

# Treasure Map

Lemon Demon

Happily this afternoon, along the beach I waddle.  
Looking at the sand, I spy an old forgotten bottle.  
I scoop it up and look at it. My eyes go big and wide,  
for heavens yes, there seems to be a treasure map  
inside!

Somewhere at the tail-end of this twisty dotted line  
a chest of gold awaits, and soon it's going to be mine.

I buy a sturdy shovel, since the treasure will be deep.  
I buy expensive boots, because my old ones are too  
cheap.  
I buy a fancy compass and a treasure-hunting cap.  
Then off I set into the forest, eyes upon my map.

So carefully I trace the pathway, every little bend.  
It's almost getting dark before-- At last! I reach the  
end.  
I'm so excited, I can't help but do a little jig.  
I calm myself, take out my shovel, and proceed to dig.

I dig and dig and dig until my hands begin to hurt.  
Then finally, my treasure chest! All worn and caked in  
dirt.

But when I look inside the chest, I only find a note.  
Upon it is this simple little message, and I quote:  
"Everybody wants to find a buried treasure chest,  
but no one wants to bury one. If you do, be my guest."

Pirates are assholes.