

Letter from Camp

Dear Mom, Dad, Violet, and Max,

Well, I'm here at sleep-away camp. This is my third day here. I have five **bunkmates**. That's what they call the kids who sleep in your cabin. My bunkmates are all pretty cool. One boy is named Pepe. He says his name is short for Pepperoni. I don't believe him. He caught a snake with his bare hands, so I don't care if he's a liar. One kid is named Lincoln. He's got one blue eye and one brown eye. He can ride a unicycle—at least, he says he can. Another kid is named Mike. He has the top bunk over mine. He seems normal except for one thing. He slept through the whole first night here. The rest of us stayed up and told ghost stories. One story was about a ghost who used to go to this camp. It's probably not a true story. Another one of my bunkmates is named Justin. His last name is Case. He likes to say things like "Justin case, we get lost..." Or "Justin case we get hungry..." I would not want to have the name Justin Case!

Our cabin is number 42. It's on a hill. It's not too far from the **latrine**. That's a camp word that means "bathroom." There's no bath. We have outdoor showers. I don't think you can really get your feet clean on a mud floor. The cabin is a long walk from the **canteen**. That's where we eat. Mom, I miss your cooking. Dad, I even miss your cooking. Last night, we had beans and some sort of green sauce. For dessert, we roasted marshmallows.

I told everybody that I had a sister named Violet. They thought that it was terrible to be named after a flower. Actually, Justin Case was the one who made fun of it. But he has no right to talk about weird names.

It's really dark here at night. There are no lights. I mean it's really, really, dark. The air smells funny like a mix of Christmas trees and dirt. I like it.

I hope Max doesn't miss me too much. He would love to run around here chasing chipmunks and things. Well, I'm going to sign off. Please write. Send food.

From,
Alex