A robber

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I saw a robber last night when I was listening to the radio and chatting with my friend Hailey on the minibus. The news was about a robber bearing a scar. A man with a scar was sitting near me. I thought he was the robber. I was afraid.

We walked to the plaza after we got off the minibus. The man walked in front of us and I said to Hailey, 'We had better not go to the plaza. That man looks like a robber.' Hailey answered me, 'Can I go to the washroom first?' She went to the washroom.

I saw two policemen when I was waiting for Hailey. I walked towards them and whispered to them, 'That man is a robber. He has a scar on his face.' The policemen ran to the robber and took out their handcuffs. The policemen took the robber to the police station. They caught the robber.