



Perhaps more than a century old, the body of the old-fashioned compass was made entirely of solid brass that was now tarnished with age. A single black needle and a thick crystal face offered the only contrasts to the brass object.

After gently running a finger across the compass, the young girl lifted the prize from the box. Her hand sank under its weight. Examining it closely, she read an inscription that had been carefully etched on the back:

*"Let your vision guide you to the riches of your dreams."*

After reading the inscription, she turned the antique compass over to discover the black compass needle rotating wildly. Then, just as quickly as it had spun, the needle came to an abrupt stop. Unlike the needles of other compasses, this needle did not point north, but rather to the east.

"That's strange. I wonder . . ." Emily said aloud, kicking her empty berry basket aside. "I wonder where it will take me."

Saying nothing more, she held the small box to her chest and made off in a sprint for the east. The only witness to her journey was the grand white house on the hill on the northernmost edge of Lexington.



## The Compass



For many years thereafter, the people of Lexington searched for Emily, carefully examining every inch of the village. Curiously, they never looked beyond their borders.

“Something terrible must have happened,” commented a wise old woman.

“Something awful,” commented another. “She must have wandered off, and she won’t be back.”

Finally, they all agreed in unison, “That’s why you don’t leave the village.”

Not finding Emily, the people of Lexington soon returned to their work and never looked again.