

Dublin's Pendant

John Sells and his wife walked along the bank of the Scioto River. The cloudless sky stretched above them, and a breeze tickled their faces, bringing with it the scents of wildflowers and grass. The river laughed as it splashed along on the beautiful day.

“John,” Sells’ wife said happily, “you’ve done so much for Dublin. It’ll be a wonderful place for our children to grow up.”

“I couldn’t have done it alone,” Sells replied. “Everyone—oh, no!”

John’s wife had stumbled, causing the pendant she was wearing around her neck to come loose. The couple watched in dismay as the beautiful necklace was swept away by the river.

“Oh, it’s all right,” Mrs. Sells told John, smiling. “I don’t need that to remember you.” They continued their walk along the riverside, hardly giving the pendant a second thought.

Dark gray clouds swallowed the sky and the wind picked up, making the river’s surface grow choppy. Chilly water splashed up in a little dark-skinned boy’s face as he slid along the riverbank, making him splutter. He quickly wiped his eyes and continued his scramble for something gold he glimpsed lying at the edge of the water.

The boy knelt down, his worn shoes squelching in the mud, and picked up the object. It was a heart-shaped pendant, slick and wet. The boy opened the locket and

found himself gazing at a picture of a man who looked like a leader—fierce and noble. The inscription on the inside read: *To Mrs. Sells, Christmas 1809.*

The boy's jaw dropped. It was 1862! He thought about how much money the pendant could bring if he sold it. He had escaped into the Union state of Ohio with his mother, but even though they weren't slaves anymore, they were still poor. The boy scrambled up, only to have his foot slip in the mud. The pendant flew out of his hand and landed with a *plop!* in the rushing water.

The second-grade class, led by their young female teacher, slowly made their way along the side of the Scioto River, picking up trash on the ground and putting it in garbage bags. The teacher bent down to pick up the front page of a newspaper. *The Columbus Dispatch. April 17, 2010.* She stuffed it into her garbage bag disgustedly. "Litter."

As the teacher bent to pick up a soda can, something caught her eye. A pendant glinted in the sun, and she fingered it wonderingly. It looked old but in remarkable shape. She opened it, read what was inside, and gasped. In her amazement, she failed to see one of her students running her way, not looking where he was going. He crashed into her, and she dropped the locket into the river.

"Sorry!" the student exclaimed.

"It's okay," she told him. The pendant's chain caught on a stone as she led her class away.

Metal street lanterns twinkled on in Dublin as the sun set. The new business building being constructed glinted when the light touched its steel frame. A teenage boy rode his Segway along the path next to the river, gliding past beautiful plants and modern benches. He reflected on how great it was to be alive in 2027. Having lived in Dublin all his life, the boy greatly loved and respected its atmosphere and charm.

Steering his Segway to a stop by the water, the boy jumped off and prepared to take a picture with the camera inside his helmet. Suddenly, the sun sparkled on a metal locket in the river. He pulled the object out and, after reading the inscription, decided to take a picture of that instead.

After snapping the photo, the boy stood pondering the locket in his palm. He suspected that the pendant had belonged to John Sells' wife. He knew enough Dublin history to remember that Sells was the founder of the city.

Something inside the boy made him place the pendant back. Maybe it was respect for his city's history, or a way of remembering the Sells family. Whatever the reason, he safely attached the pendant to a rock in the shallows for another generation to discover.