

On a cold winter night, the sacred grounds of St. Soen were disturbed by a group of teenagers that climbed its rusted iron fence and began to run wild among the tombstones. They all belonged to a Scenic Arts class, which had been assigned the task of creating a short film on any genre they wanted.

Because the cemetery was close to their homes, they decided to film a mock ghost story there, using the site as their set. They were careful not with the places of rest of the deceased, but of not being caught by the groundskeeper.

After wandering for a while, they found a patch of uneven earth beneath a crooked tree, the kind of spot that already seemed haunted. They called the others over, unpacked their camera and props, and rehearsed their lines one last time before hitting record.

The four students moved quickly through their scenes, laughing nervously at first, then losing themselves in the act. They dressed as ghosts, and pretended to be scared for the camera. Eventually they had gone through the entire script and recorded a solid 20 minutes of footage which they would then edit and trim.

It wasn't until one of them stepped out of frame that the laughter stopped. He had hit something solid, an invisible wall. He pressed his hands against the air, but it did not give. The others did so too, trying to push past it even in a group effort, circling the camera's field of view, yet every edge was sealed tight.

One of them stepped closer to the camera, hoping to move it or shut it off. But the moment his feet left the frame, they simply vanished. He collapsed onto the floor, screaming, and hurriedly crawled backward until he was safely inside the shot again, dragging what remained of his legs through the dirt.

They were justifiably terrified, unable to do anything to stop the camera and free themselves from the recording. For some strange reason, no matter how much they yelled, only the camera captured their screams and pleas for help, leaving the burial ground just as quiet as it was before their arrival.

By dawn, the camera's battery flickered from red to simply empty, its lens trembling with static. The four students huddled together, breathless and pale, watching the red light blink slower and slower. When it finally died, they vanished.

The next morning, the camera was found upright on its tripod. Its footage ended in silence, just like the lives of the students. The groundskeeper stumbled upon the camera after a few hours, finding it aimed at nothing.