

NO
GOOD
DEED

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Point

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I was sitting in my family's Honda Odyssey, heading toward my destiny, but the GPS kept rerouting. Maybe I should've taken it as a sign. Was a higher power trying to tell me something? That I should turn back? That my fate was not, in fact, to be found in the Catskills of Upstate New York? Even if a higher power wasn't trying to dissuade me from going to summer camp, the higher power in this minivan definitely was.

"Gregor, I just do not understand why you are going to a camp for at-risk teens," my mother said. She was in the driver's seat and sneaking glances at me through the rearview mirror.

"It's a camp for *activist* teens," I said. "And I'm going because this might be the most important thing to ever happen to me."

Even as I said it I knew it sounded melodramatic, but I really did believe that. And not only because it was going to look amazing on my college applications. Camp Save the

World was a brand-new summer camp started by Robert Drill, creator of DrillTech. Not only was he one of the richest people alive, he was also one of the most philanthropic, donating nearly 90 percent of his billions to worthy causes. I'd read his autobiography nine times, and each time the message was clear: Life was about doing good. Robert Drill didn't want to be remembered for the way he changed the tech world, he wanted to be remembered for making the world a better place. He was a personal hero of mine.

So when he started Camp Save the World this year, a summer program for teenagers who wanted to utilize their strengths and talents to make a lasting impression on the world, I had to sign up.

"What will you kids even be doing there?" Mom said. "Are you all going to sit around and make protest signs?"

Honestly, that sounded pretty awesome. "I'm sure there'll be normal camp activities. Swimming. Canoeing."

"So you're just going to sit in a canoe, holding a protest sign? Shouting at people? You could drown!" my mother said. "Did you pack extra underwear?"

"I won't drown, and yes, I did," I said. "Did Dad not explain any of this to you?"

"I tried, son," Dad said. He was in the passenger seat, and while he may have been talking to me, all of his attention was taken up by the enormous, crinkly map in his hands. Dad

was sure we'd get there just fine with the paper map, even though Mom already had a GPS mounted on the dashboard. Not to mention the backup GPS app I kept sneaking glances at on my phone. Dad's eyes volleyed from the map to the view out his window, squinting at the unfamiliar country terrain. My father had always lived in a city, first in Mexico as a kid, and then in New York. Upstate was a totally different world than he was used to. "I think we need to take the next right."

I checked my GPS. "Actually, stay on this road," I told my mom. She listened to me, and my father did not protest.

"I told your mother: If this camp is good enough for Ashley Woodstone, then it is good enough for our son. Do you have a crush on Ashley Woodstone, Gregor? Is that why you wanted to come to this camp?"

I hated rolling my eyes in front of my parents. I hated giving them any ammunition to brand me a petulant teen, but my eyes were legitimately in pain from the strain it took not to roll them right now. Thousands of civic-minded kids ages fourteen to eighteen had applied to be campers at Camp Save the World, and I, Gregor Maravilla—a thus far admittedly unremarkable sixteen-year-old from Sunset Park, Brooklyn—had been one of the lucky one hundred to win a spot. So of course all anybody wanted to talk about was Ashley Woodstone.

"I don't have a crush on Ashley Woodstone."

“Are you sure?” Dad said. “She’s quite the actress. Katrina’s a big fan.”

In an effort to get in touch with the mysterious dealings inside my little sister’s brain, my father had taken up watching TV and movies with her. My dad, as creepy as it sounded, was probably an expert on all things Ashley Woodstone. Even though there was no way Katrina was a big Ashley Woodstone fan.

“There’s no way Katrina is a big Ashley Woodstone fan,” I said. “I don’t think she started liking Ashley Woodstone until she found out that I’d be going to the same camp as her.”

“That is totally not true,” Katrina said. She was sitting to my right, and now she elbowed me in the side. “I have always been a huge fan of Ashley Woodstone.”

“Fine,” I said, deflecting her jabs. “Good for you. Can we stop talking about Ashley Woodstone now?”

Katrina pulled out her phone and held it up to my face. The screen was a frozen still from the video I’d gotten in my welcome email from the camp. I’d seen the video once. I did not need to see it again.

Katrina pressed play.

“Hi there, I’m actress, activist, and altruist Ashley Woodstone,” came the voice on the video. “I just want to congratulate all those who won a spot at Camp Save the World. Ever since I heard about Robert Drill’s new idea for a camp, I

knew I wanted to be a part of it. As you probably already know, when I'm not making movies and winning awards for those movies, I'm out there in the real world, trying to better the lives of others."

The screen transitioned to images of Ashley Woodstone in destitute locations, surrounded by tearstained children.

"I'm there," Ashley said in voice-over, "wiping tears from children's faces, and offering them all of my old belongings." More footage, this time of Ashley Woodstone handing a little girl a pair of pink sequined boots, and a little boy an iPhone. "And I said to myself, 'Hey, I'm a teen, and I've got a campaign to help Save the World too!' That's why I contacted Robert Drill, and I'm happy to announce that the lucky teens who have won spots to the camp will get to join me there. I'll be a camper too!"

Thankfully, Katrina stopped the video and put down her phone. There were a million reasons why I was excited to go to Camp Save the World. The fact that megastar Ashley Woodstone would be there was not one of them. I may have only seen her in one movie, but for reasons that I really did not want to dwell on, I did not like Ashley Woodstone.

"You get to go to camp with Ashley Woodstone and you're being a jerk about it," Katrina said. "Do you have any idea how totally lucky you are?"

"Not that I'm going to try to meet her or anything, but

what if she turns out to be awful?" I said. "Would you like me to tell you if I meet her and she's a total snob?"

"If she's mean it's probably because you deserve it, because you're an idiot who hates everything."

"Mom!" I didn't want to resort to asking my mom to intervene, but seriously, what the hell was this? My twelve-year-old sister didn't get to call me an idiot in front of my parents and get away with it.

"Gregor, be nice to your sister."

I needed to get out of this car. I needed to get to camp already, even if Ashley Woodstone was there.

"If I do meet Ashley Woodstone," I whispered to Katrina, "I'm not going to mention you at all."

"If you do meet Ashley, she'll hate you just as much as I do," Katrina said. "You wanna know why, Gregor? Because you're a loser. You're a bigger loser than Anton."

"She's not wrong," Anton said. My older brother sat to my left, taking up way too much space, as usual. "I'm pretty weird, but you're definitely weirder."

"Who asked you?" I said. "What the hell are you even doing here? You're nineteen! You're in college!"

Anton shrugged and watched the passing foliage out the window. Technically he was on summer break, but that still did not explain his interest in seeing me off to camp. "I thought you could use some brotherly advice. Instructions on being cool."