On the last day of summer, Lucas found a glass jar buried in the sand, and inside was a message written in a language he couldn’t understand. As he grabbed the emerald bottle and unravelled the letter, it read very strangely. In fact, the slightly crust paper read nothing but a series of numbers- 212421442343444215154444232442143111331521344542442321245115114232544234111423344344112215433245421415422433511143243433154335243433112215

It had been a few days since then. He had found it widely unsuccessful to decipher it, and it made little sense. Day after day he had racked his mind- For years he had dreamed of buried treasure and maps in bottles, but not in a jumbled mess of numbers.

For now, he just had to wait and imagine all the amazing things this could lead to.

Perhaps it was meant for someone else to find. But… Seriously, that *has* to be the worst way to send a private message.

Eventually, Lucas decided to use the internet. He felt bad doing it, because if it really led to something interesting or a prize for solving it or something, it would be a bit dishonest. But ignoring his guilty feeling, he typed it into *Cipher Solver X* and clicked enter.

What happened next sent a visceral chill down his spine. His eyes flickered across the soulless text staring from the screen. It read out ‘fifth street third lane fourth five army road hostages murder invasion espionage”.

He had not found a great treasure but an immense burden. Was this real or just some stupid neighbourhood kid playing a sick prank.

All he could do was wait- To find out.