

## *I Remember ...*

It was a sad day. We were moving. We were enjoying a nature walk to celebrate our last days in the country. It was a sad step onto the road. We saw a van, illegally missing its rear plate, parked next to our car.

“GET IN!” the two men yelled, leaping out of the van. I reached in Dad’s pocket for his gun. All I could feel was something smooth and vibrating. One of the men saw me. That was the last thing I remember.

I woke up in the back of the van, handcuffed. I realized that the smooth thing was Dad’s phone. I could’ve called someone! Just then, a bump knocked my cuffs to my knuckles. They were too large. I slipped them off, then helped my little sister. I climbed to the roof, ripped off the door handle, and broke the windshield. I kicked the gun out of the first one’s hand, then shot the driver’s hand three times. We swerved into an eighteen-wheeler, then into a tree, then into a ditch, dumping us all out of it.

A third man stepped out of the eighteen-wheeler. “We got ‘em,” he said.

*Wham!* A black car slammed into the first one, rolling over the other two. My older sister stepped out of it. My Dad checked their necks. “They’re all dead. Julie, why did...”

“They were going to shoot you!”

“How did you...” I said.

“Dad wasn’t answering my texts.” *So that was why his phone was vibrating*, I thought.

We went to a diner for some lunch. “Well, Julie, while there... will be the obvious repercussions of running three people over with a car...” my sister looked embarrassed and angry. “...I’m proud of you. You thought that we might have been in danger, and you acted upon that, and I don’t think I could’ve done better. And Jamie, you were very brave. I commend and love both of you.”

“Also, we’ve changed our minds about moving. This is much more liable to happen in the city,” Dad said. Then he raised his glass. “To Jamie and Julie!”

And that’s how, with some dumb luck, we didn’t move after all.