

## The Missing Easter Egg

### Version A

Once I was given an Easter egg in a box. Inside the box it was wrapped up in paper. When I wasn't looking my sister took the egg out and ate it. Then she put the paper back in the box to make it look like the egg was still there. When I went to eat the egg there was nothing inside. I was really upset.

## The Missing Easter Egg

### Version B

When I was six my Auntie May gave me the most beautiful Easter egg I had ever seen. It seemed enormous. The egg was covered with shiny paper and inside a special box. There was a hole cut out in the side of the box and through it you could see the curve of the egg shining in its silver paper. Seeing it shine through the hole in the box was like looking through a window and seeing the moon. It was still a week to go to Easter Sunday, so I put the box on the high shelf in my bedroom and every morning and every night I looked up at the egg and dreamed of how good it was going to taste. On Easter Sunday morning I woke up really early and the first thing I did was to stand on my bed and reach for my egg. As I picked it up something felt a bit strange, the box wasn't as heavy as I remembered it. But you could still see the shape of the egg in its wrapping inside the box, so I wasn't worried. But when I pulled open the lid of the box and looked inside, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was empty! Whoever had taken the egg had been really cunning - they had put the silver paper wrapping back in the box and pressed it into the shape of the egg, as though it was still inside.

I didn't have to wait to find out who the thief was. I heard laughing behind me and when I turned around there was my sister Diane standing in the doorway and laughing at me. I knew then who had played that terrible trick on me and who had eaten my Easter egg.