

**7:30 pm**

Andres stumbled out of the log cabin and entered the dark cold forest that surrounded the cabin. However, with the acid in his system, the forest was nothing more but a warm vibrant landscape. Everything seemed so much more alive, the trees all smiled at Andres, Andres smiled back. Even the *thing* behind the trees seemed alive. It was off in the distance, which made it quite difficult to make out exactly what it was. However what Andres could , was that it was morphing. He couldn't exactly describe how it was shape shifting except that it was just changing into different shapes. For most, this would be enough reason to scream for help, but for Andre, he couldn't help but love it. He didn't know if it was the acid flowing through or something else but all he wanted to do was walk up to the creature and give it a friendly hug.

The snow however, made this simple action virtually impossible. Andres remembered hearing the weatherman forecast light snow. But even the weatherman is wrong sometimes, because the snow had reached all the way up to Andre's knees. But while Andre sat there knee deep in crystal white snow, the creature noticed him. It turned its attention to Andre, which made Andre's face light up with glee. Andre waved at the creature, and surprisingly enough, the creature waved back. But Andre saw that when the creature motioned back a

wave, it was in the exact same motion as he had done it. He noticed this and wanted to test out if it was copying him. So he decided to raise his hands to the sky, as if he was reaching for the heavens. As soon as he did that, the creature's hands also raised to the sky. He then threw a punch in the air, and the creature followed suit.

Andre was having way too much fun with the creature and decided to do his most daring move yet, throw the middle finger. As soon as he threw up the bird, the creature flipped him off as well. This made Andre's gut fill with a sea of laughter. His laugh was so loud that it could be heard throughout the entire forest. But something made his laughter abruptly end. The shadowy creature that stood before Andre had now taken the face and shape of him. It was like looking through a mirror. However, this was no mirror, as it started to walk through the snow to make its way to Andre.

All the hairs on his neck stood up, goosebumps scattered throughout his entire body, and the sea of laughter that had been in his stomach was now replaced with a deep feeling of dread. Every sense in his body was screaming at him to run. But the acid, still coursing through his body, began making everything blurry. And before he knew it, his entire body was sprawled out onto the snowy ground. The acid had left him unconscious.

**9:00 pm**

Andres woke up expecting to be dead. However he found himself amidst a puddle of red cups and half filled bottles. He knew he was back in the cabin but he didn't know how. He tried getting up from the cold messy floors but exhaustion forced him to stay still. All he could do was just stare up at the ceiling and wonder what the hell had happened.

With the loss of bodily control, Andres was forced to call out for help. But even his words didn't want to obey him, and instead they came out very distorted and slurred. Luckily his best friend, Aiko, was just close enough to hear his ramblings. She walked over to his motionless body and picked him up, then after multiple attempts she finally sat him down on the couch.

**AIKO:** You could've been dead if I didn't see you lying in the snow like an idiot. And you're welcome, by the way, I know, I'm a bit of a saint.

**ANDRES:** "D-id yOu Se0 igt?"

**AIKO:** What?

**ANDRES:** D-\*Id Y%u Ree i^t?!

"I don't know what Oliver gave you, but that sh!t must be strong, 'cause I don't have a clue what you're saying."

Andres gave up trying to explain to her. All he was worried about now was how or *if* he could get up. In the meanwhile, Aiko looked after him, but unlike most, she didn't mind looking after Andres, even if he did squirm around on the couch like a newborn baby. The reason being Aiko had spent her whole life looking after Andres. At this point she probably knew him better than he knew himself. They had met in kindergarten where Aiko was frequently seen looking after Andres. Whether it was fighting bullies off or getting him to pay attention, Aiko acted as his guardian angel. Aiko always thought of Andres as like her little brother, and she treated him so. This meant she would watch over and protect him, even if on occasion this annoyed him, (being treated like a younger sibling despite him being older), but he couldn't help but feel an immense amount of gratitude towards her.

And so, the lonesome pair sat on the living room couch. All around them were the remains of the party, crimson red cups messily arranged for drunken beer pong, tables capsized, and mounds of bottles left unattended. They wondered where everyone had gone, but Andres couldn't move and Aiko didn't want to leave him. Other than Andres's occasional muttering, the room was relatively quiet, that was until they heard a loud thud come from the second floor.

Although Andres considered the cabin a maze to get through, to Aiko it seemed pretty simple. There were 3 floors, and several different rooms on each one. The kitchen and living room were obviously on the first floor, so for most

there was no reason to go upstairs. Sure there were the occasional couple who went up there, but most chose to stay on the first floor. That's why it was so peculiar that everyone was gone, not to mention the loud thud.

When Aiko looked over at Andres, his face was scrunched up with a level of terror she had never seen on his face before. She just thought he was just having another bad trip so she tried to comfort him. This was interrupted by another loud thud, then another and another. With the sound of heavy thuds filling the room, came a sense of impending doom.

From the corner of his eyes, he could see the *dark massive creature* crawl it's way down the steps,

As Andres's eyes widened he screamed,

"IT'S H&RE! IT'S H3-

## **10:30 pm**

With smokey red eyes, Oliver passed the blunt over to Lucas, who was scared out of his mind. When Oliver had invited him up to the third floor for a quick "chat", he never would've thought that would include weed. See, Lucas was raised in a strict Catholic household, 7:00 curfew, daily prayer sessions, and definitely no parties. The only reason he was allowed to go was because he

convinced his mom this would be a quaint church retreat. It took lots of convincing to stay out past 11.

LUCAS: "Woah, I don't sm-"

OLIVER: "-oke, yeah I know, but come on man it's just one little hit."

LUCAS: "Yeah, but my mom is gonna be here soon and I don't wanna smell like...well all of that."

OLIVER: "You are such a little square."

LUCAS: "What, no I'm not."

OLIVER: "You are; you begged your mom to let you here and you won't even have fun. You've been stressed this entire party. That's the whole reason why I took you up here, to help you relax, and nothing helps someone relax more than some of this."

LUCAS: "I know but she's gonna be here soon. Plus, she thinks this whole thing was a bible study retreat, if she finds out I've been not only lying but also smoking, she's gonna kill me."

OLIVER: "So? I mean, you have your whole life ahead of you to make the right choice. Why not right here, right now, learn to live a little."

Lucas hesitated for a moment but Oliver's words rang through his mind. He decided to take the blunt and look at it. Time sat still, as he stared at it. Finally, he slowly placed the foreign substance upon his lips. He breathed in the entirety of the smoke, and for just a moment he felt complete **NIRVANA**. But he had inhaled too much smoke and soon enough, he found himself on the floor, practically coughing up his lung.

**OLIVER:** {Laughing}, Bro, you good?

**LUCAS:** {Coughing extremely hard}, No-*{cough}*, that tastes like *{cough}*, f%#king *{cough}* sh!t *{cough, cough, cough}*.

**OLIVER:** That's what a bad choice tastes like my friend, a bit like sh!t. But you kinda wanna do it again.

Lucas looked over at Oliver and Oliver to Lucas. The two began to laugh and returned to **NIRVANA**.

**11:40 pm**

The scream of a crying phone woke up the pair of sleeping boys. The two struggled to get up, the forceful weed keeping their tired bodies pressed to the floor. The phone still continued to ring which caused the two to scramble around

the floor, to find out who dared to interrupt their sleep. Lucas found the phone and hung up immediately. The two tried to fall back asleep but were again interrupted by the sound of a call. Lucas looked at the phone finally and realized his mom had tried to text him 32 times and call him 20 times. Lucas became so nervous that the phone slipped out of his hand. Not only did the phone shatter but so did Lucas's hope of going out more. After tonight he knew there was no way his mom would ever let him leave the house unless she was taking him to church.

Tears started to well in his eyes as Oliver asked,

**OLIVER:** Woah, are you uh-okay?

**LUCAS:** No, I'm not f\*%king okay. This was the one night; the **one night**, where I was able to be a normal teenager. But she's gonna find me high as sh!t and smelling like alcohol and she's never gonna let me leave again.

**OLIVER:** I'm-I'm sorr-

**LUCAS:** It's fine, don't be sorry. If this *is* the last time I'm going out, I'm glad it was with you. You helped me to let go and have fun. For that, I can't thank you enough.

Oliver felt responsible for what was coming to Lucas, so he decided to help him find the phone. His plan was to impersonate a pastor so that she would trust Lucas again. When he told Lucas the plan, the two of them both knew it was stupid, but it was the best chance they had.

They run downstairs searching for a phone, they are slightly creeped out by the lack of people in the house, but decide to press on. Oliver decided they should split up to have a better chance of finding it. Oliver took the kitchen area, and Lucas went on to the various rooms in the hallway.

**11:50 pm**

**OLIVER:** Yo Lucas, I found it!

He thought he would feel overjoyed but inside he was incredibly sad that he had to let Lucas go. But the problem was, Lucas was nowhere to be found.

When Oliver stepped out into the hallway a faint thumping noise began to play. The hairs on Oliver's neck stood on end like a cat faced with danger. Oliver began to slowly approach the thumping noise coming from one of the rooms. As he got closer and closer the more violent the thumping became.

The room was completely shut and without light, as Lucas tried to twist the doorknob his sweat made his hands as watery as the ocean. This caused him to fiddle with the knob for a minute until he grabbed it with two hands and focused

on opening it. When the door eventually did creep open there stood Lucas, his back turned towards Oliver.

Oliver called out:

**OLIVER:** Are...you...okay?

He didn't answer.

**OLIVER:** Lucas, are-are you good?

The only other sound in the room was Lucas's shallow breath. He stood there in place like a statue for what seemed like an eternity. Finally he turned his whole body around and spoke:

**LUCAS:** *After the three I had earlier, I feel-GREAT!*

When Oliver thought things couldn't get any stranger he looked down at the floor and noticed the pool of blood surrounding Lucas. He became very alarmed:

**OLIVER:** Sh!t, man, you're bleeding everywhere.

**LUCAS:** Oh; I guess I am. Do you think they have any napkins in the kitchen?

**OLIVER:** *Napkins?* You need a hospital.

**LUCAS:** No

**OLIVER:** What do you mean no, you're practically swimming in your *own* blood.

A crooked smile crept across Lucas's face. He then stepped out of the room and walked towards the kitchen. A pit formed in Oliver's stomach, he knew something was off.

**OLIVER:** Lucas I really think we should call an ambulance, you're not making any sense-

**LUCAS:** 50 years.

**OLIVER:**What?

**LUCAS:** 50 years I had been wondering in those woods lookin' for a decent meal. I was so hungry I could barely think.

**OLIVER:** Okay, you're clearly still high and need some help, so I'm calling the ambulance. {Starts dialing 9-1-1}

**LUCAS:** It's crazy I stumbled upon this cabin, upon these people, and upon **you**.

Lucas grabbed the phone straight out of Oliver's hand and smashed it upon the ground.

**LUCAS:** Funny how life is, right?

Oliver began backing up towards the exit, his heart thumping out of his chest.

**OLIVER:** Look, I-I'm sorry if I upset you in some way-

**LUCAS:** Oh,don't worry I'm not upset, in fact, I'm ecstatic.

At that point, every sense in Oliver's body screamed for him "RUN" and so he ran out the front as fast as he could.

**LUCAS:** Ohhh, the runners always work up an appetite.

When Oliver ran out the door he was met with 5 foot high snow, but this didn't deter him. He used his whole body to plow through the snow, but soon it became too exhausting. Soon he heard "Lucas's" footsteps coming closer and closer, and no matter how hard he tried to fight it he was dragged back *inside*.

