

THOMAS AND TED

THE SEARCH FOR THE FORGOTTEN ISLAND

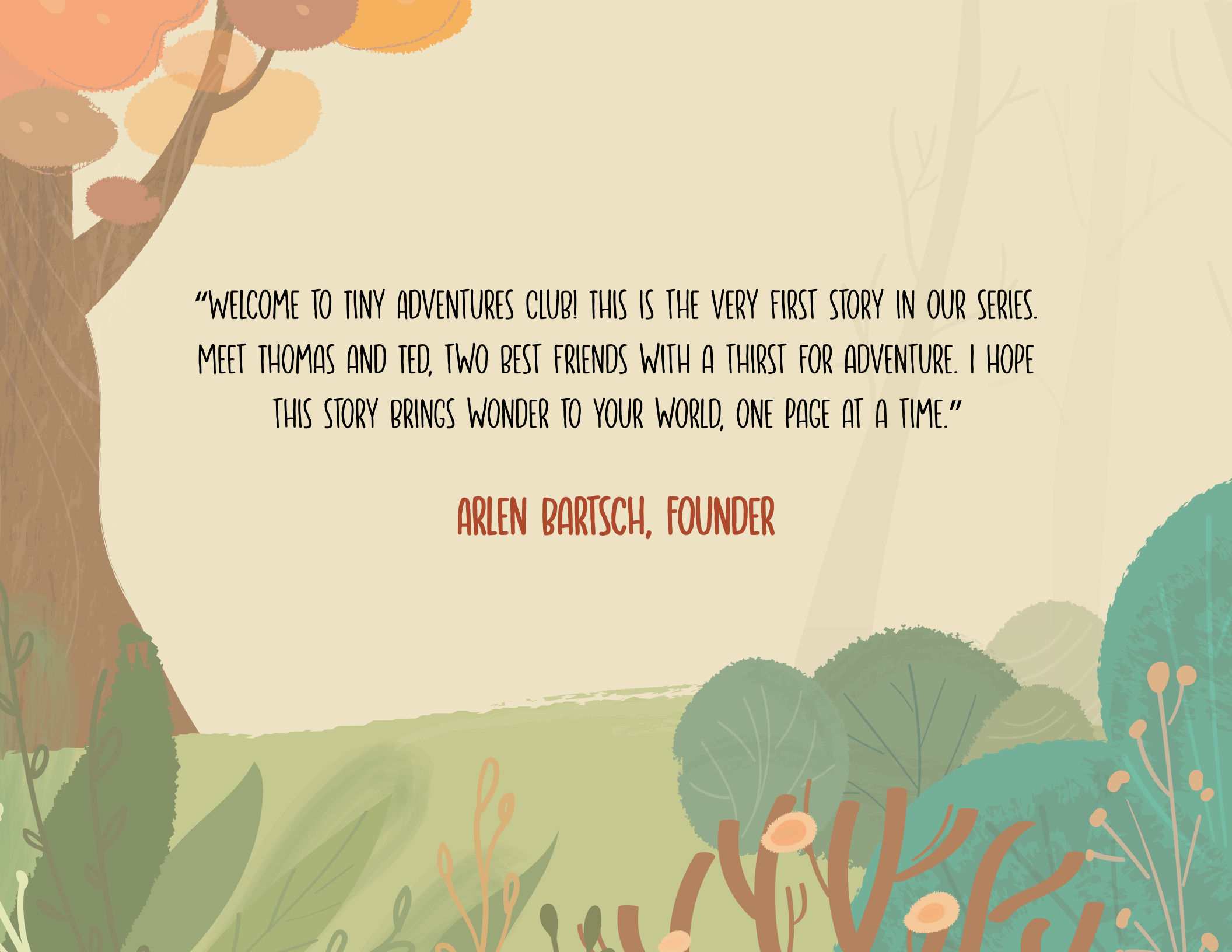
A TINY ADVENTURES CLUB STORY

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"WELCOME TO TINY ADVENTURES CLUB! THIS IS THE VERY FIRST STORY IN OUR SERIES. MEET THOMAS AND TED, TWO BEST FRIENDS WITH A THIRST FOR ADVENTURE. I HOPE THIS STORY BRINGS WONDER TO YOUR WORLD, ONE PAGE AT A TIME."

ARLEN BARTSCH, FOUNDER



THE SEARCH FOR THE FORGOTTEN ISLAND

EPISODE I – THE SEARCH FOR THE FORGOTTEN ISLAND

It was a sleepy summer morning in the village by the sea. Seagulls cawed lazily above the rooftops. Waves lapped softly against the old wooden dock where Thomas, the young explorer, sat with his legs dangling over the water. Beside him was Ted, his faithful turtle friend, sunbathing on a smooth rock with his little shell gleaming.

Thomas squinted at the horizon. "I wish something exciting would happen today," he sighed. "A clue, a mystery... anything!"

Just then, with a soft plunk, something bobbed up beside the dock.

"Look!" cried Thomas, jumping to his feet.

Ted blinked. "Is that... a bottle?"

Thomas reached down and scooped it from the water. It was old and green with a cork tightly wedged in the top. Inside, there was only one thing: a piece of paper rolled up neatly.

Thomas pulled out the scroll. "I wonder what the message says..."

He unrolled it carefully.

It was... blank.

No words. No drawings. Just a blank, yellowed sheet.

Thomas frowned. "Well, that's odd."

"Maybe it used to have a message," Ted suggested. "And it washed away?"

Thomas shook his head. "No... the paper isn't even wet." He held it up to the sunlight. Still nothing.

But then, Ted's eyes lit up. "What if the message is invisible?"

Thomas gasped. "We need to test it!"

THE SEARCH FOR THE FORGOTTEN ISLAND

EPISODE I – THE SEARCH FOR THE FORGOTTEN ISLAND

They raced to the shed behind the cottage. There, they tried lemon juice. Nothing. Candle smoke. Nothing. Even holding it over a steaming teapot. Still blank.

As the sun began to set, Thomas sighed and sat back. "Maybe it really is nothing."

But Ted wasn't so sure. "Let's wait until moonrise," he said. "You never know."

That night, the two friends sat outside, bundled in blankets. The moon rose slowly over the ocean, casting a silver shimmer across the waves.

Then—just as moonlight touched the scroll—shapes began to appear.

At first, just faint lines... like the wrinkles on old skin.

Then, slowly... a coastline emerged. Small islands. Swirls. Arrows pointing to... somewhere.

"A map!" Thomas whispered. "It's a map!"

Ted's eyes were wide. "But a map of what?"

Thomas traced the lines with his finger. "I don't know yet. But someone wanted it to stay hidden—only for curious eyes who wouldn't give up."

He looked down at Ted and grinned. "That means us."

Ted nodded solemnly. "And this is only the beginning, isn't it?"

Thomas rolled the moon-map carefully and placed it back inside the bottle. "Tomorrow," he said, "we follow the first clue."

And with that, the wind picked up just a little, as if the sea itself were whispering, Good luck, explorers.



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