

Presidential Crisis

It started much like any other day, however, the day had only just begun. I had no idea what was in store for me.

Hi, I'm Tom, the President's son. It's not easy being his son, especially when he cares more about his job than anything else. The day started off normally, we sat down, ate breakfast and then dad went off to discuss things about- well, about the country I guess. But, something happened. Something that had never happened before. Something that shouldn't have happened at all. Dad didn't come home. My mum reassured me that it would be fine and that he would arrive in the morning. He didn't though, and this wasn't normal. This began to worry me. It worried me a lot. It's complicated with me and my dad. We were never really that close. Even before he was President, he would always come home late from work, and we never got to spend any time together. It shouldn't have worried me that much if he was there or not, it shouldn't have made much of a difference to me. But it did. It made a huge difference. My mum kept trying to tell me it was nothing serious and that dad was fine, but I knew he wasn't. I even overheard her crying. My dad had disappeared. I didn't know whether he had been kidnapped or even if he had ran away. All I knew was that my dad was in trouble, and no matter what, I was going to find him.

Finding clues was a lot harder than I thought it would be. I thought I had watched enough detective movies to find my dad, but this wasn't a movie- this was real. So I began to think, *Who would have anything against my dad, he's the President- everyone is supposed to like the President. Well, obviously someone has something against him because if not I wouldn't be in this position, would I!?* I spent hours thinking and it got me nowhere. All I got from it was a migraine and a lot of frustration! It was hopeless, I would've never found my dad at that rate. So I took the easy way out and just gave up. Disappointed, I walked downstairs and grabbed a snack, then sat down and quietly ate it. Other than the clattering of pans in the kitchen from the cooks making dinner, the house was completely silent. Then I heard footsteps and I noticed that my mum was walking up to me. She smiled and sat down beside me saying, "Hey, you O.K.?" I didn't answer. There was an awkward silence. After a long pause she finally said, "I guess you've figured it out by now."

I looked up at her and asked "Figured what out?" even though I knew exactly what she was talking about. She replied "That your dad's gone missing." I just looked at her for a moment. I guess I'd never noticed how pretty she was. She had shoulder-length blonde hair, beautiful hazelnut eyes, a bright, up-lifting and hopeful smile, she was quite tall and she wore a beige long-sleeve top and a light brown skirt and designer shoes. After what seemed forever, I finally said "Yeah, I have. I figured it out a while ago." Her eyes dazed off to the side for a second and she explained "Don't you worry about your father, Tom, you know we're doing everything possible to find him, right?" her eyes began to water. Then I hugged her, and it felt really good, then I smiled at her and rushed off to my room. I realized that I couldn't just give up, this was only the beginning and if anyone was going to find my dad, it was going to be me.

It was morning, I jumped out of bed and drew the curtains and let the sunlight flood into my room. I had woken up full of hope for the day. Quickly, I got dressed, ran down the stairs stuffed my breakfast into my mouth then ran back upstairs to my room. I had figured it out! I figured out where I should start looking for the person who took my dad. I was thinking more of when he actually disappeared when really I should've started before my dad got elected. I figured out the one person who has something against my dad. Oliver Stacks. Oliver Stacks is the man who was also running for president when my dad won; he must have been pretty ticked off about my dad winning instead of him. And the best part was that he was coming to visit that day! I was so excited. He walked in and hugged my mum and 'expressed how very sorry he was', the little liar- I think-. I know I should have found more evidence against him first, but this was a life-or-death situation, well it might have been, so action first then evidence. So, after he drank his coffee with my mum, I showed him up to my room which is where I put my plan to action! I shut the door behind us and then put on a serious face. I asked him "You must have been very mad when you lost to my dad for president, right?" As he looked around he said "Well it didn't turn out how I hoped it would but that's how these things work." Quickly I answered "Yeah but, I mean, you were so close to being president but my dad took that away from you must have been very mad."

He turned around and sternly said "Listen kid, I know what you think and it might look like I took your dad, but we were very good friends I would never do that!!" if he wasn't mad then, he was now, but I still questioned him.

I said, "Where were you in the day of his disappearance?" he looked at me and answered "I felt bad about not spending much time with my daughter because of the election so I took her to a fun-fair. Look here's a picture." As I looked at the picture my eyes widened and they widened even more when I saw the date it was taken on: the day that my dad had disappeared. I stood there in awe and eventually managed to say "I am so sorry I just..." but he interrupted me.

"It's fine kid, I know it's hard for you right now, but don't ever accuse me of such a thing again, please." I simply nodded.

Then when he left I laid on my bed thinking, *Who else could have done it, what am I missing?* but I left it there, it was getting dark and I was really tired so I went to sleep.

Morning came. It was a new day and another chance to find my dad, but I didn't get up as enthusiastically today. I got dressed and I sleepily walked down the stairs into the dining room. The cooks had made breakfast and after I ate it I walked up the stairs back to my room. Then I flopped onto my bed and sighed deeply. I was so disappointed that my suspect -Oliver Stacks- wasn't actually the person who had taken my dad away. But I remembered that I couldn't give up, if I had given up then I would've let my family down, I would've let the country down and I would've let myself down. I sat up and began to think about the day that he disappeared. I tried to remember if anything suspicious seemed to have happened. I couldn't remember anything unusual happening that day; it was a very normal day, he left early as usual for a meeting -or something of that sort- and never came back after. Then it hit me. The last people to see my dad were the secret service. How could I not see this before! My dad can't leave the house without the secret service! Maybe one of them saw or heard something suspicious or even saw the culprit! The best part is that I am basically their boss, well technically my dad is their boss but he's not here right now so I can get them to do anything I want! Well, anything with reason. So my master plan began! I called the secret service into my private study and because it was mine and private, no one else was allowed in it unless I let them. So, after that I told them to sit down, and then I began my speech. It went like this: "So gentlemen, as you all know, the President and your boss, has been missing for quite some time," they exchanged puzzled looks, "and it has been brought to my attention that you were the last people to see him before he disappeared," they were as quiet as mice, "I am not accusing you of taking him because you are paid to make sure he isn't taken but what I am suggesting is that maybe one of you might have heard or seen something suspicious that could help with finding him." They all watched as I slowed down my pacing around the room and stopped before them. Then they all started telling me where they were the last time they saw him. Some said they were waiting by the door he was supposed to enter through; others said that they were inside the room he was in before he entered and then only one remained to speak. "Can I just ask what exactly he was going to do?" Then they explained that he was going to talk to a school. Then I looked directly at the one secret service guy who hadn't spoken. He broke into a sweat and then vented out everything he knew. He said that he popped into the toilet when he heard the president go in, then he heard someone else walk in and gag him, tie him up and put him in a sac to take him away. Finally he said that he heard a voice say "I'm in charge now!" and take off with the president. He said the voice was the Vice-President's voice. After I heard the last words come out of his mouth I took off like a rocket and told my mum everything, she just looked at me like I was a lunatic and she was really confused, eventually I managed to say: "Mum, I know who kidnapped dad! One of the secret service guys overheard when he was taken away and he said it was the Vice President! Mum we have to go now to get dad back, c'mon, mum, let's go!" she didn't move and instead she said

"Honey, you can't go around accusing people of kidnapping!" But I ignored that and dragged her along with me to the Vice President's office. As I raced to the Vice President's office my heart started pounding harder than a drum. What if my dad wasn't in his office, and this was all just a waste of time and I would never find my dad. I still ran, there was still hope. As I flung the door wide open I saw the Vice President closing a door and locking it. Then he hid the door and pushed large bookshelf in front of it, not noticing he was being watched. Then I walked in and a guilty look spread across his face as I said, "What's in there, sir?" he hesitated. Then he tried to convince me that it was nothing, it was obvious he was lying. Then he quickly left the room, not thinking that I would immediately look. As soon as the door was shut, I pushed the heavy bookshelf out of the way and, fortunately, found the key in the lock. I swiftly turned it and I opened the door. I peered inside and I found that my dad was tied up and I freed him. But before he could say anything, I took off after the Vice President, and the secret service followed me. Soon, I had caught up with him and he looked really worried as he saw the secret service. He tried to say something but it was too late because they were already putting handcuffs on him and taking him away. My parents rushed into the room and squeezed me harder than ever. It felt good to be together again.

"I knew you would figure it out, son. Even though the whole country was looking for me you were the one person who I knew could find me. I missed your scruffy brown hair, and cheeky smile!" Exclaimed my dad. We hugged again and somehow it felt even better. We celebrated together as a family and it kept getting better and better.

Soon the story was on the news and there was lots of celebrations across the nation. The next couple of days were the best days of my life. My dad was missing for a really long time, and now he was found and everyone was rejoicing. *This is the story of how I became a hero.*