

LO: I can write a cautionary tale inspired by the poem 'Jim' by Hilmaire Bellow.

Yasmin, who stole coins,
got run over by a car.

Once there lived a little girl named Yasmin who had a thirst for money and boys like no one else's. She was so pretty and could look so innocent that you never would've suspected her as the thieving little brat she was. She would drudge around the dismal streets of her home town, put on her most angelic face, and simper to strangers. "I'm collecting money for a homeless charity, would you like to donate?" Poor strangers thought their money was going to a good cause, but the horrible girl kept it all for herself. In addition to this, she simply pickpocketed passer bys, but ~~made~~ make sure they were tourists so they wouldn't recognise her.

One, ordinary yet gaudy day, Yasmin was out in the rain-soaked town square, scanning the ground for fallen coins. She ~~hadn't~~ hadn't found any so far. The rain was falling heavily now, so she retreated to the nearest bus shelter. Bus shelters, she thought were particularly good for lost coins. Then on the damp pavement, glistening in the pale sunlight, she saw it. A villainous smile spread across her face. She had found her prize. Yasmin snatched up the coin from the floor and peered out at the hustle and