

## The Kidnapper

Have you ever had the feeling that someone was watching you? That eerie feeling that makes your heart race and your stomach tighten. You can't breathe because you feel like the air has been knocked out of you. It is a feeling that you never wish for, a feeling you're afraid of, a feeling that you may not make it out alive. I had those feelings once. My heart raced, my stomach was tight, I could not breathe, and I was afraid I would not live to tell about it!

I was home alone waiting for my parents to get back from the store. Tonight was the night my parents were taking me to the Texans regular season game against the New York Giants. I was on the couch watching TV, when I felt like I was being watched by someone or something. I shook it off and told myself it was just my mind playing tricks on me. As I headed to the kitchen to grab my favorite snack, a bag of Doritos, I heard footsteps outside the sliding glass doors! Someone *WAS* watching me!

I better check it out; after all who wouldn't? When I approached the sliding glass doors and pulled the curtain to the side a man was staring into my eyes and time suddenly stopped. A stranger, standing in my backyard, staring me down like I am something he had never seen before. I sprinted to the front door, unlocked it, and ran screaming to the neighbors. I was so afraid of the stranger in the window and knew I had to get help, but suddenly I was lifted off my feet as he busted through the gate and grabbed me. The stranger picked me up, threw me in the back of his van and told me to be quiet if I wanted to see my family again. I was scared to death as he jumped in the driver's seat and drove away from my home. As I was being thrown back and forth in

the van, I realized I had my phone in my pocket. I reached for my phone and quickly dialed 911 hoping the man would not hear me talking to the operator. Once I heard the operator, I started yelling at the kidnapper, "Stop, you can't take me from my house, my parents will be looking for me, stop take me back to 222 Willow Lane, now! I kept yelling so the kidnapper would not hear talking and praying the 911 operator would send the cops. After twenty minutes of rolling all over the back of the van and the kidnapper yelling at me to be quiet he suddenly stopped the van. I saw flashing lights and knew my phone call to the 911 operator had paid off. The cop pulled the kidnapper out of the van as I was screaming, "Help I am in the back," and the cop opened the back of the van. I tapped the cop on the shoulder and asked "Would you take me home?" The cop turned around smiling and said "Sure, little boy I would be happy to". Those eyes, something about those eyes! My fears returned; it was the kidnapper wearing the cop uniform.

I heard my mother calling my name and knew I would be safe if I could just get to her. Running towards her and reaching out to her, I suddenly felt myself falling, out of control! What was happening? "Brock, Brock, wake up, it is time to go to the game," said my Mom. I opened my eyes, stared at the sliding doors, and realized with relief it was all a bad dream. As I picked up my phone and headed to the car, I heard my Mom again, "Don't forget that phone," she yelled. "Oh, you can bet I won't forget my phone," I replied, grinning from ear to ear with relief.