



“You found it in a sandpit, Chloe!” stated Kyle, raising one eyebrow at his friend. “What kind of pirate hides their treasure map in a sandpit?”

Chloe wasn't listening. She was stroking the tatty, crinkled piece of paper like it was a piece of fine silk. “I think this is... yes, if that's... then...” she murmured, tracing the worn lines with her finger. “Yes! I've got it! C'mon Kyle,” she announced, grabbing his arm. “We've got treasure to find!”

Kyle was about to argue but Chloe looked so excited. What harm would come from following the map? Even if it ended up leading to nothing, at least they would enjoy themselves. However, after several hours of traipsing around in the mid-July heat, Kyle was beginning to regret his decision. They had spent ages looking for a hill before Chloe had realised that it was just a smudge on the paper. The 'river' had turned out to be a crinkle and, now, Chloe had the map upside down.

“This is ridiculous!” said Kyle, clearly frustrated. “I'm going home.”

“Kyle, please,” whined Chloe, “we're not far now and I know I've read the map properly this time. It's just over...” Chloe was stopped by the most peculiar thing: the old map had started to glow.

