Prompt Childhood Story
May 16, 2019
Ghost Stories in the Dark

We were wandering back to the campsite, after brushing our teeth, in the pitch black darkness you can only find out in nature. Ahead of us the bright beam of our torches painted a white oval of light on the path, showing us the way. Our day had been busy, there is so much to do at Pinery Provincial Park. My cousins and I had spent much of the time biking on trails and swimming in Lake Huron. But the best part of the day was when we gathered around the campfire and told ghost stories in the dark.

It was Wayne's idea really, and he had brought along a tattered paperback to read from.

"So what story will it be?" Wayne asked, "So many to choose. A tale of a ghastly ghost? How 'bout a haunted house, or maybe a forgotten forest...".

And so, we sat around the crackling fire pit, toasting marshmallows, reading spooky stories, and laughing at how absurd some were. This was a mistake. As the night got darker, my little mind became more imaginative. Sounds became distorted, the nearby sliding of a van door, a harsh growl, to contrast the silent wood. Yet, I was not afraid, well maybe a little.

Bravely we ventured out into the darkness, to the washroom, brush our teeth, and get ready for bed. We had only eachother and our flashlights to chase away the darkness. And as we moved the shadows shifted.

"What was that?? Over there?"

"That sound?"

"That snap?"

"A stick?"

GRROAARRRRRRRR!

A monster!

Nothing left to do, (but run).

And so I ran. I ran as fast as any little terror could run. To my parent's campfire, to the light, to safety.

"Vincent! Stop being so noisy, you will wake the neighbours!" my mother quietly shouted.

Then behind me the crunch of gravel underfoot and laughter, my father and uncle returning from a successful prank.

"Well now you've done it!" mom scolded them, "Now they will never fall asleep".