



He looked on the floor next to his bed, and even underneath the bed, but there was no sign of it. He pulled back the covers, and searched beneath the clothes strewn about his room, but he still couldn't find the play. It wasn't in his school bag either.

He needed the book for English that day. He was getting more and more frustrated; the book had to be somewhere. He was reading it last night; it couldn't have just vanished into the air.

He stomped down the stairs.





'Mum, have you seen my copy of *Julius Caesar*?' he huffed.

'No, sorry', she replied, with a shake of her head.

'I can't find it anywhere. I was reading it in bed last night', Kris said, exasperated.

'We'll find it. Sit down and eat your breakfast, I'll go and have a look', soothed his mum.

Today was the start of Omar Olanbaye's trial for the fatal stabbing of fifteen-year-old Joe Tucker. *That's why he's so worked up*, she thought.

He'd been edgy ever since the murder, but more so recently with the trial looming – and with it his day in court.

Being a witness for the prosecution in a case against one of your own friends was bound to be hard.

It was no surprise that he'd got himself into a state over such a trivial thing. She searched his room thoroughly, but she couldn't find the book either. She even looked again when he'd gone to school, but it wasn't anywhere in his room.

