



The Unforgettable Adventure

On a dreary Saturday morning, with rain raining cats and dogs, Max found himself staring out the window, wishing for anything but another boring day. Little did he know, that day would become one for the books.

Max's cousin Leo, a man who seemed to lead a charmed life, burst into the room, dripping wet but grinning ear to ear. "We've got a mystery to solve!" Leo declared, tossing a soggy newspaper onto the table. Max, feeling like he hadn't slept a wink after a long night of gaming, rubbed his eyes and glanced at the article. The words might as well have been ancient hieroglyphics.

"It's all Greek to me," Max groaned, reaching for his coffee.

Leo rolled his eyes. "Never mind that. A rare treasure is hidden somewhere in this town, and the clue is right here!" He tapped the paper. Max's heart sank. He knew better than to get involved in Leo's schemes, but curiosity won out.

The first task was to visit Old Man Whitaker, who supposedly had a key piece of the puzzle. The man lived alone in a crumbling mansion, claiming the treasure had driven him mad. "Good riddance if you don't find it," he muttered when they arrived. "This hunt's nothing but trouble!" He handed over a dusty map and slammed the door.

Leo unfurled the map. "This will be a piece of cake!" he said confidently.

But Max wasn't so sure. The map led them into a forest full of twisting trails and thorny bushes. Soon, they were hopelessly lost, standing before a fallen tree as dead as a doornail.

"Now what?" Max asked, exasperated.

Leo scratched his head. "We're in a pickle," he admitted.

After hours of wandering without rhyme or reason, they stumbled upon a clearing where a young woman, Sylvia, was sketching in a notebook. Max found himself tongue-tied as he tried to explain their predicament. Sylvia smiled and offered to help, revealing she had seen the landmark they were searching for: an old, mossy well.

When they finally reached the well, Leo peered inside and gasped. There, at the bottom, was the treasure chest. But just as they were figuring out how to retrieve it, a booming voice startled them.

"You again!" It was Old Man Whitaker. He had followed them, furious they had dared to disturb the treasure. "You'll ruin everything! Do you think treasure brings happiness? It's misery!"

The group quickly hid in the bushes, deciding to lie low until he left. Max whispered, "He's probably mad because his kids ate him out of house and home and left him nothing."

Sylvia chuckled softly, but her laughter was cut short when Whitaker stomped off, muttering under his breath. "He's gone," she whispered.

With teamwork, they pulled the chest out of the well. Inside was not gold or jewels, but letters and photographs chronicling Whitaker's salad days—a time when he had travelled the world and fallen in love.

Sylvia sighed as they looked over the treasures. "Maybe he's right. Maybe love's blind, and chasing memories doesn't always end well."

Max, for the first time that day, agreed. But Leo grinned. "I think we've given him closure. Let's leave it here for him to find."

They returned the chest and slipped away quietly. As they walked home, drenched and exhausted, Max smiled to himself. He might not have had an ordinary day, but for once, he felt alive.

Tasks

1. Read the story carefully.
 - a. Highlight any words or phrases you do not yet understand. Use the vocabulary tracker for help and add unknown words and phrases onto it.
 - b. Highlight any idioms you can find in another colour.
2. Rewrite the story to your liking. While doing so, also consider the following questions:
 - a. Are there any parts of the story that don't make sense to you`?
 - b. Are the idioms used correctly?
3. Be ready to present your story in class.

Vocabulary Tracker

Word	Definition