

I stepped through the large, wooden gates of Sherwood Forest Summer Camp, my frame shaking with nervousness. We walked along the path towards the medical booth, and filled out my form. Then we went into the sanitized tent to get me inspected for foot or hair lice. They told me I was fine, and sent me to wait with the other campers. I said goodbye to my parents, holding back tears. After about 2 hours, our group of campers headed up the large, steep hill to the Dining Hall so Mumsy and Tatiana could explain rules and procedures, and sort us into to clans.

I skipped along with my new clan mates and followed them to a clearing where we played games and had fun. Then, we had our first class. Archery. I was walking there, almost shaking at the thought of ever shooting a bow. Then I heard a deep, merry laugh. It was very distinctive, and filled me with a confidence that I couldn't deny. I walked ahead and saw a beast of a man. His beard reached his chest, and it was pale blonde and held back with beads. I asked for his name and he replied, "My name's Thorin. And you?"

I replied in a meek voice, hardly comparable to his. " My name is Carys," He smiled. I knew that we would be best friends.

Now

That was two years ago. Today, I was starting my first year as a Knight and bridge camper! I could barely contain my excitement, and was jumping up and down like a bunny. I went through the boring line of campers waiting to be checked, and then hastily hugged my parents goodbye, eager to meet my Clan mates. We walked up the hill and waited 3 hours before roll call. I was put into a group with the counselor Stor, and I was elated after seeing how friendly he was. I then set off to archery with my clan and met Thorin there. I jumped in and began shooting with The HUn's instruction. I had earned the nick name " BUunny" through many days of being fast, hoppy, and very excited for everything. Days later, Thorin came by and watched me shoot on the horseback simulator, a stool that we shot upon. I made 3 accidental bull's eyes, a 3 pointer, and one miss. Thorn congratulated me on shooting, and told me about his plan for archery. He told me he was too good to play field shooting, so he wanted little girls to kick big men's butts at shooting. So he gathered a couple people from our clan, and told our parents about it and had them approve of archery lessons at a place known as "Archery Country". I've been going there since!

This experience has changed me a lot. I thank Sherwood Forest for providing me a chance to become great at a thing I was scared at before. Thank you for changing my life forever!

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