

# A Face in the Crowd

It was St. Patrick's Day last year. The sun was shining down almost blinding me. You could smell the smoke and drinking coming off some people. I was walking through Temple Bar and I walked by one boy covered in green white and orange and if they were the only 3 colours in the world. There were loads of people everywhere, so claustrophobic. If you looked away for one minute you would have been lost.

There was one face I always noticed behind me. Every time I turned around I could see him, almost like we were magnets. I got kind of scared so I got my friends to stop at the parade for 10 minutes but he stopped too. When we started walking, he followed.

At one point the sun was so bright I could hardly see anything so I couldn't tell if he was behind me or not. He had grey short curly hair, a pale white face and was about average size and height. I wouldn't expect anything unusual from him.

I felt scared but important at the same time because you always see the girls getting taken or followed on TV and they're always gorgeous and I felt like I meant something to someone. I told my friends on the bus home and they said I should tell my mam but I said no, she'll do something unnecessary.

Later on that night I was walking home with Jessi and noticed one man standing beside the local shops. He tried to stop and talk so we told him to go away and we ran home. I told my mam straight away and she went to the guards and it turns out he's was on the guards' most wanted list. The man lived in Sligo and came up to Dublin every weekend

to hang around shops and follow and try to attack little girls. He told his wife and 3 children that he was coming up to Dublin for “work”.

Basically I learned never to be alone and not to trust anyone, especially a stranger who follows you.