

Lost not Found

I will never forget that day
The day I lost it all
The day I lost Timmy
The day that they were captured

" Come on Mary, do ya want the measles to get ya." Mary stared up at her older sister, sneezed then shook her head wearily. The boys were leading again. Probably playing that dumb game about war. I don't think that they understand that its horrible and gruesome.
The teasing just stopped.
Mary stood still just as if Janelle had been captured. It was funny, I was sure Janelle was standing right in front of Mary, wait, Snatchers.

Mum and dad told me about Snatchers, they steal little children. Mum and dad say that they'd eat us and grind our bones into soup and even make our blood into drinks. They live in the shadows some people say they could be behind us right now. They are also part of a secret society. It's called " Snatch of the Shadow"

From remembering this information I guess you know what our next decision was..... Find her before it's too late. I was starting to form a plan in my head but when I was finished the sneezing had stopped and only one person was leading instead of two.

I was starting to panic, now four of us remained. We started to run along the brick wall like the Greeks in the olympics. Then I hear an " oh no" and a " save me Jerry."

Left now me and Timmy, if I lost him, my brother, mother and father would stare and gaze at me with unhappiness.

" Jerry, son come here hometime, where's Timmy?" I bit my lip and cried sadly, Timmy gone happiness gone. Mother had prepared my favourite meal, but now it only brought back the memory of sadness.

I tried to eat, to fill the emptiness inside my stomach from allowing me to never stop thinking about him. It didn't work of course, it probably will never work.

A day passed and we hadn't found them, the lost children. Another day no sign, a week had passed and I couldn't bear it anymore.

I started to think about going out and trying to find them. But where would I go, and what if they snatched me. Bad idea go to sleep!

I had a dream that night.

Timmy was talking to me, he was saying that he was alright and that I shouldn't come looking for him. He kept repeating it, " I'm alright don't come, I'm alright don't come."
It started to get annoying until it stopped and I opened my eyes.

I'd woken up, and it was morning.
I buried his pillow in the backyard, it felt good. Goodbye Timmy

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Good Friends Gone Forever

By Ember Garbutt