Ghost Boy

I don’t know how long I have been wandering around this abandoned lake, nor why I am still here. I have tried countless times to remember why I am here, but nothing seems to come to mind. .I can’t remember anything. Not even my own name.

“Hey,Mom!” I hear someone yell as I scatter to a nearby bush, “This place is amazing!”

Once hidden, I realize it is the voice of a girl around my age.

“I told you it was worth the drive!” replies, what I think is, the girl's mother.

“Julia!” the man, maybe the father, calls, “Come help me with these tents!”

“Coming!” The girl, I now know as Julia, replies and sprints over to the truck. ❄ ❄ ❄

It is now dark, and after a while of watching them splash, giggle, and eat hotdogs, I relax a little. I even scoot closer to get a better view and listen in on their conversation.

“... and now they just dance among the stars,” The father finishes.

“How did you find this place, Dad?” Julia inquires.

“My ancestors used to live here,” He explains, “For generations, until your great-great-grandfather moved to the small city we live in now.”

“Why did he move? It’s so beautiful here!”

“I don’t know. But I know a tale, if you want to hear it. I must warn you though, it isn’t a pretty one like my others.”

Julia hesitates a moment before giving an approving nod.

“Okay” He says with a smirk, “It all started…”

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I fell asleep. I was so tired, the next thing I knew I was waking up at dawn, behind my bush, regretting falling asleep so soon.

Thinking everyone is asleep, I wander down, past their campsite, to the shore. I am just touching the water with my foot when I hear a muffled squeak.

“Who’s there?” I demand, whipping my head around.

It is Julia looking as pale as a ghost, hands up to her mouth.

“I-i-it’s you,” She stammers, “I-it c-can’t be.”

“Do you know me?” I ask, baffled, “Do you know who I am?”

“Y-you’re th-the boy.”

“The boy? What boy?” I have no idea what she is talking about. I had never seen her until yesterday. How could she know me?

“The boy i-in the s-story,” She takes a deep breath, “You’re the boy that… drowned here,”

“How can I be dead?!” I shouted, “I am right here!”

“Maybe regret?”

“Over what? Huh?” I’m done with this conversation.

“You were angry at your dad, so you stole his skates and skated out onto this lake. The lake was too unstable, so you drowned.”

She is right. It’s all coming flooding back to me. The fight. Dad’s skates. The ice cold water of winter. I am dead.

It is too much. I grasp my head and start walking backwards into the lake. Once knee deep, I plummet off a hidden cliff. All I can hear are screams, before becoming one with the water once more.