





Where is my bike?



Calvin bounced with excitement. Today was his birthday, and he knew *exactly* what was waiting for him... a brand-new bicycle. Mum and dad smiled as he took off the wrapping paper. There it was, shiny and bright, with colourful stickers and brand-new tyres.



Calvin lived with his mum and dad in a high-rise flat. His mum said "Let's go to try it out"
They all squeezed into the lift and went down, down, down to the ground floor.



Outside, near the flats, was an open area of green grass and trees. Calvin hopped on and started to ride. Round and round he went, his legs pumping the pedals. Mum and Dad watched, beaming with pride.



It wasn't long before Calvin's friends came over to admire his new bike.
They shouted "wow Calvin, it is amazing!"
Calvin puffed out his chest, feeling very proud indeed.



Just then, a friendly Police Community Support Officer (PCSO) walked over.

It was Tom, Calvin and his friends recognised him. Tom rides a bike too.

He looked at the bike and said "it is a fantastic bike, let me help you to think safety first."



Tom gave Calvin and his friends important advice.

"You can get your postcode put on the frame, so everyone knows it is yours.

Ride on the road or cycle lanes, wearing a helmet and bright clothes so people can see you."



Tom said he visits their school often. He told them that it has a bike ability course. "The course will teach you the rules of the road and make you a super safe cyclist." He reminded him "whenever you leave your bike, even for a minute, you need to lock it up."



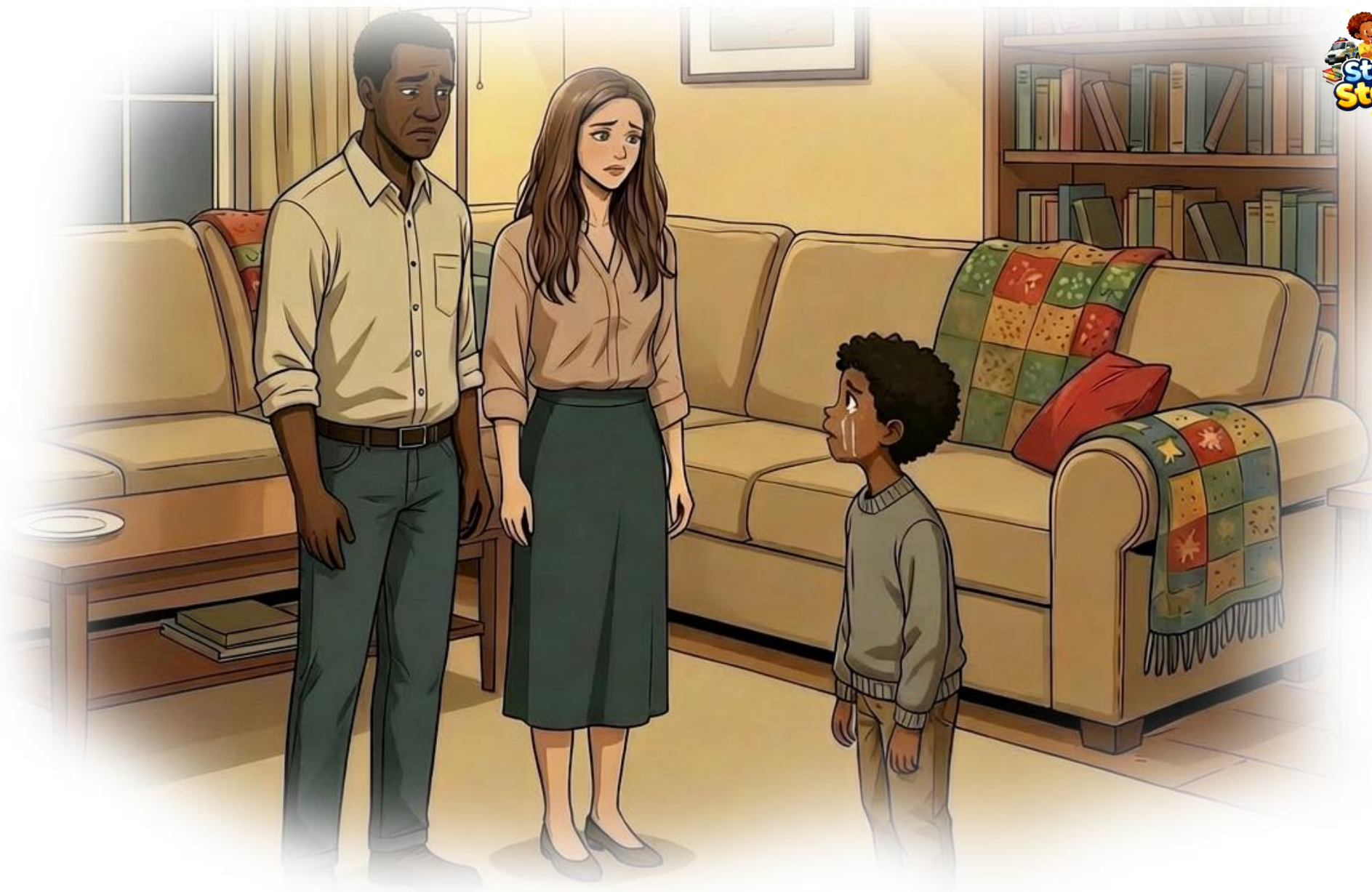
Every day, Calvin was out on the grass with his friends on their bikes. They were cycling round as fast as they could, making race-tracks, and having a blast. Calvin yelled "this is the best fun ever."



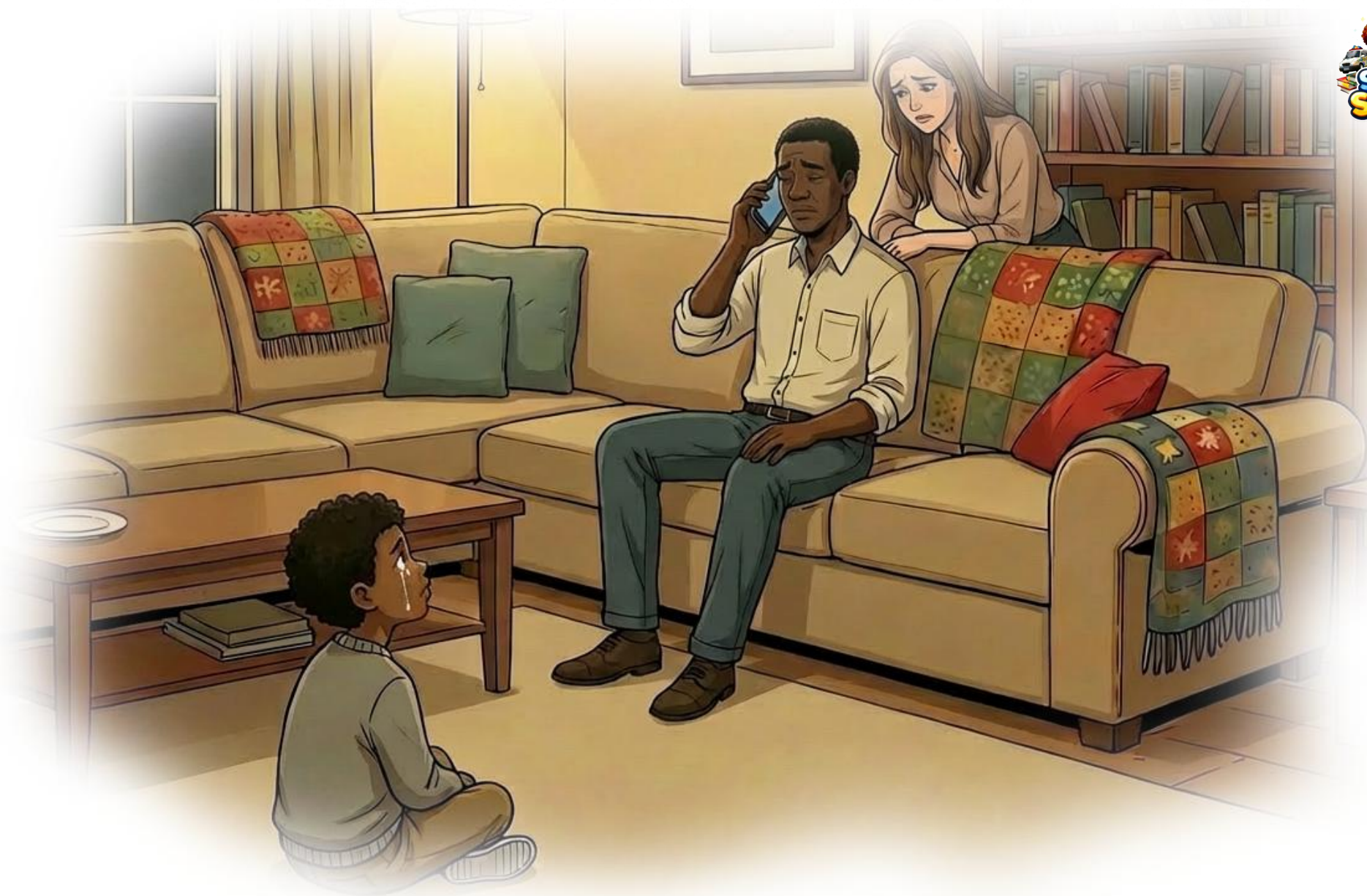
All of a sudden, they heard a loud jolly tune. Everyone shouted "The ice cream van."
Calvin jumped off his bike, leaving it on the grass, and ran to join the queue.
He was hot from racing his bike. He couldn't wait for a cold, sweet treat.



When he finally got his ice cream, he turned back to walk to where he left his bike. But... it was gone! "Where is my bike?" he cried, his eyes wide with shock.



Calvin was so upset, he couldn't even eat his ice cream.
He ran back to the flats, tears welling up in his eyes "mum.. dad.. my bike has gone!"



Dad quickly called the police to tell them that the bike was missing. He told them where the bike was, and described the make and colour of the bicycle.



The police officers arrived and started searching the area by the flats. They looked at the CCTV cameras and asked people walking by, if they had seen anything.



After an hour, the police found Calvin's bike.
One of his friends was riding it towards the flats.



She explained "I only borrowed it so I could go home, to get money for an ice cream." The police officer gently explained, "you can't just take someone's bike without asking, even if it does belong to your friend. You always need to ask first."



Calvin was happy to have his bike back. He had learned a valuable lesson that day.
He always locked his bike from then on.
Calvin and his friends learned that they should ask before borrowing anything.