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Two Days of Eeriness

Six years ago my grandmother took my cousins and I camping at Chicot State Park in Ville Platte. My cousins Angel, Alexis, Matthew, and I all shared a camper; it was crowded. Some of my other family members came too but they stayed in different campers.

To begin, one of the activities I liked most about camping was riding my bike on the trails. They were so much fun. One evening we were all riding our bikes and we got lost. It was close to nightfall and we were all scared to death. We decided to split up into pairs of twos each with one walkie-talkie. I was paired with my cousin, Angel, and we tried to find our way back to the camper. As we were looking for the campers our walkie-talkie started sending us messages from people we didn't know. We couldn't turn it off because the others might find their way back to camp first and they needed to be able to contact us. Together we ignored the unfamiliar messages and just kept walking. About five minutes later, we received a message with the directions on which way to go to get back to camp and surprisingly we were very close by.

By the time we got back, it was past 7:00 P.M and my grandmother had started a campfire without us. I was a little disappointed because I loved watching the wood go up in flames. Next to our campers was a big playground and my grandmother agreed that we could go play there. While playing at the playground, a strange man walked into view and I suspected that he couldn't be more than twenty years old. He was wearing jeans and a gray shirt that said "ARMY" on the front. We all called him the "Army man". As we talked with the "Army man", we realized that he was really good at telling ghost stories. That night he told us a story about a man with very sharp objects for hands. It was pretty scary considering I was only seven years old. After he told us his story it was time to go to bed.

The next morning we got up early to see if the "Army man" was at the park. It turns out that he wasn't so we had to find something to do for the day. My grandfather set up a hammock between two trees so I

decided to swing in it. When I glanced up I saw “Army man” riding a unicycle, which looked very difficult to ride, but it seemed really easy to him. I told my cousins about him and they thought that he was weird.

Later that day around 6:30 P.M we all went to the park to swing on the swings. One of my cousins, Lexi, decided to swing on the giant tire swing. We all watched her and I saw the “Army man” come into view. He volunteered to push Lexi on the tire swing and I thought that was really nice, but he ended up pushing her too hard and she fell off. Once she was able to get up, she ran into the trees and began vomiting. I guess that push on the tire swing was too much of a rush for her. After she recovered, she went back to the camper until she felt better. Soon afterward the “Army man” told us another eerie ghost story. This time it was about zombies coming back from the dead and eating everyone in sight. I found it really scary and thought that I would never sleep that night. Angel couldn’t take it and started crying. She ran back to the camper to tell everybody that the “Army man” was telling really scary stories. “What a baby,” I thought. My grandmother came to the park with a crying Angel holding on to her hand and told us that we had to go back to the campers which I thought was totally unfair.

That night while trying to fall asleep I thought I heard the earth shake and imagined the zombies coming back from the dead and the screaming of many people who were being eaten alive. I never want to hear another ghost story for as long as I live.