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Word count : 399 words

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A stranger I met

I tore open the file, revealing a picture of two smiling girls and a newspaper article from 2014 about two kidnapped girls who were never found. But Why is this in my mail, was the question I was asking myself.

I sat at the edge of the bench under the bus stop and impatiently awaited the bus. An old gentleman in a black coat sat at the opposite end of the bench. He was tall, burly and looked a little over sixty. He turned his head to stare at me and I could feel his dark eyes pierce through my skin. "So you're the new journalist," he said, his voice carrying through the wind. My body jerked upright and my blood ran cold. I could feel chills all over my body and I became numb. "I've got a case worth investigating," he continued. I turned to look at him, with curiosity and confusion splattered all over my face. "Just follow me and I'll show you," he said. With a quivering voice I replied, "I don't follow strangers". "I won't be a stranger for long," was his reply. He stood up and began walking down the road. With shaking knees, I followed behind him.

He led me into an abandoned warehouse. His leather boots echoed against the walls. I stopped in my tracks as I saw two lifeless bodies leaning against the wall. Although they were significantly older, I had no doubt in my body that they were the two little girls who had been kidnapped in 2014. I cast the stranger I was with a questioning look. As if reading my mind, he confessed to having kidnapped the girls in order to get ransom money. According to him, it was getting too risky and he had to kill the girls. He turned to look at me and offered me a tempting deal. I could pretend to have found the bodies and be seen as a hero journalist but in return I would have to help him skip the country without problems from the press. I was torn. Part of me wanted to expose the truth and bring justice to the victims' families. But another part of me wanted the glory and recognition that came with solving the case. I looked at the old man, trying to read his motives. What did he really want? And what would be the consequences of my decision?