

# The Tiara of Star

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My heart was thumping to the rhythm of my walking pace as I neared the case. The crystal clear, smooth case shone like a thousand stars twinkling in the night sky.

It was a dream come true, to see its enchanting beauty and my family's history. The case holds the Tiara of Star, a tiara passed down from generations to as far as old folks can tell.

It got its name quite interestingly. A long time ago, in the city of Paris, France, my beautiful ancestor, Anastasya was going to get married. She came from a very wealthy family. Ana, as they called her for short, was a very well educated girl and had the beauty of a diamond. She was being wedded to the rich nobleman Paul B. LaPierre.

Preperations were being made in a first class manner. White and silver was the theme color. I took place on a Saturday morning on a farmland area surrounded by nature and a nice breeze. Anastasya loved the mesmerizing beauty of nature. There were yellow daisies, white dandelions, and pink rose petals spread out everywhere. Ana loved nature as much as she loved her life. Everything for the wedding was happening chaotically as well as merrily.

Ana had no idea that tragedy would soon strike. On the day before the wedding, Ana went out to the busy market. Many booths were set up and there were many little shops where items were being purchased. Ana wanted something special for her since she was child and knew that now was the time

She wanted a tiara to wear, but not just some ordinary one. She wanted one that was made of real diamonds. It would be a slender vine with 5 flowers, with five petals on each flower. The center of the flowers would have a diamond bigger than the other ones. It was a difficult creation and had not yet been made but it was possible.

While the tiara was being made she went to other little booths in the market with her favorite cousin, Darin Anne, she brought along with her. Once the tiara was finished being made, Ana chose a crystal clear display case for the tiara. The tiara and the case looked like the moon showing its light to the stars.

Anastasya was delighted indeed and held it the whole way back to her elegant house. The carriage driver, who was driving Ana and her cousin, couldn't see too well. He took a wrong turn which was leading to a deserted lake away from home. He couldn't clearly see where he was driving and drove into the lake. Ana's cousin and the driver managed to climb on top of the carriage. Unfortunately, Anastasya met her death as she drowned to the uninviting ocean floors.

What happened to Ana and the tiara? She rested in peace in the deep in the ocean floor until the following descendants hauled her body up. She was buried in the Be'Loumer graveyard a few months later in France. It did bring sorrow and gloom in the usually bright and cheerful household. 5 years later Ana's father died and her mother stayed with her aunt until she too died. Still her cousin's and relatives didn't let Anastasya's memories fade. They kept the tiara moving down from generations and generations to come. Her story has been told and will be told to the newest descendants when they came of age.

Right now I'm seeing Anastasya's tiara which is more dazzling than ever!