

Its you might think we
are crazy, believing



Its raining, Its pouring, Nobody is snoring. At least not in my house.

Tomorrow is supposed to be my first day of TRYB Camp School, but I was plotting an escape with my best friend, Fran, who was sleeping over.

We heard many horrid tales about TRYB from older students. Neither Fran nor I have any older siblings, so we have to listen to what everyone else says. Our younger siblings however, are lucky to have us to warn them when their trips come. You may be wondering what “horrid” tales we’ve been told about TRYB. We’ve heard many tales, but the one that is keeping us on edge is the Butterfingers tale.

What they say is, if you are late to go to bed, a girl with fingers covered in butter will appear holding a vase. Legend has it, that if she drops it, your day will end with horror. I don’t know about you, but being stocked by a butter-fingered girl is horror enough.

We have heard many more tales, but they aren’t that believable. You might think we are crazy, believing such a lame tale, but out of everybody who is joining TRYB, we are probably one of the least frightened. Tonight, Fran and I are doing all we can to plan for our escape. I printed out maps of the camp, and Fran printed out the schedule so we know exactly what time and place to escape.

After all of that was figured out, we discussed where to go after we got out. People would definitely come looking for us, so we decided to hide in an old unused bike shack about 14 blocks away from TRYB. It was finally the morning we had all dreaded. The morning we went to TRYB. The morning

that we only have 15 minutes to leave! Me and Fran hopped into the car as mom and dad drove for 45 minutes until we reached TRYB Camp School.

The place was huge! It had like 500 log cabins, 100 areas with a brick perimeter, and 50 bathrooms. Right in front of us was a huge sign that said: WELCOME TO TRYB, LEARNING WITH NATURE! Yeah, right. I thought to myself. We were going to leave before the first class. Fran tapped me on the shoulder. "What?" I asked.

"Didn't we leave in the morning?" Fran was glancing at the sky with a puzzled look. "Yeah." I said. "The sky has already gone to nighttime mode.

"I looked at the sky to see for myself. Fran was right! I looked at her, puzzled. None of us had any clue about what was going on. A man with dark brown hair walked toward us. "Welcome to TRYB Camp School!" He said. "I will show you girls to your cabins." He directed Fran to cabin 376, and me to cabin 412. Oh no! If Fran and I weren't together, it would be 1,000,000 times harder to escape! I heard voices coming from the inside of the cabin.

Frightened, I knocked on the door. "He's coming!" I heard someone shout. Then everything went quiet.

I pushed the door open. There was a girl, and two boys sitting on a bed. "Hello." I said. "Hello, I'm Grey." One of the boys said.

"I'm Shaun." The other boy said. "My name is Julia.

"The girl said. Then, I introduced myself to the others. "So how do you like it here?" Shaun asked. "Its fine," I replied. Then everyone fell asleep. Except

me. I tiptoed over to Fran's cabin, and knocked on the door. Thankfully, it was Fran who answered.

"Come on Fran," I said. "We're gonna do this." Fran nodded and yawned. They both walked back to area with the sign, which was now lit up. They'd have to be careful.

Fran tiptoed right outside, but there was someone there. Fran jumped a foot in the air. The girl had a huge empty vase in her hands, which looked sweaty.

Then, she dropped the vase and it broke into a million pieces, and ran off. At first, we didn't realize what had just happened, but then we realized, it was the Butterfingers legend. Ultimately freaked out, we ran to the location they studied last night. They were surprised when they reached- there was no bike shack! Great. Now they had no shelter, a predicted future of horror, and no food. Fran and I slept on the ground for the rest of the camp school year, we bought our food and water from local stores. We also had recently purchased a tent, but it still touched the ground. We learned many survival skills during this experience, which I am not willing to share for personal reasons.

What we hadn't realized for all this time is that our maps also included the way back home. On the last day of TRYB Camp School, we walked home along with the rest, and nobody questioned our leaving the camp. Maybe nobody had noticed. Then, Julia walked up to us. "That was quite a daring escape you guys pulled off!" She said. "I better start saving up to fix that

pot!" Then she winked at us. At first, we didn't understand what had just happened. Then, it occurred to us, Julia was the butterfingers lady.

Shocked, they just smiled at each other. " Let's meet again soon." Julia said.

" Definitely." We replied in unison. When we went home, Fran's parents were also there. " So girls, how did it go?" They all asked.

Fran and I just told them about all the survival skills we learned, but they didn't mention their experience." I hope you guys are ready for next to next year when your siblings join you, because next year you are going to regular school!" Ever since then, Fran and I have been plotting escape plans with our siblings. They have to be ready for their first day, and you do too!