6th September 2010

What a disappointment this Maryland is. So basic, so wearisome, just plains and 19th century towns. This is not what we expected the day we departed from Scotland. Although it has some sort of charm, we’ve decided to head straight to Virginia.. Alas, Agatha’s behavior is just atrocious, she still thinks she is some uberspecial princess and expects us to treat her like that. I have no idea what Joshua sees in her. Even tons of makeup couldn’t cover up her hidiousness. Anyway, as long as she keeps her mouth shut, I am able to agree on her… existence. We’re going to sleep in a car today, there’s no sign of any other sleeping site. Oh god, I hate sleeping on itchy seats..

7th September 2010

The worst part of being used to sleeping six hours a day is the moment when you wake up fresh as a daisy and all around you are just slumbering bodies of your friends. Oh sweet Jesus, how I miss a warm and cozy bed. I don’t really regret going on an adventure like this, though. Oh boy, oh boy, sleepyheads are waking up. If we are to get to Virginia today, we must drive on.

And of course our dreams of going to Virginia have crashed, so did our car breaks. God damn it. Joshua is one hell of a driver. His clumsiness has crossed a thin line at the moment. Who in the world would „test” whether the breaks are strong enough not to shatter when used at the top speed. What an idiot. I think he does not realize what he did. It is to change in a moment, when his witless smile is about to go down as he is going to push that car alone.

OH MY GOD, finally, a bloody town, Burkittsville. Pretty odd if you ask me. Too much folklore and backwardness. Eh, whatever, we left our van at car repair shop, and now we’re chilling in a pub. It does seem kinda familiar to the Scottish ones, though. Alas, they have no whisky..

It is some kind of damned joke. Guy who had attempted to repair our car, screwed it all. TO HELL WITH IT. We are bonded to this place for one more night. Yeah, go on adventure with us they said, it will be fun they said. As I’m writing this, we are in some shabby motel near the Black Hills forest. It’s so creepy here. Only Joshua doesn’t care about this, as long as there’s wifi and a place to place his fat arse on. What a day, what a day…

8th September 2010

Well shite. Mechanic says there’s only one salvation, buying new breaks. And of course, he doesn’t have them on stash, WHO WOULD’VE EXPECTED… New ones are to come in 5 days… at least we will be able to fully witness the retardation of this miserable town.

9th September 2010

I’ve talked with local folk a bit when I was pubbing around. It seems to be just an average little society BUT one thing really intrigued me. In the woods nearby, several people went missing. It is said in old fables that there’s a Witch hunting area. I don’t usually believe in all these paranormal things or sth, but it’s just kinda fascinating, isn’t it? Local horror-story. Heh, can’t wait to tell Joshua and Mary, they love those. It is stupid, brave and appealing at the same time, Joshua suggested that we should go to the woods. Seems like a cheap class B horror story movie. Group of friends going to check out super scary local legend. Ah whatever, we literally do nothing out here, so It is a proper idea to taste something new. We’re going there tomorrow morning. Excited or scared? I can’t tell.

We didn’t tell Agatha ‘bout our plans, though. I do think she’ll get mad at us when she realizes what we are about to do. She… overreacted, as always. She was furious, curses were flowing through the air like lightning. And had struck at us with the same force. She is staying in the town. Well, I don’t mind this fact to be honest.

10th September 2010

Alright, we have everything packed up, Agatha’s rage has calmed down in some way. But she is staying here anyway. Well, that has great deal of advantages if you ask me. She will keep an eye on our car and look after our stash when we’re out. I wouldn’t bear her presence anyway so that’s totally cool.

Here we are, standing just before the very entrance (meaning small path distinguishing among the dense forest). Finally, a steppingstone from all this boredom. Great adventure, here I come!

First camping? Checked! This forest is fantastic, I can almost touch it’s primal atmosphere, but.. there’s something more, something… sacred here. So anyway, jurney is going pretty well I suppose, there’s no sign of habitation at all, so we’re totally on our own. Seems legit. Joshua is gathering wood right now, Mary is refilling our water reserves, and I am obligated to put the tents.. yeah sure, I mean, SOMEBODY has to write down this adventure, right?

The nightfall’s came a little bit earlier, I think. But it doesn’t matter at all. What really matters is this overwhelming calmness and silence. No sound of civilization, no cars, no traffic lights. Ah, I don’t even mind pricking my foot while putting those tents. Pain is temporary, memories are forever.

11th September 2010

This has to be some atrocious joke. While we were asleep, someone hanged human statues made of sticks on the branches all over the camp. This is getting more and more ridiculous, Mary and Joshua are blaming me for this. Those dumb-heads seem not to acknowledge my height. Even if I had climbed on some kind of podium, I wouldn’t have reached the branches. After a long argument, we had decided that this was none of ours work, and It was enough creepy for us. We’re eating a breakfast now, with all things packed up we are ready to turn back. No more scary shit.

And we’re lost. God bless the GPS, I can’t imagine what would have happened if we had forgot it. The border of these woods is 15 miles of dense flora away, so I do think, we’ll be back before the dusk. I don’t want to stay here any longer than needed. Who knows what we would’ve encountered tomorrow morning.

We stopped for a while. I don’t feel okay at all. My foot hurts in pulsing pain, agh.. it doesn’t seem any good for our adventure. I’m hardly able to walk. I hope some first aid stuff will help me. Joshua promised, he’ll help me get through this

We’re just 4 miles from border.. and I just can’t go any longer, neither does Joshua, he’s been holding me on this shoulder all the way here. I have shivers all over my body, I merely am able to write this, and nightfall is about to come. I really don’t want to be here any longer, but Joshua and Mary are too exhausted to go on and carry me. I’m afraid that we are to stay here just one more night.

12th September 2010

It’s 2 am, I’m trembling with hot and stench from my foot suggests that an infection has intervened. I can’t sleep. I don’t know whether it’s my imagination or hallucinations, but I heard someone outside our camp several times. These were not sound of fauna, branches breaking from a long stomps and a heavy gasping. I don’t want to go out and check it, nor I want to wake up the others. I think, I’m just tired, and my mind is playing tricks on me. I’ll just try to sleep it through.

It’s.. it’s.. 8 am, and it’s still pitch black outside.. Joshua says, that we have to stick to the plan, and leave this god forsaken place immediately. Mary is weeping near the campfire, and I’m just trying not to die. I didn’t tell them about this Thing I heard in the night, though. However, I can still feel it’s presence here, hiding just behind the trees and darkness.. I can’t take this anymore.

We’ve been walking straight for 2 hours, yet there is no light. Fortunatly GPS says, we’re on a good track. I just want to get out of here, nothing more. God help us.

This can’t be.. there is no border. We should’ve been in Burkitsville by now. There’s nothing but trees, darkness and…a building. We’ve lost all hope. Mary’s broken, she’s just looking at the wall with empty eyes and Joshua is trying to cover his sorrow. They’ve laid me down on the floor. No.. no.. no.. I hear the gasping again, just behind the door, they hear it too.. the door opens, we must hide

I’ve ran away Witch follow Run Joshua Mary dead Cave Safety

14th September

That. Was. Just. Weird. I’ve woke up in my hotel bed, with a massive hangover. I didn’t remember A THING… and then I had read my diary.. Mary, Agatha and Joshua told me that I had drunken some suspicious stuff in the pub two nights before, and ventured into the woods. I’ve been found a morning later. This doesn’t make any sense. How could I write all these things down? What a bad trip. Anyway, the new breaks have come earlier than expected, therefore we’re leaving this obscure place tomorrow. Nonetheless, one thing does intrigue me now… this gasping under my bed.