

A couple of months ago, if someone told me that I would be facing my doom because my procrastination finally got to me, they would have been laughed at then quickly told that it already has. Back then my version of being doomed included being lazy Monday through Saturday, and having to spend all of Sunday rushing to finish all of my homework before it's due in a few hours. Back at the still of so carefree age of seventeen, the most of my worries centered on school. Head stuck in a cloud, never aware of the dangers that is currently staying at the inn in the center of our little village.

I remember that weird saying: *curiosity killed that cat*. And right now I would do pretty much anything if the: *but satisfaction brought it back* part was true. But being locked in a dark room for who knows how long doesn't really inspire confidence. But maybe this would make more sense if I started at the beginning.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon. And there I was, stuck in front of my computer staring out into the street through the window before me. I mean. Desperately trying to finish my ten page essay that was assigned to me two weeks ago this will be due in a mere twenty hours. No, darn it. Forget it, I was procrastinating.

But truthfully, is watching the interesting going ons of the world around me such a bad thing? Many may find it very valuable to know the exact time certain people pass my window each day. And one of these days, I will find a use for such important information. Currently it is 2:55 which means that in a mere thirty seconds, my neighbor from two doors down will be passing my window in a ripped hoodie while walking his humongous dog named mutton.

Mutton would always stop outside my window and stare at me with his deep brown eyes while tilting his heads to the side.

"Hey Ellie, how was your day?" was what Mr. Alcide would always start out with.

"Not bad, doing homework and such."

"Of course you are," he would say in a kind way all the while trying to suppress his laughter. "Well I'll leave you to continue your work."

That's what would have occurred if Mr. Alcide and Mutton had showed up at all. But they weren't there. The same happened with the flower lady that I usually see one her way home at 6:02. She wasn't there.

There was no "Good evening Mrs. Berto!" followed by my customary inquired of her day and which flower was especially in bloom that season. Well since there was still clearly an abundant amount of time until my essay was due, I decided to visit them believing that they were sick.

Nothing... that was what I found at their homes. It was all empty. How was it possible that two families just disappear like that overnight? I had just seen both of them yesterday haven't I? The next stop was the village center. Sure our village was small, but the best place to gather information was still where people gathered. On the way to the church, it seemed that the street seemed a little too empty for a Sunday evening. Sure there were a couple of kids playing in the streets, but other than that, empty.

And it seemed especially weird that while the rest of the village seemed to have gone somewhere, Mr. James was running around the streets. For a person claiming to have come to our village for relaxation from work, he seemed a little too bust around the village each day. I see the neighbor kids around the village far fewer than I see Mr. James each day. And those kids were the ones that spend every sing waking moment of their day running around and playing silly games.

Getting home later, I was immediately called into the kitchen.

"Ellie, someone tried calling you while you were out today. Tell your friends to stop calling you when they know that you have homework to do. Really young lady, you're going to be eighteen soon, start being more responsible." Mama rambled while stirring the pot which was bubbling away on the stove.

"Wait, someone called me on a Sunday? No way, all my friends know that Sunday is off limits." I was shocked, my friends knew better than to disturb my Sunday work hours. What was so important that they were willing to accept my anger by calling me?

"Not just once Ellie, whoever it was called seven times over the past few hours." Mama but out angrily "And" she added "it was a boy too! Now why would a boy need to call you?"

"I don't know mama" I whispered "it was probably a prank or something" this was weird. All my friends are girls. And they know better than to give out my phone number to anyone else. Something just feels so off.

Ow, was the first thought that popped into my head. I looked around and realized for the first time that I couldn't see anything at all.

"This is definitely not my room," I whispered not realizing that the thought was voiced out loud.

The last thing I expected was for someone to answer.

"That's because it's not" said an unfamiliar voice with a strangely familiar accent.

Quickly scooting to the corner of the now dimly lit room, I managed to gasp out "who are you?"

"Classified," came the chilling voice again

Then came the questioning. One after another. Each one more bizarre than the last.

"What color are their scales? Why don't they drink AB blood? How are they able to look so normal?" came the rapid succession of words that to me seemed to be more like random excerpts from mythological stories than what may take part of a real conversation.

But this isn't a real conversation. Wherever I was, I was first and foremost a prisoner. It probably didn't help that I spent what seemed like hours upon hours giggling at his questions. I said he because I finally figured out who the person in the shadow is. It's Mr. James. The weird tourist guy. But even when I had recognized me kidnapper, I still probably shouldn't have laughed.

But I couldn't help it. Some people shut out their emotion. Others eat. I laugh and giggle uncontrollably.

After the initial few hours time just seem to drag on. How long has it really been since I've been here? Hours? Days? Years? Did Mama and Papa notice that I'm gone? And in a moment of complete mental clarity or lunacy, I remembered that I still haven't finished my essay.

Ow, the grass is so icky. I'm never sleeping outside again.

What? I'm outside. I'm free. Was that all a dream? But how did I end up here? Curse my vacationing memory puller guys whom obviously are not there right now. Wait someone is walking towards me.

It's Blake. He was the loner who was arrested a few months ago for selling stolen paintings.

"What are you doing here?" was the first thing that popped out of my mouth. Curse it, that sounded both rude and hostile.

"Shouldn't I be asking you that since you're on my property?" he asked while grinning.

"Where am I?"

“About half a mile from the edge of the village”

“What time is it?”

“Shouldn’t you be asking more important questions right now?” Blake asked clearly frustrated.

“Like what?” I wondered still oblivious to my surroundings.

“About this!” waving his hands rapidly in all direction “about why you are here!”

I mumbled an “oh” still embarrassed that I hadn’t noticed my surroundings sooner. All around us were amazing creatures. Baby dragons playing what seemed like a flying version of tag. Giants roasting marshmallows over an open fire. And what seemed like werewolves in the corner howling at the moon.

Thinking back on it, I really should have paid more attention to what he had told me that night. But I was so shocked that I barely hear anything he said. A few things stuck in my brain though.

About how Mr. James was working for a secret government group that specialized in the control of supernatural creature. How the disappearances of my neighbors was him capturing them. And how that he was next on the list.

But those memories came back much later after I finally got home. What I remembered first was him thanking me for keeping their secret and me wondering what he was talking about.