

# The Three Coins

One day, about sixty years ago to be exact, there were three 50-cent coins. They were shiny and new and were packed tightly into a little brown tube, loaded onto a truck and taken to a shop. Here, they were banged against something hard and the three coins fell out into a big black box.

The first coin, Franky, was taken out of the box and placed carefully in a hand that had been moisturised with a large amount of fragrant lotion. This new and unfamiliar hand then plopped him into an expensive Italian-made wallet, where he found himself surrounded by lots of other coins. The coins inside the wallet were old and tarnished, unlike Franky, who had only recently been polished. He was sparkling and did not like his new surroundings.

Lanky and Panky fretted over the loss of their friend. Lanky was petrified when he too was selected and shoved into the grubby hand of a small five-year old girl. The grubby-handed girl stuffed him into the back pocket of her jeans, and he found himself surrounded by sticky sweet wrappers.

Panky was left for days on end in the big black box. He was all alone and very much untouched.

A year later, Panky remained in the big black box. Suddenly, early one morning just after 8am, Franky was dumped into the box next to him. He was not the same old Franky. He was tarnished and had something that looked like chewing gum stuck to him.

Then, a week later, Lanky also landed in the box next to Panky and Franky. He too was dirty and dishevelled and had lost his pride. Lanky and Franky were now 'old coins' and this was confirmed a second later by the sudden arrival of three sparkling new coins.

