

My favorite outdoor experience could possibly be when I saved myself from a knife bearing lunatic by spraying him in the face with bug spray. Well, only the people who saw that believe it. It's just too unbelievable. It could also be the time at Disney World, when the workers had to stop the music and yell at my sister to get off the rocks at the pool. That won't work because my sister was three when that happened, and I was born when she was ten. Oh! I know My Favorite outdoor experience! It's when I saved a turtle at camp.

So it was maybe two years ago and I was with my old Boy Scout troop. The campground was a heel bone-shaped crop of land protruding from an old road in the middle of a rice field. There was also a lake with cypress trees in the middle. My dad and I were one of the first to get there. We set up our tent before Thomas and Olliveay (my best friends) got there. Unfortunately, there were lots of older kids (and younger kids) who were rowdy and/or creepy.

The first night the pack made a bonfire, and lit a lot of lanterns that were distributed throughout the campground. Something fishy happened. The adults noticed all the kids had left the bonfire. Then one by one, the lanterns were all extinguished. I knew what was happening. The two rowdiest boys Jeremy and Adam (those are nicknames that I made up for them) had found everyone from their little group. They put out the lanterns so they could do stupid things.

I could not hold my curiosity, and thankfully so. If it were not for that, there would be one less turtle in the world, and I would have nothing to write about. But I just had to see what they were doing. Immediately, I saw Olliveay. He was the only one I could make out. He was covered in glow sticks (I, to this day, don't know where he all those glow sticks), and he was running towards Thomas and me. He stopped and panted for a second or two, then raising his arms with glow sticks hanging off he said, "I'm the master of confusion". Thomas pointedly replied: "I bet they can see you from space". Olliveay beckoned us to follow him saying, "Those kids are attempting the impossible."

That sounded bad, purely because of the sly jokes they make all too often. I was still was a very curious, and that was all I needed to get in over my head.

From the light Olliveay was emitting, I could clearly see all the children poised to jump. They were sitting in holes around the perimeter of the lake. Each one was holding lots of mud chunks. I spotted Jeremy and Adam at the edge of the overgrown rice field. Jeremy promptly turned away from William and Oliver (who then turned to Adem and continued discussing) then walked up to me. The kid was one grade older than me, but I was still taller than him. He said in his annoying voice, "You're not involved in this." That means, go away, he snapped. Now I want you to know that no one talks to me like that! After that I surely wasn't leaving. I pretended to leave, then swiftly ducked behind a large tree.

There was a sudden uproar from all the boys. I heard the word "turtle" yelled in assorted contexts. I knew they had caught a turtle and that turtle was surely in great danger. I had to get that turtle. I could not stop myself! I crept from behind the

tree and ran into a drainage ditch. Oddly enough they put the turtle right next to me.

The turtle looked cold, terrified. It was covered with mud. I would have acted immediately, but two of the people were watching. I could hear them breathing. I waited for a chance and soon I got one. When all the children yelled again that they had caught another turtle, I seized the chance, and grabbed the turtle near me. I ran as fast as I could toward the lake. The kid holding the second turtle dropped it in surprise. It escaped. Jeremy And Adam whipped around and yelled, "Exactly what the..." never mind what they said. I threw the turtle into the lake. Now more did happen, but I might as well blot out the rest of the story due to cursing. They made fun of my dad. I was offended deeply, ran crying to him, and told him everything.

So that is how both turtles survived. The kids apologized to my dad for the insults.