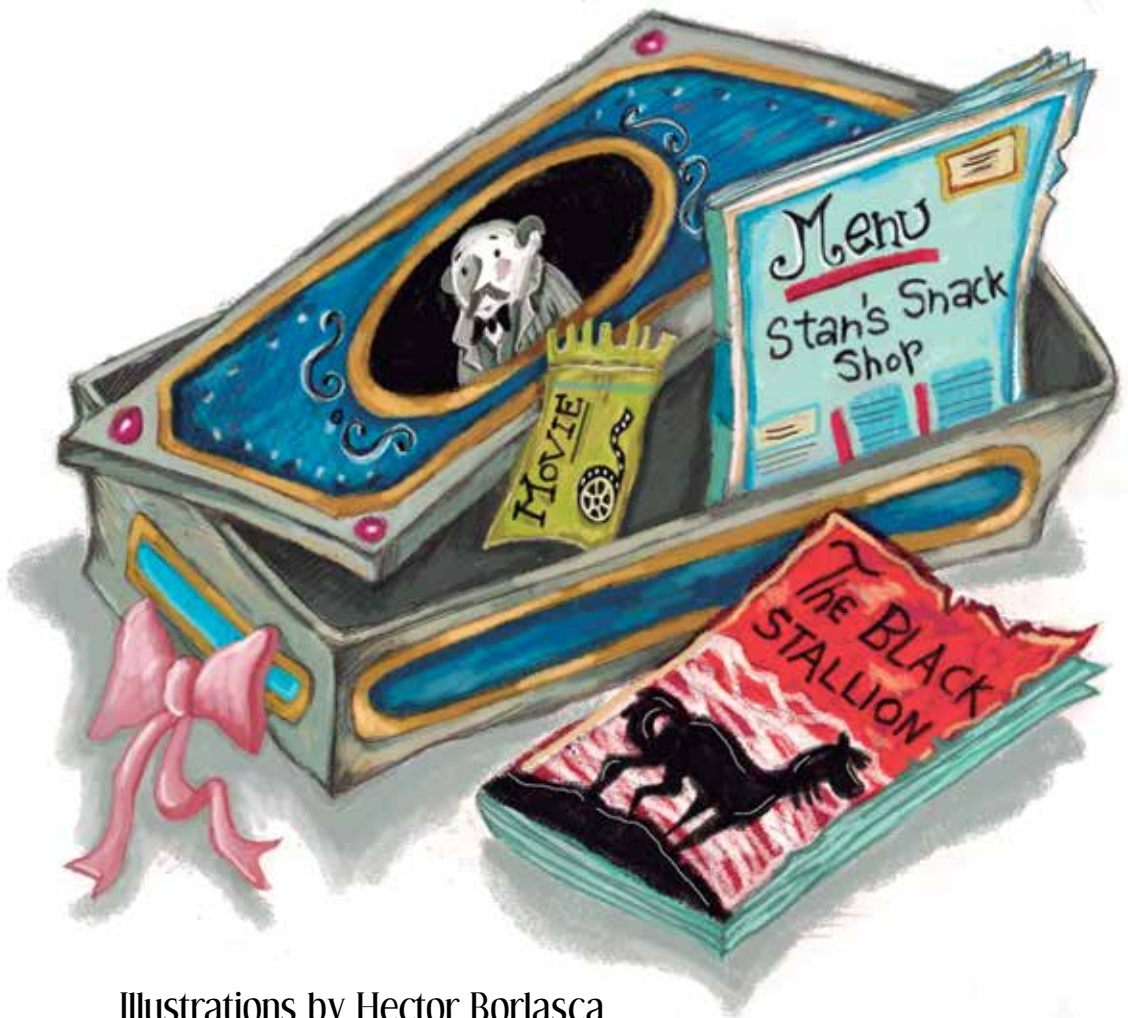


THE TIME CAPSULE

by Nancy Butts



Illustrations by Hector Borlasca

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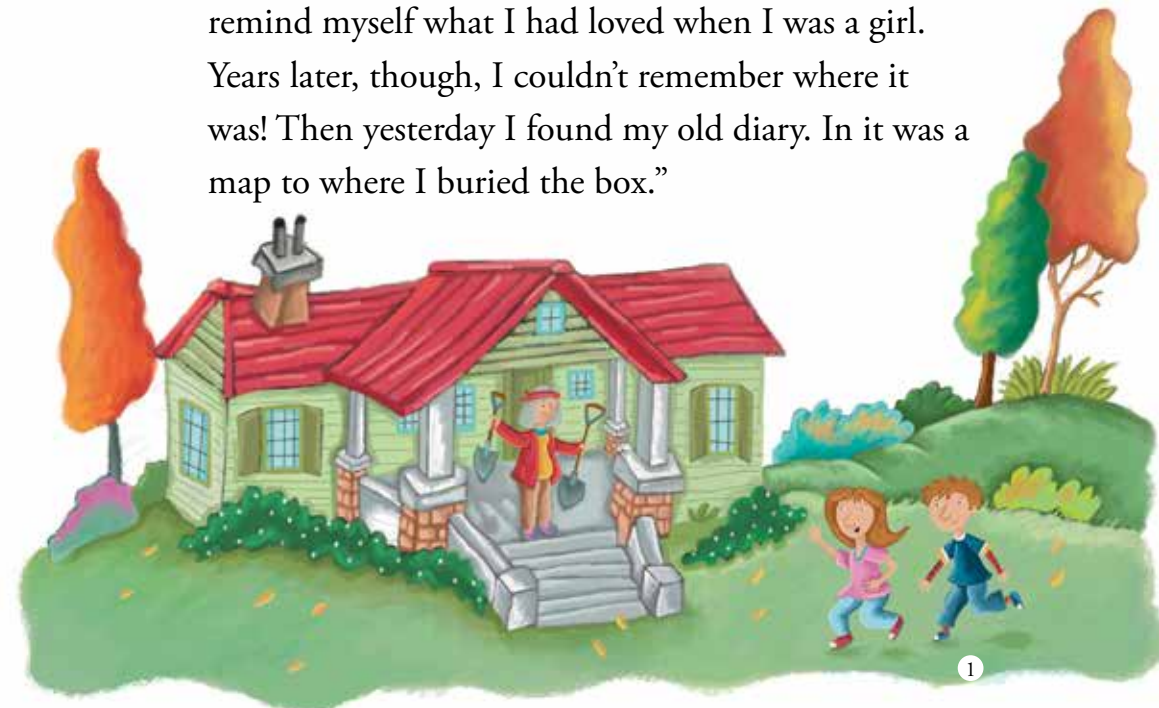
When Jenna and her cousin Nick arrived at their Great-Aunt Kate's house, they saw her pacing back and forth on her front porch.

"I finally know where it is!" she exclaimed, handing them both shovels. "Hurry!"

"What's going on?" Nick whispered to Jenna.

"I'll tell you what's going on," Aunt Kate said.

"When I was twelve, I made a time capsule and buried it. I planned to dig it up when I got older to remind myself what I had loved when I was a girl. Years later, though, I couldn't remember where it was! Then yesterday I found my old diary. In it was a map to where I buried the box."



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The Time Capsule

Level O

Author: Nancy Butts

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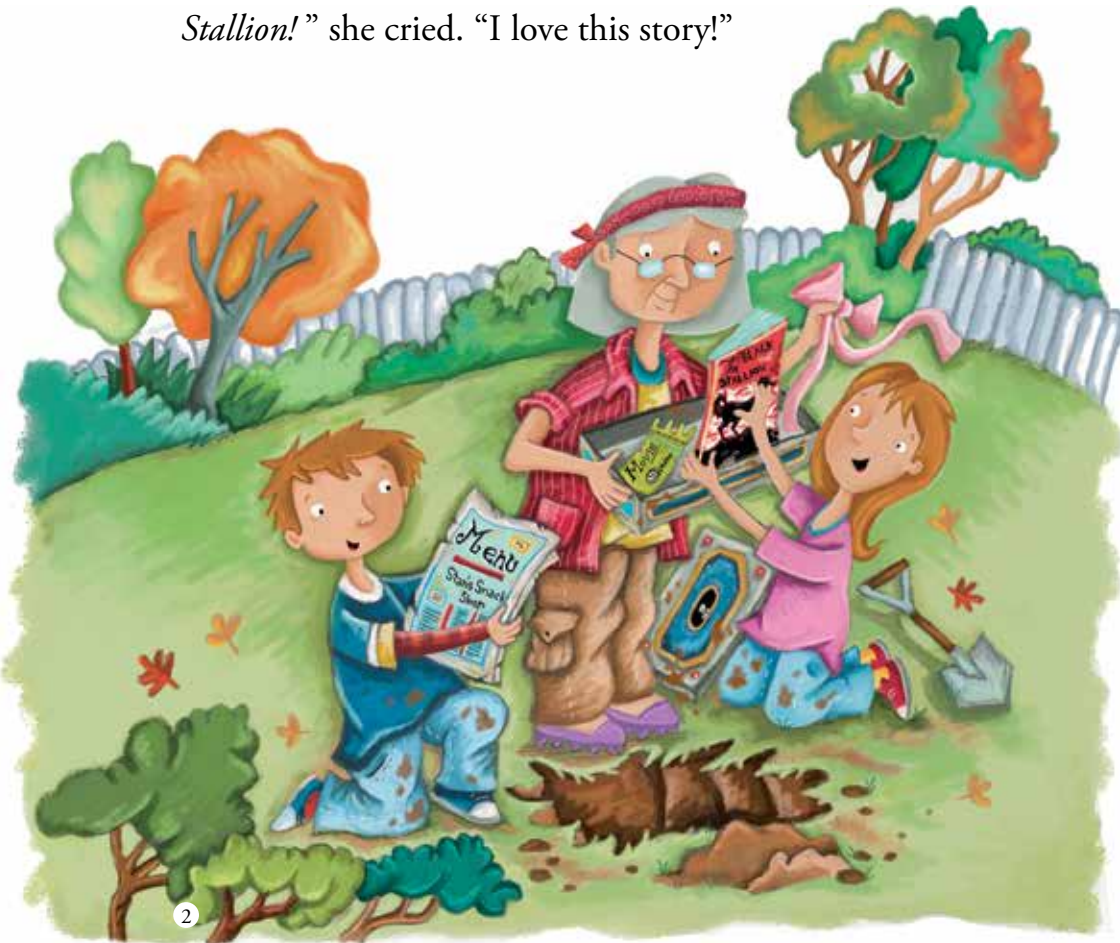
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Thirty minutes later, sweating and caked with dirt, Nick and Jenna finished digging a hole in the backyard. They found a rusty tin box.

Aunt Kate pulled off the lid. Inside were a faded pink hair ribbon, a movie ticket, and a dozen other items.

“Look at this,” Nick said, looking at a menu.
“Milk shakes were only a nickel!”

Jenna pulled out an old book. “It’s *The Black Stallion*!” she cried. “I love this story!”



“I loved it, too,” said Aunt Kate. “It came out when I was ten, the same age you and Nick are now.”

“Why did you bury it?” Nick asked.

“I spilled cocoa on it and ruined it,” Aunt Kate said. “But when I made my time capsule, I knew I’d want to remember my favorite book.”



“Let’s make our own time capsule,” Jenna said,
“so we can remember our favorite things!”

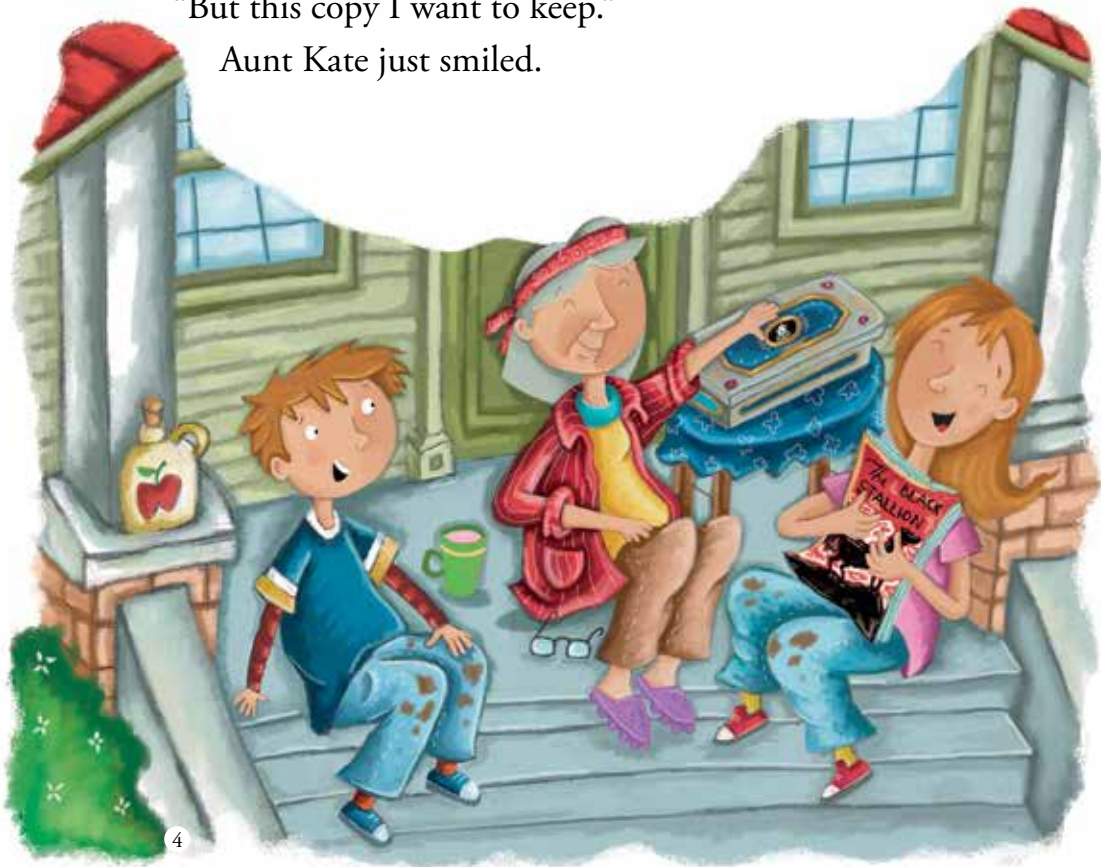
“I can put in the baseball I caught at the big
game,” Nick said.

“I can add a list of our favorite songs,” Jenna
said. “Sixty years from now, it will be fun to sing
them again.”

Then she looked at her great-aunt. “I want to put
my copy of *The Black Stallion* in our time capsule,
too.” She hugged her aunt’s worn book to her chest.

“But this copy I want to keep.”

Aunt Kate just smiled.



Level O

Literary

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