

## Swim Test

Sunlight through the tent window woke me up. I yawned and sat up. *Gee, it was cold.*

The glorious aroma of bacon smacked me upside the face. *I better get up!* I hopped out of my sleeping bag and slipped into my scout uniform. Yum. If heaven had a smell, it would be bacon.

I peeled open the tent door.

“Forget to wake up?” Dad asked, smiling from where he sat right outside of our tent.

“Something like that,” I replied.

Several other scouts sat at the pavilion, devouring breakfast. *You better not touch my bacon.* I walked over and joined them like any other civilized scout ready to eat. After the best breakfast ever (except for the cardboard pancakes) we put on our swimsuits and walked to the lake. It was swim test time.

The swim test is a horrible, monstrous, scary test. First, they make you jump in the lake so that you get covered from head to toe. Then you have to swim front crawl there and back, *twice*. After that, they make you do the elementary backstroke there and back, *twice*.

*What was I thinking?* I wasn't very good at swimming. *I could die!*

We walked over to the dock and stopped at the shore where a big fire roared. I set my bag and towel on one of the massive logs and started towards the dock with the other scouts.

*Holy crap, I'm going to die.* I stood in a line that moved toward the edge of the water, pretending to be brave.

The scout in front of me jumped in.

*I'm next. This is so stupid. I'm going to die. Goodbye world.*

I jump.

Tiny, itchy bitsy needles stabbed my skin. I can't think or move or breathe. I reached for anything to grab. My mind is racing. *I was right. I'm going to die.* I finally grabbed hold of a pole and pull myself onto the dock.

*I'm never doing that again.*

I hobbled over to my dad who is still at the fire getting ready to swim. If I grab my towel now, I can be back to my bacon in five minutes.

"Come on, let's go," dad says, as he stands up.

"No, I already did it. I'm done."

"Get over here, you're doing it again."

"No, I'm not," I said, ready to run back to camp.

"Look, I'll do it with you. You can do this."

"Fine," I said.

We walked over to dark blue water at the end of the dock. Dad jumped in, and I held my breath and followed.

Alone, it was scary. But with dad's help, it was a lot easier to be brave. And I did it.