

Harry - Year 6

## Brazil lost the World Cup Trophy

(LITERALLY)

By Harry Desmond

On a hot, humid evening in December 1983, everyone in the large city of Rio de Janeiro was out celebrating Christmas under the eyes of the largely imposing Christ the Redeemer.

Down the long silent hallways and the empty rooms of the CBF offices was the bulletproof glass container that was home to the magnificent World Cup trophy. Some policemen were inside the room guarding the trophy. Everyone was very excited about the World Cup final which was only days away.

A few hours later, it was starting to get dark when the fire alarm randomly went off filling the police station with a piercing sound. All of the policemen left the building and the trophy was left unattended.

Suddenly, there was a loud shattering sound. Tiny shards of glass flew down to the floor and a long thick rope was being slowly lowered down from the broken window. Jeremy, the detective was checking that everyone had left the building, he heard the loud shatter and rushed towards the room where the noise came from. When he got there he saw tiny shards of glass all scattered beneath the smashed window.

Jeremy walked over to the glass on the floor wondering what had happened and why there was glass everywhere.

He then heard footsteps from behind and turned around to see two policemen standing there.

Little did Jeremy know that they were just disguised as police officers and were there to steal the trophy.

The imposters casually walked past Jeremy and into the room where the World Cup trophy stood proudly on display. Jeremy was very confused because the two policemen should have evacuated the building along with the rest of the officers while he was searching the police station for any sign of a fire which

there wasn't. Jeremy walked back to the entrance to inform the other police officers that it was safe to go back into the station as it was a false alarm. In the meantime, Mohammed and Joey who were thieves disguised as policemen found the stunning World Cup trophy that shimmered inside the bullet-proof glass case.

Both men looked at each other and one of them pulled out a steel crowbar and placed it onto the wooden sides and attempted to break into the case.

Time was against them, they had to hurry.

After a few moments, the wood finally started to lift up and Mohammed and Joey both pulled it until they had space to put their hands in and grab the trophy. They finally had their hands on the precious trophy that glimmered in the light, "Gotcha" whispered Joey as he held the trophy. Then they heard footsteps in the distance, they looked around to see Jeremy standing there looking at them both. Were they caught red handed? Had their distraction plan worked?

Jeremy looked at Mohammed and Joey then back at the cabinet that had been broken into. Jeremy started walking forward towards the thieves and looked around them. He saw what he thought was a shiny part of the trophy as one of the thieves turned around, "Why is there no trophy in that cabinet?" asked Jeremy. One of the thieves threw the trophy that was behind him to the other and they both ran down the corridor. Both of the thieves ran straight towards the long, thick rope that was hanging down from the smashed window and climbed up it. "Stop running this instant!" shouted the detective. As Mohammed and Joey made their way up the rope they heard sirens, there were policemen surrounding the outside of the building leaving nowhere for the thieves to go.

The thieves started to panic and looked around for another escape route. Behind a small fence was their getaway car that they planned to use to escape. Both Mohammed and Joey

jumped off of the lowest part of the roof and landed near the car. They both searched their pockets frantically but couldn't find the car key, it was then that they realised that they had locked the keys in the car. The policemen were getting closer and the thieves had to act quickly. They both ran down the road with what seemed to be a thousand policemen chasing them and both went separate ways. Mohammed quickly ran down an alleyway with the large golden trophy tucked under his arm. He jumped up and over the huge metal fence but somehow managed to get his foot caught, dropping the trophy and nearly breaking it as it fell to the ground, Mo was unable to free himself and was left dangling upside down cursing at his own stupidity. All of a sudden, Joey appeared out of nowhere and said "Mo, what are you doing? This is not the time to be acting like a chimpanzee, we need to get away lively." He then quickly helped Mohammed off of the fence. They grabbed the trophy and ran off into the distance.

Jeremy huffed and puffed behind, unable to catch up with them, with sweat dripping from his brow he moaned "Ohhhh sugar, what are we going to say, what have I done, how am I going to explain this to FIFA? This trophy is priceless," as he was struggling to catch up with the thieves.

The World Cup final was only a day away and all of the policemen had to think of something quickly. They came up with a fantastic idea, making a trophy out of Playdough.

The next day they had to take it to the stadium as soon as possible as the match was kicking off in a matter of hours. The police managed to get the trophy to the stadium just in time for the game and they were able to present the imitation trophy to Brazil for winning the final.

Brazil never quite got their hands on the real World Cup. The Brazil manager looked at the trophy in the captains hands as it started to fall apart. He frowned at Jeremy who had a whole lot of explaining to do who then gulped and said to himself "How am I going to get myself out of this mess!"