



Silver and Gold

A Hidden Diary Short Story
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The girls raced hand in hand onto the beach, dodging tourists. Lucy plunked down on an open patch of sand, and Serena settled next to her. Nearby, towels and umbrellas checkered the hot beach.

“What did you bring?” Lucy leaned toward her new friend.

“A surprise.” Serena pushed her long black ponytail over her shoulder and reached into a woven straw bag. She took out a faded envelope.



Lucy held her breath. She loved surprises.

Serena opened the envelope, and two shiny silver dollars spilled onto the sand. Lucy picked up one. Lady Liberty’s head graced the front of the 1932 coin.

“Wow! Where’d you get these?”

Serena clutched the other silver dollar. “They belonged to my great-grandma and her best friend. They each had one. I found them wrapped inside their friendship diary.” Serena smiled at Lucy. “They were 12 years old then.”

Lucy smiled, wrinkling her nose. “Just like us.” She turned over the perfect dollar in her hand. “It’s amazing they haven’t gotten lost or scratched.”

Serena grew serious. “I know. We can each keep one, but we have to take really good care of them. They’re priceless.”

Lucy nodded solemnly. “Don’t worry. I won’t let anything happen to it.” She dropped the dollar into the pocket of her bathing suit cover-up. “The *best* thing about this silver dollar is that you’re giving it to *me*,” she said.

Serena smiled. “They can be symbols of our friendship.”

Lucy felt warm inside. “After you have lunch with your family, let’s walk to the store and buy matching velvet jewelry bags to keep them in. Okay?”

“Okay!” Serena looked at her watch. “I’ll meet you here at 2.” She grabbed her bag and headed toward her family’s beach house.

Lucy pushed the dollar deeper into her pocket, planning where she’d keep it at home. She stood, feeling the sun beat down on her head. The edge of the beach welcomed wave after wave. Lucy tossed her cover-up and ran to the water’s edge, sinking up to her ankles.

After a splashy run into the waves, Lucy walked back to her spot. She heard a sound and turned to see a little girl crying. The girl sobbed into her scrunched-up towel while her family gathered around, her brothers kicking the sand.

Lucy felt sorry for the girl. No one should be sad at the beach. She sure wasn’t— not with a friend like Serena.

I want to do something special for Serena, Lucy thought.

Suddenly she had a great idea. *I could buy two of those gold Sacagawea dollar coins, and we could keep them in our velvet bags with the silver ones!*

Lucy slipped on her flip-flops, snatched her bag and cover-up and ran up the street to the bank. Her family was new to the small, safe beach town. Lucy pushed open the bank door and approached the teller, leaving footprints in the thick carpet. “Do you have any of those gold Sacajawea dollar coins?” Lucy asked.

The teller clicked some buttons on her computer with her long, pink fingernails and opened her cash drawer. “Yes,” she said. “How many would you like?”

“Two please.” Lucy pulled two wrinkled dollar bills out of the left pocket of her cover-up. With her other hand, she reached into the right pocket to check on the silver dollar.

Panic gripped Lucy as her hand touched...nothing. She stretched her pocket all the way open.

The silver dollar was gone!

“Are you all right, Honey?” the teller asked.

Lucy nodded mechanically, handing over her two dollar bills. She took the gold dollar coins from the teller and tucked them away in the zippered pocket of her beach bag. Then she ran outside.

Lucy checked her watch. One hour till Serena would meet her at the beach.

Why didn’t I zipper that silver dollar in my bag? She swam through a sea of people, retracing her path. She scanned the ground for a flash of silver.

Nothing.

Lucy searched the beach for the exact place she'd been sitting. She dropped to her hands and knees and pawed the sand.

Nothing.

Forty-five minutes. What was she going to do?

Maybe she could buy another 1932 silver dollar. Lucy sped back toward the bank.

But it wouldn't be the one Serena gave me. Lucy's heart sank. She bent over and picked up a penny, winking in the sunshine. *Some people believe if you find a penny you'll have good luck.* Lucy slipped it into her cover-up pocket and walked into the bank.

"Excuse me," she said, approaching the teller. "Do you sell silver dollars, too?"

"Yes, we do."

"From 1932?"

The teller shook her head. "I'm sorry, you'll need to contact a rare coin dealer for one that old." She smiled kindly.

Desperate, Lucy pulled the penny out of her pocket. "Do you believe in good luck?" she asked. "Like when people find a penny?" Lucy immediately regretted asking the question. So embarrassing!

The teller's face softened. "No, but I'll tell you something I *do* believe." She took the penny from Lucy. "see what it says on the front?"

The lady tapped her glossy pink nail on the words: "In God We Trust."

The teller smiled. "Do you know how much money I see every day?"

"Lots?"

"Lots," the lady agreed. "And it all says, 'In God We Trust.' It reminds me to put my trust where it belongs, all day long."

Lucy nodded, staring at the penny. *I guess money has always said that.*

She walked outside and plopped on a bench. She read the front of the penny again before slipping it into her pocket.

In God We Trust.

Lucy closed her eyes.

God, I guess I've been trying to do everything on my own. I'm sorry I didn't ask You for help right away. Please help me find the dollar. And if I can't, please help me find the right words to tell Serena. No matter what happens, I do trust You. Amen.

Lucy opened her eyes and waited for a picture of where the dollar was to flash into her mind. Nothing happened. Then she checked her phone.

Serena would be back at the beach in half an hour.

Lucy walked across the street to Sweet Dreams, an ice cream and candy shop. Maybe some Jelly Bellies would make her feel better.

“What’s the matter?” her friend Jake called out from behind the counter.

She poured out the story to him.

“You haven’t lived here long enough to know how we locals find things lost on the beach,” he said. He handed over the cash register to someone else, dashed to the store closet and emerged with a metal detector.

Lucy’s eyes widened, hopeful. Jake smiled as the two of them hurried to the beach.

First, Jake found a nickel, which he handed to Lucy.

She read from the front: *In God we trust*, she reminded herself.

“Hey! Look at this,” Jake called, holding up a small gold chain with a heart locket.

Lucy slipped the pretty necklace into her bag, She’d figure out what to do with it some other time. A few minutes later Jake said he was sorry, but he’d better get back to the store.

As he left, Lucy considered how to face Serena. Just then, a girl walked up to her. Lucy recognized her as the girl who’d been crying earlier. “Excuse me,” she said. “My brothers saw you with the metal detector. Were you looking for this?”

Her little fingers unfolded like a flower. Nested in her palm was the missing dollar.

Lucy’s mouth dropped open. “How did you find it?”

“A few minutes ago we were looking one last time for a necklace I lost, and we found this instead.” Her soft voice cracked. “My grandma gave me the necklace. I took it off to go swimming and lost it.”

Lucy reached into her beach bag. The she turned and unfolded her fingers in front of the girl, revealing the locket. “Ta-da!”

“You found it!” The girl hugged Lucy. “I prayed God would help me.”

Lucy smiled. “Me, too. But I never guessed He would answer *this* way!”

The happy girl returned to her family just as Serena arrived. Lucy told her what had happened and showed her the Sacajawea dollars. “What a great idea!” Serena said.

A smile spread across Lucy’s face.

Serena examined the coin in her hand. “Do you think it’s real gold?”

Lucy laughed, looking at the words on the dollar. “Maybe, but I found something today worth more than silver or gold. Besides our friendship, I mean!”

Want to read more about Lucy, Serena, and the Hidden Diary they discover? Check out the Hidden Diary ebooks, now available for Nook and For Kindle, and only 99 cents per volume of two complete books!

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