



No matter how hard I try or how many medications I'm prescribed, I can't seem to forget his face. I can't forget the scar he had running through his eyebrow, the way his smile was slightly crooked, and, what I remember most, his eyes had no color whatsoever, it was as if he had no life inside him.

"Make sure you let the dog out before leaving, I don't want another disaster when I come home." My mom said before leaving for work. My mom was a nurse, so she often worked night shifts and didn't get home until around 2:00 a.m., so I only get to see her in the mornings.

School went by fast. Before I knew it, I was on my way home. Just like any other day, I watched the leaves blow, waved to the passing cars, and said "Hi" to Mr. Crenshaw, my old babysitter. Fall was approaching. I could feel the heat come and go as clouds passed over the sun.

My father died when I was nine and my brother went to college three years ago, so over time I've gotten used to coming home to an empty house. I don't know how, but I could tell someone was watching me as I sat in my room. I could feel their eyes on me... but I ignored it thinking I was crazy.

Dreams are supposed to be peaceful. It's the only time in your life where you can do the impossible. Unfortunately my dream was cut short that night when a cold, hurtful hand grabbed my mouth so no one could hear my screams. I fought for as long as I could, but he was too strong. I was praying with everything in me that my mom had gotten home from work, but as he continued dragging me through the halls, I looked up at the ancient grandfather clock that we've

had for years, and saw it was only 12:14. The harsh reality of my mom still being at work meant that, even though I had let the dog out, she'd still be coming home to a mess. A mess that something far worse than a dog could make.

He must have hit me with something before putting me in the car, because when I woke up I had a gash on my head. It took awhile for my eyes to focus again, and when they did I could tell I was in a van. For awhile I just sat and cried, wondering how he was going to kill me, where he'd bury me, whether the cops would find me. Right as my tears began to dry on my cheeks, the car stopped, and I had an idea. I heard a door slam and shoes crackling onto what sounded like gravel. I waited for the door to slide open, and I charged with everything I had. I tackled him, but he was too strong. His fist came towards my face and all that followed was darkness.

Bright, almost burning lights woke me up. It wasn't until I tried to reach my arms up to block the lights from my eyes, that I realized I was tied down. The ropes around my hands and ankles burned as they rubbed against me. Looking around I could tell I was in a basement. It reeked of mold and mildew. I looked around to see if there was anything I could try to grab to get me free, but there was nothing. I saw a staircase that led upstairs, I figured that's where he was when I heard floorboards begin to creek from above. They inched closer and closer towards the direction of the stairs, and once they stopped I heard locks turn and a door open. As he came down step by step, I saw more and more of him. Who I looked up to find shocked me, and all I managed to say was, "Mr Crenshaw?".

"Why? Why are you doing this? We treated you like family." I asked while trying to hold back my tears.

"You forgot about me. I was so kind to your family, especially when your father died. I gave you everything I had to get you guys back on your feet, and once you did, you forgot all about

me. I was like a second father to you. I loved you guys more than I loved myself, but you turned my love into hate. Watching you walk by day after day is like a constant reminder. I have to make it stop.” As he turned around to leave the room, tucked into his pants was a gun, which made it perfectly clear what he planned on doing to me.

For a while I just sat and stared at the ceiling, watching the lights flicker. Then I saw it, the object that could potentially save my life, had been carelessly left behind. An old, rusted piece of metal that could easily cut through the ropes that held me down. Little by little I inched my way to where I could grab the metal slab. As soon as I had it in my hands I went at it. After every swift motion downwards I felt the rope loosen more and more. Then I heard the sound of locks turning...

For a split second, we just looked at each other. That split second was soon over. Before I knew it, his hands were around my neck. At this moment I thought I was going to die, but then I saw it. With every ounce I had left in me, I reached for it, pointed, and fired. Immediate relief was brought to me as his hands released my neck from its grip, and he fell back. I could feel the blood drip down me. He laid there, surrounded by a puddle of red, and I was right there next to him, with a .22 revolver in my hand.