Mitch Ridley

February 23, 2013

3rd Hour

**Creative Writing**

**The “Woman”**

It was a late Sunday evening… I don’t remember much from the night, but I do remember more and more each and every minute. Hold on. Give me about 10 minutes and I should remember most of it.

…

Alright, so let me begin by telling you how my day started. It began just like any other day. I was running a few minutes late to school. I walked into my first hour with my hair messy and a burrito in my hand. Just like every other morning my teacher said, “Billy when are you going to start making it on time?” I replied with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

I’m going to fast forward a little bit. Pretty much, the school day went just like normal, even better than normal actually. I had begun talking to a girl I had met online. We instant messaged and everything was going great. She seemed to be really into me. I had been talking to her for a while and just today she told me how much she liked me. Any guy would be happy. Right? Well we decided we needed to meet each other. We set a date for Sunday evening at 7:00. I couldn’t wait.

The weekend came around and my anticipation was growing more and more. I was almost out of my pants in excitement. Finally, Sunday came. I felt like a girl when I was getting ready because I was preparing all day. I had to make sure everything was perfect. I had called and made a reservation at the Hickson Inn. They were one of the finest restaurants in the city. I needed to impress this girl in every way possible. I was determined to do it.

6:30 came around and I decided it was time I should leave. I drove myself there and parked in the back. We said we would meet on the bench right in front of the entrance. I walked over to the bench and sat down. I thought it was kind of awkward because there was a guy already sitting there reading a paper. We started to make small talk and he sounded oddly familiar. I couldn’t pinpoint exactly where I knew him from but I knew it was some place recent because my memory isn’t very good.

7:00 came around and I was growing impatient. Not a single woman had walked by. My happiness was being drained out of me. I thought I had been stood up. Finally, I stood to leave and I felt a gun pressed to my back. I jumped at first and horror rushed through my veins. The man told me to get in his car or else he’d pull the trigger. I knew he probably wouldn’t but I wasn’t in any position to test him. I hopped in the trunk. He put handcuffs and a piece of tape over my mouth. We were on our way.

I overheard him talking into the phone. He said something like yeah I got BBALLBOY79. That’s when I put two and two together. My dream girl was really an online predator. I was scared for my life now and had no clue what he would do to me. I knew I had my phone in my back pocket so I made and effort to grab it in the handcuffs. I knew I had to be quiet otherwise he would know something was up. My anxiety grew greater and greater as each second passed. I grabbed the phone!!! Now came the tricky part, keying in 911. I fumbled it among my hands and my great texting ability would finally come in handy other than replying fast to all my ladies. ;) Anyway, I keyed in 911 and let out as much noise as possible. The man looked back and just gave me a disgusted look and knocked me across the head. I knew my time was running low. Then I heard over the line, “Are you in Trouble!!?? I am tracing this call. Help is coming! Stay with me. You can do it!” That eased my mind a little bit.

The van came to a halt. He pulled me out and put a blindfold over my face. I gotta admit, I peed myself a little bit.

BANG BANG BANG!! It was the sound of doors being broken down. I knew my safety was soon but quick after I felt a gun in my back again and began to panic. I heard the police and this man talking. I was now a hostage. He wanted a ransom. Bang! I was free. I screamed. At first I had thought they shot at me but they hadn’t. It was a bullseye, right in the man’s temple.

I was rushed to the hospital but I knew I was alright. I have been here since then. All I have are bruises and a bad concussion. It is now Monday and I am proud to say it. I am a kidnap survivor!!!

**“I used to think…”**

I used to think the world was a friendly place. I used to think people would never hurt one another. I used to think people didn’t steal. I used to think Mt. Pleasant was a safe town.

Now, my views have changed. Throuout my years I have noticed the world is NOT a friendly place. There are disputes among people, there are greedy people, and there are people who have been guided in the wrong direction.

Due to some recent events I now believe anything can happen at any given moment. The most recent events were some murders in, or near, the small city of Mt. Pleasant. Everything hasn’t been so pleasant.

I’m not saying the whole world is evil or anything like that. I am just saying you need to be careful and make smart decisions. Not everyone is in to wrongdoing. You will run across nice, genuine people and to those people are whom you should befriend or model your life after, not the amazing athlete that does drugs and gets arrested every other weekend. I just want you to think about this when making a decision. Are you going to turn into a bad guy? Do you want a good future?

**Time**

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock… I could feel the long hours passing. How long had I been here? 2 days? Maybe 3? More? I could hear the continuous ticking of that clock throughout my head. I couldn’t get the ticking to stop! It was the same noise I had heard my whole childhood. It was that old, hickory clock that had hung high on the living room wall. I thought that hideous thing bugged me then, but now it’s driving me crazy. Now, more than ever, I just wanted that clock to stop. I wanted my clock to stop. My stomach had been grumbling for what seemed like hours on end. I haven’t eaten in days. All I have left is a half jug of water that I had put in my small backpack before I went out for this early morning hike. It turned out, the hike, wasn’t such a brilliant idea after all. I had tripped on a root in the mountain side trail and fallen over 30 feet into what seemed like a pit. I tried climbing the walls of this pit several times, but could not make much progress. Today, I am too weak to even try. I know my time is running short. I know my chances of rescue are slim. Only time can tell if I will be saved…

**Letter**

Dear Grandpa,

I know you passed before I was born but I wanted to take this time to let you know I loved you. I never got to meet you, but from all the stories I hear day after day, I can’t help but wish you were still around. From what I hear, I guess you were a pretty great guy. I would give anything to meet you just once. I can’t help but think of reasons you would’ve improved my life. I miss you grandpa. I hope it’s really as great as they say it is up there…

Love,

Your grandson

**Dialogue Story**

Dan: Hey Molly, when does the carnival start?

Molly: I am going at 8. Would you like to join me?

Dan: I would be honored to. I just hope my ma will let me. You know how she can be.

Molly: haha… Oh be nice she just wants the best for you.

Dan: I’ll call her right now.

Molly: Okay.

Dan: I can. I’ll see you tonight. How about 7:45? Sound good?

Molly: Sounds great

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Dan: Oh shoot I forgot to turn my car lights off. Hold up a sec.

Molly: Alright, I’ll wait on this bench

…

Dan: The party is back!!

Molly: Wohoo! Let’s go ride the Ferris wheel!

Dan: Alright, you sure you aren’t too scared for that ride?

Molly: Nothing scares me, but what about you? I heard someone fell off last year…

Dan: That’s not true. That’s just a rumor… Isn’t it?

Molly: I don’t know…

…

Dan: Here’s our tickets!

Carnival Worker: Get on section 13 please.

Molly: Alright. I’m just so excited to see the beautiful city from up there.

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Dan: Uh, oh were starting to move. Molly don’t pee yourself. I know you are super scared.

Molly: I am not scared.

Dan: Look I can take this seatbelt off and still be okay!

Molly: Dan, I wouldn’t do that. They have those for a reason.

Dan: Molly don’t be such a baby. Look I can stand up and be… woah! Woah! Woah! Help!

Molly: Dan NO! Grab my hand!

Dan: I can’t! Molly, no, save yourself!

Molly: Everything will be okay!!!

Dan: How do you know!?!?! I’M GOING TO DIE!!!

Molly: Look down!

Dan: I can’t!

Molly: No, seriously, look down!

Dan: When did we get this close to the ground?

Molly: They stopped it while you were dangling. You should have seen your face! You were only a foot off the ground! Hahahahahahhaha! You’re such a loser….

Dan: I can go and I’ll be seeing you at 7.

Dan: Oh shoot I forgot to turn my car lights off. Hold up a sec.

Molly: Alright, I’ll be on this bench.

Dan: The party is back!!

Molly: Wohoo I couldn’t wait…

Dan: Alright, you sure you aren’t to scared for this ferris wheel?

Molly: Nothing scares me, but what about you? I heard someone fell off last year…

Dan: That’s not true. That’s just a rumor… Isn’t it?

Molly I don’t know

Dan: Here’s our tickets!!!