



AUTHOR PROFILE

**Melh melh****Level** B2**Genre** Horror-thriller

## Horror

### ☐ BLOOD LAKE CAMP - PART I

Every summer, the old Blood Lake Camp opened its gates again. The view around the lake was so beautiful, but no one cared anymore.

This year, Jack decided to go there for the first time with his friends, Mike and Rod. We just wanted to have fun that night, but everything changed.

The first day was normal. We sang around the campfire, swam in the lake, and lounged until midnight. But on the second night, we heard something eerie from the forest: a metal scraping sound. The air was icy and cold. Like someone sharpening a rusty machete. Everyone thought it was a joke, but I didn't. The sound had a rhythm, like it was waiting for someone.

Around 3 a.m., I woke up. I heard footsteps outside the tent, not one, but many. The crunch, crunch, crunch on the dry leaves slowly approached. I slowly unzipped the tent and peeked out. There was fog everywhere, and in the middle of it, I saw a figure wearing a cracked hockey mask. He stood still, holding a long, blood-stained blade. I couldn't move. He had his head slowly tilted toward me, and that's when I realized he wasn't looking at me, he was looking through me, right behind me.

I screamed. Then everything went silent. The next morning, the campsite only held three things. Everything

else was gone. The only thing left was a wet, rusty machete stuck in the middle of the campfire ashes. And if you listen closely on quiet nights at Blood Lake, you can still hear that metal scraping sound.

END OF PART I

## ☐ BLOOD LAKE CAMP - PART II (LAST PART)

When I opened my eyes, I was lying on the cold, wet grass near a cabin. The air smelled of rotten egg, iron, and smoke.

I looked around; he was there. I immediately ran away and went back to the camp. But when I got there, Rod and Mike were gone. I was terrified. If something had happened to them, I'd know what to do to whoever did it. I called out their names, but no one answered. I didn't know what to do.

Two heartbeats passed and still no sound. So, I decided to search for them. Suddenly, a light appeared in front of the cabin. I ran and ran until I heard a smell, a cry, and a bang from the cabin.

From the cabin, I heard someone shouting for help. I burst down and shoved in. I removed the tape from their mouths and asked, "What happened to you?"

Mike begged, "Jack, help us! He kidnapped us!" I started searching the cabin. I found two knives to cut their ropes and then went upstairs. There, I discovered a shotgun with two bullets.

We left the house together, but it was already dark. And then, he was standing in front of us. Jason, the killer, was back. We fired once. He fell to the ground, but three seconds later he stood up again. We froze in shock and immediately started running.

When we ran, we found a rope hanging on a tree. Rod said, "There's a phone booth ahead." We ran there. I locked the door and called 911.

The police were on their way, but Blood Lake was an hour away from the city. We hid there for an hour until the police arrived. The killer was gone; no truck tracks anywhere.

They took us back to the city. Our families had been worried sick. They took us back to the city. Our families

had been worried sick.

We were safe. After that night, Blood Lake was closed forever. And the story is about what happened there.

END OF STORY.