Justin and Mary woke up early, even though they were vacationing at their uncle’s lake house. The night before, Uncle Thomas told them about the Foggy Figure that haunts the lake. Justin and Mary were determined to see the ghostly creature before their vacation was over. “Is it foggy outside?” Mary asked, as Justin peered out the window. “Yup! Let’s go!” Justin let go of the curtain and rushed to the door with Mary on his heels.

It was only 5:00AM, so everyone else in the house was still asleep. As they crept through the kitchen to the back door, Mary sniffed the air. It had the faint scent of coffee and something sweet. She shrugged it off and followed Justin out the door, down the back steps, and out onto the boat dock. The fog had settled over the lake, making it impossible to see anything.

“Do you see anything?” Mary asked, leaning forward for a closer look.

“Nothing. Do you think Uncle Thomas was just trying to scare us with that story?”

Uncle Thomas did have a good imagination. He’d been telling Justin and Mary stories for years, but this was the first scary story. Mary had a feeling it wasn’t made up. Mary shook her head. “Remember what Uncle Thomas said? The Foggy Figure haunts the lake. We’re on the dock. Maybe that’s why we can’t see him. The people in the story were in boats.”

“You want to go out on the water?” Justin asked. Mary looked around, trying to find Uncle Thomas’s boat, but the fog was too thick.

“Mum and Dad will be really angry if we go out on the lake alone in this fog,” Justin said.

Mary shrugged. “Maybe we don’t have to go anywhere. We could sit in the boat while it’s docked. That wouldn’t be dangerous.”

“Okay.” Justin crept toward the end of the dock. He could barely see the outline of the boat. “I’ll go first.” He carefully lowered himself into the boat and then reached for Mary’s hand. Mary climbed into the boat and sat beside him. She was getting nervous now that they were on the water. “See anything?”

They looked around, and gradually, the fog began to lift. Mary turned around and screamed. “The Foggy Figure!” It was in the boat with them! Justin and Mary hugged each other in fear, but then they heard a laugh. Justin leaned toward the Foggy Figure. “Uncle Thomas?”

“I knew that story would get you two out of bed early enough to take a boat ride with me.” Mary sighed, happy there was no Foggy Figure after all. Justin looked relieved, too. Uncle Thomas laughed. “What do you say? I packed a breakfast for us.” Mary smiled. She had smelled coffee. And Uncle Thomas had packed pastries for them, too. “Let’s do it,” Mary and Justin said.