

The Best Summer Camp

Joe couldn't wait for September even though that was when school would start. It was only early August, and he was stuck at summer camp. He went to this same summer camp every year. It was the same summer camp his father went to when he was a boy and his grandfather too. It was a family tradition. Joe's father would always say how much fun he had at the camp when he was little, so Joe didn't want to make his dad sad by telling him how much he hated it. After only 2 weeks, Joe was already ready to leave. He hated the football games, he hated the horses and canoeing, and most of all, he hated the yucky camp food. Just thinking of the horrible camp food made Joe's face turn green with disgust.



One evening, Joe quietly called his mum on the camp's old, red phone in the head office and asked her if she could come and pick him up early from camp. But he didn't want his dad to know. "Can you just lie and say I was bitten by a snake or something?" Joe pleaded with his mum.



"I'm sorry, but I can't do that. I am always honest with your father; honesty is the best policy. If you really want to come home that badly, I will talk to him about it," she whispered with a sorry voice.

"Honesty is the best policy?" Joe asked with a raised brow. "What does that mean?"

"It means it's always better to tell the truth instead of a lie," his mum replied.

Joe was still too worried that his dad's feelings would be hurt if he left early, so he told his mum that he would stay for the last two weeks and try to make the best of it. Joe's mum was as happy as a clam to hear that he would give the camp another chance.

"Mum, if I'm going to be stuck here for two more weeks, can you please make my favourite meal when I get home?" Joe asked hopefully.

"Of course, dear! I will have a delicious hamburger and a side of crispy fries ready for you when you get home in two weeks," his mum answered with a bright smile in her voice.

During his last week at camp, Joe's mouth was drooling. He couldn't stop thinking about the delicious meal his mum would make him when he got home and every time he ate a camp meal, he imagined he was eating his mum's yummy cooking. All of a sudden, the camp food wasn't so bad.

Joe was lying in bed one night when he thought about what his mum said on the phone earlier. "Honesty is the best..... prophecy... no that's not it. Honesty is the best... Policy!" Joe remembered.

Joe decided to be honest with his camp counselors. Joe wasn't very good at running. He never liked playing football because there was so much running around on the football field. He told the coach that running so much always made him feel sick and his face turn green so the coach switched him to play goalie instead. Joe found that he was really good at it. His team was even able to win a few games all thanks to his amazing skill and best of all there was no running.



Next, he told the head horseback instructor that the horse he was given, named Thor, was mean and always tried to bite him. The instructor asked Joe which horse he would like to try instead. Joe was then given Pinky Pie for the last week, and he actually started to enjoy horseback riding.



As for canoeing, Joe always ended up sitting in the front of the canoe. He told his instructor that he would like to try sitting in the back. Once he was able to sit in the back of the canoe and take on the role of steering, he started to enjoy canoeing because he liked steering the canoe.

Time passed in the blink of an eye. It was time for Joe to go home. When his parents arrived to pick him up, he was bouncing up and down with excitement. "This was the best summer camp ever!" he told his parents. "I can hardly wait for next year. It's too bad this year ended so soon."