

As I was walking towards the forest, I could feel that something was different today. Maybe it was because my mom had just yelled at me for failing history class. I just don't see the point in studying old people from the past. I have found that these trees have been a place for me to go when I want to escape the "real world." My mom says I just want to get away from her. My relationship with my mom hasn't been the same ever since my parents divorced. I never really talk to my mom anymore because it always turns into a fight.

I sat down on the bench my dad had made when I was little. I just wish my life could be normal. I pulled out my journal to start writing but for some reason I can't write today. I just sit in the silence and stare at the sun as it slips past the horizon. I put my journal back under the bench and start to walk back to the house. I know walking back in the house will be fine because mom always leaves after sunset, but I don't really care because I can just go to bed. Just as I had predicted she is nowhere to be seen. I get a quick little snack and go to bed.

The next morning I woke up and went to school. It's the same as normal. Head down, no eye contact, and walk. I take the bus home because my mom isn't answering her phone. Once I get home my mom is not there, but she is probably just mad from our fight last night. I finish my homework and make dinner when suddenly my mom opens the door. She doesn't look mad, but she isn't happy. I don't talk to her all night. When my chores are done I start to head to the trees.

I sit down and reach for my notebook, but instead of feeling the soft leather cover of my notebook I find a shiny ring. This ring wasn't just any ring though it looked like one of the famous Russian Rings my dad had told me stories about. I quickly ran inside and asked my mom what she thought. She suggested that it was just another boring ring and that it wasn't special, but I was determined to find out the truth. I carefully put the ring back and go to bed.

The next afternoon I go back out to the woods and bring the ring inside. I searched online about the stolen Russian Rings. I clicked images and scrolled down to try and find a picture of this ring, and there it was I had found the missing ring. I read articles on it and put it under my telescope when I noticed small engraved numbers on the back. I wondered if it was a phone number. I dialed it onto my phone and then pressed call. An old sounding lady picked up the phone and asked me who I was. I said, "My name is Harper Yoder and I just found a ring in my forest with your number on the back." She yelled for a man named Kevin and told him that someone found her ring. She asked me where I lived and said she was gonna come to my house!

I walked downstairs and told my mom what happened and she started freaking out. She told me to pack a bag and that we needed to get out of here as soon as possible. I asked her why but she wouldn't tell me. When all of a sudden a black van and a police car showed up in our driveway. I ran outside and gave the lady her ring back. She thanked me but then what she said next shocked me.

"This is one of the stolen Russian Rings! It was mine when I used to live just next door to here before I lost it." She said, "In fact, I remember the day it went missing. Your mom was over at my house when all of a sudden it wasn't in its case." She said. A policeman then stepped out of his car right as my mom walked out. The police officer walked up to my mom and put her in handcuffs. I gently shut the book, remembering how I became famous.