As I dragged my feet out of the car, I felt so much dread. My step-monster pressed her horn loudly. "Get going, you freak! I have to hit the sloths by noon." The witch said, watching herself adjust her hair and makeup, probably planning to steal another poor girl’s daddy.

My daddy hasn’t cooled in his coffin, and she decides to go on a trip and dump me in a summer camp. "Stupid witch," I shout back as she drives off, but I’ll maintain my composure.

As I am about to enter, a sleek, well-groomed cat slides by my legs. Funny, I thought — we have the same color of eyes: one blue, one green. A freak just like me.

I bend to pet her till I hear a loud shout of my name.

"Ms. Yun, what are you doing out here, young lady? You are late."

"I am very sorry. We had some… legal trouble on our way here." I take my bag and start walking fast behind the older lady, with bags under her eyes looking exhausted. But I turn back away from the camp she is leading me to, looking toward that pretty cat. It just runs toward the forest… hmm, strange, I thought, turning away.

The lady, who I now know is Mrs. Theodora, is short as the nights of this season, hunched as if she had a whole stack of experiences and life lessons on her back, and looks like she personally survived the Hundred-Year War. All to say, the best way to describe her is decrepit. She shows me around. It was a decent camp — well, just the rich side, of course.

"You will log alone… as your status demands we be biased towards you."

"Thanks, ma," I said, happy but still creeped out.

Later, I was introduced to the others, and to summarize, I can tell they dislike me. I mean, I can’t blame them — I’ve never seen a more perfect girl than in my mirror. I smirk to myself. It’s just two months; how bad can it be?

Not a single one looked as though they had pure intentions. A few lower-class campers looked, how shall I say… green, just like envy. So I greet one of the only tidy girls there.

"Let me guess — you got sent here because you misbehaved," she said. Not really a wild guess, as this is a reformed camp… I thought.

She giggled a bit. "Well, birds of a feather must flock together."

I got sent here because apparently a 13-year-old can’t borrow her father’s card and spend the money he hoards.

Kaitlyn smiles, and they exchange a small handshake. "I am Kaitlyn, and I think you are fine company — such a novelty." The girl smiles back.

Jean Gray — Mrs. Theodora hisses at them to keep quiet so she can lay down the law, but they both mock her when she isn’t looking. "What ill-mannered brats they are."

A strange voice murmured, watching them from the woods with a sickly sweet smile. It looked like a man, but if it was, he must have some defects, as his limbs didn’t quite match, his teeth sharp as ever, but you couldn’t see much in the dark.

The next few weeks, nothing happened. Yes, she made friends, but that was it. And of course, that cat kept coming to visit her. It was strange — with time, the cat had friends whose eyes were different shades. One had the exact eyes of Jean. It was strange, creepy even. The next two weeks, nothing happened. Yes, she made friends, but that was it. And of course, that cat kept coming to visit her. It was strange — with time, the cat had friends whose eyes were different shades. One had the exact eyes of Jean. It was strange, creepy even.

Having learned to relax more, Kaitlyn said to Jean’s cat, "You must be our guardians, since you came. We have been so well-behaved."

Jean walks up to her. "Um… what are you doing?"

"Oh, I am visiting the cats. They keep coming to visit since the first day I arrived…"

Jean looked confused and took her hand. "Okay, psycho. There are no cats here. You are probably just getting sick from the food."

Jean said, taking her away, and truly, the cats only seem to come out to her. Jean hurried away with her, having a bad feeling about the forest.

Summer had been the most authentic fun I had in a long, long time. But I noticed everyone — myself included — getting tired more often. More strange. Even most of the older girls with periods complained they had stopped. Mine too. It was strange, like someone cursed us. No matter. We would soon go home — just one day longer — and we were all done with each other.

Back to that hag, if she was even still alive… I kicked rocks as I was on the trail. I had not seen a single cat all day — until now. It was of a camper, Mike. It had his eyes. And as time went on, I noticed the cats had looked more and more like us. Perhaps they had been guarding spirits after all… is what I would have said if not for what I looked up to witness.

The cat started stumbling. A man came up to me. As I watched, concerned, he took the cat and bent it in such a way while smiling at me. I was thinking it was a dream…

Till one boy… Mike, I think, who looked to have been on the roof. He twisted his back in an inhumane way, then fell straight down to the ground, landing in a horrible position — legs at a 150° angle. We all screamed… then it started.

There was a man who began laughing. When I looked up to see his face, it was pure evil. As he made eye contact, he took the cat and snapped its neck bones, shifting under the pressure, all while smiling at me. Just as the cat made a loud noise, Mike made the most blood-curdling scream I’ve ever heard in my 12 years on this earth.

When everyone looked at the man… no, this thing, they all panicked. And when I tell you, they bolted.

"Everyone scatter!" the oldest boy screams. But the man caught him and snapped his neck. It was brutal — not just snapping; his long claws dug into him as he bled out, cracking the head from within.

Without a second thought, Jean and I ran to Mrs. Theodora.

She stood there wiping some tears. "You girls and boys will have to forgive the things we grown-ups do to get you to behave."

She got up and hit Kaitlyn with a gun straight on the face. That’s when Jean saw it — Kaitlyn’s cat as well was laying down on the floor in pain.

She grabbed the old lady, pulling her hair, calling her names.

Kaitlyn got up and, with shaking hands, pulled the trigger in panic. To her shock, she shot them, realizing she’d never held a gun before. She was scared shitless and just fired at them both, causing Jean’s cat to stumble outside, bleeding. It took a minute for her to even process, as outside, screams filled the air, her eardrums wrenched.

Kaitlyn ran to her. "Jean! Jean! Jean!" she screamed, each cry more desperate and violent than the last, as Jean lost all signs of life, the color and light fading from her.

Poor, poor brat. The man entered, his footsteps heavy as he walked through the door, the scent of blood and flesh trailing behind. She didn’t even know it, but at this point, everyone was gone. She looked out and saw the bloodshed. It was horrific.

He laughed at her, taunted her for a good few minutes, his voice shifting between the campers, Jean, and Mrs. Theodora, making her cover her ears.

"What's the matter, brat? You thought those cats made you special? Blessed? Maybe you’d redeem yourself, but newsflash — you’re just another brat… Sweet Mao-Mao."

She froze. No one had called her by her Chinese name in a long time. She looked at him and was angry, tears watering her bloody eyes.

She just gave up, knowing even if he spared her, she would not recover.

She turned the gun on herself and pulled the trigger. But unfortunately, she went slowly, coughing up blood as he watched, laughing.

"Stupid brat. Can’t even do it right," he said, laughing as she finally went.

"I sure do hate ill-mannered brats."

The thing looked to see it was sunrise. He took all the souls in the cats, happily cackling as he went back to the underworld, successful.