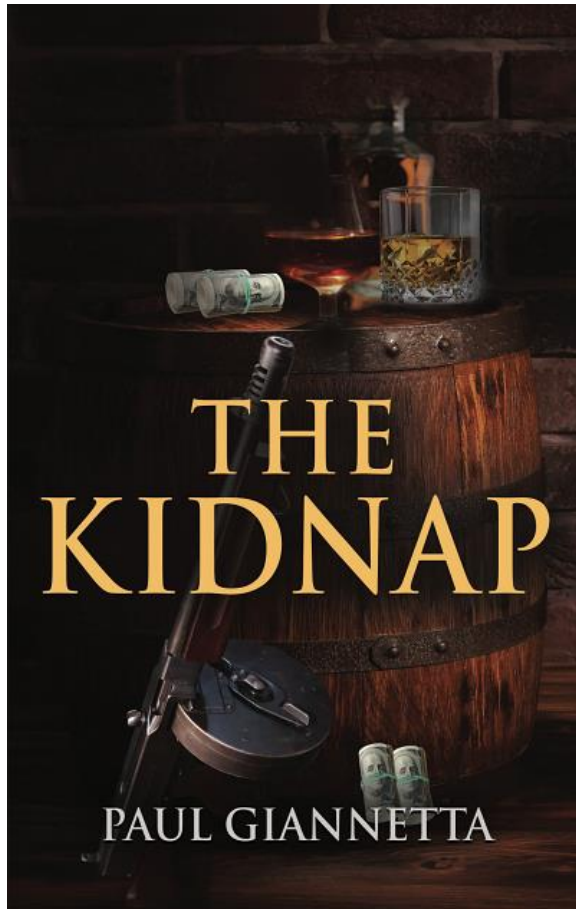
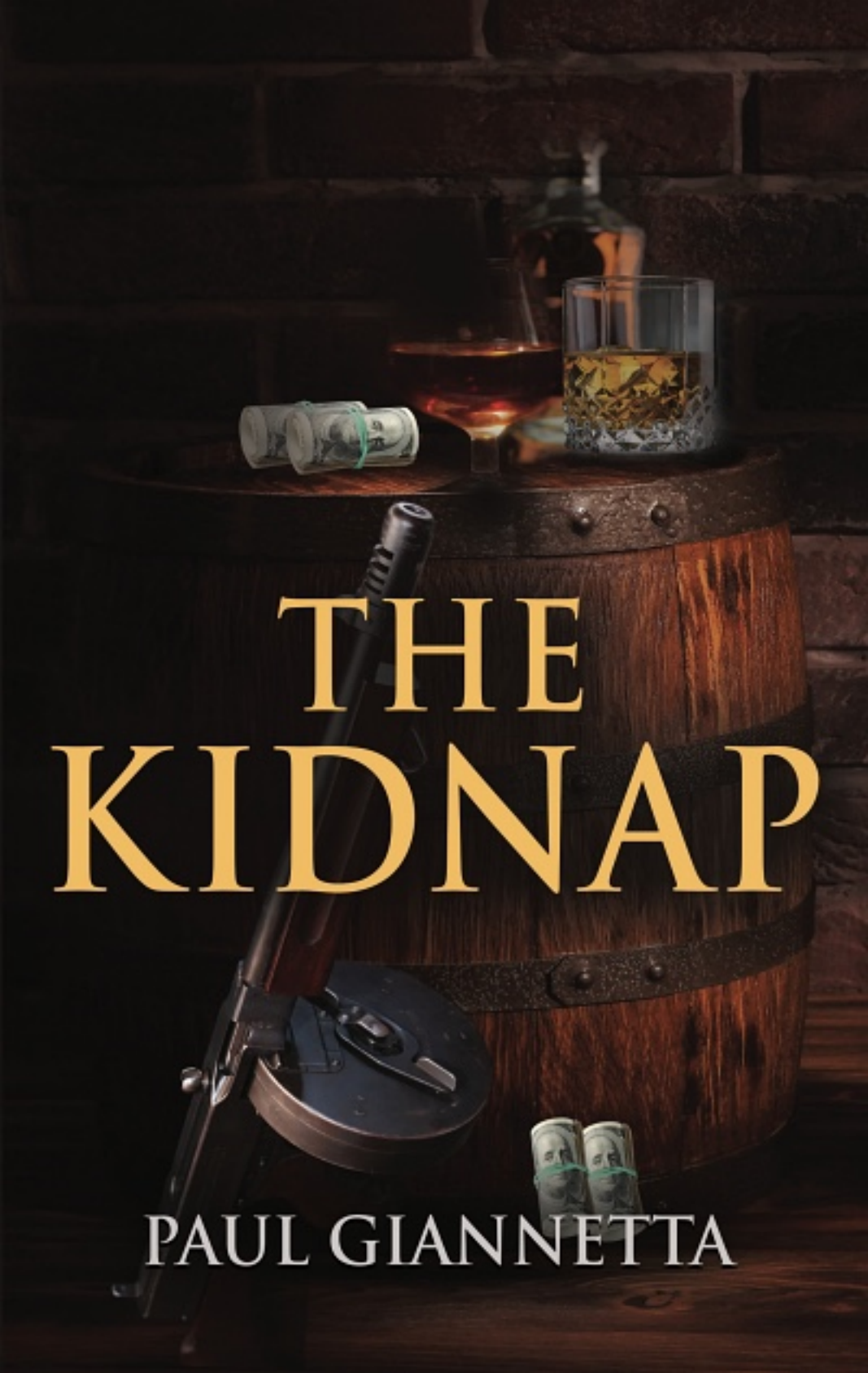




Veterans return home from the war, kidnap a millionaire's daughter and hold her for ransom. After the ransom is paid, she refuses to go back home and face an arranged marriage.

The KIDNAP
By Paul Giannetta

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com
<https://booklocker.com/books/15033.html?s=pdf>
**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



THE KIDNAP

PAUL GIANNETTA

Copyright © 2026 Paul Giannetta

Print ISBN: 978-1-961267-68-8

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88532-515-8

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2026

First Edition

Chapter 1

The end of the war was a joyous occasion, especially for those who came home. The majority of them were healthy. Some bore mental scars. But they were all happy to be home again. Most of them went back to a home where they were happily received by loving family members.

Upstate New York, renowned for its vineyards and unique wines, was the setting of such an occasion. Four old friends who managed to survive every misfortune the war could hurl at them sailed back on the Queen Mary and rejoined their last friend. He was classified as 4F and disqualified from the draft. He remained in wine country, doing whatever he could find for work and sleeping wherever he could lay his head.

Being Jewish by faith, David Farnhum was allowed to sleep in the local synagogue and partake in any festivities which occurred. But that came to an abrupt end when the synagogue was taken by eminent domain, demolished, and a new government facility built in its stead. This new building consisted of 200 efficiency apartments, or units, as Uncle Sam preferred to call them, to house returning veterans.

The five old friends immediately reunited for drinks and dinner. The four veterans were each given a new efficiency unit and their Jewish friend was hired as a maintenance man and also given a unit in the same facility. They were rarely apart from each other and spent most of their time drinking and scheming, thinking of ways to make the most money while doing the least amount of work.

Ruby and Diamond Gallo, being 100% Italian, were perfectly at ease living in an area which was famous for its unique wines. But they were more comfortable drinking it, as opposed to having anything to do with its production or sales. Their interesting names were handed down to them from their father, who had a screaming sense of humor.

During the war, Sandro Martins, his name had been altered for ease of paperwork, a vintage Castilian, was quartermaster of a supply warehouse somewhere on the coast of France. Being in such a position, he was able to send home captured German guns, knives, medals, and other spoils of war. His father stashed everything Sandro sent home in the cellar of his tenement building. Once back in the States, Sandro wasted no time finding collectors who asked no questions and paid top dollar for said contraband.

Shawn Kelley, a giant red headed Irishman, was a lively lad. He was a former boxer who had his nose broken several times. As a result, he had a difficult time breathing, but that did not interfere with his ability to quaff his favorite stout or any other alcoholic beverage. A large, perfectly trimmed mustache offset the crooked nose and the ladies found him rather handsome.

David Farnhum was their Jewish friend and Shawn Kelley was called Irish. Everybody had nicknames and it was considered respectable. Ruby and Daimond were sometimes referred to as *The Brothers* and Sandro was simply Sandro.

Adjusting to life back in the States took a little time for The Brothers, Sandro, and Irish. They spent most of their time drinking in the local taverns. With the sudden return of so many veterans, work was near impossible to find. They all did a few odd jobs for the bars they patronized and this gave them a few free drinks. They also made deliveries for the local stores and markets. This gave them a discount on their own groceries.

At the end of the workday when David finished his maintenance shift, they would all gather in his workshop. They would drink and smoke, laugh, and tell tales of their daily adventures. They would

usually break it up like around 10PM and return to their own apartments.

Occasionally they would have sangwiches or grill hot dogs over the forge in the shop. More often than not, their conversations drifted in the direction of making money. Not getting a job or legitimate source of income, but more like a con or stealing. They considered hijacking trucks but fences were not as easy to find as they had been previously. There were many willing and available young ladies for prostitution but not a lot of men who had the dough to pay for such fun. Physical robbery was too risky. Scams, extortion, cons, and blackmail worked to a certain point but were limited and you had to keep moving. You couldn't operate for more than a week or two out of the same location.

After a leisurely breakfast one morning in the Sunspot diner, Ruby and Diamond were lingering over coffee after their plates had been cleared away. Ruby lit a cigar while Diamond perused a newspaper which someone had left behind. Diamond took a pencil from his pocket and circled a classified ad. He handed the paper to his brother. Ruby read it and got up. He placed two silver dollars and a dime on the table, tucked the paper under his arm and headed for the door. Diamond followed him.

They strolled leisurely along the way back. They bought cigars and visited a few shops. They chatted with friends and stopped to pat a dog or cat. Getting closer to home, they ducked into Café Alfredo for an expresso and anisette. That was the last stop.

Relaxing in the comfort of Diamond's apartment, Ruby read the classified ad out loud. "For sale, beautiful old farm, land, buildings, livestock, equipment, trucks, and more, \$1,000. Reply P.O. Box 519, Seneca Castle, New York." He laughed.

"What's so funny?" Diamond asked.

"What are we gonna do with a farm, and where are gonna come up with a thousand bucks?" Ruby laughed again.

"We sit on it for maybe a year or two. Lease it out, sell the animals and trucks, there's gotta be a profit in there somewhere." Diamond replied.

"Yeah, but I don't want to be looking at retirement waiting for my investment to come back and praying for a profit." Ruby commented as he knocked the ash from his cigar.

"We get the others in on it, see what they has to say?" Diamond closed.

That night, Ruby and Diamond brought bread and cheese and olives, along with three bottles of

wine to David's shop. They also packed a box of cigars and a pint of bourbon.

Irish instinctively reached for the bourbon. Sandro dug into the food and David poured himself a glass of wine. After everybody was comfortably settled in with food and drink, Ruby came out with the paper and passed it around. They all got greasy fingerprints on the paper and nodded at each other. When the food was gone, they refilled their glasses and lit cigars. Clouds of blue smoke hung heavy in the air. "Gentlemen, I say we pool our resources and buy this farm." Ruby said with enthusiasm.

"Buying it would probably be the easy part. What do we do with it? I'm no farmer." David said "You guys know anything about farming?"

"Diamond and I grew up on a farm in Italy. We got more than enough experience with animals and the land." Ruby acknowledged.

Sandro nodded and raised his glass.

"I'll go along with it." Irish agreed.

They all turned and looked at David. He took his time lighting a fresh cigar, threw the match on the floor, and exhaled a tremendous cloud of blue smoke. "I don't know. Running a farm sounds like a lotta work. What do you guys really know about farming? I'm sure it's a lot different here in New York

than it was in Italy. I don't want to be sitting in a rocking chair 10 minutes away from the grave only to find out my retirement plan just shit the bed."

"Why don't we do this." Sandro interjected. "Let The Brothers contact the seller, or bank, or whoever it is. It's probably gonna be a week or longer before anything comes back in the mail. By that time, we'll have had plenty of time to think about it. If it sounds favorable, we can look into it further. If not, we ain't lost nothing."

They all nodded in agreement and lifted their glasses.

Chapter 2

From a distance, she looked like any ordinary kid taking the dog for a walk. Up close, one could see she was a very attractive young lady. Some days she wore a dress and heels, some days she wore slacks and a top with flats, other days she wore short shorts, a halter top, and sandals. The dog walked at a normal dog type pace, not straining or tugging on the leash and this allowed the young lady to also proceed at a normal pace. They would walk several blocks in any direction. Some days they would stop at the bus stop. She would sit on the bench and let the dog wander as far as the leash would permit. At times, the young lady would attach an additional length of rope and allow the dog a little more freedom.

Often times people would stop and chat and stoop to pet the dog. The young lady was quite sociable and often times invited people she did not know to sit on the bench and maybe share a cigarette. Dogs are also social creatures and her dog would run and frisk along with other dogs.

At the end of the dog walk, the young lady and her dog would head for home. The dog would enjoy a cool drink before finding a comfortable spot in the garden and falling asleep. The young lady would

change her clothes and don an apron to help prepare the evening meal. There were a multitude of servants but she enjoyed the activity in the kitchen. At this time, she would also enjoy a glass of wine or a whisky. It was usually her parents and her at the supper table. Oftentimes they would be joined by other family members or a business associate or two of her father. The servants would clean up as they all retired to the salon or library for brandy and cigars. The young lady would sip a brandy and smoke a clove cigarette and nobody raised an eyebrow or questioned her activities. They would tune in the radio or have interesting discussions. The dog would recline at the young lady's feet until it was time for bed. At which time he would sleep in bed with the young lady.

Chapter 3

Diamond reclined in his chair as he watched the birds flitting around outside his window. He consumed a huge chunk of apple pie and a mug of coffee for lunch and watching the birds amused him while making him drowsy at the same time. His eyes were half closed and was drifting off to a pleasant slumber when he was roused by the mailman pounding on the door. He opened one eye in time to watch the mail slot open and see a single letter cascade to the floor.

With an effort he hauled himself out of the chair, walked over to the door and retrieved the letter. It was addressed to The Gallo Brothers. The return address was printed in a startling grey ink on a quality rag envelope. It read: Southern Belle Ranch, Old Farm Road, Seneca Castle, New York. Below the return address in the lower left corner of the envelope was a bold Confederate flag. Diamond pulled out a jack knife, slit open the envelope and extracted a single sheet of paper. The letter was brief and to the point. It simply read: Dear Gallo Brothers, please be our guest for lunch next Thursday at The Southern Belle Ranch. No need to reply. We all look forward to meeting you fine

gentlemen. The signature Horace Manton was signed in a fancy cursive script.

Diamond went next door to Ruby's apartment and crashed into the door. It was normally open an inch or two but the fact that it was closed and locked indicated that Ruby was not home. Diamond went back to his apartment, donned his fedora and old army jacket and immediately went to Café Alfredo.

Ruby sat with his feet on the table and a newspaper in front of his face. A freshly opened bottle of rye and a glass were in front of the newspaper. A pungent cloud of blue smoke rose to the ceiling from behind the paper. Diamond snagged a clean glass off the bar and filled it from the bottle of rye. He downed the shot and refilled the glass. He swung a chair around and lowered himself into it.

"Nice of you to join me." Said a voice from behind the newspaper.

"I knew you'd be here." Diamond told his brother. "Take a look at this." Diamond dropped the envelope on the inside of the paper and it slid down into Ruby's lap.

Ruby folded the newspaper and stuck it on the chair beside him. He poured himself a shot of rye and downed it before removing his feet from the table. With his feet firmly on the floor he took his

time with the envelope. He read the letter several times and examined the envelope.

Ruby gave his brother an amused look. "Interesting. What do you make of it?"

Diamond took a shot of rye and smiled. "I was really surprised to get a reply back. I didn't think we'd hear from anybody."

"Yeah, I'm a little surprised too." Said Ruby.

"We should take up their generous offer and join them for lunch, which would be tomorrow." Remarked Diamond.

"Yeah, that sounds about right. We can take the bus to Seneca Castle but we got no idea where Old Farm Road is." Ruby answered.

"Why don't we ask David to drive us, all of us." Diamond suggested. "He can take one of the company trucks."

"All five of us?" Questioned Ruby.

"Sure, why not? Maybe we can experience some of that Southern hospitality we always hear about!" Diamond bellowed with a huge laugh.

"I'm sure David's gonna love that!" Ruby laughed back.

Thursday morning The Brothers, Sandro and Irish hung out in David's shop while he scrounged up a vehicle. Before long he came around in an old Packard. They emerged from the shop and piled into the car.

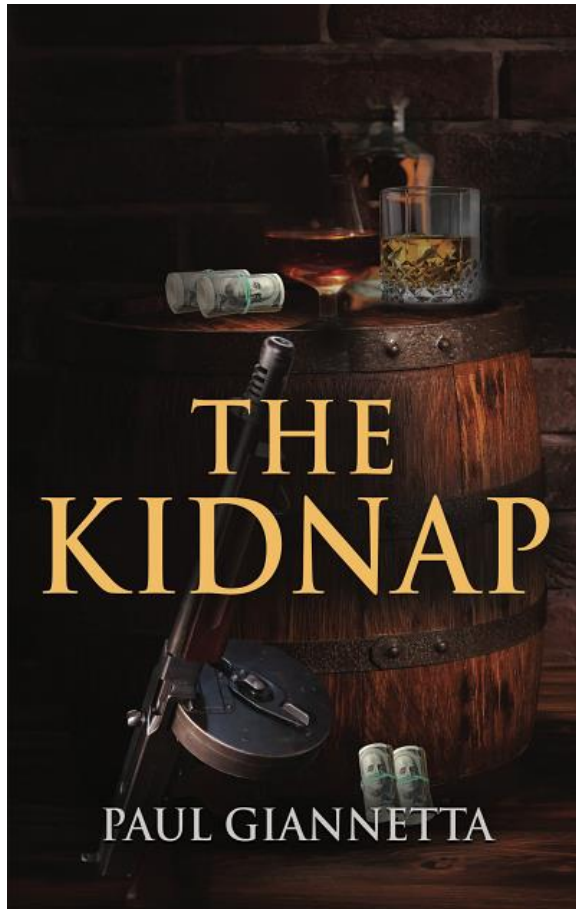
"Wow, we're traveling in luxury." Sandro remarked over the purring engine. "How'd you manage this?"

"I told Gina I gotta run out and get parts." David told them.

"Gina, that's the little Cutie Pie works in the office, right?" Sandro asked.

"That's her." David replied.

With that, they all shared a merry laugh before sitting back for the long drive to Seneca Castle.



Veterans return home from the war, kidnap a millionaire's daughter and hold her for ransom. After the ransom is paid, she refuses to go back home and face an arranged marriage.

The KIDNAP
By Paul Giannetta

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com
<https://booklocker.com/books/15033.html?s=pdf>
**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**