

In the middle of the thick Pennsylvania woods, there was a relatively small town in the heart of the state. Once dominated by the water mills and farms from the 19th century, the town converted into an electrical hub with an electric power plant taking up residence during the second World War. But over the decades, the town slowly dwindled overtime, remaining a suburban oasis in a rather large rural area. Even the power plant that was seen as the town's center piece became obsolete and abandoned as the company that owned it moved both east and west to power Pennsylvania's major cities.

The town was named John's River, named after the man who found the town in the early 1800s. The water mills that once dominated the river had either been destroyed or reclaimed by nature, all except one that was kept up as it was closest to John's house. It was the only noteworthy tourist attraction of the town that failed to attract any tourists. John's River really was a secluded part of the woods, one that brought itself very little attention.

Today, the town only had three schools, each for every major grade difference. Their high school was the largest and it was the only thing that attracted anyone to John's River. James Harrison was one of those people, an English teacher who just landed a job at the High School. And with him he brought his daughter, Sylvia, to enroll there. Having been working at the high schools that dotted the coast line, James witnessed the state of the shore schools decaying in quality overtime. He mostly left the Jersey Shore more for his own career, but he hoped that John's River High School would also give his 17 year old daughter a proper senior year.

Leaving her hometown and friends behind wasn't easy for Sylvia though she didn't have a choice in the manner anyways. The long car ride from the shore to the middle of the dense forest was quiet. James would try to make small talk with his daughter every now and then whenever they passed a major landmark, but Sylvia remained quiet. It was getting dark when the two finally arrived at their new home.

"Well, here we are!" James said.

Sylvia hadn't seen the house yet and was shocked to see how big it was. Given that it was only her father and herself, she expected a small one floor house. But this home appeared only slightly smaller than the one she grew up in. It had two stories and while it certainly wasn't new, it appeared it was built after the 60s at least, something that couldn't be said for most of the houses she saw in the neighborhood. While the house lacked a garage, there was a decently large shed to the side of the house. The forest flanked the house from all sides except the front which was instead a long dirt road connected to the main neighborhood. She could still see a few houses from the front deck but for the most part their home was quite secluded.

"The movers won't be here for a few hours," James said.

"I know dad," Sylvia sighed. She grabbed the stuff she packed and began moving into the house.

"You might have to sit on the floor-" James was cut off by his daughter's grunt. James glared at his daughter.

"I just... I just need some time alone," Sylvia responded a few seconds later. She hastened her pace and got inside. She had been given a key along with her father to access the house.

The first floor was nothing to write home about. From the entrance the house splitted to the stairs going both upstairs and to the basement, a hallway that contained the bathroom and led to the kitchen, along with a dining room and living room that flanked both sides of the entrance. There were a few smaller rooms connecting the kitchen to the others creating a circular design for the first floor. The basement was quite small. After the usual piping, heating, and gas devices, there was only enough room for a small office. The second floor contained a hallway that led to four rooms: a master bedroom, two smaller guest bedrooms and a bathroom.

Sylvia hadn't been "assigned" to any guest room and took the time to pick one. The decision was easy; one bedroom was devoid of anything other than dust while the other contained an old wooden chair and vanity from the previous tenant. The two windows faced the woods while the other bedroom was located at the front of the house. Sylvia plopped her things down and stared at the mirror. It was old and dusty with a few cracks on its left side. "You certainly have seen better days," Sylvia chuckled a little. She let out another sigh and began to ponder what to do.

The next few days were quite busy but not very eventful for Sylvia and her father. They barely left the house outside of grabbing food or supplies. The two spent most of the time rearranging furniture, cleaning the house, and getting both internet and cable to work. After the dust had been settled (or rather cleaned), James felt content with the house and Sylvia was starting to at least appreciate what she had now. She was more used to the very urban and busy life of the city but there was a sense of seriness that came from living somewhere so rural.

Though one thing she hadn't gotten used to was the eeriness of the forest. The shadows of the tree branches that seemed to crawl on the ceiling at night, to the odd cracks and screeches she could hear from it. It didn't make matters better whenever she stared out at the forest at night. At times, she felt like something was staring back at her. Whether it was an animal, paranoia, or perhaps something else, she couldn't put her finger on it. It was never enough that she couldn't get sleep but her first couple of nights sleeping at her new home were dreamless and eerie.

A few more days passed and having exhausted most of the reading material and Game Boy Advance games, Sylvia decided it was time to finally explore the town. The few times she had seen around the neighborhood while getting lunch or supplies piqued her interest enough to look around the roads she hadn't been to yet.

"I'm off," Sylvia said as she put her shoes on. Her father was sitting on the living room couch, enjoying some tea while reading the newspaper.

"Oh, off to make some friends?" James asked.

"No. Uh, maybe? I don't know, I just need to get out of this house," Sylvia responded. She didn't want to spend any more time talking with her father and hurried out of there. It was an oddly cool August afternoon, overcast but it didn't appear it was going to rain. The streets of the neighborhood closest to Sylvia's house were clearly newer than most of the neighborhood.

Besides the houses simply not looking as old, they were among the few neighborhood roads to have any sidewalks. After passing just two blocks, Sylvia was forced onto the road itself, occasionally moving out of the way for the odd car.

She didn't have any set destination and simply hugged the streets that were directly connected to the woods. Eventually she reached a long straight road that went straight through the woods. Right to the left of the road was a rather large park, one that Sylvia hadn't noticed before. There were a few ponds, playground equipment, a basketball court, and several trails that led deep into the forest. Every noteworthy part of the park appeared to be occupied. At the entrance of the park, a small group of teenage girls had gathered and were talking amongst themselves.

Sylvia walked to their side, keeping a good distance from them. They appeared to be Middle Schoolers, perhaps even Freshmen for the upcoming school year. She didn't want to take part in their conversation and simply wanted to get a better look at the park. The group of teenagers didn't appear to notice her or at least bother her, though they were quite loud which irritated her.

"Did you hear about that strange cat?" One of the girls said.

"Wait, there's now a cat monster around town? Is it at least cute?" Another one said.

"Who cares if it's cute? All of those things are dangerous! I swear there's something in the woods at night..." The third one said.

"Pff, you think that's dangerous? I've heard there's this red dinosaur that shows up whenever one of those monsters appears!" The last one said.

Sylvia looked at them.

"Monsters?" She said out loud. All of the other girls heard her and looked right at her.

"Whose she?"

"She looks like a senior."

"Oh, are you that new kid that moved here?" The one who first spoke of the cat said.

"Uh, how did you know?" Sylvia asked.

"I saw a car and truck go to that vacant house down the road. You don't look like you are from around here."

Sylvia began to regret opening her mouth. "Yeah, that would be me," she said. "I got to go."

Sylvia turned and started to make her way down the long road. She didn't even take a few steps when all of the girls screamed at her.

"WAIT!" They all called out. Sylvia was startled and jumped a little.

"Wha- don't yell at me!" She shouted though not nearly as loud as the girls. The face on them wasn't what Sylvia expected. She thought they were pranksters or just annoying brats, but they all had a look of concern on their faces.

"That way is to the old Power Plant," the first one said.

"There's like a new monster there every day!" The second one said.

"Yeah girl, listen. Don't go there, we have all made that mistake," the third one said.

"What, because a 'monster' is going to get me?" Sylvia said. The other girls remained silent.

They now realized that their screams caused some commotion and several eyes from the park goers were now on them.

"Your funeral if you go there," the fourth one said. They all then scurried away, though they remained on their topic talking about monsters.

"What an... odd bunch," Sylvia sighed. She couldn't tell if they were just messing with her or they were being genuine. Though any chance to converse with them, perhaps even make a friend or two was gone. Their talk about monsters and ones prowling the old Power Plant did pique her interest though. She wasn't planning to go down the road in the first place, but now she at least wanted to see what laid at the end of it.

The road wasn't quite as straight as Sylvia expected it to be. Roughly a mile in, the road bent hard to the left and slowly bent to the right gradually. As she made the bend slowly Sylvia noticed the first glimpses of a clearing with old grey buildings. Another half mile down the road and she came to the old Power Plant. The place was in a state of disarray and abandonment. The large parking lot had already begun crumbling with grass and weeds poking out of the cracks. The road was beaten up but it was still evidently used as it continued past the Power Plant to an even deeper part of the woods. No cars passed her though.

Despite the parking lot being fenced in, there were plenty of holes in the fence Sylvia could easily slip through. Even if they weren't present, the gate was unmanned and easily passable on foot. Sylvia walked to the end of the parking lot closest to the building and stopped. A large trench at least a good 30 feet down stood before her. It started off as a 90 degree drop before quickly easing out at a gentler angle just five feet deep. From the strange pipes to the water coming out of an odd few, it was some sort of irrigation canal of some sort. Why it was exposed and surrounding the Power Plant, Sylvia couldn't figure out why.

Getting to the building seemed out of the question though. There was a large bridge that connected the parking lot to the Power Plant's main entrance. What was left of that bridge was now sitting at the bottom of the trench. "Well, it wasn't like I was going to explore the inside of it," Sylvia thought out loud. She stood at the edge of the bridge and tried to peer into the building from the broken glass doors. It was dark for sure, but there appeared to be a dim light flickering in the lobby.

Sylvia stared at it for a time wondering what this place was like when it was still in use. Its abandonment and signs of decay and even destruction made everything feel eerie. As she lingered on that thought, Sylvia began to feel very uneasy. "Well, I saw what I came for I guess," Sylvia sighed. She turned around to begin her long walk back home, but froze in place. Sylvia's heart nearly skipped a beat at the sight she saw.