

That Night in the Forest

By Zachariah Tre'baol Clark



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My name is Joey Argans. I'm 12 years old, 5' tall, and I live in Carson City, Nevada.

My sister, Zoe, my Mom, my Dad, and me had been looking forward to this road trip for the past month. We were supposed to be taking a 'grand tour' of the state of California, including all the cool places like Hollywood and SeaWorld. Instead, we stayed in a crummy hotel called The Three Wolves Inn.

When we got there I had asked Dad, "Isn't that name a little medieval?" and he replied, "At least it won't be very expensive."

I thought it looked a little shady, what with its lopsided appearance and shingle-stripped roofs. Mom had to be persuaded to enter by Dad because of all the bums hanging around.

I think Dad was having second thoughts as well when the roof started leaking right above him.

After we heard what sounded like a chainsaw from the floor below us, Dad got up to complain at the front desk. The rest of us just sat on our beds, blinking the sleep from our eyes.

CRASH!

I ducked as a large, heavy looking object broke through the window and landed with a thump on my pillow. I clicked the light on, and Zoe screamed. It was a skull.

"What is that?" whispered Mom, even though she already knew.

A thumping noise was coming from the room below us. The only other visitor was shouting for us to be quiet. Mom, who was famous for her temper, stomped the floor back.

Turning it around, I inspected the bone from every angle. “Maybe it’s some type of monkey skull.” I said hopefully.

“Put it down!” said Mom. I did, and I wasn’t sorry to, either.

Dad walked in and stopped when he saw the skull. “What is that?” he asked. Before we could reply, he said briskly, “Get dressed. We aren’t staying here for another minute. The old fool at the desk insisted the sound was just the ice machine, but whoever heard of one so loud? He refused to refund us for the leaking roof, too.”

Ten minutes later we were back on the road, the headlights barely piercing the heavy rain that was falling. As I gazed sleepily out the window, I swear I saw dark shapes flit out of the headlight beams as we passed.

Suddenly, the headlights blinked out. When they blinked on again, we saw to our horror that a large tree had fallen across the road. Dad slammed on the brakes, but we just skid. There was a loud pop, and I realized one of the back tires was out.

The old Chevy swerved dangerously close to the large drop by the road, that led into the dark forest. Fortunately we stopped just before it. Mom was just opening the door when there was a lurch, and we toppled into the forest. I looked up just in time to see a ghastly, white face in the window, it’s mouth open in a silent howl of mirth.

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When I woke up, I found myself lying in the curve of the roof of the car. Crawling

forward, I checked to make sure everyone else was okay.

We hadn't been out for long; it was still pouring. An inch of water had collected in the upside-down vehicle. Dad used the keys to chisel away the fragments of glass that were left of the windshield, and we clambered out.

We were very lucky it had been raining so hard; if the ground hadn't been so soft the entire car would have flattened like a pancake. Dad managed to pry the cargo door open and he retrieved a flashlight and a bottle of water. This was rather pointless, as all we had to do was catch the rain on our tongues, but he insisted.

For a couple of minutes we stood looking lost, around our wreck of a car. Mom tried her cell phone. We were in a dead zone. Zoe suggested we flag down a car. We couldn't get back up the cliff, it was too slippery. Just when we started getting desperate, Zoe heard it.

"Did you hear that?" she asked.

"Nope." said Dad and I at once. Mom, however, looked slightly fearful.

"It sounds like someone's hurt!"

I strained my ears, and eventually I could make it out. It was like a far-off wailing.

Every few seconds a sort of screech interrupted it. It seemed to be getting louder, because soon Dad could hear it too. Then we heard the chainsaw again. After about ten seconds, there was a bloodcurdling scream. Then there was silence, but for the pitter-patter of the rain.

"Let's get out of here!" I exclaimed.

"It sounds like it's coming from the other side of the road. As much as I hate to say it, I think it would be safer in the forest." grunted Dad. We followed him into the trees.

"Daddy, I'm scared!" whimpered Zoe, clutching Dad's arm.

“Don’t worry, everything is okay. It’s probably hunters, hunting an, erm, exotic type bird. That’s what the wailing was.” he said, but it was just for comfort, his eyes showed that he was extremely worried.

Without a sound, a person stepped out of the bushes ahead. We all jumped.

“What is your business in this forest?” he said in an oily, but quick, voice. I couldn’t make out his features in the dark light. Dad pointed the flashlight toward him, but it had gone out.

“We’re lost. Our car ran off the road. There is some weird stuff going on.” replied Dad, in a way that suggested that he was cool with it, and was wondering what an odd short man was doing instead.

“It is dangerous to roam Blackwood Forest un-armed. There are,” the short man seemed to be choosing his words carefully, “creatures, that roam at night. They enjoy, shall we say, *fresh meat*.”

Then the man dove into the bushes, and we heard him rustling away quickly. Dad’s flashlight blinked on. The chainsaw turned back on, terrifyingly close, it could have been five feet away, and there was a loud cackling.

“RUN!” shouted Dad, Mom, Zoe, and I at exactly the same time. We all took off deeper into the forest, with the sounds of at least ten pairs of feet behind us. The people, or creatures, or whatever they were caught up to us. All I remember was the long fangs and slit eyes. That was when I blacked out.

We woke the next day, found a sheriff station, and sought help. No one believed our story.

When we got back home in a rental car, we tried to pretend it was all a dream.

The

only problem were *them*.

Every night, we heard the chainsaw and the screams, we heard the sound of feet running through our yard, and worst of all, sometimes the things came up to the windows. They ground there nails on the stucco walls, and tore up all of the plants.

We told people of course, but none of the neighbors saw or heard anything. It was like a curse.

I would tell you more, but I'm only allowed visitors here at the psych ward until five, and it's almost that now.