

Craig & Ooola – The map

By Martin S. Beckley

Hello, my name is Craig and I am five, it's my birthday today. My best friend is an alien and she gave me a newspaper as a present because that is her favourite food. Mum and Dad gave me a compass. I did not get any post this morning, but Mum and Dad got two letters each. A bit later I heard the letterbox bang again, so I ran to investigate. A roll of yellow brown paper lay on the mat. The writing on the side said, 'To Craig.' I unrolled the paper; it was a map of where I lived. The left-hand side showed my street with my house marked by a big 'C'. The right-hand side of the map was blank except for two things, a red cross and an arrow that pointed north. 'Map look tasty,' Ooola said. 'Don't eat it; it might be a treasure map. Look, it's got some writing at the bottom,' I read it to Ooola. 'Start at Craig's outside the door. Under the pebbles you will find out more.' We looked at each other with big smiles and both shouted, 'LET'S GO!' Outside, we rolled the pile of pebbles aside and found; a pencil, a ruler and a piece of paper with writing on. It said, 'From your door you must draw one centimetre east. Then nine south you must go and look for the mini beast.' 'What is mini beast?' asked Ooola. 'I've been learning about those at school. They are ants and spiders and things,' I told her. I used the pencil and ruler to draw the two lines on the map. 'That goes down to the corner of the street,' I said. As we walked, Ooola counted our steps. 'One hundred,' she said when we reached the corner. 'Come to Ooola mini beast,' Ooola called. Tied to a lamppost was a picture of a beetle. 'That's it!' I said and

turned the picture around. The writing on the back said, 'Five to the east then north for two. East four more to find the clue.' I drew the lines and looked at Ooola. 'The last four centimetres takes us across the bridge to the blank part of the map,' I told her. 'So?' she asked. 'So - how do we know when we've walked four centimetres east?' I asked. 'Oh easy. One centimetre plus nine equals ten. One hundred steps to ten centimetres equals ten steps to one.' she said. 'Brilliant. And we can use my compass to make sure we go the right way.' I said. We crossed the bridge and stopped at the swings after forty steps. We found another beetle picture. It said, 'Two north then east eight. Your treasure is just beyond the gate.' The gate led into the allotments where Uncle John spent his weekends. The treasure was propped up against Uncle John's shed. A new bike. 'Happy birthday,' called Mum, Dad and Uncle John. 'Thanks,' I said jumping on my bike. 'YIPEE!'

