

Chapter 2: The First Night

I awoke to complete darkness, but unmistakable sound.

Screaming.

(insert name here), screaming.

I froze, every muscle in my body refusing to answer to the moral demands telling me to go, and check on, **save** even, my friend. Besides, whatever is out there **will** eventually get to me. Would it not be smarter to try to get to **It** first? Right now, it's distracted by (insert name), if I were to grab the gun—

I froze again, mid-thought. In reality, only a few seconds had passed; the screaming hadn't stopped, disgustingly, it had intensified. At first, it had begun in shrieks of terror, but soon cries of anguish and pain, please of mercy. I am ashamed to admit I heard my own name cried.

But, the gun was in (name here)'s tent, in his pack.

Again, I froze. Muscles like lead wire. My breathing was null, my jaw clenched, I hadn't let out a breath since the screaming had begun.

My chest was aflame, but instinct told me that if even the slightest sound were made on my part, I would be a dead man.

I'm dead, whether I move or not. I told myself.

Slowly, I began to unzip my sleeping bag. The sound amplified by the anxiety beating my eardrums; once free, I crouched, and listened. There was nothing now.

Unzipping my tent, I peered out into nothingness. I could make out only (name here)'s tent, zipped, and undisturbed, as was the rest of the campground.

It looked as if nothing had happened, nothing at all. Instinct told me better, but fear kept me from confirming my suspicions.

I went to bed that night. There was not a sound to be heard.

"Headlights" - a short story