The lightening lit up the forest and Stephen thought he saw a shape crouching behind a tree trunk. In a blink of an eye, he vanished…

It was the morning of the fateful incident and Stephen was looking forward to his first camping trip to the woods with his grandpa Dan over the winter break. He started packing clothes, food but most importantly he remembered to pack garlic, mustard and a figure of Jesus on a wooden cross.

‘‘Mother,’’ said Stephen. ‘‘Why do I need all of this random stuff?’’

‘‘For the vampire, of course,” said his mother. “It rules the forest by night.’’ Stephen stood still. He looked at a picture of his grandpa Dan hanging over the fireplace. It was black and white. His face was pale. His teeth were big and sharp. He was wearing his favourite black, swooping cloak.

“Just remember,” said his mother. “Vampires don’t like water.” Dan picked up his bag and headed out the door.

As they reached the edge of the woods, the wind started to howl, the trees urgently tried to bend their roots. Stephen, grandpa Dan and their beloved dog Scar looked for somewhere to spend the night.

‘‘Grandpa,” said Stephen. “Why don’t we pitch the tent here for the night, next to the stream?’’

‘‘Not next to the stream.’’ grandpa Dan replied. They ended up camping just back from the stream. As the clocks were drawing closer and closer to midnight a scream woke Stephen. He sat up to look for his grandpa but he was gone.

There went that ear piecing scream again but this time you could hear it all through out the woods echoing onto every tree in the forest. Someone or something was in trouble. He clambered out the tent only to see a dog hanging helpless from a nearby tree with its guts and soul dripping out, with a man that looked extremely like his grandpa there with an axe slicing the dear animals legs off one by one.

‘‘STOP!’’ shouted Stephen but the man kept going until Stephen said ‘‘Why did you do this to Scar?’’ Grandpa froze for a split second before raising the axe above his head. He shouted at the top of his lungs, ‘‘Are you ready to die child?’’ Stephen lobbed the cross with Jesus on it and hit the vampire right in heart. It struck the vampire just as he was taking his second go with the axe. His brain and body splitting in half like a ripe watermelon. entrails spilling onto the damp ground as a lake of blood forms.

To this day a dog, a young boy and a vampire still haunt the forest. Whenever lightening lights up the forest their shapes are bound to appear.