

An Autobiography of a Crystal

I am Crystal, a crystal. Before I met my master, I lived in my mother's tummy. It was scary and I hated all those spiders. One day, a tall man came with a lantern. As soon as he saw me, an evil grin formed on his face. He put down his lantern and boldly swung his axe at me. I felt unconscious and closed my eyes. I then woke up feeling uneasy. When I looked down at myself, I was not as big as a golf ball anymore, instead, I was smaller than a fingernail. I wept but it was no use.

Now, I am embedded in Goldie, my best friend and guardian. Whenever my master polishes me, rainbow colours reflect off my pink body. Sometimes sheens of gold can be seen. I am always hung around my master's neck, laying gently on her chest. The thumping of her heart makes me feel like bouncing. I love being watched by people with admiration. However, I dislike being put in pitch-black boxes as it reminds me of my past.

Most of the time, I feel helpless. Why? Because my master always puts me in places she forgets. And I wonder, whether I will be as beautiful as I used to be. Not only that, I don't think I will ever see my mother and siblings ever again. What I hope best, is to be passed from generation to generation.