

It Was a Dark and Stormy Summer

It was a dark and stormy summer night. The hollow-eyed campers huddled around the dying campfire in a desperate attempt to shield their waning source of warmth, light and protection from the howling wind and impending storm. A white hot flash of lightning streaked the sky and the campers were able to count only to three before a deafening crack of thunder answered the flash. Time was running out and the horror was growing near...

"Emily! Wake up! It's time to get ready for school!" yelled a voice from downstairs.

Emily bolt up in her bed, startled at her dream. *What was that? Who were they? Where were they?*

"EMILY! Get down here now!" repeated the voice from downstairs, "You're going to be late!"

"I'm coming mom!" yelled Emily feebly, as she got out of bed.

"So, let me get this straight. You had some dream about campers we don't even know, and you're worried about it?" said Emily's friend as they walked down the busy school hallway,

"What have we got to do with it?"

"I don't know Olivia, maybe a lot. It just felt like I had to do something with it," said Emily.

"We need to get to class," murmured Olivia, "Try to forget about your silly dream."

Olivia turned to go her class, while Emily continued straight, and entered her algebra classroom.

The rest of the school day for Emily consisted of art, where she accidentally spilled paint all over her sweater, science, where they learned about fault movement, and gym, where she got pelted by dodge balls at least twelve times.

Man, I hate summer school. Why can't I just enjoy my summer? Emily opened the door to her house and ran to her room to do homework.

Soon after she started, the phone rang. "I got it!" she yelled as she picked up the phone, "Yes?"

"Turn on channel seven!" yelled a voice on the phone, just before the line went dead.

Emily walked over to the sofa and turned on the TV. "I was doing my math," she murmured.

"Breaking News!" flashed across the top of the screen, as the reporter spoke, "Seven kids went missing at Camp Weatheral yesterday. Search parties have been sent out looking for the kids, as fear mounts with the coming storm. If you have any information please call-"

Emily turned off the TV, and fell onto the couch. *The campers! That's who they are! They're missing from their camp! I was right!*

The phone rang again, and Emily instantly picked up. "Did you see it?" asked Olivia, "It was the campers in your dream. It had to be!"

"I think it was too, but what can we do about it?" asked Emily.

"You know what we do. We go find them."

Olivia and Emily met before school the next day, contemplating their plan.

"I did some research the other day. Camp Weatheral is only a few miles away," said Olivia, "The campers can't be too far from the camp. We could bike there."

"You really think we can find them when the professional search parties can't?" questioned Emily.

"Of course we can. We know the area."

"So our plan is we tell our parents that we're going to each other's houses. We meet at the gas station with our bikes, then ride them to the area around the camp," said Emily, then added, "Sounds easy."

"W-we have t-to get back to the cabins," said a camper, as the others voiced their agreement. They stood, pulling their coats tighter in hope of warmth. The older campers took charge, using the two flashlights they had as beacons, scanning the area for any dangers. Lightning flashed across the sky, briefly illuminating the fear on the camper's faces.

Emily's eyes opened wide, scanning the room. *I had another dream! I have to tell Olivia!*

Emily ran for the phone, and called Olivia.

"You had another dream?" asked Olivia as Emily told her about the dream, "Great! Now we at least know their heading in the direction of the camp."

The next day, after the phone call conversation, they put their plan in action. Both girls met at the gas station, and headed out to the camp.

"We're here," whispered Emily.

The forest stood before them, looking like a dark beast about to kill. The girls looked at each other and nodded their heads. They entered.

"Hello?" yelled Olivia, "Anyone here?"

The girls walked through the forest, dead leaves crunching beneath their feet. Occasionally they would freeze, thinking they had heard footsteps. But, most of the time it was just a rabbit or deer passing by. Shadows would cause the girls to duck, and noises would make them flinch. After a while a storm hit, pelting the forest and its occupants with rain.

Finally, after night had fallen, Olivia yelled, "I found something!"

Emily came running over. Olivia had found a cave.

"It's creepy in here," whispered Emily as they ventured through the cave.

Water dripped from the ceiling, splashing on the floor. The cave was filled with the noises of bats and mice. The floor lowered slightly as they walked deeper into the abyss.

After an hour of walking, and when they were about to give up they heard something.

"H-hello?" stammered a voice. Olivia's flashlight beam fell on the figures of seven frail children. The campers!

"We found you!" exclaimed Olivia, "We found you! How did you get lost?"

"We were camping," replied one of the taller campers, "When a storm hit. We were confused. We tried to head back but the storm was getting worse. So, we hid in this cave."

The campers and the girls head back to the camp. They were first spotted by a search party member, but soon people were surrounding them. The campers got medical treatment, and were sent inside to get warm. News reporters pestered Olivia and Emily with questions. The girls beamed the whole time.