

# License for Borrowed Bike Is Troublesome

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I came to Fairbanks from Kotzebue a week ago to stay with my aunt that's up here for a while.

I started working for my uncle at the Tundra Times. I had to walk in the morning to work. It's a long walk. I live out by the Airport Way.

Howard and Lael decided we should get a bike so I can ride it home and to work in the morning.

We called all the stores to see if they had any bikes. One store said they're getting some on Friday, another store said they're all sold out, and the store said we'll sell you a used bike for \$45. We said we would buy it if it was in good shape.

Lael and I went out to lunch with Eleanor Ouzts and Lael told Eleanor we were looking for a bike for me to ride to work in the morning. Eleanor said that she had a bike that her

daughter used to use.

But her daughter went to the states this year so she said we could use it.

So after we were done working we went down to Mrs. Ouzts house and picked up the bike. The next day I went to get me a license for the bike.

I went there and they asked me if I knew the serial number on it and I said no. The policeman said there already was a license on it. I said I don't know.

And then the lady said where did you get the bike. I said a lady gave it to the Tundra Times for us to use for a while.

Then the policeman said are you sure she gave it to you? I said I am sure she did.

I bought the license for the bike and then I left.

They must of thought I stole the bike.

Would you steal a bike and go get the license for it? I wouldn't if I were you.