

The Lost Ring



By Tyden S., age 13,
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One day I was running the mile in PE. As I ran, I saw something shiny in the dirt. I picked it up. It was a beautiful ring with shiny diamonds on top and swirls of silver. *Someone must have dropped it when they were running*, I thought. After I finished my mile, I walked around asking the girls if it was theirs.

“No, but I wish it was mine,” said Natalie. “It is very pretty.”

All of the girls said it wasn’t theirs.

As we walked back to our classroom, I showed the ring to my friend Clayton.

“Wow,” Clayton said. “You should sell it. You could get lots of money.”

“I’m not going to sell it,” I said. “Whoever lost it is probably devastated.”

“You are too kindhearted, Tyden.”

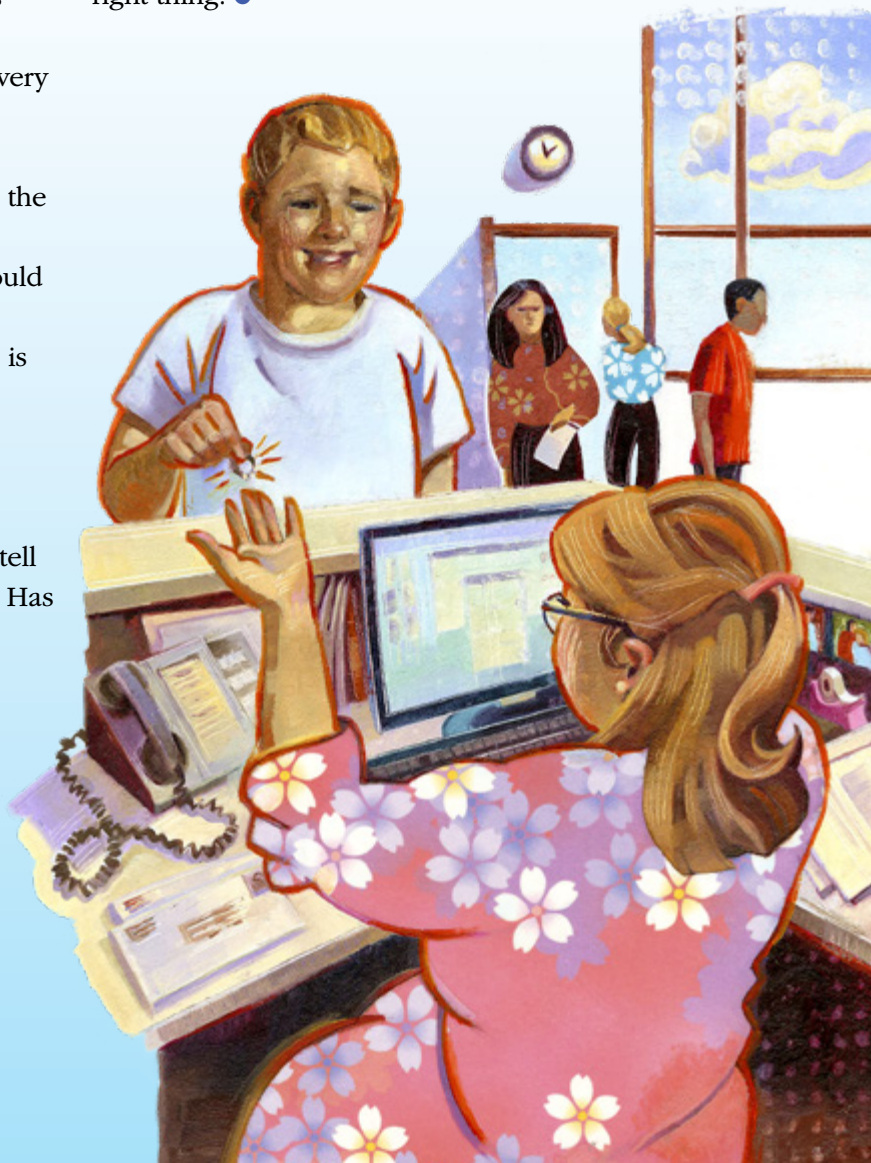
Am I too kindhearted? I decided to ignore that thought and go with my gut feeling.

After class I went to the school’s main office to tell the secretary. “Ms. Tracy, I found this ring outside. Has

anyone asked about a missing ring?” I asked.

“No, but I’ll put it in the lost-and-found box,” said Ms. Tracy. “I’ll make sure to ask the teachers if they lost any of their rings.”

I gave her the ring and left. I felt a warm feeling. Even if the owner doesn’t find it, I know I did the right thing. ●



KINDNESS CHALLENGE

We don’t always get to see the results of our kindness. Do a secret act of kindness for someone you know! Then say thank you to someone who does kind things for you.