

The Argus

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Elliott Williams and Kyle Schiff – Printing & Collation

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The Shohola “S” Winners

**The Shohola “S” is given those campers who in
the estimation of the Camp Shohola Staff**

**demonstrate achievement, friendliness, helpfulness,
responsibility, and leadership.**

**The Argus would like to congratulate the following
campers for receiving this prestigious award:**

First Session

**Giancarlo Montes, Cabin 2
Kaleb Christiansen, Cabin 13
Adam Goff, Cabin 14**

Second Session

**Francisco Lorenzo, Cabin 7
Alfredo Esper, Cabin 9
Diego Haucuja, Cabin 11
Miguel Pallares, Cabin 12
Gabe Shayer, Cabin 13
Juan Jose Lorenzo, Cabin 14
Keenan McAuliffe, Cabin 14**

A RECORD BREAKING SUMMER

As I sit and write the director's address for 2007, I am once again shocked at how quickly the time flies. We spend 10 months preparing for this flash in the pan we call summer camp. Then it seems to pass in the blink of an eye. But although this summer is all but gone, it was not "just another summer" at Shohola. This was a milestone year for many reasons. Not only was this Holly's and my first summer as directors together, but it was also a record breaking summer.

Shohola celebrated its 65th summer this summer...**IT'S A RECORD!!!**

We had 104 staff members total...**IT'S A RECORD!!!**

We had 275 total campers enrolled...**IT'S A RECORD!!!**

At our peak enrollment, we had 174 campers at one time...**IT'S A RECORD!!!**

Cabin 10 housed 14 bodies...**IT'S A RECORD!!!**

We were only in session for 7 weeks...**CAN YOU CALL THAT A RECORD!?!?**

Izaak Orlansky never slept for 7 weeks...**IT'S A RECORD!!!**

We had something like three days that reached 90 degrees...It may not be a record, but it sure was nice!!!

There are many ways in which summer 2007 was very special, and I'm sure there are even more ways in which it was history making. There were also, as always, some ways in which summer 2007 was very hard. These bumps in the road, however, do not define us as a community. What defines us as a community is the way in which we respond to these difficulties. Once again, this year, the Shohola community responded to the difficulties with unshakable joy and steadfast resolve. Once again I am very proud to be associated with such fine people. Thank you!

As I look forward to our future, I feel excitement. Where can we go from here? What can we accomplish? What records can we still break, even after all these years? I can't wait to find out!

Thank you for another great one boys and girls of La La Land. It was a blast.

SHOHOLA FOREVER!!!!



**THANK YOU!!! THANK YOU!!! THANK
YOU!!!**

**A special thank you to all the kitchen, maintenance, nannies,
laundry, office, infirmary and camp store staff.
Without you Camp Shohola would not "function" like it does
everyday.**

Larry Aaronson
Mura Abd-El Maseih
Mariana Balcorta
Duncan Barger
Holly Barger
Alice Bayne
Maria Jose Cardenas
Elizabeth Carrera
Mariel Delgado
Anne Dilker
Tina Gerson
Tom Gibson
Cathy Gibbonsmith
Pavel Hait
Marnita Henderson
Jaime Johnson
Jiri Kozik
Kendal Lowe
Leticia Loyola

Blanca Martinez
Andrea Martinkova
George Meling
Katie Noland
Izaak Orlansky
Rob Paderofsky
Kenya Sollas
Rigel Sotelo
Dora Varga
Gary Werner

Kayaking

By: Juan Jose Jimenez, Working Senior

Kayaking is definitely one of the best classes that you could take from the waterfront. This month we did all sorts of fun things in the class, like learning how to do water-exits, rolls, paddling to Blueberry island, and going off the diving board in the kayak. This is definitely a class worth taking. When I took kayaking for the first time, even though I wasn't very good, I still thought that it was one of the coolest things that I have done in my life. When I could finally do all of my rolls, I started to go white water kayaking and surf kayaking on trips, which was some of the most fun that I have had. These trips are only available if you take a kayaking class. So if you want to take an XTREME class, kayaking is for you.

Gold Rush!

By: Scott Perkins, W.S.

This year was my first ever gold rush, 2007 being my second year here at Shohola. I am very glad I got to organize it during my working senior year. At the beginning, I had no idea what was going on. Jorge came into our cabin one day during cabin cleanup, and got us all together for a meeting. Now, I had no clue what gold rush was, so when she started talking about organizing skits, getting costumes, setting up the jail, and all that stuff, I was very confused. Afterwards, everybody who knew about Gold Rush explained it for those of us who didn't. All those jobs

seemed like a lot of work, especially now that I knew what we had to do for each of them. The next day, we started doing our skits. I was not in the first couple of skits, but I ended up being one of "Six Shooter Sam's" deputies. My first skit was the shootout in the dining hall, where the cops got back the mayor, and captured Paul "Gentleman" Becker for his deserved hanging. The next morning, we tried to hang Paul (and almost succeeded, literally), but his bandits ambushed us on horses with guns. He escaped, but at least we still had our beloved mayor, John Deere. After this skit, the stage was set for gold rush. Our last skit was done the next morning, but it wasn't serious. Juan Jo and Jose posed as Mexicans trying to get across the border for some gold, and us police ended up chasing them. I was ready for the real thing, now that all our skits were done. While the rest of the camp was cleaning, we were putting the finishing touches on everything. From the time the bell rang during muster, until gold rush ended, I don't think I stopped smiling. It was the most fun I've ever had at camp, and all the hard work was definitely worth it. Gold rush was the highlight of my Working Senior year.

International Food Night (New York)

By: Kyle Schiff, W.S.

International Food Night was an amazing opportunity to be able to try foods that people eat in other countries. However, I am going to tell you about International Food Night from the perspective of a New York cook. It all started Saturday night, after dinner. We waited for the people to clear out of the dining hall. Then we washed our hands, put on some gloves, and the cooking began. We started out with the cheesecake. We made both the mix and the crust at the same time. I cooked with the counselors, as well as two other campers, until about 9:20 at night. The cheesecakes were finished that night. The next morning, we began the process of making bagels. We had to make the dough and then boil the bagels before we could make the holes. After this, we added different toppings, such as onions, poppy seeds, sesame seeds, as well as all toppings combined to make everything bagels. When those were

finished, we waited until the start of International Food Night to bring everything out and set up the tables. We made the New York eggcreams - which consisted of milk, seltzer water, and chocolate syrup - on the spot. Everything went smoothly.

Camp Shohola Skateboarding

By: Trey Dixon, W.S.

This month in camp, skateboarding has really taken an effect on the kids and all of them really want to try and not just goof around. Skateboarding to me is like being able to just ride on your board and just have fun with your friends while learning new things each day. I have been skateboarding for about 10 years now and it has really affected my life and others as well. All the kids in the class this month have improved more and more each day. They come to class and they always want us to teach them something everyday. I think it's safe to say skateboarding is here to stay for all boys and girls all around the world.

Lifeguarding

By: Elliott Williams, W.S.

I passed out of swimming 4 years ago in cabin 5. The next year I wanted to do Lifeguard Training. The class is lots of fun. There are only 4 campers in the class and all of us love to swim. There is Paul Becker, Keenan McAuliffe, Victor Honore, and I. Every B-Day Shinky teaches us how to save people's lives if they are drowning. We learn CPR and the Heimlich Maneuver. The class is really relaxed and is my favorite in camp this year.

Shohola NBA season and PLAY OFFS

By: Trey Dixon, W.S.

The 4 teams that were in the NBA a were all very skillful in there own little areas of play in the game. There was one team that seemed to keep on

fighting though and they still have not lost yet since the season begun. That teams captain is Trey Dixon and the team consists of Paul, Trent, Johny,

Billy, Julian, and Jake. The only bad thing is they are starting to fall apart. Each game they seem to lose a little bit of courage especially in the play offs.

They barely won the game in over time to go to the finals. Everyone is asking do they have enough energy left to be this year NBA champs.

They have to face The Ballers to win and be announced champions. The Ballers team is run by Sam Weinstock and yes, he is a beast at basketball.

So if have time go to the last game of the season its going to be a close games so come down and cheer both teams on.

Skateboarding

By: Julian Smith, W.S.

To me, skateboarding is a passion or a way of life. It displays confidence, ability and dedication in a diverse way. The feeling of riding my skateboard is amazing. When I'm upset or tired I can ride my skateboard and forget my problems. I got into skateboarding by watching the X Games and just seeing people around my way just skateboarding. I thought it was stupid at first but when i did my first kick flip I was happy and wanted to do it more. Over the years I have learned many different tricks including flips and grinds and grabs and just other fun tricks. There are many different types of skateboarding including vert, street or flat ground.

My style of skating is street. I like it because there are many different varieties of tricks and combos. Vert is done on a half pipe, and is used to get lots of speed and time for big spin tricks and grabs. Flatground is very tricky with complex flip tricks and making the skateboard turn in different directions. Over the years skateboarding has dramatically changed my life and the life of others. It keeps me out of trouble and it makes me happy everyday. I love skateboarding and I encourage people to try it. I also have made lots of new friends skateboarding. When you have a gang of skaters going big and having fun, nothing can go wrong. Nobody really understand the point of skateboarding until you get good at it. Once you're good, it can be really easy. I think that if you start skateboarding you will definitely get hooked and fall in love with it. When you progress, tricks become easier and you learn more variations and combos. One of my favorite skaters is Stevie Williams. He is my inspiration and he takes skateboarding and helps out other people. He gives to charity and makes new skate parks. Now skateboarding has gone world wide and it's helping our world come closer together. People make new friends, support other countries and spread skateboarding. Another skater, Mike V has gone to many different countries such as Africa to spread skateboarding and get more people into it. He has raised money to build skate parks. At Shohola all of the ramps were hand made. That's a very big project to make an entire skate park with just planks of wood and metal. In the skateboarding class there is not a teacher but its just a class to chill and skate with your friends. Next year if I

get invited back I would be happy to actually teach the art of skateboarding and try and improve the skate park. Me and my friends have even made a skate team, which consists of 5 riders. A skate team is just a company that sponsors skateboarders and sells products like skateboards, shoes, shirts, pants or whatever else you can think of. Another good aspect of skateboarding is if you get good enough, you could get sponsored. When you get sponsored you can get free gear and get paid and live good. At first it can be rough but if you keep skateboarding and get tricks done you could be a legend. Some skaters are good yet they only do it for the money. To me skateboarding is about fun but no doubt i would like to ride my skateboard for 2 million dollars. For example, there is a skateboarder named Bam Margera, who is an excellent skateboarder but he just does it for money. Also since he got his own show on MTV he doesn't have to ride a skateboard for the rest of his life. Bam's sponsors keep him on the teams because all of his products sell very well and brings in lots of money. I would love to be a skateboarder for a living because I could do what I love to do and make a career out of it. I'd get to travel to different places and skate with different people. In conclusion, it's funny how a piece of wood and a turning system make so many people so happy...

NBA By: Jake Berman, W.S. This week in the upper camp NBA, it was the playoffs. My team, the Stealth Ninja Polar Bears faced off against Juan Jo's, TGPK. The game went into overtime, but the Stealth Ninja Polar Bears came out on top. In the second game, Sam

Weinstock's Brooklyn Ballers team faced off against Sam Donnefeld's the Not Forgotten The Red Barons. Sam Weinstock's team blew away the competition. So in the championship it will be Trey Dixon's Stealth Ninja Polar Bears against Sam Weinstock's Brooklyn Ballers.

Starbucks Est.2007

By: Kyle Egan, Cabin 11

Starbucks is a secret that has been kept among a select number of people until now. It is a meeting place behind Cabin 11, next to the ATV trail down to the hockey court. Built on July 22, it has survived until now. Starbucks was first built for the purpose of reading the seventh Harry Potter book without distraction. We built a table and put chairs around it. Drew Morisson built a very comfortable chair out of big stones. On that same day, we came up with the name Starbucks with the first letter as the Shohola S. Pretty much the only rule is to not tell anyone about Starbucks to avoid overcrowding. People have to find it themselves. Starbucks has turned into a place where you can talk about anything and even eat during meals on the hill. Don't worry, Starbucks will be back in a different place next year.

Classe De Musica

By: Gabe Stone Shayer, Cabin 13

During my time a Shohola, first month I did art, kayaking, and many other things that I done before. Then I was reminded that camp is for doing things that you probably don't get a chance to do at home. So I thought, why not music class except I don't play an instrument. Thats when I thought even harder, and said "oh wait I have a voice". So I

just had to learn how to use it and with the help of Kirk McAuliffe and Brian Loeper I grasped a new unknown talent[for me]. In music class it is not just learning a song and doing it. We learn different pitches and how to take breaths correctly[for vocals]. It was also very hard to "come out of my shell" [as said by Kirk at campfire]. It is pretty scary to sing full out to people who will critic you, but me as a dancer should be use to that cause thats the business. Watching the other kids in the class talking back and forth about b's g's and f sharps shows me how much I don't know compared to the other students, but thats OK. I think it's cool that they are able to store all that information in there minds including the teachers which amazes me. The music class also includes more than just learning it is very fun sing along with the teachers makes me feel included in class and in Camp Shohola. That es el classe de musica.

Gold Rush

By: Elliott Williams, W.S.

Gold Rush takes place on the last Sunday of camp every other year. This year I was fortunate enough that I was a Working Senior during Gold Rush. For a week and a half, my fellow Working Seniors and I planned skits, printed money, and put gold in the creek. We also set up a courthouse and a jail. Then after weeks of work, the day finally arrived. I greased up my hair and put on a tacky suit to become Elliott "The Shark" Williams, Defense Attorney. The other Working Seniors became bandits, cops, drunks, or many other things. The mayor, John Deere gave a speech and

the Gold Rush started. For a half hour it was complete chaos. Bandits were stealing, miners were prospecting, cops were arresting, and Sam "The Mormon" Donnenfeld and I screamed at each other trying to get our client either free or in jail (Depending on how much money they gave us). It was one of the most fun moments of my life. I can not wait till 2009 for the next Gold Rush.

Nature Trips

By: Elliott Williams, W.S.

Every Tuesday, George and Reade take a van of campers to a waterfall or a forest or a nice niche in the woods. The trips are always really relaxing.

George points out flowers and bugs and other beautiful creatures. Other times we go swimming in a waterfall. Reade lifeguards while the campers sit underneath the waterfall. Every week I am so excited to go on another trip. I hope that if I become a counselor next year i could help George out.

Classical Concert Series At CommTech

By: Kyle Egan, Cabin 11

This is one of the new things at Camp Shohola this year. The three day concert brings the talent of counselors out on the classical guitar. The performance is broadcast live on the Internet and the radio. Campers watch from the back of the veranda while chowing down on great snacks. It goes on during 6th Period, which is a great time because it gives you some rest after a very tiring days of periods.

Gold Rush

By: Juan Jose Jimenez & Jose Miguel Zavala, W.S.

Gold rush fue una experiencia que nunca olvidaremos, aunque tuvimos que trabajar mucho para organizarlo, nos quedo muy padre y valio la pena cada segundo de nuestro esfuerzo. Esos 25 minutos de que nos persiguieran unos locos con esposas fueron los mas divertidos que hemos vivido en todos los anios que hemos estado en el camp (9 y 2) Todo empezo cuando nuestro counselor uso nuestro Cabin Night para planear esto, todos nos enojamos porque la perdimos, pero no sabiamos que prepararlo es muy divertido. Nos dividimos los trabajos y tomabamos cualquier tiempo libre parapreparar el evento. Poner la cuerdata atraves del rio, limpiar la carcel, pintar piedritas (y nuestros zapatos tambien) y aventarlas al agua entre otras cosas; suena a mucha flojera y aburrpcion, pero la neta estuvo divertidisimo. Esperamos poder vivir otro Gold Rush, ya no lo haremos como campers ni como organizadores, pero vamos a poder divertirnos viendo como lo hacen otras generaciones.

Music/Band

By: Keenan McAuliffe, Cabin 15

Music class is a really chilled out class. Although it may seem as if it's a hard one to do, it's pretty simple stuff. First, you pick a song that works with the talent level of the band. Next, just get music and start rehearsing. After awhile of practicing, you start to get the song down. We have a good time with jokes and just jamming around on whatever is around. When we get the music down and it sounds good, we put on a performance. We show off what we spent lots of time on and give the crowd a show they'll be raving about for days. I, from experience, know the exhilarating feeling of going onto stage and having the crowd be all for you and cheering and yelling for you to play well. It's quite the experience. And if you're saying to yourself, "I can't play an instrument, but I want to join that class," don't worry, if you want to learn guitar, the teachers at band class can teach you. If you saw him before, you know how Brian Loeper owns at guitar, and can teach you the way of the strings and frets, as well as other instruments. So try the music class, it's

a bunch of fun, and a great learning experience.

Outdoor Cooking

By: Kyle Schiff, W.S.

Are you looking for some fun? Do you like to eat food and play with fire? Well, I have good news for you if you do. It's called Outdoor Cooking. No other class has food, fire, and fun all in one. You get to sit around a fire with a group of friends and enjoy a nice day, or even a rainy day because Outdoor Cooking is rain or shine. You make all kinds of foods from normal meal type foods to deserts and snacks. One of my favorite treats to make in the breakfast Outdoor Cooking class is the baked apples. You scoop out a funnel in the apple and inside it, you add some butter, brown sugar, and cinnamon. Once it is done, you can add more brown sugar on top to make it even better. My next favorite is what we like to call "Scramlets", which is an attempted omelet that ends up looking like half omelet and half scrambled egg. Inside the scramlet is a variety of toppings, such as peppers, onions, pieces of ham, mushrooms, and cheese. We also get the chance to make blueberry, strawberry, chocolate chip, or even marshmallow pancakes, as well as donut snakes and pigs in a blanket. But Outdoor Cooking is not mainly about the food. It's about sitting around a fire and enjoying camp with friends. Mainly, it's all about having fun.

Street Hockey By: Nick Mower, Cabin 14

Street hockey and roller hockey are two activities have been fun to do from month to month. The class is really quite fun when you have enough players to really get it going.

1st month we had 20 kids in both UC and LC street hockey and because of this the class went smoothly because you always had enough kids to do whatever the kids chose

to do. In class, usually we scrimmage but for the first few days you will practice skills and do a few drills. These drills will encompass working on your shooting, passing, defense, and offense since these are the basic aspects of the game. One of the activities that we play that I look forwards to is when we play a game that involves the counselors and working seniors firing balls at kids as they attempt to get from one side of the court to the other. This game sounds dangerous at first but by the time your done all you want to do is play again. This is really all we do in street hockey but roller hockey is a little different. Roller Hockey is fun because you will play with kids on all different levels of abilities and some kids don't have skates and so when you scrimmage you have kids on a skates trying to get past kids on feet and it ends up being really fun at the end with everyone just messing around and talking about hockey.

A Few Words About Arts&Crafts By: Andrea Martinkova, Internationale Staff

I would like to tell you what I really like about Camp Shohola. I can say that every year is very different. Different kids and different staff always become big family.

This is what makes me come back. I used to work in the laundry and I am grateful now to be doing counselor work. I am teaching some subjects in Arts & Crafts

and I can say that I really enjoy it. There is always big fun in Arts & Crafts. We have very small kids and they need a lot of attention, but finally when they get

going it is a big satisfaction. This class is not only funny, but also special because we have there special visitors - nannies Jamie, Mora, Blanca and their children to watch;

Takoda, Ann, Ethan and Nate. This is very amazing how children can get involved in Arts & Crafts class. Every child is very enthusiastic and has an astonishing imagination.

I think that children have what a lot of adult people usually do not have and this is fantasy. When we grow up we lose it when we face reality. I guess that everybody here at Camp Shohola has it, that is why I like it here so much. There is a big fun and there could be no fun without imagination. One thing I really could not forget is when Oscar Bayne came to me after a finished class and said that he is searching for a small green pencil, so I started to look for it too. Can you imagine how many pencils there are in Arts & Crafts? But still we could not find the right one. Also Ann Bayne came to help us. Finally we got it. This was close to pottery's machines. I was so surprised and happy of Oscar's joy. I thought that it was just a common green pencil, but I was completely wrong. It was a special pencil with Camp Shohola marks and Oscar really liked this. And there was another point. I realized what a pencil could mean to child. Adult people usually do not care too much if they lost something. They just think that it is no problem when they lost the pencil, well they can get it in each store, right? I think that we should take an example from children and try to be more properly. I would like to add that I really appreciate a patience of children when I am speaking English language and I appreciate Cara`s and all Arts & Crafts staff - Isla, Matt, Andrew, Tess patience with me as well.

Gold Rush

By: Kyle Schiff, W.S.

Gold Rush was an amazing event. But preparing for it and the skits that we prepared, I thought, were better than Gold Rush itself. We set up skits during the meals or at muster. One of the skits, which was my favorite, was when the Mexicans tried to cross the border to be able to participate in the Gold Rush and when the police tried to run after them. Another good skit was when the bandits rushed into the dining hall and

held up a bar that we set up using the kitchen table. Elliott Williams was shot, using ketchup as blood, fell to the ground while the head bandit, Paul Becker, jumped the counter and stole the gold. There was one more skit that everyone liked. After E.J. Frankel was kidnapped in a previous skit, he ran into the dining hall during the new skit and acted as if he had escaped the bandits. But the bandits came in about twenty seconds after him, holding him at gunpoint, but not before the cops came. There was a violent shootout which took place from behind the salad bar and by the double doors of the dining hall. The bandits escaped, all but one, Paul Becker. He was captured and later sentenced to death by hanging, which was interrupted in another skit. The preparation period which took place the week before Gold Rush was fun as well, at least to me. We had to spray paint rocks gold, set up sections in the creek for each cabin to mine in. Creating the jail was hard work but it turned out nice. All in all, everything turned out well and it was a successful Gold Rush.

The Argus Story

By Max Getler Cabin 11, 2007!

Jonathan was in pain. He had tried to escape once again from his barracks and was shocked by his electrical collar. "Dang!", he moaned as he rolled over. After his shock, the M.P.s of the prison came running out and dragged him back inside. Later, he was awakened from his cold, steel bed with a splash of cold water and strong, muscular arms. Jonathan was not a small seventeen year old. He was borderline six feet and weighed 180 pounds of toned but starved muscle. His masked attackers dragged his bulk off his perch and onto the hard ground and dragged him down a hallway for several minutes, all the while he screamed and fought. One of the masked marauders smashed a nightstick over his head he was enveloped by darkness. When

Jonathan awoke he was lying on his bed. He felt a soreness in his hands. He found that there were small electrical jacks embedded in his hand. "What are these? Ow!", he said as a small flame erupted from his hands. Slowly, carefully, he lowered himself to the ground and stuffed his hands into his skimpy robe. As he walked to the front of his small, 8' by 10' cell block, he was confronted by his totalitarian military guards. "Hey you, what do you think your doing! Get back!", the M.P. yelled as he slapped the bars of his cell with his taser stick. "How did I get in this mess?", Jonathan thought to himself as he pulled at his shock collar, being careful of the holes in his hands. Slowly, he allowed himself to remember his past.

A jocund young couple was strolling around a plateau filled with animals and exotic plants. Jonathan ran beside them. At that moment he said aloud, "Mama, Papa, I'm so happy to be here! Thank you for taking me to the Galatic Zoo!" His father replied, "Anytime my dear, I'm just so glad to be here as a-." The conversation was curtailed by loud staccatos of gun and laser fire. Jonathan remembered his father and mother screaming, "Run! Come Jonathan!", and his father picking him up in his arms. The terrified family ran deeper and deeper into the forest as the reports of warfare grew closer and closer. Soon Jonathan felt his head swim as a loud explosion was initiated nearby. "Oh my god! Help me!" Jonathan's mother screamed as she fell, her foot trapped by a thick root. Jonathan's father's head snapped around and he put Jonathan under a tangle of roots and firmly told him to stay put. Jonathan's father sprinted back to his mum and had barely freed her when a platoon of Galactic Shock Troopers landed their Armored Personnel Carrier in front of their path of escape. All the while, a heavily armored marine

trained his mounted Anti-Personnel Weapon on the quivering bodies in front of him. Jonathan recalled hearing a hiss as the doors of the craft opened and a towering shock trooper jumped out with a clunk as his armor cushioned his landing. The large trooper raised his weapon and ordered Jonathan's parents into the APC and it quickly took off, sending a cloud of dust into the air, blinding Jonathan.

Jonathan, realizing he was alone, rolled himself into a ball and started crying. As he was crying a small group of men stalked into the clearing, their blood-smeared bodies protected by the large guns they wielded. Quickly, they walked over to Jonathan and picked him up, almost smothering him with their flowing garments and firm grips. "Mmmmmmmmmhmmmmmm"

Jonathan screamed into the shoulder of the man who picked him up. As silently as they came, the men crept back into the undergrowth. After several hours, they exited the jungle. By this time, Jonathan was quieted by the growling hunger growing in him. Suddenly, he heard a "Thud" and saw to his left, that one of the accompanying men appeared to stumble and then fall to the ground, a small pool of blood instantly forming on his shirt.

"Run! Defensive Positions!", the man carrying Jonathan yelled before he too was struck down by the hidden assailants. As Jonathan fell to the ground, he watched the remaining soldiers mercilessly get cut down. After what seemed to be hours, a platoon of patrolling Galactic Shock Troops exited their ambush positions and walked over to the kill site to check for survivors. The enemy troops saw Jonathan and roughly picked him up, swearing at him and laughing at his misfortune. Then they applied a chemical, concealed in a mask, to his face and he was

quickly consumed by artificial drowsiness. That was all Jonathan could remember of his past.

Jonathan was dragged into the present when he was called to the cell block opening. His summoner was a greatly deformed man in a white lab coat. The man called to Jonathan, "Jonathan, subject 4561? Come here please!" "Yes?", Jonathan replied, carefully hiding the new assets in his hands. "Come, we must be going you scum.", the man said snobbishly. "Yes sir.", the boy answered. The deformity in a lab coat attached a chain to Jonathan's shock collar and led him through the building into a large white room with various medical tools and computers. "Come, boy, stand in the center of the room." Jonathan silently replied and a few minutes after he had reached the center, a large machine gracefully lowered itself from the ceiling until the tip was aimed at Jonathan's face. Before Jonathan could react, a blinding blue light scanned over him and the results started to read onto the deformation's computer.

The man in the lab coat walked over to Jonathan and stated, "Hello subject 4561. My name is Doctor Kimmel. I am the Galactic Fleet's authority on rebels and how to exterminate them. You see, I became so dedicated to this job when I was doing service as a Galactic Marine when I was attacked and burned on the edge of the Suplenian desert by a vengeful rebel with a flamethrower. When I was lying there, my skin scarred and blackened, I swore I would remove from existence any filth opposing the government."

"I-I am not a rebel." Jonathan replied. "I know, but, you were raised as a slave, and I have read your physical results and I think I have an idea for your future.", Kimmel retorted. "You see, the Galactic Government is in need for a new weapon in

their fight against the rebels. I suggested subjecting a human to various medical procedures and surgeries in an attempt to create a literal super soldier. My first adjustment to you was to add those miniature flamethrowers in your hand. As you may have noticed, you can control them by thought, but they feed off your energy, so I wouldn't go overboard with them.

"What is my role in this? I can't just go around killing innocents!", Jonathan firmly replied.

"Ah, you ignorant boy, you do not understand, you have no choice. Now stand still." Kimmel then reached over and pressed a green control box, instantly, a large claw dropped from the ceiling before Jonathan could protest, picked him up and dropped him onto what appeared to be a surgical table. "Help! Help me!" Jonathan yelled half-heartedly, knowing he had no choice. "Now, first I am going to alter your brain with a aggressive hormone, hopefully, this won't drive you insane, but if worst comes to worst, I have plenty more subjects." With that, the Doctor injected a dose of green liquid into Jonathan's arm. Jonathan's immediate response to the powerful drug in his system was to try and fight it off. Realizing he was failing, he slowly succumbed to it and fell into a deep comatose sleep.

Jonathan slowly woke up to find himself in a soft, warm bed and a large silk pillow underneath his head. "Where am I?" he called out. A vaguely familiar voice called out, "You are in the rest and recuperation center, subject 4561. The chemical reaction in your brain went very smoothly. Now when you are backed into a corner, you will literally come out swinging. Impressive, eh?" stated a satisfied Doctor Kimmel. "I don't really feel different, am I done with the procedure?" asked a quizzical Jonathan.

"Yes, you are, with that phase of the operation. Next we will

enhance your physical fitness and start you in a Martial Arts regimen. I will allow you two days of rest which starts now." With that, the unseen Kimmel's voice vanished and Jonathan sat upright in his bed. Jonathan left the comfort of his bed with the intent to find some new clothes, hoping they would replace his skimpy robe. His hopes were satisfied when he found various new clothes in an old fashioned metal closet. When Jonathan was fully outfitted in a loose, red-hooded outfit, he opened a small door in his meager abode and walked out.

The first thing that greeted Jonathan when he left his large dormitory was an unfamiliar warmth. To his amazement it was the sun, unfiltered and completely in the raw. Jonathan stood there for several moments, savoring its free heat. He hadn't felt the warmth of the sun in a very long time. As Jonathan siphoned in his surroundings, he realized that he was in a densely wooded areas. Jonathan uncovered a small dirt trail and started to meander down it. About a mile along the path he came upon a bloody, torn open elk carcass. Jonathan, quickly side-stepped it when he heard a deafening roar. He immediately jumped back and broke off a nearby branch, wielding it dangerously.

Suddenly, a large mountain-lion pranced into the clearing, it's deafening roars making Jonathan's eardrums taut. Jonathan considering his options raised his stick a little higher, hoping to scare it away. Seeing this movement, the enraged lion pounced, only to be smashed aside by Jonathan's branch. The dazed lion quickly got to it's feet and lunged at Jonathan. This time, Jonathan was too slow in defending himself and the mountain lion raked his claws over Jonathan's back, making him stagger in pain. Jonathan slowly stumbled, meagerly raising the branch as an improvised defense. As the Mountain Lion began circling his

wounded prey, Jonathan yelled in a failed attempt to scare it away. The Mountain Lion jumped and knocked Jonathan on his back, knocking his stick far out of his reach. The Lion quickly scrambled on top of Jonathan, pinning his legs and lower body beneath its powerful limbs. The Lion started to roar as if to prove its superiority, all the while Jonathan weakly swiped for his branch. Noting it was futile, the branch was out of reach. Jonathan prepared for the worst. With a defiant scream, the lion snapped its head downward, its canines extended, expectant for human flesh. As a last feeble attempt to defend himself, Jonathan weakly raised his hands over his head and closed his eyes waiting to be claimed by death. Suddenly Jonathan felt his hands start to burn and he opened his eyes to see a burst of flame engulf the Mountain Lion. The burning feline cried in pain before it slowly fell, a flaming corpse. Jonathan quietly stared at his hands in amazement before he crumpled to the ground, unconscious from exertion. When Jonathan regained consciousness he found himself in the bed supplied to him by Dr. Kimmel. Kimmel's infamous voice boomed from hidden speakers, "Ah you're awake? When I noticed you hadn't come back I sent out a search party. They found you unconscious next to a dead Mountain Lion. Congratulations. I underestimated you. It seems you can control the flamethrowers in your hands much easier than we expected. As you unintentionally discovered, you have to be able to rationalize the flames, otherwise they will drain your energy. Because of your wounds I am going to upload your brain with modern and ancient knowledge of reading and writing. That will allow you an extra day or two to rest before you learn to fight without weapons.", emphasized a satisfied Kimmel. With that a clear covering enveloped Jonathan, and he

was drugged to sleep. When Jonathan awoke, he was lying on a surgical table. He was surrounded by several doctors, Kimmel included. "Hello 4561. How are you feeling?", an official looking doctor asked. "I'm feeling a bit woozy and my vision is a bit blurry.", replied a tired Jonathan. "Those are very common side-effects of this procedure. I can guarantee that they are temporary.", answered another of the various doctors. With that, a doctor raised a small book and flipped open to a random page. He held it above Jonathan and asked him to read a few lines. With ease, Jonathan read aloud "The dog's teeth gleamed white in the moonlight." This instantly revoked positive comments from the crowded doctors. The satisfied group then left the room and soon only Kimmel and Jonathan remained. "I am personally glad to see that you are fine. I was worried that all the time we had invested was for naught."

"Yes, I am feeling fine and my wounds have been healed perfectly, thanks to your various machines, I'm assuming?", replied a obsolete Jonathan.

"You have guessed correctly enough. We used the most advanced technology to heal your various wounds. You will be a bit sore but I think it is time to start your hand-to-hand defense training." At the conclusion of the conversation, Jonathan slowly sat upright and pulled away from the recesses of his bed. Doctor Kimmel grasped Jonathan's shoulder and lead him along yet another hallway. When they stopped, it was in front of a large red door with a massive lock on it. As he was herded inside, he noticed that there were various black robed men standing around the room. Covering the floor was a soft, white mat. As he was lead to the center of the room, a large, robed man stepped forward to greet Kimmel.

"How are you, my friend?", stated the surprised man.

"I am fine Ishmael. And yourself?", replied Kimmel as he embraced him in a strong hug.

"I am well, who is this young man?", asked a quizzical Ishmael.

"This is subject 4561, we are unsure of his name.", stated Doctor Kimmel.

"My name is Jonathan.", the tall boy interjected.

"Ah, nice to meet you Jonathan. I am Ishmael. I am here to teach you several martial arts, including Kung-Fu, Tae-Kwon-Do, Ju-Jitsu and Judo.", stated the black-robed man. "I see you two have started off well. Very well, I must be off.", said a satisfied Doctor Kimmel. With that, Kimmel left through the large barred door. When Ishmael was sure he left, he leaned over and quietly spoke into Jonathan's ear. "Bit of a strict one isn't he? Don't worry, you will find I am hardly a stickler for the luxuries he fancies. All I will ask for is your best efforts.", the heavy man whispered. In reply Jonathan chuckled " I can see that already. When may we start my training?"

"Unfortunately for you.", stated an apologetic Ishmael, "your training starts now!" With that, Ishmael swung his body forward and out of the corner of his eye, Jonathan noticed a closed fist speeding toward him.

TO BE CONTINUED...

The Last Chance

By: Nick Mower, Cabin 14

As Daniel was washing his mother's car during her afternoon nap, his younger sister sat beside him with tears streaming down her face as if it were the end of the world for her. This was normal for the sixteen year-

old boy, for he was usually the only one in the house capable of running a family. His father was always the perfect business man and worked to keep the family running. Daniel, being the one to run the house, got paid to do his chores everyday, and looked after his sister while the afternoon withered away. For him, this was the perfect day to go out with friends and go to the neighborhood pool, but he was stuck here with the others. A couple of hours later, his father came home from work and didn't even bother to say hello to anyone, but rather went to the kitchen, got something to eat, and slammed the door of his office to keep out the unwanted pests. Daniel's mother had already made dinner, but had not bothered to tell anybody it was there. So as he walked towards the kitchen, he picked up his baby sister, put her at the table's high chair, and grabbed a bite before he wandered upstairs and left the baby there for his mother to deal with. Like his father, he was infuriated, but by two different situations. He had been handed the most waste last summer and said to have fun while doing the chores shoved in his face. He went to bed that night thinking of all the things that would make his summer the best. Water slides, ice cream, parties, and friends traveled in circles going deeper and deeper into his conscience until he softly fell asleep. The next morning, he woke to the sound of his alarm, but by his surprise, he was not woken by his sister's cry in the next room. He was pleased, but had less time to do the chores he needed. He went downstairs in the midst of silence, ate his breakfast, and went to his mom's room to check the chores list. For some reason, the list had not been updated since yesterday, but the list was now on the floor and stomped on with a footprint on top. This seemed suspicious to him because Daniel's mom had always been the neat freak of the house. Why would there be a paper on the floor? Why would she of all people step on it and not pick it up? Questions raced through his head until he had to sit down and regain his true conscience. He knew that his mom was working part-time at the Laundromat, and his dad was pulling the double shift today, which would be Thursday, but where was the baby? Daniel raced upstairs to the room adjacent to his, and found the room ransacked, and the bookshelves torn apart with baby books thrown onto the ground. What was happening to him? He thought to call the police, but what would they think of him? "Hello, someone broke into my house

and stole some baby books, stepped on a piece of paper, and ran away.” He would sound like a crazy man and they would probably get mad at him for wasting their time. He had to act natural because whoever came in to the house might still be here. He went around the house in search of whoever was there until he was satisfied there was no one there. He then went through a lazy day of eating ice cream and watching T.V. until it hit 3:00. He started to get worried because this would be the late time for her if she got stuck in traffic. No phone calls were made. No information was given. Something must be wrong. As Daniel was trying to calm himself down, he pondered on the thought of a kidnapping, but in the town of Cedar City, nothing happened. It was odd to him that something so big would happen so suddenly. All he would have to do was wait for his dad to come home, and he would deal with it. So, Daniel waited on the front porch intently watching every car that drove by his house. Nothing was seen. He waited until 11:00 at night without sign of a single family member. Now Daniel knew something was up. He ran inside to the phone to call his aunt. If there was something going on, she would know. As he picked up the phone, there was no tone. He tried again and still there was no tone. He dialed 911 and then waited for a ring, but still nothing. This then made his blood race through his body until he had to sit down again because of all the confusion. This gave him more time to think about the situation. He asked himself as many questions as he could think of as if he were in a police interrogation. He still could not figure out any other situation except for a miraculous disappearance. This disturbed Daniel greatly because the night before had not been the greatest for the family. They were now separated from each other and nothing mattered more to Daniel than to save his family. Daniel immediately went two miles down the road on his bicycle going towards the police station. He had never really biked for so long of a journey before, but this time it was serious. He had to get to the police station and tell them everything he knew before something worse happened. All of a sudden, a car pulled out in front of him, and before he could see what was happening, rammed right into Daniel and sent him over the top of the car into the cold, wet blacktop. Before Daniel could get up, he was dragged into the vehicle, blindfolded, and taken away with no hesitation. He could feel the pain flaming all over his body and could hear the

voices in the background talking about what to do with the boy. He then heard the breaks squeal to a sudden halt and he was unloaded up the stairs where he was put in a chair and tied tightly. They then took off the blindfold and showed the pitch black room with only one light hovering over his head. He could not see the kidnappers, but could tell that there was more than one of them by the different voices circling in the air. He could smell the smoke of a cigarette and saw the orange of the tip light up in the darkness. He asks one question to the interrogators. "Where am I?" asks Daniel in a very sweet way. "SHUT UP YOU STUPID CHILD!!" said one of the men in the darkness. He could tell the voice had an accent to it, more or less, but could not make out the origin. He sat there listening to the conversation for what felt like hours until one of the men came out of the darkness and stared Daniel right in the face. He was a tall, slender man and was the one that he could see the cigarette form before. The puff of smoke floated up Daniel's nose until he could not breathe anymore, and passed out on the hard, cold chair. It was hours before he woke up again, but not by himself, but by the hunger dwelling in the bottomless pit given to him. He was starving and needed something to eat. He opened his eyes, and was back home in his house. He started to think the whole thing was just a dream, but he still had the scratches from the accident. So many questions were asked, but he could not answer them. Why would the kidnappers take his family, and leave him for himself? Who was doing this? The most important question raced through his head; Why? He then raced to the kitchen, got out a soup can, and made a meal as fast as possible. He then tried so hard to relax by watching T.V., and ended up softly falling to sleep by the smell of the broth coming from the soup. The next morning was the hardest for Daniel because he had nothing to do once again, and had no one to be with him for the rest of the day. He had to get closer to finding his family. He knew that he could not go outside, but there had to be another way. He had an idea. There was a cell phone in his mom's room that she always had for emergencies. Well, so far, he thought this was an emergency. He walked to his mom's room, rummaging through what felt like a million drawers before he found the phone. He immediately tried to call his aunt because for some reason he was scared to call the police. The phone rang three times and was eventually picked up by a man

whose voice he did not recognize. "Hello?" asked the strange voice. "Who is this?" asked Daniel in a questionative voice. "It doesn't matter, Daniel, you will know soon enough" and then there was a long pause until he finally said, "I have your parents and your baby sister with me at the moment, and am currently taking care of your aunt. I need you to do me a favor, I need \$100,000.00 by the end of the week or your family will not live to see another day. "What have you done to my parents!" he asked in an angry voice that almost surprised himself. He then heard the phone hang up and a recording go on with the timing and the date that the money should be given. The voice tells him that there should be no phone calls made to any other relatives, or to the police because of the tracing that was left on the phone. He then dropped the phone on the ground, smashes it with a broomstick nearby, and walked out of the house. As he sat on his front porch watching the cars go by, he started to plot what to do in return to the kidnapping. As he watched all the smiles around him and saw the other people having a normal life, it makes him mad down to his bones and infuriated by the situation. He then he remembered the footprint on the paper, and went to check it out more because he had not really looked at it clearly before. He entered the room and looked straight down on the floor. He saw the shoe print of a track shoe and noticed that is walking into the room, not out. He then found more mud footprints going towards the window leading towards the roof. As he followed the trail, he looked on the back of the paper, and there was an address. This was the company in Utah that was about a half an hour away, and would take hours to even bike. He thought that this had something to do with the kidnapping, but what? He made one phone call, which was risky, but called a cab to take him to the address. While he was waiting, he picked up the money he had and set out towards the front of the house. The cab had not yet started to honk its horn at the house, but he needed to go quickly. As the cab was driving down the road, he again thought of all the happy people that were living normal lives while he was out to find his missing family. The cab had stopped, and the man was telling him to get out of the car. Daniel paid him almost half of what he had from his chore money, and set off into the building. As he rounded the corner of the building, he could see the guards standing outside of the building. He backed up for a second, and

looked from his left to his right until he found a ladder coming from the top of the building and was about two feet away. He looked up the ladder and saw that there was no one there. He climbed the ladder without a sound. He got to the top and could hear a sound coming from the inside. He looked towards the sunroof or the factory, and saw that there was an open window with noises coming out from inside. He walked over to see inside and saw there were a man and three henchman sitting around three people. Those three people were his mom, dad, and aunt. The one person he did not see, but could hear the cry from was his baby sister. He overheard the conversation. "When shall we go after the boy?" said the man on the left covering his dad. "When the time is right, and when he comes to us." said the man from the room he had seen before. Daniel had known now he had done the wrong thing when he heard that part because he had come to them. When he heard this, he had to figure out what to do. There was a vent to the left of him and a ladder to the right leading down into the room which held his family. He had to choose quickly because his family's lives were held in his hands. As he was climbing across the vents and through the maze that lay in front of him, he realized he did not know where he was going and did not have a plan if he reached there. He had watched the movies, and knew that each vent branched off to a different room and had a different switch to turn it off. He then thought that if he got to the control room before anything happened, he could shut off the power in the place for a while to get the guards off their train of thought. He then would go in and rescue his family while still having the power off. Then, he would get out of the place as fast as possible, and then find a way home. It was perfect. All he had to do was find the control room. He must have been in the vents for almost three hours before he found the control room with three guards around the screen. He had not thought of this yet, but rather sat there and demised what to do next. As he had seen in the movies, he lowered through the rafters, and lowered down to the floor. He then sneaked outside the control room and started to knock on the door he had just escaped from. His plan started to take effect when he heard footsteps come to the door, and a man open up as if he had not a care. "Can I help you?" said the man in a deep voice. Daniel did not know what to do from there, so he started to stutter until his mind thought something up.

"The boss would like to have a word with you three on the new technology coming in from Sears." said Daniel as his body shook with fear. "Hey guys!" said the man to the other two persons, "The new software is in for the surveillance videos!" Right then and there, the other two men turned their heads from the screen, got up, and walked towards the doorway to meet up with the other man. They were much more muscular than the man that answered the door, but were very familiar. These were the two men he had seen before in the room his parents were in. This then told Daniel there were not many henchmen for the job because they were double tasking. This made it easier for him because there were not as many people to distract. As the men were walking down the hallway, he found out what all of the controls meant and how to do the stuff he needed. He shut down the power in the main entrance, then the security room, and then the storage room. Then, he looked into the camera and saw that the lights were still on in the room of his family. He then read the screen for the description and found he needed the main storage room. He looked through the controls until he found the one that said Main Storage Room, flipped the cover up, and shut the power down. The screen went black and so did the others. He had now shut down every power cell in the building, and now knew the plan was in motion. He opened the door of the control room, and sneaked out down the hallway until he found a man with a flashlight around the corner. He froze for a second, and now had ducked behind a door straight before the light had flashed on him. As the light dimmed away, he raced down the hallway for what seemed like another light at the end. As he turned back, he could see the other man racing after him in a frantic way. Since Daniel's eyes were adjusted to the darkness by now, he saw the hallway coming up on the end. He turned sharply, and went around the corner. As the man behind him came up, Daniel stuck his leg out and tripped him before he saw him. As the man fell to the floor, Daniel kicked the henchman in the head, and knocked him out. Daniel said to himself, "One down, more to go". His heart was racing and his adrenaline was telling him "MORE, MORE, MORE!" As Daniel crept out of his hiding spot, he headed towards the room he had looked over before. He grabbed the henchman's flashlight, stood up, and looked around. He found an emergency route sign, and looked in the direction

he needed to go for the room where his parents were. He traveled down the hallway for what felt like forever until he got to a doorway. The doorway brought a draft towards the doorway, and he ducked behind the wall to the right to avoid being seen. He heard the men talking about what had happened before, and what they were going to do to his family, but could not make out everything he was saying. "We have to do something with the family before the boy figures out that we have been here the whole time. How about we just give them back because I don't think we can pull it off." Daniel could sense the fear in his voice and knew that the plan was not as well put together as he thought. "We have to wait for the boy to come to us because he is the only chance we have to the real world. If we don't have him out there afraid of us, nothing will be done to get the ransom money. We will never become the threat until we have the boy in our grasp and under control." He sounded like the boss to Daniel, but he could sense the silence in the room. Since the adrenaline was running in Daniel, he started to say something in the room. He jumped out of his hiding spot and ran into the room towards where he heard the voices. His face was red with hate and anger, and the blood in his body overflowed with the heat of anger coming from the inside. "Come and get me if you want me to come to you, because I am right here!" Daniel was now running full speed at the man and could see him from the flashlight pointed at him because of the one he had from the henchman before. He could see the fear on the man's face, and started to scream at him like it was the end of the world. He tackled the man to the ground, and punched him in the face until his face was dripping with sweat. He looked down at the leader, and noticed that he was the man he had seen before in the room where he was kidnapped before. This time, the man was much dirtier, and smelled of the smoke he had passed out from before. Daniel got up, and spun around towards the men he had heard before, and saw nothing. He then heard a loud bang, and saw the lights turn on from above. He spun around the room and saw nothing but a shadow escaping from the doorway. He ran straight towards the doorway before thinking. He saw the men running down the hallway towards the control room, and saw them go out another doorway before escaping from sight. Before he could think, he rounded the corner of the control room, and was blind sighted by the

sight of headlights. He ducked out of the way before the car rammed through the door and took out all of the area from him towards the other wall. He stood up after the collision, and looked the driver straight in the eye. He then ran straight at the car and heard the driver rev the engine. He jumped onto the car, and rolled over into the flatbed of the truck. He then could see his whole family there. He had to think of what to do next before the driver figured out he was there. He remembered he had the knife from the drawers' before when he was looking for the cell phone. He took the knife out of his pocket, and sawed at the duct tape around the hands of his family. When he was done, his family was now appalled at the fact he had gotten this far. Now, they jumped out of the car and onto the ground, stumbling at the collision. He then led the group out of the building and across the street to a car that still had the keys in the door. He made it to there only to here the truck coming towards them. He got his family into the car, and drove off down the road. He was now speeding, and was followed by the kidnappers. He turned the car off the exit ramp, and drove straight into a field of grass. By now, the police had joined the chase, and seen what was going on. He drove up next to a tree and stopped for the car persisting. When he saw the truck with the two kidnappers, he revved on the engine while still on the brake, waited for the truck to get closer, and then let go of the brake before the truck rammed the sedan. The truck had no time to stop, and rammed right into the tree behind him. The police quickly raced after and got out of the car. Daniel got out of the car, and lowered down to the ground. The police then checked the rest of the family, and then went to the crash found at the tree to inspect the people in the car. The men were okay, but badly cut. They were inspected for guns and weapons and were found positive. Daniel and his family were then taken to the police station for further questioning along with the kidnappers. As for Daniel and the rest of the summer, let's

just say he had had enough excitement for one summer, summing up all that have ever been. He then enjoyed his family and aunt for the rest of the summer, having to do chores occasionally, and resting on the couch eating water ice as the afternoon withered away. THE END

The Mystery of Roanoke

By: Eli Weiner, Cabin 6

It was the year 1590 and John White stood at the bow of the ship, looking at the sundown, sighing. it had been 3 years since he had last seen his wife and newborn daughter, Virginia Dare. She would be four now. Such a big girl. A tear crept down his cheek at the thought of returning to his family and his home. “My home” he thought to himself, so strange that he would think of this harsh new land as home. He chuckled to himself absentmindedly, spit into the sea, and went down to bed.

Elinor White Dare looked at the same sunset, hundreds of miles away, and fed her Virginia some cornmash. She had not gotten word from John and she was worried about him. He will be safe she decided firmly, and resolved not to think about it for the rest of the week.

Midnight, Same Day

Elinor woke to the sound of gunfire and cannon. She sat up immediately and went outside. Shouts and smoke greeted her, screams came from women, rushing in fear to their houses to protect precious belongings and to gather their children. Elinor decided to do the same. she rushed into the house the men and

her husband had built to shelter her and her bulging stomach. But that time has passed long ago. She found Virginia in her small bed, crying her eyes out, screaming her name. Elinor gathered her up in her arms and groped around for her basic necessities and ran out of the house. as she ran she tripped and fell. She had tripped over the body of Manteo, one of John's close associates. He was lying face up, his head to one side, his mouth slightly open, his eyes looked up to her, unseeing, unfeeling. Elinor screamed and grabbed Virginia's hand to pull her up, as she did so, she grabbed Manteos long knife and hid it in her skirt. She pushed her way towards one of the men, William, the temporary man in charge while John was gone. She grasped him, looking straight into his eyes. "We are taking heavy casualties," he shouted over the sound of the battle. "I need you to take the women and children to the safe place." Elinor looked at him in disgust. "Why, so you can kill us all easily." she yelled. he raised a hand, a pistol in his grip. Elinor saw it put in her anger she knew no fear. she knew how Manteo had died so far away from the battle, She knew why the Spanish had come this very night. William was a traitor. "Know you know the wrath of the Spanish." He said simply. William brought the gun to fire. A shot rang out. But it was not William who had fired, for William was on the ground, writhing in pain . It was an Indian. he motioned to her, to come. She walked forward. Suddenly she fell. Something hot and sticky was dripping down her back. she was falling backwards. she hit the ground with a dull thud. her eyes closed, and the last thing she saw was her little Virginia whispering "Mommy." She smiled. then her lungs filled with liquid. her vision went dark and she finally rested in peace. William looked at the pathetic duo and

laughed, his pistol still smoking, then he too succumbed to the darkness.

14 Years Later

Virginia stood at the top of a tall cliff surveying the scene below. It had been fourteen years since she had watched her mother die, killed by a traitor. She had seen many deaths since but none as bloody as the scene before her. A small group of Indian traders were on their way to a Spanish settlement to trade in the market the Spaniards held every month. The Indians had been ambushed by a group of Spanish intent to make an example of them. The Indians had not been prepared to fight and were caught unawares. The Spanish ruffians had guns and ambushed them. It started with a shot from the bushes, followed by a volley on either side. The Indians in the front were hit, one in the arm, one in the neck. The Indians tried to string their bows. Some had muskets and fired back shots into the trees. Men in black came roaring out from the undergrowth, holding axes, pistols, knives, swords, pikes, and chains and started making their example. The Indians were a mess. There was nothing she could do. She went back to the camp, full of survivors from Roanoke and outcasts of the new world. As she walked back into camp she carried an heir of importance and attention. Virginia's appearance physically were also not in the least demeaning. Virginia was tall, and slender with flowing long black hair and bright blue eyes. Her English voice had roughened into modern day American accent, although she still had a certain lilt over the hunters and farmers that gave them food. Today the camp was playing it close by pitching camp so near a Spanish settlement, and they ran the risk of being discovered by the authorities. For

this was the resistance, fighting the Spanish in the underground ways resistances have done and will always do. And she was one of the leaders of the Comanche, Indian for fighter. the Comanche attacked small fighting groups, smuggled goods to trapped villages and settlements of the English, spied and became a regular nuisance for the Spanish. So much so, that it reached the ears of the king.

The King's Court

"My liege." said one of the servants on the side. "The generals are outside." Shall I bid them enter, my liege?" The small man said. The king's voice boomed out, though because he was good at projecting or no one dared whisper is another thing. "Bid the generals enter, we have much to discuss alone." King Ferdinand stressed the last word so that nobody would even dare to object. The white doors opened and in strode the general. The general on the left was a 5ft 10in, burly, heavysset man with huge arms and one eye. He had a huge rapier on his side and a more than day old beard starting to show. his hair was slicked back in an attempted to show some respect, though he bristled with the air of self importance. The general on the right was a tall, thin man with a pointed face short oiled hair and perfectly groomed who had a face that was obviously pained, and eyes that showed intelligence and respect but also malice for the man in front of them. He had along thin rapier on his side too. The one on the left spoke first. "My liege, we are honored of your request to see us." He began, in a gruff voice, while the one the right nodded. the general on the left opened his mouth to begin again but the king cut him off. "I need you to help me with some trouble in he new land," he said, inspecting his fingernails. "I need you to do

a bit of dirty work for me.....you have both heard the rumors from the new world, how a woman, dressed all in black, brings her warriors , all in black like her, with long swords that flash in the moonlight to raid the Spanish. some say shes a spirit, sent from god to make us pay for our sins, others say shes a demon, or maybe the devil herself. None of these are true. There is a resistance group in the east called the Comanche led by a young 18 yr old girl, supposedly a survivor of Roanoke. They are, annoying me. I need you two to find them and destroy them. They are made up of vagabonds, traders, farmers, traitors of course, and a small number of men from the English, Indian, and unfortunately, some Spanish armies. They will not be well trained except for the that few handful of warriors. Oh, and I almost forgot, there will be some survivors of Roanoke if I'm not mistaken." The king looked slyly at the thin man standing before him."Oh yes John White, I am ordering you to kill your daughter." Ferdinand laughed a cold, hard laugh and looked seriously towards the big man."I want crack troops on this, you understand. this resistance group is the only thing standing in the way of Spain's conquest for the new land." Suddenly a freezing gust of wind blew into the chamber room, which chilled both generals too the core. "Go." the last word was final. Both men bowed their way out of the room. The king sighed. Soon he would be ruler of the new world, and then, nothing could stop him!! He called to one of the servants for a glass of milk and a pastry and then slowly made his way up to bed.

The New Land She was dressed all in black, her shoes were wrapped in cloth to muffle sound. All her fighters were dressed the same as her. Virginia rubbed her eyes. God she was tired.

She hadn't slept in two days, and she was about to make a raid on one of the Spanish settlements. Bad idea. She was feeling extremely lightheaded, which did not do when you were wielding two swords, or bringing a pistol up to aim. But her followers looked towards her to make the charge so she must be present to deliver the blow herself. This settlement was taking Indian traders for ransom, burning English crops, and harassing and murdering English and Indian farmers. It was time for them to go. The world would be a much better place even though there were woman and children in the settlement. Virginia cupped both hands to her mouth and hooted, twice, long and clear. the prearranged signal to begin. She got up silently and drew her sword, as she did she heard 200 hundred other swords leave their sheathes. Virginia pointed to a man on her left. She heard a faint popping noise followed by 6 or 7 dozen more. The swords are out, the guns are loaded. it was time. She started to yell followed 300 more shouts. She thought about how scared the settlement must be, with 300 black clad people, joined together in bloodcurdling screams. She felt a bit sorry for them. But then she started running and all mercy was left behind. Suddenly there were shots in the air. Men of hers fell down, screaming. her men were dying around her. Suddenly a large boom split the air, cannon. men were coming out of the fort and her men were fighting all around, clearly outnumbered. A small stubby man ran up to her with a smile holding a pistol ready to shoot but he fell before he reached her, blood soddening his jacket. She ran on only to find a tall thin rapier at her neck. "Virginia?" said a questioning voice. "I'm your fath..." he was cut of short, a bullet in his stomach. " You're not my father." said a voice, cold as steel. the thin mans eyes widened, he gasped for

air, then he fell. Virginia turned and ran, into the dark forest, those watching would have said she was a shadow, finally disappearing at the break of dawn. Virginia ran, weaving in between the trees, until she tripped and fell, face first into the dirt. She sat up panting. when she finally felt the strength to move she went towards the small stream that would eventually make its way to the ocean. Virginia drank and then, when she had drunk her fill she lay down, closed her eyes, and went into a deep sleep.

The End

Camp Shohola's Culture

Ben Halpern, Working Senior

Camp Shohola has a culture all it's own. A melting pot with people from France to Maryland to Mexico, you'd be hard pressed to find a more diverse place on earth. Shohola has it's own dialect, with words outsiders have never heard before like biddy, PUIC, and WSP mixed in with some Spanish phrases and slang words from all over the country. That's without even mentioning chants like 'Birds in the Wilderness' and 'Cheese on a Hot Dog' that are unbelievably surreal. It's no wonder people take a little while to get used to camp. It's like going to a new country where old words have new uses and new words have insane uses. But this is also one of the best things about cam, the culture. It makes Camp Shohola special and exotic, changes things up. It's a very special thing, Camp Shohola's culture, and should be cherished very much.

Mi Clase Favorita Armando Guerrero y Miguel Camiña, Working Seniors

Este artículo lo escribimos Miguel Camiña y Armando Guerrero ya que miguel y yo los últimos 2 años coincidimos en la clase de canoa es nuestra clase favorita ya que en esa hora era puro desmadre!!!! no importara el profesor que fuera por que siempre salian todos felices de la clase ya que miguel y yo nos encargavamos de crear el desmadre! haciendo cosas extremas como voltear las canoas con todo y sus integrantes tambien jugabamos espaditas con los remos o carrareritas con ellas este año volvimos a hacer el mismo desmadre que la ultima vez pero esta vez con la ayuda de nuevos campers como pedro bustamante o juan gutierrez-mellado y el apoyo de alex morales counselor que se la pasaba casi mejor que los campers espero que los años que vengan tomen la clase de canoa y realizen el mismo desmadre que nosotros.

Video Production

Kyle Egan, Cabin 11

This is one of the best classes at Camp Shohola. You are able to take your dreams and turn them into something you can watch over and over. It's really fun and can be very interesting. You get to learn how to film and edit your movies until they are perfect. Video also teaches campers how to work together, whatever the task. Video Production is one of the only classes that is able to bring out people's true feelings and personalities.

Siendo un working senior

Miguel Camina, WS

Este verano he tenido la suerte de ser un working senior que es una de esas cosas que siempre esperas que llegen. Siempre veia a los working seniors como lo mejor del camp ya que siempre tenian comida, coca-colas y siempre estaban haciendo bromas por las noches pero nadie les decia nada. Yo recordaba a

los working seniors con esas personas vagas que siempre llegaban al muster con cara de dormidos y muy tarde y tambien recuerdo que eran los que decidian el green&white. Ahora puedo ver que ser un working senior es lo mejor y que el tiempo se esta pasando muy rapido lo que da pena ya que solo se puede ser working senior una vez. Las ventajas y privilegios de los working seniors son muchas por ejemplo los working seniors tenemos lights off a las 11 aunque siempre acaba siendo mas tarde, otro ventaja sobre los demas es el famoso WSP que aunque solo es para la fila de la cantine lo usamos para todo. Pero sin duda el mayor privilegio de los working es el poder ir a snacks por las noches y a Shur way donde salimos con comida para un mes. Tambien lo pasamos muy por las noches mientras intentamos escapar del road duty para hacer bromas otras cabins. Tambien me siento importante ya que muchos campers saben mi nombre y apellido perfectamente y yo no se ni en que cabin estan o me cuentan sus aventuras mas divertidas. Este verano lo he pasado genial siendo un working senior y creo que cuando lleguen a working seniors o si ya lo han sido seguro que lo entenderan.

Speech and Debate

Kyle Egan, Cabin 11

There are probably not many camps where you will be able to find this class. The class allows you to learn more about what is happening around the world and form opinions about them. With these opinions and facts to back you up, you're able to debate with other campers on the issue. More than just how to argue, Debate teaches campers to form opinions and arguments using your facts, your stories, and your credibility. You are able to find common ground between other opinions and form bridges between them. When we are not working on debates, the counselor allows us to check our e-mail and go on the internet.

Por que volvemos a camp Shohola.

Miguel Camiña, WS

Volvemos al camp Shohola por que en este camp hay algo que no se que es que nos engancha a venir muchas veces y hace que este camp sea como nuestra segunda casa. Aqui vivimos nuevas experiencias con nuestros amigos internacionales; y tambien es un bonito lugar para alejarte de la escuela. Este camp tambien es lugar perfecto si quieres hacer muchos amigos y deporte ya que este camp es una gran familia. Ademas aqui hacemos muchos planes interesantes como puede ser el whale-watching trip, los dances y movies con Netimus o los partidos de Pike County donde sufrimos dandolo todo para ganar. Y aunque no hagas estos planes siempre lo pasaras bien los A days o los B days haciendo tus actividades siempre que no sea swimming en el periodo 1 despues del desayuno. Pero lo mejor del camp es la famosa Rest Hour en donde despues de comer mucho pollo puedes tener una hora de descanso que luego por la tarde agradeces. Otra cosa que tambien te alegra el dia por las mananas es la NBA, NHL etc ya que te pasas el dia buscando a tus oponentes y cuando llega la hora del partido los campos se llenan de espectadores interesados.

Outdoor Cooking

Kyle Schiff, WS

Outdoor cooking is a fun and relaxing class. You learn how to build different types of fires, such as the log cabin and the tepee. You talk to friends and enjoy nature. First, our teacher George, who is in charge of nature, will tell the class what food they will be making that class and how to make it. Then you will begin to prepare and cook your food. Some of my favorite foods to make were the donut snakes, which were crescent rolls topped with butter and a mix of sugar and cinnamon or brown sugar, the baked apples which were covered with melted butter and brown sugar, and the pigs in a blanket, which was two cooked sausages

wrapped in a crescent roll. But the purpose of outdoor cooking is not only to make food, but to relax, socialize, and make new friends, all while cooking food. You cook amazing foods over an open flame and you have a great time.

Trips

Emilio Folque, Cabin 3

There are many trips during the all the weeks at Camp. Some trips are nature trips, rock climbing, kayaking and canoing. There are many others as well. Trips are really fun. If you go on a trip, you will not be able to do the regular camp activities. Trips make camp a better place. In fishing trips, you will go fishing, but you will be able to have fun with friends. Some trips are special because you need to have done your thirty-six laps.

Fly-Fishing Trip

Ian Gardepe, Cabin 6

The other day, I took a fishing trip with Ian. It was the best day for fly-fishing. I caught seven fish while Brett and Eddie caught three. I learned a lot that day with Ian. Although he is leaving soon, we are still probably going to catch a lot of fish with what he taught us. If you go on a fly-fishing trip or a regular fishing trip, you will catch a lot of fish and have a great time.

Par slov v ceskem jazyce

Andrea Martinkova

Byla jsem pozadana, abych napsala nejaky clanek pro Argus v ceskem jazyce. Nevim, jaky to bude mit smysl, protoze temer kazdy zde v Campu Shohola mluvi anglicky, spanelsky nebo francouzsky a samozrejme je zde plno zamestnancu z celeho sveta, kteri uzivaji jine jazyky nez vyse uvedene, vyjma dvou krajanu, kteri si tyto radky budou moci precist. Ale pry to bude pro Argus neco noveho, tak uvidime. Loni jsem

zde pracovala v pradelne, mnoho lidi se me pta, jestli je rozdil v praci vedouciho a praci v pradelne. Samozrejme ze je, jde o zamestnani zcela diametralne odlišne, takže rozdily jsou celkem jednoznačne. Radeji bych chtěla napsat o tom, co me potesilo a pobavilo. Predtim než jsem se dostala do Shoholy, jsem zazila celkem zajimavou cestu z Prahy pres Pariz do Washingtonu. Z Prahy nechteli poustet letadla, protoze v Parizi bylo spatne počasí, takže do Parize jsem se dostala s hodinovym zpozdenim a musela jsem cekat 9 hodin na parizskem letisti na dalsi spoj, což bylo opravdu zabavne, mineno ironicky. Potkala jsem jednoho Americana, který na me mluvil celych devet hodin, než odletalo dalsi letadlo. Nanestesti mi dali sedadlo v dalsim letadle primo vedle nej, takže na me mluvil dalsich 9 hodin behem cesty do Washingtonu. Byl skutecne velmi upovidany. Snazila jsem se mu naznacit, ze jsem unavena, ze bych chtěla chvili spat, tak řekl OK, ja budu zticha, ale za pet minut behem doby, co jsem se snazila usnout, na me zase zacal mluvit. Ve Washingtonu se mi ale trpelivost vyplatila, protoze Carl, tak se jmenoval, mi pomohl orientovat se ve Washingtonu. Myslela jsem si, ze jen zeny jsou upovidane, ale celkem jsem zmenila nazor. Takovy byl zacatek me cesty do USA. Mezi predmety, které ucim, patri i rocketry, kde je s nekteryma detma docela zabava. Nekdy se stane, ze si prilepi prsty pri vyrobe raket, a to pak musim celit tisice otazkam, co se ma delat s prilepenymi prsty. Musim velice dlouze vysvetlovat, jak se prsty odlepi a jak se z nich dostane lepidlo. Jsem pak nucena slibovat kantyny v pripade, ze se lepidlo z prstu do pristiho dne nedostane. A tak jsem ted velkym dluznikem par deti, specielne Jamese Phalena z kabiny 1. Je s nim vzdycky legrace, protoze dokaze upoutat tolik pozornosti jako deset deti najednou. Komu dluzim kantynu, tak at se na mne obrati v seste periode, budu se snazit podle mych moznosti vyhovet. Velmi ocenuji, ze deti zde v kempu Shohola maji velkou trpelivost s moji anglictinou. Chtela bych jim touto cestou vsem podekovat. Ocenuji take trpelivost spolupracovniku, se kterymi jsem v kontaktu, specialne Cary, Isly, Matta, Michaela, Tess a Andrew. Anglictina je nekdy tvrdy orisek, se kterym se cizinci musi poradne poprat. Je to vsak

nadhera, kdyz vam deti rozumi a muzete si s nimi povidad a hrat v jejich rodne reci.

Sailing

Kyle Schiff, WS

Sailing is amazing. After taking sailing at camp for about three years, I have learned all I need to know about sailing. Now, I can just go out on a sunfish boat with my friends and catch the wind and sail across the lake. During one class, we caught so much wind that the boat was on its side and we were almost falling off. Going on the lake is great because when it is scorching hot out and you jump in the water or you fall off your boat, it is very fun and relaxing. While sailing, you can socialize with friends and other people from other camps. There is much work needed in order to set up a boat for sailing. You must unwrap the sail and raise it to its highest point. You have to put the center board into the slot in the middle of the boat and tie the sail in place so it does not come crashing down on you. When you are finished with those and when you have checked your boat for any defects or rips and tears, it is time to go out and have some fun.

Capture the Flag

Kyle Egan, Cabin 11

This is personally my favorite Green and White event. It has always been on the 4th of July during the morning. On that morning, we already have a half hour late wake up and no cabin inspection. Shortly after breakfast, a bell is rung for muster. We already have Green and White gear on while the O.D. on that day gives us Capture The Flag instructions and warnings of where not to go. Everyone is then sent to their team captains who tell whether to be defense or be on offense on either the hill or the baseball field. When the bell rings, the game begins. The game ends when one team steals the other's flag and brings it to the creek, the neutral zone. A bell is then rung and the teams

switch sides and start again with another signal bell. A team wins 50 points per flag capture, and 50 more for winning the event, which is best of 5 games. Green won this year because they didn't go on offense until they had large number of White prisoners, so it would be easier to steal the White flag.

Nature

Alex Willner, WS

This year when I came to camp, Nature was an activity that I knew I had to take. When I asked to be the aid for period 1B, I didn't know that it would be filled with kids from cabin 5 and down. My first day of class I thought that this would be a bad year because I wouldn't learn anything with a bunch of little kids. But on the first day we went on a nature trail and I was surprised at how much some of the kids knew about nature. The kids are hilarious as well and cheer me up in the morning. This year I came out of nature learning more than I ever thought I would.

Working Seniors (and why we rock)

Ben Share, WS

To all the campers reading this article, how many of you know what a working senior is? A working senior is the oldest camper in camp. They have the most privileges of any camper. It is supposed to be the best camper year ever, and since I'm a working senior, I can tell you that is true. We get to go to Shur-way, have food in our cabin, go to snacks get a day off, and are scored much easier during cabin clean-up. We also have a much later lights off time. But with great privileges come some responsibilities. We have to watch cabins on Sunday rest hour, clean up cardboard, and do whatever hard labor the counselors want us to, when they want it done. We also have to set a good example for you

campers out there. But perhaps the best part about being a working senior is definitely the one day off a month we get. We get one day every month to go do whatever we want to (on Duncan's dime, i might add). This year the working seniors are going to Dorney Park and the mall on our day off, and i couldn't be more psyched as I sit here in commtech writing this article the day before day off. Hopefully by tomorrow night I will have some great stories and even better memories of Shohola. I hope all the counselors reading this know what I'm talking about, and all the campers reading this are looking forward to your working senior year.

Green And White Olympics

Evan Willner, WS

Green and White is an interesting way to have a color war. My favorite event of many are the Olympics. In the morning, many kids from all different cabins compete in the forty, fifty, and sixty yard dash as well as many relay races. I competed in the 230 meter relay race. In the afternoon, we had the chance to compete in the long jump, high jump, softball throw, riflery, and archery. At the end of the Olympics, the green team was barely winning with about 1,164 points, while the white team had about ninety points less. To me, the Olympics are the most enjoyable event.

A Ballad of Harriet Tubman

Cabin 14 Rabbis

Harriet Tubman lived in a dark cave underground

Little did she know that approximately a young Jewish boy
from Washington DC named Dan Brill

Would recount her tale

He would properly document every detail without fail

Let me take you on this journey about a young demonic
child.

He was spawned by a rabid pack of wolves and mothered by an
albino vampire

he descended on a place called camp Shohola to exercise his
evil powers

His dastardly plan along with Isaac Orlansky was to take
away our rest hour (repeat)

And this young boy, he had a name known throughout the land
of time

If you ever saw his face it would send shivers down your
spine

and his name was...

Aaron fine (repeat)

Harriet Tubman lived in a dark cave underground

Until Aaron Fine descended from the rafters breathing fire
and shot her down

Along with Karl Marx he was an evil communist who spread
sadness among the world

During rest hour he sucked out the brain of every boy and
girl

But alas, do not fear young children for a new hope hath
arisen and his name doth be

David Schneider (repeat)

Some people called him D Schneids

He was trained in the great swiss alps for many years by a
wise old samurai

Who was skilled in electronics and robotics

I'm sure you've heard of this guy.....

Tom Gibson (repeat)

And so David Schneider, challenged the evil Joe Torg, I
mean Aaron Fine to a battle of

EPIC PROPORTIONS

To go down in no other place than the counselor tunnel
Aaron Fine powered by DJ Lubs ATV... (even though it's not
really his)

Shot an enormous quantity of stale dining hall chicken at
our hero

But with D Schneids enormous appetite he swallowed the
dining hall chicken in one bite

But albeit our young prince was very plump
There was only one way to fix this
He took a massive dump (sing) PLOP! (sing) PLOP!
For his counter attack Schneids had one thing left in his
arsenal
He harnessed the wonderful powers of Duncan's chin dimple
Using Tom Gibson's outrageously complex phone system
Aaron Fine was struck by a beam of ziff waves
But unfortunately it bounced off of Shansby's Fro
and young Alex Nord was reduced to mere oblivion
And so he's dead

Harriet Tubman lived in a dark cave underground
All the boys at Camp Shohola are safe and sound
Except for Alex Nord

Water Polo in Shohola

Pedro Bustamante Ybarra, WS

Water polo: It's a water-sport with two teams (7 players for each team) similar to soccer. The team who score more goals wins the game. In Shohola you can only play Water polo in the 1st period of B days. The 1st week of Water polo we didn't enjoy it as much as we thought because have stay out of the water learning the rules, the positions in the pool, and how to swim in Water polo. But by the 2nd and 3rd week we started playing some fun games and finally real matches. In the last week we had less classes but we have the same fun as usual. I will recommend to everyone this activity because you swim at the same time you do sports and have fun.

The Flagpole Game

Lyle Ciardi, Cabin 5

As I open the door of the cabin, it creeks ever so softly. You put on your shoes and get on the porch. Some people hesitate and get scared and go back to their bed. Only the bravest of men actually run. You creep down the steps and

then you are off. Flashlights shine across the hill and other cabins run to their windows to see the people run. Once you reach the flagpole, you run back to your cabin and pretend that you are asleep. That is the flagpole game.

Pike County 15U soccer

Pedro Bustamante, WS

Este verano hemos jugado bastantes partidos de Pike County ganando todos ellos.

En primer lugar, a los pocos días de llegar, jugamos nuestro primer partido en casa contra Lake Owego con el resultado de 7-0. Dos días más tarde jugamos nuestro primer partido fuera contra Greely con la rotunda victoria de 0-11.

En la segunda semana, el lunes jugamos la revancha en casa contra Lake Owego, volviéndoles a ganar, esta vez 3-1; y el viernes ganamos en casa a New Jersey Y por 6-0.

En la tercera semana, se tuvo que suspender un partido contra Canadensis por el day-off de los Working Seniors. Y por último en la última semana, el lunes tuvimos la revancha fuera contra New Jersey Y en la que volvimos a ganar pero esta vez 5-3.

Mi primer mes en shohola

Juan Gutierrez Mellado, WS

Este mes ha sido mi primero en Shohola. Llegue a shohola por la noche y como no pude ver nada del campamento al día siguiente estaba completamente desorientado, por la mañana nos despertamos todos a las 6 de la mañana y nos pusimos a cantar y a contar chistes ya que nadie podía dormir del frío que teníamos. El segundo día ya empezó a llegar gente y nuestra cabina empezó a llenar. A lo largo de la primera semana conocí a todos los de mi cabina. Cuando empecé a conocer las funciones de los W.S todo me empezó a gustar incluso más, el hacer bromas por la noche, los privilegios y un montón de cosas más. Las actividades que ofrece shohola me parecen todas divertidísimas y me costó mucho

decidirme. La verdad es que todas las actividades me gustan mucho menos la clase de natacion ya que es muy aburrida y cansada. Algo que me ha gustado mucho es la liguilla entre campamentos de Pike County. Yo estoy en el equipo de basketball y en el de soccer y apesar de que en basketball no hemos tenido tanto exito en soccer hemos arrasado. Los counselors en shohola son todos muy simpaticos y me han hecho pasar un mes muy divertido en el que yo creo que en ningun campamento se podra repetir.

El Mejor Lugar Para Pasar El Verano

Armando Manuel Guerrero Rodriguez, WS

Este es mi tercer año que vengo al camp shohola esta ves soy working senior para mi ha sido lo mejor a pesar de los ultimos 2 años tambien fueron increíbles este campamento es un lugar que sirve para convivir con otras personas de tu pais y de otros aprendes nuevas experiencias algunas culturas etc... este año ha sido algo distinto ha sido algo extraordinario algo distinto y mega divertido hoy en dia tengo 15 años la primera ves que vine tenia 10 la segunda ves tenia 13 y hoy ya son 15 espero que sean mas años pero eso el destino lo va a decidir cada año veo a mas mexicanos en este camp lo cual me da mucho gusto. Este camp lo conoci por hector vazques ya que antes e que el se fuera a vivir a estados unidos el hiba en la misma escuela que yo en el Edron British School su mama le conto a la mia del camp me mostraron el video y al pricipio no queria por que me daba miedo irme solo 1 mes pero con su ayuda me convencieron y fui y pase uno de los mejores veranos de mi vida ya que esta experiencia del camp shohola nunca se te olvida ya que lo llevas dentro de tu alma y corazon por siempre.

Yo creo que todo camper debe disfrutar el camp por que nuestros padres pagan un dineral ya que no es barato y pues ellos los hacen por que quieren que disfrtuemos lo que ellos nunca pudieron hacer entonces disfruten su verano no piensen en nada mas que en dirvertirse y en chavas jajaja pues eso es todo no dejen de soñar y luchen por lo que mas

quieran y no dejen que nada los detenga.

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