

It was a cold, dark morning when Ella Daniels walked to school. Seventeen years old with long blonde hair, she walked along on this gross morning, excited to start her day. After ten minutes she turned up Bennett's Lane and began the short cut to school. It was in this lane that two hands reached out from behind a bush and grabbed her. Twenty minutes later when school began, Ella did not show up.

Rick got the call at 8:32. The boys did not tell him what the emergency was, just to show up in Bennett's Lane. He grabbed his bag and raced to his car. Rick Daniel's was the head detective and there wasn't a case he couldn't solve or a person he couldn't catch. When he received this mysterious call he knew something terrible had happened.

"What are we supposed to do?! What are we going to tell him?" Olivia began freaking out for the second time that morning. Rick wasn't just her boss, he was her fiancé. Ella wasn't just the chief's daughter; she was like family to Olivia too. She was dreading what would happen when Rick found out that his daughter had been kidnaped.

"Liv, relax. We will find her, Rick will find her. You need to calm down before he gets here. You have to be the one who tells him." Jake reassured her. He was the second from the chief and the third best detective after Olivia and Rick. The two of them were unstoppable.

"I know, we will. We always do. But this isn't a norm-" Olivia stopped mid-sentence as Rick walked up the lane and came over to them.

"Okay, fill me in?" Rick whispered as Olivia and Jake tried to give him some coffee, back at the police headquarters.

"Sir" Jake stopped to think of a good approach. "Ella didn't show up for school which is strange. There's no answer on her cell and her friends were expecting her. We couldn't do anything because the 24-hour rule, but then we got a call..."

“Play it.”

“Alright, sir.” Jake hauled out his cell phone and pressed voice mail.

“She's alive. I have her, but I have needs.”

The message shut off and Rick sat still, frozen in fear. Every kidnaping was scary and he did well sympathizing with the parents, but this time was different. This was his daughter. He could not think straight.

Twenty minutes later, Rick and Olivia sat in the office devising a plan.

“No surveillance cameras were around, and no trace from the phone. Only one old Lady living in the lane witnessed but she says the fog was too thick and couldn't get a good view. She's on the way in now.”

“Liv, we have to find her. We have to do everything we can. We cannot let anyone hurt her. I won't breath until she's home.” Rick tried his best to remain calm; he had to hold it together. Olivia's presence helped him just enough and he began to breathe normally just as Jake walked in with the elderly lady.

“I was drinking my tea and saw her walking as she usually does. I went back to the fridge and a minute later heard a faint scream. I looked out... no one was there.”

“Okay... was anyone following her? Any strange vehicles?” Olivia was interrogating but Rick insisted on being in there too.

“No one was following. But, well now... there was a grey van parked by the bushes just up the road. Five minutes later I heard the scream, then I heard a screech and looked out to see the van race away, that was when I called in.

“Okay, thank you for your help. You've done wonderful.” and with that Olivia and Rick exited quickly.

“She was in that van. That's who has her!!”

“Yes Rick, I'm sure. But who was it? And why?”

“We just need to find her. Send out an APB in the nearest 10 towns.”

“They'd have to be stupid, but my gut says whoever it was, stuck around here.” Olivia's gut was always right and this gave Rick hope.

A few hours later the results came back. There were nine grey vans in the closest three towns. Five in this very town.

“I'd like to find her as soon as possible Rick, but logically... like with most cases, we need to get some info first.”

“Like who and why? I know Olivia, but I just need to find her, to have her in my arms, safe and sound.”

The afternoon passes without getting any further. Just as the crew were about to leave for their supper break the phone rang.

Rick raced to grab the phone first.

“Rick?” Came the same deep voice he had heard earlier. It gave him chills.

“Yes, it's me.” He did his best to keep his voice calm and confident as he had so many times before.

“I have Ella. I will give her back alive if...” The man on the other line hesitated. “There's a cost.”

Rick's heart stopped. With the phone call on speaker, everyone in the office looked at each other, worried.

“How much? What do you want?”

“You should know.” Click. The phone call ended. Again, no trace.

That evening there was nothing they could do to further the investigation. So Rick and Olivia left, leaving Jake on the night shift.

They drove around spotting three of the five grey vans in town. But Rick knew that he could not get out of his car or he could put Ella in more danger. Instead he made notes and drove on. Going home to study what little information he had to go on for the night.

The next morning Olivia woke up to an empty bed. She got up and walked straight to the home office. As she expected, Rick was sat at his desk, with his laptop opened, surrounded by papers.

“Honey, did you sleep?”

“No, not a wink.” Rick replied sipping from one of the 6 mugs on his desk. “It’s personal. I’m looking at anyone who’d consider me as their enemy. There’s a lot, but I’ve narrowed it down to a few who are out now.”

“Okay, well let’s eat and go in. Maybe he’ll call again. I feel today’s a good day.” She kissed him on the forehead and walked to the kitchen. Rick thought again of how lucky he was to have her.

Olivia and Rick walked together into the office and both thought only of Ella.

Olivia squeezed his hand.

“It’s going to be okay, I know it.”

Half an hour later, Rick was still obsessing over possible “enemies” when the phone rang. Jake pressed the 'speaker' button and Rick spoke first.

“Is she okay? What do you want?”

“I want justice.” Rick paused, knowing better than to talk right away.

“Justice, or the same thing that happened to my daughter will happen to yours.” Click.

It came to Rick in a second. How could he have not known? Ten years ago to the day. The only case he had ever worked on that hadn't been solved. Sara Foley had been Ella's age. It was a morning opposite to yesterdays – sunny and warm, when Rick, just beginning his reputation for never losing a case, received the call. A young girl had gone missing while out for a jog. For three weeks she had been missing and then found dead in the same torn clothes in front of the town hall. It had been devastating. There had been one false lead, never solved and eventually the case was filed away. The grieving family remained in town until the mother moved away and the father, Michael became a sad, lonely, angry old man.

He had taken Ella out of anger, grief. No doubt he had been planning for a while to be this precise to Sara's case.

Rick began to panic. There was no way he could find justice. He had devoted his life to Sara's case and he had never gotten anywhere. But he needed to get his Ella back, and knew that Sara deserved justice.

Olivia and Rick devised a final plan. They would lure Michael in and get Ella. Then gently explain to him the hard truth and help him accept it. When the call came Rick again was the first to speak.

“Let's make a deal Michael. We meet by the docks at 4 o'clock. You bring Ella. I will tell you all I know. I have some important things to tell you.” No answer from Michael. “Well...” No one dared to breathe. “Okay. Four o'clock.” Click. The whole team cheered. Rick's heart started to pound. He was one step closer to getting his daughter back.

At 3:45 Rick and Olivia sat in the car at the docks. The two other cars waited, hidden behind the buildings. At exactly 4:01, Michael Foley pulled into the parking lot in his grey van. Michael hopped out and went around to the back to retrieve Ella.

“Okay, tell me everything first!” Michael yelled. The old man looked strong but sad.

“You give me Ella and I will give you a deal. Come on Michael, don't let anyone else go through what you did. She's innocent. Use my deal to bring your Sara justice. The justice she deserves.”

Michael hesitated. Then he grabbed Ella. Rick's breath caught in his throat, but thankfully

Michael shoved her toward them. Ella ran into Olivia's arms and Rick silently prayed.

His plan was working. He walked closer to Michael and saw that the man had begun to cry. Rick no longer felt anger, but sadness toward the man. He wasn't a bad guy, just a heartbroken, lonely father.

“Come with me, I will try to help you Michael. It'll be okay.” Michael agreed and got into the back of the waiting cop car.

A few hours later Rick walked out of the interrogation room. He had made a deal to work on the case in all of his spare time, try to reopen it eventually and to set up memorials, scholarships and an awareness program all in Sara Foley's memory. Michael had agreed and Rick left the man to be taken away. He left the office and began the short walk home, thankful it was all over.

Twenty minutes later he walked through his front door and sat down to have supper with Olivia and Ella. He was beyond grateful to have Ella back and be with his two favourite people, happy and safe.