

Treasure Map



First rule of a treasure map – X marks the spot, no?

Last night as the men were enjoying their shore time, a young lad approached me with a map. He told me that he knew the map lead to a treasure somewhere on the island, but he couldn't figure where.

When I took a look for myself there was no marking to be found that'd be leading us to a treasure. The lad was eager enough and seemed to be the honest type, so I roused a handful of men from their recreation – not all of them, since the wrong mix draws attention, mind you – and we looked to see if we could draw some notion from boy's map.

With exotic drink in hand and our heads filled with all other sweet forms of indulged luxury, the men and I fought on as the map perplexed us still. Amidst the boy's shouts, we continued on into the night until we finally cracked it open – the treasure map had to be folded in half! 'Twas too dark to be venturing out that night, but we laid plans to rest ourselves and pick up the search for treasure at first light.

Morning, fortune calling our name, the group slid out their black boots. We walked our way up to the tree on the map, following the path we'd worked the night before. The mighty oak tree stood solidly overlooking the cliffside. I scratched at my beard as the other men looked about. At first glance it seemed nothing was remiss, but upon a closer look you could tell where the earth had last been o'erturned.

When I caught the spot that roused my suspicions I put the men to digging. It was four good hours before the men struck more than dirt and at least twice the lad had to insist the treasure was here, lest the men make their way back to the inn. A big old chest, it was, nearly the size of a man. A pirate I may be, but I'm no scoundrel - we gave the boy a share of the spoils and hoisted the rest back to our ship in the harbor.

