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# The Chase is Over

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# *The Chase is Over*

By Kasey Barton



The grass smelled as if it had just been cut. Full from the overwhelming amount of crispy chicken strips and French fries I had for supper, I drove across main Street and one block over to Clay Street. As I turned on Clay Street, I heard my mother shout.

“Right there his is. Go get him, Kasey.”

My mother panicked as I started chasing after the criminal in the white shirt. The man strutted across the empty lot. Spinning around another corner, I headed toward Main Street, dodging cars as the criminal ran. The chase was on.

Earlier that day I was in Ft. Worth, Texas, heading home after a long weekend at the races. As I got on Facebook, my newsfeed was full of worried citizens of Cheyenne. All the worry was about a man who was on the run from police because he had been with a guy who had stolen a vehicle from Arnett, Oklahoma, earlier that day. As friends and family filled Facebook with images of police helicopters and police cars searching for the wanted man, I never thought when I got home, I'd be a part of the excitement.

As I continued to follow the man, running down alleys, jumping over curbs and speeding into parking lots, I began to wonder if I was going to be able to get someone's attention to call the police. All at once he was alone, fighting a war by himself. The man must have been crazy if he didn't think he would get caught eventually in a tight

knit community like Cheyenne, where all the citizens are like family. People in town saw me chasing the man with my car and realized I was after the criminal everyone was talking about.

The chase was soon over when the criminal in the white shirt was tackled and brought to the ground by a resident, an older man of Cheyenne. Everyone was at ease at last. During this experience I learned that patience is key and doing what needs to be done can pay off. If the criminal had a little more patience, he would have just hidden out a little more then ran after the sun went down and the citizens of Cheyenne were in bed. I also learned that sometimes, like in my situation, everyone has to take control and get things done even if they are scared.

As the man that was on the run was being arrested, the sheriff came to me and told me:

“You know we're hiring down at the station; come get an application.” I giggled as he walked away. Knowing that I saved the community from a great deal of concern was my biggest accomplishment that day, but I know I couldn't have done it without the brave citizens of Cheyenne.

As Paul Ryan stated, “Every successful individual knows that his or her achievement depends on a community of persons working together.”