

Anthony S.

## Lost

It was a normal mid-August school day for 11-year-old Jacob Colton, researching about Africa and all the exotic animals he loved. He had always wanted to visit Kenya and go on a safari, but his parents could never afford it. Jacob was thinking about it all day and made a plan that would get him there for sure.

When he got home from school, Jacob told his parents the plan. "If I get straight A's at the end of the school year, you guys *have* to take me to Kenya," he pleaded. "We don't have the money for that," said his dad. After going back and forth on the idea they finally agreed if they saved up enough it could happen.

Jacob studied extra hard for all his tests and quizzes. The end of the year came, and he made all A's and one B! He was devastated, but little did he know it wouldn't matter.

As he sat in his room, he began to cry. All of a sudden, he heard a scream. His mom was screaming. "WE WON, WE WON!" Jacob ran downstairs and saw his parents jumping up and down with a scratched lottery ticket. In his head, all he was thinking about was him finally being able to go to Kenya. That was the best day of Jacob's life and his heart was full of joy.

Three weeks later Jacob and his family were packed and ready to go. After a long 20-hour flight, Jacob and his parents had finally landed in Nairobi, an exotic city in Kenya. They called for a taxi who drove them straight to the hotel. The taxi driver named Nigel was not very nice and a super bad driver, but they were so tired they didn't care. They couldn't wait to get to the hotel and sleep.

In the morning, Nigel showed up again to take them to their first safari. After 30 minutes of driving, they noticed they were going the wrong way. Nigel wasn't following the map. They told him but he said, "Shut up, don't worry, this is where we drop you off, and the tour guides then take you to the safari." The family believed him and went on. Ten minutes later the taxi came to a screeching halt. In the blink of an eye, Jacob's parents had black sacks around their heads. Jacob instantly knew it was a kidnapping. He ran out of the car knowing it was wrong to leave his parents, but it was their only way to survive. He had to get to the police, but he was in the middle of nowhere in Africa. No food, no water, and no shelter.

After a couple of hours of searching, he had found nothing. He was panicking and crying too much for him to even be able to think. He decided to sleep on the side of the road under a bunch of wheat and leaves hoping someone would find him. The next morning, he woke up to a car engine noise and before he could even open his eyes he knew someone had taken him. He woke up and started screaming for his life, but the driver told him to calm down. The driver said he knew what happened to his parents. "The people that took your parents were called the Lottos," the driver said. He introduced himself to Jacob as Firash. "They are a group of men who commit crimes like robbery, arson, fraud, kidnapping, rape, child abuse, and more all for money. I used to be a part of the organization," Firash said. Jacob was scared for his life and was crying so hard he couldn't even catch his breath. "But don't worry, I won't hurt you. I'm done with that stuff, now my job is to take people on safaris," Firash said. "So, I have to give them money so I can get my parents back?" Jacob asked. "No, your father used to be a part of the group," Firash said. Jacob started crying even more. "M- mm- m my DAD USED TO BE A CRIMINAL! I'VE BEEN RAISED BY A CRIMINAL?!" Jacob barked. "Yes, indeed, you have. They took him

because after he left the organization your father turned some information into the cops for money. The cops were trying to stop them from doing these crimes, but they had no information on who the guys were or what they looked like, so your father gave them info and the Lottos figured it out. I know where they are and I can help you with their information and location, boy.” Firash said. Jacob needed to think of a plan. He started thinking quickly. “Now let's get you cleaned up with a full stomach back in the village,” Firash said. Jacob showered and while he ate some savory, warm, delicious Ugali with some creamy, tasty Chai ya Tangawizi, he planned. He planned to go to where the Lottos were staying and attract their attention. Once Jacob attracted their attention, Firash would drive off and they would get the Lottos to start following them. Firash would drive to the police station where there would be road spikes and force the Lottos to drive into them. After their tires popped, the cops would hold them at gunpoint and remove them from their vehicles to interrogate them. While that was happening, Firash, Jacob, and a couple of cops would go to the place the Lottos were staying at and get Jacob's parents back.

Jacob and Firash went to sleep and the next morning they went to the police station to pursue their plan. The police station listened and agreed to their plan. Jacob and Firash were going to the place the Lottos were at and they were both as scared as a mouse in front of a lion. They got there and started making loud noises. When all ten Lottos came out Jacob said, “I GOT THE PICTURE LETS GO TURN IT INTO THE POLICE!” One of them who looked like the leader said, “GO GET THEM AND DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!” Firash started driving back to the village as fast as he could with the Lottos behind him. They got to the police station and as planned, Firash dodged the road spikes and the Lottos ran into them. We were all cheering, “Hooray” and soon enough they took them into the interrogation room. Jacob, Firash, and three other cops went to go retrieve Jacob’s parents and thankfully did it successfully.

Jacob hugged his parents with all his might and said, “MOM, I LOVE YOU,” “DAD, I FORGIVE YOU!”

There was still much to talk about and much to see...

The next day they booked a safari trip but this time only Firash would be taking them.