

“It says ‘Treasure Map’, Rocky. It couldn’t be a real treasure map, could it?”



Pete turned the drawing over but there was nothing written on the back. "It sort of looks like Variable Beach, don't you think, Rocky?"

Rocky barked in agreement.

"There's only one way to find out if this is a treasure map," said Pete. "Down to Variable Beach, Rocky!"

After telling Mum and Dad they were off to do some exploring, Pete and Rocky wandered through the **dunes** to the beach. The moment they reached the white sand, Pete removed Rocky's lead and took the old drawing out of his back pocket.

"This is definitely not the place," Pete said, comparing the map to the beach they were standing on. "Let's keep walking, Rocky."

They jogged to the main part of Variable Beach, where tourists and locals lazed on the sand and swam in the shallows. Pete held up the drawing again. "Nope, this could take a while, Rocky. We might have to walk around the whole island just to find the beach on this map."

"Need some help with that map, young man?" said a voice behind Pete. He turned around to see an old woman smiling at him. "I've lived here for all of my 85 years. I know this island like the back of my hand."