

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

AMBA ACCREDITED

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Handwritten text, possibly a list or notes, including the word "Handwritten" and other illegible characters.

The first thing I saw
when I stepped out
of the car was a
man in a dark coat
and a hat, looking
at me with a serious
expression. He was
standing in the shadows
of the doorway, and
his eyes were fixed
on me. I felt a chill
run down my spine.
I tried to look away,
but he wouldn't let
me. He stepped
forward, and I saw
that he was holding
a small, dark object
in his hand. I didn't
know what it was,
but it looked dangerous.
He reached out, and
I saw his hand
trembling. He was
trying to say something,
but his words were
lost in the silence.
I turned and ran,
but he was faster.
He caught up to me
in a few seconds, and
he was holding me
by the back of my
neck. I tried to
scream, but my
throat was choked.
He dragged me
into the building,
and I saw that
there were other
men there. They
were all looking at
me, and I knew
that I was in trouble.
I tried to fight, but
they were too many.
They held me down,
and I saw that
they were all armed.
I was taken to a
room, and I saw
that there were
other people there
too. They were
all looking at me
with a mix of fear
and anger. I didn't
know what was
going on, but I
knew that I was
in a very bad
situation. I tried to
talk to them, but
they wouldn't listen.
I was left alone
in the room, and
I saw that there
were some papers
on the table. I
picked them up, and
I saw that they
were all about
the same thing.
I was in a very
bad situation, and
I didn't know
what to do. I
tried to think, but
my mind was
blurred. I saw
that there were
some people
outside, and I
tried to see what
they were doing.
I saw that they
were all looking
at the building,
and I knew that
they were all
waiting for me.
I didn't know
what to do, and
I didn't know
how long I
would be there.
I was in a very
bad situation, and
I didn't know
what to do.



