

## TT9 MEMORY

TT9 is over but that doesn't mean I'll forget about it

I officially joined the troop in mid January of 2007 and it has been about 3 years now since I joined the troop. TT8 ended the summer before I joined and most of the other scouts were still talking about TT8 and how fun it had been. I was still new and still had no clue what that was. Despite all of the Lien Doan, Lien Ket, and one week summer camps I had been to, I still rank TT9 as the best camp thus far for many reasons. I got to know some people in my own troop better as well as meet scouts from all over the world. One particular memory that I plan to latch onto forever began on the third to last day, Wednesday.



On Wednesday morning, I woke up to hearing someone scream, "AHHH, I CAN'T OPEN MY TENT." I woke up after the person got out and it turns out that he got zip tied in as well as a few other tents. My tent was lucky enough to not get zip tied. Some people who left their shoes out had their syrup poured over their shoes. My tent mates and I were smart enough to NOT leave our shoes out. It was me, Joseph Nguyen, and Jonathan Luu who decided to get some payback, although we had no clue what to do. We were walking around like always and saw piles of 24-pack of toilet paper. The same idea suddenly came to our heads. We got a few other people to help us and we had our plans set.

Later that night, at about 11:30 PM, there were about 15 of us sitting there. As I recalled, there was me, Joseph Nguyen, Jonathan Luu, Timothy Ho, Kent Nguyen, Tom Lai, Royce Nguyen, Alex Nguyen and a few other people I do not recall. By the time it was post midnight, there were 7 of us left. Joseph, Royce, Jonathan, Timothy, Kent, Royce, Alex, and I were left by the time it drew near 1 AM.

A little before that, Tr. Trung kept walking in and out of his tent because he found it suspicious that we were sitting out here and our excuse was that we wanted to sleep outside. After a while he gave up and went to his tent. He gave us a couple warnings that if we kept laughing and giggling that we had to go to our tents and sleep. The hardest part was keeping Timothy quiet. He would not stop giggling and every time we told him to not giggle, he would giggle louder until someone had to stick a pillow in his mouth. I think he was trying to eat the pillow but at least we could not hear him. We even had to stick



him on a cot as a bribe to keep him quiet. He ended up falling asleep while the rest of us were still awake.

Jonathan came running out of his tent with so many layers of clothes while screaming **COMMANDO!** in his high pitched voice that we ended up giggling again. I guess Tr. Trung was asleep by then.

2:37 AM and we were still fresh, kind of, we were half asleep. We all agreed to take a 10 minute nap with one person keeping watch,

which happened to be Kent. That ended well, he ended up falling asleep. Joseph ended up waking me up at about 3:30 AM. I woke up Royce and Alex and told them we were going in our tent. It was like we had been sleeping out in the snow. I woke Kent up and told him we were going in and told him to wake the other two up. That was a bad idea.

I woke up in the morning and learned that Jonathan, Kent, and Timothy never went into their tent. Jonathan was kept nice and warm in his thick layers of clothing but ended rolling off the bench. Timothy was nice and comfy on his cot. Kent looked like he was suffering from hypothermia, but thank God he was okay.

So, the bottom line was, our plan failed, which was good, but we still had some a few dozen toilet papers sitting in Jonathan's tent. So we never found out who exactly pulled the prank on everyone.

A few months later, Joseph, John, Alex, and I were at Tr. Long's house planning the Thieu beach camp and we brought that up again and Tr. Long was there. He started laughing. We asked him of the Truongs did it but all he did was say that pranks like that teach a scout to always be prepared.

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