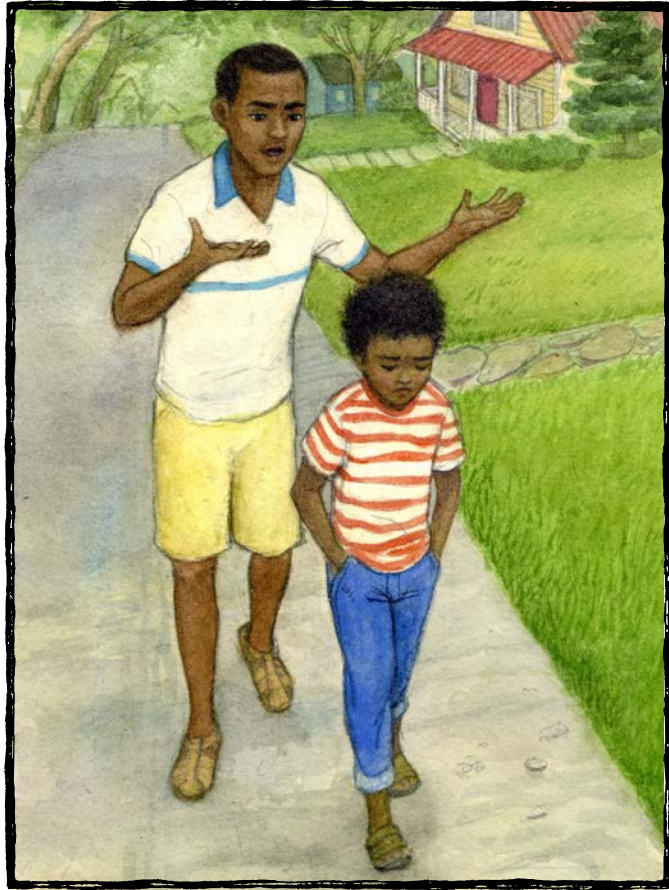


High-Tech Treasure Hunt

A Reading A-Z Level W Leveled Book
Word Count: 1,571

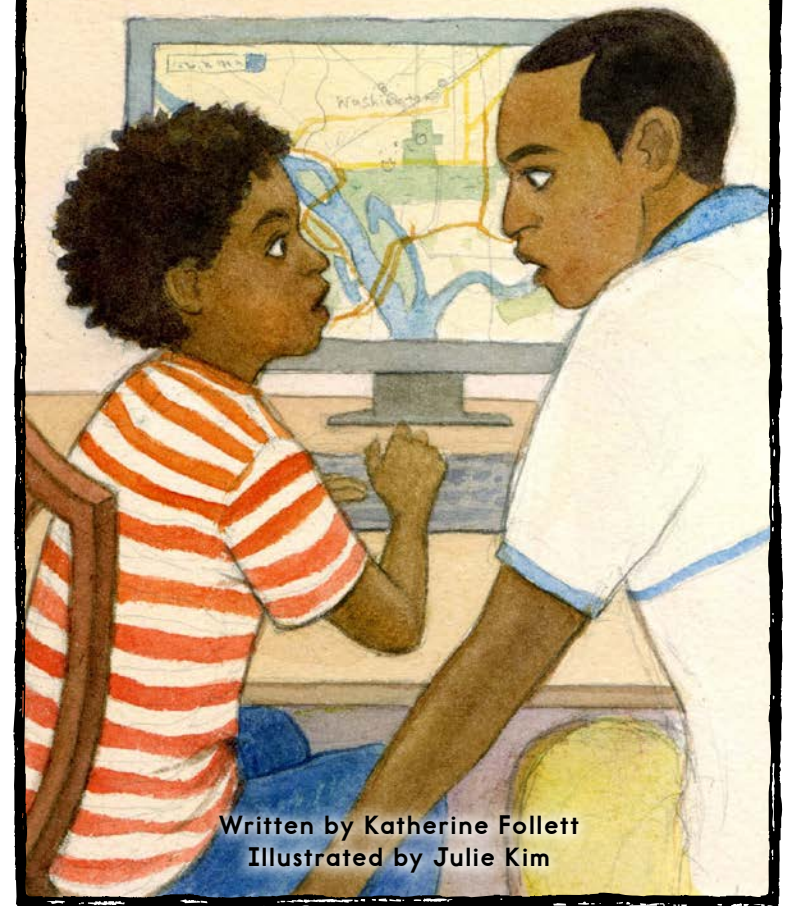


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High-Tech Treasure Hunt



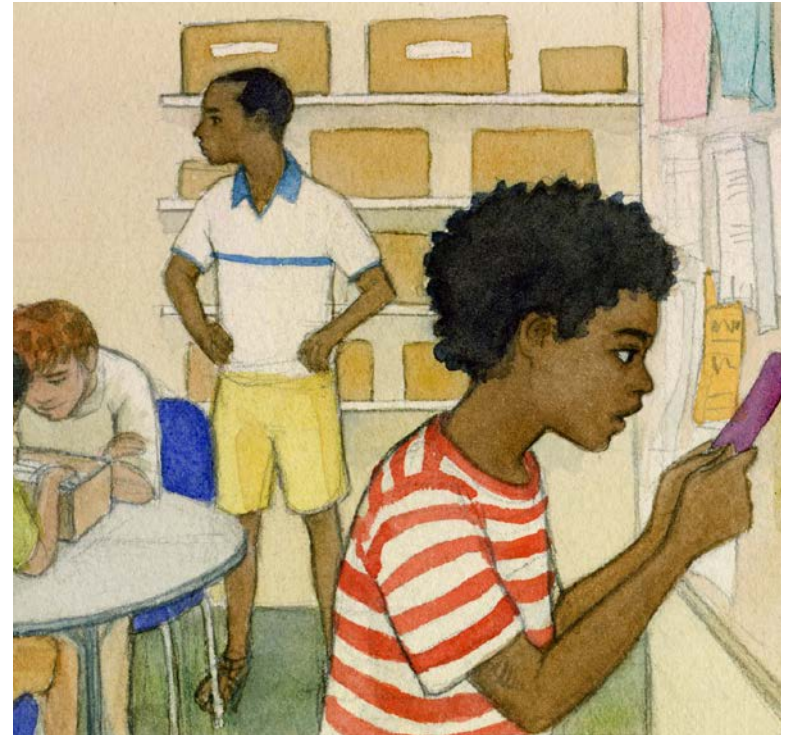
Written by Katherine Follett
Illustrated by Julie Kim

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Glossary

- coordinates** (*n.*) a set of numbers that locate a point in space (p. 6)
- exchange student** (*n.*) a student from one country who travels to another country to attend school as part of a program (p. 4)
- GPS** (*n.*) Global Positioning System; a system or device that uses radio signals from satellites to pinpoint locations (p. 6)
- hosted** (*v.*) welcomed a guest into a home or other place (p. 4)
- Internet** (*n.*) a global, public computer network (p. 12)
- master** (*v.*) to become skilled or very knowledgeable about something (p. 15)
- Metro** (*n.*) the name of the public rail system in some cities, such as Washington, D.C., Paris, and Montreal (p. 9)
- online** (*adj.*) connected to the Internet or to another computer (p. 5)
- profile** (*n.*) a short description or set of data that provides information about something or someone (p. 5)
- smartphone** (*n.*) a mobile phone with computer features and Internet access (p. 5)
- treasure hunt** (*n.*) a game in which players follow a series of clues that lead to a hidden prize (p. 6)
- website** (*n.*) one or more linked webpages on the Internet that provide information about a person, topic, or organization (p. 9)

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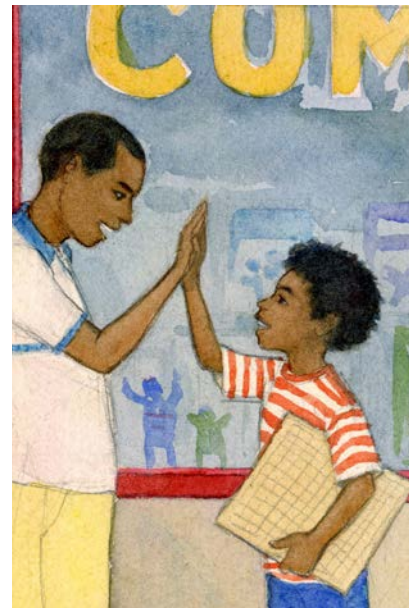
“That’s Go,” Rick explained, “one of the oldest games in the world. It’s kind of like checkers, because the rules are simple, but kind of like chess, because it takes a lifetime to **master**.”

There was also a card with a website address and the message, “We can play online! <3, Hee Jung.”

I followed Sol out of the store, lost in thought about the wide-open possibilities of the new game.

“It was pretty cool doing this treasure hunt with you,” he said.

“I wouldn’t have found the treasure without your help,” I said.



“It’s too bad Hee Jung got you that nice board, but you guys can only play online.” Sol gave me a hesitant smile. “Maybe you could teach me that game, too?”

I touched the crisp lines on the board and felt the small, smooth pieces. “Bro,” I said, “you’re on!”

High-Tech Treasure Hunt
Level W Leveled Book
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Correlation

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“Go, go, go!” I shouted, jumping on my bike.

I burst into the store and ran to the counter, where Rick, the owner, grinned as though he’d been expecting me.

“I’m supposed to say ‘go,’” I said.

Rick reached under the counter and retrieved a box wrapped in purple paper. “She wouldn’t tell me what it was,” he said, watching eagerly as I unwrapped it.

Inside was a wooden board, plain except for a carved grid like graph paper. There was also a bag of black and white pieces shaped like mints.

“What is that?” Sol asked.

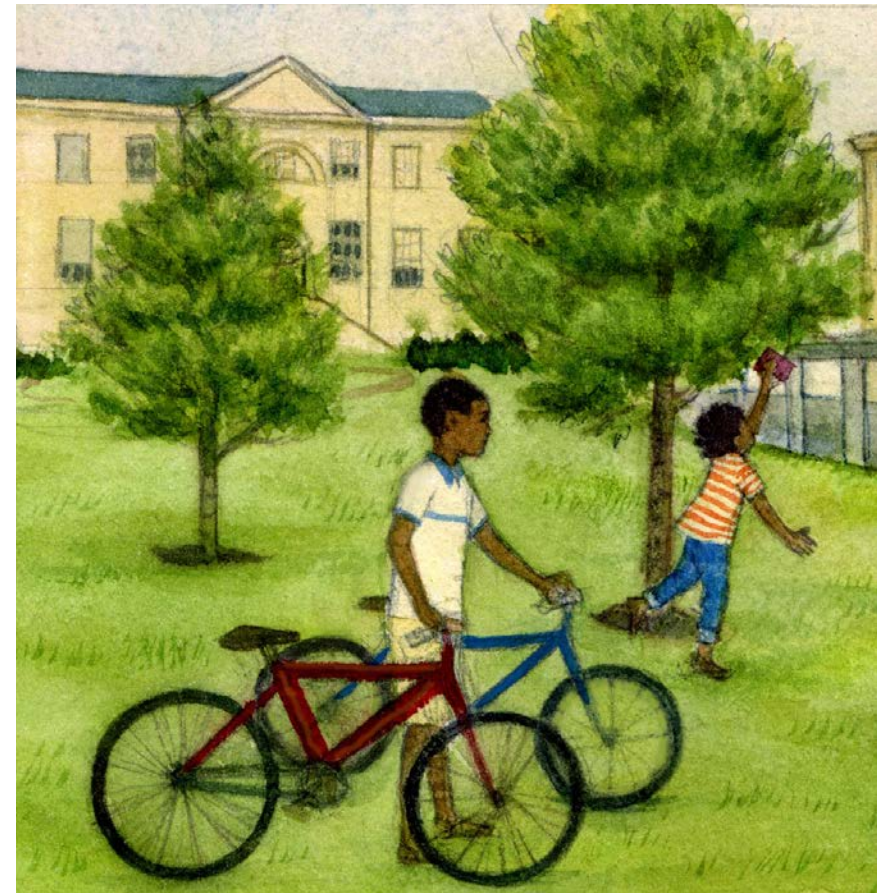
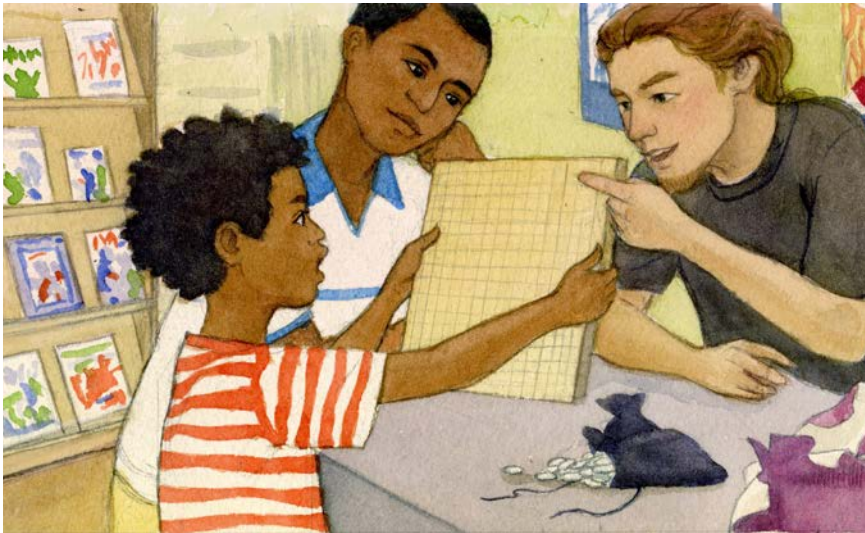


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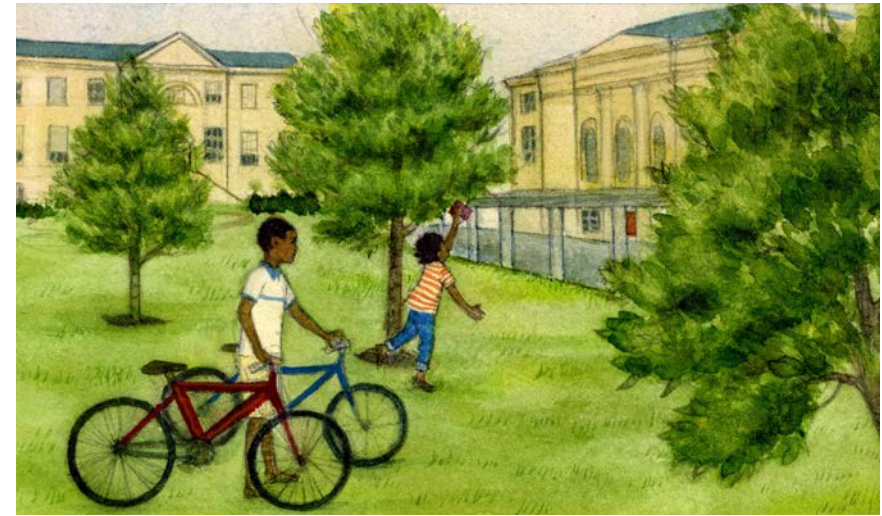


All Kinds of Games

When my brother, Sol, came home from South Korea, I think he was a little confused. He'd been an **exchange student** there for six months. During that time, my family **hosted** Hee Jung, a student from Seoul (SOLE), the capital of South Korea. She stayed with us for another week, but she spent almost all that time with me.

"I thought Hee Jung would be excited to speak Korean with me," Sol said, "and I thought you would be excited to play basketball with me, but you two are best friends."

It wasn't that way when Hee Jung arrived. What sixteen-year-old wants to hang out with a fifth grader? But everything changed when she saw me playing Drill, a computer game where you mine minerals.



Say Go

"I'll feel bad if I'm wrong again," Sol called as we biked toward D.C.'s Old City Hall.

"Being wrong is part of the game!" I called back.

Sol shook his head. "See, I still don't get that."

City Hall was a pretty block of buildings with wide lawns. Somehow, I knew this was the place, but after searching the square, we saw nothing.

"Oh, man, these puzzles are too frustrating," Sol moaned. Just then I spotted a purple envelope tied to a tree branch behind him. It felt as though Hee Jung had just been there.

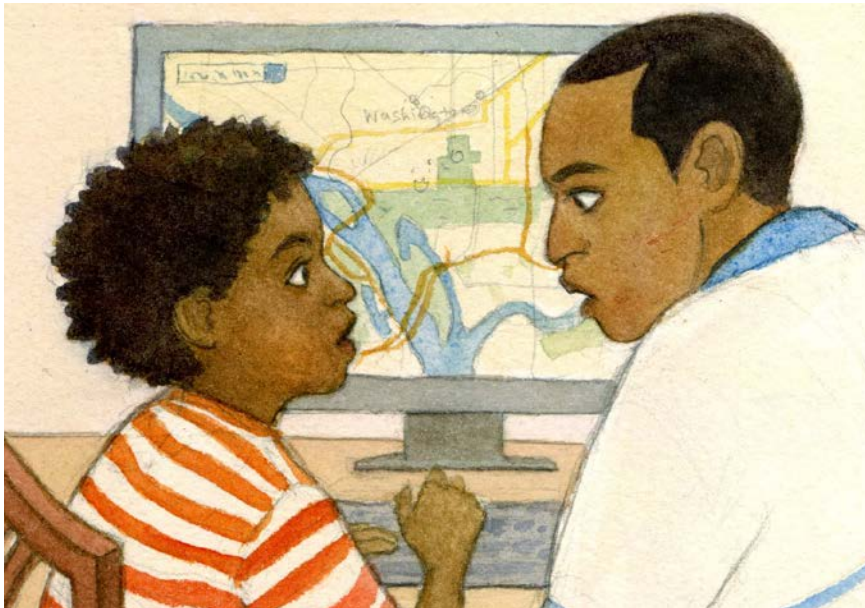
Inside the envelope was a business card from my favorite game store and a note that said, "Just say go!"

Remembering the Gettysburg clue, I flipped through Hee Jung's photos. "What did Seoul's city hall look like?" I asked.

Sol chuckled. "Like an upside-down waterfall from the future."

"What?" I laughed. I decided to search the **Internet** for photos of Seoul's city hall, but when I hit "enter," I realized I'd accidentally typed "city hall" into my map of Washington, D.C. I didn't even know Washington had a city hall, but the map pointed right to it.

Sol and I looked at each other, and without a word we both ran for our bikes.



"You play?" she asked eagerly, showing me her **online profile**. "I've been playing since I was your age!"

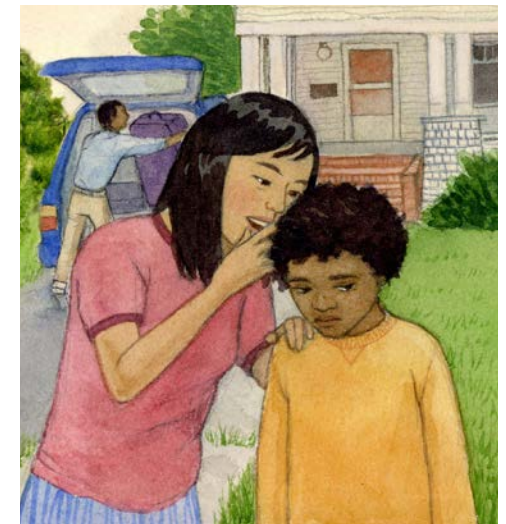
From then on, Hee Jung and I played all kinds of games, from massive online games to classic board games to cheesy **smartphone** puzzles. I'd never met anyone else who liked games as much as I did. I was happy Sol was back, of course, but I was also sad because that meant Hee Jung had to leave. Sol wasn't interested in games that weren't sports.

On her last day, Hee Jung pulled me aside while Dad loaded her suitcases into the car.

"Trey, I made a game for you," she said.

"Like a computer game?"

"More like a puzzle. I hid a special prize, and I'll give you clues to find it. I'll email you the first clue when I get back to Seoul," she said, giving me a hug. "So we won't be too sad!"



The First Clue

Before school got out the next day, I checked my email on the class computer and found a message from Hee Jung. "Safe in Seoul! Your first clue is 38.907233, -77.010531."

I knew those numbers. They were **coordinates** for **GPS**. When I typed them into an online map, they pointed to Sol's high school, where Hee Jung also went while she stayed with us.

I got there just as Sol came out of the building. "Trey, what are you doing here, man?" he asked, smiling.

"Hee Jung made a **treasure hunt** for me, and the first clue is somewhere in your school," I said.

His smile sagged. "Oh. Well, what's the clue?"

"I don't know, but I'll bet it's in the basement, where we played Samurai and Shogun."

Sol followed me down the stairs and into the little room at the back of the basement where Hee Jung had invited me to game nights hosted by a math teacher. A couple of kids were there now, deep in focus over boxes of collectible cards. I tiptoed past them.

"I've never been down here," Sol whispered.

Hee Jung sent back a smiley. "That would be too easy, but you are on the right **TRACK!** I miss you, but it's nice to be back in **SEOUL.**"

"So it's *not* at L'Enfant?" I wondered out loud.

Sol looked up from the couch. "It wasn't?"

"*Track* seems to mean trains, but which trains, if not the Metro?" I asked. "And why is *Seoul* all in caps?"

"Well, there's a *huge* subway in Seoul. I got lost there about fifteen times," Sol said.

"Was there a blue line and a green line?" I asked.

"More than one." Sol walked over, sat down beside me, and began searching for a map of the Seoul subway.

The map he found reminded me of a plate of rainbow-colored spaghetti. Sol started reading the names of the stations, which were all in Korean characters.

"How can she expect me to find something I can't read?" I said.

"Because she knew I could read it." Sol pointed to the center of the map. A blue line and a green line intersected under a name in English: "City Hall."



Too Easy

That Saturday, Sol and I searched every platform and bench of the enormous L'Enfant station, until a Metro employee noticed us.

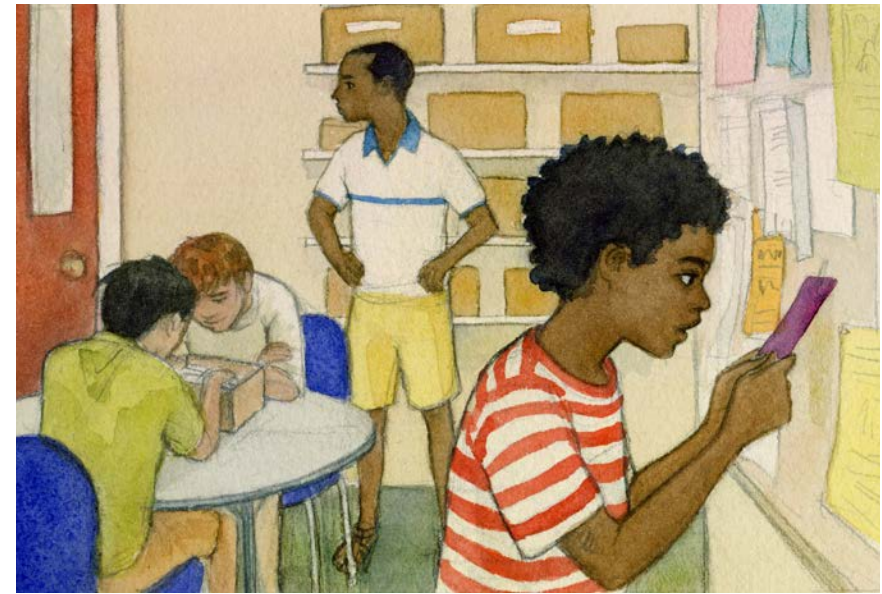
"Did you lose something?" he asked.

"We're on a treasure hunt. My friend left a clue here for me," I explained.

"I'm sorry, but the custodians clean this whole place every night. It probably got thrown away."

Sol put a hand on my shoulder, leading me to the next train home.

I was sad about my prize, but I was even sadder that Hee Jung had gone through so much work for nothing. When we got home, I emailed her. "If you left it at L'Enfant, it got thrown away. :("



I spotted a bulletin board covered with flyers. One was bright purple—Hee Jung's favorite color—and said "PUZZLE CLUE FOR YOU," with another set of coordinates.

"This must be it!" I shouted, startling the card players.

"What are those numbers?" Sol asked.

"GPS coordinates, just like the first clue. That's how I knew to look in your school."

"Sounds like a weird game, but okay," Sol said, typing the numbers into the map on his smartphone. "Wait, are you sure these are right?" he asked. "These would take us to Gettysburg Battlefield—nearly two hours away."

Pretty Tricky

On our way home, I begged Sol to take me to Gettysburg.

“Are you kidding? I can’t borrow the car and drive two hours to help you with some weird treasure hunt.”

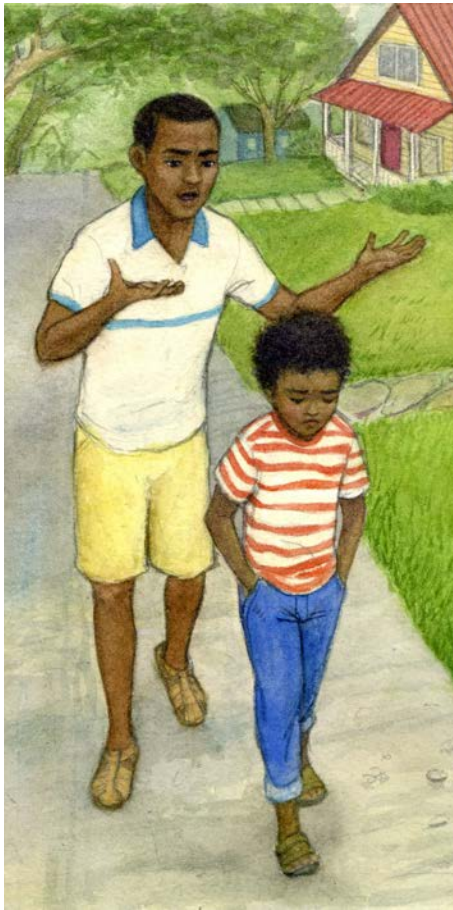
I kicked stones as we walked.

“Anyway, isn’t it unfair for Hee Jung to make you go all the way to Gettysburg?”

I turned that over in my head. The clue at school was from something Hee Jung and I had done together.

“Mom and Dad took us there,” I said, thinking aloud. “Pennsylvania was really pretty, and Hee Jung snapped tons of pictures . . .” Just then, a lightbulb went on in my head, and I sprinted toward home.

“Hey, wait up!” Sol called.



Mom helped me find Hee Jung’s photo-sharing **website**. Hee Jung took pictures of everything, from bagels and lox to foggy bus windows. I scrolled until I spotted the green expanse of Gettysburg. There, in a selfie, Hee Jung held a scrap

of purple paper with the message, “Go where blue and green meet!”

Just then, Sol came in and peered over our shoulders. “Whoa, that’s pretty tricky,” he said, sounding impressed. “How long ago did you guys go to Gettysburg?”

“Months ago,” Mom said. That’s when I realized just how long Hee Jung had been planning this treasure hunt.

“Do you think blue and green mean water and land?” I asked.

“It could also be the **Metro**,” Sol offered. “The only place where the blue line and the green line cross is at L’Enfant Plaza.”

“Hey, you’re pretty good at this,” I said.

