

Witness

The charcoal-black figure briskly jogged along the wet, shining pavement. Shoulders hunched, the boy cursed the blinding drizzling rain. He pulled back the sleeve of his thick winter coat, and checked his new digital diver's watch. It was extremely late (now realising that the karate lesson had overrun); he knew he had better head home quickly. He swiftly turned the corner towards the row of shops.

Suddenly, he saw a tall, dark figure tumbling out of the jewellery shop; clutched tightly to the man's chest was a bible-black, briefcase; so shiny it looked as though it had been polished. The figure suspiciously gazed around, wondering if somebody was watching him. The diamond light of the moon shone brightly, casting menacing, striking shadows across the pavement. The boy noticed the man ahead was scouring the street; his eyes were dark narrow slits. A ruby-red scar branched its way across his left cheek - sharp, like the point of a sword.

The boy's heart was pounding fiercely against his ribs, and a bead of perspiration rolled down his clammy forehead. He finally caught his eyes on the small, petrified boy at the corner of the road, hypnotized by this unusual event. Swiftly, the man approached the statue-like boy. The robber whispered in an ice-cold voice, "Say anything and you're dead. Kill or be killed!" He briskly walked away and vanished into the darkness.