CAMP CATASTROPHE

by Una Tesovic
“Ugh!” whined Mica. “It’s not fair how I have to go to camp while Jessica can stay home!” she shouted.

“We just want you to do something besides sitting in your room and playing on your phone,” Mom commented, turning her head to face Mica. Mica crossed her arms and turned redder as they got closer to the camp.

“We’re here!” Dad shouted from the driver’s seat. Mica grabbed her bag and stepped out of the car.

“Have fun sweetie!” Mom sweetly gushed.

“Humph!” replied Mica as she watched the car disappear into the clearing. She slowly dragged herself inside the barn. Everything was dusty and smelled like animals. Mica was so angry that she didn’t notice the face that appeared in front of her.

“BOO!” yelled her BFF Katie.

“It’s you!” screamed Mica as she embraced her BFF in a big hug.

“I can’t believe you’re here in this pig sty!” exclaimed Mica.

“My parents made me come here even though I hate camps,” replied Katie.

“Same here,” sighed Mica.

“Want to be bunk mates?” asked Katie.

“Sure,” Mica commented.

The girls jogged back to the main cabin. Crystal clear lighting was nowhere to be found. Both of their faces scrunched up as they noticed a cramped and tiny bunk bed head.

“This will be where you’ll stay. If y’all have any questions notify me,” and with those words, off their instructor went. Both girls tried to entertain themselves, but it was not working.

Finally, after three hours, they were sound asleep. Mica couldn’t stop tossing and turning in her bed the whole night. Then, out of nowhere, through the walls came a big zombie.

“Muhahaha! I will get you two!” screamed the zombie.

“NO!” the girls hollered back at him, rising from the bed and running toward the door.

The zombie reached out to grab them.
Mica awoke in her bed at home.

“Hurry, you’re going to be late for school,” Mica’s mom called out from the kitchen.

“Phew! Just a nightmare,” Mica whispered to herself. She grabbed her backpack and zipped through the door.

“Bye Mom!” she exclaimed, grabbing a piece of toast and jumping onto the bus. The bus made a loud roar before starting.

Finally, the bus reached the school, and all the kids ran off. When it was Mica’s turn to leave, the bus driver closed the door.

“Not so fast Mica. It’s me. Like I said before, this is the last of you!” yelled the now zombie bus driver.

“AAHH!!” Mica screamed.

The End

About the Author

Una lives in Marietta, Georgia. She was born on December 25th. Some of her favorite things are chocolate, Karate, cats and Nutella. Her biggest pet peeve is when someone says the same thing over and over again. Hobbies like piano, Karate and tennis help her relax after a long day at school. If she were to have a superhero name, it would be Super Cat Girl.