Yesterday in the afternoom I took my bike and went to our grandma’s greenhouse which was not too far from our family house. My mum asked me to bring wallet which she left there carrying boxes witch empty flowerpots. On my way to the greenhouse I was a bite nervous and I felt insecure because I don’t feel comfortable in the dark.

When I was opening the door to the greenhouse I had the impression that I heard some noises. When I went inside I noticed a figure all dressed in black. That figure was taking out the documents and money from my mum’s wallet. I immediately took my mobile phone out of my pocket and I started recording that figure. I was approaching to this figure slowly recording all the time when suddenly I stumbled over a metal watering can that was lying on the ground between the boxes with pumpkins .The figure in black clothes looked at me and exactly at that moment I also could feel that other person is hitting my head with a blunt tool. Later, it turned out that it was a metal watering can…

It had to be the second person, an accomplice. I tried to fight but the opponent was stronger. During the fight I broke the bulb that was above my head and I think I got on electric shock. I fell on the ground and lost consciousness. When I roused myself , I was lying on the ground and I realized that in the greenhouse there was nobody except me. Outside it was already dark and the light breeze was blowing. I lifted myself from the ground and I tried to brush dirt off. I could feel that there was a cut on my forehead and some blood on my cheeks. My mobile phone was on the ground. It was in appalling condition , all broken and scratched . At that moment wondered if it still was working. I looked around the greenhouse and unfortunately I didn’t find my mum’s wallet. I was angry and dejected and I also was afraid that my parents wouldn’t believe me and they would be mad at me for my long absence and not bringing a wallet with me. My mum lost all her documents and big amount of money! The next day my mum was going to buy a new TV set to our living room…

When I was riding my bike home, I noticed some burns on my hands caused by an electric shock. Every minute the pain was worse and worse. Riding home I was thinking about the situation that happened in the greenhouse. Who were THEY? What were THEY doing on our property? I was so scared.  
Approaching our house, I noticed my mum nervously talking on the phone. She looked angry for some reason. I entered the house through the front door and I went straight to the kitchen. Dad was sitting at the kitchen table with tears in his eyes and Mum was still on the phone. I sat next to my dad and I asked in a whisper "What happened?" He didn't manage to answer because Mum finished the phone call and sat opposite Dad. Mum whispered something incomprehensibly and tears flowed into her eyes. Then my dad hugged me started explaining me everything: When I went to the greenhouse, my younger sister Cece was playing in the garden in front of the house. At that time my mum was gardening and my dad was watching swimming competition in the living room. Suddenly my mum heard squeak and yell. When she got closer, she saw a figure in a black outfit kidnapping Cece! Mum started screaming for help but she was helpless in the face of kidnappers. The second kidnapper was waiting behind a steering wheel...They got in a big black Mercedes with dark windscreens. They didn't have number plates. Mum immediately ran into the house and called the police. Dad started calling friends who live a few kilometers from us. He hoped that somebody would see the black Mercedes with Cece inside. Unfortunately, Mercedes disappeared without trace. Both Mum and Dad were terrified.

Mum was resigned. She asked about the burns on my hands. At first I didn't want to tell her about the incident in the greenhouse. She was jittery enough about Cece. But it was obvious to me that the same people were responsible for both incidents. There was only one question: "What did THEY do it for?" When the police arrived I started talking what I knew.  I was still shaking and my cheeks were wet because of the tears. We all were shocked and couldn't believed what happened. When the police officer got the testimony I with Dad rushed to the emergency room to get my wounds dressed and my mum decided to stay at home and wait for any information. The hospital was about seven kilometers away from our house. A nurse put a bandage on my head and sprayed my hands with special liquid medicine. Fortunately I didn't have to stay in hospital. After about three hours we were back at home. Mum was still sitting on the sofa. There were lots of tissues around her. She was so worried and she had no new information.  I think it was too early to the police to have tracks. I wanted to help her but I had no idea how to do it...  
  
Two days later

At school I tried not to be alone. I had to be very careful because THEY could watch me. My parents drove me to school and then picked me up after lessons. After school I was doing my homework at the kitchen table and Mum was making dinner. Suddenly her phone rang, She answered after one ring and talked for about one minute. It was someone from the police. There was a breakthrough in the case. Mum turned off the oven and called Dad. We got in the car and went to the police station. The black Mercedes with two men dressed in black participated in an accident. The accident was at the intersection about one hundred and fifty kilometers from our town. Inside the car there was also a young, frightened girl. It was our Cece! I couldn't believe she was safe and sound! I was so relieved. Our prayers were heard! The two men were arrested at once and Cece had to go to hospital because that is a procedure. Within three days she had all necessary examination done. In that time Cece also had some meetings with children's psychologist. The psychologist was a fantastic woman in her early thirties. And what's the most important - she was a very experienced psychologist . Cece didn't have a problem to trust her and tell everything as it was. Fortunately my little sister wasn't hurt in a physical way by the kidnappers.

Two months later

It has passed two months since the memorable evening that appeared in our family. Me, my sister and my parents almost forgot about everything. We forgot how I was attacked in the greenhouse, how my sister was kidnapped from the garden, how everybody in our family was scared. Now, we don't talk about it anymore. We want to forget about it for good. But inside I'm still afraid of going out in the afternoon or to places where there aren't too many people. I can't find the answer why THEY chose OUR family. Why did we have to be so stressed and why couldn't we smoothly sleep at night? Why?  
Soon, we are going to have an audition to the next edition of our " Mam talent". All the students are so excited about the event. Everybody dreams of being honoured by the headteacher and getting a big diploma, a bouquet of pink tulips and roses and a small star-shaped cup. Additionally, the most desirable prize is the gift token of $350. The gift token may be used in a stationery shop that co-operates with our school. If only I could spend the gift token on colorful pens. There are as many as 120 pens in one package. I have always dreamt of such pens! Apart from the pens, I would also buy plenty of notebooks in nice covers and folders with wonderful patterns. They have amazing and unique school supplies. But to be able to buy something in that shop you need to pay in gift tokens that you could get only when you win a school contest.   
But what talent could I present at the school talent show? I know that Kate from class two is going to sing a song by Selena Gomez. And Jenna with Emma want to dance.   
In our school there were posters informing when and where the audition is going to take place. I went to the first audition because I was looking for an inspiration and I hoped to find it watching other schoolmates during their performances.  
In front of the gym where the audition was held, there weren't too many students, I went in and sat at the back. I couldn't wait when my schoolmates start showing their talents. Suddenly I heard some noises. It was like the bang of the old, metal door or as if someone hit the garage door with a car. The light went out. I was terrified again...My hands were shaking and I didn't know what to do. My friends started screaming. My first thought was "The bad people came back". I don't know what exactly happened at the gym because I lost consciousness and now I'm at the hospital. I only hope that the incident isn't connected with the people dressed in black.