"Mphhh..." I moaned as I was roughly tossed into the car. I let up muffled cry sounding, like I squeezed a pig. Thoughts danced in my mind. Why had my parents done this to me? After all the years of raising me and teaching me, they were now going to capture and imprison me? My hands were not strapped up and I felt for my knife in the enclosed space. "Keep it down!" A male voice yelled. Yes. It was there. Cutting the tape off my mouth and desperately trying to find a way out. Wait! I felt a small, metal rod about the size of a tiny stick. Perfect! I jiggled the lock left, right, right then pushed it forward. And jumped out, hitting myself on jagged ground.

I pick myself up. My back was hurt and limped along the streets. My best shot of the surviving was to find a house and break in with a thin stick, and when they came back home.... I would need to tell them. The choice of the house is important. I need one not very expensive but not too low quality. It must also have food in the pantry. I walked and spotted the perfect house. One with a small car and a few windows. After checking that there was no-one around, I swiftly unlocked the door. Nobody was home. Darting along the narrow hallways I found the kitchen was a respectable food. I lounged back and took a sigh. Maybe this isn't as bad as I thought.

"Slam!" the door of the house open and gave me a fright. "Ahh!" I screamed. Oh no. I grabbed a knife and hid under a sofa. A man dressed in full uniform walked in. Sweat trickled down my face like a leaky water tank. He grabbed a bag of chips and drank some water, coming my way. “Oh shoot!" I whispered. He plopped his big fat bum onto the couch and switch on the TV.