



Ron and the Blue Jewel



Ron woke up late, just as the sun went down.
He flew into the big hall to look at the old
statue, as he always did. Then he stopped.



The blue jewel on top of the statue was gone! "I must find that jewel before the sun is up," said Ron. "The crew will come to clean the hall, and they will think I took it."



He looked for clues. The first clue was a bit of red fluff stuck on the statue. Then he saw a chewed stem on the tile.



"Who would chew a stem and drop fluff?" Ron wondered. Just then, a small thing flew past the top of the wall and out over the grass, which was wet with dew. Ron flew after it.



A few more bits of fluff led him up to a nest in a tall pine. Rob sat in the nest with a stem in his mouth. The blue jewel glowed by his side.



"Rob! You took the jewel!" said Ron. Rob blushed. "It is true," he said. "I just like things that shine." Ron wanted to be mad, but Rob looked so sad that he could not.



"Then help me put it back," he said. Rob got a tube of glue, and they flew to the hall together. Ron held the jewel still, and Rob glued it on. They blew on the glue until it set.



Just then, the hall grew light. The sun was up.
"Good as new," said Ron. "Can I still come and look
at it?" asked Rob. "Any time," said Ron. "But just
look!"