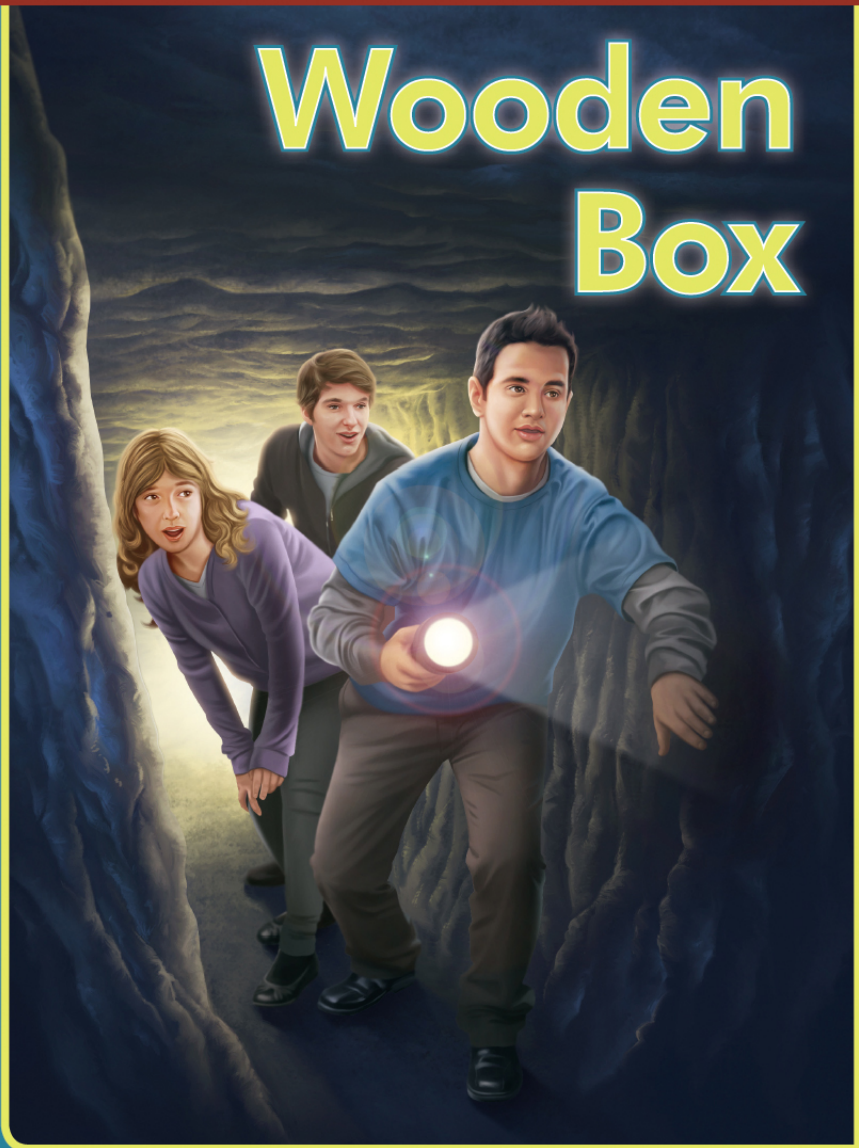


# Wooden Box



Matt Sims

# **The Wooden Box**

**Matt Sims**

**High Noon Books**  
Novato, California

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# **The Flea Market**

One year Ethan and Adam started to collect baseball cards as a hobby. They knew the record of each player as well as the value of his cards. Ethan displayed his cards in a binder between plastic

sheets, but Adam wanted to use a simple box.

“Let’s go to the flea market at the fairgrounds this weekend,” Ethan said. “You might locate the perfect box for your cards.”

When the weekend arrived, the boys rode their bikes to the flea market and searched the rows of stands. They



*When the weekend arrived, the boys rode their bikes to the flea market and searched the rows of stands.*

surveyed tables of old china, baskets, dolls, lanterns, and postcards. They were growing weary when all at once Ethan spotted an entire table of wooden boxes. Some of them were carved, painted, or engraved. Some came with a key. Before long, Adam spotted just the thing.



# **The Perfect Box**

Adam held the box under his arm as they pedaled home. He was eager to fill it with his priceless cards. But first he would have to collect them. They were strewn across his bedroom floor.

Ethan sat on Adam's bed and checked out the box. He slid his fingers over the smooth maple top and lifted the lid to inspect the inside. Then he raised the box to his face and turned it all around.

“The outside of this box is much deeper than the inside,” Ethan noted. He tapped on the bottom.

Then he pressed firmly on the base. All at once, the bottom dropped off and out fell a neatly folded sheet of paper.

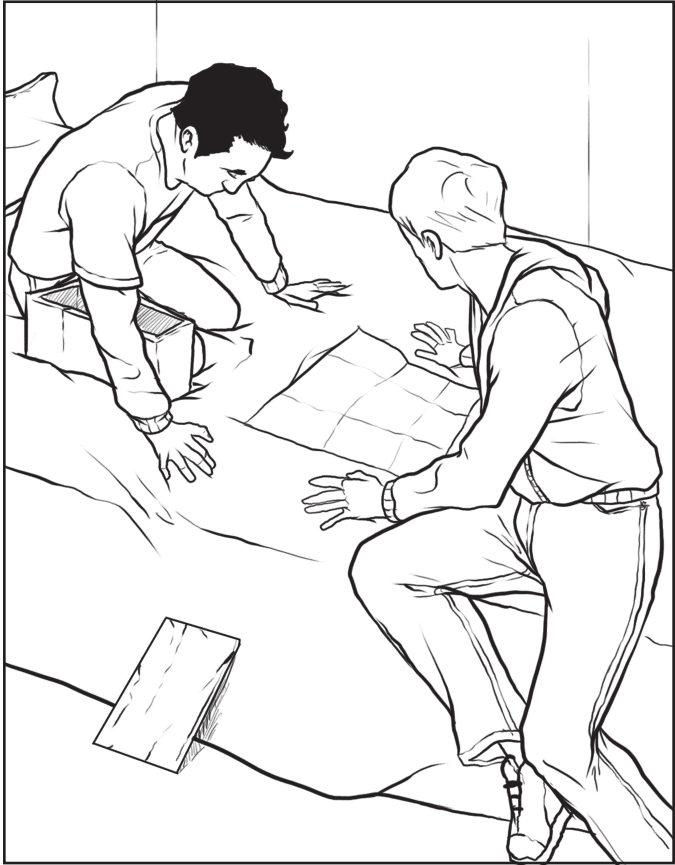
Ethan quickly picked up the paper and began to unfold it. “It’s a map of a house,” he stated.

“Look!” Adam cried. “Here is someone’s name. It says ‘Cecil Miner.’ ”

## Ivy Lane

Ethan checked the local phone book. “No Cecil or C. Miner lives around here,” he claimed after scanning the listings.

“Look! The map shows a secret passage behind this fireplace,” Adam



*“Look! The map shows a secret passage behind this fireplace,” Adam pointed out.*

pointed out. “It leads to a small room beneath the kitchen.”

Ethan peered over Adam’s shoulder. “We’ve got to find this house,” he stressed. “Maybe the courthouse has a record of a Cecil Miner.”

The clerk at the courthouse was very helpful. “Let me see,” she

began, as she scrolled down a list of Miners who had once lived in the district. “Here it is,” the clerk stated. “Cecil B. Miner lived at 896 Ivy Lane nearly eighty years ago.”

“Wow!” Adam spoke up. “I wonder who lives there now.”

“Ivy Lane,” Ethan said

the words slowly. “Isn’t that where Rachel Barber lives?”

Adam spotted a public phone in the courthouse hallway. He grabbed the phone book to find Rachel’s exact address. “896 Ivy Lane,” Adam noted. “Rachel lives in Cecil Miner’s old house—the same house that



appears on this map!”

“We’ve got to talk to Rachel,” Ethan urged. “Let’s approach her at lunchtime on Friday.”

## High Frequency Words

any	been	could
from	have	here
lives	lived	of
once	one	only
said	some	the
their	there	through
to	two	very
wanted	was	were
what	where	who
would	your	