



MISSING

C.L.TOMPSETT

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Barrington  Stoke





“Hurry up, Greg,” Mum said. “You’ll be late for school!”

Greg was looking all over his room for his things.

“I can’t find my tie,” he said. “Or my school shoes.”

“Where did you leave them?” Mum asked.



“I left them by the bed,” Greg said.
“But they’re not there now. Rob must
have taken them.”

“Why would Rob want your tie?” Mum
asked. “He doesn’t even go to your school.
And he’s off sick today anyway.”

Rob was Greg’s younger brother. He
was 11. He was off school with a bad cold.

Greg went to look in Rob's room. His tie was on Rob's bed. His school shoes were under the bed.



“Thanks a lot, Rob,” Greg said to himself.
“I’m late for school now. I’ll kill you when I
see you!”

Greg ran out of the front door. He was
still angry.

Mum waited for Rob to come out of the
bathroom.

“Did you hide Greg’s shoes and tie?” she
asked.

“No, I did not!” Rob said.

“Don’t lie to me,” Mum said. “Greg found them in your room. There’s something funny going on around here. I’m not getting you that new PlayStation for your birthday now. And, as you told me that lie, you can stay in your room all day!”



Mum got very cross some days. She had been like that ever since Dad left.

“Go back to your room,” Mum told Rob.
“Now.”

Rob didn’t mind staying in bed. His cold was bad.

And he had a TV in his room.

But Mum was still in a bad mood.

