

7/31/19

Dear Diary,

Something weird is going on. I'm scared. Two girls have already disappeared. We were all having fun, but every night since I've been here, another girl goes missing. Each night, there was a weird echo of a knocking sound, but it was probably just the trees, right?

Right? I need to calm down. It's nothing, I'm sure. I am sure. **Am I??** I think I'm going to call my mom tomorrow morning. We don't get much cell service over here. I wonder why that is? It probably doesn't matter. I'll just use the internet from the hotspot near the dining hall. I'm going to write about the positive things about this summer camp! The pancakes here are really good. It's too bad we only get them in the morning. We told spooky stories by the campfire. It was really windy, though. For some reason, it's eerily quiet now. Huh. It's fine; it's not like I'm **going outside tonight**. Hm, let's think. I went canoeing with Trisha and Skylar today. The waves were really choppy, though, so we couldn't do it for long. I can see the lake from here. I wonder why it's so **calm and foggy** now? Canoeing is probably my favorite activity other than rock climbing. It's so fun seeing everything from a high vantage point. Ooh, **someone's knocking on my cabin door?** Hold on, Diary. **I'll be right back**