

Allison's Author Camp Adventure

"Why did I come here?" Allison thought as she looked out the car window. After all, she hadn't wanted to when her mom had first suggested it. What 15-year-old girl would want to be away from home for two entire weeks of summer break?

But she had stayed anyway. Stayed even though she didn't get along with her roommate at first, stayed even though none of her friends from home had come. Stayed, and wrote.

In the mornings, Allison had gone to the classes about writing techniques, written during lunch breaks, then gone to more classes. She'd read in the evenings, curled up on her bed with her favorite books. Then, she'd get up suddenly, and jot down some more paragraphs or chapters, just because the new idea she'd gotten from her books couldn't wait.

When she walked from the dorms to the college buildings her classes were in, she only saw the beauty of the outdoors long enough to gather ideas for her next chapter. The pale blue sky with clouds here and there and the gentle hills below would make a perfect setting, she decided. One evening, she'd written about a girl named Ally, a girl in a city like the one she'd visited, a girl who loved the hills and the clouds that so often dotted the sky above campus.

When the camp had ended, it seemed like it had been far too short. Allison's hesitancy of two weeks before was gone; she'd hugged her roommate and new best friend goodbye, promised to text her, and trudged reluctantly to the parking lot where her parents waited in their car.

"How was the Young Authors Camp?" her mom had asked. "Why did you come? Weren't you nervous?" her dad had chimed in jokingly.

"Why did I come?" she said to herself, tracing a finger down the window. "More like why do I have to leave?"