



## **My Favorite Campout**

### Chapter 1

I was just eleven years old turning twelve the following week. Finally a Boy Scout...I could hardly wait and the Scoutmaster was planning a four-day scout camp. Though I was only eleven, I would be turning twelve while on this camp and was given permission to go.

The Scoutmaster was my Uncle. Well, not really my uncle, he was my Father's first cousin. You see, we were raised that you addressed any person older than you as Uncle, Aunt, Brother, Sister, Mr., or Mrs. Since the Scoutmaster was a generation older than I, being my Father's first cousin, I called him Uncle.