

The wrong turn.

Dear diary,

It's a sweet Summer's day. Gabby and I have been planning this day for weeks! I'm so excited to go shopping at the biggest centre in the country. I heard Lady Gaga has been seen there twice! The plan is that Gabby meets me in town, we get coffee, catch a train and arrive by 1:00.

I blast some music while I get dressed into my best clothes – I go for that casual but trendy, comfy but stylish vibe – I have forty minutes. My stomach is lurching for food, but I think of Costa's breakfast muffins which gives me the willpower to wait. Ping! Ping! Ping! Gabby texts me to make sure I haven't slept in. She is like that; we work well together because I teach her when to relax and chill while she teaches me to be productive and "get up and go" for our big days out. I text back a smiley face to reassure her that I'll be at town on time. The next half hour goes by, I have my makeup and shoes on and grab my handbag, filling it with all the necessities like lipgloss, money, phone, snacks for the train. Mum has left a note which reads: "have fun sweetie! Please don't go out of town today, I'll be back by midnight. Xxx." Mum goes out more than I do, and she always tells me not to go out of town. That's because I stayed out with boys before, but as long as I'm back by 12, she doesn't know any better. She's not like my other friends' mums – she leaves a note and that's the only communication all day. Gabby's mum needs a text every time we enter a different location, followed by regular phone calls every hour or so. Gabby's mum even downloaded snapchat just for today, to track Gabby on Snap Maps. This might sound like a bore, but Gabby's mother lets Gabby do anything she wants – as long as she knows. My mum, on the other hand, hardly speaks to me and then on top of that doesn't let me do stuff.

I get to Costa in town by 12:30. Gabby greets me with a hug, and we queue up to get our favourite: iced latte with a large breakfast muffin to share. "I can't believe you woke up on time!" Gabby announces. "Two iced lattes and a breakfast muffin please." She always does the talking for me, I hate social stuff like that.

We sit down and slurp up our coffees. We haven't seen each other in a long time, so we get lost in a long conversation. Somehow, the next hour rockets by and we quickly realise we have left it a bit late to get the train. "We will make it if we leave now! Come on."

We dash into the train station, only to see our train zoom down the tracks into the distance. "Great," I say. We sit down on a bench, wondering what to do. I go into the reception to get a train leaflet, scanning the times. "That was the latest one," I say. A long, silver car drives by and stops in front of us. It has black-out windows in the back and a bald man in the front. Gabby gets a text. She reads it out: "hello, Gabby, where are you off to? Do you need a lift?" It is a text from her uncle Steve. He is deaf but him and Gabby are very close, as Gabby's dad left a few years ago and Steve was always there for her. He kind of filled that void. "Wait, that looks exactly like his car! It must be him." Gabby says, pointing to the silver car. The man in the front is wearing a hat and sunglasses, so I can't really tell. Gabby walks over to the car, opening the back door. The man waves me over. Gabby goes into the car, but something is off... it almost looked like she was pulled in. I go over and peer in.

A hand grabs me and forces me into the car. The door shuts behind me and the vehicle is quickly moving out of the train station. My hands start sweating and I look to my left – slowly. I can't see Gabby. I see something I will never forget.

At first, it looked like a man just kneeling over. But on closer inspection, I realise it's something worse. Something you would expect to see in a horror film. These people... they're... attached to one another. Like a centipede. I'm horrified, frozen in my seat. A voice creeps up from the front seat. "Hello, my name is Doctor Chris." For a moment, all is quiet. He suddenly spins round and sprays something in my face. Darkness.

Dear diary,

My name is Sally Watson. I don't know where I am, but I'm in a big house surrounded by trees and a large pool in the garden. If you find this page of my diary, please phone the police. Send help. I've been kidnapped, and I don't know what's going to happen to me. I'm locked in a room with my best friend: Gabby Williams. The man who took us is called Doctor Chris. Thanks.