

The missing necklace

It was the 1st January and Tottenham were playing Arsenal on a cold winters afternoon. Rushing Robert and Smart Sid were cheering on Tottenham. "GOAL!!!!!!" All the supporters shouted as they scored another goal. It was now 2-0 to Tottenham.



The rich lawyer called Smart Sid had been friends with Rushing Robert for four years, since university. Rushing Robert got kicked out of university for breaking into an office to steal some exam papers. Now he was working at Mc Donald's and hated it.

On the way back on the coach home, Sid said, "Did you get anything for Christmas?"

"Yes, I got an alarm clock," said Robert grimly.

"Well *I* got an expensive gold necklace from my mum," Sid boasted,

"Look, Robert," and he showed him the necklace. Robert's eyes twinkled like a magpie. *I must have that necklace*, Robert thought, *I can sell it at the market.*

That night Robert was quickly thinking of a plan to get that necklace. He was feeling panicky, as he got ready to take the chain from Sid's house. At 1am, still wearing his Tottenham kit, he dashed out of the house and down the deep dark alley way to Sid's place.

Luckily, Robert had a key to his best friend's house. Robert had long brown hair and sweat was running down his forehead. His hands were shaking as he turned the key to the front door. C...R...E...A...K! The door moaned slowly and loudly. He quickly, but quietly closed the door and tip-toed up the stairs.

Robert had just remembered he had a torch on his key ring. He carefully got the torch and shone it into the bedroom where Sid was sleeping. Sid had his wonderful chain around his neck. Steadily Robert reached over him to undo the catch and take it.

Suddenly Sid grabbed Robert's arm and sat up in his bed.

He yelled, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"I'm trying to get you up to ask you if I can have a shower please, because my one is broken," Robert replied.

"Nooo!!!!!!!"

Go home! "Sid said angrily and loudly," just go home!!"

So Robert ran home crossly, feeling stupid and annoyed with him self. He was really missing the necklace; would it ever be his?

By Ciaran

