

The Winter Cabin

By Kaylee M.

Hi, my name is Alex Montgomery. This is a story about my last summer in Alberta, Canada.

It all started one snowy night when my parents were talking about selling our winter cabin up in the Canadian Rockies. I was so upset when they told me I stomped all the way to my room and slammed the door shut. I sat on my bed thinking "How could they sell the cabin?! I have so many good memories of that place!"

Later that night I called my best friend Charlie Rodriguez and we settled on a plan. I set my alarm for 4:30 am and dozed off. It seemed as though I had just closed my eyes when my alarm went off. I quickly rolled out of bed and began to pack.

I quietly opened my bedroom door and tiptoed down the stairs hoping my parents were still asleep. I ran to the alarm to turn it off. I flipped the lid up and punched in the numbers 6456 and the door unlocked. I looked around to get one last look at my home and shut the door. I whispered, "Good bye."

There I was, walking down the stone steps of my house at the crack of dawn. I couldn't believe it. I was running away. I ran down to Luxemburg Lane where a short plump boy was waiting on the yellow swing accompanied by his dog Lainey. "Too bad Lainey can't come," I said. "Yeah" said Charlie wistfully. "Do you have the tickets?" I asked. "Yep!" yelled Charlie. "Shh, people are still sleeping," I said. We walked down to the bus stop and sat on the bench for a while. It seemed as though only minutes had passed when a blue city bus pulled up. The doors swung open and a short blonde lady greeted us with a big smile. The bus driver was really nice. She talked to us the whole way up the mountain. Every now and then I'd try to catch a glimpse of her name tag, but I never could. When we reached the bus stop, she opened the doors and that's when I saw her name in big bolded letters. It spelled out Nelly.

The bus stop was about two miles away from the cabin, but it felt as though we had been walking for days. Finally, the cabin's snowy rooftop came into view. We couldn't believe what we saw. How could a warm, memorable cabin turn into an old rotting shack? "No wonder why Mom and Dad wanted to sell it" I said. "You bet" said Charlie. Charlie looked at me then back at the cabin. "I dare you to go inside" said Charlie. "What, no way, that thing's old it could collapse at any moment!" I said as my brows furrowed with worry. Charlie didn't listen. He walked right up to the door and tried to open it. "It's locked" said Charlie, frustrated. "Of course, why would my parents leave it unlocked when anything could just walk in" I said. "Touché" said Charlie. "What?" I said. "Never mind, now come help me break down the door." I stood there looking at him. "Suit yourself." I closed my eyes. "On three, 1, 2, 3!"

I looked at Charlie who was now laying where the door used to be. Charlie stood up astonished at what he saw. Charlie took a step into the shack. Nothing happened. He took two more steps as if he was daring the cabin to fall down the mountain.

It seemed safe so I took a cautious step only to find that the splintered wood was falling. I screamed for Charlie. He hurled his hand towards me, but I missed. I ran out of the door frame as the rest of the cabin had fallen. I stared at where the cabin had been. Where Charlie had been. I couldn't

believe what just happened. He was here just a minute ago. I melted down on my knees bawling my eyes out. "I was so close" I said sputtering. I laid my head down in the cold snow using my jacket to cover me. A few minutes had passed. I stood up and started to walk towards the bus stop, tears still filling my eyes. The sun started to go down and the yellow bus stop came into view. I laid on the bench next to the sign waiting and wondering as my eyes shut.

I had awakened to a growling sound coming from my stomach. I sat up. My muscles aching. I looked around and saw I was on a bus, but this time the driver wasn't Nelly. It was an older grumpier man. I stood up to look at his name tag in the mirror but fell back into my seat. I laid my head up against the cold glass and fell asleep.

I woke up startled. Tears were rolling down my face. I had been back at the cabin watching Charlie fall. "Hey!" called the bus driver. "Where you going to?" he said in a scratchy voice. "Victoria Avenue" I said weakly. The tall man hit the accelerator. I looked up and saw his name tag. In big bold letters it spelled out Jeff. The rest of the way I thought of how I was going to tell Charlie's parents, but it was too late.

The bus screeched to a halt and the doors swung open. I wobbled on down to my house where police cars were parked. I walked weakly up to the drive way where my Mom and Dad were waiting. They ran to me and swooped me up in their arms. My Mom opened the door and my Dad laid me on the couch and said "Son, don't ever do this to us again!" I explained everything to them. "Honey, what are you talking about?" Mom said, worried, "Charlie is in the hospital." "Really?" "Can we go visit him?"

On the last day of summer, me and Charlie hung out at the hospital until I had to go.

Me and Charlie kept in touch, but it got harder over the years. College got in the way and soon enough I had a family to take care of. My wife and my two daughters but that's another story. Maybe one day I'll visit him. After all I'm only 38. It's only been 26 years since I last saw him.