

A photograph of a wooden lounge chair on a green lawn. The chair is made of dark brown wood with slatted seating and a reclining frame. The word "SNATCHED!" is written in large, bold, red, serif capital letters across the middle of the chair. The background shows a well-maintained lawn and a hedge.

SNATCHED!

BY ROBERT PRINS

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The sun shone warm. All was good in the world. Amos was content. He had eaten his fill of lunch, and with the sun on his back it felt like time for an afternoon nap. The sweet fragrance of orange blossom drifted on the breeze, birds and crickets could be heard in the distance. Amos shut his eyes and enjoyed his paradise. Little did he know that the peace he was experiencing was not going to last.

Not far away, an all female army was mobilizing. Silent as light, powerful as a river in flood, they swept toward the place where Amos was taking his nap. Nothing could stand in their way. Rocks four times their weight were hurled aside as the path was cleared. They spoke without making sound. They moved as one. Amos was unaware. He slept on.

A shadow passed over him and before he could even open his eyes, he had been picked up by a huge black female. Amos had no idea what was happening. He was terrified. Completely silent, she didn't say a word. He wondered if she even spoke his language. He tried to yell, but no sound would come. Amos squirmed and wriggled to fight his way out

of her grasp, but her grip was firm. His pasty, white body seemed to make no more movement than a jelly bean might if it could move. He tried to hit her but he was held so well that his limbs had become immobile.

Panic coursed through his body. His adrenaline spiked. No matter what he did, his captor was in control. With horror, Amos realized that she was moving. He had no idea where she was going with him. In his entire life he had never gone far from where he was born. The giant strides of his captor had quickly removed him from all he knew. Where was she taking him? What did she want? What was she going to do with him?

Suddenly they changed direction. He had hoped that she might loosen her grip for a split second, but she never faltered. Amos struggled but it was no use.

The sun had gone. They were hidden under some sort of canopy. Even if he got away, how would he ever find his way back home? The road turned down hill and Amos found himself being carried down a tunnel and through a maze of corridors. How would he ever get out? There was a whole army of his captors in here. He was passed from one to another, and another, but there was no chance of escape. All were as big and as strong as the next and made not a sound.

Finally they came to a cave, a prison camp, where hundreds of Amos's species were milling around. The grip softened and Amos was placed on the ground with them. Surprisingly, he discovered he was unharmed. He had been taken prisoner by an army of black ants to be farmed for his honeydew. It sucks to be an aphid.

A photograph of a rocky cliff face with a large red 'SNATCHED!' text overlay. The cliff is composed of various shades of grey and brown rocks, with some green moss or lichen visible. A thin, light-colored rope or vine hangs down from the top left. The overall scene is dark and somewhat somber.

SNATCHED!

Shutting his eyes to enjoy the peace and quiet of the day, Amos' life was suddenly changed as he was snatched and taken away against his will.

Where would they take him?
What did they want?
Amos was soon to find out.

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