

## Sherwood: A fantasy home

When I first arrived at Sherwood summer camp this year (2015) I didn't know what to expect. Two previous years had gone by with happiness, friends, drama, and a sense of camaraderie. Stepping through that large wooden wall, a weight lifted off of me. All my stress and worries evaporated into thin air. I was home. I was immediately greeted by hugs and friends. More than friends, actually. These people were my family. After settling into the newly refurbished pavilion, I reconnected with my friends properly. DJ's hair was now short and pink. Diego's was long and purple. Mine was bright blue. Savannah was as beautiful as ever. Over the next three weeks, I would grow to love these people even more than I already did. First day waking up from the chilled tent was heaven. Going into the morning light was the first footfall into a threshold of magic and wonder. Classes went by, meals filled my stomach, but never satisfied, because I was always hungry for more. More friends, more classes, more fun. And Sherwood delivered. As a loud and rowdy kid, it was tough to focus in my classes, but I eventually mellowed out enough for my mentors to tolerate me (I think). As I sit here in my leather boots which I never took off during those euphoric weeks, writing this essay, I am reminded of the wonders that filled my head. Here, in reality, people tell me "get your head out of the clouds!" but I can't knowing that I've found a home among those clouds. And a hell of a family to go along with it. If anybody who is thinking about camping at Sherwood is reading this, let me tell you three things right now. One: Respect Dave. Dave is the head chef, and he controls what you eat. Make him mad, and there's no telling what sort of stomach bug you could get from his barbecue marinated chicken. Two: Also respect Christine, the nurse. She is more commonly referred to as Goddess (because she is one). She is the giver of life and all things that make your life easier. Three: Find some people that you can really relate to. If you make quality friends, I guarantee, they'll stick with you pretty much forever. Oh, yeah. One more thing. For the love of all things holy and righteous in this world, do NOT piss off Mercadier. (You'll know who he is once you meet him). My name is Xander Killian Perez, and I can testify that Sherwood Forest Faire Summer Camp is heaven on earth. I didn't go into detail about the classes, because that's a tidbit of magic that you'll have to discover for yourself. One more thing; If any of my family from Sherwood is reading this right now, I want you to know that I will always love you, and I will never forget you, no matter how far apart we may be. By the way, in case any of you are wondering, I'm the guy with the blue guitar.

Signing off,

Xander K. Perez

(Flickr photo on next page)

