

By the Lake

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By the Lake

When I was twelve years old, I was a proud scout. I was willing to preserve all of mother earth's life.

That was then. Now I'm afraid to be outside, afraid of being alone. My God, what have I done wrong to know this? Why? Well I better get started telling what happened at the lake because this I can't take with me to my grave.

We were camping with our scout group beside that damnable lake. For the moment, all was joy. This was the first longer period out in the wild like that, for two weeks! It was summer and everything felt great. But it wouldn't stay that way, sad but true.

The first week went by in high speed, no rain or clouds, only a blue sky and a really nice temperature. Not too hot or cold. It was perfect. But after that week had passed by, we moved our camp one mile to the south. So we were be closer to the lake.

One night after the move, my comrades started complaining about weird dreams. They couldn't explain what it was, but several people had started to scream in the night, all but one from the same tent. When we came to their assistance, they told us they were really sorry. They had just woken up from the strangest dream. I felt quite disturbed by the fact that they all had screamed, but that must have been because they told ghost stories and wasn't sleeping as they had told. Everybody went back to their tents for some sleep after a while.

The day after, some of the boys found a dead deer, so we checked it out. We had problems with identifying what kind of animal that had slain the deer. The bite marks was too odd to be any of the usual predators. This was really odd. What kind of animal left those marks? For our peace of mind, we decided that it had died a by internal bleeding after falling on a lot of rocks. So we returned to our camp.

The day went on like usual, nothing special during the day. But that night when I went out in the bushes to do some needs, I heard some rather strange noises. They sounded like a girl's laughter, but something was really wrong with it. She sounded insane. Where was she? I looked around in the woods for some time but gave up when I didn't hear her anymore. So I returned to my shared tent.

But as I returned, i noticed that something was terribly wrong. I don't remember what came first, the smell of burning flesh or the sight of the dead and burning fireguard. I looked around in terror to the dead and mutilated bodies of my dead comrades. I started to wonder what sick and twisted group had done this horrible crime to my friends.

Then I saw it, the laughing girl, or what that odd thing was. It was wearing a white, soggy and bloodstained bunny costume. Armed she was, with a big sledgehammer. How could she hold that hammer that easily? She looked like she was five years old or less. The answer to that, I don't wish to know.

She looked at me and gave me an innocent smile and started to point with her unused hand at me and said "*gooball*". I answered her with a question: "*What do you mean?*". But instead of an answer she started to peer at me as a cat that had just found a mouse and started laughing madly again. For some time, she just stood there. Suddenly she charged after me. I then knew that it was a rather good time to flee and so I did. I fled in sheer panic scared of a little girl with a bloody hammer.

Some days later I awoke at the hospital in our town. I was questioned many times about what had happened at the lake. What I told was nothing because I would be declared insane and locked away if told the truth. After some time, I received a "*Get Well card*" from an unknown sender. It only contained a single word. And that word was "*gooball*".