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The Fun Park

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“Andy, I don’t like this,” Craig whined.

“Listen crybaby, I didn’t ask you to come. You begged me to tag along.”

“It sounded fun, but,” he stammered, cautiously surveying the grounds. “But it’s scary. I didn’t think it would be so scary.”

“It’s only scary to you because you are a diaper crybaby,” Andy rolled his eyes, turning to his friend. “Right Steve?”

Steve’s eyes were wide as saucers as he stared at the fun house. His mouth fell open. “I don’t know Andy.”

“What the hell,” Andy turned around and glared at them. “You too Steve? Craig is six so it’s understandable but you’re almost an adult you are older than me by two months!”

“I’m only eleven, and so are you,” Steven closed his mouth and glared at Andy. “If my mom finds out we were here, I’ll be grounded until I’m twenty, old ass old.”

“Yeah, if mom and dad finds out we were here, they won’t be happy,” Craig nodded.

“Okay you two crybabies stay here and stand watch.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to check out the fun house.”

“Are you crazy? Suzie, Dan’s sister was talking to Mandy the other day,” Mandy was Steve’s older sister, who was sixteen. “And they said the place was haunted. The last time two kids went into the fun house they came out in body bags.”

“Body bags?” Andy laughed. “Well, they ain’t me.” He turned and ducked between the boards that had a sign nailed to them “PRIVATE PROPERTY KEEP OUT!”

Craig watched his older brother’s every move. “I don’t like this.”

“Me either,” Steve whispered.

Andy passes the ticket booth and the fortune telling machine, completely determined to prove he was no pussy. The place looked like it was sleeping. The area got a little darker as the sun was playing hide and seek in the clouds. Beyond the fun house was the ferris wheel and behind that the rollercoaster.

Craig started biting his nails, he didn’t like this. It was scary. When they got home, they would be in trouble. He didn’t know how mom always knew what they were up to, but she did. Looking over his shoulder, checking to see if she was there. Nope, they were safe for the moment.

Andy reached the fun house, turned around and grinned from ear to ear, gave them a thumbs up. Then turned back to the fun house and climbed up the steps. Within seconds he disappeared into the dark building.

“I don’t like this,” Craig whispered.

“Me either,” Steve put an arm around Craig, and they watched silently. The sun came back out from hiding. The sun shone down, showing the layers of dust and dirt on the abandoned park. Craig was too young to remember the place when it was working. Andy and Steve had said it was fun; they had gone a couple of times and got to play on the rides and go in the fun house. That was before the accident, one of the cars on the rollercoaster hit something and went flying off the rails. Three people were seriously injured, and one girl died on the spot.

“Someone else is in there too,” Craig pointed to the rollercoaster ride.

“Oh shit,” Steve gasped as he laid eyes on a teenage girl walking up on the rollercoaster’s platform.

“Do you know her?” Craig asked.

“Yeah, it’s not good.”

“Is she your friend?”

“No,” Steve was keeping his eye on the girl.

Andy came out of the fun house with a big grin on his face and waved at them. The girl on the platform was a good fifty feet away. Andy didn’t see her. She stopped what she was doing, looked up and over at them.

Andy started coming back towards them.

“Run!” Steve shouted at Andy.

“What?”

“RUN!”

Andy didn’t look around and just started racing towards them. The girl spotted him as he passed the machine fortune teller. Then she just disappeared out of thin air. Andy’s was racing past the ticket booth when the girl reappeared at the steps of the fun house.

“FASTER!” Steve shouted. The girl disappeared again.

Andy ran as fast as his little legs would carry him and was climbing through the planks when the girl reappear on the other side and grabbed Andy’s leg.

Craig and Steve grabbed Andy from this side of the fence and pulled with all their might. Andy fell on top of them. The girl stood on the other side of the fence smiling at them.

“Come play with me?” she spoke softly.

“What the hell?” Andy gasped looking over at her still sprawled on top of his friend and little brother.

“Come play with me, I get so lonely here.”

Craig swallowed hard, “We have to go home.”

“Yeah, like right now,” Steve shoved Andy off him and got up backing away from the fun park. Andy and Craig followed his movements and once they were a safe distance they turned around and ran, Andy grabbed Craig by the hand and dragged him along. They didn’t stop until they reached the safety of Steve’s backyard.

“Where were you guys?” Steve’s mom popped her head out of the back door.

“Just playing,” Steve glared at his friends.

“Yeah, at the park,” Craig nodded.

“By our school,” Andy added.

“Do you boys want to stay for dinner?”

“We can’t tonight,” Andy tugged at Craig’s shirt. “Come on, we got to go home.”

Craig nodded and followed his brother, out of Steve’s yard and when they reached the sidewalk, he looked at his brother, “was that girl a ghost?”

“I think so.” Andy nodded.

“A friendly one?” Craig was hopeful

“What do you think dummy?”

“Stop calling me names, or I’ll tell mom.”

“No, she wasn’t a friendly one. You can’t tell mom we were there. And we can’t ever go back there. Do you hear me?”

Craig wasn't crazy about going in the first place. He shook his head. "No, I won't say anything. She was scary."

"Yeah, I thought so too. Come on, I'll race you home. You can have a head start." Andy gave him a little shove.

Craig laughed; he liked it when Andy raced him. He would always let him win. "1, 2, 3 go!" Craig laughed and began running home.