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My life was normal until that day, the day it happened. I remember it crystal clear March 9, 2004, I had thought it would be a normal and casual winter day, but I was sorely mistaken. I had gotten back from Sherwood Middle School the sun was dim and the air blew a fresh mist into my face. I entered through the oak door and lay my book bag down aside. I made my way upstairs where my path was seized by a loud ear splitting and deafening sound coming from the kitchen; I then turned around and proceeded there. I peek shyly to see what was. A brawny, broad-shouldered, and stocky man in a midnight black hoodie was in front of me. I charged to my room, not aware of the tremendous amount of noise I was creating with my feet. I slammed the door shut and dived for my cell and dialed 9-1-1. I started to breath deeply which eventually turned into hyperventilating. My heart started to beat like a bongo drum, faster and faster by the second.

“9-1-1 what is the nature of your emergency?” a feminine voice asked with calmness.

“Help, Th-There’s a man who broke into my house!” I pleaded.

“Ok remain calm, what is your address?” she questioned

“Uh-Uh, 2653 Clinton Road,” I yelled.

I triggered the man’s hearing and he heard me through the ventilation system. Then the man came upstairs to my room and starting attempting to knock my door down with a great amount of force.

“Please help me, he’s coming to my room!” I exclaimed

“Ok, we have dispatched the police to your location,” she said

“Please just tell them to hurry,” I uttered

The door collapsed to the ground and turned back and gasped with disbelief and in a split second I was knocked out with a blunt object. I woke in a dark and tiny space; I could hear tires and horns. I realized I was in the trunk of his car, as much as I tried to escape by trying to damage the trunk my efforts were futile. We then came to an immediate halt, when the trunk door the figure grabbed roughly and yanked me outside. It seemed as if it took five minutes to get in the middle of nowhere. He shoved me in an old and dirty cabin that was near empty except a small chair and a table in the corner.

“Sit!” he demanded

His voice sounded awfully familiar, like a relative, but I thought someone I know with all my heart couldn't possibly try to harm me. He tied me extremely carelessly to the chair. And sat down in front of me and took off his hoodie. And it was my uncle! I was filled with disbelief, astonishment, and at the same time bubbling rage.

“Jasper?” I asked

“Yes, It's me!” he said with anger flaring in his eyes and nostrils

“Why are you doing this?” I asked

“Oh please, you are way too smart to play dumb with me, Anson,” He said

I gazed at him with confusion, about why he would do that, to his own son. I looked around the cabin at the rotting wood and the horrific and pungent smell circled around the room. I wanted to ask what the awful smell was but more serious problems awaited me. For instance what this man who I once knew as my uncle is capable of.

“Ever since your aunt left me I’ve been seeking revenge,” he told me

“Revenge, why?” I was asking with fright

“Because, she has it,” he replied

“What, she has what?” I was asking

“The video, you Idiot!” he divulged to me

At that very moment thoughts rumbled, circled, and squirmed through my head about what that video contained that was so bad, so bad he had to kidnap his own son. Was there a homicide in that video, a robbery, an assault, drug dealing, KIDNAPPING. What is on that video? I asked myself. Then him

“Well, what’s on the video?” I asked with nervousness

“If I told you, you go missing, or even die,” his menacing voice fills my ears

I winced for a moment, and then there was a pregnant pause, which made me think about escaping, would he just find me again and maybe kill me? I wondered do the police know where I am, can they trace my calls and track me to this cabin. And then it hit me; Of course, it was under my nose the whole time. I took out my phone with caution, in fear that it might fall and he might hear it.

“You know the police will find you, they can track you down,” I asserted

“You are so naive, they haven’t found me for the past 4 years,” he chuckled

“Trust me they will,” assuring him

He was unaware that I was recording this whole conversation via cellphone.

“How?” he yelled at me

I remained silent hoping he would forget about it, but no he didn't. He knew me better than anyone, and he knew that I would reveal how, but I thought no this time. He examined me, looking at me with those enormous evil eyes, he squinted them one in a while, observing me painstakingly, only to see that I was looking right back at him grinning. I looked for a split second at my phone and even then he caught me, he walked towards me and reached in my pocket and took it out. He looked at me infuriated and chucked my phone at the wall, where it fractured into tiny pieces. Now I was afraid that I had just put my own life on the line, and I was terrorized by the way he looked at me.

“Do you think I'm stupid?” he demanded an answer “Huh?”

I didn't even bother to reply because of the trauma I was experiencing. I was too afraid to respond. The hazardous feeling of death awaited me. *Maybe, just maybe he will set me free, or turn himself in,* I thought, but no, I knew my uncle he wasn't that kind of person. I asked myself, *why did he have to take me? For ransom, exchange for the video, what could he want?*

“Well then what are doing with me?” I begged for answers

“I figured since you live with your aunt, If I take you and ask for the video she won't have a choice but to give me the cd,” he confessed

“You won't get away with this,” I said

“But I already am,” he mocked me

I had to admit his plan seemed like it would serve itself to be dexterous. He pulled out his phone and started to type a message to my aunt, It read :

If you want the boy hand over the video in 24 hours or he gets it

-Jasper

He showed it to me and I thought about what “he gets it” meant, *death or torture.*

“You better hope your aunt brings that video” he told me

I started to feel anxious because my life was hanging on a thread. I waited for an eternity for my aunt Jackie, while my body was heating up until it felt like I had fallen into a hot spring. Jasper’s phone beeped indicating a text message that said :

Fine, just meet me at Skye Pointe at 8:00, bring Anson or the deal is off.

I let out a breath of relief and looked at the time on his phone, it was 7: 52pm. Jasper hauled me out of the chair.

“Let’s go” he uttered as he dragged my weak, frail body across the room

He pushed me in the back of his car. I wanted to escape but I didn’t bother. It took 7 minutes to get to Skye Pointe. He opened the trunk and commanded me to stay there.

“Jackie!” he yelled

“Where’s the boy” my aunt responded

It sounded a little bit muffled.

“In the trunk,” he said

“Let me see him!” she exclaimed

Jasper headed for the trunk and opened it.

“He’s right here!” he showed her

I could see a very dim light in the distance and I knew something was up.

“Ok that’s all I needed to see,” she told him

“Get him, officers!” she shouted

“What?” he asked

Suddenly around 6 police officers ambushed Jasper and pinned him to the ground. My aunt approached me and took me out of the trunk. She hugged and comforted me as I cried to myself. I started to see what looked like 2 officers putting uncle Jasper in their police car.

“What happened?” her voice filled with worry

I could remember most of the events that took place from the house to here.

“I saw Jasper, and I panicked so I ran upstairs and called the police, then he came upstairs for me and I blacked out,” I revealed

“How did you know I was with him?” I asked

“The police came at the door and told me about the call you made” she explained
Some police officers walked towards me, I assumed it was for questioning.

“Son, when you were at the cabin did you see anything that might help us find it?”

I tried so hard to remember something, anything. Then it hit me I saw a small gazebo that looked old, and dismantled.

“Yes, I saw a mini gazebo about 10 yards from the cabin,” I said

I started to think about if Jasper was going to come back for us, and this time, kill me.

“Will Jasper be located to a jail on an island, like Alcatraz?” I questioned

“Definitely” the officer assured me

My aunt came over and told that they recommended therapy and that they wanted to take a psychological evaluation, to determine whether I’m in the right state of mind to continue with school, sports, or any other activities. *But, I’m not crazy, I don’t to be treated like a psycho*, I thought. I felt very out of place because of the catastrophic episode that took place right in front of me.

“Why would Jasper kidnap me? For what reason?” I asked my aunt

“Because he wanted something, something that I had,” she explained to me

“Then, I guess you never know who you can trust” I said

I thought about how this would impact, massively or not at all, but I had my aunt with me through thick and thin. From that day on I felt hyper vigilant, and very scared. Every night I’d wake up screaming because of the fear that I lived in. And I kept thinking that I might again get snatched.