

## THE SILVER SPOON

*High up on the topmost shelf in a china cabinet, lay a little tin box. Everybody had forgotten about it since it was misplaced. Nobody even found it, as it lay behind an old cracked mug that had not been used for many years.*

*In this box, among the purple plush pads, lay a beautiful silver spoon, fast asleep. It was dreaming of the time long ago, when it had been new and had lain in the cedar chest with the family silverware. How happy those times had been! How sad the spoon was when it knew those times would never come again!*

*"If only I could be of some use again ...," it would say, and sigh gently. "But I must be patient. I am having a good rest and by and by, I will be found and brought back to my friends again."*

*So the spoon did its best to be patient, but long days and longer months went by slowly -- and still it lay there.*

*"Oh dear," it groaned when it seemed unbearable to lie there longer. "I can't bear it!" Why don't the maids or the butler see me? For two long years I have been of no use to the world. Must I lie here forever?"*

*But the spoon did not have to wait long. That very next day, the maid was cleaning house, and coming upon the cabinet she said, "I believe I really must clean out the old cabinet. It hasn't been in use for so long, and must be full of cob webs and dust by now."*

*So up went the maid on a stool and reaching far back on the highest shelf, brought down first the old cracked mug and then the tin box!*

*"Why, what is this?", the maid cried. "An old tin box ... a spoon ... Why it must be the old silver spoon lost so long ago!*

*And indeed it was. The spoon heard the maid's exclamation, and on feeling itself being taken down, it said over and over, "The time has come! The time has come!"*

*"Well, well" declared the maid after she had looked the spoon over and over, and was assured it was the one lost so long ago. "I must show my mistress this."*

*As she hurried through the dining room, the spoon recognized the same old mahogany table that it had been placed on so many times before. "But where is the old cedar chest and my friends?", the spoon thought. "Never mind, I shall see them soon now that I'm found."*

*But the poor spoon was mistaken. "To think my old spoon was not lost," cried the overjoyed mistress at the sight of it. "I treasured it so in memory of my grandmother and because it has my name engraved on it. Hereafter, it shall be placed with the antiques in the safe."*

*Poor old spoon! After it was polished and wrapped in cotton, it was placed in the safe. Though it might well be proud of being placed with the valuables in the vault, it was very sad.*

*"How long must I lie here?", it cried in agony, as it lay in the safe the first night. "Did I not suffer enough? I am of no use here. Oh dear! Oh dear!"*

*It was so unhappy, it could not sleep. How dark and quiet it was! The clock in the hall struck ten ... half past ... eleven. Then all was quiet again.*

*Minutes passed by. The clock struck twelve. The spoon was still wide awake.*

*Suddenly a low rustle was heard outside the safe. Footsteps ... and they came nearer. "What is that?", wondered the spoon. The door of the safe shook. After a long while, it was rattled and opened. A light was thrust into the vault, followed by a dark masked face. One by one, the costly antiques were lifted out and placed noiselessly in a bag. The silver spoon came last, and after that footsteps quietly passed out of the room into the dark hall and out into the clear night.*

*"More shall happen," thought the spoon. "Where shall I be brought?"*

*For almost an hour after that, the spoon heard nothing but the steady crunching of snow under the man's feet -- felt nothing but the gentle shaking of the thief's bag in which it lay. Then the footsteps quickened.*

*"Evidently, the thief must be passing through a town and is afraid," thought the spoon. It could hear his excited breathing. A hum of a motor was heard in the distance and the alarmed thief dashed off the road with his plunder. It was too late. He had walked into the trap that the police had laid for him.*

*The spoon heard many footsteps, a loud cry, a scuffle and a loud report of a revolver. The bag was dropped with a thud. The thief was caught!*

*All the next day, the spoon lay in the bag, undisturbed. It was in a house, it knew, and still in the bag. Towards evening, it was suddenly picked up and carried away. The contents were emptied out on a table and examined. "And now," the spoon heard a strange voice say, "What proof have you, ma'am, that this was stolen from your vault?"*

*A familiar voice that the spoon had heard many times before, said clearly, "By the old spoon, sir. The old silver spoon in that box has my name on it."*

*Today, the old spoon lies in the chest with its old friends. It is so happy. The stolen articles were brought back to the rightful owners, and the thief was convicted.*

*The spoon had learned that, "Whenever things go wrong, they are sure to come out right if you are patient."*

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*by L. E. Granlie, written at age 10 years*

**THE END**