

The next morning

The next morning I went downstairs to the kitchen to have breakfast. My mother was there, and with her was a policeman. The policeman looked at me and asked me, 'Were you awake last night? Did you see anything?' So I told him about the man and about the game we played. The policeman smiled and wrote down what I said in his notebook. Then he asked, 'What was this man like?' So I said that the man was quite tall, he had dark hair, and he had a black jumper and black trousers. The policeman took a photo from his pocket and gave it to me, 'Is this the man?' he asked. I said, 'Yes, it is'. The policeman smiled again. 'Thank you,' he said, and he gave me some chocolate. Then he went away, and my mother gave me breakfast.

I never saw the man again. But a few weeks later, the policeman came back to our house. He had a large bag with him, and he put it on the kitchen table and opened it. In the bag there were all our knives, forks and spoons, our old books, my mother's rings, and our two clocks. 'Your friend gave these back to us,' said the policeman, 'and now we're giving them back to you.'

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