

Night of Burning Hope

Flash

It was summer of 7th grade.
All the other kids were in their cabins,
Warm and toasty beneath the covers.
While I was in the storm,
Huddled over the warmth of the fire,
Like a bee to honey.
The flames dancing around
Threatening to go out any minute.
The ebony sky over my head
Had an eerie feel.
The lightning was the performer,
The thunder its audience.
The wind cried out in agony.
There were only minutes
Before the terrifying fate
Came out from hiding.

Stories

Before the terror,
The campers and I sat around a blistering fire,
Telling stories of mythical creatures
Scaring each other out of our own skin.
But there was only one story that truly scared me.
And I don't frighten easily.
Told by a mysterious, secretive boy.
Eyes like two cold stones.
Dressed in the color of an incoming storm.
He swore on his own life that the story was true.
Now that I am where I am,
I believe him.

Terror

“Ghosts do exist.” he started.

“And I can prove it.

I've walked these woods before,

Saw things that are only in movies.

It starts out being stranded in the dark;

The waning fire your only light source.

You feel as though you're blindfolded.

With no idea which direction to go.

You slowly and limply find an old shack.

The hut slouched into the ground.

Rats feasting on the putrid mildew.

As you enter, a pile of decayed bones turns to dust in the corner.

You find a cob-webbed light switch.

The light flickers,

Then with a cry,

Goes out.

Pitch dark.

A ringing begins in your ear,

Like a telephone.

Then you realize it's not just in your head.

It's coming from the corner.

You stumble over, hesitant to answer.

Continued

Finally you meekly, croak

'Hello?'

But a reply doesn't return.

Only heavy breathing.

Then the click of a hang-up.

You're so bewildered you forget to be afraid.”

Discoveries

I've finally come to my senses.

Remembering that awful day sends a bolt up and down my spine.

I've gotta get out of here.

I walk the Earth three times before I find a shack.

It looks like a pile of rubble just waiting to turn to dust.

I'm as cold and stiff as an icicle.

My toes and fingers are chattering along with my teeth.

The night has gotten even colder.

It even seems like the sky has gotten darker.

I feel a drop on my cheek, then it starts to pour.

Like the world is crying;

Afraid of what I may face.

The Hut

I decide to enter the hut that may crumble any second;

Crushing the life out of me.

My stomach is doing cartwheels.

What if I don't make it?

Will I ever get out of here?

I cautiously open the door.

An "EEK" greets me.

I enter. So far, so good.

Then it hits you. The smell, the sounds,

The story.

The boy at the campfire, this is his story!

Suddenly, you feel your body tremble.

I'm so scared.

I'd rather die than keep on with this nightmare.

But I grit my teeth and keep exploring.

I remember that my survival pack has a flashlight.

I grab it; so thankful for the comforting light.

As the light bounces around the room, I come across something.

Something that makes me drop my light;

Full of terror.

Bones

Bones.

There are bones in the corner, sneering back at me.

They're big enough to be a human's bones!

The skull is torn in half; like a sandwich for a creature.

What creatures lurk here?

I hold my breath,

And walk on.

Darkness

I hesitate for a moment.

Some things about to happen, I can feel it.

Sure enough, the lights begin to flicker;

Like they're blinking.

But the scariest thing is, the switch is moving.

Up and down it goes.

But no one's there to make it move.

Some things going on.

And I'm about to find out.

Keep Going On

I slowly creep towards the switch; like a cat searching for prey.

I peer outside and around the room.

Nothing.

Nothing but darkness.

The thunder has stopped,

But the rain is still steady;

Pounding on the roof like little hammers.

But it's not all rain that I hear.

I hear something else...

Like a crackling.

Then a voice.

“I'm gonna get you.”

I'm running, but there's no where to go.

Then I spot a silhouette.

It reaches to grab me.

I hear my screams,

Then it goes black.

Truth Uncovered

I awake covered in a stream of sweat.

Shaking like a leaf in the wind.

Goose bumps run up and down my spine.

But when I open my eyes, I'm not in the lair of an evil creature.

I'm in my own room.

My bed.

My walls.

My house.

I don't understand...then I realize.

The metronome in my chest stops.

The fluttering in my stomach ceases.

A weight has been lifted off my shoulders.

It was only a dream.

A figment of my imagination.

My eyes suddenly get heavy.

Slowly closing.

I can relax.

I fall asleep thinking one thing;

I'm never going to camp again.