

Strike Writers Contest!

The night was dark and stormy, and the knock on the door was loud. I was home alone, all alone in Toronto, Canada. My parents were divorced, so no dad, and my mom and sister were away in LA. The knock got louder, louder every minute. I had to answer it eventually, "It's probably the neighbors, checking up on me," I said to myself. I went downstairs, trying to calm myself, and slowly crept towards the door. I opened it, and BAM! I was in a duffel bag. "AHHH!" I screamed. Before I knew it, I was in a random house! I think I was knocked out, because I don't remember anything! When I managed to open the zipper, there was a note on the counter. "Feel free to get anything to eat, if you want." I started bawling right there, I missed my mom, and my sister! "What have I done to you?" I said, but there was no one there to answer. I looked around the house, trying to open doors, but they were all locked. There was no possible way to get out! Then I heard the door open. Someone was coming through the garage door. I hid back in the duffel bag, and pretended to be knocked out. "Oh, my little princess is still asleep," He said. "What?!" I said to myself. "Little princess?!" I peeked through the little opening, and I couldn't believe what I saw. It was my own dad! My own dad that kidnapped me! He came back and started to pick up the duffel bag, he brings me into a room, and it was pretty, like a little girls room. I opened my eyes and got out of the duffel bag when he started looking at me. "Why?" I asked him. "It is for your own good." He said. Then he knocked me out again. The next morning I woke up and my dad was up and running. We had bacon and eggs, and then went to Urban Air Trampoline Park. He was really nice, I didn't know why he would do such a thing. Later that day the paper came in. "Avery Voss, missing!" I went to show my dad, and then he looked at me and said "It's ok." I could tell he was thinking.

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The next day we had more fun, went to shopping malls, Chick-fil-a, and then AT&T, to have unlimited data. We had so much fun together. But then a week later, the police were at our house. I could tell they were looking for me. They started knocking. Then my dad brang me into the bathroom, and said "I'm sorry, for doing this," at first I didn't know what he meant." I said "For what?" He said "For this," The police started knocking louder. He pulled out a knife and stabbed me right in the heart. All I remember after that is him running out the back door, and the police coming in and seeing me, on the floor. Dead. Blood everywhere. Now people say that I'm a ghost, trying to get revenge on people for not saving me, roaming the house, and that is true. "Trust me, whoever comes in will never go out." I said. These were my final words, then no one saw me ever again.