

"It's good, I guess, I'm just not really into this type of stuff you know?" I replied, trying to sound as polite as possible, knowing that he was the host. He chuckled. There was an awkward silence. I faced away from him, and I heard him walk closer. I was going to turn around, but I wasn't fast enough, and he quickly wrapped a white cloth over my mouth and nose. I squirmed wildly in his arms and did my best to scream, but I was hopeless. Within seconds everything started to go black, and I was out.

## ***2 HOURS LATER***

I awoke in a dark, black room. Wait, scratch that. This wasn't a room. I observed the small cramped space I was tucked into, and realized I was in a trunk. I threw off the white cloth that still surrounded my mouth, and attempted a scream, but my voice was small and measly. I looked around for a release lever, but there was nothing. I started to yelp, to no avail, and I started to cry. 6 hours ago I had been at Sierra's house, discussing what to wear. Now, I'm in a trunk in the middle of God-knows-where and being driven by God-knows-who. I remembered that Chris Holden had been the one to drug me, and questions raced through my mind. Why was he doing this? What were his intentions? My thought process was interrupted by a huge bump in the road. The car slowed down, and came to a gradual stop. I heard someone open and then shut the car door. Within seconds, the trunk was being opened. The sky showed that it was nighttime. The hour exactly, I didn't know, but I estimated that it was around 9 p.m. A man with a black ski mask roughly grabbed me, tied my hands together, put a piece of silver masking tape over my mouth, and tossed me onto his shoulder, all in one swift motion. My attempts at any escape were impossible at that point. He walked to a small, abandoned shack. It was made out of wood, which was peeling in odd places. There were weeds growing all around the shack,