

An old biscuit tin

As I crept into what looked like a haunted house I tripped and fell on a dusty trophy. I picked it up curiously and read what it said on the stand 'best drawing in the sketch all you want competition.'

It was gold, showing that my great grandma came first! In a drawing competition in the year *1949!* I have only ever met her once and she just looked like an old, shrivelled up woman, crocheting on her dusty rocking chair. She died 5 days ago and now we have inherited all of what she left behind. I am quite excited because I like to explore interesting things that I find, and I like to pretend that I am a detective.

Suddenly the door flung open and the ice-cold howling wind rushed through. I hurriedly stood up and slammed the door shut. My face was freezing and as my back leaned on the wooden door, I noticed something. It looked like some sort of tin. I walked towards it trying to imagine what would be inside. Gold? Jewellery? Money? Secrets? I carefully lifted the lid and stared at what was inside. It was a scroll made from an ancient paper that looked brown and ripped in some places. The paper was rolled up and tied with a white strand of string.

Just as I was about to open it, my father came in. I was worried that if it were valuable, he would probably sell it, so I shoved it into the back of my jeans pocket. Thoughts were racing through my mind like bullets rushing into my skull. I stood there as my father stared at me from head to toe. I had dust in my hair and my jeans were stained with grime and dirt.

"What on earth do you think you are doing?!" He demanded.

"I – I – I'm sorry..."

"Right. That is enough exploring! Go home!"

When I got home, I untied the string. Unrolled the scroll. It revealed a poem which must have been written eons ago with ink and a feather!

*Stare at the mountains,
And find the cave opening
There will be a skeleton
With a gold socket in his hand*

*This skeleton Is Tom Fill
An adventurer, an explorer
He found the treasures of Maryland
But he did have a companion
That was me.
Angelica Wills*

Angelica Wills was my grandmother! My gosh! My grandmother was an explorer. So, I guess I get those genes from her. I had to find the treasure! Wait. But...Tom and Angelica already found it. So what did they do to it? What even is the treasure? Did they leave the treasure there for somebody to find it? I hoped that they did. I would have to find out on my own. Right first I need to understand the poem.

The mountains must mean the Andes! I live in Columbia which is right near the end of the Andes. Ok right. I shoved a torch, water bottle, and the scroll (with my notes) all into a backpack. Then I put a coat on, swung my backpack on and cautiously peered out my bedroom door. My parents were too close to the front door, so I jumped out the window instead. Obviously from the 1st floor of the house.

I made my way near the mountains and instantly saw the glowing cave. Once I arrived, I also saw the skeleton of Tom Fill. I looked inside the cave and to my surprise I saw...