

Camp Stories

By ChronoEclipse

Introduction (No AP)

Rachelle drove her car up to the gates of the camp. “Camp Dove Pro-Age” it read, in big wooden letters. Her new home, at least for the summer. She was hired as camp director of Camp Dove Pro-Age a few months ago and was looking forward to the new experience.

Rachelle had turned 30 this year and was feeling a need for a change of scenery. (On Rachelle’s 30th birthday she ran around her house screaming “30! Why god why! My life is over! Who turns 30!? Why did you let this happen!? Why!? 30!?” in front of a room full of party guests, followed by 3 straight hours of crying in the fetal position in the middle of her bathtub.) Rachelle liked to take things in stride. New state, new job, new weirdly specific corporate sponsorship name, new friends and relationships! Everything was looking up for Rachelle.

First up was meeting the full time camp staff. They met her in the camp office. Cynthia, the camp nurse was an attractive, if severe looking woman with short cropped hair in her mid 40s. She was standing there looking disgruntled and holding a baby in her arms. Sitting in a chair in the corner was Miriam the camp cook who was a very old woman in a chef’s hat. She was clearly asleep and snoring loudly. And finally, leaning against her desk was an incredibly attractive muscular man in his late 20s/early 30s, Dana the camp handyman. Rachelle made a b-line to Dana and shook his hand.

“Hi! Hi! I’m Rachelle, the new camp director and well, your boss.” Dana took her hand and kissed it. “A pleasure making your acquaintance Rachelle.” Dana said casually.

Rachelle flirtatiously smiled at him and shivered.

“Just let me know if there is anything I can help you with – at any time.” Dana winked at her.

Rachelle grinned like a lunatic as the two locked eyes in intense contact until Cynthia cleared her throat loudly.

Rachelle turned “Oh yes you must be Cynthia the camp nurse. And is this your baby?” Rachelle asked, perplexed.

She hadn't been told of any babies at camp.

“No, I have no idea whose baby this is. I thought it might be yours. I just found it laying around here.” Cynthia deadpanned. Rachelle didn't know what to say. Cynthia smirked “Ah I'm just kidding. I know it's not yours. But still, I have no idea whose baby this is.”

Rachelle stared wide-eyed at the baby “Well uh, that's troubling. Let um... let's probably call the police and report the baby as soon as possible and...” She looks over at the sleeping Miriam. “Should we wake her up?”

“Nah. Let her get her nap in here. It's better than letting her sleep in the kitchen where she might hurt herself.” Cynthia replied.

“O-Okay.” Rachelle replied and continued on with the meeting.

After they were done Rachelle had to meet with her senior counsellors. They were going to meet in front of the bunks so before she left she cracked out a bottle of heavy-duty suntan lotion and began to cover every inch of her alabaster skin.

“What are you doing?” Cynthia asked, still holding the mysterious baby.

“Well I'm a natural red-head and our skin doesn't get along with the sun all that well so whenever I'm going to be outdoors for a long period of time I need to make sure I'm protected.” Rachelle explained.

Cynthia raised her eyebrows skeptically. “You're going to go through a LOT of sunscreen here.”

“It’ll be worth it. Don’t you agree, as the camp nurse?” Rachelle asked, surprised by Cynthia’s cavalier attitude.

“Hey honey. Everyone gets the skin they deserve eventually.” Cynthia replied and walked back to her office.

Moments later Rachelle was standing outside holding a clipboard with the names of 8 girls on it. Those 8 girls were standing in a line in front of her. This year’s senior counsellors.

First up, standing straight at attention as if this was the first day of basic training at military academy was a pretty brunette girl named Annie. She was 21, and had been a senior counsellor all three years prior. Beside her name on the clipboard, Cynthia had scribbled the note ‘unbearable overachiever.’ She wore a pretty dress and blouse that seemed a bit too formal for summer camp but Rachelle appreciated her attitude and thought she had a winning smile.

“Annie, you’ve got Bunk G, junior counsellors.” Rachelle read from off of her clipboard. Annie jumped up and down clapping.

“Thank you so much Director! You can count on me to set an exemplary example.”

Next was Haley, a 19 year old girl with straight blonde hair, a very revealing top and the shortest shorts that could still be categorized as ‘shorts’. She was Annie’s bunk mate and judging by the email that Rachelle had received a few days ago from Annie when she sent out the sleeping arrangements, they didn’t get along. Next to Haley’s name Cynthia had written “Has slept with half the boys at Camp A.B.S.”, and a picture of a tootsie roll pop. Rachelle was confused for a minute until she saw the top half of the lollipop peeking out in tattoo form from underneath the hem of Haley’s shorts.

“Haley, you’re in charge of Bunk H, junior counsellors.” Rachelle read.

“Ummmm Director? I don’t mean to be um, a pest but are you sure it says Haley for bunk H? I mean, it’s not even her third year as senior counsellor.” Annie stated rapidly and then shot a dirty look to Haley who just smirked and rolled her eyes.

“That’s what the sheet says Annie.” Rachelle stated cheerily, not wanting to start a whole thing.

She moved on down the line to Kayla, a 20 year old hippie-ish girl with dirty blonde hair wrapped in a bandana and a tattoo on her shoulder of a Hawaiian flower. Next to her name Cynthia had written “Namaste.” And a picture of a joint.

“Kayla you’ve got bunk C, 11 & 12 year olds.” Rachelle told her.
“Rad.” Kayla replied.

Next to Kayla was Angie, an 18 year old girl with long wavy reddish hair much like Rachelle’s. This was her first year as a senior counsellor. Cynthia had written next to her name “Little miss BOSSY pants” and circled the word bossy several times.

“Angie you’re in charge of bunk E, 14 & 15 year olds.” Rachelle said. Angie didn’t say anything but Rachelle could have sworn she saw the girl grin and wring her hands sinisterly.

Next was Morgan, a sullen 19 year old girl with dyed blackish/purple hair and too much eye make-up. She looked bored and she was rolling her eyes so much they threatened to spin into orbit. Cynthia had written “Captain sarcasm – I’m on to you! Your parents don’t MAKE you come here.”

Rachelle wasn’t sure what that meant but read off her list “Morgan you’ve got bunk B, 8 & 9 year olds.”

“Great....” Was all Morgan said and then unfolded and refolded her arms for dramatic effect.

Standing next to Morgan as if to draw a contrast, was Mandy. A bubbly 18 year old girl with strawberry blonde hair and a bright tank top and shorts. In fact everything about Mandy could be described as bright. Cynthia had written next to her name “Little Miss Sunshine needs to learn to keep her SHIRT ON!!!”
“Mandy, you're in charge of bunk A, 6 & 7 year olds.” Rachelle read.

“Yippee!!!!” Mandy said, jumping up and down. She clearly did not have a bra on. Her impressive boobs were bouncing wildly. Rachelle hoped Mandy followed Cynthia’s advice.

Next was Chloe, a 21 year old Asian-American girl in fantastic shape. Not surprisingly Cynthia had written ‘Your go-to for sports stuff.’ Her calves made Rachelle incredibly jealous.

“Do you bike a lot?” Rachelle asked the girl.

“All day every day ma’am.” Chloe replied.

“Oh I’m not MA’AM. I’m barely thir- I bike a lot too! We should go biking sometime.” Rachelle blurted out.

“Definitely. Just name the time and place.” Chloe said enthusiastically.

“Okay!... And you have bunk D, 12 & 13 year old.” Rachelle read off quickly trying to change the subject.

Finally the last girl in line was Brianna, a 20 year old girl with dark Brunette and dyed red hair. She had several facial piercings and tattoos but didn’t come off as rebellious or moody. She smiled congenitally at Rachelle as she walked in front of her. Cynthia had even written “good girl” next to her name.

“Brianna you’re in charge of Bunk F, 14 & 15 year olds.” Rachelle said to her with a smile.

“You can count on me Miss Rachelle.” Brianna said back with a smile.

“Just Rachelle is fine.” Rachelle corrected. “Everyone can just call me Rachelle. We’re going to have a great summer together! Now go have fun!”
The girls all dispersed in various directions and Rachelle headed off to see if she could find some lemon-aid and/or that camp handyman.

A short time later a group of junior and senior counsellors were gathered around the entrance to the mess hall.

“Did any of you hear about what happened at the last night of camp last summer?” Brianna whispered, gossiping with the group of girls around her. “I heard that Kyle Trenshaw was caught totally banging some senile old lady in one of the junior counsellors' bunks!”

“Awwww that's so romantic!” Annie, who had just happened to walk by and overhear, blurted out. The girls all looked at her judgmentally. Haley smirked. “Uh what's romantic about Kyle tapping some geriatric ass?”

Annie realized that she was caught in an awkward social situation “I – I don't know! That he still loves her even though she's old?” Annie exclaimed and then walked away very quickly.

“Gross. Whatever. Anyway, do you think Kyle is back this summer?” Brianna asked Haley. “I can check with his old bunk mate Dan... I'm probably going to see him sometime this week. If he is, do you think he's going to be sneaking out to that nursing home on the other side of the lake to find a new girlfriend?” The girls all giggled together.

In bunk C, Kayla had all of the 4th and 5th graders sitting indian style in the middle of the bunk.

“Cool cool, now you're all going to have a great summer this year. Just make sure it's filled with positive thoughts and actions. Whenever you feel sad or mad I want you to stop what you're doing and take this position on the ground. Center yourself and remember we are all connected....” Kayla had them all hold hands and began leading them in song.

One bunk over, in bunk B, Morgan was helping the 8 & 9 year olds get their stuff set up.

“Ugh you girls are so annoying. Why can't you be older and independent!” She vented out loud.

One girl named Tye grabbed Morgan's hand and dragged her over to show her how she made her bed.

“Look, I did this all by myself.” The little girl declared proudly. Morgan was impressed and her mood improved.

“Okay I guess you’re not totally hopeless. So I won’t have to dump you all out in the center of the lake.” She awkwardly and begrudgingly knelt down and hugged the girl.

Over in bunk F with the older girls, Brianna was overseeing unpacking but noticed that her girls had stopped setting up and were huddled in a group whispering.

“Hey ladies. What’s the big deal?” Brianna asked, holding her arms out waiting for an explanation.

One girl, a tall blonde, looked over. “Sorry Brianna. Lauren was telling us about her soon-to-be-boyfriend.”

“Oh yeah?” Brianna inquires.

Lauren, a cute, fresh faced fifteen year old girl with shoulder length auburn hair steps out of the huddle. “Yeah we sort of, I don’t know – made out – at the end of the summer last year and we’ve been emailing over the winter and he says he wants to see me.” The girl explains blushing and looking at the floor.

“Sounds like you’ve got a boyfriend. And you’ll get to see him on Friday during our big boating day with the boys camp.” Brianna said encouragingly.

“Is there anyone you’re looking forward to seeing Friday Brianna?” Another girl asks. Brianna immediately blushed causing the girls to all go “Oooooooo!”

“Let’s uh, let’s get these bunks all set so we can go get some food all right?” Brianna says quickly, trying to change the subject.

Across the way, over at bunk E, Angie was standing in the center of controlled chaos as a half a dozen freshman-aged girls scrambled to set their bunks up.

“Faster girls! Undelay! Undelay! The quicker you unpack your things the quicker we can go over to MY bunk and unpack and set up MY stuff and we’re on a deadline! You girls are going to do my make-up and hair tonight for my date with Bobby over at Camp Axe Body Spray! So move it!” She yelled.

One girl, a spunky freckle face blonde girl named Madison stopped and marched over to Angie. “You totally can’t boss us around like this. We’re not your servants.”

Angie looked at her incredulously. “Uh I absolutely CAN boss you around however I want. I’m the senior counsellor in charge of this bunk and you’re all going to do what I say.”

“That’s not fair!” Madison pouted.

“It’s life, kid. Someday you’ll be older and you’ll get to tell the people younger than you what to do.” Angie stated bluntly.

“But you’re only, like, two years older than us.” Another girl chimed in. Angie shrugged. “Hey girls, I don’t make the rules. Now chop chop or you’re going to be giving me a mani/pedi tonight too!”

A little while later in Brianna and Mandy’s room Brianna was doing her make-up using the camera on her computer as a mirror when Mandy burst in.

“Yaaaay roomies!” Mandy screamed.

“Yeah cool. Super cool. Could you maybe go though? I was about to do something private and well you’re kind of interrupting....” Brianna explained and then sat there impatiently.

“Two seconds! I just came back to take my birth control pill. It’s super important – because I’m totally going to have SEX TONIGHT!” Mandy exclaimed in a sing-songy voice.

She ran into the bathroom. Brianna could hear the sink run for a moment before Mandy busted back out topless, her huge boobs defying gravity and bouncing with each step.

“Hooray!!! I’m not pregnant!!!” Mandy exclaimed with the enthusiasm of Oprah.

“Uh that’s 100% not how birth control works.” Brianna said bluntly, furrowing her eyebrows. “And... you had a shirt when you came in here right?”

“Yeah totally, I just want to change my shirt. Ooo! I’m planning on organizing a skinny dipping party at the lake this weekend. Spread the word!” Mandy said as she shimmied into a frilly top, still staying braless.

“Yeah, that's a hard pass from me. But you have fun.” Brianna flashes her a fake smile.

“You know, not to get all critical but you’re, like, a LOT nicer when other people are around.” Mandy replied honestly.

“Yeah well, when you look like me you kind of have to play miss goody-two-shoes like ALL the time or people immediately assume you’re some evil-goth-sorcerous-rebel-without-a-cause. I don’t like labels. I’ll be nice and we’ll get along famously if you just dial it down to like an 8.” Brianna explained with a shrug.

Mandy was half paying attention as she strapped up her feet in high heeled sandals. “Totes Magotes! Have fun tonight doing your super secret private thing-a-ma-jigg!!!” Mandy called back as she bounced out the door. Brianna inhaled deeply and then turned her computer back on. “Sorry about that. Now then, which article did you want me to remove?” She asked into the camera.

Meanwhile over in Annie and Haley’s room, Haley was sitting on the couch in the corner with her legs propped up over the end. She was chewing gum and listening to what appeared to be swing music playing in the room. The bathroom door opened and Annie came out doing the Charleston barefoot in

her pajamas clearly unaware that Haley was in the room. She practiced her steps with complete seriousness and any time she didn't hit a step perfectly she would go back and redo the whole thing. Finally she made it to the center of the room and froze as she realized that Haley was sitting there watching her the whole time. Annie jumped back, startled.

"You've got some sweet moves." Haley said with a grin.

"Haley! What are you doing here? I thought you were going to be at the boys camp tonight." Annie said almost accusatorially.

"I changed my plans. Wanted to spend some more quality time with my roommate. Is this what you do when you're alone and think no one is watching?" Haley inquired, popping a bubble with her gum.

"I like to take the time to practice my talents. What do you do when YOU'RE alone?" Annie asks defensively.

"Oh, same thing. Practicing talents. Don't want to get rusty..." Haley jumped off the couch and did some mock-dance steps over to her bed before plopping down on it. "You'll probably have plenty of practice time this summer. I've got my calendar pretty booked up."

Annie snorted, a bit flustered. She decided to take the opening. "Is it – is it true that you're planning to have intercourse with every senior counsellor at Camp Axe Body Spray this summer?"

"No... I'll probably bang a couple of the junior counselors too. The really good looking ones. Why? Do you want to get in on the action?" Haley asked playfully.

"No! I think it's disgusting! That's not... Also some of those guys have girlfriends! Girlfriends at this camp even!" Annie admonished.

"So? That's on them. I'm just a girl with a goal in mind." Haley stated matter-of-factly and then rolled over onto her stomach lifting her feet in the air behind her.

“Listen Haley, you and I don’t exactly see eye-to-eye on a lot of things but I’ve been at this camp since I was 6 years old and believe me when I tell you that the camp is going to HATE what you are doing.” Annie stated gravely.

“The CAMP is going to... okay... whatever. Maybe I’ll just take a nice fella to a sock-hop like you would. He can put his cardigan around my shoulders and maybe give me a little peck on the cheek at the end of the night!” Haley rolled her eyes and put her headphones on. Annie sighed and went back to her dancing as the first night of camp slowly drew to an end.