

# The Garbage Bin

By C. Jade Wyton

*A mimic who likes to steal from picnickers thinks it has learnt a very smart trick for getting food.*

~~~~~

Little Thief was a very clever mimic. A very, very clever mimic indeed.

It had been living in the park for, oh what was it now? Three years?

And it had just discovered the *smartest* way to get food!

It couldn't believe how smart it was! Probably the smartest mimic ever.

It was the middle of Summer, the height of the picnic season, and it had just discovered the cleverest way to get almost *all* the picnic leftovers from people *without* having to sneak up on them and steal their things (which was getting harder and harder as Little Thief was actually becoming a rather big thief)!

Two days ago, in a stroke of sudden genius, Little Thief had dragged the public bin into the bushes and taken its place next to the toilets.

Since doing that, Little Thief had been eating *very* well!

People were simply *giving* Little Thief all of their leftovers! Straight into its mouth! With no yelling or fussing or "get back here you Little Thief"-ing!

It simply got all of the food that the people didn't want and nobody ever knew any better!

Rumbling proudly at itself Little Thief gazed out over the park, scanning the area for picnickers.

There weren't any today. Though there were still a few scattered groups of people around.

There was a family by the playground. And an older couple walking along the path. And an elven man and his dog—

A dog who was doing a very yucky thing and *pooping* right in front of everyone! Right there! In the middle of the park where all the people could see it!

The mimic thought it was very gross. No self-respecting mimic would *ever* do that sort of thing in front of someone else! A mimic, unlike a stinky smelly dog, would find a nice little spot in the bushes and dig a hole.

Though, Little Thief supposed that the dog didn't have much incentive to put effort into making a hole. Not when its elven owner had those little plastic bags to pick up after the dog.

*Gross!*

The mimic gave a disgusted grumble as it watched the man clean up after his dog and—

And?!

Wh-What was that elf doing...?

Why was he coming towards—

*OH NO!*

No!

No! No! No!

Absolutely *not*!

Little Thief clamped its lid down tight as the man stepped to its side; refusing to open its mouth for him.

‘What the...?’

The man scratched his head and, after another failed attempt to pry open Little Thief’s mouth, made a confused sound and turned away from the mimic.

‘Hm. I didn’t think the council locked this bin....’

*Yeah, you turn around!* thought Little Thief. *And you take that with you! That’s not for me! You go and find another bin to put that in!*

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at  
[cjadewyton.com](http://cjadewyton.com)