

## THE DIAMOND PIN

by L. E. Granlie, written at age 11.

*It was a very costly pin. The diamond on its breast glistened and shown like the sun and it was very proud. "I am the most beautiful pin in the world," it would say as it lay on the rich lady's dressing table.*

*"You are not as beautiful as you think," the pearl necklace would answer. "And you are very vain. Why, I am as beautiful as you, perhaps more. Yet I am not proud."*

*"Do you know to whom you are speaking?," the diamond pin would ask angrily. "I shall have to tell my mistress to remove you. I am the grandest of all here, yet I am treated as if I were nothing but a common piece of jewelry. It's a shame!"*

*"Yes, you may be the grandest," the coral eardrops would answer. "But look at us. We are also very grand. What would our mistress do without us?"*

*"You? Why you are not fit to be seen. You don't do your best to shine like I do. It's a disgrace to have you lying so close by me. I really must ask my mistress to remove you. I am ashamed to be seen in your company," and the diamond would sigh deeply and gaze at its reflection in the long mirror above the dressing table. "Why anyone can see I am very brilliant. I should be perfectly happy away from this disrespectful company! I do hope my mistress will go out soon. I'm tired of staying here!"*

*The diamond pin was always hoping it would be put on the rich lady's gown. It would shine its brightest and feel very proud.*

*"What a lovely brooch!", the lady's friends often said. Then, how proud the pin was! It was so proud that it would pull itself up as far as it could without falling out.*

*One afternoon the pin had been taken from the dressing table and pinned on the lady's gown. It felt very grand that day as the maid had polished it until it shone like the sun. Whenever the lady passed someone, it cried out, "See how grand I am! Surely, you have seen no grander pin than I?"*

*At last, the lady met one of her friends and they stopped to talk.*

*"Hey there! You diamond pin, you must think you are very beautiful, but look at me! I'm here in my lady's hat. I am a very grand hat pin," a voice shouted.*

*The diamond pin looked round and saw a very proud looking pin in the other lady's hat.*

*"Did you speak to me?", he demanded haughtily. "Then you do not know whom you are talking to. As far as you being beautiful -- ridiculous!"*

*"I am very much grander and larger than you are," the hat pin answered.*

*"You are not! See how big and beautiful I am," and the diamond pin drew itself up until it fell right out of the gown and into the dust.*

*"Oh! Oh!", it cried. "Pick me up or I shall be lost!"*

*No one heard it, and the ladies passed right over it and went on. There it was left to lie the dust. How disgraceful!*

*"Oh, why wasn't I thankful when I was safe on the dressing table! I do hope someone finds me. I shall die of shame lying here," and the pin lost all its glow and the diamond did not shine at all. That was its way of crying.*

*By and by, someone did find the pin. It was a little beggar child. She held the pin in her dirty little hands. Tears of joy started to her eyes, for finding it. She was so happy that she turned and ran across the street, so fast she lost her only shoes.*

*"Mother! Mother!", she screamed. She ran into a tall building covered with paper and old boards. The hinges sagged on rusty nails, and the stairs cracked dangerously as she skipped up to her mother's room. It was the kind that would be found only in the slums.*

*In a bare cold room lay a sick woman on a couch.*

*"Mother, Mother! See what I have found. Oh, see what I have found!"*

*"Thank God," breathed the woman. "Where did you find it? Sell it, Renee, and bring us food ... food."*

*"Do not sell me!", cried the pin.*

*No one heard him. The mother was sobbing on her couch. "Do not sell me, I say! Give me back to my mistress at once. Do you not see how grand and costly I am? I am not fit to be in a dirty place like this!"*

*The happy child had bounded down the tattering stairs, out to the dirty street. She paused and gave one last bitter look at the old building and the cracked window panes.*

*"We shall be rich," she murmured. "Oh, the pin! The darling pin!" She kissed the pin over and over.*

*"She kissed me," thought the pin. "My mistress never did that."*

*The little girl had turned up the street where she had found the pin. A very richly dressed lady with her maid was walking slowly up and down the street.*

*"Oh, she is looking for her pin!", gasped the child, wondering if she should obey the impulse to run away with the pin. Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Mother says 'good deeds never go unrewarded'. I will give it back to her."*

*She walked slowly up to the woman and held out her hand. "Here is your pin," she said bravely. "I found it and intended to sell it. You may have it back."*

*It was a great sacrifice ...*

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*That night, little Renee crept beside her mother on the cold couch and was very excited.*

*"Wasn't the lady beautiful, Mother? She was so glad to get her pin back, and just think, we are to go to her house and live there forever! It is just like a story! And wasn't it good for her to come and see you? We are rich ... rich because of the darling diamond pin!"*

*And the pin, as it lay on the dressing table once more, was also very happy. It was telling its adventures to the coral ear drops and the pearl necklace. "Just think," it added. "I heard our mistress telling them to 'come here and live in the lower apartment. Then I shall see more of the child. She is very beautiful.' How sad I was when I was lost, but I am very happy now." It smiled to itself in the darkness.*