

# The Lost Object Project

## HOW MUCH?

It's free to post images and share stories of lost objects no longer in your possession to the Project.

## DEADLINES

Use the website or mail in your contribution to the Project at any time; submissions will be accepted indefinitely.

ALL LOST OBJECT PROJECT CONTRIBUTIONS ALSO APPEAR ON THE WEB SITE:

**thelostobject.com**

### SILVER RING WITH LIGHT GREEN STONE

Most of mom's jewelry was stolen long ago by robbers watching her comings and goings as they replaced roof shingles on the neighbor's house. She is elderly now and has been giving my three sisters the last few pieces she has each year, things that were missed by the thieves. Perhaps thinking I'd feel left out, she gives me a trifle too sometimes.

She had to go into the hospital this Christmas, alerting us to her mortality.

I entered her house alone to fetch her a sweater and saw an envelope addressed to me with holiday stickers all over it. I opened it to find an old silver ring with a translucent pale green stone; inside the envelope it read "Maybe a pinkie ring?"

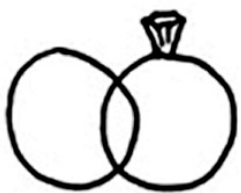
I was very touched and wondered if this might be the last Christmas gift I would receive from her. Blurry minded, I put the ring and envelope in my pocket, and toyed with the ring and my coins the rest of the day.

I lost the ring soon after. I am very disheartened, but still have the envelope with her note and stickers on it.

Last seen in Redlands, California, on January 3, 2008.

Drewl, Chicago, IL

### SET OF HIS/HERS WEDDING RINGS



My Grandmother (Father's side) had just passed away from cancer. My Grandfather and Dad were beside themselves, so my Mother, sister, and I took over duties of cleaning out Grandma Faye's belongings. Among the items in her jewelry box were two wedding bands, which had belonged to her mother and father. Because they were such a precious part of family history, we gave them to my Father to place in our safety deposit box. In his grief, he misplaced them and no one ever saw them again.

Last seen June 1995 in Birmingham, AL

Alexis, Boston, MA

### LITTLE WHITE FLUFFY KITTY DOLL



Kitty was my best friend when I was 8 years old. She went with me everywhere - especially on car rides to entertain my siblings and me. The last time I saw Kitty was during a trip to Los Angeles. My dad had pulled over into a random parking lot to retrieve something from the trunk, and placed most of the toys my brother and sister and I had thrown around all over the backseat. Somehow, between putting random dolls, pillows, and ninja turtles in the trunk, Kitty fell out of the car. I'll never forget how distraught I was after realizing Kitty was nowhere to be found - and probably lying in a gutter somewhere. Mostly, I felt guilty for not taking better care of my little friend, after all she had done for me. My little sister even drew a picture of Kitty as an angel to help cheer me up. It helped a lot.

Rest in Peace Kitty!

Last seen in 1993 in the backseat of my parent's Ford Taurus.

Jennie, Bakersfield, CA.

### GOLD BRACELET WITH TIGER'S EYE BEADS

I was flying from Pittsburgh to Detroit and I noticed, about five minutes after exiting the aircraft, that my bracelet was missing. I retraced my steps, but never found it. The bracelet belonged to my Great Aunt. She bought it a number of years ago in Italy.

Last seen March, 2006, in the Detroit International Airport.

Janine, Boston, MA

### YELLOW SHAEFFER PEN

When I was nine years old, my family presented me with a yellow thick-nibbed Sheaffer pen on my birthday. For me, the pen symbolized several rites of passage. It was the first 'adult' present I ever received. It was the first present to codify my decision that yellow, not red, was my favorite color. The pen came at the perfect time, as I was transitioning from using pencils to ink in school and was the only kid in class to have a "real" pen, not the disposable Dollar ink pens handed to most young Pakistani students (for that reason, I credit the pen for instilling some long-standing intellectual pretensions and predilections in me). I developed my signature as it currently is using that pen. I wrote my first 'A' grade essay using that pen. I signed off on my first Valentine's Day card using that pen. I literally wrote myself into existence using that pen. And then, in 1993, just before leaving for a summer vacation, I stowed the pen away safely, somewhere, perhaps in a drawer, or a shoe box, or my father's filing cabinet, or a carton, or perhaps even an empty tin of Quality Street chocolates. I never saw my yellow Sheaffer again.

Last seen in Karachi, Pakistan, 1993.

Huma, Cambridge, MA

### SUMO WRESTLER-SHAPED SQUEAKY BICYCLE HORN

Riding home on a cold night, I hit a deep pothole with my bike's front tire and the horn that had been attached to my handlebars flew off into the darkness. It was below 15°F.

Last seen late 2005 along Huntington Avenue, Boston.

Dee, Boston, MA

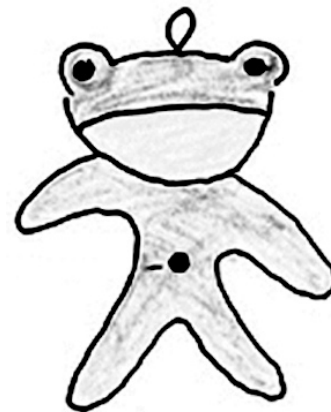
### FROGGY KEYCHAIN

I've had this froggy keychain for about 10+ years. I named him Harrold and he was the guardian of my keys. People associated me with him, so if I ever misplaced my keys, Harrold was recognized and returned to me. In college I sewed a belly-button on him. Then one night while shopping at Trader Joe's he disappeared\*. I was actually pretty upset. Who will take care of my keys now?

\*Thankfully he left me with my keys.

Last seen February 15, 2007, at Trader Joe's.

Laura, Arlington, MA.



### BODUM TRAVELER'S MUG

I gave it to my boyfriend to keep while I went on a school field trip. He left it somewhere. It is ironic because he gave it to me as a present for starting freshman year and keeping warm; he who giveth loseth also. I quickly forgave him. It will take lots more than losing a mug to lose me.

Last seen 2007, MIT campus, Cambridge, MA

### BLUE BIRD BROOCH

When my father's paternal grandmother passed away, each of her great-grandchildren (there were 5 of us at the time) received a gift bought with money "from" her. I don't know what my two male cousins got, but my brother was given a dog clock (with moving eyes), my sister received a necklace (as far as Mum can remember), and I was given (supposedly, as I was very young and have no recollection of the said item) a name-bar brooch with a blue bird on it. I do not even know if it was engraved. I can only suppose it may have been lost when we moved shortly after I turned 4.

Last seen (but not by me!) 1966-69 (at a rough guess), between Bayswater and East Kew, Victoria.

Judith, Victoria, Australia

### BLACK KID FUR-LINED GLOVES

My father took a tracing of my hands with him to Hungary and came back with these beautiful gloves for me. They kept my hands toasty through 2 1/2 nasty Canadian winters, but one day, as I rode the train from school to meet the man who would eventually become my husband, they were lost. Equivalent exchange, perhaps?

I kept checking with the lost and found, but wasn't overly shocked that they were never turned in. I hope they were picked up and loved by someone who really needed them.

Last seen January 8, 2003, at the Bay subway station.

ja'ne, Toronto, Canada

Visit **www.thelostobject.com**, or you may fill out this form, clip it out, and mail it to the address below. There is no cost or deadline to contribute to the Project.

Your Name _____	Your Location _____
Your Lost Object _____	
Date Last Seen _____	Location Last Seen _____
How did you lose your object? _____	
_____	

## The Lost Object Project

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