

Daisy's Diary: A Girl Scouts Adventure

by Fedora Mensah, Aged 14

Dear Diary,

Today, I was more lost than ever, one minute I was holding hands with my best friend, Liz from my Girl Scouts team as we were going on an expedition in the Mongudasi Forests. Then, curiosity got the best out of me when I spotted a stunning, rare butterfly, left hands with Liz and went over to touch it.

When I turned back around, I realised I had been left behind. Trembling, I entered the completely damp forest. I was entranced by the dense trees in a thick canopy, calmly closing in on me; it is a different view from life in the city.

Serpents of smoke surrounded my nose as I kept walking. Feeling cold and frightened immediately, I sniffed back my silent, shuddering sobs secretly. There was an uneasy gripping pain in my heart.

It was one miserable adventure as I trudged sadly, missing my friends. Something kept warning me not to continue but at the same time I felt like I should keep going.

Which voice would you have listened to?

One, two, three thick droplets of rain hit me hard on the head, drenching my Girl Scouts uniform. Once the first tear broken loose, the others followed in an unbroken stream.

The sun was gradually disappearing, and darkness was creeping in slowly but surely. I found it harder to find my way. My ears listened carefully to the voices of the dark and night creatures. Suddenly, it felt like someone or something was watching me.

“Aargh! Help! Liz? Miss Kelly?” I cried but there was no response.

Terrified of the unknown, I ran helter-skelter. Consequently, I tripped upon a branch, drowning in devious dirt. I was muddy and filthy; I was a scary skeleton, dipped head to toe, in milk chocolate. My heart was racing as I looked at a nearby sign in capital letters, reading: ‘BEWARE OF THE FLYING BEES AND VICIOUS ANACONDA SNAKES!!!’ Although my legs felt wobbly and unstable, I ran even quicker, not caring if the bees or snakes will pounce upon me.

Minutes later, I spotted an unclear sign and struggled to make heads or tails out of it as there were no arrows or instructions. Going with my instincts, I just kept running and didn't look back. I hardly knew if the path was taking me to my destination, but I knew stopping was not an option.

Just then, there was a fading light, flickering in the distance. I walked towards it, shouting for help. I was biting my lip and blinking back another set of tears.

I noticed a vaguely familiar voice. Then, I glanced again and guess who it was? ... Miss Kelly (my Girl Scouts teacher) with the local Search team and Mum and Dad! Relieved, I smiled, then cried then grinned again like the little fool I was. Talk about leaving my class over some butterfly!

“Oh, Daisy Lee! You have done it this time! Come on now, your supper is getting cold!”, Mum said as she put her arm and we walked to the car.

And as we were about to get into the car, I did see the butterfly again. Only this time, I let it go.

I'm off to bed now but I'll be back tomorrow with another update. I wonder what adventure awaits me tomorrow.

Love, Daisy