

Finders Keepers

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I should have been more cautious, how important and out of reach basic necessities were now that the phrase “finders keepers” was the new norm. My owner let gravity pull me off her shoulders and I was resting on the spiritless carpet. When I think about this rectangular vehicle, I’m reminded of a blank canvas, ocean printing with the word “YETI” written on it and let’s not forget that it can carry about six people. While I looked like a marshmallow covered in charcoal, shorter than your average school desk and my pockets were plentiful, not with gold, but with notebooks, pencils, and a laptop. I was in solitary confinement, but not alone. Maybe the others, kinda similar to me, are in solitary for the same reason as me. My boredom was swapped with an uneasy feeling because a shadow was being cast across my straps. I hope someone comes soon because whatever was making that shadow was starting to whip around an obscure item in his hand. But it was too late because the sound of a cup shattering bled through my eardrums. Then like a leech, he latched onto us and anything else he could find, and swam away, apparently satisfied. But I was gone. And scared I’d never see my owner again.

