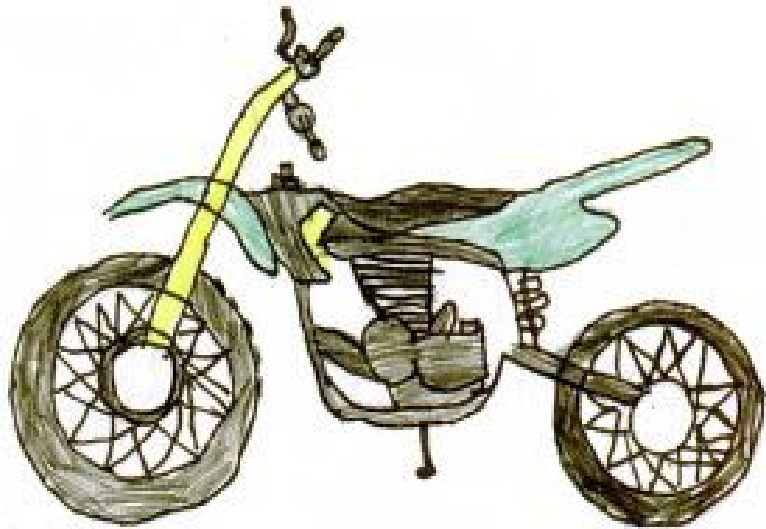


THE CASE OF THE MISSING BIKE



GRADE 4

This is a mystery story created by using the lost and found mystery circle story pattern found in Story Mapping with Success by J. Moore. It was based on the book by Cynthia Rylant entitled The High-Rise Private Eyes: Case of the Climbing Cat. Permission to share this story was granted by the student and/or parents.

Kirklyn stared at the empty space where he had parked his 80cc dirt bike just the night before.

"Willaby get over here!"

Six year old Willaby stopped building his sand castle and hustled over to the quonset.

"What's wrong?"

"My dirt bike disappeared! I know I locked it up last night!" panicked Kirklyn.

"If you want, I'll look for clues."

"Willaby! You're a genius!"

"I am?"

"You stay here and look for clues. I'm going into call Tyler Martins!" Kirklyn yelled over his shoulder as he tore toward the house. Willaby turned and started up the lane way.

Half an hour later, a young teen wearing a blue ball cap came down the road.

"What's up?"

"Hey, Tyler, are you still running that detective agency?" asked Kirklyn.

"Yup! Pay me two bucks and I'm on the case!"

Pulling a coin out of his pocket, Kirklyn handed it to Tyler.

"What's the problem, bud?"

"Last night I parked my dirt bike and today it disappeared. Do you think you could hunt it down?"

"Did you have a full tank of gas?"

"Nope I only had half a tank."
"Any clues Willaby?" asked Tyler.
"Nothing," piped up Willaby. "Just this weird looking stick."
"Can I take a look at that?" asked Tyler.
"Here ya go," answered Willaby handing the object over.
"This is a hand carved pipe!" exclaimed Tyler. "They look at this side! There's three alphabet letters here: D...N...S" shouted Willaby.
"Good job Willaby! I think you might have found the first two clues!"
"I did?" gasped Willaby.
"I bet the guy that took your bike smokes a pipe and his initials are DNS!" explained Tyler.
"And he's fat, too!"
"How would you know?" asked Kirklyn.
"I thought I was having a bad dream when I got up to go to the washroom and saw the back side of a tubby man wobbling down the road on your dirt bike!"
"Let's take a walk and maybe we will find the guy!" suggested Tyler. Topping up the bike way they turned down the road. Two Jack rabbits leaped out of a grain field and bounded across their path. Wind rustled in the bushes as dragon flies zoomed over head.
"Hey, Kirk! Look over there!" called Tyler pointing to the shoulder of the road. On the side of the road sat a red 1956 Chevy grain truck.

"Oh boy, Duke had a flat tire!" sighed Kirklyn. Painting to neat letters on the box, Tyler said "Hey, this says: Duke Norman Shan Farming Corp."
"We could at told you that!" grinned Willaby. "Mr. Shan drives to town every single week."
"I think I know why your bike is gone!" exclaimed Tyler.
"Ya do?"
"Early this morning Willaby saw a big farmer driving away on the dirt bike. He probably dropped his pipe on the way up the lane way. The initials on the pipe are DNS. Those initials match the name on this truck. Duke must've borrowed your bike because his truck broke down early in the morning and he did not want to make any one late."
"Take cover!" shouted Willaby. "It's a dust storm!"
Several seconds later a pickup pulled up and out stepped Duke.
"Perfect timing!" said Duke. "Your bike is in the back, I'll get Fred to help you get it down."
"Sorry for not asking boys, but my truck broke down so early!"
"We know all about it," interrupted Willaby.
"Ya do?" asked Duke.
"Yep, we got Tyler the detective on our side."
"And I had Willaby!" smiled Tyler handing Duke back his pipe.
The End