

NEVER AGAIN!!

'Hey, you. Yeah, you. Who else would I be talking to? Do you need some excitement in your life? Are you tired of doing same old, same old every summer? Then boy do we have news for you! Come on down to Camp Naquito, a place where all of your wishes will come true!'

It was 2:00 in the morning. Most normal people are asleep at this time but of course, my family was anything BUT normal. My little sister jumped onto my bed and screamed in my ear. "Tasha!! Wake up! Didn't you just hear? We're going to Camp Naquito!!" I groaned and rolled over... "What is Camp Naquito? And why am I just now hearing about it?" I glared at my sister who was still, for some strange reason, laying on my bed. "Aren't you excited about going to camp? We're gonna have so much fun! We can paint, do crafts, swim, and go scuba diving! Doesn't that SOUND LIKE FUN?!" I rolled my eyes. "No, it doesn't sound like fun. I'm not going to any little camp. Now if you could puh-lease let me go back to sleep, Christie..." My eyelids started to droop. "And get off my bed!"

Well, here I am at Camp Naquito. Obviously my parents didn't take too kindly with me being mean to my little sister. As if I could care less... they shouldn't force a teen girl to go to a sleepover camp with her 5 year old sister! That's just cruel and unusual punishment. I actually haven't had to get the chance to look around the camp so I'm going to see what this camp has. Yep! I knew it! I knew there would be other girls my age here that would look miserable!!

But standing in front of them is this big, sweaty woman screaming her head off. What's going on? I was curious so I inched closer to hear the words the woman is yelling. "I don't know what your parents told you, but this camp AIN'T for you. That's right... it's about your little sisters. We noticed that older sisters always try to take advantage of younger siblings. But one day it will be the youngest who rules the world and everything you know! Now drop and give me 200!!" I flinched. How could this ever happen? And why would they tell the people that Camp Naquito is meant for all ages? I poked the woman in the back. She twirled around. "Excuse me. Ma'am? I was wondering where the 14 year olds are supposed to go." She grinned at me. "Of course, sweetie. What's your name?" I swallowed hard, not really interested in telling her my name. "Tasha. My name is Tasha." The woman was still grinning, but her eyes turned cold and hateful and her voice was full of sarcasm. "Well, Tasha. Like I just told your little friends behind me that this camp has NOTHING to do with you. The purpose of this camp is to make your little sisters happy, and if they're not happy, NOBODY IS! NOW DROP AND GIVE ME 200!"

I stared at her hard. Why, oh why did my parents ever have to send me here? Christie would've been fine! But I'm only here to do labor... I'd rather bite my own arm off than EVER work for my LITTLE sister. So I stood firmly in my place, not going to be moved by some woman. No matter how big and mean she may be. I felt something cuff me in the ear. I slowly

looked up to see the woman towering over me and boy was she furious! She leaned down and whispered in my ear. "Here at Camp Naquito, we don't deal very well with little brats who think that they're too good to do something for someone other than themselves. I have a feeling that you're one of those little brats. Follow me." And she turned around and walked off. I looked back to the girls who were breathing hard. They turned away when they saw that I was looking at them, as if too afraid to even look at me.

I groaned and followed the lady, who was almost out of sight. She was heading towards some large building, which is odd. Who has a skyscraper right in the middle of a camp? There definitely was something off about this camp. But since I had no chance but to follow the woman, I held my head high and walked through the building. I followed her to this room before she told me to sit. Then she picked up a telephone and dialed a number and mumbled for a little while before she hung up. "Guess what, Tasha? Since we've already had an argument, things are going to be a little different for you. Instead of just doing chores and physical labor, you'll also be caring for your little sister's every need. And you will have a positive attitude while doing it, or you'll have to talk to the Recreation Director. And she's not a very friendly person."

Greaattt. Like I didn't do that before! But I just nodded my head. Whatever. I'll do everything my little sister wants me to do. How hard can it be?

It's a WHOLE LOT harder than I thought it would be! When Christie first saw me, she squealed. "Tasha! Where have you been? You've missed all the fun." I tried to smile. "I think I'll help you. I want to make this as fun as possible." And so I helped my little sister do literally everything, even eat her food!

Finally came the day when we could go home. An escort brought you back so I couldn't say anything mean to Christie. But as soon as we were back in our house with our parents, Christie asked, "Mommy, Daddy. Can we go back next year?" I nodded off but once I heard this I woke up. "Never again!"