

Inside Out

Camp Yellow Submarine

A Dive into the Digestive System



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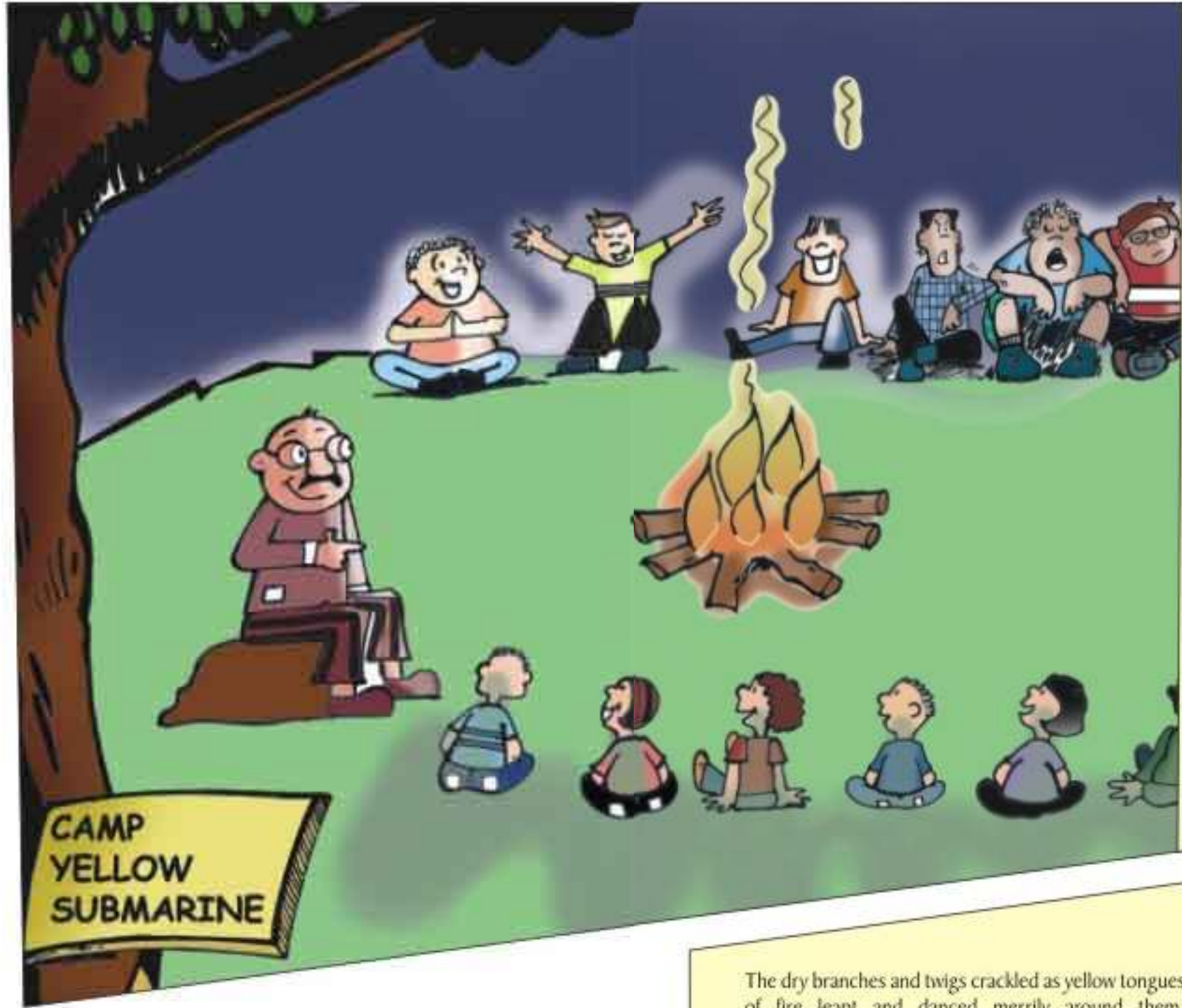
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The sound of music wafted through the air as 40 children huddled around the campfire, singing with gusto.

Chorus: We're all exploring in the Yellow Submarine, the Yellow Submarine (2)

Look out of the window, and what do you see?
A whole new world made for you and me
You've seen it before but you missed all the fun,
Hop aboard and the magic's begun.

Inside and outside, upside and down
Up in the sky and even underground
How do you listen, breathe or play?
How do we all function, in this magical way?

Come on, discover, there's a whole world within
Open your eyes and just hop in
See what you've never seen before
Wake up to wonders that open new doors.

Chorus: We're all exploring in the Yellow Submarine, the Yellow Submarine (2)

The dry branches and twigs crackled as yellow tongues of fire leapt and danced merrily around them. Magically, the singing drove away all the fears that niggled in the children's minds! It was the children's first night at the weeklong Camp Yellow Submarine. Everybody was too excited to miss home. This was so much fun compared to watching the same old programmes on TV!

The camp director, Dr. Bose, was a short, jolly-faced man with a kind twinkle in his eye that made the children believe they could get away with just about

anything. Most of them had missed the tight curl of his lip when he caught a kid about to let some mischief loose! Ha! His watchful eyes missed nothing. There was something very, very wizard-like about Dr. Bose. It almost seemed as if he would turn into Santa Claus if you blinked! Right now, though, the kindly doctor was hardly being Santa-like! After explaining why too many chocolates were bad for them, Dr. Bose was now telling the children all about healthy eating. "Yaaaaaawn!" went Bunty, very rudely and very loudly in the middle of Dr. Bose's list of 'foodie' do's and don'ts for the camp. Arvind, who sat next to Bunty, went red in the face. "Idiot!" he whispered fiercely. "Don't get us into trouble before we've had some fun!"

Camp Yellow Submarine

The Voyage Begins

As the boys napped, and the rest of the children sang and skipped their way up towards the path that would take them to Eagle Rock, something strange was happening at Camp Yellow Submarine.

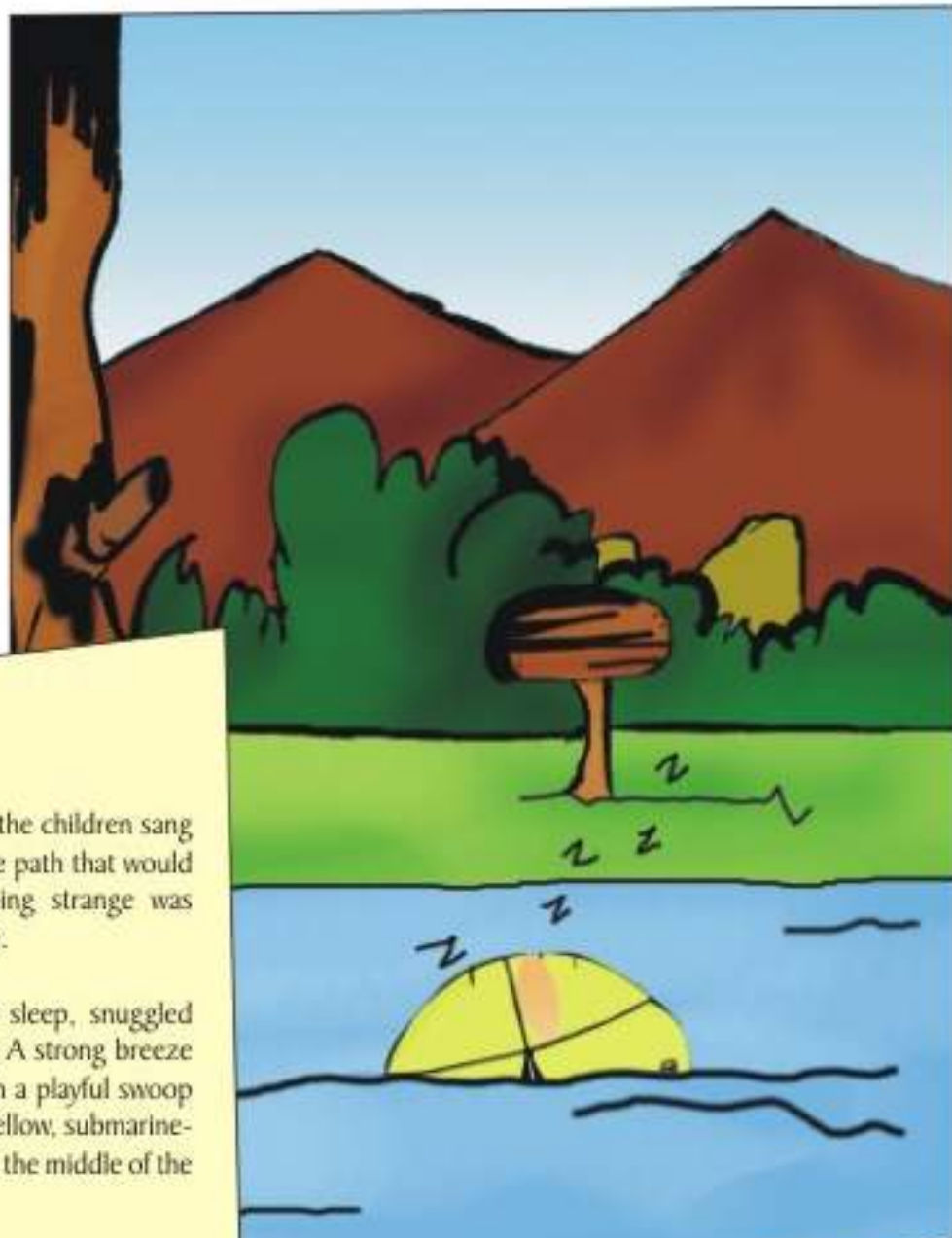
The air chilled, and Arvind, in his sleep, snuggled deeper into his blankets for warmth. A strong breeze began to stir the lake. Suddenly, with a playful swoop and a strong tug, it lifted the small, yellow, submarine-shaped tent, and plopped it right into the middle of the lake!

Splash!

The boys were too fast asleep to notice, though Bunty stirred. Not a soul was in sight. The camp director would not be back till very late that evening. The cook, who was usually the one left behind to guard the campsite, was having his mid-morning siesta.

Slowly, heavily, the tent began to swirl in the murky waters. With little waves and lurches and surges, it began to tip. Bunty woke up with a yell that didn't seem to wake the other two.

Was he awake, was he dreaming? Could this be for real? Bunty was panic stricken. Before his astonished, wide-open eyes, the walls of the submarine began to bubble and froth and change. The two windows turned into two large, friendly, blinky eyes, and the door fell flat into a wide, happy smile. The walls behind turned rubbery and cartoony, and before he could shut his open mouth, the submarine was talking to Bunty!



HELLO MY NAME IS SAM. I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE THIS MORNING.



WHO'S THAT?

WHERE ARE WE?



I AM GOING BACK TO SLEEP. AAAAA... OUR BEDS HAVE GONE!

SUDDENLY THREE COMFORTABLE ARMCHAIRS, APPEARED

MIRACULOUSLY, THE BOYS SCRAMBLED INTO THEM AND PEERED OUT OF THE PORTHOLE SHAPED WINDOWS OF THEIR TENT.

