

Gangsta Granny by David Walliams

To Ben, all the diamond rings looked pretty much the same. However, Granny seemed to know each of them as if they were her oldest friends. "Such a little beauty," she said as she brought the ring up to her eye for a closer inspection. "This is the first one I stole, back when I was a nipper."

"I grew up in a small village and my family was very poor," continued Granny. "And up on top of the hill was this grand country house where a lord and lady lived. Lord and Lady Davenport. It was just after the war and we didn't have much food in those days. I was hungry, so one night at midnight, when everyone was asleep I crept out of my mother and father's little cottage. Under the cover of darkness, I made my way through the woods and up the hill to Davenport House."

"Weren't you scared?" asked Ben.

"Yes of course I was. Being alone in the dark woods at night, it was terrifying. There were guard dogs at the house. Great black Dobermans. So as quietly as I could, I climbed a drainpipe and found an unlocked window. I was a very little girl at eleven, small for my age. So I managed to squeeze myself through a tiny gap in the window, and landed behind a velvet curtain. When I pulled back the curtain, I realised I was in Lord and Lady Davenport's bedroom."

"Oh no!" said Ben.

"Oh yes," continued the old lady. "I thought I might just take some food perhaps, but next to the bed I saw this little beauty." She indicated the diamond ring.

