Letitia thought she had the best bike in the entire school. It had purple, pink, and blue glittery swirls and white tires. Letitia could do jumps and tricks on her bike better than anyone else.

One afternoon, Letitia came out of school to find her bike lock lying broken in the dirt. The bike was gone. Immediately, she ran to find Julio, the smartest kid in school and her best friend.

Julio followed Letitia to the scene of the crime. “Well, it’s clear that the thief wasn’t strong enough to cut through the lock in one stroke. Maybe it’s a kid.”

He examined the ground around the bike rack. “The thief rode the bike away—you can tell because the footprints stop. So it must be someone close to your size.”

Julio gasped. “The thief rode it on only one wheel. It must be someone who can do wheelies!” Suddenly, they spotted none other but Chet Wilson doing a wheelie on Letitia’s bike. Chet was the only person at school who could do wheelies as good as Letitia.

“Chet!” Letitia shouted, and Chet froze, dropping the bike. “Why would you take my bike?”

Chet looked embarrassed. “Well, you are so good at bike tricks, and I didn’t want you to get better than me, so I took your bike. I wanted to see if your bike is what makes you so good. Now I know it’s not the bike; sorry I broke the lock.”

Letitia said,” Chet, don’t you know practice makes perfect?”