

# Original writing – annual camping holiday with the scouts

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It was the 3rd of August 2002 and we were going on the annual camping holiday with the scouts, after a whole year's planning and waiting excitedly hoping it would live up to the greatness of our last few camps. There was me, Oliver, Clutz, Pookie, Callem, David and Damien who was also known as Ginger Monkey. We named Damien Ginger Monkey after he had climbed a gigantic tree in the church yard without any struggle; the ginger bit came from the colour of his hair. We arrived at Waddecarr around 10am.

Waddecarr is about 20 miles from Blackpool.

On arrival first impressions were not good, the place was waterlogged and nothing could be seen for trees and a big stone lodge. Beyond the lodge were limestone paths' leading off from the car park and a river was flowing freely in the distance. The air was quite cold and slight dew hung to the grass. The sun was shining, the birds were singing and there wasn't a breeze. We left our tents and other belongings in the land rover and minibus and went to find our site. The site was a large one. The ground was all freshly cut grass and there was a small limestone path running by.

At the back of the site was a row of trees in front of a small ditch in which a small stream lied. To the left of the site was a small wooden building with a small door which was open and to the right was more trees. The DB tent was planned to be placed next to the trees at the back, on the left we were to have the leaders' sleeping and eating tents and on the right our sleeping and eating tents. A DB tent is where we keep all the equipment and food for the week. The DB tent was the biggest, so we put this up first.

It took 15 men to lift up the tent while a little scout went running round shoving each bottom pole into the ones being held by people. When the DB tent was up we stared at it for a while then split from the leaders to put up our own two tents and the leaders put up theirs. We had the tent with all the broken pegs and strings which fell down six times before we had it erected fully. The tents were done after four hours and we were very bored of looking at each other, which wasn't a pretty site, so we went looking for a bit of totty round the camp site.

Totty is just a word we use for good looking females because it's easier to say. We found some totty but we had a problem because we were all too chicken to talk to them, I think it's a fear of rejection thing, so we sent the no fear zoo animal, Ginger Monkey in to talk to them. Ginger Monkey's a bit special, he'll talk to anyone, even himself or a tree. Anyway he did well so we rewarded him by petting him like we would pet a dog or a cat but some of the petting was too hard and he fell to the ground.

Twist is quite over weight and he fell on Ginger Monkey while he was on the floor which must have hurt considering he size of Twist and the noise that Ginger Monkey made when Twist rolled over onto his arm. Ginger Monkey made a big scene and screamed like a little girl and started throwing a paddy like he was having a fit on the floor. We dragged Damien by his wrists and dragged him back to our site through mud and puddles because of the embarrassment this child had caused us. When we arrived back he was filthy and he smelled like a wet dog. We had tea in the cooking tent while Ginger Monkey ate his on the grass looking at the trees.

After tea there was the task everybody hates... washing up. This really did suck when you were washing pans, about 20 mess tins, plates, knives and forks. Ginger Monkey was washing in one bowl and Callem was rinsing in another. I didn't trust Ginger Monkey at a job like washing up so I volunteered to help wash up to check if they were doing right. Ginger Monkey was complaining about his arm that Twist had rolled on and was refusing to do anymore washing up, so I grabbed the arm and stuck it in the water. Ginger Monkey let out a big cry and went running towards the path.

What Ginger Monkey didn't know was me, Clutz and Twist had put a piece of rope around our site to stop kids running through and Ginger Monkey ran straight into the rope which was at his neck height. The rope stopped him running and took him to the floor. Ginger Monkey lay still on the floor for a while until someone ran over to see if he was alright. Me, Twist and Clutz were laughing our hearts out at this moment but stopped when he didn't move. Was he dead? We should be so lucky. He got up when everyone ran over and looked at us over his little gold glasses with evil eyes. If looks could kill, I wouldn't be here today writing this story.

Nobody knew Ginger Monkey's arm was broken yet, so we carried on as normal, sitting around chatting and playing stupid games which weren't even fun but we did them anyways' before going to bed at around 11pm. That night Twist, Clutz, Pookie and I went on a little walk around the site while everyone was asleep before retiring to our sleeping tent and chatting some more. After a while everything was quiet because some old guy had told us to be quiet and Twist said he could feel something warm and wet on the

bottom of his feet which made me and Clutz crack up with laughter but Twist looked worried.

I took a look at Twist's feet and saw Ginger Monkey there licking his feet. Twist kicked Ginger Monkey hard to stop him licking his feet but Ginger Monkey bit his big toe. Oliver screamed and woke everyone up. We threw Ginger Monkey out of the tent in his sleeping bag into the sludge and pouring rain to sleep out there. Later that morning around 3am Twist needed the toilet so he stepped outside the tent forgetting all about Ginger Monkey and peed on his head. Ginger Monkey never moved and just opened his mouth, Twist by this time realised Ginger Monkey was there and started aiming at his mouth.

This was day one of Waddecarr 2002 Camp. What did the rest of the week have in store for us? We had fun throughout the week with all the activities which led to Pookie accidentally nearly shooting himself with a rifle, Gary Ward nearly drowning in Blackpoolswimmingbaths, pulling Pookie's shorts down in front of a few good looking girls, Twist rolling downthe beachtaking out an old lady, me and Clutz pulled two sexy ladies on the next site and some other scouts tied Twist to a fallen tree over the river. This was a really good scout camp after all. I can't wait for next year.