

I clambered up the steep stair into the bus and I am ready for my 8 hour trek to Camp Green Lake. I took a look around, there wasn't much to see. It is just a rusty old bus with ripped leather seats, juice stains and a dirty floor with scattered food wrappers. Unsurprisingly, I am the only passenger on board, I mean, who would want to catch a ride on this rust bucket! My only company was the driver and the guard. I felt a little uncomfortable seeing an AK47 rifle laid across the guard's lap. I am sitting ten rows back from the front and I am handcuffed to my armrest. My only companion is my rucksack, sitting on the torn seat next to me.

As I look out of my window, I am hoping to see the countryside change as the journey went on. Sadly, my view was a never-ending series of harvested fields of grass and cotton. I am so bored that I started trying to count how many bales there were in each field as they flashed past the grimy window.

My mind started to wonder about my final destination. What was Camp Green Lake going to be like?. I hope it will be the same as Camp Fun and Games, which I made up when I used to play with stuffed animals as a little boy. I even made them play soccer with a marble for the ball. That thought brought a smile to my face. However, as the journey went on my thoughts took me back to the day I committed that crime, the day that put me on this dirty-rotten-pig-old-great-big-fat bus!

At my school, earlier on that fateful day, I sat in class learning about ratios (how 2:4 is the same as 1:2). Mrs Bell is my very boring, very ordinary maths teacher. She used me as an illustration, comparing me to the lightest boy in the class. Without realizing how much it would upset me, she told everyone that I was 3 times heavier than the other boy, 3 to 1! To be fair, he might be very small but I do like a cake!

Nearly 6 hours into the journey and I'm still not even close to getting there! As my backside ached on the rock hard leather, I wondered about my poor Mum, who would be cooking an out of date can of tomato soup whilst fighting back tears as she looked at the empty space on the rug in the kitchen where I used to sit. My Dad would be joking about why I had to go to Camp Green Lake and that it is all my no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great grandfather's fault but deep down I knew his heart was broken.

Finally, after a total of nearly 8 hours, I have reached Camp Green Lake but when I look out of the window I am stunned, there was no green and no lake! My stomach turned.