

HASHTAG

COMICS

CAMP



AKA Basically the  
coolest thing  
I ever did

um actually

a disclaimer,  
before we  
begin.



So we did a  
LOT of things  
at camp.

Like. A lot-a lot.



In a small  
number of  
days.



There's a good chance I'll  
misremember who was  
where and when, or  
timelines, or that sort  
of thing.

(I'm actually pretty,  
stressed about it.)

There were so  
many people.

so basically, if  
I forget you,

or if I get  
details a  
little bit  
wrong,

It's not  
on purpose



I am doing  
my best  
♡

ok, here we go...

You remember that comic thing I applied for?

The one in Alaska, yeah. Well-

That camp?

You should! You've got time.

I'll probably apply next year. We'll see.

Aww, I'm sorry.

Nah, it's ok. I knew I'd never make it. I'm not good enough yet.

Exactly.

yet.



Ping!



Um.

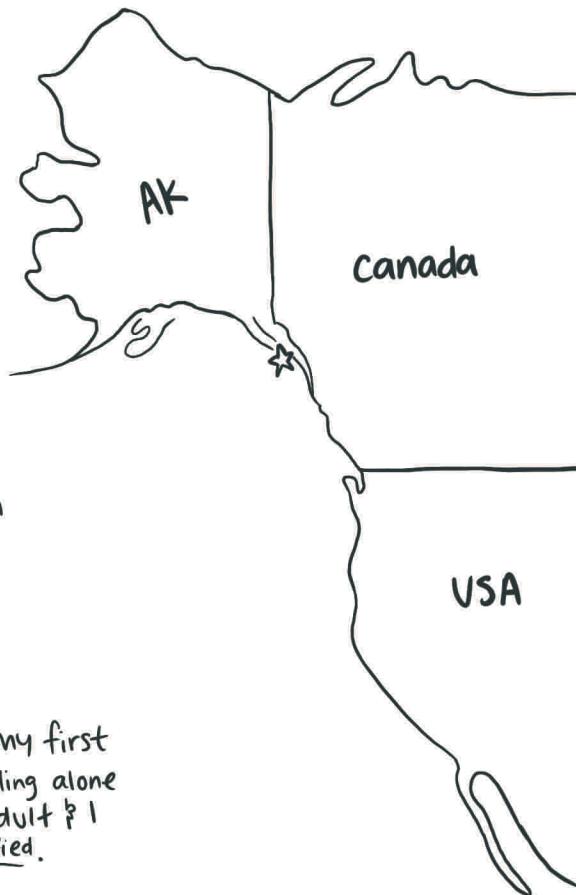
Holy crap.

I just got in?!?

Comics Camp is an annual, well, camp put on by Alaska Robotics Gallery in/around Juneau, Alaska.

Just like Summer camp (so I hear), but in April. (I've never been to Summer camp.)

Campers arrived in downtown Juneau to attend (or not) various events, then we piled onto a bus & went to Eagle Beach State Recreation Area.



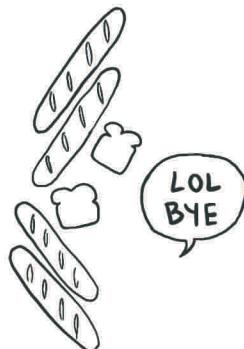
This was my first time traveling alone as an adult & I was terrified.

I make lists when I get stressed out.

I made seven different packing lists.



My last day before leaving town was also (intentionally) my last day at a terrible, toxic job that was actually kind of killing me.

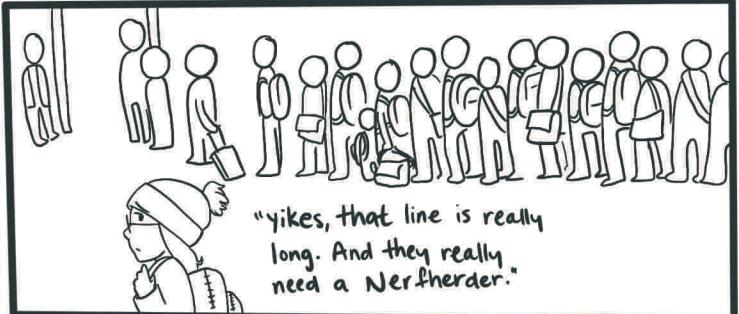
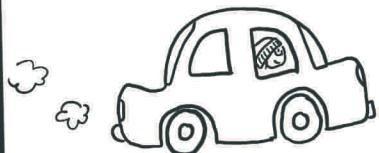


I had done everything I could to prepare. I was still scared, and anxious, and absolutely CERTAIN that I was way out of my league.

But I was still going. And I was excited. ;)

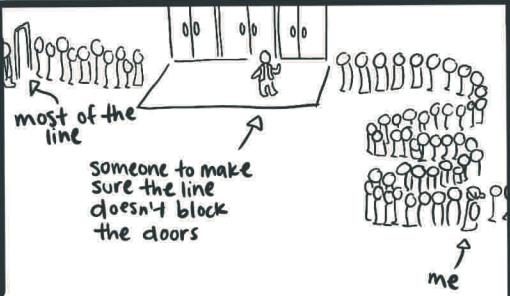
DAY 1, THURSDAY 4/25/19

my dad gave me a ride to MSP



You're literally shaking.  
Are you alright?

Yep! Just  
terrified!



The Security line found a Nerfherder (someone to manage the line/people flow near the doors) but is still **VERY LONG**.

The security sniffer dog made me super nervous



(I'm super scared  
of dogs)

Turns out I have no idea how to read a plane ticket? But I found the right gate by total happenstance.



Beginner's Luck?

met some knitters  
at the gate



made some  
friends