

A Midsummer Camp's Dream

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Are you good at keeping a secret?

I hope so, because I'm pretty much trusting you with the most biggest secret I've ever had.

I should probably tell you that I am NOT a normal girl. I'm a bit different. You could say it's because I don't like normal girl stuff. Or maybe it's because I have apple green eyes as big as planets I stand out.

But I know it's because of something completely unique and special. Something completely secret...

My name is Robin. I am eleven years old and I am utterly really very good at doing magic.

No, not babyish magic tricks like pulling fluffy rabbits out of hats. No, I can do REAL magic.

I can cast spells. Real spells that like...make ACTUAL REAL LIFE STUFF happen.

And this is a TOP SECRET story all about how one of my spells caused a LOT of trouble.

I'll start from the beginning...

We go to this midsummer camp. We've been going since we were young. It used to be BRILLIANT because my brother Obie and I would just hang out like best friends making magic potions and secret remedies. Obie is the one that really got me into magic spells and all that.

We'd spend the endless summer days hunting for trolls and big footed monsters, making fires to brew our experimental concoctions and howling up at the silver moon like crazed wolves...before falling to sleep under the canopy of twinkling stars. They were the best days of my life.

But now, Obie is older. And has a yucky girlfriend. And now camp isn't what it once was and I'm just left to hunt and snoop and howl at the moon like a lone wolf all by my own self.

We call the older campers 'Royalty' here, because that's what they are treated like. Royalty. And because I'm younger it means I'm 'not allowed' to do anything the Royalty get to do. Apart from my brother Obie and his moany mongoose girlfriend, Tania, there are four other members of 'royalty' on camp.

The boys - best friends: Dem and Sander.

And the girls - also best friends: Helen and Mia.

If I know one thing about teenagers it's this; they LOVE to fall in love with people. And there's nothing any different with this lot either. (I, personally, have made a very serious promise to myself that I will NEVER ever fall in love with anybody other than a squidgy sugary jam donut.)

Here's the situation. Sander really loves Mia. And Mia really loves Sander back too. The whole thing is VILE. The way they stare at each other with huge love-heart shaped pupils. BLEUGH. Gross!

Now, this is where it gets complicated.

Helen, Mia's best friend, loves Dem. Which could be a match made in heaven, except for the tiny massive fact that Dem doesn't fancy Helen back. No, not one bit. Because that would just be a bit too perfect wouldn't it..? Dem fancies Mia too! Just like his best friend Sander! Awkward!

If I were to draw this out onto a piece of paper it would look like a messy diagram of the loopiest rollercoaster in the world!

So I don't get involved. I just keep myself to myself. I haven't got the time anyway, I'm too busy working on spells. Everybody on camp calls me a 'magic fairy' because I'm always making concoctions. Everybody else on camp lets me do my magic. Even our camp leader, Nick Bottom - yes, it is a particularly unfortunate name for a camp leader - even our camp leader lets me go off to experiment with my potions.

But Obie says that magic is a BORING 'game' that he doesn't want to play anymore.

But I never stopped playing.

I just got better at it.

It was after kayaking and cheesy beans that I did the first worst thing of the day. It all began with an argument with my big brother.

'I SO can do magic!' I shouted at Obie.

'Whatever. Magic isn't real!' He argued back.

'Ok, if you're SO sure it's real, why don't you cast a spell then?' Obie tested,

'Fine I will. Tell me what to do and I'll do it.'

'Ok.' Obie looked about camp, his brain cranking, thinking of an impossible challenge for me. 'Make Nick Bottom fly.'

'Fine!' I laughed, all smug...how hard could it be I thought, 'no problem at all!'

And...

I might have very accidentally without meaning to, turned Nick Bottom into a donkey.

Yes ears. Teeth. Hoofs. Fur and all.

See, I told you I was magic. Maybe not quite the right magic but still...

'I said make him fly. Not turn our camp leader into a buck-toothed donkey!' Obie sniggered.

'You're rubbish at magic, Robin' Tania added, meanly.

Well...I was proud. I'd NEVER turned anybody into a donkey before.

Reluctantly, I trudged back into the woods to find the ingredients to reverse the donkey spell. I think it was something to do with mixing together chickweed, nettles, blackberries and puddle water - but I really couldn't be sure. Of course I didn't tell Nick Bottom that fact.

The air was damp and cooling off and the emerald green moss was satin wet under the twinkling stars and I couldn't find ANY nettles or chickweed! And that was when I saw something I had NEVER seen before: the most rarest and wonderful thing in the forest, The Smoochie flower; the most amazing plant with a very magical special power.

When sprinkled on the head of a sleeping person it can make that person fall in love with the first person they see when they wake up!

Sure, it wasn't going to change Nick Bottom back into a human any time soon...but perhaps a little bit sprinkled over the sleeping eyes of Dem could make him fall in love with Helen. That could be my chance to prove that I could get magic right.

The fire naturally extinguished itself. Grey smoke curled out of the crumbling dead logs. In our tent, I was sleeping head to toe with Obie and his cheesy toes kept taking turns to walk up my nostrils.

When I finally heard him snoring I was sure it would be safe to creep out of the tent with the magical perfume of the Smoochie flower in hand.

As long as I could dust the magic onto Dem and make it so that he saw Helen before he saw anybody else, my plan would work a treat.

They'd be completely in love. Then everybody would be paired off and happy.

But, outside, it was pitch black. I knew Sander and Dem shared a tent, I just couldn't see which tent. I couldn't find my bearings in the heavy darkness. I tried to count the shadows and tent-ishy blobs but there were so many of them, and they all looked the same. I'd just have to take a gamble and hope I'd recognise them up close.

I unzipped the tent I guessed belonged to Dem and Sander, but as soon as I opened it I smelt Tania's candyflossy hairspray. 'Oh no! WRONG TENT! GET ME OUT!'

I tried to sneak backwards but Tania jumped up, 'Who's that?' she barked angrily, flashing her torch at me like some chief constable of the Nosy Police. I panic. 'I know,' I thought, 'I'll pretend to be sleep walking!'

'Ah, Queen of the Fairies, I am your servant, looking for my fairies... erm...Peaseblossom, Mustard Seed, Moth...'

'Robin!' she snapped. 'Robin! You're sleep walking, you salad!'

I continued to pretend to be asleep, Then I jolted out of my pretend sleep walk.

'Stop doing all this magic, it's making you weird,' instructed Tania, 'why did I have to get the boyfriend with the LOSER little sister?' she growled, rubbing her eyes, 'go back to bed!'

Then she slammed her eye mask over her mean little eyes and went straight back to sleep.

Phew. That was close.

Hoping for better luck, I tried the next tent along. I could hear their snores already; they sounded just like my brother's, heavy and deep.

Luckily I was light and could crawl across the sleeping boys towards their faces, but it was so dark I couldn't recognize their features to tell who was who.

No, wait, that really did feel like Dem's big nose and bristly eyebrows, it must be him. Carefully holding my breath, so not to wake him, I crumbled the flower a little and gently sprinkled it onto Dem's sleeping head. It glittered as it rained softly onto his hair.

Sander suddenly coughed. I froze as he snorted and rolled over.

3. 2. 1. I pounced out of the tent, tumbling backwards onto the wet grass. I made my escape.

Mission accomplished! I was feeling rather proud of myself after doing SUCH a good deed.

I woke to dribbling Obie cuddling my ankle like a teddy bear.

I couldn't wait to get up and see if my magic had worked...of course...I had to try and get Helen in front of Dem before anybody else.

But all I saw was Sander chasing Helen around the campsite.

'I love you!' he was screaming. 'You are the most beautiful girl in the world!'

Oh no!

My potion had certainly worked. I had just given it to the wrong person!

'You don't love me! You're winding me up, you love Mia remember?' Helen argued.

'Mia? She's not a patch on you!' Sander cried. 'It is you that I love!'

Heartbroken Mia was watching the scene from her tent in her hotdog pajamas. She cried, 'Sander, How have you fallen in love with Helen overnight? What about me?'

But Sander ignored Mia's voice and instead blew kisses at Helen.

This was bad.

Really bad.

Because Helen didn't fancy Sander and Mia didn't fancy Dem.

But wait...Dem was still asleep. If I could just pick more Smoochie flowers in time before he woke up, I could put him under the same spell too.

Now it was daylight I could see Dem rolled up like a puffy prawn in a neon sleeping bag. I slowly, on all fours, crawled into his tent, with the perfume ready on my finger. I sprinkled the magic onto his sleeping eyes.

Phew, right, now that should do the trick.

And as if by magic, Helen, desperate to get away from Sander, tumbled into Dem's tent, screaming.

'WOW!' Dem's pupils widened. 'You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.'

‘Huh?’

‘I love you.’

‘Oh, Dem! Not you too? Stop making fun of me.’ Helen shook her head, telling herself not to believe Dem’s lies. ‘This is a nasty joke.’

‘Get off her!’ Sander burst into the tent behind Helen, ‘I saw her first!’

‘I am NOT a PRIZE! That’s not how this works!’ Helen argued. But the boys didn’t listen. ‘I love her more and she loves me!’

Poor Helen ran away towards the woods. Oh dear.

‘She couldn’t possibly love you! You puny, onion-eyed, pigeon egg!’ Sander yelled.

‘You rank, sheep-biting, maggot pie!’ Dem screeched back.

What on earth had I done?

It was ALL my fault.

Nobody would ever trust my magic ever again. I would have to confess my wrongdoing, throw the wand in!

But then the oddest thing happened.

‘Don’t worry, calm down!’ Obie suggested, grabbing the attention of his friends. ‘Robin is really good at magic. She will know what to do.’

Completely unaware that it was ME that cast the spell in the first place, all the campers began to cheer me on.



‘Do you know how to fix things for us?’ Mia asked, her eyes filling with tears.

‘Errr...yes. Course I do.’ I nodded, ‘All you have to do is take a nap. It’s as simple as that. I’ll sprinkle the perfume of a very special flower on to your head whilst you sleep and things will be back to normal before you can EVER say the word LOVE again.’

(Thank goodness!)

Trusting my magic, all four young lovers slept. All I had to do was correct my error by sprinkling the perfume of the Smoochie flower onto only Sander, making him fall back in love with his true love, Mia.

Of course, I wouldn’t be telling them that it was THAT simple.

And so my magic worked for the best after all. Mia and Sander were happily in love and so were Helen and Dem.

‘Wow!’ Obie laughed, impressed. ‘You’re pretty much the coolest little sister ever. I might get back into magic again. Can you teach me how to do a spell like that?’

‘Well...’ I began, ‘it takes YEARS of experience and magic knowledge to cast a spell like that but I suppose we can always try.’

I pat Obie on the shoulder. ‘Now, any idea how to turn a donkey into a camp leader?’