

**One dark night, a truck driver was driving down a country lane on his way back from his warehouse when**

**he noticed a girl standing by the side of the road. He didn't usually stop for hitchhikers but she was pretty, and he felt lonely sitting in the**

**cab without anyone to talk to. Besides, even though it was autumn the girl was only wearing a light dress,**

**and summer sandals. He pulled up by the side of the road and opened the door with a cheery smile. "Hop in love", he laughed, but the girl just looked at him with a sad, pale face as she got in.**

**"Oh dear" thought the driver, and he asked her where she wanted to go. The girl pointed up at a town's name on the sign post next to the road**

**without saying a word. The driver was quite irritated, but he started his truck and drove towards the town, which was on his route anyway.**

**As they drove, he tried to engage her in conversation, but she just looked stonily ahead. Soon, she closed her eyes and started to**

**sleep, and as she looked so cold he draped his jacket over her thin body.**

**After about half an hour, they arrived on the outskirts of the town and she opened her eyes, rubbing**

**them sleepily. Then she pointed silently out of the window, to indicate where the driver should turn.**

**He followed her wordless directions until they reached a small house next to a church, where the**

**girl got out of the truck and shut the door. As the truck driver left, he shook**

**his head in annoyance. “Not even a thank you!” he muttered to**

**himself.**

**Back at home, the next day, he realized that his jacket was missing. “The girl must have taken it with her” he**

**said to himself, and decided to call at the house on his way back out to the warehouse. He found the house easily, and knocked on the door.**

**After a couple of minutes, an old woman opened the door and looked at him suspiciously. “I’m looking for a girl”, he said “Maybe your daughter?”**

**The old woman started to sob. “I had a daughter” she said, “but she died five years ago... hit by a truck on the old country road up there. Now she’s laying in the churchyard next door.”**

**The truck driver looked across to the graveyard, and saw his jacket, folded neatly and laid on a granite tomb.**