

## **STATEMENT OF RICHARD SLATER (defendant)**

My name is Richard Slater. I am 50 years old. I used to be a businessman and run my own business. Now I am unemployed but occasionally I still deal with trade because I am famous for being able to get anything for my customers. I also have some investments – for example the John's Pub is partly mine – and usually I am lucky in gambling, as well. I often play poker and lay bets but nowadays it seems to me that Fortuna has left me. I have financial difficulties but the situation is not serious at all.

In the evening of the day in question, I went to John's Pub with some of my friends. We were planning to celebrate the birthday of one of them. We arrived around 7 p.m. and sat down in a box. We ordered a few drinks and were having fun. Somewhat later the wife of one of my friends called and asked him to go home, so we postponed the celebration. As I did not want to go home so early I stayed and was sitting in the box. Around 9.30, I saw the plaintiff walking in the street. I know him well because he used to work for me 5 years ago. I had to fire him because he stole quite expensive tools from me. At that time, I denounced him but as he promised me to pay everything back, I withdrew it. But instead of paying he moved to another house and I could not find him. I wanted to search him and I managed to get his new address but the business went well and finally I forgot about the case. Some weeks ago, I saw him on TV in an interview where he was talking about his luck and lottery win. He became rich. You can imagine how I felt. He is not an honest man. He seems to be kind and sincere but he is just a liar and a criminal indeed.

Therefore, when I saw him walking on the street I thought maybe I could ask him to pay back the price of the tools that had been stolen by him earlier. I went up to him and he remembered me immediately. We were talking and due to the loud music that came from the bar we had to stand very close to each other. I told him about my difficulties and reminded him of his promise. As we were talking, he made one step back and as we were standing on the edge of the pavement his foot suddenly slipped from the edge and he fell backwards. I tried to catch him but I did not succeed. I helped him to stand up and I helped him with his briefcase as well.

Finally, he gave me 800 pounds from his wallet, which was in his coat and told me that he would send me the rest. He owes me approximately 2000 pounds. It is not true that I was threatening him with a knife. I do not have a knife at all. During the event I was holding a bottle of beer in my hand because I forgot to put it down when I saw the plaintiff walking on the street, so I think that is what the eyewitnesses saw in my hand.

When the two policemen came up to us and asked what had happened first he said nothing, he said that we had just been talking. We separated and I went back to the pub. Some minutes later, the policemen came in and stated that the plaintiff had accused me of robbery. But this is a lie, I did nothing to him and I did not threaten him.

/s/ Richard Slater

### **STATEMENT OF PAUL CHEATERY (plaintiff)**

My name is Paul Cheatery, and I live in Westerville, Mockland. I am 32 years old. Currently I work for the Sweet Home Real Estate Agency in Columbus as an estate agent. Even if I would not need to work hard, as I won a lot of money on the lottery, I am a responsible man and do not spend it without thinking. I save up for the future, when I will have to bring up my children.

On 10 April 2012, I was going home from work in the evening and felt extremely tired after working all week long. Moreover, I have to commute between Westerville and Columbus every day, so I did not desire anything else just arrive home and have dinner with my girlfriend. When I passed a bar called John's Pub, the door opened, and somebody was running towards me. You can imagine how desperate I could be! I was tired and sleepy, could hardly walk, had a pain in my legs and suddenly somebody bumped into me and grabbed me. At first I could not recognize my attacker but some seconds later I realized that it was my former boss, Richard Slater. Five years ago I was working for him as a sales manager but after series of disputes I decided to quit. He charged me with stealing some tools from him, which was completely impossible. I am a reliable and honest person and was innocent in this matter. The fact that no criminal proceedings were brought against me support my assertion. And

what is more, he is famous (or rather infamous) for his hobby throughout the city: he cannot resist gambling. Considering his passion, he might lose some money five years ago, needed some cash and sold those tools to solve his miserable situation.

He was claiming some money from me and said that I had to give him the value of the stolen tools. I resisted and told him that I owed him nothing. Suddenly he pushed me therefore I lost my balance and fell backwards. The only thing I could concentrate on was saving my bag holding in my hands since I kept a considerable amount of money in it having received as a deposit for a house I sold in the afternoon. But as I was lying on the street he took it away from me. As everyone knows that my dealings cover great sums, I always tried to hurry when coming from the train station to my house.

Somehow, I composed myself and sprang to my feet. I demanded for some explanation, wanted to get my briefcase back but he whipped out a knife from his pocket and threatened me. As he wanted my money, he took the envelope out of it with my money in it. Fortunately, before the escape of Mr. Slater two policemen came and asked for some explanation. I was so shocked and frightened that in that moment I did not dare to tell them that the defendant had robbed me. You should have seen his face! He was so terrifying! But when the defendant left I went up to the policemen and told them the truth and asked for their help in getting my money back.

/S/ Paul Cheatery

## **STATEMENT OF THOMAS WORTHY**

My name is Thomas Worthy. I live in Westerville and am a police officer at the local police department. I have been a police officer for ten years.

In the evening of 10 April 2012, I was on patrol with Barbara Nice, a brand new colleague of mine. I was appointed to promote and supervise her as it was her first day at our department. She was quite frightened since she has never pursued patrolling activity before.

Moreover, we were on duty in a dangerous district, along the Middle Street, where crimes are committed regularly.

At around half past nine we saw a man, later identified as Paul Cheatery, walking unsuspectingly near the John's Pub. He was wearing a green coat, because the weather was really foggy and it was late in the evening, and he was holding a black briefcase in his hand. Suddenly another man, later identified as Richard Slater, rushed out of the bar and ran towards him. They started arguing and the defendant pushed the shoulder of the plaintiff. As a result, the plaintiff fell back but stood up within some seconds, but by then the plaintiff's briefcase was in the defendant's hand. They started to shout at each other, the defendant's behavior was really aggressive and threatening, while the plaintiff was rather defensive. When we got closer, a knife held in the hand of the defendant became visible. The plaintiff seemed to be afraid, but fortunately, we could arrive on time and prevented the defendant from escaping with the money. We were suspecting that a crime was committed but the plaintiff stated that they had only been talking. Thus, we wanted to return to the police car, but later the plaintiff caught up with us and asked for help. We returned to John's Pub and arrested him at once. We have found 500 pounds at him. It became evident that he was drunk.

I admit that I know the plaintiff as he is the boyfriend of my daughter, but this fact does not affect my impartiality. I have been a policeman for ten years, I was awarded the price the 'Best Patrol of the Year' in 2010, thus I am respected at my department. It proves that I can make a difference between my profession and my private life. On 10 April, I did my job and caught a criminal.

I have never seen the defendant before, but I have heard about him. The plaintiff told us how unfair Mr. Slater had been with him when he was working for him as a sales manager. Not only did the defendant dismiss him, but Mr. Cheatery also lost his reputation due to the defendant. He is not welcomed as a workforce in Westerville as Mr. Slater charged him with theft that is why he needs to work in Columbus and commute every day. Furthermore, everyone knows in the city that the defendant plays poker almost every day even if he is not a good gambler at all. He faced with financial problems and his business is also in danger.

/S/ Thomas Worthy

## **STATEMENT OF BARBARA NICE**

My name is Barbara Nice. I live in Westerville and work for the local police department. I am 22 years old and have been working as a patrol since 1 April 2012. My supervisor is Officer Thomas Worthy. I could not imagine a better teacher as he is an expert in his field and a well-respected member of our society.

From 1 till 9 April 2012 I was getting acquainted with the administrative tasks of a police officer, so I could hardly wait for getting some practical experience. I always wanted to be a patrol! 10 April was my first occasion to do patrolling activity. I was a bit excited since we drove along the Middle Street but I decided to do my best.

At around half past nine two men appeared in front of the John's Pub and they were quarrelling. I turned to my colleague to ask what we should do in a situation like this. When I turned back I saw that the plaintiff was on the ground. I do not know how he got there. My instincts say that the defendant pushed the plaintiff in order to get his briefcase. The defendant bent over the plaintiff and he stood up. I saw an object shining in the hand of the defendant but I could not identify what it was. One thing is sure: the briefcase remained in the defendant's hand. Later my partner explained me that the plaintiff did not want to keep his money at the expense of his life. You can see that I am a beginner; I was not a good observer at all.

Upon arriving in front of the pub, Officer Worthy asked about the incident from the parties. The plaintiff was nervous and his black coat was untidy, but not dirty and said that nothing had happened they had just been talking. We wanted to leave the scene but somewhat as we were walking away, the plaintiff changed his mind about what had happened and asked us to arrest the defendant, who committed robbery. It was strange but he was smiling. Even if I live in Westerville, I have never known him before, later I was informed that there was a conflict between him and the defendant some years ago.

Regarding the defendant, I do not know him either. When Officer Worthy arrested him, Mr. Slater had an alcoholic smell, but I do not think that he was drunk. I focused on Mr. Cheatery, therefore I cannot tell you anything else.

/S/ Barbara Nice

### **CORRECTIONS TO THE STATEMENT OF BARBARA NICE**

My name is Barbara Nice and I made a statement two days ago concerning the arrest of Richard Slater. As it was my first case to deal with, I was really frightened and excited, could not concentrate on the details and could not remember the order of happenings properly. I pray for excuse, I am a weak woman; I need some time to get accustomed to crimes and criminals.

Now I would like to add that when Mr. Cheatery fell backwards it was the defendant who attacked him. Now I know it because we were talking a lot about the case with my colleague.

Another piece of information needs to be modified as well: when we were sitting in the police car returning to the police station with the defendant, I saw a knife at him. My colleague has informed me that that was the shining object in the defendant's hand.

I maintain those parts of my statement which were not corrected in this statement of mine.

/S/ Barbara Nice

### **STATEMENT OF HORACE WILSON**

My name is Horace Wilson, I live in Westerville, Mockland. I am 32 years old and am an engineer, I run my own business. I do not know either the plaintiff or the defendant. I have

never met them before personally but I later recognised the plaintiff because I saw a report on TV with him where he was talking about his lottery win.

That day I was working until 7 p.m. After leaving the office I went to John's Pub in Middle Road because I had a date with my girlfriend. I arrived there around 8 p.m., I sat down at the bar and had a beer while I was waiting because I had a very bad day. I lost an important business partner. I started to talk with the bartender, John Drinky, and waited.

Around 9 p.m. my girlfriend still did not arrive but by then I had a couple of drinks. That is the time when the defendant came in the pub and sat down in a box. He was talking with some men but I do not know them. Somewhat later around 9.30 he suddenly stood up and rushed out of the bar. I think he must have seen the plaintiff. In the meantime, I decided to leave because I did not want to wait any longer but as I wanted to stand up I stumbled and fell. Unfortunately, there was a chair near and I hit my head. Some people, including John Drinky, tried to help me and gave me first aid. Luckily, my injury was not serious so finally I stood up walked out of the pub. As I went out to the street I saw the defendant and the plaintiff. The defendant was talking to the plaintiff who seemed to be rather scared. I did not hear about what they were talking but I saw that they were standing very close to each other. I think the plaintiff wanted to say something but suddenly he stumbled and fell on the pavement. The only thing I saw was that the defendant's hand was on the plaintiff's shoulder, but I have no idea why. I also saw something in the defendant's hand. I knew that they were in the middle of a quarrel but I did not think that it was unique. You know the surrounding of the Middle Street is quite dangerous. I was quite far when I looked back and saw that the plaintiff was standing again and the defendant held the plaintiff's briefcase in his hand.

From the pub I went to a restaurant nearby because I had to give a letter to one of the waiters working there. When I left the restaurant, I saw the plaintiff walking towards the Amnesty Discotheque with a woman which is in the opposite direction than his house is.

It is true that I had a couple of drinks in the pub but I was not drunk. I used to be an alcoholic but two years ago, I went to a therapy and since then I only drink a little.

/s/ Horace Wilson

## **STATEMENT OF JOHN DRINKY**

My name is John Black, I am the owner of John's Pub, in Westerville, Mockland and sometimes – mainly on Saturdays and Fridays - I work there as a bartender. I know most of the guests, many of them are old friends of mine others come to the bar regularly. I know both the plaintiff and the defendant. The defendant is the co-owner of the bar. After some financial difficulties, I had to sell part of my business and the defendant bought it but he rarely comes. I was very sorry that I had to make this decision because the bar was my father's and I feel very ashamed that I could not manage to run it alone. As soon as I can I will buy it back but the defendant does not want to sell it, although he has lost a big amount of money on gambling. The plaintiff is a regular guest of the bar and everybody likes him as he always pays some drinks for the others from his lottery win. He is a very kind and honest person.

On 10 April, I was the bartender. The defendant arrived with very bad-looking companions around 7 p.m. and sat down in a box. They started talking and they ordered a few drinks. As I was serving them and the tables around despite the big noise I heard that the others claim some money from the defendant but he insisted that he cannot give them any. They also told him that the deadline had passed a week ago and that they had to get the money immediately otherwise the delay would have serious consequences. Somewhat later those men left and the defendant stayed alone in the box. He seemed to be very worried so I asked him whether I could help. He told me that there was nothing wrong as they had not been talking about money but they had been talking about honey. He also explained that recently his business was working for a supermarket chain and it was their task to supply the shops with honey.

Around 9.30 p.m. the defendant suddenly stood up with a bottle of beer in his hand and left the bar. I saw that he met the plaintiff on the street and they started talking. I saw them arguing through the window. I could not see everything as it was dark outside and the windows were not so clean, but I saw that the defendant behaved quite aggressively and he had something in his left hand. I wanted to go out to help but suddenly Mr. Wilson fell off the chair and hit himself badly, so instead, I dealt with him and I forgot about the incident going

on outside. Several drinks were spilled due to the accident so it took some time for me to tidy up the pub.

When I got back behind the counter, I saw that the plaintiff and the defendant are talking with two policemen.

/s/ John Drinky