

Kidnapped

Footsteps echoed in the corridor. Crouching down, behind a broken wooden bench, we were completely still. Sweat dripped down my forehead like a waterfall. Could we be captured? The scruffy-looking boy grinned at me in the half-light. Perhaps he was trying to comfort me.

After some time, a slither of daylight came from the doorway and a figure entered. A phone screen came to life, emitting a beam across the room, making the shadows dance like ballerinas. My stomach churned, and I gripped the boy tightly.

I waited patiently until the figure had left the room, and then questioned, "Should we dare?" The boy nodded and we scaled the stacked-up boxes and flung ourselves out of the already-smashed window. How could I have ended up in so much danger?

~~This is how it played out.~~ That is how I began my death-defying adventure. I had sneaked round the back of the warehouse, spotted a half-open, rusty iron door and swung it open. A moment later, I had found him, shivering behind an old wooden bench. He informed me that he was the Jeremy Harrison, the famous son of our local MP, and that we were in grave danger.