

Scene 1 : Are we lost?

mc "I want to go home"

"Each step felt like a small eternity, my legs protesting with every push forward, as if the ground beneath me conspired to keep me rooted in place."

"Sweat clung to my skin, and the heat pressed down on me, squeezing the breath from my lungs. The sun beat down mercilessly, turning the world into a shimmering mirage of dust and fatigue."

mc "Arden, are we getting close?"

a "Yeah, it's just twenty more minutes. Why? Is something wrong?"

mc "Are you sure? Because I swear we passed that tree half an hour ago."

a "Come on, I've memorized the route. You're just overthinking it, [mc]."

mc "Maybe. But... could you double-check the map, just to be safe? What if we took a wrong path and didn't even notice?"

a "I told you, there's no need. I've got this route down by heart."

"Arden's confidence was grating, especially since he'd said this hike would only take two hours—and yet, here we were, still trudging through what felt like an endless maze of trees. I glanced over at Sophia, silently hoping she'd back me up."

s "Arden, [mc] has a point. It doesn't hurt to take a quick look, right? Just to be sure?"

o "Yeah, it's not like the map bites, Arden."

a "Alright, alright. I'll prove it—here, take a look."

"As Sophie leaned in to study the map, I glanced around. The trees loomed with shadows stretching like twisted fingers, crawling towards us in the dimming light. A knot tightened in my stomach."

"Was it just my imagination, or were we genuinely off course? It wasn't just the trees, which seemed to blur together in their eerie similarity—it was the way Arden would occasionally hesitate, his steps slowing, and the flicker of worry in his eyes when he thought no one was watching"

mc "So, what's the verdict?"

a "We're still on track. Relax."

o "Of course, and You memorized it perfectly, huh? I know"

a "Orin, not you too"

"Frustration bubbled beneath my unease. The forest felt endless, each tree a mirror image of the last."

mc "Maybe we should just head back?"

a "After coming this far, you want to turn around?"

s "Arden, calm down. [mc] just being cautious, which isn't a bad thing out here. We're still on the right path. Let's keep going."

o "She's got a point, Arden. We should've seen the campsite by now. You're not sending us in circles, are you?"

a "Of course not"

"The air grew heavier, the forest falling silent except for the faint rustle of leaves. A chill crept over me, like cold fingers brushing the back of my neck. I spun around, half-expecting to see something lurking, but there was nothing—just shadows stretching between the trees. Still, the feeling lingered, unsettling and impossible to shake."

a "[mc], you okay?"

s "Yeah, you look as pale as a ghost."

mc "Didn't you feel that?"

o "Feel what?"

a "What are you talking about?"

"My pulse quickened, a deep sense of unease settling in my gut as I scanned the woods. I could feel a presence watching from somewhere beyond the trees, like eyes hidden in the shadows. I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself. Saying it out loud felt wrong, like acknowledging it would make it real."

mc "It's probably nothing... But we are still twenty minutes away, right?"

s "Yes, and we're going the right way."

o "Are we, though?"

mc "Orin, why'd you say that?"

o "Just a hunch."

a "Look, it's hard to tell out here. Everything looks the same, okay? But I'm guiding us in the right direction"

o "See? Just saying, all the more reason to double-check the map, right?"

a "You're impossible"

s "Orin, quit teasing. [mc], you're just a little on edge."

mc "Maybe. It's just... after what happened last time, I can't shake this feeling."

a "If you don't trust me, maybe you'd rather have Sophie lead?"

o "Best idea you've had all day! Sophie, the honors?"

s "Orin, seriously..."

o "Alright, alright. Just keeping the spirits up."

mc "Arden, I didn't mean to doubt you. It's just... I worry."

a "Apology accepted. Come on, let's keep moving. We need to hit the campsite before sundown."

"As we continued, I couldn't resist one last glance over my shoulder. My heart skipped. A figure stood just at the edge of the trees, barely visible in the dimming light, watching us. I forced myself to look away, pretending not to see it, hoping it would remain just a shadow."

"The others chatted, blissfully unaware of the dread creeping into my thoughts. I focused on their voices, determined to ignore the creeping fear of whatever might be lurking, unseen."

Scene 2 : Suspicion

mc "Finally, we made it!"

a "Told you we'd get here eventually."

o "About time! I was starting to think we were doomed to wander the forest forever."

s "Orin, let's try to keep the peace, okay?"

o "You're no fun, Sophia."

"As I stepped into the clearing, I felt some tension slip away, but a lingering unease stayed with me. The campsite was stunning, bathed in the fading daylight, yet something about the forest still felt watchful."

mc "This place is incredible!"

a "Just wait until sunset; the view is going to blow you away."

mc "I can't wait! The views along the way have been absolutely stunning. But I can't help wondering... are those scenic detours why we've taken longer to get here?"

s "Well... when Arden and I planned this trip, we wanted it to be special so we might've taken a more scenic route."

mc "Oh, so it was part of the plan?"

"A small sense of relief washed over me, knowing our delay wasn't entirely accidental. A sense of unease prickled at the back of my mind as I caught her glance toward the darkening trees, her eyes shifting away as if she hoped I wouldn't catch it."

s "Sorry, I thought the path would be easy to follow, but I didn't expect it to take quite that long either."

mc "Wait, so why didn't either of you mention this 'scenic route' when I asked Arden to double-check the map?"

a "I didn't think it was a big deal. Figured we'd make it eventually—and look, here we are. No harm done, right?"

o "Hold on—you're saying we were actually lost? I thought you two had it all planned out!"

"The realization hit hard. It wasn't just about getting lost—it was that they'd chosen this detour without telling us. I'd trusted them to keep us on track, and now... doubt crept in. If they'd been willing to lead us off course without a word, how could I rely on their judgment out here?"

mc "Look, I get wanting to enjoy the view, but what if we hadn't made it before dark? We could've ended up in serious trouble."

a "Alright, maybe I underestimated how long this would take. But we're here now, and the view was worth it, wasn't it?"

"I glanced at Arden, noticing how his nonchalant tone didn't quite mask the flicker of unease on his face. Arden wasn't usually this casual about details—something wasn't adding up. They'd never been this careless before."

mc "It's a nice view, sure, but a heads-up would've been good. I don't exactly enjoy surprises."

a "We just wanted to do something different this time, you know? The best memories come from a bit of spontaneity."

o "Spontaneity is fine, but wandering a forest without signal isn't exactly my idea of fun."

mc "Exactly. If you're planning something adventurous, let us decide if we're up for it."

a "Well, we're here now, and everything turned out fine. It was just a small detour."

s "Exactly! Now we're at the campsite, we should focus on setting up before it gets too dark."

o "But what if we get lost on the way back? Or worse, what if we're stuck wandering around all night looking for the exit? Anyone want to hear a spooky camping story to pass the time?"

a "We're already here, so what's the big deal?"

"I bit my tongue, fighting the urge to snap back at Arden. He knew I didn't like surprises, especially after what happened last time. A simple warning could have avoided all this frustration"

mc "Just... next time, clue us in before going 'scenic.' I've had enough close calls lately."

a "If you're that worried, maybe pitch in with planning next time."

o "Oh, we definitely will—though fair warning, I'll probably suggest another grand food tour. Assuming we survive this one, of course."

s "Orin, we're not doing another food tour and of course we're making it back."

a "Exactly! Besides, I've planned some great activities for tomorrow. You'll love it."

“Despite Arden’s reassuring words, I couldn’t shake the feeling we were tempting fate. My gaze drifted back to the trees, half-expecting something to emerge from the shadows.”

mc "Hopefully ones that lead us out of here."

a "Aw, don't be a downer. You'll enjoy it, trust me."

o "If we get any surprises, let's just make sure it's the fun kind. Don't need any more 'unplanned detours.'"

s "There shouldn't be any more surprises—unless the weather decides otherwise. Let's just get these tents set up so we can finally relax."

o “Actually, could I go gather firewood? While it’s still light, I also want to look around a bit.”

mc "My legs feel like they might give out, so I'll stay here and help set up the tents."

s “Good idea. I'll join Orin to make sure he doesn't wander too far. Arden, you can help [mc] with the tents.”

mc "Why can't Arden help Orin?"

s "Because Arden's the only one who knows how to set these up."

o "Oh, so another one of Arden's hidden talents?"

a "No, it's not. I asked my uncle to teach me since it's our first camping trip."

“I glanced at Arden skeptically. He'd put thought into the trip, yet somehow neglected to mention the scenic route. What else was he keeping to himself? Arden wasn't usually secretive, but today, it was like he had his own agenda.”

mc “Great, just one more thing to wonder about.”

s “[mc], we may be new to this, but as long as we're together, we'll get through anything.”

o “Alright, you two try not to kill each other. Sophie and I will get the firewood—and then, dinner.”

mc "Fine, I'll follow Arden's instructions."

a "You can sit this one out if you don't want to. I don't mind handling this.""

mc "No, I'll help. Setting up four tents by yourself might take a while."

“I could handle a little teamwork if it gave me something to do—away from the ever-present feeling of being watched.”

s "Good, Orin and I will gather the firewoods then"

Scene 3 : Sleeping arrangements

o “You sure this thing won’t collapse on us?”

mc “Relax, Orin—it’s not going to collapse. You’re back, I see.”

“I watched him pile the firewood he’d gathered, still eyeing the tents like they might buckling down at any moment. This might be my first time setting one up, but as I looked at my handiwork, I felt a flicker of pride. For a first-timer, I’d actually done a pretty decent job.”

s “Wait a second... Why are there only three tents set up?”

a “One of them has a tear on the side, so we didn’t bother setting it up. Figured it wouldn’t be much help with that big hole.”

o “A tear? Didn’t you just buy these tents? They’re supposed to be brand new.”

mc “Yeah, they’re new... but I guess one slipped by with a defect. I should have checked it when I picked them up. My bad.”

s “It’s a shame, but it’s not the end of the world. So, we’re down one tent. Does that mean someone needs to share?”

a “Yeah, all of the tents are big enough for two so it will not become a problem, though it might be a little cramped. Nothing we can’t handle”

mc “We’ll make it work. It’s not perfect, but we’ll manage.”

“A wave of frustration washed over me. One small oversight, and now we’d have to figure out sleeping arrangements on the fly. I should have inspected everything before we came out here.”

o “Alright, enough about tents! Let’s get this bonfire going. I’m dying to eat some food.”

mc “Orin, the bonfire can wait a second. We need to settle the sleeping arrangements first.”

o “Alright, but if we’re gonna debate this, let’s at least make it quick. Do we need to vote on it?”

s “No, I think we can just talk it out. But... I’ll admit, I’d prefer a tent to myself if possible.”

mc “I get it. I’ll volunteer to share if it makes things easier—it’s my fault for not checking, so I’ll take one for the team and share.”

a “Alright, that works. So, that just leaves me and Orin.”

o “Actually, I’d rather have my own tent too. Trust me, none of you want to risk getting kicked in the middle of the night—it happens.”

mc “In that case, Orin, why don’t you and I just share? I slept like a log and It’ll be simpler than drawing this out.”

a “Don’t worry about it, [mc]. I don’t mind sharing—I’ll bunk with you.”

“After everything I’d put him through today—the questioning, the skepticism—I fully expected him to push back, to insist on his own space. But here he was, offering to share without a hint of complaint. Was he really okay with this? Or was he just trying to keep the peace? It was strange, almost unsettling, to see him back down so easily.”

mc “I...”

s “Perfect! It’s settled, then. Let’s go ahead and drop our stuff in the tents so we can finally get that fire going.”

“As we moved to sort out our gear, I couldn’t help but feel an odd sense of gratitude toward Arden. Maybe he sensed my unease, or perhaps he just wanted to keep things peaceful. Whatever it was, it meant a lot to me”

Scene 4 : Book

o “Finally, the moment I’ve been waiting for—let’s light this thing up!”

s “You seem more excited about dinner than anything else on this entire journey.”

o “Of course! Just think about all the delicious meals we can prepare!”

mc “You glutton, can you not think about food for a second?”

o “Nope, can’t do. Arden, could you do the honor?”

a “Sure.”

“I watched as Arden struck a match, and soon the flames crackled to life, casting warm, flickering light across the clearing. As we sat around the fire, the comforting glow eased the tension from earlier, but my mind still lingered on the strange feeling I had about this place.”

o “Alright, behold! The marshmallows—just wait till I roast them.”

mc “Eating snacks before dinner? You’ll spoil your appetite. Don’t you want to eat something else first?”

s “Yeah, we have a few options for dinner.”

o “Really? What’s on the menu?”

a “Hotdogs, canned soups, instant noodles, and hotpot with ingredients of your choosing—just pick one!”

o “Hotpot!?”

mc “That sounds good... but wait, a hotpot with ingredients of our choosing? Are you serious? That sounds like a disaster waiting to happen!”

“I couldn’t believe they actually thought this was a good idea. Letting everyone pick their own ingredients? That was just asking for trouble. What if someone brought something weird? I could already picture a pot full of bizarre concoctions, especially with Orin and Arden, who loved to experiment.”

s “Yes! We asked you to bring ingredients of your choice, remember? Also Hotpot is a mix of ingredients so it shouldn’t be a problem”

mc “Huh!? I thought it was to bring whatever snack you like to share.”

a “No, it’s for hotpot. We already told you. It’s not our fault you didn’t listen, so you can’t protest.”

s “But you did bring something, right?”

mc “Yeah, I brought a few things. But honestly, I don’t think it’s a good idea to eat strange food right now.”

a “It’ll be fine, as long as you don’t add anything weird to the hotpot!”

mc “Says the one most likely to put something weird in there.”

o “But think about the thrill! With the added risk... wouldn’t it be more exciting?”

mc “Still, could we just save it for tomorrow? By then, we wouldn’t need to worry about weird food.”

s “Either way, I don’t have a problem with it. As Orin said, it’s more interesting that way.”

mc “I’m not sure about this...”

a “Then it’s settled—tonight is hotpot night!”

mc “Urgh... do whatever you want.”

s “Let me set it up.”

“After Sophia finished arranging the hotpot, we began taking turns tossing ingredients into the bubbling broth. The fire crackled, and a relaxed silence fell over us. But then, suddenly, Orin pulled something out of his pocket.”

o “Guys, check this out. I found it under a bush back there.”

s “Whoa, it looks ancient! When did you pick this up?”

mc “Orin, you shouldn’t pick up strange things to bring along. It could be dangerous!”

o “Yeah, but while you guys were busy arguing about whether we got lost, I spotted the book peeking out from under a bush. I was curious, so I grabbed it.”

a “Orin, check it. If there’s some scribble on it, we might be in for an adventure.”

o “Okay, let’s see... It’s mostly illegible... but wait, look here. ‘Turn back now. Do not enter these woods after dusk. Those who linger here are never seen again...’”

“I felt a shiver run down my spine. The words hung heavy in the air, and the tension I felt before came back stronger than ever. I wanted to laugh it off, but the darkness surrounding us made it hard to shake the feeling that we might have stumbled into something we didn’t understand.”

mc “Uhm, is... is that a warning of some kind?”

a “Probably just someone’s idea of a prank. It’s not like these warnings are uncommon in places like this. After all, if you aren’t careful, you could easily get lost.”

s “Yeah, maybe, but... it looks so old and beaten up. Why go to such lengths to scare people? There must be some truth to it.”

o “Come on, guys—don’t tell me you’re all so chicken you can’t handle a little warning from a dusty book!”

a “Yeah, let’s not let a spooky old book ruin our night. It’s probably nothing. Let’s just focus on the fun we’re having here.”

o “Exactly. It’s just a story. Nothing to worry about.”

“I wasn’t entirely convinced, but I decided to let it go for now. After all, nothing bad had happened yet, right? We were still sitting around the fire, enjoying the warmth and company. Still, as I glanced at the dark edges of the clearing, the shadows felt a little too close.”

Scene 5 : Lost person

o "Wait, wait... did you hear that?"

"I froze, fork halfway to my mouth. There was a faint rustling from the woods, like branches shifting in the wind, but the air was still. The silence after the crackling of the fire felt unnerving. My heart skipped a beat."

a "It's probably just an animal. Calm down."

mc "But what if it's not?"

a "You're overthinking it. We're in the middle of the forest. If it's not an animal, then what else could it be?"

"Despite Arden's calm response, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was... off. I glanced at the tree line again, but it was just shadows, still and unblinking."

"I quickly turned my attention back to the hotpot, forcing myself to focus on something, anything, to calm my nerves."

o "You know... with all those warnings from the old book, maybe we're not alone out here. Could be a wraith, or a killer hiding in the woods. Anything's possible at this point."

mc "Oh, come on, Orin. Don't joke about that kind of stuff. This place already gives me the creeps."

o "What? I'm just saying. The book warned we shouldn't be here after dusk. What if something's watching us right now?"

s "You're seriously going to bring that up while we're eating?"

o "Why not? With all those creepy warnings, might as well make it scarier. You want to know the worst part?"

mc "No, I really don't. Thanks anyway."

o "Well, too bad. They say those who linger after dark sometimes... disappear. Like that missing person case last month, right here in these woods."

mc "Missing person?!"

o "Yeah, you didn't hear about it?"

a "Come on, Orin, stop trying to freak everyone out. We're fine."

o "I'm just saying... it doesn't hurt to be cautious, especially after reading that warning. Don't you think it's a little too... convenient?"

mc "I've heard rumors about that missing person case... but not the details. Did it happen right here in this forest?"

o "Yeah, weird, right? I heard the forest was closed off for a while after that, but they reopened it soon. You'd think they'd keep people out longer if something was still going on."

mc "So, has the missing person been found? And do we know this person?"

s "No... They were never found. The person who went missing... was Arden's uncle."

a "Can we please not talk about this anymore?"

o "But—"

s "Orin, let it go. Let's just finish eating."

"The silence settled over us like a thick, suffocating fog. Arden stared into the fire, his jaw set tight, but the flicker in his eyes hinted at a struggle behind the calm exterior he was forcing. Orin, apparently oblivious to the discomfort in the group, pulled his marshmallow from the fire, blowing on it with a careless grin."

mc "Come on, we're out here to have fun! Let's leave the heavy thing behind. And Orin, some things are better left alone."

o "Fine, fine. Sorry for being the brat"

s "So... how about a game? Something to lighten the mood?"

mc "A game sounds nice"

a "Sure"

s "Let's play something simple. Maybe two truths and a lie? It's easy, and we can do it around the fire."

o "Perfect! I'll go first. Alright, let's see... I once swam with sharks, I have an irrational fear of nuts, and I speak fluent Japanese."

mc "No way you're fluent in Japanese."

a "I'm going with the nuts phobia"

s "I don't think you swam with sharks. Not without screaming your head off, anyway,"

o “And the winner is...Sophie, you’re right. The shark story is a lie. Although... I did get close to a stingray once. Close enough for me!”

“We laughed, and just like that, the strange tension loosened its grip on us, dissolving into the night. Next came to Arden’s turn, he took a moment to think, his fingers twisting a blade of grass absently.”

a “Alright, I once broke my arm falling out of a tree, I’ve climbed a mountain, and I hate peanut butter.”

mc “You hate peanut butter? You eat it all the time, though!”

s “That’s true. I’ve definitely seen him eating peanut butter sandwiches.”

o “And I don’t think you’ve ever climbed a mountain, unless we’re counting that time we need to get to Sophia house.”

a “You got me. The mountain was the lie”

“I let out a relieved breath. He seemed a little more at ease, and the firelight softened the haunted look in his eyes. But before we could finish the round, a distant sound echoed through the forest—a faint, rhythmic rustling.”

mc “What’s that?”

a “Probably just the wind”

o “aif it’s a wraith or a ghost, it sure took its time finding us”

mc “Let’s pack things up. We can save the rest of the game for tomorrow.”

“I couldn’t shake the feeling of being watched. The sound didn’t return, but the forest felt alive, as if something hidden in the shadows had heard our laughter and decided to listen in.”

“The fire finally died down, and one by one, we each slipped into our tents. I lay there, staring at the thin canvas roof, hoping sleep would come quickly.”

Scene 6 : Whisper

"I woke up to the sound of rustling wind, an eerie noise that seemed to come from all directions, surrounding the tent like an invisible fog."

"The sound continued, soft and unintelligible, like distant voices carried by the wind. I sat up, straining to hear, feeling a chill creep up my spine."

mc "Is that... a whisper?"

mc "Arden, are you awake?"

"I reached over to Arden's side and shook him gently, bringing him back to consciousness."

mc "Arden..."

a "Hmm, yeah... what is it?"

mc "Did you hear that?"

a "Hear what?"

mc "A whisper... It's coming from outside. It doesn't sound like the wind."

"We sat in silence, listening. The whispering continued, a bit louder now, like faint words that were just out of reach."

a "It's probably nothing. Maybe it's just the wind rustling the trees."

mc "I don't think it is. It sounds... It sounds like someone's out there, talking. Listen more closely."

a "Hm... it does sound like someone talking. But that doesn't make sense. No one else should be out here, right?"

mc "Could it be one of Orin's pranks?"

a "I don't know... but maybe we should check it out."

mc "Do you think that's a good idea? What if it's—"

"I trailed off, not even wanting to voice my fears. Arden looked at me, his expression uncertain."

a "We'll be careful. Just a quick look to be sure there's nothing there."

"With some reluctance, I nodded, and we both grabbed our flashlights. As we unzipped the tent and stepped outside, the whispering stopped abruptly, leaving only the cold, still night around us."

“We exchanged uneasy glances, scanning the trees, but the forest was silent and unmoving, as if nothing had happened.”

mc “There’s nothing... but I swear I heard something.”

a “I heard it too. Maybe it’s just our minds playing tricks after everything that’s happened.”

mc “I don’t know, Arden... it felt so real.”

a “I know, I heard it too. But look—nothing’s out here.”

“For a moment, neither of us moved, both of us waiting for the sound to return, for the silence to break. But the whispering remained gone, as if it had never been there at all.”

mc “Maybe... maybe you’re right. Maybe I just imagined it.”

a “Let’s get back to sleep. If there’s anything out there, we’ll deal with it in the morning.”

“The sound of forest feels unsettling, as we zipped back our tent I saw Orin walking out of the forest”

Scene 7 : The lost one

s "Good morning [mc], how'd you sleep?"

mc "Honestly, not great. Between that warning from the book and those strange whispers... I barely got any sleep.

s "Wait... you heard the whispers too? I thought it was just my imagination. That sound seemed to go on all night."

mc "No, you're not alone. I kept hearing it, too. Arden and I even checked outside, but there was nothing there. It just stopped as soon as we stepped out."

s "Well, that's... unnerving. Actually, speaking of strange things, have you seen Orin? His tent is open, but he's nowhere to be found."

mc "No, I just woken up

Scene 8 : Stay

Scene 9 : The Fall

Scene 10 : Run

Scene 11