

The Best Summer Camp

Joe couldn't wait for the end of summer even though that meant school would start. Starting school would be better than being stuck at the summer camp. He went to this same summer camp every year. It was the same summer camp his father and grandfather went to when they were young. 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 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 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 begged 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 said 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 thought his dad 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 happy voice.

During his last week at camp, Joe couldn't stop thinking about the delicious meal his mum would make him when he got home. Every time he ate a camp meal, he imagined he was eating his mum's yummy cooking. Suddenly, 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... ppp... Honesty is the best... Policy!" Joe remembered.

Joe decided to be honest with his camp leaders. First, he told the coach that running so much always made him feel sick when he played football, so the coach let him play goalie instead. Joe was really good at it. His team won 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, 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.

When Joe's parents came to pick him up from camp later that week, he jumped up and down with joy and said to them in all honesty, "This was the best summer camp ever!" He then added that he couldn't wait for next year's camp.