Young Granite and the Time Capsule



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HOUSECALL

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A HouseCall picture book

This is a work of fiction.

Learn the game. Love the game.

For every team with a story worth keeping.



Piper found a small tin behind the club photo albums. Granite recognized the dent in its lid. “Oh,” he said. “That was a very ambitious box.”



Long ago, when Granite was a junior, his club decided to save a little piece of the season. Everything had to fit inside one tin.



Granite knew exactly what belonged in it. A glorious victory. A magnificent shot. Something future curlers would gasp at.



He tried a trophy from the display shelf. The lid would not close. Neither would the cupboard, once the other trophies began to wobble.



“A drawing,” said his teammate. “Draw your best shot.” Granite liked that. Paper was much more cooperative than a trophy.



He drew a stone. Then a grand curling path. Then another path, because he could not remember exactly how grand the first one had been.



By the time he finished, the paper looked like a plate of spaghetti. “A very complicated victory,” he explained.



His teammate brought a little paper star. “From the decorations we made.” Granite tilted his handle. “But we didn’t win the decorations.”



“We made them together,” she said. “Remember? You folded yours inside out.” Granite remembered. His star had looked like a sandwich.



Another teammate offered a scrap of bright cloth. “From our team banner.” It was the corner that had stuck to Granite’s shoe all afternoon.



“Everyone thought I had a very small cape,” said Granite. He tried to look dignified. His teammates tried not to laugh. Neither attempt lasted.



The tin was filling up. But where was the extraordinary part? Granite went to find something no one could possibly forget.



He found a photo from the start of the season. Three curlers crowded around him. Granite had tried to look serious. It had not lasted.



He remembered the next moment. Someone sneezed. Everyone laughed. The grown-up with the camera said, “There. That’s much more like you.”



Granite looked at his grand-shot drawing again. It did not show the laugh. It did not even show who had been there.



So he turned the paper over. He drew his friends: tousled hair, bright sweaters, and the enormous smiles after practice.



He gave himself a very large handle. “For accuracy,” he said. His teammate added an even larger moustache.



Then they each chose one thing to remember. A first try. A new friend. A joke that was still funny, even after twenty-seven retellings.



Granite had one more idea. He wrote a note for whoever opened the tin. This time, he kept the story small enough to fit.



“We curled here. We got better at some things. We laughed at others. If you find this, tell us what your team is like.”



The lid closed with a little click. Granite patted it. “There,” he said. “A whole season.” Somehow, the tin no longer seemed too small.



Back in the clubhouse, Piper unfolded the old drawing. “You really did give yourself a big handle.” “Accurate then,” said Granite. “Accurate now.”



Piper found a fresh card. She began with the five girls on her team. Sweep offered to draw himself. He needed a second card.



They put the old memories safely away and started a new little box. Somewhere in tomorrow, another team would be waiting to meet them.