

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COIN

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## Prologue

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*A little girl saw a flash of copper on the street, and wondered what it was. It was a coin, and as the girl picked it up, she wondered what it had been through. The coin was clearly old, and the girl had no idea what had happened to it, but was sure she was not the first person to have owned it.*

### Chapter 1. "Copper"

I was the oldest of my bunch. 50,000 other coins had been made with me, but I was the first one to be made. My Mother, something menfolk call a "printer" said that I was also the neatest of the bunch too. My brother called me Shiner, but I preferred what Lacy, my sister, called me best.

"Copper," she had said. "You're so shiny; Copper is a good name indeed."

One day, as a new batch of coins were made, Lacy got shoved to the bottom of the crate and slipped through a crack. She was scooped up by a school child and I have always assumed that the school child spent her at the candy store, where they sold penny candy. Odd things happened to us, but nothing happened to me until one day, an angry worker came.

### Chapter 2. "Seasick"

This worker was my favorite one. What he said made me feel sorry for him.

"I have worked hard all these years, and they don't pay me fair. Why? Because I 'stole' money."

The man paused. He grinned. "I'll show them."

To me he seemed to have lost his mind a bit. He ran over to our Coin Crate and started to scoop as many coins into his pockets as he could. I was one of them. I managed to see through his thin pockets. I knew we were outside the Coin Factory. The worker ran through the streets, and I got a whiff of fish. The sea!

The man leaped onto a ship heading to America (I was an English coin) and soon he was standing on the deck, vomiting, since apparently he hadn't got his sea legs. As he bent over, a pocketful of coins fell out. Yet again, I was one of them.

### Chapter 3. "Inside"

All the coins seemed to hover on the surface of the sea, then, one by one, sank. I don't know if any got out, or were as fortunate as me. I was at the bottom of the sea for quite some time. 10 days maybe? A bottom fish gulped me up. Before it realized I was nothing good, a bigger fish gobbled that fish up. I sighed. Might as well settle here, since it may be a while till I'm in the lower digestive system. I was right, but I was also wrong. I never got to the lower digestive system. In fact, I got stuck in the fish's rib cages. I must have picked up a germ in the worker's pocket, and when the fish ate me, it caught it, but either way, it died. I was thrown up in the fish's last breath, and was caught in a fisherman's net. I was found, finally, and put in someone's wallet. I was on sea a bit longer, but still I was going to land.

#### Chapter 4. "Caw!"

The next few days were not exciting. The bottom of a wallet is a dull place to be. I was glad to see other coins, but they were so different. I was used to pennies, but in this wallet there were quarters, dimes, nickels, and the strangest of all, paper money! As the fisherman hurried through the streets one day, he waved a penny, (the penny was me). I got dizzy, and fell from the fisherman's hand. He fell to his hands and started to crawl around looking for me. He saw a flash of my worn, sea-salt coated copper and tried to grab me. He was too slow. A crow swooped down and next thing I knew, I dropped into the throat of its hungry baby! I was there for years, in the body of a crow, and because of my weight, he could not fly. We could talk to each other, and our conversations were very interesting.

#### Chapter 5. "Fly Flash!"

The crow said his name was Flash, and I thought Flash was a strange name, but I didn't say so. I was dozing off one night when Flash woke me up.

"Hurry!" Flash cried. "The building is on fire! I can't fly and if I jump I'll die when I reach the ground!"

I was not alarmed, but encouraged Flash to try. Flash was annoyed, but with all his strength, he flew into the air. He said we'd be heading to Los Angeles, California, because he had family there, but then he had a coughing fit in mid air. I popped out of his mouth and was blinded by light that I had not seen in the years of being with Flash. I tumbled to the ground and said farewell to Flash.

## Chapter 6. "Ted"

A mountain cat, (I had landed in the mountains) saw me in the grass, and pounced. I had gotten a little melted in the fire, so the big cat's claw went right through me and we stuck together. That was scary, but if you think hard enough, coins don't have pain. I had great adventures with Ted, the mountain cat, but every night, I would be tossed about because Ted would try to pry me off his claw. The ol' cat would read my burnt letters on my old copper body, after failing to pry me off.

"Hey! You must be 67 years old! Your print says 1914 and it's 1981!"

Oh so, all you do is  $1914 + 67$  and it equals 1981. Man, that cat does some quick math.

At that moment, I heard a crackling in the leaf pile close by. Ted and I heard a wizz, then Ted fell. A small boy had shot him.

## Chapter 7. "Into the Box"

I was picked up, attached to the dead body of Ted, and when I got to the boy's house, he found me. The boy, Henry as it turned out, kept me for years, and I ended up in his "savings" box. The savings box was an old shoebox filled with his special belongings. I had been special, and Henry called me his "Lion Coin". I said *HAD* because when something goes into his savings box, it comes out 10 years later. So I saw no light for 10 years, but I preferred that box rather than any other place. It was a nice box.

## Chapter 8. "The Rats"

One normal day in the box, I felt a bump, and the box tipped! When it tipped, all the contents spilled out onto the floor. A small paw scooped me up. The next thing I knew, I was dragged into an old, dirty hole. I was looking into a small rat's face. It spoke. I had no idea that rats could talk. (I shouldn't have been surprised, since I had talked to birds and lions along the way).

It said, "Hey Mom! I found something shiny!"

The rat would have kept talking, but its mother called to it, with annoyance in her voice, "Jeremy, roll that thing outside, and tell Homer to take it to the city dump."

Jeremy started to protest, but had to do it. I wish I had asked 'who is Homer?' but I was shoved into a beak of a bird. This time, I enjoyed the excitement of flying. I had been cramped up in a box, but now I was flying!

*A girl named Sally had just gone to the city to buy something.*

## Chapter 9. "I Wonder..."

I was flying toward a city. A great, big city. Homer took one last look at me, then dropped me into the busy streets. It was the last time that I would ever fly. As I landed, I fell close to a grate. An 11 year old girl looked toward me. I stiffened, (as if a coin could stiffen anymore). She picked me up and examined me all over.

"What is it Sally? Wacha' got?" asked her brother, who was standing beside her.

Sally smiled and said, "I've been looking at this, and I wonder where this coin has been."

