

Sam's Decision

The hot prairie sun was baking the street as Sam stepped out of Johnsons General store with his frosty soda pop in hand; he turned to his right, stopped, and stared at the vacant sidewalk. His bike was gone!

Later during dinner, Sam slouched down in his chair, said, "Someone stole my bike."

Looking up, his dad asked, "What do you mean? Stolen?"

"I was inside Johnsons, only for a minute, and when I came out, it was gone."

Staring at Sam, his dad asked, "Did you lock it?"

Sam looked down. "No."

Still staring at Sam, "Well, I guess you'll go without a bike this summer, mister, unless you find it or find the money for a new one."

"Yea, I know. Me and Kyle are going to look for it after supper.", Said Sam.

Sam walked down the well-worn path that cut through the ravine. He was going to meet Kyle at the bridge.

As Sam approached the bridge, something under a willow bush caught his eye. He got down and reached in; he pulled out a bundle of bills wrapped in a rubber band. Standing up quickly, looking all around, "Good, there's nobody." he thought as he flipped through the money and gave a quick whistle.

Just then, he heard a sound, looking up he and saw Kyle coming down the path. Sam stuffed the money into his pocket.

"Whas up?" Asked Kyle.

"Nothin', nothin' at all," said Sam.

Kyle looked at him, "You're acting weird; what gives?" Kyle pressed

Sam hesitated then pointed at the bush. "I found a bunch of money under there."

"Really....how much?" asked Kyle.

"I dunno." Sam reached into his pocket and pulled out the money.

Kyle's eyes opened wide. "Wow."

Sam shuffled through the bills counting out loud "5, 10, 15, 25, 35, 55, 75, 95... 95 smackeros".

"What're you gonna do with it?" asked Kyle.

"I'm going to keep it and buy a new bike." said Sam, "My dad said, 'Either find the bike or find the money.' I found the money".

As they started walking up the path, Kyle said, "You can't keep it; it's not yours."

“Whaddya mean? It’s Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers! Besides, I don’t see anyone around. Do you?” asked Sam.

“No,” said Kyle

Then there’s no one to give it back to, so its mine.”, said Sam

“But you gotta take it to the police; they’re supposed to find the owner.”, said Kyle

“Look, if I found a loonie, should I bring it to the police?” asked Sam.

“No, course not,” said Kyle.

“Should I bring a fiver to the police?” asked Sam.

“No, but.....” said Kyle seeing where Sam was going with this.

“That’s just it,” said Sam, “when do you try to find the owner? Maybe when there’s more than 100. I only found 95”.

“ I dunno said Kyle, “it belongs to someone.”

As they emerged from the ravine path onto Main Street, Kyle turned to Sam and said, “Maybe that’s what someone thought when they found your bike unlocked and no one around, Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers.”

Both Kyle and Sam were silent with their thoughts as they walked down Main Street, peering into the alleyways looking for the bike.

Three weeks later, Sam pulls up in front of Johnsons, gets off his new bike, and locks it. The police had returned the money to Sam yesterday after no one had claimed it.