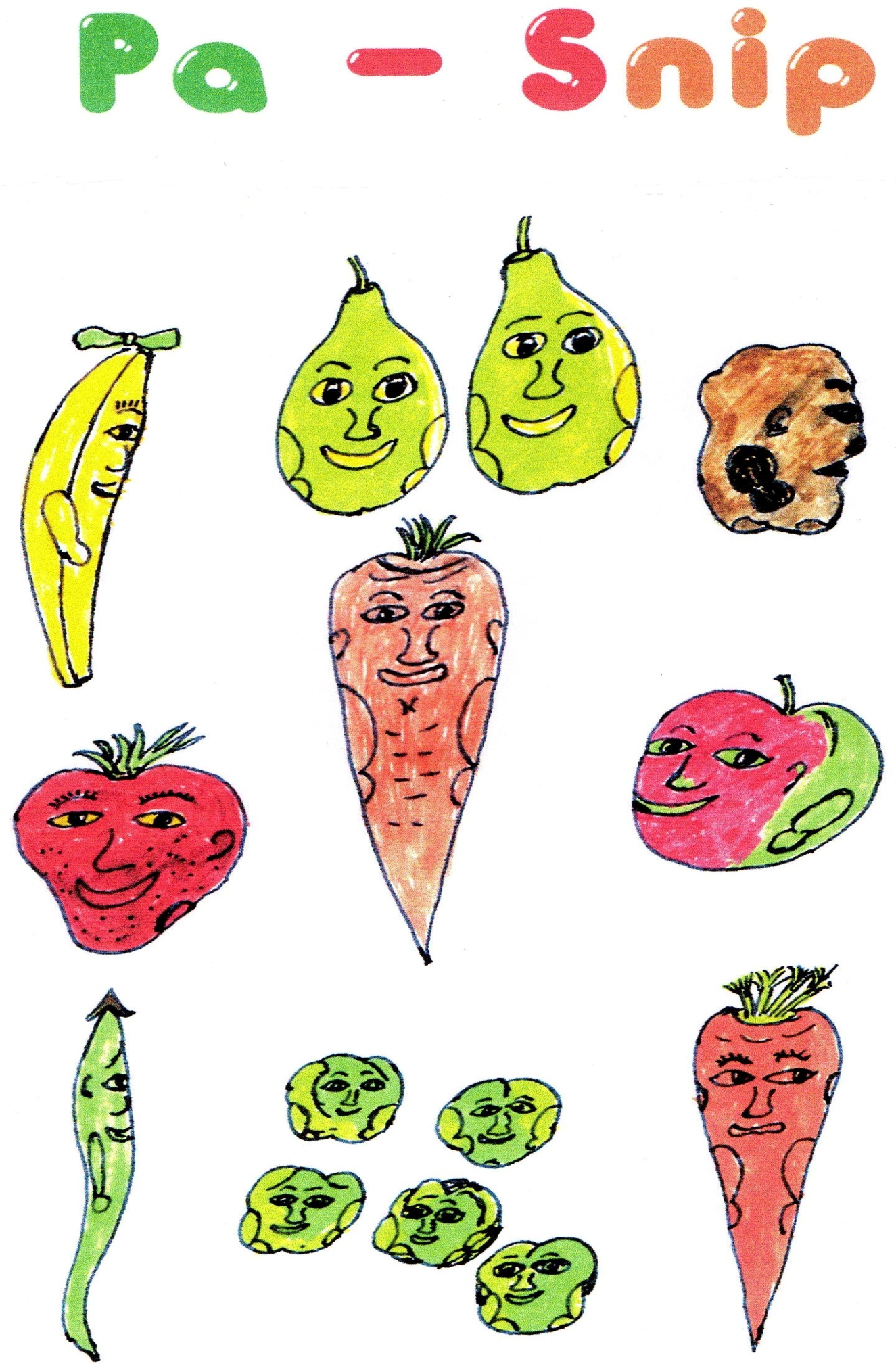
**Something to Share**

[Paula and Peter]

All the while Mr. Appy sang his song the two pears had been giggling together, but not because of the singing. They were laughing about Lady Anna. They had noticed the two red stickers on her sides which looked like dangly ear-rings.

“Pears are always bubbling and giggly,” said Pa Snip. He was afraid Mr. H. Appy would be upset at them giggling while he sang.

As you will know, it is very hard to stop the giggles once they start. Other people soon catch them and giggle too, even when they don’t know what its about. To stop that happening Pa Snip called out,

“I’ll tell you a story about two giggly pears. Let’s say they are our twins, Paul and Peter.”

“Yes! Yes!” said the twins together, forgetting their giggles.

All the other fruit and vegetables in the pink box settled down to listen as pa Snip began his new story.

The twin pears grew together on the same stalk; on the same branch; on the same pear tree; in the same warm sunny orchard in Spain. They were so alike! Both were yellow-green when they were getting ripe, and they both giggled when the breezes brushed past them; when flies tickled them and when the birds sang among the pear trees. The pears were nearly ripe. The time had come for them to be picked and taken to be sold in the market.

“I do hope we can stay together,” said Paula to Peter. “We are twins and we have never been parted.”

“We *must not* be parted,” agreed Peter.

Paula was so happy when the man who picked all the pears from off their tree, picked them so that they were still joined by one stalk. Peter was still with her. They were both so happy they soon started giggling and laughing again at everything they saw.

They were off on a great adventure. They stayed still in their basket because they did not want to be hurt and bruised as the lorry drove them from the orchard across the fields to the farm. The twins giggled at the bumpy ride and as you know giggles are very catching. Soon all the pears in the basket were laughing, even though they were not sure why!

From the lorry the boxes were taken to a shed and the lids closed. Neither Paul nor Peter liked the dark, so they went to sleep. Next day their box was placed on another lorry. It took them in their box, on a long, long journey, until, at last they came to an enormous market square. There Peter and Paula’s box was unloaded with lots of other boxes and left by a market stall.

Right away a woman pulled open the box and started to take the pears out. She put them in trays at the front of her table, ready to be sold to customers. The woman picked up Paul and Peter by their stalk and snapped the twins apart.

Paula squealed out, “No! We are twins!” But next thing she was placed next to Peter in the tray. Neither of them felt like giggling now.

“I feel sad and horrible,” said Peter.

“I feel all soft inside,” said Paula. Then she had a thought. “Whatever will happen if only one of us is bought. We will never see each other again.”

Halfway through the morning a little girl and her mother came to the market stall The little girl’s mother picked up Peter, gave him a squeeze, and put him in the small basket her little girl was carrying.

“Please take me too!” Paul cried out, and although the lady could not hear her she did pick up Paula and lay her in the basket on top of Peter. There was not much room in the basket. The little girl swung it about as she waited. Paula was afraid she would fall out so she pressed against Peter.

When the little girl’s mother went to pay the woman at the stall, she looked straight past them both and instead of taking her money stepped forward to grab a grubby looking boy by the arm. The boy, who was wearing ragged clothes and worn out sandals, tried to pull away, but the stall woman held him tight.

“Take that out of your pocket,” she said. The boy drew a yellow banana out of his jacket pocket. “I don’t suppose you were going to pay for that!”

“I can’t,” said the boy. “I haven’t any money.”

Before the woman could say anything more, the little girl’s mother asked the boy “Why haven’t you any money?” Without looking at her the boy told her that he had no father at home and his mother was very poor. “We are always hungry,” he said and began to cry. The fruit stall woman said, “There’s lot’s of them like him, but if I give all my fruit away I’ll be poor too.”

While she was saying this the little girl was still swinging her basket, and Paula was still pressing down hard to stop her falling out. She could see the boy. She felt so sad for him. He looked so hungry.

“I want to help him!” She said to Peter. So, next time the little girl swung her

basket Paula stopped hanging on, let go and fell to the ground. The little girl shrieked and picked up the pear. Her mother took Paula from the little girl and gave her to the poor boy.

“You have this,” she said.

Paula felt so happy. She even giggled when the boy took a juicy bite out of her side.

Then a man who had also been waiting to buy some apples, gave two of them to the boy. “You can have these, too,” he said. Another lady said, “Let him have the banana , I’ll pay for it.”

The stall woman put the apples and banana into a brown paper bag and then she herself put in two carrots and an onion and gave it to the boy.

“Thanks,” said the boy. He took the bag and ran away out of the market.

Peter was already missing Paula and although he was sad he felt just a little bit happy too to think how brave and kind she had been.

“I think Peter was brave too,” said Tatti when Pa Snip finished his story.

“I hope we will be as good and brave,” replied Peter. “And kind,” added Paula.