Don’t go camping…

If I had known what was there, I never would have gone on the trip at all. I had planned a weekend away camping and by the end of the first day I had run out of all my resources, and found myself going to fetch some more water and wood already. I had nearly reached the lake when I was left stunned, staring at the beautiful views ahead of me. The Autumn leaves twirled around me, the chill air brushed over me, it was so peaceful. The birds sang as my feet glided through the grass. Honestly, it would have put you to sleep. Before I knew it, the grey of dusk had replaced the clear, blue sky.

Just then I arrived at gates leading to an old building. It had once been a grand houe but had now fallen into decay. I took a few steps closer to the building, what was it? A house? Who lived there? A hundred thoughts ran through my head. Why would such a beautiful place be left a mess?

I stood in a daydream. Then, I heard what almost sounded like a giggle, a children’s laugh. My heart was thumping, quickly I walked closer to a point where I had the tiniest bit more view into the window. A figure caught my eye but I couldn’t quite make out what it was. A statue? A real person? Or was I just imagining? God knows what I was thinking, seriously!!! I was ready to shift myself back to the camp and as I was leaving the figure seemed ten times closer. I glimpsed back. I caught hold of two jet black pigtails, a face nearly as pale as milk and dark coloured clothing. It was definitely not a statue…

Walking slowly, I gazed at the house, I felt like there was a spell over me or something. I have no words to explain it. I couldn’t stop myself from walking forward. Next thing you knew it, I was standing feet away from the huge building, when I heard another snigger. I laid my eyes on the window I had recently seen the figure in, but no one was there… Tears rolling down my face like a river, I screamed but no noise came from my mouth, my palms were sweaty. What on Earth is happening? Why was it happening I thought? Why me, why did it have to be me? Leaves crunched, though I hadn’t moved. I tried screaming, ‘Who is here?’ I tried calling out. A warm feeling passed through me, I circled but not one soul was here, no animals, no nothing.

A loud scream echoed multiple times. I didn’t move, I couldn’t face that ghost anymore, it wasn’t real I told myself. It was just a ghostly spirit coming to haunt me and she had tried to pull me in. She did not succeed and I am very thankful for that. I had been standing at the house for god knows how long, minutes, hours my head was completely zoned into the girl. The fear slowly faded after a while. Did I feel at home with her? I don’t know and I suppose we will never understand why that little girl had chosen to pick me that day. A warm sunset flooded the dullness, the day had returned to normal and so had I.

I have experienced a few scares in my life but deep down, this had to be the worst event out of them all. My head had been telling me to keep this incident a secret, just this time, I returned home and as I said I would, kept it to myself. I will tell you one thing, I am definitely never going camping again. Ever!!!

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