

Morrigan cursed. She watched as her name went right on the second place line, losing the ten thousand dollars for her project.

It was a shame she never really got into baking, she would have made first place if she did. Now sitting on the train on the way home, she thought about the lost opportunity.

The train ride back was going to be a few hours, so Morrigan thought she would get some sleep in her empty compartment. Looking out the window, she saw the sun was going down, and she saw a small group of camping cabins at least a hundred meters away. That was when she noticed someone staring at her from inside one of the cabins. The door was open, and there were pale blue eyes just managing to connect with her emerald green ones.

Waves of uncomfot filled her, and Morrigan stared for a little longer, before she heard the door to the compartment open, and two boys stepped inside.

They were identical in facial and hair features, so she assumed they were related.

“Oh, mind if we sit here?” One of them asked.

“Be my guest,” Morrigan muttered.

They sat across from her. The one who asked if they could sit spoke up. “Hi, my name is Conner, and that’s my uncle, Ethan.”

Ethan gave a small nod, but didn’t say anything. Morrigan noticed he was holding a broom. “What’s the broom for?” She asked, hoping it didn’t sound rude.

Ethan looked at her for a moment, then turned and faced away from the other two.

Conner sighed. “Excuse him. He’s just being difficult.” He pointed to the cabins that were almost completely gone in the distance. “We just went camping with some friends and family.”

“Nice,” Morrigan said. “I may have to rent out those cabins some time. They’re really pretty.”

“They are, however, they aren’t open to the public. They’re owned by our grandparents, so you have to be invited. Maybe you’ll get one...”

“Oh! Morrigan.”

Ethan finally spoke up for the first time. “Jesus, shut up Conner, not everyone needs to know about us.”

There was silence. Conner looked at Ethan, then back at Morrigan, who smiled awkwardly. “I mean he’s right,” she started, trying to bring back some conversation. “We know nothing about each other. I’m Morrigan Kore, just turned 18, African american, Caucasion, and Chinese, though I mostly look black. I live in Orlando, Florida with my parents and younger sister. Now it’s your turn.”

Ethan glared at Conner, but didn’t say anything. “Right,” he grinned. “Conner Hartley, 17 and a half, Jewish, asian, and caucasion, though I mostly look asian. I live in Seattle, Washington with my uncle, Mom, and two older siblings.” The younger boy turned to his uncle, who scoffed.

“Can I ask who that blue eyed chick was? I just barely saw her from the distance, but she just kept staring at me.” Both of the boys sat up straighter, looking at her.

“You saw her too?”

“Uh...yeah?”

Conner looked at the older man. “I told you!” He said, pointing at him. “I told you she was real, not just some hallucinated video game monster!”

“What? Who’s real?” Morrigan asked.

Ethan sighed. “Conner said he saw some woman standing over him in the middle of the night, trying to pet his face or something. He started screaming, and we all rushed in there, for nothing. We checked the house, outside, all of the doors and windows were closed and locked.”

“You all said I was making it up, but behold, someone else saw her too... We should go check it out.”

“Seriously? We just left, on the train home, and you want to go back just for some woman who may or may not have been there? No.”

Conner pouted. But before he could say anything, the train stopped moving.

The PA came over. *“Ladies and gentlemen, please excuse the sudden stop, we have reached a short roadblock, we will be moving again shortly.”*

Ethan cursed. “Stay here, I’m going to go see what’s going on. Do not leave this compartment, do you hear me?”

“Yeah, I got it.” He left, closing the door behind him.

Morrigan wouldn’t deny it. She was immensely curious as to who the woman was. Conner counted a few moments, then looked at her. “How much stuff do you have?”

“Uh, just everything in this,” She lifted a small backpack. “Why?” He grinned.

“You want to go see what that was?” She nodded. Morrigan wasn’t really the looking for adventure type, but she knew curiosity would linger in her mind. “Let’s go then,” he said, grabbing a small bag of his own.

They got up, leaving the compartment, and went towards the back of the train, closest to the cabins. What neither of them saw, was Ethan watching them, talking on the phone.

“First action in in play. Keep an eye on them Sarker.”