You have 5 minutes to type the story you just read for memory. There is no word limit. Please write as much as you can remember.

I was shopping in my local supermarket a few weeks ago. I had collected about 2 weeks’ worth of groceries when I headed to the register to check out. I reached for my back right pocket to collect my money, only to realize it was not there. I knew my pocketbook was in the car and I had brought the money in carrying it in this back-right pocket. I did not know what to do. There were people waiting behind me in line as I approached the register. The cashier told me to ask the customer service desk to see if anyone had turned it in. “No one will have turned it in—it was cash,” I said dejectedly.

I decided to go to the customer support desk, though, just in case. I thought sadly of the money sitting in my car, reserved for this month’s rent. “Has anyone found any money?” I asked the representative. “How much?” she answered. “Really?” I exclaimed excitedly, “$200 in 20-dollar bills.” She handed me the money and pointed out the 10-year-old girl who had turned my money in. I ran over and hugged and thanked her mother. “Don’t thank me,” she said, pointing to her daughter, “it was all her.” From that moment forward, I vowed to pass on this act of kind