

Chapter Ten



JJ tied the boat to the dock, and we all raced off the boat and onto the small covering, unable to wait to get to the house.

John B put the bag down, and I got down on my knees beside him and watched him unzip the bag as the rest of our friends circled around us.

"What do you guys think it is?"

"Gotta be money, right?"

"That or a couple of keys with street value to the low-to mid-mills!"

"Can we please just open the bag?"

We all turned to Pope in surprise.

"Wow, Pope," John B exclaimed.

"That was a rare outburst of emotion, Bubba," I joked, causing JJ to slap me on the back.

"Okay, you guys are literally killing me with anticipation. Just open the bag!"

"Jeez," JJ laughed.

John B finally did what Pope asked, pulling out an airtight, silver cylinder. I watched with building anxiety as my brother struggled to open it for a second before twisting the top off and tipping whatever was inside into his hand.

There's a moment of excited silence as we waited for John B's reaction. A look of wonder and confusion crossed his face. He held up the object in his hand, and my jaw hit the dock.

"Oh, wow. Yup. That's about right. Good job, everybody. We found a compass."

I ignored Pope's sarcasm and reached out for the gold compass. John B allowed me to take it, and I traced my fingers around the familiar carved design on the top before opening it up to look at the inside, running the chain through my free hand.

"Dude, what? It's not worth anything," JJ stated, noting the shocked expression on my face.

I'm unable to say anything as tears gathered in my eyes.

"This was our father's."

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