





Day 1

MY LIFE

STINKS! It stinks

worse than my dog on the day we finally decide to bathe him. We don't stick to a schedule, we just wait until he stinks and then my mother usually makes a face and tells me or my brother, Joey, to wash him.

What stinks about my life is my friend Kenny and

I are at a really intense camp this week and I thought it would be relaxing, but it turned out to be really stressful from the moment we arrived. I didn't want to do anything during our week off from school, but Kenny asked if I would like to join him in New Mexico at a camp he ASSURED me would be fun. My parents said it sounded like a good idea, and so off we went! Kenny's parents took the flight with us down here and neither of them could answer my question about how much 'newer' this Mexico was than the country of Mexico, which they don't call 'Old' Mexico for some reason.

Anyway, the camp is in the middle of nowhere, even though I don't know where nowhere ends and have no real way of knowing whether or not it is exactly in the middle, but you get the point. When we arrived at the camp, Kenny's parents said a big dramatic good bye to us like we were never going to see them again. It was super embarrassing, I'll be honest.

Our "Intake Counselors" Gene and Barbara, greeted us by scanning our eyeballs with their Apple Watches and then saying our names. I said, "You could have just asked, we speak English, you know," but they didn't hear because they were too busy

looking at the screens of their iPads, iPhones and watches. They were very polite, but I got a weird vibe from them, and I remembered a word my English teacher had taught us recently: foreshadowing. I had a feeling that this week was not going to go well.

Gene showed us to our tent, which was where we were going to sleep the first night. Each night we rotated with other campers to get the maximum “impact” from the “camp experience.”

Brother, here
we go!



Gene explained to us the swim challenge would begin at noon, and to be punctual or we'd be disqualified. And, if we were disqualified from one event, we couldn't win Camper **of** the Week. That person supposedly gets a big mystery prize. That's all I needed to hear! I thought it would be a week **of** swimming in ponds and staring at ducks, but a **PRIZE** is involved so I set my sights on winning. Not