



# Learn English Through Stories

A1 Stories

Elementary Level

**Adapted and modified by  
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THE  
LOTTERY WINNER



# The Lottery Winner

By Rosemary Border

## CHAPTER ONE

### The bag snatcher

One Saturday afternoon in a small town, Emma Carter came out of a shoe shop with some new shoes. They were cheap shoes, but Emma was very pleased with them. She was seventy-three years old and did not have much money. She began to walk home. 'A nice cup of tea,' she thought, 'and then I can go for a walk in my new shoes.' It was a quiet town and there was nobody in the street. Suddenly, Emma heard something behind her. She did not have time to look, because just then somebody ran up behind her, hit her on the head, and snatched her bag out of her hands. Emma fell down on her back. Then she looked up, and saw a tall young man with long, dirty brown hair. He stood and looked down at her for a second; then he ran away with Emma's bag under his arm.

'Help! Help!' Emma cried.

But nobody came, and after two or three minutes Emma slowly got up and went to the nearest house. The people there were very kind. They gave Emma a cup of tea, and soon an ambulance came and took her to hospital.

At the hospital, a doctor looked at Emma's head and back. 'You're going to be OK,' he said. 'Just take it easy for a day or two. Can your husband help you at home?'

'My husband died eight years ago,' said Emma. 'There's only me at home.'

‘Well,’ the doctor said, ‘we don’t want you to feel ill and fall downstairs at home. So I think you must stay in hospital for tonight, and perhaps tomorrow night, too.’ Later, a policeman came to the hospital and Emma told him about the bag-snatcher.

‘Did anybody see this young man?’ he asked.

‘I don’t know,’ said Emma. ‘But there was nobody in the street when I called for help.’

‘Oh dear,’ the policeman said. ‘What was in your bag?’

‘A little money - and a lottery ticket,’ said Emma. ‘I buy a ticket every Saturday. Then on Saturday evening, I watch the lottery on television. I always have the same numbers - 5, 12, 23, 24, 38, 41. All those numbers are important to me. I was born on 5th December, 1923. I lived at number 24 Sandwich Road for 38 years...’

‘Yes, yes,’ said the policeman. ‘I understand.’ He wrote everything down in a little black book. ‘Did you see the man’s face?’ he asked.

‘Yes,’ said Emma. ‘I did. I fell on my back, and he looked down at me for a second. So I saw his face.’

The policeman opened a small bag. In it, there were a lot of pictures of eyes and ears, hair and mouths. ‘I need a picture of the man’s face. Can you help me?’ he said.

‘Yes,’ said Emma. ‘He was tall and he had long, dirty brown hair. He wore blue trousers and a white shirt with a picture of a footballer. He had brown eyes...’ Carefully she took the small pictures and made a big picture of the young man’s face. She checked the picture carefully.

‘What colour were his shoes?’ asked the policeman. Shoes! Suddenly Emma remembered her new shoes. Where were they? She told the policeman about her shoes, but then she began to cry and could not stop.

A nurse came up to Emma’s bed. ‘Please go now,’ she said to the policeman. ‘Mrs Carter needs to sleep.’

## CHAPTER TWO

### The winning ticket

Jason Williams came home and sat down on his bed. He was twenty-two years old. He lived with his father and mother in three small rooms at the top of a tall building. Every day he went out, but he did not go to work. Jason stole things. Sometimes he stole things from shops or cars; and sometimes he stole money from old people like Emma Carter. Today he was angry.

‘I took that old woman’s bag,’ he thought. ‘What did I get? Two pounds, seventy-four pence, and a lottery ticket! And it was an old, cheap bag too.’

Jason knew about lottery tickets. He bought five tickets every weekend. He put Emma’s lottery ticket in his pocket and forgot about it. Then he went out for a drink.

At the hospital, a nurse put Emma to bed in a room with five other women. There was a television in the room, and at eight o’clock, everybody watched the lottery. For a minute, Emma watched too, but she felt very tired and soon she closed her eyes and slept. So she did not hear the winning numbers for that week’s lottery...

On Sunday at twelve o'clock Jason got out of bed and made some tea. Then he opened his father's newspaper and found the winning lottery numbers: 5, 12, 23, 24, 38, 41. He checked his five lottery tickets. 'No good!' he said.

Then he remembered the old woman's ticket and checked those numbers too: 5, 12, 23, 24, 38, 41. He checked them three times. Six winning numbers!

'I'm a winner!' he said. He kissed the ticket. Then he ran into the living room and kissed his mother.

'Here, what's the matter, Jason?' said Lily Williams. Jason sometimes hit her, but he did not usually kiss her. Her cigarette fell out of her mouth.

'The lottery! I'm this week's winner, Mum! Look - six winning numbers. I'm rich!'

Jason's father came into the living room. 'What's all this noise?' he said.

'Joe, Joe!' said Lily. 'Jason's got six winning numbers in the lottery. We're rich!'

'Wrong!' said Jason. 'I'm rich.'

His mother and father began to speak at the same time. But Jason did not listen. He went out to the telephone box in the street and made a very important telephone call.

On Monday morning, a policeman came to the hospital with Emma's new shoes.

'A little girl found them in the street and took them to the police station,' he said.

'How kind of her!' said Emma.

'We found your bag too,' said the policeman. 'But there's nothing in it, Mrs Carter. I'm sorry.'

'It doesn't matter,' said Emma. 'I'm very pleased to have the bag. My son gave it to me a long time ago. He lives in Australia, but he telephones me every week... And now I've got my new shoes too. Thank you very much.' Suddenly she felt happier.

That evening an ambulance took Emma home. She made a cup of tea and sat down to watch the television news.

The newsreader smiled into Emma's living room.

'And now for this week's lottery winner. The winning numbers were: 5, 12, 23, 24, 38, 41. And here is the man with the winning ticket - Jason Williams! Jason is twenty-two and now he's a rich man. He's got a cheque from Sunshine Lotteries for five million pounds. That's a lot of money! Well, Jason, how are you feeling tonight?'

'Wonderful!'

'And what are you going to do with your money?'

'Oh, I'm going to buy a house with fifty rooms, and a big expensive car. I'm going to go to New York, Miami...'

Emma looked at the young man on the television. Jason Williams had a big smile on his face, but he had long, dirty brown hair, brown eyes... Emma sat up quickly. 'That's the man!' she thought. 'I remember his face. He hit me and snatched my bag, and stole my lottery ticket - my winning ticket, with my winning numbers!'

She got up and went to the telephone. 'Hullo - police?' she said.

## CHAPTER THREE

### Jason in trouble

At ten o'clock on Monday night, Jason was a very happy man. He was in a big room in a hotel with a lot of people in beautiful clothes. There were television cameras, reporters, people from Sunshine Lotteries... Everybody had a drink in their hands, and a girl went round the room with a bottle of champagne.

'Have some more champagne,' she said to Jason.

Jason's face went very red. He snatched the bottle and took a long drink. The champagne ran down his new blue shirt. He laughed. 'Kiss me,' he said to the girl.

Suddenly the door opened and two men came in.

'Hullo!' said Jason. 'Come in and have some champagne! It's OK - Sunshine Lotteries are paying for it!'

But the two men were not interested in champagne. They were policemen. Everybody stopped talking and looked at them.

'Is Jason Williams here?' one of the policemen said.

'That's me,' said Jason. 'What do you want?'

'We'd like to ask you some questions, Mr Williams. At the police station. Come with us, please.'



On Tuesday morning, Jason was tired and unhappy. He was in a small room at the police station, and there were two policemen in the room with him. One policeman stood by the door, and watched and listened. The second policeman sat at a table and asked questions, questions, questions - the same questions, again and again.

'Now,' said the policeman. 'Tell me again. Where were you at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon?'

'At home,' said Jason. 'I'm telling you the truth. Ask my mother and father! I didn't steal anything!'

'I'm not interested in your mother and father,' said the policeman. 'I can talk to them later. At the moment I'm interested in you, and your answers to my questions. You were in town on Saturday afternoon. We know that, because a woman saw you.'

'No!' said Jason. 'That's a lie. I was at home all afternoon and evening. I watched football on television.'

'Tell me about the football, then. Who won?'

Jason said nothing. His hands and his face felt hot. 'When did the football finish? Five o'clock? Six o'clock?'

'Yes. No,' said Jason. 'I don't remember.'

The policeman smiled. 'How much money was there in the bag, Jason?'

'There wasn't -' Jason stopped. Careful, he thought. Be careful. 'There wasn't a bag,' he said. 'I told you. I didn't steal the old woman's bag!'

'Old woman? Who said anything about an old woman?' Now Jason felt cold. 'You did,' he said.

'Oh no, I didn't,' said the policeman. 'I talked about a woman. So how did you know she was an old woman?' He stood up. 'Jason Williams, on Saturday afternoon you hit Mrs Emma Carter on the head and snatched her bag. You stole her money and her lottery ticket. Her winning lottery ticket - so you stole five million pounds from Mrs Carter. You're in trouble, Williams. Big trouble.'

'I want to see my lawyer,' said Jason suddenly. Jason did not know any lawyers. But people on television always said that.

That afternoon a different policeman took Jason to court. The court was in a big grey building in the middle of the town. Jason and the policeman waited in a small room. The policeman did not look at Jason, and he did not say anything. Jason felt very unhappy.

Then a woman came into the room. She was young, with short brown hair and an interesting face. She wore a black skirt and a white shirt, and carried a big black bag.

'Mr Williams?' she said to Jason. 'I'm Sally Cash, and I'm your lawyer.'

The policeman left the room, and Sally Cash sat down and began to ask Jason questions.

Soon a man in a black coat came into the room. 'Are you ready to go into court, Miss Cash?' he asked.

'Nearly ready, John,' said the lawyer. She looked at Jason. 'I'm going to do all the talking in court. OK? I don't want you to say anything. Nothing important

is going to happen today. They're going to send you to the Crown Court. That's a more important court.'

'When?' asked Jason.

'Soon.'

'Can I go home tonight?' asked Jason. 'Last night I slept in a cell at the police station. It wasn't very nice.'

'No, I'm sorry,' said Miss Cash. 'You can't go home. You see, you're a rich man now. You can buy a ticket to New York, Hong Kong - you can buy an aeroplane! The police want you to stay in this country.'

'But I want to go home!'

'I can ask the court,' said Sally Cash.

Two men and a woman sat at the end of a long table and listened carefully to everyone's story.

Then the woman looked at Sally Cash. 'This case must go to the Crown Court,' she said. 'Jason Williams must stay at the police station and -'

'Excuse me,' said Sally Cash. 'Mr Williams slept in a Police cell last night. He's very young and he was unhappy and afraid. He'd like to go home tonight - please.'

The woman talked quietly to the two men for a minute. Then she said, 'Mr Williams, you can go home tonight. But you must leave your lottery cheque here in court.'

'Why?' asked Jason.

‘We don’t want you to run away, Mr Williams. Now listen carefully. You must live at your parents’ house. Don’t leave the town. And every morning at ten o’clock you must go to the police station. Do you understand?’

‘Yes,’ said Jason.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### Everybody loves a winner

When Jason got home, his mother was very excited.

‘We saw you on the news last night,’ she said. ‘With your cheque for five million pounds. You’re rich and famous!’

‘I’m in trouble, Mum,’ said Jason. ‘Please phone the police. Say, "My son was at home on Saturday afternoon. He watched the football on television." Please.’

‘I can’t say that,’ said his mother. ‘It isn’t true.’

‘Would you like ten thousand pounds?’ asked Jason suddenly.

‘No,’ said Lily Williams. ‘I always tell the truth.’

‘Twenty thousand,’ said Jason.

‘Why do you want me to tell a lie to the police?’ asked Lily. ‘What did you do on Saturday afternoon?’ She looked at Jason. ‘You did something bad. Is that it? And now you want me to tell a lie for you. But I don’t tell lies.’

‘Thirty thousand!’ said Jason. ‘Please, Mum! Help me! I slept in a police cell last night, and I was in court this afternoon. Now they’re going to send me to the Crown Court. Mum - thirty thousand pounds! Think about it.’

'OK, son,' said Lily Williams slowly. 'For thirty thousand pounds, I think I can tell a lie. But what did you do on Saturday afternoon? Tell me.'

'Nothing,' said Jason. 'I didn't do anything.'

'So why are they sending you to the Crown Court?' Jason didn't answer, and his mother looked at him. 'And what about your Dad? He was at home on Saturday afternoon. You weren't, and he knows that. What do you want him to say to the police?'

'OK, OK,' said Jason. 'Dad can have thirty thousand pounds too. But not today. My lottery cheque is at the court, and I've only got 2 pounds in my pocket!'

Jason did not sleep well that night. On Wednesday morning at ten o'clock he went to the police station.

'I'm here,' he said.

'You've got a visitor,' said the policeman. 'It's your wife. She wants to see you.'

Jason's mouth opened. 'My wife?' he said. 'But...' The policeman opened a door and called, 'He's here, Mrs Williams!'

A young woman came into the room. 'Hullo, Jason,' Fiona Williams was small and fat. She had long yellow hair and a big red mouth. She looked at Jason, but she talked to the policeman.

'Jason is my husband,' she said. 'Our son was born two years ago. His name's Jack. I loved Jason, but he wasn't very nice to me. Sometimes he hit me. One night he broke two of my teeth. Then the baby was ill and cried a lot. Jason hit him too. Jack was only two months old, and Jason hit him - a little baby!'

'That's a lie!' said Jason. 'I didn't -'

'Oh yes, you did!' Fiona said. She spoke to the policeman again. 'So I left him, and took the baby with me. Jason didn't look for us. He didn't want us, and he never gave me any money for our son. He went home to his mother and father, and he forgot about little Jack and me. I forgot about Jason too. Then I saw him on television, with a cheque from Sunshine Lotteries for five million pounds. Well, I'm his wife, Jack's his son - and we want half of his money!'

'Well, Mr Williams,' said the policeman, 'Is this woman your wife?'

'Don't ask him, ask me!' Fiona said. 'He's my husband, and I can prove it. I'm going to get a good lawyer, and I'm going to get that two and a half million pounds!'

'Everybody wants my money!' said Jason. 'I'm going to see my lawyer!'

So on Wednesday afternoon Jason went to Sally Cash's office. It was in a big building with 'Evans, Robinson, Dennis and Day' over the door.

'Why isn't your name there too?' asked Jason.

'Because I'm young and not very important,' said Sally with a smile. 'I work for Mr Dennis.'

Sally's office was very small. There were books on the table and on all the chairs. Sally moved the books off one chair, and Jason sat down.

'So, Jason,' Sally said, 'you have a wife and son.'

'How do you know that?' said Jason.

‘Your wife’s lawyer telephoned me this afternoon,’ said Sally. ‘Your wife wants some of your lottery money. And because she’s your wife, and has a two-year-old son, she can get it easily.’

‘I’m not going to give her anything,’ Jason said. ‘She left me. She went away with a new lover, and she took our baby with her. She never wrote or telephoned. I looked for her, but I couldn’t find her. I cried every night...’

‘Your wife tells a different story. She left you because you hit her, and the baby. Is that true?’

‘I don’t remember,’ Jason said angrily. ‘It was a long time ago. She just wants my money. Everybody wants my money! But it was my lottery ticket, so it’s my money!’

‘Mmm,’ said Sally. ‘Perhaps it was Mrs Emma Carter’s lottery ticket. She remembered the numbers because they were important to her.’

‘Huh,’ said Jason. ‘That old woman just wants my money because she saw me on television. She thought of a good story about the numbers, and now she says that it was her ticket. Did the ticket have her name on it?’

‘No. There are no names on lottery tickets.’

‘So she can’t prove that it was her ticket,’ said Jason, ‘She can’t take my money away from me.’

‘Perhaps she can, and perhaps she can’t. We don’t know. But she’s going to need a good lawyer. And lawyers are expensive. It isn’t going to be easy for her.’

‘So that old woman wants all the money. Fiona wants half of it. My Mum wants thirty thousand pounds, my Dad wants thirty thousand pounds...’

'You're forgetting me,' said Sally.

'I don't understand,' Jason said.

'I told you. Lawyers are expensive. And I'm doing a lot of work for you. You can't pay me now, because your cheque is at the court. But I can wait.'

'Oh, thanks very much,' said Jason.

'Very kind of you.' Sally smiled. 'Now, let's talk about the bag-snatching.'

'I didn't do it.'

Sally looked tired, 'Jason, I want to help you, but it's very difficult. Mrs Carter saw your face in the street, and then she saw you on television. She's going to stand up in the court and say, "That's the man! He stole my bag, my money, and my lottery ticket."'

'But it isn't true,' said Jason. 'I was at home. I watched the football on television. Ask my Mum!'

'How much money are you giving her, Jason?' Sally asked quietly. 'Thirty thousands pounds, was it?'

Jason's face went red. He wanted to hit Sally. She looked at his red, angry face, and waited. Then she said:

'Jason, in the Crown Court a lot of people are going to look at you. They're going to think, "This is a nasty young man. He hits people - his wife, his baby, old women in the street. He steals things. He wins five million pounds in the lottery, but he doesn't want to give a penny to his wife and son. And he tells lies." They're not going to like you, Jason. And that's not going to help you. So, please, tell the truth. Say that you're sorry. You're young. You can begin



again, stay out of trouble. But you must tell the truth to the court.’ Jason thought for a minute. Then he looked at Sally. ‘OK,’ he said slowly, ‘perhaps I took the old woman’s bag. But that lottery ticket wasn’t in her bag. It’s my ticket. I bought it, I paid for it, with my money. OK?’

Sally Cash did not answer. She looked at Jason for two or three long minutes. Then she said slowly, ‘OK, Jason. You stole the bag, but it was your lottery ticket.’

## CHAPTER FIVE

### Emma gets a lawyer

On Wednesday evening, Simon Carter telephoned his mother. He lived near Sydney with his wife and their two children, and he telephoned Emma every week. She told him the story of her lottery ticket. Simon listened carefully, and got angrier and angrier.

‘Is your head OK now, Mum?’

‘Yes, thank you, Simon. But I’m very, very angry. That young man stole my lottery ticket. Now he’s got a cheque for five million pounds - and I’ve got nothing! I don’t want to be rich, but I do want to come to Australia and visit you, and Mollie, and my grandchildren. It’s not right, Simon! I had the winning ticket, I paid for it, and that man stole it!’ She began to cry.

‘Mum, listen,’ said Simon. ‘Go and see a lawyer.’

‘I don’t know any lawyers,’ said Emma unhappily. ‘Look in the telephone book,’ said Simon. ‘There are lawyers in every town.’

‘But lawyers are expensive. I can’t pay a lawyer.’

'I can pay a lawyer,' said Simon. 'I'm sending you some money today, through my bank. Don't cry, Mum. Put on your best dress and go and see a lawyer.'

'Simon, you're a wonderful son.'

'And you're a wonderful mother. Goodbye, Mum. And good luck!'

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'Well, Mrs Carter, how can I help you?'

It was Thursday morning and Emma was in Edwin Jones's office. Edwin Jones was a big man, with a red face and small blue eyes.

'It's about a lottery ticket,' Emma began.

'Ah, the lottery. Everybody wants to win the lottery!'

'But I did!' said Emma. 'It was my ticket - my numbers.'

'Tell me about it, Mrs Carter. From the beginning.'

So Emma told the lawyer everything, and he listened carefully. When Emma finished, he said:

'Those numbers on the ticket - tell them to me again.'

'5, 12, 23, 24, 38, 41.'

'And you always get a ticket with those numbers. Why, Mrs Carter?' asked the lawyer.

'All those numbers are important to me. I was born on 5th December, 1923. I lived at number 24 Sandwich Road for 38 years. And my son Simon is 41 years old.'

‘I see. Well, Mrs Carter,’ Mr Jones said. ‘What do you want me to do?’

‘Please talk to Sunshine Lotteries, Mr Jones. They’ve got my ticket.’

‘But, Mrs Carter, what can they do? All lottery tickets look the same. People don’t write their names on their tickets... Perhaps it is your ticket, but we can’t prove it.’

‘But we can! My ticket’s different! Please listen! I always put a little kiss on my ticket... you know, an X.’

‘Why do you do that?’

‘My son lives in Australia with his family. I’d like to visit them, but aeroplane tickets are very expensive. So every week I get a lottery ticket and I think about Simon and his wife and my grandchildren, and I send them a kiss. Simon’s a wonderful son. He telephones me every week. He never forgets...’

The lawyer smiled. ‘Yes, yes, I understand,’ he said. ‘My mother lives in Wales, and I telephone her every week too. Please go home now, Mrs Carter. I’m going to make some telephone calls. Come and see me again tomorrow.’

## CHAPTER SIX

### The money and the ticket

Jason did not sleep on Wednesday night. On Thursday morning he got up very early, and made some tea. ‘What am I going to do?’ he thought.

‘They’re going to send me to prison because I stole that old woman’s bag. But I’m going to say sorry - sorry to the court, sorry to the old woman, sorry to everybody. Then perhaps I can get out of prison after - what did my

lawyer say? Only eighteen months. OK. So I go to prison... but I don't want to lose that five million pounds! I want the court to believe it was my ticket.'

He drank his tea, and remembered his meeting with Sally Cash. They're not going to like you, Jason. They're going to think, 'This is a nasty young man.'

'OK,' Jason thought, 'I'm going to do something nice. What can I do? Yes, I know! Give some of the money away! I can give it to that charity, "Help the Children". They send doctors and nurses to Africa and India. I saw them on television last Christmas. They always need money. Wonderful! People can't say I'm nasty after that!'

'Help the Children' had a charity shop in the middle of the town, and at nine o'clock Jason was outside the door. There were two women in the shop.

'Good morning,' said the older woman. 'Can we help you? Are you looking for some cheap clothes?'

'No,' said Jason. 'I want to give you some money.'

'That's nice of you,' said the younger woman.

'Yes,' Jason said. 'I want to give five hundred thousand pounds to "Help the Children".'

'Five hundred pounds?' said the older woman. 'That's wonderful!'

'No, no,' said Jason. 'Not five hundred pounds. Five hundred thousand pounds!'

The younger woman looked at him. 'Have you got five hundred thousand pounds?'

‘Of course I have!’ said Jason. ‘Well, I haven’t got the money now. It’s at the court. But I want you to have it.’ The older woman looked at the younger woman, and then at Jason. ‘You haven’t got any money. Go away.’

‘Yes, I have! I won the lottery!’ said Jason. ‘OK. Listen. Let’s say a million pounds. How about that? One million pounds for "Help the Children"!’

The younger woman opened the door, and the older woman said, ‘Go away! We don’t want you here.’

On Thursday afternoon, Edwin Jones was in the office of Sunshine Lotteries with Mr David Ray. He told Mr Ray the story of Emma Carter and her winning numbers.

‘Look, Mr Jones,’ said Mr Ray. ‘Mr Williams had the winning ticket, so we gave him a cheque for the money. I’m sorry, but I can’t help you, or Mrs Carter.’

‘But it wasn’t Williams’s ticket. It was Mrs Carter’s.’

‘You can’t prove that, Mr Jones. All lottery tickets look the same. They don’t have names on them.’

‘I can prove it,’ said Edwin Jones. ‘Listen. Mrs Carter’s ticket is different. You see, she always gets the same numbers. And every week she puts an X on her ticket.’ He told Mr Ray about Mrs Carter’s son in Australia. Then he took a lottery ticket out of his pocket. ‘This is an old ticket. Look - Mrs Carter always puts an X, here... Please go and look at the winning ticket. Now!’

Mr Ray went away and came back five minutes later. His face was unhappy.

‘Well?’ said Edwin Jones.

'I don't know,' Mr Ray said. 'All the tickets go through.'

'Mr Ray, is there an X on that ticket, or isn't there?' Mr Ray looked angrily at Edwin Jones. 'Perhaps there is, and perhaps there isn't,' he said. 'But what does an X prove? Perhaps hundreds of people write an X on their lottery ticket. Perhaps it's Mrs Carter's X, but how do we know? Tell me that, Mr Jones.'

'I can't tell you, but the police can. Now, Mr Ray, please call your bank and stop that cheque. Next, give that lottery ticket to the police. They're going to want it.'

Mr Ray looked unhappy. 'Yes, all right,' he said.

'Then you need a lawyer,' said Mr Jones. 'Because Mrs Carter wants her money - and she wants it now!'

On Thursday afternoon, Jason Williams went to Sally Cash's office and told her about 'Help the Children' and the women in the shop. Sally looked tired.

'Jason, Jason!' she said. 'What is all this? I don't want to listen to more lies.'

'I'm telling the truth! I went into the "Help the Children" shop, and they didn't believe me. They said, "You haven't got any money. Go away!" Please telephone them, Miss Cash. I want to give them one million pounds. Please tell them that.'

'But...' said Sally Cash. 'But your lottery cheque is at the court...'

'Yes, I know. But when I get the money, I want to give one million pounds to "Help the Children". I thought about it very carefully. I won all this money in the lottery, and I want to do something good with it. All those little children in Africa and India - I want to help them.'

Sally looked at him for a minute.

‘Please,’ said Jason. ‘Please help me. You wanted to help me. You told me that.’

‘OK,’ Sally said suddenly. ‘I believe you. You want to give away a million pounds.’ She thought for a second. ‘Write a letter to "Help the Children". Write it here, now. Tell them about the million pounds, and put your name on the letter. I’m going to put my name on the letter too, and take the letter to the charity’s office now. OK?’

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### So who’s going to win?

On Thursday evening Sally Cash went home. When she arrived, her husband Colin was in the living room. ‘Hi,’ Colin said. ‘Did you have a good day?’

‘Not bad,’ Sally said. ‘I’m working on a very interesting case. It’s going to be on the news tonight, I think. Let’s put the television on.’

After about ten minutes, the newsreader said:

‘And now for some news about Sunshine Lotteries. The winner of last Saturday’s lottery was Jason Williams. He had the winning ticket, and Sunshine Lotteries gave him a cheque for five million pounds. Now Mr Williams wants to give one million pounds to the charity "Help the Children." But is it Mr Williams’s money? Mrs Emma Carter says that it isn’t. This is Mrs Carter’s story. In the town last Saturday afternoon, a young man hit her on the head and snatched her bag. And in that bag was a lottery ticket - the ticket with the winning numbers. Mrs Carter remembers the numbers very well, she says. So is it Jason Williams’s ticket, or Mrs Carter’s ticket? Who’s

going to get the money? We have a lawyer with us here, so let's ask him that question.'

The lawyer talked very interestingly.

'Who's that?' asked Colin.

'That's old Sam Green,' said Sally. 'He's a good lawyer. He's working for Sunshine Lotteries, I think.'

'And who are you working for, Sally?'

'Jason Williams.'

'And he snatched this woman's bag, yes?' said Colin. 'Is he going to go to prison, do you think?'

'Perhaps,' Sally said. 'But when he comes out, he's going to have five million pounds - or four million pounds.'

'But it's Emma Carter's money!' Colin said. 'It was her ticket, in her bag. Of course it was!'

'Well, she says it was,' said Sally. 'But how do we know? She's an old woman. Old people forget things easily. Perhaps she thought about her lottery numbers, but forgot to buy a ticket that day.'

'So the bag-snatcher wins, eh?' said Colin. He looked at Sally. 'He hits an old woman on the head, and wins five million pounds. Wonderful!'

'I know,' Sally said. 'It's difficult to like Jason Williams, it's true. He has a wife and child, but his wife left him because he hit her and the baby. But we must be careful. Perhaps he is telling the truth about the lottery ticket.'



‘Never!’ said Colin. ‘When the case comes to court, they’re going to believe Mrs Carter, not Jason Williams. He’s nasty!’

‘No, he isn’t. He wants to give one million pounds to "Help the Children". People are going to like that. What a nice young man!’

Colin laughed. ‘Lawyers!’ he said. ‘So who’s going to win, Sally?’ he asked.

‘The lawyers, of course. Five million pounds is a lot of money, and we’re going to have a wonderful time. There’s a lot of us, you see. There’s Mrs Carter’s lawyer, Jason’s wife’s lawyer, the lawyer for "Help the Children", the lawyer for Sunshine Lotteries - and me, Jason’s lawyer. We’re going to talk about it in court for days and days. And lawyers are expensive. When we finish, a lot of that five million pounds is going to be our money!’

Sally smiled, happily. ‘Colin, shall we get a new car? A Mercedes, perhaps?’

- THE END -