Tilly and the Toy Shop

There were six more sleeps until Christmas. Outside, the rain hammered against the windows but the lights inside the toy store smiled down kindly. It was filled to the ceiling with tempting, shiny toys. There were dolls that could walk and talk, incredible train sets as well as beeping and flashing electronics. Everything was beckoning to her. Suddenly, she saw it! The best toy of all. At the end of the aisle, bathed in a halo of golden light, was a gigantic giraffe. It had smooth fur with eyes as green as freshly cut grass. Tilly's heartbeat drum-like. She loved giraffes. Then she saw the price. It was much too expensive. Still, before they left the shop, she screwed up her eyes, looked towards the sky and wished as hard as she could for the giraffe.

Mum and Tilly walked around the whole town, looking for another gift but nothing was as good as the giraffe. She begged, cried and stomped all the way home. Tilly knew she had to have it. What could she do? Her mind a swirling storm, she thought about what to do. Suddenly, it came to her! She would steal it. She was sure it would fit in her camping rucksack.

The next day, when Mum was at work, Tilly begged her brother to take her to the toy shop. All day, she told him in her sugary-sweet voice that she just wanted to look around again but actually she planned to put the toy in her rucksack when he wasn't looking. Eventually he agreed. However, when they got to the shop, the shutters were closed. They were too late!

Just as her disappointment began to pull her like quicksand, she heard someone crying. Following the sound, she headed into a long, dark alleyway, where she found a girl, sat on the ground.

"Are you ok?" asked Tilly, crouching down.

"No, I fell and now I can't stand up," wailed the girl, sat on the wet floor.

"Come on, let me help you!" said Tilly, holding out a hand.

They chatted as they made their way to the front of the building and they made plans to play together when Molly's ankle was better. Hobbling, they came around the corner where a woman was stood with Tilly's brother.

"You found her!" shouted the woman, running to Molly's side, "You must have a reward! Name it, anything!"

Tilly stared at the woman's top. She was wearing the toy shop's logo. Tilly realised this woman was the owner of the shop. Before she could say anything, the woman had unlocked the shutter and was leading her inside.

Soon, Tilly was home again. It was dinner time and the winter sun had finally decided to come out peeking through the clouds like a cheerful friend. She rushed through the front door and quickly told her mum everything that had happened. Tilly hugged the huge, beautiful giraffe and excitedly jumped onto her bed. Her mum had been so proud to hear how she had helped Molly, praising her for being so kind. Tilly was glad she hadn't stolen the giraffe. She would remember always to be honest from now on.