**‘Just keep digging,’**

There is no lake at Camp Green Lake – and there is not much green either! In fact, there isn’t much at all in Camp Green Lake except for a muddle of five-foot holes stretching as far as the eye can see across the barren, dusty desert. Just beyond the last hole, stand a few ramshackle sheds surrounded by dead shrubs and a tatty, wooden fence. Nothing interesting happens in Camp Green Lake…unless you believe the myths.

Legend has it that Camp Green Lake is home to the most feared reptile of all…the Yellow Spotted Lizard. With terrifying yellow eyes, a white tongue and greenish skin it is the most venomous lizard known to man. Legend says that if you get close enough to count the lizard’s spots – you will certainly die a slow, poisoned death. However, just like the lake, nobody had seen a Yellow Spotted Lizard for twenty years. Everyone assumed they’d shrivelled up with the last drop of lake-water…

Yawning loudly, Stanley pulled on his boots, grabbed his bottle and collected his shovel. The ground was hard-baked; the early morning sun cooked him like an oven. ‘Just keep digging,’ he repeated to himself. ’Just keep digging.’ Suddenly, he was stopped in his tracks; something was shuffling in his dirt-pile. Leaning in to get a better look, he froze! Emerging from the dirt was a dark claw. The claw led to a muscular leg covered in yellowy-green scales. As the creature moved forward its pointy jaw opened with a long, forked tongue tasting the air. There - no more than three inches from his nose - was a lizard…a spotted lizard with harsh red eyelids concealing dirty-yellow eyes!

Rooted to the spot, Stanley closed his eyes and waited for the sharp, black teeth to pierce deep into his skin. He heard the shuffle of loose dirt and felt the scratch of a lizard’s foot on his arm. Unbearably, the lizard’s sandpaper skin crept up his shoulder and brushed against his neck. He felt the lizard’s warm breath on his cheek; its milky white tongue exploring his face. The lizard’s ominous growl shivered down Stanley’s spine. He dared not breathe; waiting for the dagger-like bite. Nothing.

Silently, Stanley (who hadn’t moved a muscle) took a breath. Gradually, he opened one eye…then the other. He couldn’t feel the lizard on him now but his heart was beating harder than a big bass drum! He spun around, scouring for any sign of movement but there was no hint of the terrifying beast. ‘Just keep digging,’ yelled the Warden. ‘This ain’t no time for messin’ around Yelnats!’ she bellowed angrily. Breathing a huge sigh of relief, Stanley shrugged, grabbed his shovel and drove it into the dirt once more.