

# Bonfire

By: Adora O.

Motion sickness. I squeeze my eyes shut trying to drain the pain from my head away. I should be used to this. Every summer for 7 years it's been like this. The same old mucky, partly run down, scrap metal giant these people call a bus. It's not all that bad. Lia's right next to me staring through the window. She looks at the sea of green leaves passing by.

"The camp of wonders," Grandpa would call it. As head camp director, it's his job to make camp Bonfire seem better. It's his way to get more people to sign up for the camp.

I smoothly put my arm around Lia trying to comfort her. She turns around to look at me, and a white, toothy grin stretches out from ear to ear. But it slowly faded. She jerked her head towards my armpit and took a large sniff. She pulls her head

back in disgust. Then she grabs my arm and puts it next to my side. Stupid me. Twenty-four hour odor block deodorant is not going to last long on a cramped bus, 98 degrees, in the middle of June, in a hot humid forest.

Lia looks out of the window again very concentrated on something. Probably fishing. It is her favorite thing to do at camp Bonfire. I'm not much of a sporty guy. I'm usually in the kitchen helping with meals.

"We're almost at Bonfire!" the bus driver yells. He's right. Every time we are near Bonfire, there is a giant fire signal waiting there for us. Grandpa stands up from the front seat. He may seem weak and old, but this man is stronger than a brick wall.

"Now, when we get to Camp Bonfire, girls will go with Miss Ashley, boys will go with me. It is two to a tent. Once everyone is assigned to their tents, we will come to the bonfire, and talk about how the next few weeks are will go. Alright!?"

Everyone on the bus began to chant, "BON-FI-RE! BON-FI-RE!"

I was getting pretty pumped. Every year at Bonfire was the best. I wonder what we will do this year.

“BON-FI-RE! BON-FI-RE! BON-FI-RE!”

The chant grew louder as we approached. The Bonfire signal was pretty big. It touched the top of the trees. Usually, there were other camp directors waiting for us with sandwiches and water. There was no one there. I was pretty concerned. The rest of the bus seemed to be concerned to because the chant began to die down. The bus driver kept driving. It was dead silent.

The fire was getting larger. I could feel the heat coming from it. Now, I'm really scared.

Whispers began to travel around the bus.

“What's going on?” Lia asks worried.

I don't know how to answer her. Grandpa looks out the window concerned also.

“Um,” he starts, “keep going bus driver.”

Everyone seems fine about it, but then, for no reason, the bus driver starts hitting the gas.

40-50-60-70-80-90-100-110-120 miles per hour.

The bus was filled with shrieks. Lia put her head in my lap, covering her head to brace herself.

“STOP!! STOP IT!!!” Grandpa yells, but the driver doesn’t listen.

The bonfire was right there. Thing is, that’s not a bonfire. That’s a forest fire.

Stupid me. I should have known. Well, it’s too late now. I give Lia a kiss on the cheek.

We all know it. There is no way the bus can slow down in time. But the bus driver stops right in the middle in the fire, and the bus is slowly engulfed in flames. Then.....boom.

Lia flies out of my lap. I fly in the air motionless. My ears ring. Something sharp pierces through my back. I hit the forest floor, not moving, just taking my last few gulps of air. My eyes close slowly making the fiery red trees black and white, into nothing.