

The Pocket Watch

Hi, my name is Kai. I'm going to tell you about a summer day that I thought was going to be ordinary, but turned out to be the best ever. I usually spend my summer days surfing and hanging out with friends, but this summer day was different. I accidentally found something that ended up taking my friends and me on an adventure.

There I was, on the south side of the pier surfing with Will and Slater. The conditions were great, but the waves were bigger than usual. "Look at this big set coming in", said Will. I announced, "I'm taking it". Slater shouted, "Don't do it". Then there I was, not hesitating to catch the wave. Before I knew it, I wiped out flipping and tumbling. I was getting thrown around underwater. For some reason, I opened my eyes under water and oddly saw an odd shiny object. I came back up to gasp for air and immediately went back under to grab it. The shiny object was lodged under a rock and I was easily able to wiggle the gold object loose. With the object in hand, I swam to shore to check it out. Slater exclaimed, "Are you okay?" "I found something! Come over here guys!", I shouted.

We all stared at the round, slightly tarnished object. It had a round knob that twisted on the side and we could tell it was supposed to flip open because of the hinges, but it was sealed shut. I said, "Let's go to my house and try to pry this thing open". Will said, "Ok, let's go grab our bikes." As soon as we walked through my door, my mom said, "You are home earlier than I thought." I showed my mom the object and she said that it was a pocket watch. I told her we were going to the garage to try and get the thing to open. We were able to pry the latch open with a flathead screwdriver. The outside of the case flapped open and exposed the face of the watch. It was the fanciest watch we had ever seen. Will noticed that there was an engraving on the inside of the case. The engraving said H. Huntington.

My friends and I really didn't think much about the engraving. I set the pocket watch on the table in my kitchen, and we decided to go have lunch at Lemonade. My mom texted me "I

think you need to look into whose pocket watch it is. I think it belongs to the Huntington family." I told my friends what my mom texted me and Will suggested we take the pocket watch to the antique store downtown.

The antique store owner was very friendly and took a look at the pocket watch. She explained, "This pocket watch must have belonged to Henry Huntington." "Who's that?" I asked. The antique store clerk said, "He's the guy who Huntington Beach is named after. He helped build this city". I couldn't believe I found his watch. This watch could be about 100 years old. I wondered how much money it was worth. I guess Slater was thinking the same thing and shouted "Wow! The watch is like over 100 years old. How much money do you think it's worth?". The antique owner gave a weird look and said "you shouldn't sell this, this belongs in a museum." I immediately said, "Nah... thanks for the info."

I wanted to sell the pocket watch. I've been saving up for a custom board. I usually buy used boards and this was my opportunity to get the custom board I've always dreamed of. That night I couldn't sleep. I wasn't sure if selling the pocket watch was the right thing to do. I went back to the antique owner the next day and asked her how much she would buy the pocket watch for. She said, "\$1,000 bucks, but if I were you kid, I would donate it to the local museum here in Huntington". I thought she could donate the watch after she bought it from me. So I told her just that. She then said, "Kid, if I buy it off you, I'd be forced to sell the pocket watch for more money or send it to an auction to be sold. Like I said, it belongs in the local museum." I walked out of the antique store with the pocket watch in hand. I kept the pocket watch for over a month debating what I should do with it. To sell or not to sell.

One morning, I woke up and stared at the pocket watch sitting on my night stand. I told myself, "Kai, you know what the right thing to do is." I grabbed the pocket watch and rode my bike over to Will's house and then Slater's house. I told them we were going to the local museum to donate the watch. They could believe I was going to give up a custom board. I told them, "I feel like it's the right thing to do." I felt like it was an important piece of Huntington

Beach's history. And who knows - I might get some credit, but if I don't, who cares. Finding that pocket watch was rad!