



“Alison!” Anthony whispered. “Look!”

Alison looked up and saw the woman. She didn't look very much like Alison's drawing – she was obviously too young to be a grandmother – but she looked very similar to the photofit of the robber in the newspaper. Alison remembered Richard saying that the grandmother was going to visit not just her grandson but also her daughter, the robber's mother. She thought quickly. “Is this woman perhaps the robber's mother?” It was possible. They watched as she went into a house in Tower Road. It was number nine.

“What shall we do?” asked Alison.

“We have to go and talk to her,” Anthony answered.

Alison knew that Anthony was right. They jumped off the

wall and started to walk down the road. Alison rang the bell of number nine and a woman opened the door.

“Yes?” said the woman.

Alison didn't know exactly what to say. “Hello. You don't know me. My name's Alison and this is Anthony.” The woman said “Hello”, but she was looking at them **suspiciously**.

“We were looking for an old woman who looks a little like you,” Alison continued. “Perhaps she's your mother?” Alison didn't show her the drawing. She didn't think it was **necessary**. Alison was sure that this was the robber's mother because of her suspicious reaction.

The woman didn't answer for a long time. “Why are you looking for her?” she asked finally. She was very nervous.

Alison looked quickly at Anthony before continuing. “Well, it's a little **complicated**. I don't know where to start.”

Anthony decided to help. “We have a friend called Richard who is under arrest at the moment. The police think he robbed a jewellery shop called Apple Number Nine.”

“I understand,” the woman said. “Please come in.” She took Alison and Anthony into the living room. “My son disappeared the same day as that robbery,” she said. “I don't know where he is. My mother is coming here soon. Do you want to wait and talk to her? You're welcome to stay. Would you like a cup of tea?” The woman was friendlier now, although she looked very unhappy.

“Yes. That would be lovely, thank you.” Alison smiled at the robber's mother. She was disappointed that they still didn't have any information to help them find the robber, but maybe the grandmother could help.

The old woman arrived fifteen minutes later, but unfortunately, she couldn't tell them anything more.

The grandmother's story was similar to the mother's. She was very sad. “He was such a good child, but then he started making friends with the wrong kind of people. Bad people.” The old woman started to cry.