

Dear diary,

Early this morning, as I waited at the bottom of the path near my driveway, many thoughts crossed my mind: **Where was I going? What was going to happen to me? Would I even survive?** While my head was in a daze, I didn't even notice the rickety, run-down bus pull up beside me. The banging of the doors crashing against the side awoke me from my daze. I looked up to see the sweaty, greasy bus driver and broad, muscly guard towering over me. **I gulped,** my legs began to shake. I took one last look behind me at the world I was leaving behind and boarded the bus.

Sitting at the back of the bus, the heat radiated around me. The chairs were so uncomfortable, whether it was due to them being made of steel or the fact I was so big I barely fit; either way it was going to be a long, arduous journey

I remember falling asleep half way through the drive. **Although** I wasn't really tired, it was extremely tedious staring out at just grassland for 8 hours! I was soon awoken by the pungent smell of sweat lingering up my nostrils. The guard had moved closer to me. **The beads of perspiration were glistening on his forehead.** I remember his eyes looked right through me – the look of hate all over his face as he watched me.

Once we had arrived at Camp Green Lake, I remember the heat as I got off the bus. It hit me, right smack in the face. It was so overpowering. Glancing around, there was no one to be seen, however the buzz of voices hummed in the air. Where was everyone? I followed the guard towards the tents (6 tents to be precise, labelled A-F) I was in tent D. As I looked around the overcrowded, grimy place I realised I was now sharing a room with at least eight other boys. **Anxiously,** I walked over to my cot. Placed my things down beside it and took a deep breath. Again, a putrid, foul smell was in the air. Sour milk and body odour. Nice!

My first encounter with the boys was something I will always remember. I remember overlooking each one of them. They all stared open-mouthed at me, as if I was some sort of alien. **The one boy, who I can only imagine was the leader, looked me up and down, spat at my feet and walked off.** The others followed him.