

Camping Out

When I first got to Rancho Jurupa Regional Park Bridging camp 2009, I thought it might not be very exciting because the first thing we did was sit through a long and boring speech. Then later in the morning, we played a couple rounds of charades that was a little fun. I was a hunter so I pretended to beat up Alex, another scout member with an unreal killer's machete. Everyone guessed I was a serial killer. I think I should have pretended with a hunter's gun.



After the game of charades, we took time to set up our tents. Only individual scout members could sleep with their parents because they couldn't join in any more groups because they were already 4 to 6 people in each tent. When we were done, the scout members sat under the cooling shade of our tent, and enjoyed the serene nature around us. At precisely 10:30 am, our scoutmasters selected the

teams, and mine was the Fire Dragons. I was hungry by then but our next event was a competition to see what team could make the most splendid dish. The scouts worked hard on their various dishes and when we were done the food was so appetizing my ravenous appetite grew to the size of the world's largest TV screen. I ate the biggest campout lunch I could ever eat!

After lunch, the teams all played games. The games were stationary so all teams had to move from place to place. When we were done, we went back to our tent to get our sweatshirt and prepare for dinner, which were traditional Vietnamese rice noodles. It was amazing. For the night, we sat at the campfire where it was heart warming to sit and listen to songs, speeches of friendship, and enjoying skits. Then, we slept the night away though it was already midnight. The next morning, we had hot chocolate and noodles after which, all the scouts at camp had our promotion ceremony. My den became Webelos 2. It was a campout to remember.

Willis Nguyễn
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