One hot summer day Mr Brownlow walked along the cobble streets with his pop belly and his blue velvet waste coat, which was dangling on his dry wrinkly legs.

He was thinking what to buy his wife because she was very sick and ill. So Mr Brownlow walked to all the shops were. As he was walking along he smelt a pungent smell of rotting rubbish and taste soot and smog.

By the time he had walked through the rotting rubbish Mr Brownlow saw a nice gift shop with smooth brick walls and a shiny roof top, so he walked inside. He saw fancy golden jewellery and the newest books.

Mr Brownlow went outside to look at the most newest books in the window. A few minutes later, Mr Brownlow checked his pocket and reached out his golden shiny pocket watch to check the time, then put it back in his pocket.

Mr Brownlow chose one of the bests book then bought it. As he went back outside to look at more books. A few minutes later, he felt a little hand going into his pocket and back out again.

Mr Brownlow checked his pocket and saw that his golden pocket watch that his great grandfather gave him was stolen, he turned around and saw a little boy wearing old ragged clothes and shoes with huge holes inside standing there.

“Have you stole my golden pocket watch “said Mr Brownlow curiously, but the boy just ran away. “Stop that thief! “ Mr Brownlow ran as fast as he could and so did the book seller.

A few minutes later, Mr Brownlow and the book seller got too tired so they saw the Bobbies going by so they told them that a boy stole Mr Brownlow’s pocket watch.

They all ran as fast as they could, after they got hold of him, then took him.