

Day 1 - Sunday

Trip To The Camp

Lin's Day



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

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

“Will Beth and her mom pick you up?” asks Mrs. Mills.

“No, I will go to the inn with the bus,” says Lin. “Beth will not be at the inn. Her mom will drop her off at Camp Grit on Monday.”

Lin does not like this a bit. “I wish Beth were at the inn with me,” she thinks. She picks up her red cap and gets her black vest on. She grabs her 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 Lin.

“Have fun at camp,” she says half glad and half sad.

Lin hugs her mom back and adds a kiss.

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

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

“Hi, Lin,” says Miss Gibbs.

Lin jumps in shock. She does not expect Miss Gibbs to be at the check in desk.

Miss Gibbs runs Camp Grit. The kids think she is stiff. But Lin thinks she is fun.

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

Lin gets in the bed. She needs to rest.

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

Jill's Day



Brush. Check.

Silk dress. Check.

Red lipstick. Check.

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

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

“No, it is not,” grins Jill. A bag a day.
Six days at camp sum up to six bags. I
can pack six more, Mom.”

“Yes, Jill. You can pack six more bags. But you will not,” Mrs. Finn grins back. “Miss Gibbs will be at the inn when you get there. She 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 Jill’s dad. “Let us go.”

“Be quick. Go! Go!” says Jill’s mom.

Jill 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 Jill. Six bags do not shock me. Let me check if 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?”

Jill hugs her mom and dad. Then she runs out.

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

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

“I will!” Jill yells as she jumps in the back of the van.

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

“Sid and my fans will be at the camp. If Lin Mills will be at Camp Grit, she will just be a speck for me. How bad can it be?” Jill thinks.