

## A Night to Forget

*By Suzy Hopkins*

It was the last night of my month-long summer camp at Timberline camp for girls on Casco Bay in Maine. My best buddy was from a different cabin so we hung around the games tables and sang all the camp's songs so the counselors would let us stay up late. 10P.M. came. We were herded back to our cabins. Half an hour later the girl was playing 'Taps' on her bugle. Lights out.

Unfortunately, I had drunk too many glasses of lemonade making it impossible to get through the night without an outhouse break. I tried to convince myself that I could make it to the seven A.M. bugle reveille. Not happening. I scrunched my sneakers over my slippers and slid my jacket over my P.J.'s. Tiptoeing, lightly, out the door I made my way down the four slick wooden steps of my cabin. Late August Maine nights are damp but at least there was a decent moon so I could make my way to the outhouse. The path was covered with roots that were slippery so I carefully crept along to avoid tripping and falling.

The outhouse door had a small T (for Timberline) carved through it so you could see if anybody was occupying the seat. I didn't even check since it was so late. *CREAK*. I opened the door. *Whoosh*. A feeling of something cold came out of the little wooden shed. In the dark I couldn't see anything but I also couldn't wait any longer. Phew! That was close. Suddenly I heard voices. Were they coming near? A shadow covered the T in the door. I stifled a scream. Something or someone was out there. Maybe it was just the counselors fooling around on their last night with campers. I heard voices again. They were not the voices I knew of my teenage girl counselors.

The shadow covered the T in the door again. I scre-e-e-amed as loud as I could.