

## Where Did John Holmes Go?

"I don't see why we have to go to dumb Lake Superior!" moaned my six year-old sister, Kayla. "It's going to be so boring there."

"I'm sure that you are going to have a great time," said Mom, who was sitting in the passenger's seat.

"Totally," I said sarcastically.

"Don't give me that attitude Lisa!" Mom said. Getting tired of the conversation, I put in my earphones and listened to music for the rest of the ride to Lake Superior.

About three hours later we arrived at the vacation house that we were going to be staying in for the next week. I stepped out of the car and took a good look around me. We were on a big rocky cliff and down below waves crashed against the rocks. It was very windy and not a single ray of sunshine could be seen. "How depressing," I thought. Not too far away stood a tall red and white lighthouse, to the left of it was a tall forest. It looked frightening. The vacation house looked alright from the outside, it was made of cobblestone and had lots of windows.

"Here are your bags Lisa." said Dad, handing me my pink duffel bag and my black rolling suitcase.

"Hey, come on Lisa, let's go check out the house!" cried my younger brother, Sam.

"Sure." I said. Sam started running towards the house and burst open the door. I walked in. There was a small living room with two white couches facing a small TV which sat on a wooden coffee table that was pushed against the wall. On the opposite wall there were two white bookshelves on either side of a small fireplace. It all looked so clean.

"Hey! This isn't so bad. It's actually pretty nice!" I exclaimed. I walked into a narrow hallway which led to three different, average sized bedrooms and one bathroom. On the walls of the hallway hung paintings of ships at sea and the rocky beach. Once I'd chosen which room I wanted to sleep in, I started to unpack.

"It's dinner time!" Mom yelled from the kitchen. I could smell the lovely aroma of mac-and-cheese and garlic toast. "Can you also get Kayla's plate?" Mom asked. "Come on you are thirteen years old, you can be nice to your younger sister."

"Fine!" I muttered, annoyed. As we all started to eat in the living room, Dad turned on the TV and started to watch the news.

"Last week a woman named Sidney Hudson went missing. The FBI believes it was a kidnapping. We have three suspects, Nathan Andrews, George Green, and Ryan Johnson. The kidnapping occurred in a small town not far from lake Superior. If you see a big red van please alert the police because that is what the suspect's vehicle looks like. That's all for today everyone!" announced the reporter. Dad turned off the TV.

"Well that's pretty alarming." said Dad.

"Mom I'm scared!" whined Kayla.

"Don't worry, you'll be fine." reassured Mom.

Later that evening as I lay in bed I saw the lighthouse out my window. It was pitch black inside, not a single light flickering. "Hmm, that's strange." I thought. You would think someone would be on a night shift. I sat up to turn off the lamp then snuggled back under the warm covers and fell asleep.

I blinked my eyes open. Sunlight streamed into the room and onto my bed. The birds were chirping outside. For a moment I had forgotten where I was when suddenly I heard Kayla screaming, "Mom, Sam stole my doll, and he won't give it back!"

"Sam, give your sister her doll back." Mom said in a warning tone. Sometimes siblings can be really annoying. "Since I'm already awake, I might as well get out of bed." I thought. As I got out of bed I slipped on my fuzzy slippers and walked out. When I entered the kitchen, I saw Mom and Dad sipping coffee and discussing something.

"Good morning Mom, good morning Dad." I said in a cheerful voice.

"Good morning Lisa. There is still some coffee left if you would like any," said Dad.

"Oh, thanks." I said, already pouring myself some coffee.

"Your father and I thought that maybe we could go to the beach later today."

"Well actually it's supposed to get cloudy later today and there is a fifty-five percent chance of rain at two o'clock," interrupted Sam looking at the weather on his iPhone.

"Well than we can just go after breakfast, it's only nine thirty," Mom suggested.

After spending a boring day at the extremely rocky beach and walking around the small town to get ice-cream, it was finally evening. When we all finished our dinner of burgers and fries, we gathered in the living room and like the night before, Dad turned on the TV to watch the news. I was still worried about what the reporter had said last night about the kidnapping, for all I know I could be the kidnapper's next victim.

"Just yesterday a seven year-old boy named John Holmes went missing. Police and FBI think that this is connected with the kidnapping of Sidney Hudson. John's parents have asked if people could search for their son."

"Am I the only one here who is just a *little* bit worried?" I asked myself.

"More kidnappings huh." sighed Mom.

"His parents must be really worried." commented Dad.

"Imagine what they must be going through right now." Mom said with lots of sympathy in her voice for John Holmes' parents.

Just as I was about to close my eyes and fall asleep, lights started to dance around in the top window of the lighthouse. "That is so odd, there were no lights there yesterday." I thought, curiosity getting the better of me.

On the morning of the third day I woke up to the sound of rain pattering on the window. "Well we really got lucky with the weather." I said sarcastically. When it stopped raining I decided to go outside and explore.

"As long as you stay close to the house where we can see you." Mom and Dad had said. It was still pretty wet outside and the sky was still gray and the wind still howled. "Why is it always windy here?" I ask myself out loud. I trudged down the stone steps leading to the beach. I walked around a little collecting some nice rocks then headed back up to the house. "There really is nothing to do here." I thought. When I went back inside I saw that Mom had gone to the bakery and to get donuts. I grabbed a custard filled donut and went to my room.

We went on a ferry ride. It was fun. You could feel the soft, warm breeze against your face, and you could hear the waves slapping against the boat. You could hear the cry of seagulls flying overhead. It was all so peaceful and calm. I even got to steer the boat for a while. Before we headed back home, Dad decided to do a little sightseeing. I HATE sightseeing! It felt like an hour before we finally got back home. Just as I was about to go and take a nap in my room Sam said,

"Guess what I found Lisa? An x-box! Do you want to play with me?"

"Uh, maybe later." I answered, not wanting to be mean.

For the rest of the day until dinner time I stayed indoors. I played with Sam on the x-box he found, read for an hour or so, drew pictures with Kayla, watched a Harry Potter movie, and then I snap-chatted with my friend, Julia.

Once I finished my mint chocolate chip ice-cream, and put all my dishes into the dishwasher, I went to my room to get ready for bed. I wanted a goodnight's sleep tonight. After all, tomorrow we were leaving to go back home to Ann Arbor since we decided to cut the trip short because of the kidnappings. "Ann Arbor," I thought, "How nice it will be to be back home." After brushing my teeth, brushing my hair, and getting into my pajamas, I turned off the light and crawled into bed.

It was about midnight when I woke up. It was dead silent, so what would have caused me to just randomly wake up like this? I looked at my watch. It said 12:30. I sat up and stared out the window. There was a light on in the lighthouse window. "Wait! What was that?" I ask to no one in particular. I had seen a figure in the window! "Things are certainly getting very strange now." I thought. "Maybe I should go check it out." I quietly slipped out of bed and pulled on my pants and maroon hoodie which had the words Camp Algonquian printed on the front in large white letters. I put on my black Nike sneakers. Before I left the house, I whispered into my brother's ear, "If I'm not back in half an hour, wake up Mom and Dad. I'm exploring the lighthouse." Making sure I did not wake up my parents, took my flashlight and slipped my sleek gray iPhone into the pocket of my jeans, and crept out of the house. It was a long and scary trip out to the lighthouse all alone. Whenever I stepped on a twig or heard leaves rustling from the cool evening breeze I would whirl around, afraid that something would attack me, or even worse, *someone* would attack me. Right when I was about to turn the doorknob of the lighthouse, I heard a twig snap, and this time it wasn't me! I started to panic, where had the sound come from? *Snap!* This time I could tell where it was coming from. From some trees that were to the left of the lighthouse. Just then I heard a low growl and saw a pair

of yellow eyes in the darkness. It happened so quickly I didn't even have time to react. What looked like a big, wild dog jumped out at me! It moved its lips back to reveal sharp, white, gleaming teeth, saliva dripping from its jowls. Before I even knew what had happened, I swung open the door and raced up the stairs of the lighthouse. The wild dog didn't follow me, thank God! Just as I was feeling so relieved and happy to be alive I noticed how dark and cold the lighthouse was. Something was not right. At the top of the narrow stairs was an old, scratched-up wooden door. Light poured out of the cracks. "I wonder who is up there." I thought.

"I hope I won't regret this." I whispered to myself, summoning up all my courage. The thought that this could be the kidnapper wasn't new to me, but I had to find out who was up there. I very slowly and quietly walked up the stairs, then took a deep breath and opened the door.

"What are you doing here?" I asked the small boy who was sitting against the wall with ropes tied around his feet and hands, he was gagged with an old brown rag. "Who did this to you?" I ask. The boy doesn't answer, instead he points at something behind me with a frightened and warning look in his eyes. I spun around to face a tall man with a mean face and dark hair. He has a sharp knife in his hand! I froze. He's going to kill me! The man raised the knife to strike me with it.

Just then, out of the corner of my eye I saw someone running up the lighthouse stairs. "Drop the weapon and put your hands up!" ordered a police officer. Thank god, I'm saved! "Are you alright?" a woman cop asked me, "Yeah, I think so." I answered, still a little scared about what had just happened. "Um, do you know where my parents are?" I asked the friendly woman cop. But before she could answer, my parents had already sprinted up the stairs and wrapped their arms around me so tightly, I could hardly breath. "Are you okay? What were you thinking?" my parents flooded me with questions as they wiped away tears from their wet faces and kissed me. "You frightened us to death! Thank God that your brother Sam woke us up and told us that you had gone to the lighthouse. Otherwise we would never have called the police." Mom said. "Wait, Sam told you? Where is he now?" I asked. Turned out it really was good that I told Sam that I was going to the lighthouse. "I believe he's outside with Kayla under the supervision of another cop. You know you just found the man that the police were after! I'm sure John's parents are very grateful, I mean you really did risk your life trying to find this boy. But next time don't just run away in the middle of the night without telling your parents." "Well, I'm sorry but, I just thought that maybe you guys wouldn't have let me go and investigate the lighthouse." I managed to say. "I suppose that's true." Dad said.

After a long night and lot's of "Thank you so much"'s from John's parents, we finally headed back to the vacation house to get some sleep. The next day we would depart for Ann Arbor.

I found the missing boy, John Holmes, and all by myself. I think I kind of like doing this. It's worth seeing the joy and gratefulness on people's faces. I don't know, maybe I'll join the FBI or BAU later on in life. You never know.