Man at the fountain

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The man at the fountain

Philippe was standing by his cousins newspaper stall when he noticed the thief. Philippe knew he was a thief because his picture was in the newspapars. In fact, his picture was in every one of the of the newspapers that his cousin was selling at this very moment. The squaea was bustling on this hot afternoon. Several stalls were selling cold drinks and snacks. People were sitting in the shade of the trees around the edge. Cooing pigeons strutted hopefully around the benches.

Buses with dusty windows were cruising around the sqare. They wove their way through the never\_ending flow of traffic. Now and again one stopped under the trees. Its engine hummed noisily as the doors hissed open. Blue-grey fumes rose into the air. Their oily smell mixed with the scent of roses that drifted from the flower seller