

*There's something you should look for.
It will bring you great pleasure.
Not coins in a pirate's chest,
But a different sort of treasure.
Be clever, be brave & you'll get to the end.
Along the way, you might need a friend.
The treasure's got old parts,
But new ones, too.
Go to the right bus stop now.
You'll find another clue.*

There was no signature.

Matt stared at the message. *Go to the right bus stop. A different sort of treasure.* Why had the postcard been sent to him? Was this some kind of treasure hunt?

Nazneen dropped the rest of the mail into the Randalls' mailbox. As she passed Matt again, she winked, then continued on her route, whistling.

Again Matt examined the postcard. On the front was a picture of a girl beside a windmill. She was wearing wooden shoes and holding tulips.