

Cub Camp

Last term, I had a camp for Cubs (Scouts – but younger) which was definitely an adventure. So, I decided to write this short story based on the camp...

It all started when my dad drove me and Silas to the Camp. Everybody called it 'leech camp' because there were so many of them! Luckily it hadn't rained for a couple of days, meaning it was unlikely for us to get bitten.

Once we got there, 2 of the patrol leaders unfurled the flags for the opening ceremony. All the Cubs saluted with our special Cub Salute - three fingers (ring, middle and pointer) held together above your head.

As we walked down to our campsite, I stopped and gazed up at the scenery. Tall trees towered above the thickets of bushes and leaves, while flowers, dotted with droplets of water like stars in the sky, opened up. The scent of Eucalyptus befriending a damp misty morning taste ran to my head and swirled through my nose. Feeling the cool air against my smooth-as-silk jacket, I looked down and felt my shoes touching the sandy, dirty ground that had been walked on by many past Cubs before me. I heard the other cubs begin to talk and chatter and the moment ended.

Walking down to the bottom of our campsite, I dropped my bags down, before helping with the tent.

Our first activity was a scavenger hunt. Each Patrol was given a map and a list of things. Some were like 'bring back a feather', while others were 'how many campfires are there?' I stayed at the back of our group because my task was to find things. I managed to find a y-shaped stick and I spotted where the big Scout symbol was on the ground. But mainly I enjoyed the bushwalk because we all grabbed us-sized sticks and used them as walking sticks for the rest of the camp.



Sausages! Yummy, juicy sausages wrapped in bread with a side of fruit! Yes, I am talking about lunch (sort of obvious really). But that wasn't the only highlight of the afternoon, because after lunch we went crate-stacking! Basically, one person is attached to a harness and the other people pass crates to them. Then, the crate stacker climbs on top of these crates to make a pile. They climb up and up until they fall or don't want to go any higher.

When it was my turn, I climbed up. 1...2...3...4...5...6...7! I was at the top of the world! I could see hills stretching out while trees plotted themselves unevenly within the landscape. The occasional large rock threw itself into the picture, while shrubs and fallen leaves ran around in the wild breeze as if they were having the time of their life. The tents and buildings towards the higher part of the hill stood alone from the unpredictable world surrounding it. And, there, just outside our camp, I saw something rustle in the bushes. From that angle I couldn't see what it was. But then, it stopped moving and I assumed that I had just imagined it. Swinging down from the top of the stack, I felt a rush of joy, which certainly cheered me up. Then I remembered that there were leeches on the ground...

After dinner (Meat, Pasta and cheese) and dessert (yummy biscuits with ice-cream and smarties), we put on our warmer clothes and sat around the fire. We told stories and sang songs:

Give me a home among the gum trees

With lots of plum trees,

A sheep or two and a kangaroo,

Clothesline out the back!

Veranda out the front,

And an old Rocking chair!

Suddenly, I felt a little tickle on my shoe and saw a creature with about thirty brains- A LEECH!

"Aaah! Get it off, Get it off!" I exclaimed. Then one of the leaders picked up a stick and flicked the leech off into the darkness.



It was late at night, and the last rays of slight evening sun had disappeared behind the hills. Inside the tents people still chattered, but outside...

The blackened sky awaited the day, but for now, the still air remained with the sleeping trees and silent grass. The infrequent call of a late-night bird was the only thing to ever break the quiet, while the night remained peacefully calm. But then, the wind picked up and the eerie howl awoke something hiding among the bushes. It was heard by all the Cubs as it came nearer...

The talk inside died away and everyone simultaneously gazed up at whatever was making these rustles in the leaves, these secrets in the air, the sound of a large object coming closer, closer, closer. I felt a stab of anxiety pulse through my body, as all my tent-buddies, one by one, step by step, moved outside. Meeting a petrified crowd of Cubs huddled together, we wondered what could be making the quiet, but confusingly unmissable, sounds in the wild. We all watched - Me and Silas and Monte and all the other Cubs- as it poked through the last shrub before our camp...and what we saw was... A ghost, covered head to toe in shrubs, leaves, sticks and stones, bouncing up and down slightly. After looking at it for a minute, I realised what this meant.

Every time somebody ruined any bit of nature, or disturbed the need for a balanced world, an object would be taken from this forest and sent to live with the ghost that would haunt us forever. In fact, I was sure I saw more than one ghost that night. Hundreds, perhaps. How did I know all this? Well, I will never be absolutely certain, but one thing's for sure- Everybody standing there, every Cub, could feel that this ghost was here to tell us something. It breathed through the wind- "Let this be a message not only to you but to all the humans of the world- this night there will be change, a change on earth that will stay with you forever. You must learn to care for the wonders of the natural world; instead of destroying them! Our green planet will be protected for many future generations if you listen to me. Now, sleep! And dream of a future where there is no harm to the globe! Spread the message! Saaave the planettttt..." And with that, the ghost drifted away.

We all walked back to bed and slowly settled down again. We did indeed dream of a future with vibrant green plants and unharmed nature- and let me tell you, it was *amazing*.

That morning, when we went for our bushwalk, we thought about the wild ghost's message. And when we got home, we passed on the message to our communities, who passed it on to larger groups, and eventually, it will spread across the whole world. And then, after we all take action; when the world is at peace with nature, we can finally sit down and read a nice, good book.

So yeah, that's pretty much my story. Like I told you, definitely an adventure. All that's left to do is finish this sentence, with a final full stop.