

NIGHTMARE

The cold wind was blustering through the branches of the huge oak tree casting a shadow over the bleak body that lay at the base of the room. As the death of the boy was laughed at by the group because they thought it was a joke. The group lighted as he writhed violently. He was a very clever, chubby boy who lay on his bed, with the tearstains that were still wet.

I stared out of the dusty window as the camp bus bounced over the narrow, winding road. Stumpy white trees lined the road like fence posts. We were well into the wilderness. We had not passed houses or farms for hours. The bus seats were made of hard black plastic. When the bus hit a bump, we all bounced off our seats. Everyone laughed and shouted. There were twenty-four children going to the camp on the bus, many of them were boys. The boy next to me had the window seat. He looked a bit like a bulldog. He had a round face and overweight arms and legs. He had short, waxy black hair, which he scratched a lot. He was wearing grey shorts and a sleeveless white shirt. He didn't really say much.

I thought he must be introverted, or maybe very nervous. The weird thing was that he was always looking at the child in front of us who was called Danny. Danny was a small number of seats away from us. He always boasted about how good he was at sports and how he was going to become an athlete when he was older. Danny was the only person who was loud and chatted to the girls and made rude jokes. He was very foolish and laughed like a horse.

The road was even more rutted and a sign emerged at which everyone pointed to. It was a white wooden, arrow saying "Camp 100 yards". The picture in front of us was now a large barrier, which divided the outside heavens from the clammy dungeons. As we got off our unpleasant seats we were taken to the office and were put into groups. My group had Danny, the boy who sat besides me, twins and me. The twins were identical, no one could tell them apart, because they had the same colour bags, jackets and trousers, except that one of them wore trainers. Danny came last year to the camp and so did the boy, for the twins and me Jack and James it was our first. We were allocated a room for our group. For some strange reason I noticed that we were given four beds instead of five.

The timing of our arrival was pretty late, so my flock decided to go to sleep. We had fun the next morning. We all woke up really early. The sun was just rising over the horizon to the south – east and the air was still cool and damp. I could hear birds chirping.

The sound reminded me of home. As I lowered myself to the floor and stretched, I thought of my mum and dad. I was definitely homesick. Luckily there wasn't anytime to feel depressed. After we pulled on fresh clothes we hurried along to the hall. We collected our food and sat down. But the odd thing was that I kept on having daydreams about the boy who sat next to me. I didn't really feel hungry to say the least.

After the trays had been cleared away, we pushed the tables and benches against the wall and had indoor relay races. Everyone seemed to be having a great time. The shouts and cheers echoed off the high, rafted ceiling.

After a tiring day we were ready for bed. As I followed the crowd towards the door, the boy appeared beside me. Before I could say anything he stared directly at me

then slowly was lost into the deep flock. As I headed to my cabin, Jack and James caught up with me and we all walked together. As we walked, we discussed our new friends, which reminded me about the boy. I still did not know his name and so asked the twins if they had met him. Both of them stopped in amazement and looked at me as if I needed to go to a psychiatrist. Although they never said anything and laughed away, I could make out what they were saying. Their facial expression was very open. It informed me that I was imagining the boy. There was nothing else said.

The cabin door opened and we were greeted by Danny. The mild scent of the room approached my nose, and disturbed me from the unknown boy. We sat down near Danny's bunk. It was James' idea to tell ghost stories. As the ghost stories went on a dark feeling of revolution suddenly filled me. It felt like a thick black breeze. Which made me breath heavily. Although the others never realized, I felt as if I was going to die. I shouted some words, which had not been picked up in anyone's ears. While Danny and the twins were chatting away my darkness and dread had vanished. At this point the story was over and it was midnight, whay past 'light's out'. As every one had broken the circle and headed towards their bunks, Jack, who slept under my bunk, summarized Danny's story.

The story was last year at this camp where a young boy had died whilst he was dreaming. Danny had said that this camp was haunted and that the boy would get into your dreams and kill anyone who did not believe-

"You lot be quiet", Danny shouted in a vigorous way. A silence surrounded the room. This made me think about the boy, I mean, "Who was he? What was his name? What does he want?" this was starting to get a bit strange. When suddenly, the dread alarmed me again. As the cloud had closed over me, Danny started screaming-"help me, now, quick, he is in me" -as everyone turned to him, it looked like the twins were dragged towards him. Danny had said a lot of words that I couldn't really work out. But clearly he had said, "The boy is in me". As he twins and I closed into Danny, Danny went bright red and burst out laughing.

What an odd thing to do. He kept on laughing and giggled out "you lot ...was serious, you should have, looked at your faces". As everyone stared at him like a hawk, Danny became quiet and whispered, "sorry". In anger everyone slowly retreated back to their bunks. Danny calmed down and said "you guys were scared, its just a stupid story anyway, the boys been dead for over a year now and no one had died ever since, so don't believe it, its just"-

"Danny shut up!" James had said in annoyance. The silence occurred again and I couldn't get any sleep, I still felt the sign of dread around me. Although I couldn't get any sleep. Everyone was now dormant. A couple of hours passed when I saw Danny twitching. I ignored it until he uttered a silent cry, exhaling loudly he moved from side to side.

His top bunk was now completely covered in darkness like a thick, black pall. As I looked to get down I couldn't move or shout. I then suddenly looked at the window and saw the boy peering out. I could see him standing, and heard his high pitched muffled laugh. The darkness rolled back to me where now Danny started shouting "no" he screamed, raising his hands to the sides of his head. "No, get out, get out of me!" Danny started bleeding out of his mouth like a waterfall. He coughed out a bucket of pigment. I heard a sudden scrabbling at the window. A muted cry was heard from Danny, and the figure vanished.

My mind went pitch black. I got up and looked directly at Danny's bunk. He was still there, with no blood, nothing. It must have been a nightmare. Danny was right the boy was unreal.

As everyone was waking-up the curtains were pulled to allow the light. From nowhere Jack screamed and pointed at the window. At the same time James cried touching his face that was covered with blood. But it wasn't James's blood it was coming from the top bunk, Danny's, and their written in blood was carved "believe the story or you are next."

The heavy drips from the window had made a puddle. What did this mean? It can't be true? I dreamt it right? How can some one kill someone in your dreams? It can't have been real, I didn't believe in the boy.

Where do we go from here? What's this mystery? No one could tell what would come next, but I have a vision in my mind that will not go away, a vision that the next victim is me.

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