

The Bus Journey

I'm feeling lost and scared, I don't know what to expect. The guard asks me to board the rusty, leathered bus. I choose a seat near the front. The guard sits a few rows in front. I sit next to the window and stare out as we pull away on the long journey to camp. I start to think of where I am and how I ended up here. I thought for a second then I remembered. It was my dirty-rotten-pig-stealing grandfather and according to my father he put a curse on us of unluckiness.

I am hoping the camp will be a nice place where you can do fun activities and relax but as we left the city that wasn't looking very likely. I didn't imagine this, small dry shrubs that had been scattered on the old road.

It is a hot day, the sun beams through the window. I can see my reflection looking back at me, my face is red and beads of sweat fall from my head. The scenery has become repetitive the barren wasteland goes on and on. I know I was in for a hard time.

The heat on the bus is now too hot to bear. The sun shined bright onto my face. I look down to my handcuffs, which the guard put on me, and I saw a ring of sweat beneath them circling my wrist. I had nearly been on the bus for 9 hours but all of a sudden the bus

Stopped. I was at 'camp green lake'. Deep holes were everywhere whilst young men in bright orange overalls work on them. The ground was cracked and no shade to be seen. I really needed a drink. I could see a large tent in the distance. I stepped out the bus and walked towards it.