

Kidnapped Love

Breaking glass is usually not the best thing to hear at 2:00am. That sound usually means someone is trying to get in your house or out of your house, either way this can't be good. The sound woke me right up and I automatically put my head under my covers. It's just kind of a reaction, you hear something frightening in your room in the middle of the night, and you hide from it.

Voices I could hear male voices from somewhere in my house. I'm not really sure where they were coming from, but they were getting closer by the second. None of the voices sounded familiar, none of them were my dad. So I slowed my breathing down, hoping they wouldn't hear me.

“Where is the room?”

“We can't be here for much longer,” a deep voice sounded almost angry at the others.

Creak the floor always made the sound right in front of the bathroom. Which meant that the intruders were getting even closer to my bedroom door. I didn't know what to do. My breathing started getting heavier, my hands started to sweat, and my heart was racing. *Calm down Hailey, they'll hear you. Just think of something else and maybe they will go away. Maybe this is all just a dream.*

My dad and I moved to Czechoslovakia when I was fifteen, right after my mom died. We moved here to try and start over, so when we walked down the street no one would look down on us for what happened to her. Dad always loved Czechoslovakia, he spoke Czechoslovakian fluently before we even came here. He would always tell me when I was younger about the culture, people and language of this country. He loved this place so much that he taught me how to speak Czechoslovakian, in hopes that one day we would get to come here and see everything that we learned about. Now my Czech is not nearly as good as my dad's, I'm still learning and I read the English to Czechoslovakian dictionary every few nights. For a 18 year old to know, pretty much how to speak two languages fluently is pretty good. Anyways, after my mom's death we picked up our things and moved here. It's actually not that bad living here, it's nice and peaceful in this little farm town. We live by the mountains in a small farming community called Bolvice.

The people here really accepted us here too. At first they were a little nervous about having two strangers from America move in, but after a while they warmed up to us. I went to school here too. You think it's hard to start at a new school, well try to start at a new high school when they speak a foreign language. That's a tough one! The students helped me a lot though. Everyone knew who I was the minute I walked in the front door of the high school. Mostly because I don't look anything like any of the kids here. My medium length blond hair, green eyes and pasty skin, didn't really match the normal dark brown hair, brown eyes and not so pasty skin of my school mates. Also it's a very small town so talk probably got around too. Other than that it was okay to go to high school here.

I was going to move back to America once I graduated from school here; so then I could go to college and do all the other normal things that any American teen does once they graduate, but I never did. One night I told my dad my plan and it looked like his heart was broken, if I left here he would be all by himself in this small town. So I stayed with him, I wasn't mad about that at all. Just a little disappointed about it, but that's okay because I would never leave my dad alone in this little community, in this little house.

Coldness woke me right up from my dreaming. That's when I knew that I wasn't dreaming at all. My blankets had been ripped off of my body. I quickly opened my eyes and saw the faces of the intruders, but as fast as my eyes were open they were covered by darkness again. Someones hand was on my eyes. They didn't want me to see their faces.

I tried to scream "Daaaa..." but then another hand was over my mouth. Now I couldn't see or scream. So I started kicking my legs and swinging by arms as hard and fast as I could. They let me kick and swing for a few seconds before hands were all over my legs and arms. Holding me down. Now I was completely defenseless. So I listened.

"Jesus Hailey stop that."

"Yeah your gonna hurt someone"

"She has quite an arm, she smacked me right in the jaw."

“Yeah, we sure got our hands full with this one.”

Wait, I know those voices. They all sound so familiar, like I've talked to them before. They are all guys that graduated with me. That's how I know them. They are all my friends, well were but I stopped talking to them a couple months ago. They all left to go on some trip, to a major city. Why were they doing this to me?

“Okay hand me the blind fold, she can't see were we are going or scream while we are going there.”

Light came screaming into my eyes once again. They all were staring at me and smiling. Then the blind fold was over my eyes and tied tight. I could feel the sweaty fingers that were clamping my mouth shut slowly open one at a time. Now was my chance. So I wiped my head forward at the hand a clamped down.

“Holy crap. She almost bit my hand! Quick put that blind fold over her mouth.”

“It's almost like she doesn't want to go.”

What the heck! Of course I don't want to go, who would want to get kidnapped. I can't believe I ever trusted any of these guys.

“Okay guys lets go”

Now I was being picked up out of my bed. I felt so violated, hands were all over my body trying to support my weight so they wouldn't drop me. All I had on were pajama shorts and a sweatshirt. I tried to move my arms and legs again but it didn't work, they were holding on to them as tightly as possible. So I just laid there in the arms of my old school mates or the intruders as they took me out of my room.

Creak we were passing the bathroom. Now the kitchen and living room. Then I could hear the front door unlocking and slowly opening.

Coldness it was so cold outside. My whole body was covered in goose bumps and I could feel the hair growing on my legs. Every inch of hair on my body was on end. The only warmth came from

the hands that were taking me away.

Beep Beep the unlocking of a van. Wait that's our van, my dad bought that just a year ago. They must have took the keys off the kitchen counter. Great now I'm being kidnapped in my own van.

They set me down in the back of the van. Two of them sat on either side of me and held me down. Probably to make sure I wouldn't try and jump out or anything like that. Which is exactly what I was planing on doing.

The road was so bumpy. I was bouncing up and down in the back of the van. I couldn't tell what road we were on because all roads are like this in Bolvice. Our roads aren't kept very good because you can walk pretty much to anywhere in the town. Finally about what felt like an hour but was only fifteen minutes, the van came to a halt. Then they started talking again.

“Do you think hes here? All the lights are off.”

“Yes, hes here. I Called him and told him we were coming, right before we went and got Hailey.”

Got me! They are making it sound like I wanted to come with them. Why would I want to do that? I don't even know were we are. Let alone what they are going to do with me.

The door to the van opened and cold air came whirling around my body once again. The hands carefully got me out of the van and started carrying me to the strange home. They slow opened up a door and carried me inside.

Click now I was locked in some strange house. With no way to scream, kick, or see. Then I was set down on a chair or couch. They let go of my arms and legs and left the room. Click, and locked the door.

I sat up and untied my mouth and eyes. Slowly my eyes started to adjust to the light. I was in some sort of fancy living room, with a fire place, rugs and cookies? Really now they are trying to feed me. Not happening. I stood up and started pacing.

Okay Hailey think. You were just taken out of your home, brought to another home and locked

in a living room. How are you going to get out of this? A window! I can climb out of the window and run to safety. So I looked around the living room. Great there's no window. Of course there isn't. I just need to think of some other plan. Okay I got it. I will hide behind the sofa and when whoever comes in to get me I will jump on top of them and start hitting them. Wait that won't work they are most likely a lot stronger than me. Okay I will wait for them to run out of the room yelling that I have escaped and then I will escape!

I scramble behind the sofa and wait.

Click now is my chance I can't chicken out.

“Hailey come out from behind the sofa. Now is not a good time for hide and seek.”

“Alexandr?” I say as I slowly lift my body up to the standing position

“Hello. Long time no see. I've missed you a lot since I left on the trip.”

“Oh my I can't believe it's you!” I say.

“Well aren't you going to hug me?” Alexandr says in his cocky voice as he opens up his arms.

“Of course!” And I run to him, “I've missed you so much.”

“I've been gone for almost two months now.”

“I know, but it felt like so much longer.”

“While I was there I was thinking about you an awful lot.” He says letting go of me, “and there's something I want to ask you. Why don't we sit.”

“Okay.” I say as I sit down next to him, and he rests his hand on my knee.

“Now while I was there I realized how much I hated being apart from you.”

“I was thinking the same thing.”

“So then, marry me?”

