

The Creature of the Dark

Written by: Nolan Spears, Laconia High School

“Face it,” said Oliver. “We’re lost.”

“No we’re not,” replied Monty. “I just don’t know where the path is, or where we are.”

“That’s what lost means!”

“You don’t think there are any creatures in these forests, do you?” asked Jack.

Edward’s Walk is a hiking trail in the mountains of west America. Stories had been told of hikers getting lost in the mountains and vanishing without a trace. Three friends, Monty, Oliver, and Jack, along with their families, had gone on a camping trip during April vacation. The three boys had decided to kill time by walking along Edward’s Walk. They promised their parents to be home before the sun set, and started their journey. However, Monty had led them off the trail by accident, they didn’t know where they were, and nightfall was coming.

“For goodness sake, Jack,” groaned Oliver. “For the seventh time: those stories are fake. They make those stories up to scare children from getting lost. If only Monty had listened to them.”

“Can you two stop talking? I’m trying to see if I can recognize anything,” said Monty.

“If we’re back late,” said Oliver, “Mom will surely take my games away. Let’s just use the compass to get out of here.”

He pulled his compass from his pocket. Monty grabbed the compass, and used it to try to find their way out of there. But, it seemed that they were walking in circles, which Oliver pointed out.

“Why is it going crazy?” asked Monty.

“They use the Earth’s magnetic poles, but magnets can alter the direction,” explained Oliver, “Do you have a magnet?”

“No. Do you, Jack?”

Jack felt around in his pockets, and started hyperventilating as he pulled out a small chain necklace.

“Why do you have that?!” shouted Oliver.

“My mother gave it to me as a gift,” sobbed Jack, “We’re going to die!”

“No thanks to you!”

Monty was growing nervous. He didn’t know where they were on the mountain, and the sun had fallen below the peaks of other mountains, with the moon slowly rising. Shadows circled around the three boys as only a patch of light illuminated the sight of Jack bawling.

Then, they heard a branch crunch. It sounded as if an animal stepped on it.

“What’s that?” squeaked Jack.

Oliver squinted through the darkness. Monty joined Oliver as Jack curled into a ball on a patch of the moonlight. Even though they couldn’t see anything, they felt as though they were being watched.

Suddenly, something trampled through the bushes. Oliver and Monty jumped aside as Jack screamed as loud as a siren. When the dust settled, they found that the source of the ruckus was Jon, Oliver's little brother.

"What on Earth are you doing here?" Oliver asked, "You're meant to be at the campsite."

"So are you," replied Jon. "Why are you just sitting here? Mom and dad are worried sick."

"We're lost," said Monty calmly, "Do you know where the path is?"

"It's only a few yards from here," he smiled innocently.

"Thank goodness," smiled Monty.

The four boys got up and began to start walking when they heard a low growl. Jack's face went as pale as the moon, and he returned to his ball. Even Oliver, who was known for being tough, lost his courage. The growl came again.

"J-J-J-Jon?" Monty asked, not looking at him, "Did my sister come with you?"

"No," he said in a faint whisper, "Jenny stayed at camp."

The growl became louder. Monty and Oliver bravely returned to the bush. They squinted again and saw something that made them freeze in terror.

Through the bushes, staring back at them, they saw two glowing red eyes.

"Jon!" Oliver cried, "Where is the path?"

Jon pointed to his left. Monty grabbed the flashlight and pointed it at the two red eyes. What was attached was a sight only the devil could describe.

"RUN!" Screamed Monty.

As soon as they started running, a creature emerged from the bushes, and stretched itself to its fullest height. It was as tall as a two-story house and as black as the shadow it cast. It had blood red eyes and claws as sharp as carving knives. It was an awful sight.

The four boys ran as fast as they could, but the creature was quickly on their heels. They reached the path and bolted down the slope. It tried to grab Oliver, but Oliver, as agile as he was, dodged it.

It turned to Monty, who wasn't as fast as the others. It took its sharp hands and grabbed Monty. He screamed in pain as it was pulled up to the creature's head. Oliver looked back, but he wished he hadn't.

The creature raised Monty over its head, and let him fall into its mouth, Monty being cut up by its jagged teeth.

Oliver nearly threw up at the sight. He should have been looking where he was going. But he wasn't, and he tripped over a tree branch. Oliver fell to the ground in a heap. The creature stopped chasing and turned to Oliver, who knew that it was all over.

Back at the campsite, their parents waited anxiously for their boys to come back. They were about to go looking for the four boys when they saw Jack and Jon run from the forest. Once they left the shadows and reached the campervans, they fell to the ground, tired.

"Jack!" cried his father, "What happened?"

"Where's Monty?"

"And Oliver?"

Jack struggled to stand. He tried to speak, but no words came out. He fell to the ground, passed out, Jon not taking too long to follow suit.

The two boys were never the same after the incident. They had restless nights for months afterward. Their stories were brought to the police. They searched Edward's Walk, and didn't find either Monty or Oliver, only a compass and a necklace remained. Hunters thought it would be a good game to catch the mysterious beast, and they went to Edward's Walk. However, this led to more people going missing. Eventually, Edward's Walk was banned from the public indefinitely, considered a paranormal danger. It was soon blocked off by the government for "protective" reasons.

As for the creature? Nobody ever saw it again, despite attempts to catch it. But many will tell you on a night with a full moon, you can hear its growls echoing all around Edward's Walk, chasing down the souls it's taken for all eternity.