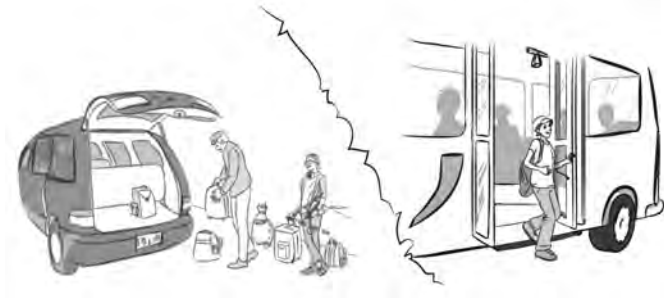


# Day 1 - Sunday

## Trip To The Camp

### Jack's Day



“Did you pack all you need to bring, Jack?” asks Mrs. Mills.

“I have all of my things in the backpack, Mom,” says Jack. “I am all set to go.”

“Will Todd and his mom pick you up?” asks Mrs. Mills.

“No, I will go to the inn with the bus,” says Jack. “Todd will not be at the inn. His mom will drop him off at Camp Grit on Monday.”

Jack does not like this a bit. “I wish Todd were at the inn with me,” he thinks.

He picks up his red cap and gets his black vest on. He grabs his backpack and a small bag with snacks and drinks for the trip.

“Let us get to the bus stop on time,” says Mrs. Mills and off they go.

At the bus stop, Mrs. Mills hugs Jack. “Have fun at camp,” she says half glad and half sad.

Jack hugs his mom back and adds a kiss.

“Just a day. I will stay out of Max Finn’s grasp. All will be O.K. I can do this,” Jack thinks as he gets on the bus.

It is not a quick bus trip to the inn. The sun has set when Jack gets to the inn. He is spent. He just wants to go to bed.

“Hi, Jack,” says Mr. Gibbs.

Jack jumps in shock. He does not expect Mr. Gibbs to be at the check in desk.

Mr. Gibbs runs Camp Grit. The kids think he is stiff. But Jack thinks he is fun.

“Be on time for the bus to the camp. You must be at the bus stop by 8:30 a.m.,” Mr. Gibbs tells him.

Jack gets in the bed. He needs to rest.

“I am glad I did not run into Max at the inn!” he thinks as he drifts off. “He must be at the inn by now. I bet Max did not go on a bus to get to the inn like I had to.”

## Max's Day



Ball. Check.

Bat. Check.

Racket. Check.

It is the last bag. Max is set for  
Camp Grit.

“Oh, my!” says Max’s mom, Mrs.  
Finn. “Six bags? Six bags are a lot!”

“No, it is not,” grins Max. A bag a  
day. Six days at camp sum up to six  
bags. I can pack six more with balls,  
rackets and pads, Mom.”

“Yes, Max. You can pack six more bags. But you will not,” Mrs. Finn grins back. “Mr. Gibbs will be at the inn when you get there. He will get you and the rest of the kids to the camp on Monday,” she adds.

Honk! Honk!

A tall man with a black hat gets out of a black van.

“Time to go. The van to pick you up is in front,” calls Max’s dad. “Let us go.”

“Be quick. Go! Go!” says Max’s mom.

Max runs down the steps with no bags. Mrs. Finn has to drag them all.

Mr. Finn runs up the steps to help with the bags.

“Is it just me,” Mrs. Finn asks, “or is this a lot of bags for six days? Do you think they will fit in the trunk of the van?”

Mr. Finn shrugs. “That is our Max. Six bags do not shock me at all. Let me check how we can fit them in the trunk.”

The man with the black hat helps Mr. Finn bring the bags out to the van. Mr. Finn tips the man well when he fits all of the bags into the trunk.

“The van is all set to go to the inn. We will be at the camp the last day to pick you up. It is in just six days,” says Mr. Finn.

Mrs. Finn asks, “Where is my hug, pumpkin?”

Max hugs his mom and dad.

Then he runs out.

“Text me when you get to the inn,” says Mrs. Finn. “Have fun at camp.”

The man with the black hat helps Max into the van.

“I will!” Max yells as he jumps in the back of the van.

He is glad to be on his way to the inn. He thinks of how much fun the next six days will be. But what if Jack is at the camp as well? Six days with Jack Mills...

“Cliff and my fans will be at the camp. If Jack Mills will be at Camp Grit, he will just be a speck for me. How bad can it be?” Max thinks.