

I know I travelled to hood with Scout troops more than twice, but I picked the 2 years (I think) I went with Mr. Cox & Troop 375. Hood was in south central Mississippi & was the site of many of my best & worst memories from scouting.

I had the left-handed smokerifter gag pulled on me. I blew my cash on overpriced BSA-emblazoned novelty goods at the trading post. I met Stephen the D&D player & the M:tG twins whose names I don't recall. I met the jerk who ragged & made fun of me day in & day out for carrying a ham ("why not a turkey & cheese?") radio. I met the truly ancient communications instructor who was stone deaf. I watched my first OA tap out. I had my first Sunday morning, open air, "wilderness" church service. I learned the frightening flammability of nondairy creamer. I was taught the secret fail-safe tactic when a tornado is approaching your tent - gather into a circle, grab your ankles, & kiss your ass goodbye. I first tasted apple dump cake. I crawled the campsite on my hands & knees because the cleanup crew I was supposed to supervise left a gum wrapper on the ground. I did latrine duty myself because I tried to delegate it with such condescending ~~arrogance~~ arrogance that I'm surprised Mr. Cox didn't murder me. I was given the BSA whittler's knife in recognition of my hard work & success as SPL. I got to

know Mr. Cox better than any man whom I could ever legally call my father. I discovered the "secret" campsite that was dosed for being too close to the rifle range - with latrine wall bullet holes as proof. I fell asleep from exhaustion for the first time in my life, + looked forward to the icy showers with the desperation only a penetrating filth can bring. I attended + skipped (accidentally!) my first SPL meeting. I learned + grew more than ever before + quite possibly since in my life.