

I don't know what to expect at Camp Green Lake. My stomach has butterflies, I don't know whether it is from nerves or excitement. I think this could be an adventure. I hope it will be as fun as Camp Fun and Games, but it's a punishment so I don't think it will be.

I am sat in the middle of the old rickety bus with my arm handcuffed to the arm rest. The only other people on board are the driver and a guard. The guard is sat facing me wearing completely black sunglasses, so I don't know if he's sleeping or not. He has a rifle across the top of his legs.

In my backpack, which is beside me, I have got pencils and paper to write to my Mum because I promised her that I would write to her at least once a week. Hopefully I can write about me swimming in the lake and playing games with my newly found friends.

In the first few hours I could see fields of hay and fields of cotton looking like snow but now it is just a barren wasteland. I feel tired and my eyes are rolling constantly, trying to go to sleep but I can't because of the intense oven like heat in the bus. It is like drowning in lava every time I take a gasp of air.

I'm not even supposed to be here. It's all because of my no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great-grandfather's curse. A gypsy cursed him and all his descendants to have bad luck, which I sometimes believe is true as every Stanley Yelnats has been given bad luck. But my Mum always looks on the bright side of things and does not believe in the curse.

There is not more paved road now, just a bumpy track with nothing still to see out of the dirty window.

As the bus journey draws to an end I become confused as there is no green or lake. In fact, this does not even look like a camp. The only sights to see are some rundown broken buildings, a couple of tents, two old oak trees and a log cabin behind them. I don't know what to expect here.