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April 14, 2018

## The Great Find

My head was dripping with sweat as I sprinted through the endless grassy fields with my friend, Luke. The intense blaze of the Kansas sun scorched our skin. While I was running as fast as lightning, I felt something stab me in the bottom of my foot. I tried to determine what had stabbed me. Finally, I spotted a small black triangular object. I closely examined the object. It looked as if it was an Indian arrowhead!

“That’s a cool looking rock, isn’t it,” Luke chirped.

“It almost looks like an arrowhead,” I said.

“Let’s show your dad,” Luke piped.

As we sprinted back to my dad’s house, wiping the sweat from our faces, I was enthusiastic about showing him what I had found. When we finally arrived I showed my dad the object and he said, “I don’t think it is a rock, but I am not sure what it is. We could show it to Amberly Kugeler, an archaeologist.”

“Ok,” I said. My dad called and asked Amberly Kugeler to come to our house. When Amberly Kugeler arrived, I showed her the rock and she exclaimed, “That is not a rock, that is an Indian arrowhead!” As she examined the object again she said, “Did you know that objects from ancient civilizations are buried under the ground we walk on every day? I think as an archeologist I should help make sure that all remaining objects and burials from old cultures and ancient civilization are preserved and documented.” I gave her the arrowhead to give to a museum. I felt happy that I was helping an archaeologist, but also felt sad to give my prize possession away so quickly.

The next morning when I woke up my dad showed me the newspaper. Below a picture of me, there was an article describing a young boy who had found the next archaeological site, places where large groups of humans might have lived or spent time long ago. As I got dressed, I was full of pride because I had discovered a piece of history.