

# Memoirs of a yikpata camper essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

The day Mystique will be going off to the NCSC orientation camp, the day I will eventually get to sleep with strangers in a big hostel (#comparatively) and set my foot on Awkward state's soil.

As curious as I thought I was that's the only close-north western state my adventurous spirit has never dragged me into. Can't believe I have never visited Loris or the popular Off... Let alone this Yakima suburb the camp is supposed to be situated.

Dora was punctual as usual, all dressed up and ready to go to Siskin... My dream Camp, I wanted Oho state so badly to serve but God just had to show how mighty he was in my case.

With tight hugs and promises to call, we said our good byes. Meanwhile, Bunny just kept being a kill joy telling me the downsides of the NCSC camp and how she might get my dad not to drop me off at the camp.

I couldn't even eat or makeup... The anxiety that filled my whole body system was just something else.

Off! We went with dad driving alongside his friend, with me and bunny at the back seat all smiles. The calls just kept coming in, my social media handles were buzzing out of control, I didn't even know which of my phones to answer because I was carried away with the chat in the vehicle and the whole camp fantasies going on in my head.

Part of me anted my dad to drop me in the camp but the other part really wanted me to go alone, feel the ambiance of doing things on my own and take responsibilities for my traveling...

Luckily my dad kept passing through the various drop points... It was either the vehicles were too bad.. Loll! Or we couldn't find a fellow corp.

member going to Yakima. At a point we saw a young lady all packed up with her buckets and heading to a bus , quickly rushed to ask her if she was going to the Yakima camp, she said yes! Only to affirm she was going to Siskin camp. Oh! My God! I can't do this on my own..

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Reasons!!! (perky face on\*) 1. Am carrying a huge luggage (remember! I don't pack light. Loll! ) 2.

I was just scared for no reason. 3. I just wanted to run back to my bed and sleep the whole seeks off. Loll! After having these amazing self pity thoughts, I just started crying...

All tearful and emotional, my dad made up his mind he would drop me off at my camps gate. (you needed to see me smiling)heehaw! We got to Gobo's and who knew I would be that fancy? Not only did I find a cab that will take me straight to my camp shuttle but I also met a fellow Toned going to Yakima camp with me...

Shays was his name and talking through Gobos to Loris was superb, He finished from the Awkward state poly, so he showed me around the familiar road sides from the windows..

. Slowly but steady, Loris just appeared from the mirage and it was a drop dead look alike to the popular sides in Abidjan. The bill boards were

attractive, the road was good and there was much Muslim population. The driver dropped us at the Post Office ( a very popular place for anything enterprising in Loris) Shays was kind enough to help me with my luggage's, while I carried the buckets and his mall bag.

We finally got a cab going to Yakima and the driver sure wasted our time, it was almost after an hour we were able to get the cab filled up with young Yakima campers. That was where first saw Ink and Prices.

.. Ink paid for the two seats in front because could not even imagine the poor girl squeeze with another person for a ours+ journey and Prices was the last passenger, immediately I saw her with a short colored hair do and heard her speak pidgin, I knew she was definitely not from the west. Loll!

The journey to Yakima was awfully long and just before drifting to dreamland, embedded how I hugged my dad and sister so closely and also how I managed to snatch the hob knobs she bought from the stopover We had at the gas station before we got to Gobos. I am so goanna miss them..

.. Shays said slept almost all through the journey, though that was after I had told him to wake me up in case there was any problem...

. 2 hours gone and 1 Sinuses to getting to Yakima finally woke up.....

Listening to Donna (Castro Ft Sardine) from my Summer pink headset, all loud feeling super fly, Ignoring the dusty and gallops road that led to the camp.

The moment of truth was finally here, we had gotten to the camp and eyeing donors carrying their luggage's on their head I knew I was in for it. It was so disheartening and at the same time hilarious. Loll! As I was coming down from the vehicle so did come down with a huge banging headache, I don't know if I should call it the 'fear Of what is goanna happen to Anne' syndrome but I swear it wasn't my jittery spirit telling me to take a run for it.

Heehaw! Wanted to bring out my medical report almost immediately but Shays said shouldn't worry, that he would gladly help with my luggage...

Yes! He carried it without hesitatingly I thank you for this good Samaritan' I leniently prayed. Up! Down! Frog Jump! Story for the Gods! Loyola! As we lined up in a bus topology carrying all sorts of bags, we poor donors were been ordered around by an annoying dark shaded soldier.

.. Jeez! Hated his guts, he was carrying a rifle with a carved knife at its edge and handling a tied rubberier in his other hands, not knowing he would be the very same soldier to come cheer me up by my bed side at the camp clinic when I was sick. Well! He did kick our butts.

... When I say up! You jump up' When I say down ' you squat down' What???

With luggage's on our heads.

.. Unfortunately we had no choice..

. Now super tempted to bring out my doctors report, a 'Migraine walked past majestically not carrying a feather on her head and the soldier laughed and let her go...

Saying he had to carry a generator on his head on his first day in the military camp. " hello! " Did I ask for your story!!! But despite that....

No! Couldn't be subject to a military mans laughter. Loll! So I manned up and went through the whole three military check points, my thighs were burning with pain...

It was at the fourth check points first saw Jadeite proudly wearing her Unwilling (better by far) vest and no she wasn't smiling..

. She was crying, her luggage was shaking on her head and it successfully hit the dusty ground, I really wished could help her carry her luggage back on her head but I was also helpless with mine, someone did gave her a helping hand though. Oh No! My Channel no. 5 perfume was seized.

.. I felt like crying... Promising would get it back, the police man made me feel better and trust me I did get it back! Loll! Here we go!

The first building that caught my eye was the BOBS( Orientation Broadcast Service) because right opposite it was a very long queue of boys and girls lined up separately, Shays gently dropped my luggage and we added to our lines to take numbers.

I saw Amount right on the front line... Lucky me! Or so I thought, she had been calling me all through the journey but she had gotten there earlier, I wasn't allowed to stay in front of her so as a good girl went to the back and got a space, if I had not gone to the back of the line I would have not had the pleasure of meeting my cubicle G girls and Bianca, she was tall, fair and Oh boy!

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