

I ran as fast as I could to get away from him. He wore a masquerade mask, and I couldn't see his face. I just kept running. My Motorola was clenched in my hand. *Bleep! Bleep!* It chimed repeatedly. I received one text message after the next, the same message over and over again:

*You know too much. You know too much.*

My heart pounded in my chest. It was the middle of the night. The street was eerily quiet. There wasn't a soul in sight. I ran across the grass towards my house. I was almost there. Suddenly, my feet twisted and fell from under me. I tumbled to the ground as my Motorola flew out of my hand. My breath quickened. He was getting closer. I screamed, but I don't think anybody heard me. I pulled myself up and continued to run. When I finally got to my front porch, I frantically banged on the door.

"Mom! Open the door! Please! Hurry!"

As I looked over my shoulder, he pounced on me.