

Chapter 1

Grandpa's Treasure



"GRANDPA'S BROUGHT a big box with him again!" I said, leaning out of the lounge-room window.

"Another one!" said my dad.

"Another one!" said my mum. "Isn't that... nice."

Grandpa was getting out of his car. He was reaching into the back seat and dragging out a big, rather battered, old cardboard box.

"Another box!" I said. "It's really big! It'll probably take us all afternoon to go through it! This is great!"

"Yeah, great," said Dad.

"Hmm... great," said Mum.

I ran out to help Grandpa with the box.

"What have you found, Grandpa?" I called.

Grandpa looked up. "Hi, Matt!" he called.

"Come and give me a hand here! I've found real treasure this time!"

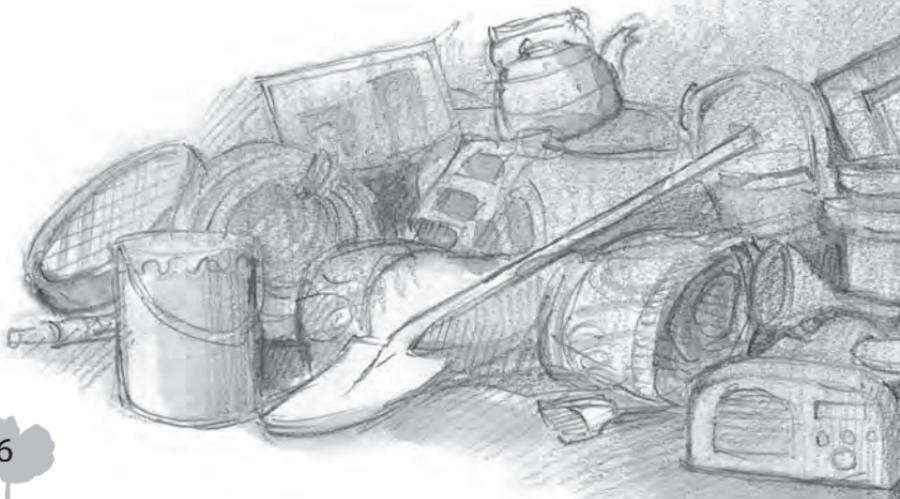
We Went to Gallipoli

Well, of course I knew it wasn't real treasure. Not like diamonds or pirates' doubloons or gold drinking cups, not that sort of treasure. But it was certainly treasure to Grandpa and me. That box Grandpa was carrying was full of history. The history of our family.

My grandpa retired from his job about six months ago. At first he said it was great, having all that free time. Then he started saying he needed something to do, to fill up all that free time.

"Volunteer for something," said my dad.

Grandpa did. He came to my school and helped coach the cricket team. He delivered books from the local library to people who were too old, or too sick, to get to the library themselves. He still had some free time left.



Grandpa's Treasure

"Maybe I'll clean out the garage," he said one day.

Dad and Mum laughed. Grandpa's garage is a family joke. Grandpa never throws anything away. There's hardly room for his car in that garage, what with all the old lawnmowers and wheelbarrows he's going to fix one day, and the shelves with jars of screws and nails, and mysterious things covered with old sacks lurking in corners, and old cricket bats hanging on the wall—well, you get the idea.

