

The Code - VCe decodable text

Jake woke late. His phone gave a soft chime—it was a text from an unknown name.

"Find the safe. The code is five-nine-three."

A joke? Maybe. But Jake had seen a safe at the lake house last June. His uncle had told him it was full of old maps.

Jake sat up in bed. His gut felt odd. Who had sent this? His gaze met the clock—nine-ten. He had time.

Jake drove to the lake. The path was dim, the sky pale with mist. A wave hit the dock as he made his way to the house.

The space under the deck had a grate—just wide enough to slide through. Dirt stuck to his hands as he crawled. His back hit the wood, but he kept on.

At last, the safe sat in the same place as before.

Jake gave the dial a spin. Five. Nine. Three.

Click.

The safe gave way, and inside sat a note.

"Time is short. Take the map and run."

Jake's pulse rose. His hand shook as he took the map. What had he just stepped into?