

## The Diary of Gabby Calloway

Saturday November 9<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

Happy Birthday to me. I am now 16. I've always heard that 16<sup>th</sup> birthdays are supposed to be sweet and special. I guess I'll never know if that is true. I found a journal today tucked away under the mattress on the floor. I must keep it hidden from him though. I don't want it to be taken away. If you're wondering what I mean by "him" I mean my kidnapper. He's a pretty ugly man if I'm being honest. He's missing his front teeth and is bald. By the looks of him I'd say he's in his mid 40s. I don't know for sure though. He's quite a slim man though, so some people would think he's younger.

You're probably wondering if I've even tried to get out of here. The answer is yes, of course I've tried. The stupid wooden door has 3 locks and they are way to strong for me to break. I've now been here 153 days with no contact with my loved ones. Just me here alone.. Well I guess not completely alone since he is here too. The floor is concrete and stained, not very pretty at all. I really don't know if this floor has ever been cleaned. The window in here is so small and has rails over it. I can barely fit my fingers through each of the rails. It's my only way of sensing the time of day though so I'm still grateful it's there.

He doesn't come down here much. Usually every other day to give me a bowl of cold mushy oatmeal and to change the bucket that is my toilet. The oatmeal tastes like vomit that was eaten then thrown up again. Not a good taste. I still don't know who he is or why I am here but I plan on figuring that out soon. Mel always said I should never give up, so I'm trying so hard to stay sane and make it out of this hell hole. Alive. I feel as if I could write to you forever, but I must save space to tell each days story. Ok bye now.

-Gabby Calloway

Monday November 11<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

I'm still stuck in this awful rainy place.

Nothing has changed since last time I wrote. He hasn't come downstairs yet so I'm still waiting for that disgusting oatmeal. I haven't eaten in days now, I've had gnawing stomach pains since yesterday morning. I hope he brings food down soon. I need to know why I'm stuck here and who he is exactly. Most importantly, is he going to kill me? I know I should stay strong and keep fighting, but that's hard to do when I don't know what my future holds here. I need to get out of here, hasn't my family looked for me? Or have they moved on already? Mel has to be looking for me. We're best friends after all. Right? I pray every night and morning, hoping that god will lead them to me. Anyway I must go now, he can't know I've been hiding the diary under the mattress. It honestly is an awful hiding spot because the mattress is almost paper thin. I know, super comfy to sleep on. I'm still confused on how that diary was under the mattress before I even got here, but I'm just grateful it was. Oh well.. Goodbye now.

-Gabby Calloway

## The Diary of Gabby Calloway

Tuesday November 12<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

I learnt a few things yesterday that you just have to know. His name.. is Glen. I really thought his name would be Freddy or a name more creepy. I'm still shocked he even told me his name. I literally just straight up told him "if I'm going to be stuck here the least you could do is tell me your name". And it worked! Our conversation went downhill from there. His next words broke my heart: "you will never be able to leave me, besides we're in Kansas City". I really thought we were in Indianapolis and that everyone there would come together and find me. But that obviously won't be happening in a whole different state that I've never been to before. Until now, I suppose. But how is anyone supposed to find me when not even I know where we are? All I know at the moment is I'm becoming very hopeless. Less hope each and every day. I need to talk to him again, and find out more. Till next time diary.

-Gabby Calloway

Tuesday November 19<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

It's now been a full week since I last wrote to you. I really needed to write to you, but I couldn't. He was really mad. Like the maddest I've ever seen him. And then.... he just shut off and started punching my jaw. I ended up on the ground and he started kicking my gut. I really did try fighting back, but nothing was working. The pain was excruciating and I felt it throughout my whole body. It felt as if I was going to die and I swear I heard a bone break.

Now enough with that. I've been healing for the past week, and it's as if Glen actually feels sorry for me. He's been bringing me warm cups of herbal tea and some toasted white bread with a bit of butter on it. He's also been bringing me pain relievers. These gestures are nice but it won't make me forget what type of person he is. He's a psycho that kidnaps teen girls then beats them up when they ask him a simple question. Who on earth would ever be okay with kidnapping someone? Clearly not normal people.

Okay moving on.. I still know absolutely nothing. Glen is really defensive when I ask him questions. So it's hard to find anything out. I forgot to mention, Glen has been giving me some type of little pill. I tried asking him what it was and he just gave me some lie, "it's something that'll keep you healthy". Like what? I now have a collection of this tiny pill. Im worried it's some type of poison so I refuse to take it. But he doesn't know that. He would be pissed if he found out I'm not taking it. Also, why is he even trying to keep me healthy? Like he kidnapped me and beat me to death, but wants me healthy. Makes no sense at all. Anyways, my hand is starting to cramp now. Bye diary.

-Gabby Calloway

Wednesday December 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2022

## The Diary of Gabby Calloway

Dear Diary,

He didn't have a mask on. I'm going to die in here. What can I do? How do I escape?

It's been 2 weeks since I last wrote. Nothing has happened at all. Until today. I've always heard "If the kidnapper covers his face it means you will survive, if he doesn't.. it means you'll end up dead." Glen didn't have the mask on today. Does that mean I'm going to die? I don't want to die this way. My mom and I once talked about if we were to die today what would we want to be remembered for. We both agreed we would want to be remembered for our bravery and kindness. If I die in here all I'll be remembered for is being the 16 year old that was kidnapped and didn't have the strength to make it out alive. I really don't want to be remembered for that.

I'm going to figure out a way to get out of here and back to my family. It's time to make a plan and I'm going to make it fast. Good bye diary, time to plan my escape.

-Gabby Calloway

Friday December 5<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

I did it. I really did it. I came up with a plan that might just work. I mean.. it should work, because he's proven to care at least a little bit about my health. Right? Yes he has.. I think? You know what, it's going to work, I have to believe in myself. My dad used to tell me "Whenever you're playing baseball and you're worried you won't make a home run, just believe in your self a little bit." And that helped me through every baseball game I played. So I just have to believe in myself for this too.

If you're wondering what my plan is.. I'm going to fake a seizure to get him down here, then hit him with my bucket when he's not looking. I know it sounds stupid. But it'll work, I just got to wait until he turns his head and quickly grab the bucket and smash it against his bald shiny head. Then I'll be on my way out of here.

I'm so excited to see my family and Mel of course. She honestly is the greatest best friend a girl could ever ask for. She's always there for me, she helped me get ready for my first date, and helps me when I have my anxiety attacks. I don't really know why I get anxiety attacks, all I know is Mel is the one to help me through them. I could talk about my family and Mel all day to you, but I'm going to escape as soon as it gets a bit dark outside. Which should be soon, I see the sun setting. My anxiety is killing me right now, I just got to take a deep deep breath. Okay time to get prepared. See you on the other side diary.

-Gabby Calloway

Friday December 12<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

## The Diary of Gabby Calloway

I've lost all hope. It didn't work. I was running fast, as fast as I could. But he was faster. He sedated me and then I just fell.

Let's start from the beginning. The seizure thing did work, he saw me shaking and dead looking on the security cameras and got really worried. I was actually a little bit shocked. He then turned around to leave the cellar and get something to help me. I then got up and hit him with the bucket so hard. I thought I killed him, or he passed out or something. But then I just started running. I didn't know where to go, his house was huge. It was like getting lost in a corn maze. I eventually found the front door and got outside super fast. When I got outside I saw nothing but crops for miles and miles. I was shivering at this point because of the cold, but I just started running in the direction of the dirt road. I turned my head while running to check my surroundings and saw Glen. My heart dropped at that moment and I realized I had to run faster. I was so focused on running fast that I didn't realize he was right behind me. He was able to grab me and pushed me onto the dirt ground and quickly stuck a needle in me that made me fall limp.

I woke up the next day chained down. I was screaming so loud to get Glens attention but nothing was working. I knew he could hear me, he was just ignoring me. I fell asleep after I gave up on screaming and got woken up to a needle being stabbed in me once again. He was taking my blood. It was really sketchy, I tried asking him what he was doing but he just stayed silent and left the room.

Days went by with no food or water, and I started feeling like I was slowly dying. He eventually did bring me food. He must have still been very mad at me because I got the worst meal yet. Road kill. It was covered in bugs and had tire marks all over it. I felt nauseous just looking at it, so I didn't eat it. The smell was indescribable and made me throw up. I know I tried running away which would make him really mad, but did I really deserve road kill after not eating for days? I don't think so. He took the chains off me yesterday, which means he's less mad now. At least I hope. I really don't know if I will be getting out of here alive. I've run out of options. I think I'm at the point where I'll accept the fact that I'm going to die. Soon. Sorry for the sad talk today Diary. Bye now.

-Gabby Calloway

Saturday December 13<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

It's raining, once again. I'm starting to get really sick of the weather here. Like it rains every other day. Who would ever want to live here? Definitely not me. Okay enough about the rain talk.

The floors are creaking today. More than usual. It sounds like the moment before a jump scare in a horror movie. You know what I mean? I have a bad feeling about today, I don't know why though. I think these noises are just starting freak me out and I'm overthinking.

I haven't seen Glen today. I mean, I'm not expecting to see him because I usually see him every other day. I really do hope next time he comes down he comes down with some real food. I hate to say this, but at this point I'd be fine with that nasty oatmeal. I never thought I'd hear that come out of my mouth. I feel like this place is changing me and not for the better.

## The Diary of Gabby Calloway

If I do get out of here, will my family even recognize me? I used to have the most beautiful finger nails, always painted white, which looked amazing beside my skin tone. I always had a slimmer body and long silky hair that was just the perfect chestnut colour. But now? I'm just skin and bone, and my hair looks like a birds nest. I really do look awful, what does my face look like now? I can't even remember my own face. That's sad. Ugh now I've ruined my mood for the day. Bye diary.

-Gabby Calloway

Tuesday December 16<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

Good morning diary, Glen just brought me my oatmeal for the day. You heard that right. He's giving me my oatmeal again, finally. I thought I'd write to you while I eat my oatmeal.

It's raining again today. This stupid Kansas City. I don't get why people would ever want to live somewhere that rains all the damn time. It's quite depressing honestly. I'm rambling again.

Today I'm feeling oddly good. Today feels like it could be a ok day. Which is hard to have in this place. I'm feeling bold today. I think I'm going to try and ask Glen why I was kidnapped. I know.. it could be risky. But it's worth a try. Life couldn't get any worse so I'm gonna do it. The worst he does is kill me.. and that isn't feeling so bad right now.

My anxiety has been so bad lately. Before he comes to bring my food I get so anxious. I mean I was always a little anxious, but now I feel as if I'm going to be sick.

Okay I just finished my oatmeal. I'll ask Glen in two days why I was kidnapped. I'll talk to you then.

-Gabby Calloway

Thursday December 18<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

He wouldn't tell me.

I really thought he would tell me, but he wouldn't. He just ignored me completely. Didn't even reply. How rude of him. Ok that's all I have to say today. I'm going to keep pushing him to tell me. Bye diary.

-Gabby Calloway

Thursday December 25<sup>th</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

## The Diary of Gabby Calloway

Merry Christmas.

Today is Christmas Day and I will spend it alone. I just realized I've now been kidnapped for over 7 months. That is crazy. Does my family miss me? Or do they even remember me? Are they continuing our Christmas traditions without me? Did they make the hot chocolate with whipped cream and marshmallows at 6 in the morning before they opened presents? I miss those days. I miss my family. I miss my life.

It's not even snowing here. What is Christmas without snow? I mean.. this isn't Christmas anyways. I'm kidnapped and don't even know what to do. I tried getting Glen to tell me once again. But he wouldn't. I don't know what is up with this man. He is so odd.

I noticed Glen had a new cologne on. I know, a weird thing to notice. But it smelt ok I guess. It was a scent a woman would buy for her husband. Wait. Is he married? It would be crazy if he was. He's not a normal human, he's a psychopath.

I really really need to go home. I'm at the point where I want to tell Glen to just kill me. If I'm never going to get out of here what is the point in living? I've already spent my birthday and now Christmas alone. I don't want to spend New Years alone. Being dead would be better than that.

Ok I'm gonna go sulk now.

-Gabby Calloway.

Wednesday December 31<sup>st</sup>, 2022

Dear Diary,

I think I'm going to die today.

He finally told me why I've been kidnapped, and I don't know if I'm happy he told me. Well I know I'm not happy. I think this could be the end of things. I know I said I'd be fine with dying, but I don't think this is how I want to die. Okay time to explain.

So he came in today way to happy, it was really weird. He brought me a huge breakfast. I'm talking waffles, eggs, bacon and orange juice. A crazy good breakfast. I thought it meant he was just having a good day so I brought up my question once again and this time he answered it. He told me that he was going to take all my blood... and bring his mother back from the dead. My throat went dry and I felt tears welling up in my eyes.

He said "My mother was killed last New Year's Eve by a drunk driver, and ever since.. I've been trying to find the right girl to bring her back to life. I couldn't find anyone that would work, but then I found you. I knew I had to wait till New Years Eve night to do it so I would be very prepared. And I am. I did my research and I know your blood will bring her back to life."

## The Diary of Gabby Calloway

At that moment I knew he really was insane. How on earth will my blood bring his mom back to life? IT WON'T. I'm going to die for nothing. I have to fight back. I cannot let him win. He's already done so much harm to me, he can't do this to.

The sun is starting to set. This could be the end of things. Or the start of a new chapter. I don't know exactly what is going to happen within the next few hours. But Diary, I really have enjoyed having you to tell all my problems to. Oh god I hear him, coming down the stairs now. I must go.

Goodbye Diary.

-Gabby Calloway

If you're reading this. I'm dead.