



*Monday*  
*November 11*  
*3:00 p.m.*

*Sierra*

Sophie and I lie huddled on a soiled mattress, and I don't want to think about what made those stains. The bed is the only item in the narrow room. A dwindling stream of sunlight filters through the slats of the walls.

When Garlic Breath and the two women brought us here, they tied dirty rags over our eyes, so I have no idea where we are. I tried to pay attention as we rode in the SUV driven by the older woman, while Garlic Breath held a gun on us. When we arrived, I heard a car door slam. The younger woman must have followed in my Escort.

I'd managed to peek under the blindfold and caught a glimpse of a wooden structure that might have been called a cabin in its better days.

Sophie and I were thrust into this squalid room and heard the door lock behind us.

Now I watch Sophie, relieved that she can sleep. Sophie's had a rough life already, and in some ways, she's handled our captivity better than I have. I touch the dog tags dangling from the chain around my neck and lightly rub my thumb over the name engraved on them. Captain Jonathan Gallagher, USMC. At least the younger woman hadn't stolen them with the rest of my jewelry. They weren't considered valuable. Except by me.

I'm not sure exactly what time it is, but I suspect it's Monday evening. At first, I was afraid the kidnappers would leave us here with no food or water. But after several hours, the younger woman, whom I'd heard Garlic Breath call Rochelle, brought us some cheese and peanut butter crackers and two miniature bottles of water. About an hour later, the older woman, Daphne, hustled us to the outhouse and back to the cabin like she was being timed.

At some point on Saturday evening, Rochelle brought us a feast of Kodiak Krackers and apple juice. Sophie looked at the offering and scoffed, "What is this, kindergarten?" During the ensuing argument, I managed to swipe Rochelle's cell phone from her back pocket.

As soon as she left the room, I called my cousin Nick, a deputy sheriff, but before I could say much more than, "Help!" Rochelle stormed into the room and grabbed the phone from me. She also took my apple juice.

The past few days have been terrifying, but I'm more convinced than ever that Garlic Breath was incorrect. I wasn't in the wrong place. If I hadn't been in the park to meet Sophie, she would have disappeared—maybe forever. God placed me there to help her get home. I hope Nick can find us, but I don't plan to wait around to be rescued. We're going to find a way out.