

My TT9 Experience



When asked about TT9, or the Ninth International Vietnamese Scouting Jamboree, most people would probably give you the fish eye and ask, “What the heck is that?”

When you ask the right person, though, everything seems to become crystal clear.

Seeing as it was a weeklong camp up in King City, TT9 was a scouting experience to remember. Each day was scout-oriented, with lots of things to do. Though yes, the scout-related-clothes-only rule was unreasonable (and strangely, not enforced) and there were times when we were extremely bored, I had a great time at the camp.

The moment I stepped out of the car and onto the parking lot of San Lorenzo park, I knew I was going to have a great time. We spent most of the first day—Friday—setting up our tents and campsites. The next day, we spent the majority of our afternoon sightseeing around the various booths set up for the Vietnamese tradition day—which was actually a lot more exciting than the name suggested. At one stand, we were able to do calligraphy, which I thought was pretty awesome. That night, we saw one of the best performances I’ve ever seen—an outstanding variety performance by the troops of San Jose. The effects with each section were absolutely breathtaking—yes; that also means the weird, intense rice-eating that the men did in the middle. The “friendship games” the next day, though the directions weren’t very clear, would probably have been more fun if the leaders from my Lien Đoàn hadn’t been so control-

ling.

For me, the highlight of the week were the Thieu games. I was pretty skeptical of how fun it’d be for me since we’d gotten some of the lazy guys from my Lien Đoàn, but I was pleased to see that they’d captured the contagious enthusiasm our team had. My team was so much fun, and so were the games—I can’t believe that some of the members of my troop, when I got back to the campsite, complained that the games were boring. The racing games—the sector in which my team won first place—was probably the most fun... after the water games, of course. They were all really fun; I really enjoyed playing those games.

All throughout camp, there were the foreigners—the Australians (or Aussies, as many called them) were the crowd favorites, followed by the French Fries (who were near our camp), the Canadians, and the Germans (who no one really saw very often). The Aussie souvenirs and hats were bright in the eye of many—one of my friends even traded her uniform B for an Aussie shirt! The boomerangs were also coveted by many, and I was lucky—an Aussie who was in my group for the games made me one (I now have to hide it from my brother, who wishes he could have it). As for the French Fries, our troop liked to play soccer with them, even if we did get totally whooped.

Especially because I left camp a day early for reasons that not even I know, I wish TT9 could have been longer so that we could have more fun. Most of my troop members complained that we had only begun having fun when suddenly, the week was over and we all had to go home. We’ll miss our international friends, and even the ones within the United States, but there’ll always be TT10—another experience to look forward to.

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