

bustle of the town square. Yasmin's smile grew wider when she spied an open wallet poking out of a very lush designer handbag.

Now, you don't need to know much about the wearer of this handbag, other than she was very wealthy. But the rest of her appearance is not important. What's important is what happened next. Automatically, Yasmin began following the young woman, stepping as soundlessly as she could. Occasionally, a coin slipped out of the wallet and Yasmin would stuff it down her sock. As time passed, she recognised the streets less and less and her socks were getting ~~her~~ heavier and heavier. The woman briskly approached a busy road, Yasmin staggering behind. The noise of cars was deafening, but the woman didn't seem to hear. As ~~the~~ ~~was~~ she crossed, a huge amount of money came tumbling out of her wallet. Although it was right in the middle of the road, Yasmin ~~through~~ threw herself on the floor and began ~~gruntily~~ shoving the money into down her sock. The bright headlights of a car became more into focus as she reached for the last few coins. Finally, she stood up, only to find she couldn't move - her socks were too heavy! The car drew nearer. "Oh ~~no~~ no," Yasmin ~~raspe~~ ~~she~~ braced herself and - squelch. That was the sound of Yasmin being hit by a car. The ~~pre~~ pretty girl was now a not-so-pretty mess.

So don't be greedy, be kind and share otherwise you might end up in a pile on the ground. ✓