

## **Part five: David has an idea**

David thought the crime might have been solved after his mum's call to the police, but nearly a week later, that week's local paper came out and there was still no news about the missing FA Cup Final medal.

That night, after he'd listened to a football debate on the radio, David switched the light off. He lay in the dark wondering how the old man would be feeling. That medal must be one of his prize possessions. Maybe his favourite thing in the world. And someone had just stolen it.

David drifted off to sleep feeling miserable.

Then, sometime later, still in the dark, he woke with a start. He'd been dreaming. Or thinking. He wasn't sure which. And in his dreams – or thoughts – he'd remembered something.

The man with the baseball cap. He'd run one way, then the other, when he heard he police car coming.

That had seemed strange to David at the time. The way he'd run to the wall, then come back running the other way. But he'd not given it any more thought.

Now he was. Because what if... what if the man had hidden the medal there?

David had heard that thieves sometimes hid the things they stole. Especially when someone was after them. Maybe he'd hidden it in the wall... and maybe it was still there.

The next morning, David told his mum he wanted to talk to the old man next door.  
'No,' she said.

'But I think I...'

'No.'

'Why not? I...'

'We don't know him, David.'

'But I..'

'No.'

David felt angry now. Angry with his mum. Why was she like this about people in their neighbourhood? Why didn't she want to be friendly with them?

'I think that's stupid,' he said.

'Right, that's it David,' she said. 'You are grounded all weekend. No going out. Not even to the shops.'

David hung his head. Now he'd ruined his weekend. And he could do nothing to help the old man.