

# Delusional?

"We have breaking news." The reporter said. "They just reported that they have found the one surviving camper." This was good news but bad news for Joe. Sure he was alive, but all his friends were dead. How could he replace them? His mind was only half way working when the reporters swarmed him for questions.

"How'd you survive?"

"Was it scary?"

"What are you going to do now?" All the reporters said simultaneously.

He wasn't paying any attention to what they were saying. His mind was too caught up on more important things. He was thinking about the beginning, when they were on the road.

*While Joe was driving, Fred was going on and on about how awesome this trip was going to be. "Don't you guys think this trip is going to be awesome? No parents and no one to tell us what to do," He said excitedly. "It's not that big of deal," Shaun his twin brother said impatiently. "I just think it's awesome that we get a break from school," Fred said as he was looking out the window. The rest of the car trip was silent.*

*About a mile before their destination a road sign blocked the whole road so that they could not go any farther. There were thick woods on either side of them. "Well I guess we are hiking the rest of the way," Joe said as if this is what he had wanted. He thought someone had to take the lead so might as well be him.*

*"Isn't it kinda too dark to go anywhere?" Fred asked.*

*Shaun said with a little smirk, "What are you scared? Do you need mom?"*

*"I could take you on any day. I could knock you out with one punch easily, so I wouldn't mess with me if I were you." Fred said.*

*It was this cockiness that Joe hated and that also landed Fred in a lot of bad circumstances. He did have a point though Joe thought. "Ya, why don't we just camp out for tonight, and if we feel like it, we can go on farther tomorrow." He said. It was a decision he would later regret.*

"What killed your friends?" one of the reporters asked. This question caught Joe's attention. There was a long pause then Joe stepped back and went to the car. He drove to his apartment. He opened up the door and there sitting on his couch were two men dressed in fancy black suits. "Hello Mr. Rogers." a tall, fit man gripped his hand and gave him a firm shake. Joe thought he knew these people from somewhere, but couldn't remember where.

"Who are you guys?" Joe asked.

"We just have a few questions to ask you." A short, fat man answered.

"Do I know you from somewhere?" Joe asked.

"I don't know where or how you would have ever seen us." the tall, fit man answered.

Joe knew these people from somewhere, and he was going to find out where.

***"Did you guys hear something?" Fred asked worriedly.***

***"No, go to bed!" Shaun replied.***

***So Fred just laid there trying to figure out what the noise was. He said to himself "It was probably nothing." but yet it kept bothering him he couldn't stand it any longer. So he grabbed his flashlight and went into the woods trying to find something. Not longer than two minutes later, while he was walking in the woods, he saw two figures running towards him.***

***"Hey Joe wake up!" Shaun yelled.***

***"What?" Joe asked.***

***"Do you know where Fred is?" Shaun asked.***

***"He's probably outside cooking something to eat." Joe replied.***

***They both got up to look for him. They got out of the tent and no sign of Fred. Shaun went to look in the car while Joe stayed behind. Joe thought that he's probably going to the bathroom. Shaun came back and Fred wasn't in the car. Joe was starting to get worried. Then Joe heard leaves rustling to the right of him. Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw a figure slowly progressing towards them.***

***"Fred is that you?!" Joe shouted.***

***"I remember you guys now." Joe said.***

***"Okay who are we?" the short, fat man answered.***

Joe knew exactly who they were now. He couldn't believe it took him this long to realize this. He was also wondering how they knew him and how they found out where he lived.

*It was Fred. He had pale, ash skin. He looked as if he'd been in a dark cave for his whole life. As soon as Joe saw him though he was gone. He had vanished. Shaun was freaked out.*

*"Dude where'd he go?" Shaun asked.*

*"I have no idea," Joe replied.*

*"Well I'm going to find out what happened to him." Shaun said.*

*So Shaun left and went into the woods. While Joe was left to fend for himself. Three days passed and no sign of Shaun or Fred. On the third night, Joe was asleep, and in his dream he saw two figures repeating the same thing over and over again...*

*"We killed your friends, and you're next."*

*Joe woke up frantically, he crawled out of his tent and he looked to his left and there were two figures sprinting towards him.*

*"You are the two people who killed my friends." Joe said angrily.*

*"Remember you're next!" They both said at the same time.*

Then they were gone. Joe had a feeling it wasn't going to be the last time he saw them again. Joe thought to himself, was he just delusional or was this actually real.

"We have more breaking news." The reporter said. "The surviving camper was just found dead in his apartment. Police are investigating, but they think it is a murder. We will have more information for you as soon as it comes out."

Oooh! Scary! I absolutely love how you use dialogue and flashbacks. That is a sign of a great writer!

A