

The Cute Boy on Face Book

by Marilyn Reeves

Thirteen-year-old Carrie Carlson shouted to her mother who was upstairs folding laundry, “Mom, I’m going over to McDonald’s to meet my friends. I’ll be back in time to help with dinner.”

“Did you get your homework done?”

“Most of it. I just need to read a chapter for History this evening, then I’ll be done.”

“Okay, honey. Have a good time. Be careful crossing streets.”

“Yes, Mother. See you later.”

But as she headed out the door, Carrie had no way of knowing that seeing her mother later was something that wasn’t going to happen. She had told her a little white lie. Carrie wasn’t going to meet her friends, she was going to meet a new “friend” she had found on Facebook.

His name was Darren. He was 14 – just a year older than she was – and his picture was really cute. He said he was a freshman at South High, was on the soccer team and played the saxophone. Carrie played the clarinet, so they often talked about music. They both liked Justin Bieber and Taylor Swift, and he said he was trying to get tickets for her upcoming concert. He told Carrie that if all went well after they met in person, perhaps he’d invite her to come along.

Carrie was so excited! She could hardly wait to meet Darren. The boys in her class were all so dorky, and he sounded unbelievably cool!

When she walked into McDonald’s she looked around but didn’t see any teenagers. There were some old men drinking coffee, a couple of ladies with young children and one middle aged man, sitting there eating french fries and looking out the window.

“Well, I guess he’s running late,” she said to herself, so she ordered a soft drink, then sat near the window to watch for him, a couple of seats down from the man.

He turned and smiled at her. “Are you Carrie?”

Startled, she nodded.

“Well, I’m George Clemens, Darren’s father. Darren had a minor accident and sprained his ankle. He tried calling you on your cell phone, but apparently he couldn’t get through, so he asked me to come and pick you up and take you over to the house where he’s waiting to meet you.”

“Oh! Well, okay, Mr. Clemens. Nice to meet you! I hope he’s going to be alright.”

“Don’t worry, he’ll be fine. He just has to stay home and keep his foot elevated, but he’s very anxious to meet you. If you’re ready, you can bring your drink with you and I’ll drive you over there. It’s just a couple of miles from here.”

As he held the door of the van open for her, Mr. Clemens told her what pretty blonde hair she had. And really pretty blue eyes. He also told her he liked her pink sweater, and she got a funny feeling in the pit of her stomach as his eyes grazed over her, but she ignored it. She was just so anxious to meet Darren! The man had told her he was Darren’s father, so there was no question

of trust. And he seemed like such a nice man. So without a second thought she climbed into his van. And sadly, Carrie, trusting Carrie, was never seen again.