

The Men, the Trail, and the Night



This would be around the size of the lake. Though not as relaxing looking during nighttime, or even during dusk.



What many saw during that night.



The moon during that time.

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"Then he realized he destroyed the world..." Bearycool 06:48, August 3, 2011 (UTC)

Pasta

Camp Glorieta, New Mexico. This is the place. Night. This is the time. The lake. This is the mystery.....

Monologue... I guess that's the best way to describe. The transfiguration? Or third person. To describe the ones I knew? I don't know anymore... All I know is to speak, and I shall do it...

.....

This camp had always been ominous since we first came, but it didn't seem like much to me until the camp staff lead us into the commons late at night. I wasn't afraid of the night, no, it was actually quite peaceful expect for the swaying...

We were all lead from our cabins and lead to the top of the great hill that the commons roosted upon. I could see below, before entering, the makeshift ferry and the small out-of-place trail that- if walked carefully upon- could lead you through the lake in a matter of minutes. As we sat down- me being besides my friends Ethan, Charlos, and Jasmine—the camp director gave us a quick announcement of thanking us for our time and so forth.

To cut the speech short, we were told to leave the commons and the camp on that night. They didn't tell us why, only that we would be taken down to the lake and either take the small makeshift ferry, or walk on the small lining that would lead us through the lake. The camp director told us to find our adult leaders and go as a group of 5 or more.

Now it may have been wiser that we had taken the ferry, but the thing is that the old thing was rickety as it was with just a few people, let alone a throng full. As the director told us to the leave through the night, with a small group, I heard a skittering sound. It was a sound I heard a good amount of time since we first entered the camp, but it had been getting more persistent since. It was ominous, but I didn't pay it much mind until later...

As we left, I saw the usual huge dirt trail that inclined from the commons to the lake below. Our small group consisted of Mrs. Debby, Ethan, Charlos, Jasmine, and I. We didn't talk much as we made our way down the trail, we already did our talking in the commons. We had told each other that this time at camp had been the best and we reminisced on what we did during that week.

Jasmine told me that she always heard swaying sounds, and that she was scared. Mrs. Debby told her to relax, for we would be in a group. Ethan was the tough little guy of our group and he told her that he would puff up his tiny chest in the face of danger. She chuckled, and we left out into the nighttime ether.

I thought I heard the thickets around the commons shuffle and sway. It had to be my imagination from just hearing Jasmine's story. It just had to. Out here, we felt conspicuous and we did not even allow our footfalls to make a sound above a blowing leaf. I heard the shuffling motion again, but did not freeze up as we made it to the water's edge.

We saw the ferry fill up and began moving away from the water's edge as we finally made it to the small trail through the lake. We had agreed prior that we would use the trail instead of the ferry. The wooden thing of a ferry looked dangerous and seemed to always slightly tip towards the water.

Ethan said he would lead, followed by Charlos, Jasmine, Mrs. Debby, and I. Ethan quickly took up the lead and gingerly placed his foot on the already narrow path. As Charlos went next I saw how dangerously thin the trail was, but the camp chaperons had insisted that we use only this—or the ferry—and no where else. As we made our way slowly through the shrinking path, we could see that our instincts were right on not taking the ferry. The thing shook to and fro and the people on it seem to huddle towards the middle.

The ferry abruptly stops towards the middle of the lake, and a few almost stagger off the edge. We stop for a moment, but continue to press on; there were others behind us after all!

(ha...)

I hadn't looked behind me at all, but I could hear shuffling not too far off.

(ha...) As we made it to the middle, Mrs. Debby stops and looks around for a moment. She seems frozen in place, but only for a second. She then tells us to go past her, and let her take the rear. We look at each other, and shrugged. The

path was extremely narrow, but I was able to get around her with meticulous effort.

She pushed us onward, and we began to move through the narrow path once more. At a 3rd of the way, we heard behind us the sound of water splashing. We turn our heads towards the sound, only to see nothing there. More shuffling is heard around us, and we started to feel paranoid. The trail began to widen some and everyone tried to quicken their pace. As we saw the incline upwards, we began to run. I didn't know why I had that sudden fear, but now I do.

As we reached the foot of the incline, Ethan trips on what appeared to be a piece of briar, and we fall suite with him. As I fell on Jasmine, I could hear the wind howl in my ears, and my heart pounding my chest. I braced for impact, thinking Mrs. Debby would fall on me.

But she didn't.

I looked around to see that she was standing up straight, with her hair being played by the wind. Her hands were placed horizontally like she was guarding us or being held from a cross. I blink for a moment, to see a knife slowly pass through her neck and she fell to the ground.

I catch a glimpse of a guy with a beaked mask and blank, dark holes for eyes. I averted my own eyes, and tried to push Jasmine. She budes slightly, but it had not been enough. I feel a dark hand slide up my chin and had held it up in place. Before I could feel the cold metal of the knife touch my skin.

I pushed Jasmine forward, which gave her enough kick to start moving. As the knife had slid across my skin, slicing it, I saw Jasmine, Charlos, and Ethan looking from afar a little ways up the incline. I felt the warm lifes blood come down my throat and a pain that I could not utter to them.

Everything started to fade, and their faces became blurred like a fogged mirror of a reflection. I could only utter one word to them a few times, before their bodies faded from my view into the mist.

"I... I... I..."

Then I felt my face being caressed by the earth and even that feeling slowly fading away...

....

Jasmine screamed, but they kept moving. When they finally made it to the top of the incline, they turned around to see that Josef's body was gone and only two dark bodies were staring at them from below. They averted their eyes and quickly made their way to the throng of people in the near distance...

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