

Truth Or Dare

By Fiona Harvey

Icy fingers dug into their skin as it dragged them back down the trail into tent 9.

Every summer, Camp Maverick was crazy but, in the history of the camp, no summer was crazier than this one. It had been raining all day and the camper's were getting bored. At Oakwood campsite, all the campers were in tent 3 playing cards. In HoneyComb they went into tent 7 and were making bracelets. And in Cappella, all the campers were in tent 2 and were reading except for the three campers from tent 8.

Ryen, Alex, and Azari were friends as soon as they met each other. They were all pranksters, loved watching Stranger Things, and were all going into 7th grade. Instead of reading in tent 2, they decided to enjoy the rain and play truth or dare. The truths started as easy get-to-know-you questions and the dare's harmless little acts but, they soon escalated into more personal truths and reckless dares.

"Ryen, truth or dare?" Azari asked.

"Dare."

"I dare you to scare the kids in tent 2."

"I happen to have the perfect thing for that" As Ryen left the tent into the rain they grabbed something from their bag on the floor. Three minutes later they heard a wolf howl that was so loud they thought it was right outside the tent and a few high-pitched screams. A minute later, a soaking wet Ryen came into the tent holding a small green box with a bunch of buttons on it.

“Noisemaker works every time.” Ryen said as they plopped themselves down on a cot. “Alex truth or dare. Let me guess..... You're going to pick truth.”

“Since you're being annoying, dare.”, said Alex

“Hmm...What to choose, what to choose. I dare you to... sleep in tent 9 tonight.”, Ryen said.

“What ?!” Alex and Azari asked in unison. At dinner, they had heard rumors from the returning campers that tent 9 was haunted by the spirit of a girl who died there a few years back but, the police immediately covered it up. They covered it up so well that no one even knows how she died, the family didn't even get to see the body.

“You heard what I said unless you're too chicken to do it.” Ryen teased.

“Fine, I'll do your stupid dare then. It's not like ghosts are real.”

An hour after lights out, Alex snuck out of tent 8 with their sleep bag and flashlight and, made their way up the path. Tent 9 was the farthest away from the councilors tent, so far that you could barely see it from the bathrooms. It was a little older than the other tents and the flaps were weirdly open. As they walked into the tent they felt a sudden coldness settle over them but, shook it off.

“Ghosts aren't real, Ghosts aren't real.” They reminded themselves. They laid their sleeping bag on one of the cots and fell asleep to the sound of rain. But not for long. They woke up to a flash of lightning illuminating the face of a young girl. They grabbed their flashlights and clicked it on, but no one was there. Instead of falling back asleep, they stood and shined their flashlight in every corner of the tent, but they saw nothing. Then, they shined it out the back flaps and nearly screamed. A shovel was digging a hole by itself, the worst part was it was the perfect size for a body.

Alex ran out of the tent but didn't make it far. Icy fingers dug into their skin and dragged them back into tent 9. They tried to fight it but you can't fight a ghost. It dragged them through the tent and out the back flaps. The ghost pushed them into the hole and they landed on their back knocking the wind out of them. The ground was hard and soft at the same time which was weird for dirt. They looked down and screamed. The dirt wasn't dirt at all but the decaying body of a girl with the same face as the ghost they saw a few minutes earlier.

"This must be the body of the girl who died here." They gulped.

Dirt started raining down on Alex. The shovel had started working again but instead of digging the hole, it was filling it back up. They tried to stand up but each time the dirt was pushing them down harder and harder. A rock came falling smashing into their leg shattering it. They collapsed onto the ground, whimpering in pain. There was only one thought on their mind, I'm going to die. The dirt was already up to their chest, they tried moving their arms but couldn't. It was like they were in concrete. They tried to move their legs, still stuck. The dirt was now up to their neck and pressing in. Alex decided to try to get help so they did what they could think of and screamed.

Back in tent 8, Azari woke up gasping for air. She had a nightmare for the first time in years and this one felt different. She couldn't tell if the scream was real or just part of her dream but something felt off about it. Her dream was about Alex and how they went into tent 9 and faced the horrors inside it. But it couldn't be real, that would only happen in movies. So she took a deep breath and fell back asleep.

When she woke up she remembered Alex's dare. So she lept out of bed and dashed through the campsite, up to tent 9. Alex's sleeping bag was strewn across the ground and the flashlight was still on. Everything was exactly the same as

her dream. She threw open the tent flaps and knew she was too late. Behind the tent the soil looked freshly turned and Azari knew that no one could survive being trapped underground this long. Alex was dead.