

The Trunk

The weekend was here, and we were off to Grandmas. The house was quite big in a wooded area outside Chicago, Illinois. Every year, we went for the weekend during the winter months as there was always so much snow to play in.

My sister and I decided to head up into the attic to see all the old things my Grandma used to keep. There were old clothes, toys, furniture, and a big trunk. We always wondered what was in the trunk but never really bothered to look inside as it was very plain and not particularly interesting and to be honest, we enjoyed playing with all the other things around us instead. This time though we decided to check it out!

We slowly opened it up and jumped inside as we could see it looked like it led to a tunnel....and it did! We both slid down and ended up falling into a huge pool of water. In the distance, we could see a ship just sat there.

“Amelia”! I shouted, as she swam towards it “be careful”. You see, my sister had no fear and never thought about anything that could go wrong in life or trouble you could get into. Amelia looked back at me and was, for once, being sensible and came back. We both stood together gazing over at the ship but decided we had better get back before anyone realized we were missing. We lifted ourselves back up into the box and we were both back safe in the attic where we started. I told Amelia that we must not tell anyone where we had been, and we closed the trunk up. It was to be our secret, our secret tunnel. Exhausted, we decided to play with an old boardgame in the corner, good old Ludo. We do love it at Grandmas house. There is always something to do, new and old.

The End