

“Really? Hawaii?” I groaned. “Can’t we go to Australia or Japan?” I slumped down in the back of the limo. I had been discussing weekend plans with my parents.

“No, we are visiting your sister in Oahu,” my mother said. “She starts semester break tomorrow.”

My name is Seth, Seth Jones. I live with my parents in a mansion in LA ever since I got kicked out of reform school last month. I’ve gotten kicked out of a lot of schools in the last 3 years: middle school, high school and even a private school... something about my attitude. Now the police want to question me about a car crash. I didn’t do it, of course. My parents are protecting me, but they wish I was more like my sister Trish, which is kind of embarrassing because she’s eleven. My genius sister is already in college and she’s my parents’ favorite.

“Come on, we are taking the hover craft to Oahu.”

“What! Can’t we take the jet? At least with that, people can’t see me. The hover craft has no top.”

“No, we’re rich and we should show it.”

“This is stupid.”

“When we get there, you’re taking her out to dinner at Shakahowi’s. Your father and I have a meeting and can’t go with you. Before you start, it’s supposed to have the best fish in Hawaii.”

“Okay fine, but I’m not going to enjoy it.”

“Seth, you are seventeen. She is only eleven.  
Look out for her, please.”

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Shakahowi's turned out to be not half bad, but Trish and I had a fight and she went back to the hotel early.

After I finished my food, I went back to the hotel too. Trish wasn't there. The door was open and the couch was tipped over. I noticed a piece of paper on the floor next to the coffee table. On it was a note;

***“We have your sistur. We want a milyun dollers. You hav  
24 ours. Put it behind the north dumster at Hana State Park.”***

Seth frowned, frustration visible on his face. He stood up suddenly, crumpling the note.

“Hold on sis, I'm coming.”

*Our parents have a beach house in Maui. If she gets away (and knowing my sister, she probably will) that's where she'll go. I'm on Oahu and I need to get to Maui, so let's see, I could buy a speed boat or I could “borrow” the hover craft I thought.*

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“Let go of me, you big buffoon.”

“No, you’re coming with us little lady.”

“Fine, if you won’t let go of me then tell me your name.”

“It’s Jerry.”

“You idiot, don’t tell her your name.”

“Why not, Steve?”

“Now you just told her mine!”

“It’s okay, it’s not like she can get away.”

“Where is the speed boat?” said Steve.

“Over there” said Jerry.

“Where are you taking me?” Trish asked.

“That’s not important.”

“You left the child safety lock off!”

“She just unlocked the door and rolled out of the car.”

“She’s getting away.”

“You let her go.”

“No.”

“She’s a lot smarter than she looks.” Jerry said.

“Stop yelling at me, Steve. I’m feeling uncomfortable.”

“You’re feeling uncomfortable?” Steve yelled incredulously.

Trish finally stopped running and doubled over to catch her breath. She couldn’t call the cops, they would take her brother away; that was out of the question. She could call her parents, but the creeps had taken her phone.

She'd have to make it to the beach house on her own. Trish set off down the road.

\* \* \* \*

*I forgot how cool this place was. Now to find a phone, she thought. She walked into the kitchen - luckily there was a phone. "Mommy, Daddy, help! I'm at your beach house on Maui and these creeps are after me."*

"Well, what do you know the kit the boss sent us actually works. We can hear her, but she can't hear us. Do you hear that Jerry? She's going to Maui."

"And she thinks we're creeps. Let's get her."

"Yeah."

*Here I am at the beach house Seth thought. "I forgot how awesome this place was" he said. Was that out loud? he thought. As he said this, he reached for the key. It was under the mat, he tried to fit it in the door, but there was something in the lock. Better put this lock pick set to use. In no time, he was in. Being quiet as he could, just in case she had "friends", he walked up the stairs.*

"Here we are, this is a pretty nice place."

"I bet it's worth like a million bucks," said Steve.

"Yeah" Jerry agreed.

"Hey, look the front door is open. This makes are job a lot easier."

Jerry and Steve walked up the stairs and they looked into a bed room that looked uninhabited and went on. They finally found Trish's room and walked in. He was holding a solid gold trophy.

Steve laughed and said, "Looky here, you are coming with us little lady." They circled each other. Then Trish ran at Jerry and hit him with the trophy. He crumpled. Steve disarmed her and put her in a head lock as Jerry groggily got up and blinked.

"That hurt" Jerry moaned.

Trish tried to get away. Steve laughed cruelly and Jerry said to Trish, "You're coming with us."

"I heard that one before."

At that moment Seth knew if he didn't act fast, they would take his sister. So Seth did the only thing he could think of. He kicked the door down. As Steve turned around, Seth punched him in the face, which made him let go of Trish. Steve stumbled and as Seth delivered the final blow he said, "Leave my sis alone."

Seth knew that his fist hit home when he felt Steve's nose give way. Steve's eyes roll back in his head and he crumpled to the floor.

Jerry ran at Trish, but she jumped out of the way and said, "Nah nahnah boo boo, you can't get me."

Then she ran out of the room and not seeing her, Jerry quickly lost interest and went to help Steve. Jerry ran at Seth and tackled him to the ground and pinned him there.

Jerry went in for the final blow just as Trish hit Jerry over the head, but from Seth's point of view Jerry's eyes just rolled back in his head and fell. Seth was confused until he saw Trish. He realized that she just saved his life. Trish helped him to his feet and he blushed. "I missed you, Sis"

"You too," Trish said. "We should probably call the cops. Do you have your phone?"

"Yeah," Seth pulled it out, but it was shattered. "It doesn't matter. This house has like five."

"Sorry, we're late. I would have called, but my phone is broken. Seth said. As he did this Trish went into their mom's phone and deleted the message she had sent earlier.

"It doesn't matter. Did you have fun in Hawaii?" Their parents asked.

“You have no idea,” they said, in unison. Then they looked at each other and smiled.