

SUMMER CAMP OF HORROR

by John Brauer

I want to summer camp so I pack up my suitcase and get on a bus that is full of nerds. The stupid bus driver slept passed our exit and took us to the mountains. The bus crashes into a tree and the driver flies threw the windsheild and dies. We are alone and have no food but marshmallows. We take the tires off the bus. All ten kids climb the mountain and slide down on the tires. I went by myself while the others went three on each. Everyone makes it down safely. It was 9:00 P.M.

we used the tires as pillows. When everyone woke up we started a fire and had roasted marshmallows for breakfast. After that we made skies from ice and poles of sticks. After one hour the skies melted. We walked until the mountain turned into a five hundred feet tall. A kid named Billy saw a cave and climbed down and went in and lit a match to see what it was like and it turned out that it was full of natural gas. We were already looking for another way down when the cliff colapsed from the explosian. Billy died but he gave us a easy way down. After we got down and walked a couple miles. There was a dirt road. Every body ran down the road. It led to our summer camp. The camp leader was the meanest person on earth. His name was Mr. Mean. He was a former World Wrestling Federation wrestler. He made us do 500,000 push-ups non-stop. After that we got a drop of water to quench our thirst. That night I planned a escape. While I

was running the 8,000 mile run I would hop the fence. That day I escaped but he shot me in the head so I was sent home. Since I was gone my mom got a dog. I'm allergect to dogs. I got hay fever and I was forced to take care of my little brother. First he made me play house and I was the mom. After that he made me watch Sesame Street. It was so boring I fell asleep. He woke me up by jumping on me. He was jumping because Mr. Rodgers was on. I went in my room and turned on my radio. It turned out the pest poured water into my radio. The radio blew up and the house started burning down. I had to drag him out because he was crying about his teddy bear was on fire. The fire was put out easily but I got fifth degree burns. The fire investagator wanted to know how it started. I told him the truth but he thought I was lying so I was sent to a school to teach kids not use matches. School has started now. I hope next summer is better!

Looks like early
draft of
Summer of Terror