

AIM Phrase Cues

The Locked Trunk

At the very back of Grandma's attic/sat a wooden trunk/with a rusty lock.//

"Bet it's just blankets,"/Maya said,/brushing off dust and cobwebs.//
Leo shook his head.// "Blankets don't need locks."//

He tugged,/but the latch held firm.// Maya rummaged through a box of tools/and came back with a bent hairpin.//

"Like in the movies,"/she whispered.// She wiggled it in the keyhole/
until—click!—the lock popped open.//

Inside,/instead of junk or blankets,/they found a small wooden box,/a stack of old letters,/and a velvet pouch.//

Maya untied the pouch/and poured out a handful of coins.// They weren't shiny/like the money in Dad's wallet—they were heavy,/with strange markings.//

"Pirate coins?"/Leo guessed.//

Meanwhile,/Maya opened the letters.// The paper was yellowed,/but the handwriting was clear.//

"They're from Grandpa... but not to Grandma.// Look—these are addressed/to someone named Captain R.J.!"//

At the bottom of the trunk,/Leo found the wooden box.// It clicked open/
to reveal a compass/with a cracked glass face.// The needle spun wildly,
refusing to point north.//

Maya's eyes sparkled.// "Coins,/letters,/a broken compass... this isn't junk.//
It's a mystery!"//

Leo grinned.// "And tomorrow,/we find out what Grandpa was hiding."//

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