

The Extra Coin

A Jaziba story



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An InjahStudio production



“Please fetch some bread for supper,” said Mama, and she gave Jaziba a big silver coin.



The shop was at the far end of the village. Uncle Idris the shopkeeper was always in a hurry.



“Bread! Change! Next, please!” Jaziba’s basket was full before she could blink.



Halfway home, Jaziba opened her hand to count. One. Two. Three?



Three little coins! But there should only be two. Uncle Idris had given her one too many.



Jaziba looked back. The shop was far away now. Nobody had noticed.



One little coin could buy a honey sweet. Her mouth began to water.



She looked all around. Nobody was watching. Nobody would ever know.



“But I would know,” said Jaziba, and she closed her hand around the coin.



She turned around and walked all the way back. The basket was heavy and the path was long.



“You gave me one too many,” said Jaziba, and she put the coin on the counter.



Uncle Idris stopped hurrying. For the first time all day, he stood quite still.



“In all my years,” he said softly, “nobody has ever walked back.”



He took the biggest honey sweet from the jar. “This one is not for sale. It is a gift.”



Jaziba skipped all the way home, with bread for Mama and something sweet for herself.



Be honest, even when no one is watching.