

The Child Stealer
By Lendel Torrance

December 6th, 2016

Dear reader,

My name is Alelon and today I found my old journal in my attic. I found my story about an adventure I had. Whoever is reading this.... Enjoy the adventure, if you dare. It's about someone named The Child Stealer. She takes children down to her lair and they never see sunlight again.... until it was my turn. Me and my best friend, Foxx got taken to the lair and everything changed after that. It all began on June 15th, 2014.

June 15th, 2014

Dear reader,

Today we are going to a lake called Crystal Lake. I can't wait! Right now we are packing bathing suits and a picnic. During the packing, I texted my friend Foxx (her real name is Phoenix though). I am going to wear my Jellyfish bathing suit and so is Foxx. The lake is humongous; it also has a nice little sandy patch. The lake is a darkish blue and the sand has little bits of crystal mixed in.

(30 minutes later)

We are here. The water is amazing! Guess what? My mom baked fudge brownies and said that we could have them all at the picnic. I will write more tomorrow.

June 22nd, 2014

Dear reader,

Get comfortable because I've got a lot to tell.

After I finished writing my last entry, I went swimming with Foxx and the lake started swirling. It was terrifying. It was like a whirlpool but only me and Foxx went down even though my dad was in the water. I wondered why my dad didn't go down with us.

We got sent down a slide made of water that spit us out into a dark cave. We walked a little farther and, all of a sudden, we tumbled down into a hole that led to another dirty room. There were 5 long tables, a bookshelf and 200 light bulbs hung from the ceiling. We were confused. We saw children at the tables eating mush or brown rice. There were so many of them. Later, we found out there were 223. "Why are these children here?" I asked myself. Foxx and I soon found out. At the end of the room was a woman with skin as pale as ice (probably it was as cold as ice, too) and her eyes had no sparkle and a look that had no love or warmth to it. She was as tall as a tree and collected children for amusement. I was astonished at how ruthless and selfish she was. She was known as the Witch, Monster or, as most of the kids called her, The Child Stealer. She was known to grab children from any lake from any part of the world.

The room was cold where we were. Two doors led to the boys' and the girls' beds. The beds were all stuffed in a row after row after row to fit all the children. The beds had a thin blanket that had way too many rips.

Two hands touched our backs with sharp nails that felt more like claws than nails and we heard in a raspy voice, "Your names are now 122." to me, "and 123," to Foxx. "Find the beds with your name on it." We ran to our beds which were so uncomfortable. No one could sleep on them not even animals that sleep on the ground outdoors. All the children were skinny and hurt. All of them looked hopeless or like nothing existed at all.

In the morning, we had to do so much work. We had to clean the tables, floor, beds etc. It felt like we were Cinderella.

In the middle of the night we snuck out to try find a way to escape.

"What are you doing?" said a voice we didn't recognize. We froze and thought we would have some sort of punishment. "Go back to your beds." she said, "Wait, what are your names?"

"122 and 123."

"The newbies, ah, I see now, go to your bed."

We crawled back to the beds in the dark but all we could think about was who was that kid who spoke to us as we drifted off to sleep.

“GET UP, GET UP you got work to do,” said a raspy voice. We knew we were to get in trouble for last night & we were right. We couldn't eat for a day. That was a punishment, for sure.

Days past and we couldn't escape. One night, we heard the voice again, “ Find the brightest light and read a book.” There are 200 light bulbs and many books. This is going to be hard. Morning and night passed by.

We were almost been here for a week when we heard that voice again, “The 122 light bulb is the brightest, throw it at the book, “The Child Stealer” by Gloria the light bulb has a tiny red dot and it's the brightest throw it at the book The Child Stealer by Glen Bishop”.

That night Foxx got an idea to take everyone with us. First, we would wake everyone up then find the light bulb numbered 122 and then throw it at the book. After that we'd see what would happen.

In the morning, we got all the older kids to get the little kids in on the plan. At 10:37 am, we will never see this place again. Quiet cheers came from all over the main room. 10:34 we grabbed the light bulb. “Let's get out!” Foxx yelled. We threw the light bulb at the book and bright ray of light shone at a door. It opened into a dark hallway, “STOP!” the Child stealer yelled, we all ran.

“Wait don't forget me.” said the voice we kept hearing and who helped us escape. We turned around and saw a very young girl. Foxx said “who are you and do you want to come with us?”

“I'm, Ray, the child stealer's daughter and I want to come with you.”

“but why do you want to leave?”

“ I want to see the sunlight.”

As every child including the witch's daughter, Ray, came with us. Everyone held hands as we walked. The light grew bigger and bigger until we couldn't see anything but light. We were in a light void.

Then, I woke up in my bed with my bathing suit on. I called Foxx she said she woke up with on her bed. It seemed like it was just a dream....or nightmare. Was it?

December 7th 2016

Dear reader,

I don't know what exactly happened to all the children, but I do know that all children should be in their homes with people they love. The world is smaller than we think and all children no matter where they are from need someone to rely on, love and somewhere safe. That is what I learned on my adventure. And no one should steal that from them.