





Exhibit Log Answer Key


These are **sample responses** for each artifact. Students should be encouraged to vary tone, language, and style—but these models demonstrate strong use of **sensory detail, mood, and vivid language**.

 **Melted Candle** - The candle leans at an awkward tilt, its wax frozen in mid-drip like pale tears. Once straight and proud, it now resembles a twisted column of ice, clinging to a rusted brass holder. Its scent is faint—something like old lavender mixed with stone dust. The wick is blackened, curled like a burnt feather. It doesn't flicker anymore, but it looks like it once held hours of stories in its flame.

 **Shell Necklace** - The necklace is a string of sun-bleached shells, each one shaped like a sliver of moonlight. They rattle softly against each other when moved, whispering of tides and lost winds. The rope is rough and frayed, crusted with sand. A faint salt smell clings to it, like memory. It feels both fragile and sacred, as though it was worn by someone who walked barefoot across forgotten shores.

 **Locked Wooden Box** - The box is small enough to fit in a drawer but heavy enough to guard something meaningful. Its wood is scratched and scarred, with a grain like rippling muscle. The keyhole is rusted shut, ringed with dark smudges from fingers that tried and failed to open it. There is no latch, no writing, no sound—but it radiates quiet resistance. The missing key seems like the beginning of a story, not the end.

 **Brass Compass** - The compass is round and golden, tarnished with green around the edges like moss on stone. Its needle spins slowly, never settling, as if caught in its own storm. The glass is cracked, and beneath it the numbers are barely legible. When you hold it, it hums faintly, as though remembering journeys long since over. It feels more like a riddle than a tool.

 **Torn Journal Page** - The paper is soft from age, folded so many times the edges have begun to dissolve. The ink is faded to brown, bleeding at the edges like forgotten thoughts. A line of hurried writing trails off mid-sentence, interrupted by a blot or a tear. The page smells of dust and dried leaves, and when held, it crackles like a whisper. You get the sense that this was someone's last words—or maybe their first.