

The Cold Night

It was a dark and rainy night. I was sitting alone in Liz's room. It was 8:00. We just finished brushing our teeth and getting our PJ's on. Liz was out asking how late we could stay up. I was facing away from the door writing my poem. I hear a door creak. I turn around.

Oh, thank goodness, it's Liz.

"My mom says we can stay up till 10:00," she says, going back to her seat.

"Fantastic," I yell in a hush whisper.

I wake up 5 hours later and I'm freezing. "I probably just kicked my blankets down," I think. I go to get my blankets up, but only my thinnest blanket is down, which I left down in the evening. Wait... I feel wind.

I look toward the window. It's open. I take a breath and go back to sleep. A couple minutes later I wake up again. "What is it, Liz?" I say.

"Sit up and hands behind your back," says a gruff voice. "Oh, and shut your mouth." I obey. The man ties up my mouth and my hands. He leads me to the living room.

In the living room I see Liz tied up, hands and mouth, just like me. The man goes back to her room and closes the door. Five minutes pass, 10 minutes, 15 minutes, 20 minutes. Then we hear a window slam and shortly after a car start and drive away. We wait a few minutes and then Liz screams, "Mumph, hmph, numph!"

Her mom, dad, and younger sister all run into the living room. "What happened?" her mom says. We explain the whole story. "OK, we'll call the police," her dad says. "You go back to bed."

"Thanks," we say. We get back to the room. "AHHHH!" we yell. Almost everything is gone – our bedding, our toys, and Liz's writing supplies. The only thing left on her desk is one piece of paper with a note on it.

"Hey, what's this?" I say, picking up the note.

It says, "I took your things in my car. – Mystery Man."

"I miss my things," we cry together.

The end.