

# gossamer



INSIDE



# HOW TO BURY A TREASURE

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First, if you're hiding stolen treasure, this guide is not for you. You are the reason everyone has to hide their treasure in the first place. Well, that and taxes. Second, treasure means something different to all of us. I am talking about treasure as a noun, not a verb. If you treasure your eldest son, that's lovely. If you treasure your grandmother's taxidermied pet Yorkie, that's a little weird but, you know, fine too. If you define treasure as love or leisure time or vacation days spent playing Bananagrams, know that I'm all about immaterial wealth, but that is not what I am referring to here. I'm not telling you how to bury your inappropriate feelings for your fiancé's best friend, Tad. I'm talking about hiding your booty, loot, dough, spoils, riches, gold, or jewels. I'm talking about Classic American Treasure. Now that we're all on the same page, let's get down to stashing it.

Ideal hiding places are inconspicuous, hard to access, and often a little bit odd. Historically, people have buried treasure beneath fields of barley, in the lining of couches, between bathroom walls, and at the bottom of the sea. If this kind of ambitious treasure-stashing seems daunting, try a more accessible solution: bury your gold in the garden of your nuttiest aunt. Treasure hunters and authorities alike will always search the property of the bitter ex-spouse, the illicit lover, the doting parents—but never the crazy aunt. This is textbook misogyny, and if you are a woman, you should take advantage and think of it as reparations. If you are a man, history says you probably aren't waiting for my permission and your riches are already nestled snugly under Aunt Dottie's begonias.

If you are a devotee of the Find My Friends app, turn off the location tracker while hiding your treasure. If this will raise suspicion, leave your phone somewhere you frequent, such as the sauna, the library, or your local goat rental center (I'm not here to judge). Honestly, if it were me, I'd stash mine under the free sample booth at Trader Joe's. If you have an enemy, know that they will want your treasure. Unless they are your enemy because you stole their treasure, in which case you are burying someone else's treasure and this guide is not for you. (See above.)

Okay, you're thinking, *I've stashed my loot. Now what?* Two words: Booby traps. Not setting booby traps in a tight perimeter around your treasure is like decanting all your liquids into three-ounce containers before a flight and leaving a machete in your carry-on. So close... and yet so far. Examples of good booby traps include motion-activated spates of poison-tipped arrows, human-crushing boulders perched ominously atop inclined planes, and roiling pits of snakes. If you're thinking, this is just a list culled from *Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark*, you're not wrong, but remember that an ambush doesn't have to be original—it just has to work.

The most crucial part of burying treasure is not telling anyone where you put it. (See p. 65). Except for one person. You have to tell one person. This is in case you forget or die or need to be bailed out of jail. You should find someone discreet, experienced, and trustworthy—someone who knows a lot about treasure. If you can't think of anyone, feel free to email me the coordinates: [luna@ilovetreasure.com](mailto:luna@ilovetreasure.com).

Lastly, if you need inspiration, here are some movies that are all about treasure: *Into the Blue*, *Cutthroat Island*, *Fool's Gold*, *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*, *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*, *Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End*, *Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides*, and *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales*. These are glitzy films with star-studded casts, but don't let the glamour fool you! The people in these movies are trying to find treasure. Those on the other side of the equation—the ones who have hidden their riches—are not famous. You must come to terms with the fact that there will be no glory in burying your booty. They will not make movies about you. Kate Hudson will not change her mind about divorcing you. You will not suddenly have taut abs or sprout long flowing locks, or find yourself winning a duel against your evil pirate uncle named Dawg. The only thing you will end up with is lots of treasure. This will have to be enough.