

Fog

The sky was abnormally bright but hardly noticeable under a huge blanket of fog. I shrugged off my sweater; it was surprisingly warm for a late-autumn morning. About twenty or so seventh graders clustered in groups, breathing in air that smelled colder than it felt, and waited for the school bus to arrive and take us on our long-anticipated field trip: A three-day journey to camp Muskoka.

No one, not even the teachers, saw the supposedly bright orange bus when it came at our direction. Shrouded in mist, it could have passed for a ghost train or... air. I stumbled, walking on to seemingly invisible steps as I wondered how our driver would be able to see more than three millimeters ahead of him. A few seconds later, we had loaded the bus, and erupted into excited chatter, though shadowed a bit by the loud rumbling of our trip about to start. After just thirty short minutes, only the bionic-eyed bus driver knew where we were. And that's when everything changed. Fog that had only invaded the outside of the bus started seeping in through cracks in the windows. It covered the bus, both inside and out until I couldn't see anything at all. Then, I felt myself lifting up and up, growing colder the whole time until...

"Hey. Hey! HEYYY!" With an extreme burning sensation, the mist around my vision cleared and I found myself standing in the middle of a clean and modern bumper cars rink. Blue padded cars had been parked in weird positions under a ceiling and the walls were painted like the sky. I recognized no one. "Hey you! Yes, you. You've been standing there for like, centuries now! Move it or we'll just hit you!" A teenager and his little sister stood first in a long line. Behind them, hundreds of faces glared at me as I backed away from the bumper cars. "S-sor-sorry." I mumbled, wondering how the heck any of this was happening. But I decided to explore. If somehow a strange mist had brought me into this place, then quickly, I was going to find some other cliché way to get out. I walked out of

the rink, towards the towering Ferris wheel. The park seemed pretty new, all of its rides coated in glossy paint. I had much to explore.

As I walked further away from the Ferris wheel, which was closed for a fifteen minute check-up, though not affecting its growing line, I noticed something out of the corner of my eye. There was a tiny beeping sound and a dimmed flashing light coming from under a bush. It was slightly closer to the bumper cars than the Ferris wheel, and I decided to investigate, crouching down to get a closer look. It was small, but if I wasn't mistaken, it would create a big disaster.

Partially hidden by the shrub, four metal pipes were wrapped up in bits of red and orange wire, and a small screen displayed the numbers:

00:45

00:44

00:43

I was pretty sure I had discovered a pipe bomb.

"Sorry! Excuse me! Just passing by! Sorry!" I shouted while shoving my way through the line. I hit the emergency stop button on the bumper cars ride, made my way into the middle and screamed: "There is a bomb about to explode, make your way to the exit. There is a bomb about to explode, make your way to the exit!" Fog started swirling around me again as I pushed to the front of the Ferris wheel line as well. "Save yourselves, there is a pipe bomb near the bumper cars ride! GO!" The park exploded into utter chaos. People ran in all directions, anything to get themselves further away. Near the bomb, the girl I met earlier had fallen and scraped her knee, so I carried her away from the rink, to safety. Then, I went back for a second wave of people. Surprisingly, in less than 39 seconds, the park was evacuated. All except me. But I couldn't see anymore, not with the fog circling around my head.

00:04

00:03

00:02

00:01

And just like before, I felt myself freezing as I was lifted up and up....

“Wake up, wake up! We’re almost there!” My friend was on the seat beside me, pelting me with pillows. “You slept for the whole ride! And look, the mist has cleared and it’s so pretty outside!” I rubbed my burning eyes and looked out the window, proving her statement true. The sky was still really bright, but not a single trace remained that there used to be fog. Everything that just happened had to be a dream, there was no way anything like that could have occurred. The horrific details still pierced inside my head, but for the trip’s sake, I put them aside.

“Muskoka was amazing. How will we ever leave?” I called out to my friends as we packed up our stuff. Our trip, just three short days, was over. But suddenly, something sliced my finger. “Ow!” I flinched, knocking over my bag, spilling everything inside. It was just a paper cut, but once I gathered my things back into my backpack, I found something that wasn’t there when I came. A photo. Of a few dilapidated bumper cars. Something clicked inside of me. And when we all got back on the bus in heavy, heavy fog, I knew this wouldn’t be the last time it happened.