“Rings, Doughnuts, and Kings”

A long time ago, in an otherwise insignificant village in England, there was a young peasant boy digging potatoes to take to market to sell. As he was digging, he came across an impeccable ring! “Things is looking up, me thinks” exclaimed the boy, whose name was William. He didn’t know the ring was magic when he slipped it on his finger. POOF! All at once he was transported from his peaceful village into a world of noise and light – otherwise known as New York City! “Gadzooks! This ring is something else!” he gasped, as he slipped it off and put it in his pocket.

William saw things that he thought never could have existed - buildings that were taller than trees, terrible metal wagons that shrieked and roared, and so many people all wearing the strangest clothes. Some of the people were eating what appeared to be very strange foods all wrapped up in paper and clear flexible glass. Everything seemed to be made of smooth gray stone and metal. There were terrible flashing lights and pictures of giant people and words. Even the way people spoke sounded different, although William could understand what they were getting at. “Where’d you get those clothes, kid?” asked a man as he hurried by. “Broadway is few blocks away, you’d better hurry if you want to get to the show on time to perform!”. William looked bewildered. Just then it started to rain. “At least the rain is the same!” he thought ruefully. He had to find shelter, but all the buildings looked like great dungeons. He noticed most of the people around him pulled out long sticks that almost looked like swords, and then magically opened them into a canopy which they held overhead and continued to walk as though nothing happened. He, however, did not have one of these magic sword-canopies, so he looked around for shelter. To his surprise, there was a staircase in the ground going down. He scampered down the stairs and into a world of noise, rock, and wonder.

The first thing he smelled was a heavenly aroma. William had never known something could smell this extraordinary. He wanted nothing else but to find the source of the smell. Dashing between the people he made his way to a small cart being pushed by a jolly looking person, who was as wide as he was tall. On the cart – oh joy! – were stacks of round cakes with holes in their centers. The cakes were all different – some had colorful dots, some had a white goo dripping down their round sides. Others were dark brown, and some had spices that he had only heard about decorating their surface. All of them looked delectable. William knew that such heavenly cakes would be costly. He had no money, but he did have the ring. He pulled it out of his pocket and showed it to the doughnut seller. “Please, sir, how many of your cakes of wonder can I purchase with this gold ring?” “For that ring, you can have a lifetime supply of doughnuts, but I do not recommend eating them all at once!”, he wheezed. “You can come by my cart any day and have your pick”. William could not believe his luck. Neither could the doughnut seller.

William handed the ring over, and hastily selected what he fancied was the best choice. Soon he was relishing the unrivaled taste of a New York glaze doughnut, confident that he had made an excellent trade.

“Now let’s take a look at my ring, it looks verrrry familiar” hissed the man as he slipped it on his finger. POOF! He was instantly transported from New York city into a world of dirt and potatoes and wooden huts otherwise known as an insignificant medieval village. “At last! Prepare for my glorious return!” roared the doughnut seller triumphantly. For he was no mere doughnut seller, but Alvin, the Arch Villain from the dark ages. He lifted his shirt pulling out the pillows that he had concealed within his garments. “Now what’s first on my to-do list? he snarled gleefully.

 1. Build an invincible army

2. Conquer the world by force and flattery

3. Rule the world evilly ever after

“Oh, I nearly forgot, silly me,” he laughed carelessly “Number 4. Put on the ring, which will transport me and my army into every age and SOMEDAY soon I will rule all of history!” His grandiose speech was cut short when he felt a punch in the ribs. “Ack!” he squawked, looking down to see a red-faced William. William, who had been reaching for a second doughnut, had noticed Alvin’s evil glint and grabbed his apron just as he’d disappeared. Before Alvin could draw his sword, (which was called The Silencer), William punched him again, this time in the nose. “You - diabolically deceitful doughnut dealer!” howled William picking up a stout stick. Alvin brandished his sword with a flourish but before he could strike, William gave him a sharp clout in the belly. As Alvin fell backwards the ring slipped onto his finger! “Nooooo!” Alvin shrieked. Quick as lightning, William swung his stick, hitting Alvin’s hand. The ring slipped off his finger, just as Alvin faded into the Stone Age, where he went on to live long in harmless misery.

William, stood there, in the middle of the potato field, flabbergasted. This had turned out to be some day! Eyeing the ring reverently, he held it in his hand. “Someday, I will know what to do with this ring, but until then, I’d better keep it safe in me pocket. These potatoes aren’t going to dig themselves either”, he sighed, as he ruefully went back to work, content that the ring would cause no more trouble, and he had the whole long quiet afternoon to dig potatoes.