

My mother's ring had two diamonds on the sides and in the middle a bigger diamond. She wore it everyday, even the day she died. She loved it, even more than her own kids. Supposedly.

I was running late to the lawyers office because Rebecca, the girl I wasn't supposed to be with, wanted to go to breakfast. And because Shelly, the girl I was with, wanted to meet for lunch.

I walked into the lawyer's office at 1:05, an hour and five minutes late. My sister was sitting, with her brown hair in a tight bun and wearing the tightest black dress I have ever seen, in front of the desk. I didn't know why she was wearing it, the lawyer was over seventy and trying to impress him wouldn't work.

"Glad you finally made it," Joanna said, making that typical sneer face everyone hated.

I sneered back at her and took my seat. The worn leather cushion making a soft *puff sound*.

"As you know, your mothers will was very extensive and trying to get everyone together was very hard," the lawyer said, removing papers out of his briefcase. He set them down and took out a pair of glasses. He cleared his throat.

"Half of the estate went to your father, who said he was going to bestow it to his children."

"What about her ring?" Joanna asked, crossing her legs and putting her hands on the desk.

"Her diamond ring?" I asked.

"Yes her diamond ring, idiot. What else?" Joanna answered.

The lawyer shuffled through the papers. He cleared his throat again.

"It doesn't say anything about rings in the will. Maybe..."

"Because I should get it. I am the oldest" Joanna said, looking at me.

"But I'm the only boy," I said. The lawyer shuffled through the papers, stopping and looking every now and then. He brought one piece up to his face.

"And what are you going to do with it? Wear it?" Joanna asked.

"Oh, gee I don't know maybe give it to my fiancé," I said.

"Yeah when, and if, you even find one," Joanna whispered back.

The lawyer looked at us bickering, like a tennis match, his head turning to the left and then to the right. "Ah yes. Here it is 'my diamond engagement ring, given to me by my husband'-" he said and was soon interrupted.

"Where can I pick it up?" Joanna asked.

I looked at her. The lawyer looked at her, dropping his papers.

"The ring wasn't given to you, Joanna," the lawyer said. He looked over at me.

"See I told you she gave it to me," I said.

The lawyer shook his head again.

"I'm afraid she hasn't given it to you as well," the lawyer said.

"Then who did she give it to?" Joanna asked, standing up. The office was quiet as everyone looked at each other. I just wanted the ring to give to Shelly, or whoever I was seeing this week. Joanna wanted it because it made her feel beautiful, which she needed because no one told her that.

"The ring was given to Ellie," The lawyer finally said, breaking the silence.

Joanna stomped over, taking her place in her chair. I put my fingers against my head.

“Ellie...” Joanna finally whispered.

The lawyer shook his head up and down.

“Our ugly sister?” Joanna asked, starting to tear up.

“Yes, the ugly one idiot,” I said.

“Its okay. I’ll just ask her for it when she comes,” Joanna said, head sticking up in the air. She looked toward the door.

“Ellie already came by and picked it up this morning,” the lawyer said, picking up the papers. Joanna stared at him, her mouth wide.

“Your mother did leave you two something though,” The lawyer said.

We looked at him, our eyes wide like it was Christmas morning. Maybe she left me all her cars. Maybe she left Joanna all her clothes. We crossed our fingers.

“She gave you both three hundred and fifty dollars. And she signed it with ‘Love, mom’” the lawyer said, putting the papers back into his briefcase and taking out an envelope. He dashed out the money and we took it, looking at each other.

“I can’t believe she gave that ring to Ellie,” Joanna said. We left the office together and as we reached the elevator my cell phone beeped. I took it out.

Ellie sent me a picture of her driving, her right hand placed over her mouth, the ring shining in the sunlight. I laughed, silently, to myself and wondered what Rebecca was doing for dinner.