

## **Crime story**

### **My bicycle**

I'll never forget the morning when my bicycle disappeared. ,It was Saturday and my friends and I had arranged to take our bikes down to the river and go for a swim.I ran outside to get my bike but it wasn't there!

At first,I was so shocked I couldn't believe it.I looked everywhere.It the backyard,in the garage...I even looked in our neighbour's garden.But my bike was nowhere to be seen.I felt terrible.My bike was brand-new and my parents had warner me never to leave it unlocked.Now I would have to tell them that I had forgotten to lock the bike and someone had stolen it.

My father was having a breakfast in the kitchen."Dad",I said ."I'm really sorry,but..."Before I finished my sentence,my sister ran into the room."Hey",she said."I just took your new bike for a ride".

I had never been so relieved in my life.One thing I knew for sure I would never leave my bike unlocked again.

(Anna Shpichak, 8-a)