

# MISSING

By Emma Vorster, grade 5

“Thump,” Violet slammed the table. “Heather has been missing for six weeks now!” “Violet, you know the police and FBI aren’t going to get involved, they suspect Heather went to Egypt and that she has cut all contact with the outside world,” Ben choked out. “Ben, you and I both know Heather went **MISSING** in Egypt!” Violet said, hitting the table HARD. “We are the only people who can find her!” “What do we do then? We don't even know if she went missing. She could have just cut all contact when she went to Egypt to meet her father,” Ben argued. “Drop the act, we both know Heather went missing and we are the only people who can find her,” Violet said with so much intensity the world seemed to shake... “Listen, I bought us plane tickets to Egypt, you can come with me or stay behind!” Violet declared. Ben sighed, “fine, I’ll come with.”

Before Ben could even blink, Violet was running downstairs to the car. Ben hurriedly grabbed his backpack and rushed towards the car. By the time he had found himself in the tiny cramped vehicle, Violet was reversing out of the garage and just like that, they had begun their journey to find Heather... Silence seemed to take control of the car. Violet glared down with cold eyes, which would make anyone cower in fear, at the backpack that Ben was holding. “Why are you bringing Teddy, of all things, along? A Teddy Bear, for goodness sake!” Violet remarked. But when Ben looked into her emerald eyes, all he saw was playfulness. “Well you know the answer, after all, we’ve been friends since high school, which is, let me see, 7 years now,” he laughed. “Wow, I can’t believe I have been friends with a dimwit for 7 years,” Violet joked. “That’s a lot coming from the non engineer,” Ben teased. “Just because you are a gadget engineer doesn’t make you any less of a dimwit,” Violet said, clearly insulted by Ben’s

remark. “Remember how Heather always said she could do better than you when she couldn’t even fold a paper airplane and all 3 of us would crack up. Good times when Heather was still around,” both laughed. Once again silence filled the car. The only thought in their brains was that Heather was really gone... “Vroom,” the car screeched to a halt at the airport as they jumped out. All Violet could think about was Heather, the 21 year old girl she had become friends with since birth...

In a blink of an eye they were boarding the plane to Egypt. They were really doing this; they were going to find Heather... After a confusing 5 minutes Ben finally figured out where they were sitting, towards the back of the plane in economy, beside each other. Ben sat down first, quickly followed by Violet. He dug through his bag until he found his light gray laptop and turned it on... Violet was staring at the picture of Teddy on Ben’s computer. Then she whispered, “Teddy is special to you because your mother made it for you before she died. That’s why you take Teddy along everywhere.” Thinking about his late mother, icy claws seemed to grip Ben’s heart and threatened to tear it open.

“Well, what’s the plan?” said Ben, trying to change the subject. “What plan?” asked Violet. “You booked plane tickets to a strange country without a plan to find Heather,” gasped Ben. “Well... you’re the smart one, you should come up with a plan.” “FINE, just let me think,” Ben sighed... “We know Heather went to Egypt to meet up with her father and for some strange reason we haven’t heard from her since. I think we should try and meet up with Peter Quinz, her dad, who lives in Alexandria, since Heather gave us his address,” Ben stated. “When did Heather give us her father’s address?” “Just before she left, but you weren’t paying attention,” Ben laughed. “How do we get to Alexandria?” asked Violet. “Simple, this plane will land in Cairo which is next to Alexandria, all we have to do is catch a train,” Ben noted. “Look

at us doing PLANNING... AND being SMART!" chuckled Violet. "What do you mean 'us'?" Ben questioned. "So sorry, I was clearly the one who did all the preparations," Violet sarcastically added.

"Get ready for landing, make sure all devices are stored in your carry on," buzzed the intercom. "Ring ring," went Ben's phone. "Who is this?" asked Ben, answering the device. "If you ever want to see your friend again, you have to steal the Mohammed Ali Pasha Golden Necklace, consisting of 16 decorative motives; 8 having the inscription, 'Mohammed Ali' and 8 in the shape of gold flowers with diamonds. This necklace is located in the Royal Jewelry Museum in Alexandria." The plane touched the ground and the line went dead.

Their blood ran cold. "Welcome to Cairo," buzzed the intercom. "Violet's heart jumped up in her throat. She couldn't breathe, someone had KIDNAPPED Heather... Thoughts buzzed through her head at lightning speed. Before she could even process what was happening, they were in a Taxi driving to a Coffee Shop.

When they arrived at their destination, Ben jumped out and paid for the Taxi. Once in the cafe, they ordered two cups of coffee and 2 sandwiches and sat down at a tiny table. Ben voiced what he was thinking. "Violet, the call we got could have just been some 'random' guy"... "Ben, How would that 'random' guy know that Heather is MISSING? I mean the police and FBI didn't even get involved," Violet pointed out. Facing the facts Ben squeaked; "You're right, how would a random person who didn't even know Heather, knew that she was missing." Ben's hazel eyes were rimming with worry, his pale skin turning the colour of a ghost... The coffee shop went dead silent or was it just Ben's imagination. "Ok, we need a new plan," Violet began to speak. Ben's mind started to blur Violet's voice out... he knew at the back of his mind who this KIDNAPPER was ... if only he could put his finger on it. Ben snapped back to reality. "So













