

AFTERMATH

by, AuthorJMH

Dedication

for Jasper, Kayla, Shay and Bianca: I'll see you guys again:
May 23rd, 2012...

Epigraph Quotes

"Learn from Yesterday,
Live for Today,
Hope for Tomorrow."

-Albert Einstein

"In the End, we will remember not the words of our
enemies, but the silence of our friends."

-Martin Luther King Jr.

"Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of
the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning."

-Winston Churchill

Prologue, Meaning a Word Before...

17 Days to the Exitus

I don't have much time before I have to go, but I can add in this one little preface before hand. My name is Leonardo Ayon, my friends call me Leo. Anything I recorded about the messed-up place called Fort Exitus is here, it's on this... well, it's on whatever you want to call this you've either found m camera or reading my journal, and in this case, it's the journal. It's all here. I need to be going now, but make sure you read ALL of it. And I mean ALL of it. If you miss one little detail, then you might get confused and have to start all over again, and, well, there's NO time for that. I'm just gonna let you know right now how this whatever-it-is will end: with one BIG realization.

Maybe I should start from the beginning, which was about 8 Days Ago: 24 Days to the Exitus.

24 DAYS TO THE EXITUS

It was sometime in the late winter when my parents convinced me that a week away from home, at survival camp was a great idea. Now what fool's idea was it to set up a survival camp in the beginning of summer anyway? I didn't know what would go on at this survival camp, but I did know when it was: the last week of May, the one I had planned on doing nothing for since summer vacation had just started. That's why when I woke up this morning I had to pack up my bags full of toiletries and other things I had no thoughts of how they could help me in the wild. The date was May 29th and a sprinkle of rain was beginning to fall on the ground, as my parents dropped me off in the soon-to-be mushy parking lot. I had been assigned to Bus 123, which was a few spaces away, yet.

I convinced my Mom not to walk me up to the bus, because if she did I'd never hear the end of it while I was at camp. I walked up to the bus, which appeared to be normal on the outside, and had no hidden tricks on the inside either.

I watched as my Mom pulled her SUV out of the wet parking lot and onto the main street, and in the exact opposite direction of me.

"You're late!" yelled the voice in front of me. It was the bus driver. I took a minute to look at him, and noticed his shaggy hairs on the tips of his chin and other places on his face, in obviously failed attempts of growing a beard, and other facial hairs. He wore a red baseball cap with a team's emblem that I couldn't quite make-out, and he had on dark shades that made me worry about why he didn't want to show his eyes. Could they turn you to stone if you look into them? Had he taken a grenade to the face in some unnamed war I didn't know about? Had he actually been a snake and just crawled inside a human body ready to eat my face off at any time? It was possible.

I stood there like an idiot trying to remember what he had said to me again. Oh yeah: You're Late!

"I'm sorry," I said. "The bus isn't supposed to depart 'til 8:15. It's 8:07 right now."

"Last one was here ten minutes ago!" he boomed, pointing a finger toward he back. I hadn't looked back there before now, and I noticed something awfully strange: there were only four other people on this bus. Was this a prank?

"Well how many MORE kids are coming?" I asked.

"ZERO!" he yelled at his loudest. "Now take a seat! We're late."

I scurried to the halfway point in the bus, and saw the other four kids. I fit into a row across from another guy, and the other three were girls.

"Hey," I said. "I'm Leo."

"Jasper," said the boy in the row across from me. He reached out and accepted my handshake. "The driver was really mad at you, huh?"

"Nothing I'll lose sleep over," I said. "So, who are you guys?" I directed this question towards the girls. One was in a row right behind me, and another in the row across from

her. The third one was at least two rows behind me, and all the luggage was piled in the very back. I took notice that at this particular moment the bus started moving out of the wet parking lot and into the paved road, where the snow and rain was gradually draining into a water drain.

"I'm Shaeighly, but I like Shay better," said the girl behind me, quietly. Shay had dark hair and a fair smile that was hidden through the sadness of her pale skin, especially her face. I could immediately pick up on the fact that she was the quiet type.

"I'm Kayla," said the girl behind Jasper. She offered me a hand which I gladly shook. Kayla had cinnamon colored skin that looked like a perfect tan had struck it, but I doubted it, since the summer had just begun. She also had stormy grey eyes that made me afraid to look into them for another moment and lush brown hair. She looked older than the other girls, which made her about thirteen, my age.

"And I'm Bianca," chimed the girl behind Shay, and in front of all the luggage we had thrown in the back (mine was in

the front, and I kept a backpack with me). Bianca resembled bits and pieces of both Kayla and Shay, but not quite enough to match. She definitely had Kayla's stormy eyes and Bianca had more olive skin, but definitely pitch black hair, like Shay. Bianca also looked around the same age as Shay which, if I had to guess, would be eleven or twelve.

"So, I'm on the right bus, right?" I asked. "You guys are going to survival camp?"

"Yeah, it does seem kinda weird though," Bianca offered.

"So what do we do to pass the time? And how long will it take?" Jasper asked.

"Well I'm gonna guess we can do anything to pass the time, and maybe you should ask the driver how long it will take," I said.

"Hey dude?" Jasper yelled to the front of the bus. "What can we do to pass the time? Oh, and is there a bathroom in this rust bucket?"

I had never heard of a bathroom on a school bus. Maybe whatever school bus Jasper had been on before had bathrooms, but I, personally had never heard of it.

Silence from the driver.

"Found it!" Jasper shouted. He pointed to the back of the bus, in which there was a small cutoff area, in which I hinted by Jasper's remark that there was a bathroom in. The group went quiet after that. I saw Jasper listening to music on an MP3 Player, and Kayla just stared out the window.

I pulled out my journal, which ironically is this book, and started doodling in the back of it. I had begun writing a journal about my life at school, but I figured that whatever happened at this place we were going to was going to be more interesting. Speaking of school, I had never bothered to ask the four where they went for it. Jasper looked somewhat familiar, and I think we might actually take Shop together, but if Kayla went to my school, I must be REALLY zoned out to miss her. Bianca, again, I had never seen

before in my life; but Shay I might have seen once before at a basketball game against our school.

"So, where do you guys go to school?" I asked turning around.

"Park Grove Junior High," Jasper chimed, almost immediately.

"Hey, me too," Kayla said, which was news to me.

"Yeah, same here," I added.

"Bellville Prep School," Shay added, silently and sullenly.

There was no reply from Bianca, which I could tell means either: 'Why do you care creep!' or 'I didn't hear you' or 'why should I tell you?'. Bianca gave of the easy impression that wherever she went to school, she was popular and probably full-of-herself. But who am I, other than just some guy guessing?

There was another awkward gap of silence. By an hour into

our journey, Shay and Jasper were long asleep. Bianca had a penlight and was reading Moby Dick (and I'm still stumped on how she fit it into her backpack).

Eventually, I put my journal away, and took out my MP4 (which is in no way affiliated with MP3 Music Players). I once read a book (believe it or not. I'm not too big a reader.) where the author created a device in the book, and made two real life prototypes. The author kept one. I won the other in a contest. It basically records video, audio, takes pictures, and I can type on it. I used to like only writing things down, but I've taken a good point thinking that if I don't take videos or pictures, then no one will believe my unbelievable stories.

I looked over my seat, and saw Kayla in the row across from the sleeping Shay, but Kayla, who was still awake, was looking out her window. Bianca's head was hanging out of her row, and I could tell that she too was fast asleep. I pulled my backpack up to my lap, and opened it, revealing the contents.

I had originally thought this to be a normal survival camp,

where kids would be rock climbing and using Swiss Army Knives and camping in the woods, so I came prepared for the woods. I had packed five water bottles, ten granola bars, two flashlights, an extra supply of batteries for my flashlights. My MP4, a camera, this journal and a pencil. Anything I'm writing in this journal and it is actually also being transcribed to the written part of my MP4. So I guess that if you're reading this online, then it's been transcribed through my MP4.

I took out my MP4, and looked through the writing piece, where anything I had written into my journal had been scanned into the MP4. I started to read the beginning of it, that I had filled in on the bus ride.

I was fast asleep before I could finish the rest.

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What Mr. Ayon's flaw in putting this on an 'MP4' is that he does not realize that I have hacked into it. Yes, you are not reading his journal, but rather the computer generated scans of it. When he was at 'Survival Camp' I managed to

get into it, and am adding my own commentary, leading up to his terrible fate. Like most teenage boys, Leo Ayon is too stubborn to go back through the journal as he writes it to make sure that no additional information is there.

Oh, but there is.

And that story begins with a girl named Ava, not too long ago, in a place not too far away.