

8th Grade Personal Narrative: Treasure Hunting - Geocaching

Task Prompt: Your class has been discussing different types of adventurous activities: kayaking, surfing, hiking, and many other hobbies. You are given three resources about geocaching, a hobby described as involving hiking and treasure hunting.

Write a story about your own adventures of geocaching. In your story, tell what happens when you find something interesting during one of your treasure hunts. When writing your story, find ways to use information and details about geocaching from the sources to improve your story.

Keep Exploring

On my way home, I thought I could find another geocache. I already found two, why not three? My friend Thomas was with me. We are roommates. I checked geocaching.com when I found a interesting gps coordinate. Nobody had ever found the location of this specific geocache. That is incredibly rare. So Thomas and I dropped our stuff onto the street and went searching for this never found geocache. After two hours of searching, Thomas said, " I don't think we can find it". "Don't give up", I said.

Since it was a cloudy day, Google Earth was on the fritz, so was my gps location app. But we both thought that this opportunity was to great to pass up. The geocaching website said that the cache was going to be somewhere on a hiking route, up Tiger Mountain. The trail was over 30 miles long. We walked only 10 in the two hour time span. Our backs and face were sweating so much that we thought it was raining. We haven't got this much exercise since elementary school physical education class.

Just when almost all hope was drained, every bone in our body about to break, there was a clearing in the sky, allowing us to get more clues on where this cache is. Thomas didn't care, he was done. He left. I was all alone. A thought kept passing thorough my head, "I started this and I'm going to finish it". The clue said, "The cache is not at mountain's peak, it is where we hold the weak". "Weak, Weak, Weak", I mumbled. "What does that mean?". "Bottom of the mountain", I exclaimed.

My first sign that I was close was when the gps became useless. I dug and dug and dug.

“Ohhh”, I shouted. “I found something”. It was the shiniest gold box that I’ve ever seen. Looked like it was real gold. Opened it up and found the sacred logbook. Put my name as #1 and it felt amazing.

But that wasn’t the only prize.

Inside, I found a limited edition Pokemon card. It wasn’t just any Pokemon card either, it was the first card ever made in the factory. The limited edition EX level Pikachu. It was interesting because I expected a little trinket, like in all other geocaches. In place of the Pokemon card, I put my lucky coin from Europe. This is one of many stories. This club inspired me to become the very best geocacher. Now I am. This just shows how determination and dedication can get you a prize so sweet.

“I’m level 72, and an artist. I’m part of a guild, you should join!”

As we walked back to the central part of Fellisber Park, Lynn and I chatted about Daynight of Guilds and other interests. At the crosswalk where we parted ways, we exchanged usernames and phone numbers, Lynn waving me off with a cheery wave.

I walked back home with a bounce in my step, glad that I had made a new friend, one who played my favorite game. Going geocaching today had yielded better things than just another cache- it also made new connections. Geocaching was more than just a treasure hunt.