

A light rain started. Becca didn't have many customers to deal with, but the ones who came were quickly defeated by her high prices. She was about to go in for lunch when a little girl with straggly bangs came up to the table. She stared long and hard at all the toys, her hands shoved deep in her pockets.

When the girl spoke, she almost whispered. "Is the bunny for sale?"

"Yes," Becca said, "but it's expensive."

"I only have . . . this much." The girl held out her hand. It contained two dollars.

"That's not enough," Becca said, shaking her head. She hated to do it—the girl looked so eager—but that bunny was historic.

"Oh." The girl looked down at her palm. "I don't have any more."

Becca felt a twinge of guilt. "Well, sometimes we drop the prices at the end of the day," she said, her voice kinder.

The little girl jumped on Becca's words. "Really? So I can wait?"

"Well, I guess so, but I'm sure someone will buy it. You should go home."

"No, I can wait. My mom's right over there." The girl pointed to a woman who was chatting with a neighbor on the sidewalk. The girl spread her jacket on the ground and sat under the table.

Becca sighed.

Ten minutes later, the girl was still there. And 15 minutes after

"I only have . . . this much."



that. Becca was afraid that the girl's mom would ask her what she was doing. Finally, Becca glanced down at the girl, whose little head poked out from under the table like a turtle's. *You have to hand it to her*, Becca thought. *She certainly is determined.*

"Has it been sold yet?" the girl

asked in a squeaky voice.

"No," Becca said.

Behind her bangs, the girl's eyes were hopeful. Becca suddenly thought of herself a few months ago, wanting to stay in their home so much that she would have cheerfully lived in a muddy hole in their yard if it meant not moving. Sometimes, Becca realized, life had a way of reminding you of bigger things than stuffed bunnies.

"Look," Becca said, "why don't I drop the price to a dollar and you can have a little left over?"

"Really? I can have it?"

"Sure." Becca handed her the bunny.

"Thank you, thank you!" the girl said and ran her hands over the bunny's purple fur. Becca watched the girl talking to the bunny while walking toward her mother.

Becca found a label and wrote 50¢. Then she tied the label to the yo-yo and waited for the next customer. **4**

"Look, why don't I drop the price?"

