

Super Speed

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Youth Category

Noah barges into the office on a tear. The door slammed shut behind him. He normally says goodbye to everyone at the end of the day but today was not like any other day. “Miesner!” He yelled. The sound of my last name made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I had no idea what his problem was since I just finished my 10th sale of the day.

Our internet routers that we sold at Net Plus were subpar, at best, but today, I was on a streak that made me feel like I could sell water to a fish. Since it was my best sales day, it made absolutely no sense that he would be upset with me. From what my coworker Jackson told me, if anyone surpasses Noah’s sales for a day, he would come out very upset, and then he would take one third of their commissions for himself. I left as soon as I could. I didn’t want to stay for another minute after Noah made a fool out of me in front of the whole office.

I left, emotionally drained, wishing I had driven to work. Thank goodness I lived only half of a mile away, I began my slow walk to my grandparents’ house, where I lived. The only thing getting me through the day was the guarantee of the ice cream that grandma always kept on hand. When I walked up the driveway, I saw a black four-door sedan with the driver’s door open in our driveway.

I had never seen the car before, but the hum of the car engine sounded ominous. I just thought it needed a tune-up. I wondered what I would find as I went inside. Before I had the opportunity to think about it, but then I was rammed, and my body found the ground before I even realized what happened. Before I could even get up, I heard the squeal of the tires peeling out of my grandparents’ driveway. As I was starting to chase after the car, I noticed our company’s name on a bumper sticker. “What in the world?!” Jeff says to himself as the car turned the corner.

With determination, I ran to the door to check on my grandparents. The door was slightly open as I approached. Normally I would go in with caution, but I had to check on my grandparents. “Grandma? Grandpa?” After hearing no response, he calls out a little more panicked than before, “Grandma?! Grandpa?!” Once he heard that there was no answer, he started running around the house looking for his grandparents.

I searched rooms that I didn’t even know my grandparents had. The last room I checked was the library. The door swung open with a creak, and I could no one had been in there in years. Once in the library I found nothing out of place except a photo album on a side table. I went to put the book away, but I found a page ripped out. Was this what the person took as he left? Were my grandparents taken?

Seeing no other clues around the room, I put the book in the open space on the bookshelf. I heard a loud click as I pushed the book into its rightful place. I had no idea that my grandparents were so mysterious. The bookcase swung open revealing passageway. My grandparents were way cooler than I originally thought. There was a monitor broadcasting the news in the city. I saw my grandpa shaking the hand of the mayor, or so the newspaper stated. I continued to look around the room looking for something to help me understand what I was seeing. My eyes found the same shoes I saw in the picture protected by a case. I tried to open the case. I was even able to lift the case up, but no matter how violently I shook the case, it wouldn't open. I threw the case to the ground, letting out all the frustrations I faced today as I did so. I screamed because I never thought this would happen to someone I cared about. After a moment, the glass started to crack. Before I could continue to smash the glass, it shattered in a million pieces all over the floor. I ran out of the secret passageway, and I ran to my grandparents' car. I knew there was only one place my grandparents must be. As I started the car, I squealed out of the driveway barely looking to see if it was safe. I raced back to the office. I threw the door open to a dark room. It was so quiet that I could hear a pin drop. Then I heard muffled screams coming from the custodial closet. I found my grandparents. It had to be them.

I opened the door, and I found them tied up. Their white hair was not neat as normal. It was clear they were trying to fight their kidnapping. I went to untie them when through the quiet, I heard a familiar voice, "Miesner!" As if on cue, the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. Why did my boss kidnap my grandparents?

I turned around and tried to act like I belonged there, but I knew he was too smart for that. I quickly got out my phone, acting like I was looking for something that I was tracking into the closet. I knew it was a stretch, but I had to try to not only save my grandparents but also save my job.

"Drop the act; we both know that you didn't come by here for no reason," said Noah.

"What do you have to do with this? Why would you kidnap two innocent people?!" I asked.

"Don't toy with me. I won't ask you that twice," he said menacingly.

"I'm not," I was *mostly* telling the truth. I saw the secret room, but I didn't know why it was there, nor was I in the right mindset to study the things I found in there.

"Where are the shoes?" He demanded forcefully. He definitely knew how to cut to the chase.

“What shoes?” I questioned. “I honestly don’t know what shoes have to do with my grandparents,” I told him, getting even more frustrated.

“I won’t be kind if I don’t get what I want,” he said. “Where are the shoes?” he questioned through gritted teeth. I knew that if he didn’t get what he wanted, it wouldn’t be good for me.

Noah pursed his lips and clenched his fists while he was walking over to my grandma, and he pulled the gag off my grandmother’s mouth, “Explain it to your grandson if you want to live,” he said gruffly.

“Jeff,” she said with tears in her eyes. “Your grandfather and I have not been honest with you. We have lived double lives that we haven’t told you about. You obviously know that if you were able to find your way here, but we helped the city from a disaster, and we wore the shoes if you were able to find the shoes that your grandfather was wearing in the picture.”

It was clear that Noah was getting impatient, so like he does best, he shouted, “They were responsibly for my father going to prison! I need the shoes to help him escape!”

My eyes darted over to my grandparents. My head tilted ever so slightly asking them without speaking, “Is that true?”

All of a sudden, I realized that these shoes must not be ordinary. Noah was in the middle of telling everyone exactly how my grandparents were responsible for the arrest of his dad. I quickly and quietly kicked off my shoes and grabbed the shoes that I left outside the closet.

Thankfully, he didn’t notice me slipping them on my feet. I could feel a vibrating sensation in my legs, almost like they were ready to move at hyper speed. Before Noah could even notice that I put on the shoes, I realized I could subdue him, and I could free my grandparents.

He turned around, and I knew that it would have to be now or never. He went ahead, and started to say, “I knew you weren’t being honest with m-,” Before he could finish, I was able to make it over to him and punch him so hard that he laid on the ground unconscious. I was then able to untie my grandparents, and we ran out the door of my office, and we went back home, so we could call the police to come get Noah. Well, at least he would be reunited with his dad.

After we were safely at our home, I heard the sirens driving past our street. I knew that they were on the way to get Noah. I then walked over to the freezer to grab our favorite ice cream, and I grabbed three spoons, so that I could have a long conversation with my grandparents. It was time that I learned the truth.