

The Kidnapper

Has it ever really happened to you? You've seen it in the movies, and read it in the books, but have you ever experienced this nightmare. You are scared to move an inch and terrified to speak a word. All you can do is sit completely still. With no power or strength, you just wait. You just wait for your life to come to a dreadful end.

I was only eleven. My parents had forgotten to pick me up from school that day, and I was in a hurry. I had a ton of homework to get done, and I didn't have time to wait around to do it. Yes, I had homework at eleven years old. So, I decided to walk. It was only a fifteen minute walk back to my house and it would take at least that long for my parents to pick up the phone. So, I headed down a trail I knew was near home. I walked for several minutes. Eventually, the trail ended. I decided to turn right. I figured just a few more turns and I would be home. I walked for a bit longer and realized something was wrong. I really didn't know the way to my house or even back to the school. I decided that I should just call home. I'd say that I was ok and was somewhere around the neighborhood. My parents would not be too angry since they were the ones who forgot to pick me up. I was about to grab my phone when someone snuck behind me. I was grabbed by the waist and shoved into a human size bag and all I could see was black. I tried to scream but no words came out. It felt like I was being carried at the speed of lightning, having never moved that fast. I could not process what was happening. I kicked and punched trying to get free. But, sadly no one came to help or to let me free of this nightmare. Then, all of a sudden I was thrown to the floor and hit like a brick. My knees felt like they slammed against a cement block. I was trapped like an animal in complete darkness and so scared what was in store for me next.

The next thing I remember, I woke up completely tied to a chair. The life size bag was nowhere in sight and I couldn't move a muscle. My hands were tied in several knots, my feet were tied together, and my mouth was taped shut. I tried to break the knots. I tried to use every muscle in my body, but nothing moved. I was completely terrified. Tears dripped from my eyes as my body shook with absolute horror. What was I going to do? As I started to give up hope, the door creaked. Fear rushed through my body. My heart was beating faster. All I could think about was the end. I struggled more with the ropes, but not a single moved. I yelled as loud as I possibly could, but the tape over my mouth made it impossible. A man walked through the door. He had a long beard with dark hair. His eyes were a dark shade of brown just like his hair. He was a tall slim kind of guy and wore an evil smirk. I just stared at him. I didn't say a word. Who knew what the man was gonna do to me? I just sat there helpless.

"Hello", said the man in a friendly kind of tone. "I am Richard, and I have a proposal." I was confused but also frightened. *What kind of proposal involves me being stripped down to a chair?* Richard continued talking. "You can work for me for the rest of your life or...". Richard then pulled out a gun. "I could also shoot you" continued Richard. Fear and a million questions rushed through me. How could I ever help Richard? Why did he want me? Why is this even happening?

Fear rushed through my veins. What do I do? Finally, the words spilled out of my mouth.

"Ok, I'll do it", but he could not hear.

My mouth was still taped. Only a small simple sound came out. My heart began beating faster. I sat silently, just waiting for a response. I heard nothing. Then, the lights went black. Frightened, I shut my eyes. Holding my breath, I prepared for the worst.

Nothing happened. Then, I heard a blast through the wall. I heard gunshots, but could not see a thing. I felt as if I was being surrounded by death. As hope drifted away, I saw light. Someone

was carrying me. Then, I saw his face. It was my father. My father had come to rescue me. Excitement rushed through me. This may not be the end after all.

My father ran holding me in a chair. I could see the terror in his eyes as he sprinted as hard as he could. I stopped breathing. That's when I blanked out. I lived, but don't remember anything more. I don't know what Richard wanted with me, or what he planned to do. I never knew the truth. I do plan to learn someday.

Who knew how my father knew? How could he know I was there? Sadly, he refuses to speak a word of the time. I don't fight it. I'm just glad I was saved and that I still live to tell the tale of being kidnapped.

By: Hannah V.