

# Lost

Camping is great. At least it used to be great, now, not so much.

Hi, I'm Charlotte. I live in Wilsons Bay, Oregon and that's pretty much all I have to say about that. You see, Wilsons Bay is tiny, microscopic even. It isn't even on any major maps of Oregon. Perfect if you're the type that loves secluded alone time in the forest, but not so perfect for someone like me, who *likes* a bustling atmosphere.

*She* was often trailed by her minions drooling over her and tending to her every whim. Everyone lying about being friends with her, just to catch a single ray of popularity. I just knew something was up with her from day one. She was always drawn to me, asking me to be her friend, go on sleepovers or shopping. I never caved to her twinkling blue eyes that seemed to almost hypnotize other people into liking her. But that day, oddly, I thought it was a great idea to go camping with her and her friends. Fantastic.

There we were — me, Julie, and a bunch of her followers — crammed into a camper van for a very long 20 minutes. Then we arrived, at the edge of a massive forest. She strode in first followed by the rest but I hung towards the back in case I had to make an escape. "Here we are, everyone! Unpack and relax! I'll get the s'mores stuff!" she said in her peppy go-getter voice.

Right when it was time to chow down on roasted hotdogs and other campfire delicacies, I had to go relieve myself. I got up and scurried into the woods to look for a good spot far from where the tents were. That's where I found it. Stones of all sizes laid out in a massive ornate pattern on the ground, littered with images of kids from my school who "moved away" or at least I thought they did. Red markings I couldn't understand surrounded the circle, and in the center stood a tall and clearly homemade statue. It appeared she had stolen the skeleton from the biology room, or at least I hope it was from the biology room, and placed a goat head where the skull should be. It was draped in a dirty cloth meant to be clothing, and wings from her angel costume from Halloween last year. And suddenly I knew she really *was* a witch.

My heart was pounding, my knees went weak. I wanted to run away but I almost couldn't. The others would never believe me if I told them, I thought. So who would? And then I had it. I pulled out my phone and tried calling my sister, but of course, it didn't go through. Then I heard sticks

cracking and the sound of leaves shifting on the earth, and then she was standing there. Clutching one of her followers, cold and lifeless. Most likely to add to her “artwork.” And then I was falling. My head hit a rock when I went down, so I don’t remember much after that. All I know is that it must have been pretty nasty because I awoke in a hospital bed. Gazing up at my loving family and ... her?

I shifted uncomfortably in my chair, “What is she doing here?”

I said hoarsely. My mother looked at me, her gaze blank, eyes merely glazing over me.

“Julie’s your best friend, don’t you remember?” my mom said airily.

“It’s okay, Mrs. Wilson. After all, Charlotte did have a pretty nasty fall,” Julie answered.