

Kidnapped

Somebody was **advancing** steadily up the stairs! Ducking down behind an **antique** mahogany crate, we waited patiently with bated breath. I could feel my heart ferociously thumping like a bass drum. What if we were caught? The strange girl glanced at me through the **semi-gloom** and grinned.

Gradually, the door opened and we could hear the spine-chilling sound of tiptoeing. Immediately, there was a pause. An **illuminating** torch flickered on. After a few moments, darkness fell; the light disappeared. Then, the door slammed and the footsteps clicked back down the stairs. Relieved, I let out a huge sigh of relief. As we **clambered** out of the window and slithered down the sodden, slippery roof, I was trying to relieve the events that led me to this mess.

It had only been half an hour since my Mum had sent me down to the chippie with a tenner. When I approached the roundabout, I couldn't help noticing the **derelict** house, although it wasn't much to look at. It was then that I'd seen it: a light at the casement. Then I witnessed a face. I stood there staring helplessly. It was a girl; she was mouthing a word. The word was, 'HELP'.

That's how it happened. I'd risked my life to save the **forlorn-looking** girl. I broke in through a smashed window, despite the risk of harm. A thick blanket of dust lay across the rickety, sun-stained floor. Chandeliers glistened as the exhausted sun **reluctantly** inched across the ombre sky. The vast room was silent, deathly silent. I glanced towards the towering, discoloured walls; spiralling spider webs gathered in the corners creating eerie shadows on the **disintegrating** ceiling. Why did I enter?

Half a minute later and I'd discovered her, a trapped prisoner in **solitude** awaiting a glimpse of hope. What a desperate situation! She'd only just finished informing me that she was the American ambassador's daughter, when the kidnappers returned!

So there we were, balancing on the roof, as if we were walking the tight rope. Gripping the loose, creaking guttering desperately, I lowered myself down.

Five minutes later and we were back at Mum's welcoming kitchen. "So Ron, where's the fish and chips?" she questioned, eyeing the girl suspiciously. I don't know how I got here! Half an hour after that, her Dad arrived in a shiny embassy limousine. That night it wasn't just chips for tea. He took us all out for a huge banquet. Amazingly, the next day, there I was in the local paper. A hero. I was a **saviour**!