing badminton, writing stories, reading books and going for walks with my family. I come from Essex, a wonderful county with a nice mix of countryside, seaside and cities. My story was inspired

by the time I visited a French village called Le Touquet for a French trip in year 7. The theme of kindness that is woven into my story comes from the kindness that so many people have shown during the pandemic.

3. On the trail of an ice cream (KS2-5)

Sarah Smith

This is the first time I've been abroad and I'm looking forward to exploring as many things as possible on a sunny afternoon in the village of Le Touquet. I want to taste the croissants, I want to eat an ice cream, well I want to try everything! There is only one small problem - I don't know where to find the food shops. But that's okay, I can ask a local.

"Excuse me, do you know where I can buy an ice cream, please?"

"Yes, I do." Then he describes a detailed route, and I follow it straight away. I turn left, I turn right, I walk across the street. And, following the directions, I arrived at...

But no! It's a clothes shop - a real nightmare. Now I understand the situation better. I got lost. Nobody knows me here. Worse,

FRENCH

I don't have any ice cream yet. Maybe the street next door will have ice cream shops... too bad, there are none. Maybe there is no such shop? After a breath of exasperation, I walk towards the beach. At least I can enjoy the sun.

I have just sat down on the sand when I see a small black bird. It has something in its beak... an ice cream cone. This is proof of what I have been looking for. All of a sudden it flies away, and I feel that I must follow it, that this event is not an accident. Or maybe I have been reading too many stories.

The bird perches on a plastic tree which is near a long queue, which finally leads to... an ice cream parlour, big and full of delicious ice cream! I'm really hot - I made the mistake of running in the summer. But queuing takes longer than I thought... much longer...

"Are you all right, miss?" a woman wearing a yellow dress and blue glasses asks me. I like the way she looks.

"Yes, I'm fine, it's just hot," I tell her, trying to take off my red jumper. I can't seem to do it.

"Let me help you," she says, and helps me take off the jumper. Then she points to a bench in the shade of a huge tree. I have just refused her offer when she holds up an ice cream in front of me. Is she eating it? No, it seems to me that she wants me to take it.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. You need it more than I do."

FRENCH

I'm too surprised to say a word, so I eat it. It's tasty, and even better, so cold. I had an interesting day today. I wandered the streets in search of ice cream and found ice cream and something else. Kindness. I'm glad when I go home that night.

QUESTIONS:

- 1) Where is the story set? Can you find it on a map?
Which region of France is it in?
- 2) How does the storyteller know that she will be able to find an ice cream?
- 3) What is your favourite ice cream?
- 4) Write about a moment in your life when you got lost.
Describe your emotions.
- 5) Is getting lost a good thing in life?
- 6) Do some research on the specialities of French gastronomy? Which looks the most tempting to you?