

Camille Canary yanked on the handle of her very heavy, very stuffed suitcase. Maybe she had overpacked *just* a little for this beach vacation. Finally, she managed to get her suitcase out of the minivan. When Camille made it to her room, she let out a sigh of relief. Now she could explore, collect seashells, and take pictures! She loved taking pictures.

Camille took pictures of the birds she saw; seagulls, magpies, pelicans, and other birds. Then, she collected seashells.

She had just picked up her seventh—a pink swirling cone that looked like a unicorn horn—when she noticed something shiny farther down the beach. She ran toward it.

Camille gasped. It was a bottle—and there was a rolled-up piece of paper inside it! A message bottle!

She unrolled the paper. It said:

*Dear Reader,*

*I love collecting little things. Treasures. But today I thought—wouldn't it be nice if someone else could enjoy them? So I hid my box, I drew a map to it. (I didn't bury it, don't worry). So this map is for you, as is anything you find in the box. I hope you like my treasures!*

*Love, Ally*

Camille's mouth dropped open, then she grinned. Wow!

Underneath the words was a simple map.

Wow!

She had to tell her parents! She picked up the shiny bag she had put her shells in, jammed the paper back in the bottle, then ran up to house. She set the shells and the bottle on the porch, because they were both sandy, then ran inside.

Camille gasped, horrified. She'd brough Mama outside to show her the bottle, map, and shells, but... they were gone!

"It's gone!" Camille cried.

"Are you sure you put it there?" Mama asked.

"Yes!" She replied.

"Don't worry, I'll help you look." Mama tried to comfort her. But Camille wasn't comforted.

Camille sighed. Last night, she and her parents had looked but found nothing. They couldn't just have walked away. Someone must've taken it. But who? How?

She wasn't giving up on the mystery.

Camille looked at the photos she'd taken during this vacation. Of shells, sand, waves, birds... she'd gotten an especially pretty one of a magpie.

Camille sat up on her towel.

Magpies!

Magpies liked shiny things. They stole them. The bag with shells was shiny.

The bottle was shiny...

It was a magpie!

“I found them!” Camille told her parents. She’d been looking at nests.

Thankfully, the one with her stuff in it was on a low branch and empty of birds.

She took out her shells and bottle, relieved. She opened the bottle.

Ally had written something she hadn’t noticed before.

*In a tree like a giraffe in a hallow covered in vines.*

Camille laughed. This tree was in the right area on the map, it looked like a giraffe. She lifted some vines, and...

There was a wooden box!

Camille opened it. She looked at the treasures. Coins, shells, leaves...

Camille smiled.