

A Letter from Scout Camp

Dear Mom and Dad,

We are having a great time here at Lake Typhoid. Our Scoutmaster is making all of us write to our parents in case you saw the flood on TV and got worried. We are Okay. Only one of our tents and two sleeping bags and Jake's backpack got washed away. Luckily none of us drowned because we were all up on the mountain looking for Brad when it happened. Oh yeah, please call Brad's mom and tell her he is okay. He can't write because of the cast.

I got to ride in one of the search and rescue jeeps. It was neat. We never would have found him if it hadn't been for all of the lightening. Our Scoutmaster got mad at Brad for going on a hike alone without telling anyone. Brad said he did tell him but it was during the fire so he probably didn't hear him.

Did you know that if you pour gas on a fire the gas can will blow up? The wet wood still didn't burn, but one of our tents did and also some of our clothes. John is going to look weird until his hair and eyebrows grow back. We will be home Saturday if Our Scoutmaster gets the bus fixed. It wasn't his fault about the wreck. The brakes worked okay when we left. Our Scoutmaster said that with a bus that old you have to expect something to break down, that's probably why he can't get insurance on it. We think it's a neat bus. He doesn't care if we get it dirty. It gets pretty hot in the bus, but it is really neat because we can watch the engine work, although it does smell like exhaust fumes. Our Scoutmaster even lets us take turns riding on the luggage rack on top too, well--until the Highway Patrolman stopped and talked to him.

Our Scoutmaster is a neat Scoutmaster. Don't worry, he is a good driver, in fact he is teaching Andrew how to drive. But he only lets him drive the bus on the mountain roads where there isn't any traffic. All we ever see up here are logging trucks.

This morning all of us were jumping off the rocks and swimming in the lake. Our Scoutmaster wouldn't let me because I can't swim and Brad was afraid he would sink because of the cast, so he let us take the canoe across the lake. It was great. You can still see some of the trees under the water from the flood. Our Scoutmaster isn't crabby like some Scoutmasters. He didn't even get mad about the life jackets we forgot. He has to spend a lot of time working on the bus so we are trying not to cause him any trouble.

Guess what? We all learned some first-aid. When Keith dove off the cliff into the lake and cut his arm, we got to see how a tourniquet works. Also Aaron and I threw up. Our Scoutmaster said it was probably just food poisoning from the leftover tuna salad we had the first night we were here. He said they got sick that way with food they ate in prison. I'm so glad he got out and became our scoutmaster.

I have to go now. We are going to town and mail all these letters and buy some bullets. Don't worry about anything.

Love, your son.

P.S. How long has it been since I had a tetanus shot?