

## Halloween Story

To some people the dark is only a simple variation of light, but to others it is a portal to what lies between the real world and what lurks below. Sometimes those bumps in the night are not just random events but sometimes they are in fact stratifications of reality. Such distortion is the story that surrounds Chris and Shawn. Together they were inseparable, a duo of infinite power, but when separated they became much more weak and lost without the guidance of each other. It was a warm summer evening as the sun set over the crest as bright red light brimmed over the horizon. It created such awe that even the animals in the forest stopped to view its aura. Chris and Shawn were just rounding the last hill on their hike to base camp in the rocky mountains of West Virginia. They had all the gear they would need to five days of hiking; however they would only ever need enough for two. They finally reached the base at about 7 o'clock and the sun had fully set over the trees, Orion and its mighty belt crested over the western hill showing the predominance of winter approaching. After they had gathered all the firewood for the evening they began setting up their tent and getting ready for some supper. It was a long day of hiking and Shawn and Chris were exhausted. A few hours passed and Shawn decided to crash as he usually does early on in the night, Chris chose to stay up a little and watch the bright red ambers of the fire simmer as he fed the ring of rocks with bountiful amounts of firewood. Shawn sealed the tent and Chris waited for the coals of the fire to die down and make some hotdogs over the fire. All of a sudden there was a loud cracking sound in the woods that startled Chris to no extent. It was no simple pinecone falling through the trees it was exactly

similar to the sound of bone breaking in to shards and sending shrapnel soaring through the air. Chris instantly knew that there had to be something in the woods surrounding the camp. The bright light of the fire caused Chris' vision to be hindered and allow whoever was in the woods to sneak right up on him. "Nah, it was probably nothing." Chris said to himself. He decided to sit back down at the fire and get ready to hit the sack. A good twenty minutes passed without a sound in the woods. "Yeah it was definitely nothing" Chris reassured to himself. The embers of the fire began to flicker and with a good blow of dirt from the ground Chris put out the fire. After Chris fully put out the fire he slammed down the poker into the ground, the second the poker's point dug into the ground a loud clicking sound skimmed through the woods, Chris quickly fell to the ground rolling in agony, Something had pierced his left leg right through the shin, As he yelled another crack rang through the woods and the yelling ceased. Shawn who was a severely heavy sleeper had not been awakened by the screaming. After a few hours Shawn woke up and went outside to go to the bathroom, after the nausea of sleeping wore off he realized that Chris was missing. "Chris!" Yelled Shawn only to get the silence of the woods in return. Shawn swiftly and frantically searched the camp checking the tent several times. Quickly panic set in on Shawn as a bear hones in on a fish leaping magically out of the water. "Where did he go?" Shawn repeated over and over. Shawn had enough common sense not to go wandering through the woods in the pitch dark and get lost, but something inside of him compelled him to venture out, need it be the adrenaline or just the simple thought of fear. His fear blocked his mind from being able to make any rash decisions. Slowly but surely Shawn walked aimlessly through the woods with nothing but a flash light and a pocket knife. Shawn walking through the woods was as big of a beacon as could be in the wide open wilderness of the West Virginian Mountains. Finally the trail opened up and it split into two paths both of the

same density. Shawn stood there deciding which path to pursue or whether to simply turn back and head back to camp. Something down deep in Shawn told him to keep going so he decided to follow the left trail and keep searching desperately for Chris. After a few minutes of walking he came upon a shack nestled deep in the brush with a sign to the left of the road stating, "He who enters this domain delivers himself of all evils and shall not pass through without the untimely judgment of the overseer." Shawn who became instantly petrified slowed down but kept moving down the trail, little did he know of the trip wire set up a few feet from the sign. He gave the cord a hard yank with his leg and out of the woods came a large branch that was held into position by leather rope attached to a stake that anchored the rope. The Branch swung out to the brush violently and on the tip of the branch was a large sharpened stone tied on. The velocity of the branch was enough to completely cripple Shawn and he let out a loud scream that could be heard for acres. As he lay there and the release of endorphins caused the pain to subside he could hear footsteps coming from the trail he just came down. Out of the darkness came a tall figure covered in shadows from the head to the toe. In his hands was a long rifle with a barrel on the tip that extended the gun about six inches. As he approached Shawn tried his best to crawl away from him but his disfigured legs were in too bad of shape to move. The figure finally reached Shawn and stood over him inspecting his handiwork. "What are you? What have you done to my friend?" Yelled Shawn with the top of his lungs. Then the hunter of men leaned down and grabbed Shawn by his shirt and began dragging him down the road to the cabin. For Chris and Shawn their simply week of camping led to their own demise. Those who dwell in the night are simply variations of light, the negative to the film reel that find amusement in the torture of others, such creatures shall always exist in the vastness that is the darkness.