

# Juliet Boisvert

“Run.” There was nothing else for us to do. So we bolted down the streets, aiming away from the danger.

My twin, Zoe and I were walking home from our friends’ house when we heard a car behind us. My gut told me something was wrong, but I didn’t want to believe it. I mean that kind of stuff only happens on TV shows and crazy news stories, right?

So all we did was move off to the side of the road. I turned around, wondering as I had been the whole time why the car hadn’t passed us. It wasn’t someone we knew who was trying to prank us or talk to us.

I continued to ignore my gut and we kept walking, waiting for the other cars to disperse. When the stranger in the car was the only person on the road, they remained behind us, following at our speed. So we started to pick up our pace. They did the same. We slowed our pace. So did they. The difference was while we kept walking, they kept slowing down until the vehicle was almost at a stop. It appeared as if they were going to get out of the car.

For as long as I can remember, being kidnapped has been my worst fear. I saw stories on TV and both of my parents have tales of times when they were almost kidnapped. I disregarded those, though, because TV shows are fake and my parents didn’t grow up where I did. I was safe. It couldn’t happen to me. I truly thought that I was never in any danger. It was only the what ifs that worried me. Until that moment when the what ifs became reality. At that



moment, I was terrified. Clearly Zoe was too.

“What do we do?” she asked, eyes wide.

That experience changed the way I think forever. I realized that my parents weren’t so different from myself when similar events affected them and TV shows couldn’t have been about these awful things if they hadn’t been introduced to them at some point.

From that moment on I have always been more cautious. It doesn’t matter what the situation, because my illusion of safety is gone and I know that any of these stories could happen to me just as easily as the next person.

“Run.” It was the best advice I could give. So we followed that advice and that just might have saved our lives.

