

Reading Journal II - SEIII

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm having a strange time during the Camp Green Lake. They call it lake, but I didn't find any water in it - only remained the dry, cracked bottom.

Every morning, before the sun turned to be extremely hot and shine, we lined up to pick the canteens and walked to the proper position on the dried lake to do our tasks - dug a hole everyday, which was five feet deep and across. The ground was so hard and filled with rocks and shells, making my hands got blisters and gradually turned into calluses, which perhaps could be progress?

The managers - Mr. Sir always wear sunglasses and never smiled, and Mr. Pendanski always arranged events well. Plus, in our Tent D, all the boys used nicknames, like X-Ray, Armpit, Zigzag, Magnet, e.t.c.. For the tentmates, X-Ray always behaved as a captain, and Zero hardly spoken anything but dug faster than anyone. What's more, one day, I found a tiny fossil, but the manager said it couldn't be considered as one day off, which made me a little disappointed.

Nevertheless, day by day, I was getting stronger and stronger, and learned how to control the pace of digging. I miss you so much and looking forward to seeing you. Plus, give my love to everyone at home.

Love,

Stanley.