

Chapter 4

After supper, it was back to the cabin for more praying and getting to know one another. The "gang of five", I surmised, must have known one another prior to coming to camp. Perhaps they all came from the same church. Though, what kind of god they worshipped at that church was beyond my eleven-year old mind's grasp.

Oh, of course, they were perfect angels when Counselor Quentin was in our midst. It was all "Yes, Quentin.", "I'll get right to it, Quentin.", or "No problem, can do, Quentin." But the second Counselor Quentin turned his head, the hooligans were making it clear to me that my demise was their life's work.

Night came. I picked the cot in the far end of the room by the window. Lights out order came at 10:00 pm. I huddled underneath my blankets and tried to go to sleep. I thought I'd be safe as long as Quentin was in the room asleep with us as well.