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. I gathered some flowers. The birds sang as my feet slid through the mud. Honestly, it would have put you to sleep.

Before I knew it, the grey shadow of a house had replaced the clear, blue sky. 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, my bunch of flowers had started dying. I heard what almost sounded like a giggle, a child’s laugh. My heart was thumping, quickly I walked closer to the 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 10 times closer. I glimpsed back. I caught sight of two jet black pigtails, a face nearly as pale as milk and dark coloured clothing. It was definitely not a statue…

Walking slowly, gazing 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 lay my eyes on the window I had recently seen the figure in, but no one was there… Tears were rolling down my face like a river. I screamed but no noise came from my mouth. My palms were sweaty. What on earth was happening? Why was it happening, I thought? Why me, why did it have to be me? Leaves crunched, though I hadn’t moved. ‘Who is there?’ I tried calling out. A cold feeling passed through me. I circled but not one soul was there, no animals, nothing.

A loud scream was let out 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 was 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 terror that raged through me soon before 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 chose to pick me that day.

A blue sky flooded the dullness, the day had returned back to normal and so had I. The house was long gone and I was sitting in the camp site waiting patiently to go home.

Thoughts flew through my head one after another. I was traumatised. That flipping girl had to choose me, trust me! 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 was 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 though, I am definitely never going camping again. Ever!!

*Shannon Crummey 10S*