

'Jonathon'

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It was a rainy, gloomy, typical Manhattan night. A lamp flickered intermittently and a stray cat scrounged around in a bin behind a Chinese restaurant. Most people were asleep but footsteps echoed in an alleyway. The silhouette of a man appeared. From the flickering light, you could see he was wearing a trench coat. He carried a briefcase with him. Few people knew he existed and almost no one knew his name, however, it's important for you to know who this man is. This man has a name, but it needs to remain private for multiple purposes we are unable to discuss. For the time being, let's call him Jonathon. Jonathon was once a rich man, but he spent all his money on gambling and alcohol. He had a wife and she left him after he spent all their money. Jonathon had a very sad life and he was determined to put it behind him. You may ask how? That is how this story begins.

Jonathon wasn't the only one who was awake and wandering in the dead of night.

There was someone else and his name was Marvin Brown. He was rather large and had stubble on his chin. He wore a business suit and light leather gloves, but his shirt was untucked and his glasses were slightly bent. Fortunately for Jonathon, Mr. Brown was exactly who he was looking for that night. Jonathon crouched down from where he was in the alleyway and waited until he heard louder footsteps. He then grabbed the collar of the man's shirt and pulled him toward himself. Mr. Brown let out a yelp and Jonathon covered his mouth with a cloth soaked in chloroform, which caused him to fall unconscious. Jonathon tried to drag him, but he was too heavy. Jonathon sprinted off to get his car and returned to where Mr. Brown's body lay, shoving him into the backseat. Speeding off, he glanced in the rearview mirror frequently. He pulled into a vacant lot and pushed Mr. Brown out the car door. He slowly and carefully dragged him into a dark, empty barn.

Mr. Brown didn't remember much. When he woke up, he found himself alone in a cold room and bound to a chair. The chair across from him was abandoned and a small

lamp lit up the room. He was frightened and wanted to know where he was. A man walked into the room carrying a pile of papers in his hand. Mr. Brown had no idea who he was. The man scooted the chair out from under the table and sat down calmly, neatly stacking the papers on the table. Mr Brown felt nervous and was sweating profusely. The man looked Mr. Brown in the eye. From the light, Mr. Brown could see this man was younger, probably around early thirties, and had brown eyes and brown hair. This man flipped through the papers and pulled out one in particular. It had two images on it; a pink diamond and a small, silver ring. Mr. Brown nervously glanced down under the table at his gloved hands knowing the ring was hidden underneath. The man cleared his throat.

“Do you know anything about these two items?”

Mr. Brown anxiously...

“N-n-o.”

His eyes darted here and there, looking around the room.

The man raised one of his eyebrows.

“Really? Because in this file...” he shuffled through the stack, pulling out two more papers, “It says you work at the Bijoux museum- the same museum this diamond is located.”

Mr Brown glanced down at these files and saw a paper with his picture on it, listing information including his age and hair color.

“Where did you get that?” Mr. Brown snapped.

The man smirked.

“That doesn’t matter. What matters is what you know about this diamond.”

“I know nothing.”

The man stands up abruptly, slamming his hands down on the table.

“Liar!” he screams. “What do you know!?”

Mr. Brown trembles.

“Fine, I’ll tell you. It was brought to our museum about 5 months ago. Miners in France found it, did some research and thought it would best belong at the Bijoux museum.

They said it was worth about \$1.5 million. It has been under my guard since.”

“Good to know...” said the man, who was now seated. “Where exactly is it located in your museum?”

Mr Brown lied when he answered, “In our ‘Around the World’ exhibit. May I please be released now?”

The man twirled a pen in his fingers.

“One more thing. About the ring...”

Mr. Brown was fidgeting and looking at his hands and knew the ring, the ring that had been passed down in his family for generations, was on his finger.

The man saw his movements and asked, “Hiding things from me, are you?”

Mr. Brown nervously swallowed.

“Do you know how much that ring is worth?” asked the man.

“N-o-o sir.”

“It’s worth around \$2 million. I want it. Badly. I’ve caused you enough trouble though tonight. You may go.”

“Really?” asked a confused Mr. Brown.

“Yes,” answered the man, as he started untying the ropes.

When he was free, Mr. Brown got up and started heading to the door, which was hard to see in the dark. He didn’t see the man sneaking up behind him, carrying a silver knife aimed toward him. As he found the door and turned the knob, he felt a sharp pain in his back. He dropped down and was dead before hitting the floor. The man smirked a final time that night, headed outside and drove away in his car.

Weeks later, employees at the museum noticed that Mr. Brown hadn’t been to work recently and that the pink diamond had been swapped with a fake. Police searched Mr. Brown’s apartment and found the diamond inside his safe. They tracked his phone down and located his body. Mr. Brown’s finger was missing. Whatever became of Jonathon’s real name and location has remained a mystery since.