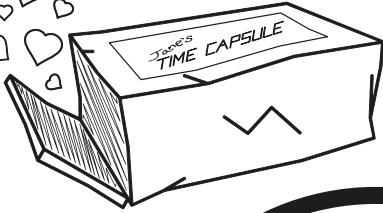


JEFF GOTTESFELD



MEET THE



Maddie

Age: 12

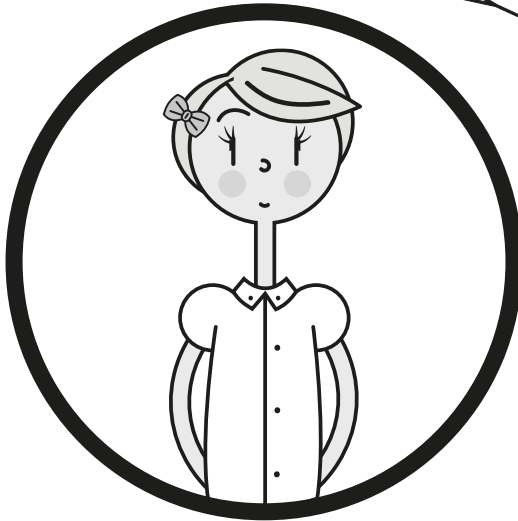
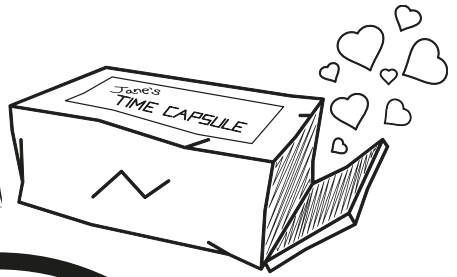
Favorite Color: very light red (but never pink)

Favorite School Subject: history

Dislikes: brushing her hair before bed

Best Quality: adventurous

CHARACTERS



Lori 

Age: 12

Unique Habit: usually writes in cursive

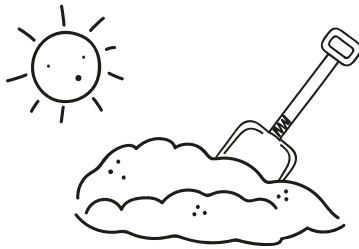
Favorite School Subject: health

Career Goal: to be a nutritionist

Best Quality: logical

1

CLANG!



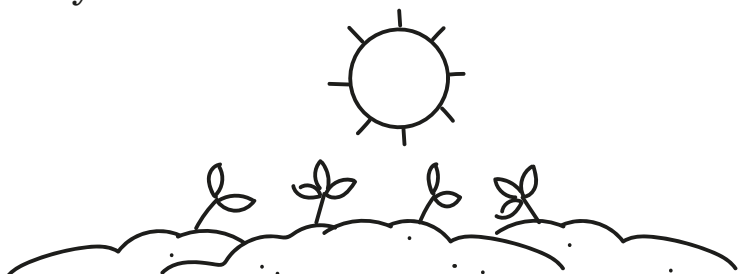
Maddie was in her best friend's backyard. She picked up a spade and dug into the dirt. It was a hot day. Her dark hair stuck to her neck.

Lori was her best friend. The two girls were gardening. It was for their sixth-grade service project. They were growing food.

Some people in their city struggled. They did not have much money. Buying groceries



was difficult for them. The food would be for those in need. Lori had talked to her parents. They had agreed to let her and Maddie use the yard.



The garden was going to be great. Maddie and Lori knew that. It would have vegetables and beans. But the girls had a long way to go.

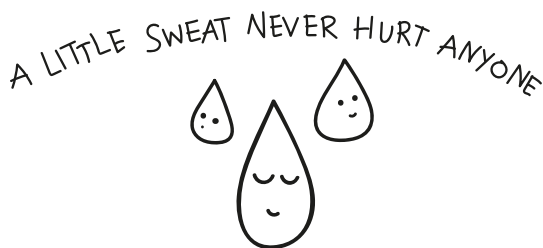
Maddie brushed dirt from her face. “I wonder what Trevor would think of this. Maybe he likes gardening.” She fixed her ponytail. Usually, Maddie wore her hair down. It was long and curly. Today she needed it out of her way.



Trevor and Maddie hung out at school. They were becoming good friends.

“He seems cool,” Lori said. “I think Trevor would like *why* we’re doing this. That’s even if he doesn’t like gardening.” She tried to shake her short blond hair. Sweat made it stick to her face. “Do you want to get a cold drink? I need a break.”

Maddie did not want to stop. “Let’s work for five more minutes.” She knew gardening well. It took time and hard work. But this was all new to Lori.



“Can you hand me that small shovel?” Maddie asked.



Lori gave her the tool. Maddie saw some weeds. She started to dig out their roots.

Clang!

There was an odd noise.

Maddie moved the shovel over a little. She dug again.

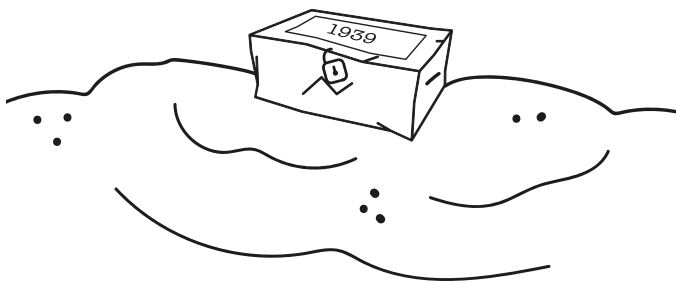
Clang!

“I think there’s something metal down here,” she said.

Lori looked worried. “This could be bad. What if it’s an old pipe? Our veggies will never grow. Right?”

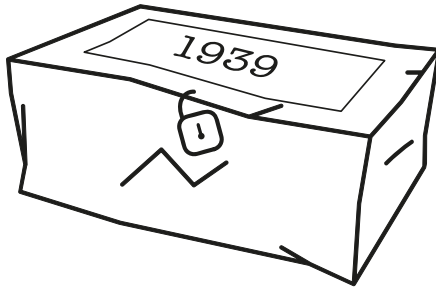
They both began moving dirt. Soon they found something. But it was not a pipe. It was a big metal box. There was a small lock on the front.

The girls stared at it.



2

HELLO FROM 1939



“Wow,” Lori said. “What do you think is inside?”

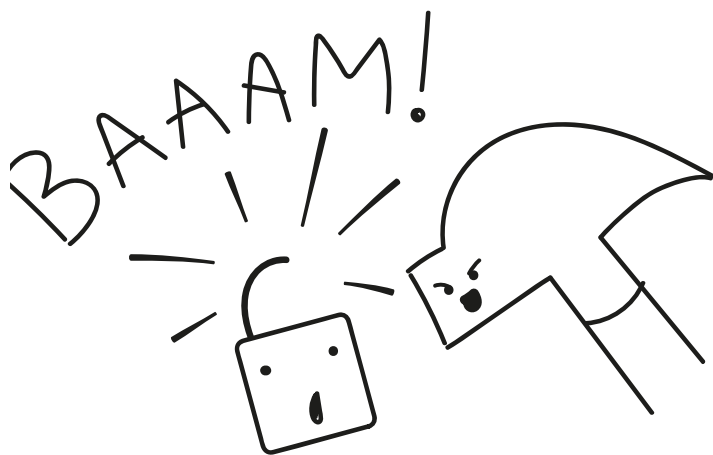
Maddie smiled. “There’s only one way to find out. But how do we open it?”

“I have an idea.” Lori went to the garage. Her dad’s toolbox was there. She grabbed a hammer from it.



Lori brought the hammer to Maddie.
“Just hit the lock. Bang on it hard.”

Maddie took the hammer. She swung it at the lock. *Bam!* The lock broke open.



“Yes!” Lori cheered. She took off the broken lock. “Well, you dug it up. You should open it.”

“But we’re in your backyard.” Maddie glanced at Lori. “You should do it.”

The girls leaned over the box.

Maddie's thoughts raced. *What if it's full of money? Maybe there's gold inside.*

"Okay, if you say so. I'll do it." Lori opened the lid.

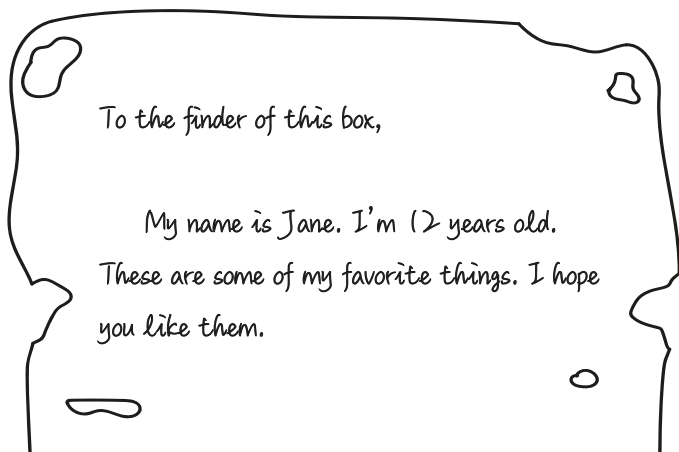
The box was half full. But there was no money. Instead, it looked like a collection of random items. There were eyeglasses and little wooden toys. A few books were there too. One looked like a catalog. Maddie remembered seeing something like that at school. It was during a history lesson. This one in the box had "Sears, Roebuck, and Co." printed on its cover. The year 1939 was on it too.

Then the girls found a note. It was handwritten. The paper had turned yellow with age.

"Wow. Listen to this." Maddie read the



note aloud. “My name is Jane. I’m 12 years old. These are some of my favorite things. I hope you like them.”



“So Jane was our age,” Lori noted. “She was 12 in 1939. That means she’s in her nineties now. This is amazing. Do you think she’s still alive?”

Maddie closed the box. “Maybe we should try to find her.”

It was an hour later. The girls were at the town's library.



Ms. Karp was the head librarian. She had been there for years. Her hair was silver. Red glasses rested low on her nose.

Maddie loved to read. Lori enjoyed research. The library was one of their favorite places. Ms. Karp was always helpful too.



Lori gave Jane's note to the librarian.

Ms. Karp read it. Then she peered at the girls over her glasses. A smile stretched across her face. "I think you ladies found a time capsule."

"A what?" Maddie asked.

"A time capsule," Ms. Karp repeated. "People put items in a box. Then they bury it. Someone may find it in the future. That person would discover a bit of history. Let's go to a computer. I want to look up something."

Maddie and Lori followed Ms. Karp. They found an open computer. The librarian searched online. She looked for time capsules.

Soon she clicked a link. "Here's a list of the capsules in our area. There are thousands.



Our town isn't shown. It seems no capsules have been reported from here. Maybe Jane made hers just for fun. That's why there's no record of it."

"Can we try to find Jane?" Maddie asked.

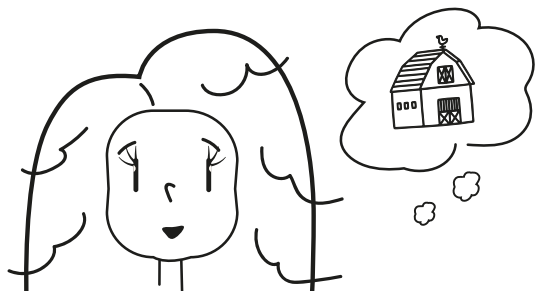
"We know she's in her nineties," Lori added. "But her first name is so common. It would be hard to find her. Learning her last name may help."

Jane	Q
jane wilde jane fonda jane eyre	

Ms. Karp looked at Lori. "Maybe she lived in your house. Let's see when it was built." She typed more. Then she shook her head. "No. That won't work. Your house

was built in 1960. It was just farmland before then.”

Maddie was curious. “Maybe Jane lived on a farm.”



“Good thinking,” Ms. Karp said. “But that may not help either. I see there was a farm. People lived there around 1939. But they did not have children. I’m sorry, girls.”

“That’s okay,” Lori said. “Thanks, Ms. Karp.”

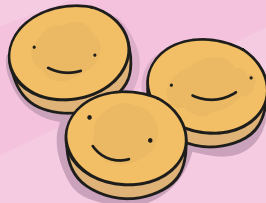
Maddie looked at the librarian. “Yes, thank you. Can we keep the box?”

Ms. Karp smiled. “Sure, why not?”

THE Love

MINTS

Who knew mints
could cause so much
trouble?




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