

The sun was just beginning to rise over the horizon, painting the sky with hues of purple and pink, hinting at another beautiful day at the campsite. The forest started to awaken, birds sang their morning songs, squirrels climbed down from their hollows, and a fox stretched while her cubs tumbled around her. Back at the campsite, people were beginning to awake too. Smoke curled into the air as fires were lit to cook that morning's breakfast. A thirteen-year-old boy named Oliver who was about average height with tan skin, freckles, hazel-colored eyes, and light brown hair, stepped out of his tent. He arched his back in a stretch, reaching for the sky, then smelling the bacon his mother was cooking, quickly made his way over to the campfire.

In another part of the camp, a boy about the same age and height as Oliver with pale skin, blue eyes, and light blond hair went through about the same routine. The waking up, coming out of the tent, and stretching parts were all similar, but the food wasn't, and neither was the language.

Both Oliver's and the boy's day continued with varying degrees of similarity: Oliver ate and finished his breakfast, and so did the boy. Oliver changed out of his pajamas into daywear, so did the boy, and so on and so forth. Then, after much begging Oliver's mother let him go explore the campsite. Overjoyed, Oliver took off immediately. Eventually, he came across a small clearing surrounded by tall oak trees. The grass was soft and spongy underfoot and with a smile he flopped down, letting the sun warm him as it filtered through the trees. Suddenly, Oliver hears the bushes around the clearing rustle and he sits up, watching as the boy comes into the clearing. The boy startles when he sees Oliver sitting there, but Oliver smiles at him warmly.

Then, he stands up and walks over to the boy who still looks nervous and questions, "What's your name?" The boy looks at him confused and doesn't respond, almost as if he didn't understand what Oliver had just said. Oliver tries a different approach, he points to himself and dictates, "Oliver." Then, he points at the boy who understanding now, replies in a thick German accent, "Dietrich."

Dietrich and Oliver had a clear language barrier, so Oliver created a way to communicate by drawing pictures, with a stick, in the mud. Together, they created a fort made of branches and leaves and imagined it as a castle where they ruled over their kingdom. They forged acorns, hid behind trees, threw them at camp goers, and then sprinted away laughing. They even tried to teach each other the other's language and burst into good-hearted giggles and snorts when they messed up pronunciation. When Dietrich had to leave Oliver was somber, but years later as he was sitting in the same clearing having nostalgic memories he heard a heavily German-accented voice behind him say, "Hello, Oliver."