

## A GUN

"My God it's a gun," she cried in horror. It was in a shoe box in Johnny's wardrobe. Lynne was so shocked she was paralysed with fear. Where had her 15 year old son got it? Had he found it? Had he bought it? No, he hadn't enough money.

She sat on the floor looking at it. What should I do with it? I don't want Johnny to think I was prying. I never touch his desk or computer as they're private but I tidy the wardrobe and drawers.

She was so shocked she sat staring at it. Was he in trouble and wanted to defend himself? Did he want to shoot someone? This is what kids do now but it's more common to stab them. Why am I thinking these terrible things about my son? He's never been in trouble.

"Where did you get this?" shouted Lynne when Johnny returned from School. She held the shoe box in front of his face.

He blushed, "I found it in the woods. The gun and ammunition were wrapped in tarpaulin in a hole in the stub of a tree. The tarpaulin was blowing in the breeze and it caught my eye so I brought it home and hid it in the shoe box."

"Why did you hide it?"

"I thought it might be useful."

"Useful. You thought a gun would be useful? Are you going to shoot people or animals? That's what guns are used for. We're going to the Police Station to hand it in and tell them where and how you found it," Lynne told Johnny."

After eight weeks the Inspector called to see them. "We've caught the gangsters we've been after for quite a while. After the last heist we managed to get D.N.A samples It matches the D.N.A. on the gun which belongs to Tricky Dicky Fingers. He's a nasty piece of work. He's a ruthless killer. Must have shot at least five men whose bodies we've found. He got the nickname because he has his nails manicured and does card tricks to keep his fingers supple. He's so proud of his long fingers."

"Well young man you've been awarded £1,000 for the capture of a ruthless killer. Spend it wisely and thank you." the Inspector said.

Stella Rutherford.