pretty desolate sight — just fields and hills wherever I looked. Then, like a sickening lurch the penny dropped, my mind began ticking over and I began to remember!

This was no camping expedition, this was me running, running for my life! Terrifying flashes of the last few days kept passing through my brain. "Think straight, think straight!" I kept telling myself, but straight thinking wouldn't come.

I crawled to my feet and took a few paces forward. My head felt very thick and fuzzy — I shook it for a few seconds and it sort of helped. My throat was parched and my aching stomach was crying out for food. A shout brought me suddenly back to reality.

I ran forward and peered through the bushes to the road below. The five men had already started to climb the hill-side — they were gaining on me fast. I went cold with fear. My whole body began to tremble and my heart was beating furiously — I began to run. I ran for all I was worth, not knowing where I was heading — just running blindly through fields, ditches, woods and trees. I had been running for what seemed like forever, when I came to a river. I was exhausted and my lungs felt as if they would burst any minute. I sank to the ground and drank thirstily for a few minutes. My body was one large ache and my eyes were sore and smarting, but I told myself that I had to keep going. I forced myself up, staggered through the water and once again began to run . . . run . . . run.

I was sure I could hear the men close behind me and kept glancing 'round to see if they were in sight. Suddenly, I lost my footing and fell to the ground. I opened my eyes and found myself lying on my bedroom floor bundled up in the bedclothes — so much for sweet dreams!!