

Kidnapped

A strange noise lurked in the eerie shadows of the abandoned aisles. Cowering behind towering, compact shelves, we endured an agonising wait. Droplets of sweat dripped in isolation like bullets from an infantry soldier's weapon. Where could we go? The anomalous mannequin stared at me through the hopelessness; a lack of emotion washed over her face.

Without warning, the mechanical till crashed shut and we could hear the faint sound of coins being registered. Mysteriously, there was a pause. The supermarket radio came blaring on. Trembling with consternation, obscurity fell; the window shutters blacked out the last remaining source of light. Filling us with dread, the last shutter slammed down and a gentle tapping could be heard in the distance. Alleviated with the feeling of company approaching, I let out a huge expulsion of breath. Scampering off towards the fire exit door and advancing onto the road before us, I was trying to cast my mind back to the magnitude of events that led me to this significant night.

I realised that it had only been an hour since by Dad had ordered me down to the local pizza shop with a twenty pound note. Drawing nearer to the shopping centre, I couldn't help noticing my feeling of apprehension; although it looked extremely similar to every other night that I passed it. It was then that something caught my eye; a shadow moving across the window. A handprint then appeared. I stood there frozen; in disbelief of what was happening in front of me. It was a boy; he was writing a word. The word was, 'HELP'.

That's how it happened. I'd risked my life to save the despondent young boy. I broke in through a completely shattered window, despite the risk of harm. Rows of over-full, stocked shelves stood solidly like soldiers waiting to march. Brightly coloured packages huddled on the packed shelves like commuters waiting for a busy train. Central heating pipes groaned as darkness fell on the desolate supermarket. The vast shop floor was covered in glossy, squared tiles cleanly mopped. It was silent, eerily silent apart from the occasional buzz of the electrics. I glanced towards the till technology; baskets were stacked high patiently waiting to be used against the conveyer belt. Why did I enter?

A minute later and I'd encountered him, a detained hostage in seclusion awaiting an individual to give him his upmost desire of being able to be free. I had to help him! He'd only just finished notifying me that he was the Queen's grandson, when the kidnappers furiously returned!

So there we were, completely exhausted, expediting down the gloomy aisles as if we were running for our lives. Identifying the way to freedom, I forced the fire exit door open and we were out on the path to safety.

Ten minutes later and we were back at Dad's congenial lounge. "So Ron, where's the pizza?" he enquired, perplexed at the individual standing next to me. I didn't know what to say! An hour had passed and the Queen attended our house after arriving in her majestic horse and carriage. That night it wasn't just pizza for tea. We all celebrated together with a thrilling party. Totally overwhelmed, the next day, there I was on the local TV news. A hero. It was such a proud moment!