

## ***Parental Rights***

Never did she think she would be in the position she was in now; zip tied to her best friend, chained in the back of a van, hoping to find her parents.

That morning Diane was prepared to start her last year of high school. Senior year was going to be her year; head cheerleader and boys throwing themselves at her. Normally her parents would be downstairs at the breakfast table preparing for the day. There was nothing but silence.

Diane's first thought was that it was Saturday, *They always sleep in on Saturdays*, she thought to herself as she walked to their bedroom and knocked on the door. After no answer, she turned the knob and pushed her way in. Pillows and blankets were scattered all around and the mattress was tipped off the bed half blocking the door. Her heart fell to her stomach. This room was normally spotless. She began screaming "Mom?" She stood, hoping for an answer. "Dad?" Still nothing.

Diane worked her way to the doors on the other side of her parents room that led to the patio. Sheer curtains billowed in the breeze. She opened the door and felt a crackle under her shoe. She looked down to find broken glass. The entire bottom window was busted out. Tears immediately welled up in her eyes as Diane ran through the house to the front door, grabbing the car keys on her way. Opening the front door with all her might, she almost ran into Sam, her best friend, standing there about to turn the doorknob.

"Whoa. Slow it down girl," Sam smiled. She was as tall as Diane, but with short brown hair in a pixie cut.

“Sam! Something is going on. My parents aren’t here and there is glass all over their bedroom floor. The door is broken to the patio and—”

Sam looked at her, calm and controlled. “Slow down D. What do you mean they’re not here? We have breakfast with them every morning before school.”

Diane took Sam inside and showed her everything. Sam stood with her mouth hanging open, unsure of what to say.

Just then, the door crashed open and four cloaked figures rushed in. Before they could blink, hoods were thrown over their heads and both girls were drug out and thrown into a van. The next few minutes went by in silence. The girls sat next to each other, shaking as if it were the middle of winter. Finally, Sam spoke, “D, What’s going on? Are you okay?”

“Other than terrified, I’m fine,” replied D, “but I have no idea what is going on.”

The van halted to a stop and the girls flew forward, slamming into a metal grate. In seconds, the back doors flew open and they were both jerked out. Their masks were torn off and both girls stood in shock as they were face to face with their parents.

“Are you ready for Senior initiation?”

Diane’s parents found her.