

Henry

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Personal narrative

Draft -final

Focus: sequence/vivid images/writer's voice

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Mondamin Sailing

Here is how a perfectly good human got needlessly punished for a minor crime.
#Henrylivesmatter

It all started during rest hour at Camp Mondamin. It was war! Lawson and I fought 3 others on the battlefield of a dusty floor. It was hot, humid, and moldy and we wanted blood. This was an extreme rock, paper scissors tournament. This is rest hour everyday at camp Mondamin. Suddenly we heard a loud crying bell. It was the activity bell. That meant it was time for sailing. We sprinted out the door and to the sailing docks. We went past swimming and around paddle sports and finally made it to the sailboats. But we had another challenge to complete to get a boat.

Lawson and I soon battled for the best sailboat. I tripped Trevor and tackled Mike. Lawson bit off Gunther's big left toe and ate his right ear like Mike Tyson. Finally we claimed her. Her name was Betsy. Betsy had a nice blue hull with brand new neon black sails. It was an honor sailing her.

We were on the open water when SWOOSH, the wind battled for our sailboat! I raced to the opposite side, then I went back to rescue Lawson. I dragged him like he was a wounded hamster to the other side of the boat. #neverleaveahamsterbehind. We soon recovered from our battle. We almost capsized. We wanted to almost capsize again and again. We battled the wind for hours until we retired for the day

because we heard the cabin bell. We came in and furlled Betsy like she was the Titanic.

As we left the dock, our head counselor, Sebastian, whose appearance was equal to that of an ogre, walked up to us and yelled. He was hairy with yellow teeth, wide black eyes and stood 6"2'. He smelled our fear. He punished us for risking our boat when we tried to capsize. We had to clean the dining hall after dinner. The room felt like a football field because of its humongous size. We had to maneuver our way through the glops of food on the ground. Then Lawson chucked a Hail Mary hotdog to the trash can but I intercepted it and I ran it back for a touchdown. Never throw Hail Mary hotdogs. Suddenly the food moved because of how gross it was. I nearly threw up, but I soon realized I would have to clean that up too. I did not puke. The enormous floor took years to clean. We put our blood sweat and tears on that floor and the next day we had to clean that up too.

The moral of the story is, never do anything you are not supposed to do, especially on the beautiful Betsy.