

Junior Division, Short Fiction

Molly Power, Conception Bay South

Phantasmic Forest (an excerpt)

As Lyssa took her final breath, tears streamed down our faces. We knew she was dead.

We could tell because her face turned pale-purple.

“Lyssa! NO!” Candide cried and melted down to the ground next to her to grab her hand.

Dolores looked cheerless as usual, but she wasn’t crying. She just stood there blankly with a mournful look. Capri pried Candide off of Lyssa and we continued on. Capri was leading us at this point, while Dolores continued to take her time behind us.

“Guys!” choked up Candide yelled at us to stop, “what are we doing? Am I the only one who just saw what happened back there? Our best friend just died and... and you guys don’t even seem to care that much. What the hell happened to us being friends forever no matter what?”

“What do you want us to do? There’s nothing to do. We can’t carry her back home, and even if we could we don’t even know where home is. It’s pointless to even try,” replied Capri.

“Don’t you think her parents would appreciate us not leaving her dead body in the middle of nowhere? We’ve already let her die. It’s the least we can do,” said Candide desperately hoping to help her friend.

We all agreed to walk back to carry Lyssa’s body with us, even though we dreaded seeing the unsightly image of our best friend being carried through a forest, dead. When we reached the spot that Lyssa had passed, we looked at each other confused. Lyssa wasn’t there anymore.