

The Golden Watch

Written by Kimberly McKinnon

Chief Joseph Middle School

7th grade

Pam Knutson

Word Count: 1093

The Golden Watch

Oh, I was fuming! Absolutely fuming! My amazing golden watch I received for my 10th birthday was missing, and I knew just who took it. Rose. It had to be Rose. Rose is my classmate. She doesn't have a lot of friends, but that is so totally her own fault. I would never be her friend. She was too snobby. She has long, blonde hair, as bright as the noonday sun. But she was constantly complaining about it. "Don't touch it!" she'd shriek, "Do you know just how long it took me to fix my hair up like this? Do you?!" She never seemed to be parted from the barrettes and ponytails in her pocket, and she always had her hair up in fancy buns and twirls. Yesterday she had been eyeing my beautiful watch. I'm sure she had wanted nothing more than to steal it, and then gloat about ~~her~~ my wonderful golden watch.

"Kandinsky!" my mom yelled up the stairs, "It's 7:15! If you don't hurry you'll miss the bus!"

With a groan, I ceased my fruitless search for my enchanting watch behind the dresser and headed downstairs.

Later that morning I, (known to everybody but mom as Kandy), was sitting in my Language Arts class. Language Arts is my least favorite class. I don't see why the subject is so important. The only thing you really do is get more homework, and we all have enough of that already. Mrs. Donals, a teacher in her early 70's taught the class, if you could call it teaching. Today Mrs. Donals droned on and on and on (and on) about something to with pigeons and homes, for half the class time. At least, I think it was half the class time but I wasn't sure, because I didn't have my watch! I was so bored I missed the next thing she said.

“To discuss the delightful abilities of Homing pigeons.” (Aha! That’s what she had been taking about earlier!) But I was still confused on what we were doing.

“So, what exactly are we supposed to be doing again?” I said in undertone to my partner.

“Splitting into groups of three to discuss pigeons.” Iris whispered back.

And then, utter chaos as everyone jumped to their feet and ran around the room. Typical classroom behavior. I don’t know what they are all so worried about. Everyone is always in the same grouping: cool kids, nerds, sports, and others. I was in the ‘others’ group. I played a bit of soccer, but I wasn’t good enough, or played enough, to be included in the sports group. When everyone settled down, there were eight groups. In my group there was Iris and Rose. I was surprised to see Rose there. I wasn’t exactly paying much attention to who was in my group of three. I briefly wondered if I should have been named Daisy, or Lily, to fit in with all the other flowers in my group.

“I know you took my watch!” I whispered to Rose. It came out a bit louder than what was expected. I supposed I was madder than I thought.

“What watch?” she replied, sounding hurt.

“Don’t play innocent! My golden watch you stole!” I whisper shouted back. I had really, really liked that watch. I polished it every Tuesday morning before school to keep it looking nice!

“I don’t have your silly watch!” She whisper shouted back, looking ready to cry.

“Yes! Yes you do to have it! You must have taken it during soccer practice last night! I should have never taken it off!” I shouted back. Iris interjected,

“Maybe she doesn’t have your watch.” She looked worried. Part of that might have been the fact that the whole class was now staring at our group. Several of them were snickering, too. What was so funny? This was a very serious matter! I might have agreed with Iris, but right now I was too busy being mad at Rose to pay any attention to her. I was certain Rose had my watch. I was ready to give a piece of my mind to Iris for interrupting us when the teacher called my name. I could feel the heat of my classmates’ stares on me as I walked up to the front of the room where the teacher was sitting at her desk waiting.

“Kandinsky,” she said softly enough so that nobody in the front of the classroom could hear us (not for lack of trying on their part), “Rose is right. She doesn’t have your watch.” And with that she pulled out my golden watch. My mouth dropped open in astonishment as she handed the watch over.

“You forgot it on your desk as you left the classroom yesterday. I figured I could give the watch back during class today.” Not my finest moment. How could have Rose taken my watch in the first place? Thinking back, there wasn’t soccer yesterday, meaning that she couldn’t have taken the watch then.

“And you shouldn’t be so hard on Rose. Her grandfather had a stroke and is currently in the hospital.” I did a double take at that. No one ever tells me this stuff! Ms. Donals then dismissed a rather flabbergasted student back to her desk.

“Hey Rose,” I said contritely, “sorry I accused you of stealing my watch. Turns out Ms. Donals had it all along.”

“It’s OK,” she said with a tight smile. It was obvious that her spirit wasn’t in the smile. Then there was that awkward pause when neither of us knew what to say. Should I

say sorry about her grandfather's stroke, or just say nothing? She looked equally at loss for what to say. As I looked down at my wrist, I realize nothing could make up for all those years I was so rude to her. Then I had an idea.

“Rose!” I said, “Do you want this watch? I mean, if you don't want it you don't need to have it...” I trailed off, uncertainly. After a moment I was ready to take my offer back down when Rose spoke.

“ Are you sure?” she asked.

“ Positive!” and then I handed the watch over. This time, when Rose smiled, her smile was 100% genuine, and if it grew any larger it threatened to fall off. I smiled at her, and she smiled back. Perhaps Rose isn't that bad I thought. Perhaps it was possible that we could be friends. And at her desk, Ms. Donals smiled a knowing smile.