

The Creative Use of Meal Time

by Gabe Durham

I read a gorgeous review in the *Daily Camper* of yesterday morning's scramble. Not without complaints, but there's a bit in there about consistency—*poetry*. These are savory times, Grogg! This summer is sure to go down in history as the one in which Grogg learned to differentiate between pepper and cumin. As you know, Dave and I don't like to come down hard on the kids—it's not *Discipline Camp* after all. We're more into the punishment that works its way in through the skin and coats the heart anonymously. This here is a list of all campers, for you and Puddy and Marimba to share. Beside each camper's name is a number. 100 is 100 percent, meaning they get a full portion at dinner. A few campers have earned 110's or even 115's, but more important are the dips: some 90's—those who lost the tug-o-war, some 80's—the Cabin 2 girls who've been whoring their lips out to lonely tots for Canteen Bucks, and even a few 75's—the boring, the homesick. God, they irk. I'm like: It's a week, kids. You didn't sign a *lease*. Any lower than 75 and the campers would catch on. Our portion shifts are just dynamic enough that the punished will feel guilty without understanding why. We break them down only to rebuild them in our own image—hilarious, kooky, deferential.

