

“Alright Will. Bye! See ya later!” shouted Jerry Finnicle. He was an eighteen-year-old senior from Cherrywood High School. He lived in a small town surrounded by mountains, called Drity. Jerry just moved here a couple of months ago and, already, he was feeling at home. He was always laughing with friends and maintained a straight B-average in school. Since he was on the varsity football team, playing as a starting quarterback, he was built. Jerry had a lot to enjoy in life, but always thought life was too boring and wanted something exciting to happen.

“Bye Jerry! Good game!” shouted back Will. Will was Jerry’s best buddy ever since he moved here, and he was very much like Jerry; dressing casual in a hoodie, t-shirt, and jeans mostly every day. Along with Jerry, he also thought life was too boring. Jerry and Will lived in the same neighborhood, but they were on different sides of Netley Drive.

“Hello? Mom?” said Jerry into his phone. He was calling his mom to pick him up from his football game and she didn’t seem to be answering. Since his mom hadn’t picked up after five tries, he decided to try his dad. He didn’t answer either. After many tries, he decided to walk home since it seemed like they wouldn’t answer him no matter how many times he tried.

When he got home, everything was in a huge mess. Broken light bulbs scattered across the newly scratched floor, furniture such as tables, chairs, and even couches were thrown all over the place. It seemed like someone had broken in since the windows were broken as well. Jerry panicked at the sight of this mess that someone had caused. He looked around the room and a glint of sunlight shining off a piece of paper caught his eye. Jerry went to look at the paper and it read,

“YOUR PARENTS HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY US.

WE ARE IN A BIG, ABANDONED PLACE, WHERE SPIDERS AND CRITTERS ROAM.

IF YOU DON’T FIND US IN 36 HOURS, SOMETHING, OR SOMEONE, WILL BE GONE.

SINCERELY, THE GANG.”

The thought of his parent's death sent Jerry screaming at the top of his lungs hysterically. A few moments later, Will came rushing into his house.

"What's up? I heard you screaming from all the wa-!" Will said. He stopped in his tracks immediately when he saw the room all whipped up.

"Woah! What happened here?" Will asked. He saw that Jerry was looking at a piece of paper and went to join him.

"We have kidnapped your... WHAT? DUDE! YOUR PARENTS! WE GOTTA GO FIND THEM! HURRY!" Will said briskly in a panic. Jerry quickly took his school backpack, dumped out everything he didn't need on the floor, and quickly collected some items he thought he needed and stuffed it in his backpack. Food, water, extra clothes, First-Aid Kit filled with bandages and ointment cream, and even his mom's kitchen knife just in case. Even though Will looked like he was alright, he sure didn't feel that way!

Now that Jerry had collected all the survival items he needed, he sure didn't know what to do next! Tell the police? Jerry didn't want the police to get involved in this. He thought he could handle this himself. Tell his neighbors? He was sure someone had seen this hadn't they? He decided to ask around his neighbors if they saw anyone suspicious. Jerry wanted Will to join him just in case anything happened.

First, they went to ask Mr. Kifley, Jerry's closest and friendliest neighbor. Mr. Kifley was a young man and he had a special talent for noticing things that weren't normal in his neighborhood. Jerry was sure he would notice some people breaking into his house! Unfortunately, Mr. Kifley didn't see anything. Since they knew Mr. Kifley was a very observant person and always walking outside, they believed that no one else would see anything. Jerry showed Mr. Kifley the note.

"Don't tell anyone about this, especially the police. We want to handle it ourselves," said Jerry with great confidence. Jerry and Will thanked him and walked away.

“Will! You know anywhere that is big and abandoned? A mansion maybe?” Jerry asked. Although it hasn’t been an hour since he found out his parents were gone, Jerry had already memorized the whole note by heart.

“Man! Glad you asked! There’s this really big mansion that everyone who lives here knows about. It’s said to be haunted,” Will explained.

“Alright! I’m not so sure about this place, but I gotta go save my parents!” Jerry said.

“Let’s go to my house first. I need to grab some things,” Will suggested. Once they got to Will’s house, Will took the items he needed and once again, Jerry and Will set out. But this time, they were in Jerry’s car.

Jerry drove the quick three mile ride there since he had his permanent driver’s license. He parked his car near the mansion. Even though his house and neighborhood were only three miles away, the whole place seemed deserted. Jerry locked the car and quickly observed this big mansion. It was obviously big but very dilapidated. It was dark green, brown in some parts, wood chipped off the roofs, and there was nothing between the mansion and Jerry; not even trees or bushes. It was the mansion only, possibly with guards and kidnapers in there, for Will and Jerry to face. To Jerry, the whole house seemed like a Mansion of Nightmares. Whoosh! Something flew by Will and Jerry. Jerry screamed but Will remained calm.

“Hey! Bro! Dude! Calm down! It was just a bat. We have to be quiet,” Will said reassuringly.

“I’ll try to,” Jerry exclaimed back.

As they slowly tiptoed to the back of the mansion, afraid that someone would hear them; they braced themselves for an attack by the gang. Fortunately, nothing came towards them. Yet. They found a door in the back of the mansion and entered it quietly. The floor creaked as they walked across it, and spiders were dangling all over the place from ceilings. They didn’t dare to turn on any lights just in case. Will was always interested in little critters

such as these, so these little spiders weren't a problem to him. Jerry on the other hand, was arachnophobia. He tried to feel confident and to reassure himself, but it wasn't working too well.

"AHHHH!!!" someone from inside the house screamed. Jerry was almost positive it was from one of his parents. Jerry and Will tried to follow the sound but the house was just much too big. They tried every room on the main floor, thirty rooms in total, and didn't see anyone! They were so glad that no one was monitoring the main floor. The mansion didn't seem to have a basement so they found their way to a flight of stairs that lead to the top floor. The stair case was a circular one that climbed up really high. One by one, after Will and Jerry climbed up about one hundred steps, they finally reached the top. Although they were both a little worn out from the stair climbing, they didn't dare to waste one second resting. At the top, everything looked like the main floor except for the fact that Jerry's parents were in here; or at least that's what Jerry hoped. They didn't know which room to check in first but they didn't need to decide. All of a sudden, someone grabbed Jerry by the arm and dragged him into a room. Bam! He was hit on the head with a cudgel. The next thing he knows, he's out.

When Jerry finally regained his consciousness, he found himself locked up in a room with Will by the "GANG". As they started to get really worried, they heard many people enter the mansion from downstairs.

"POLICE! POLICE HERE!" screamed the police. Jerry and Will heard them stomping and slamming every door trying to figure out what room that gang was in. Finally, after checking the whole main floor, Will and Jerry heard them climbing up the stairs. Once they got to the top, a few moments later, the police found Will and Jerry slumped against the wall in the room. They told Jerry and Will to go downstairs and to wait for them outside. When they got outside, they saw police cars and ambulances! Not only that, they also saw Mr. Kifley there.

"Jerry! Will! Are you alright?" shouted Mr. Kifley.

"Yes. We're fine. How did you know we were here?" questioned Jerry.

“Remember you came to question me about someone breaking into your house? I decided to tell police anyway and together we quickly found out that you were at the mansion. I’m sorry, but I really worry about you and your family,” said Mr. Kifley.

“Oh no! It wasn’t your fault! I could’ve told the police but I decided not to. I thought we could have an adventure and handle it ourselves,” explained Jerry. The police finally exited the mansion with ten guys cuffed together, along with Jerry’s parents walking behind them. Jerry was so happy to see his parents safe and sound.

“Although life is pretty boring, I’m glad this doesn’t happen every day. Normal is better!” said Jerry to himself as he hugged his parents.