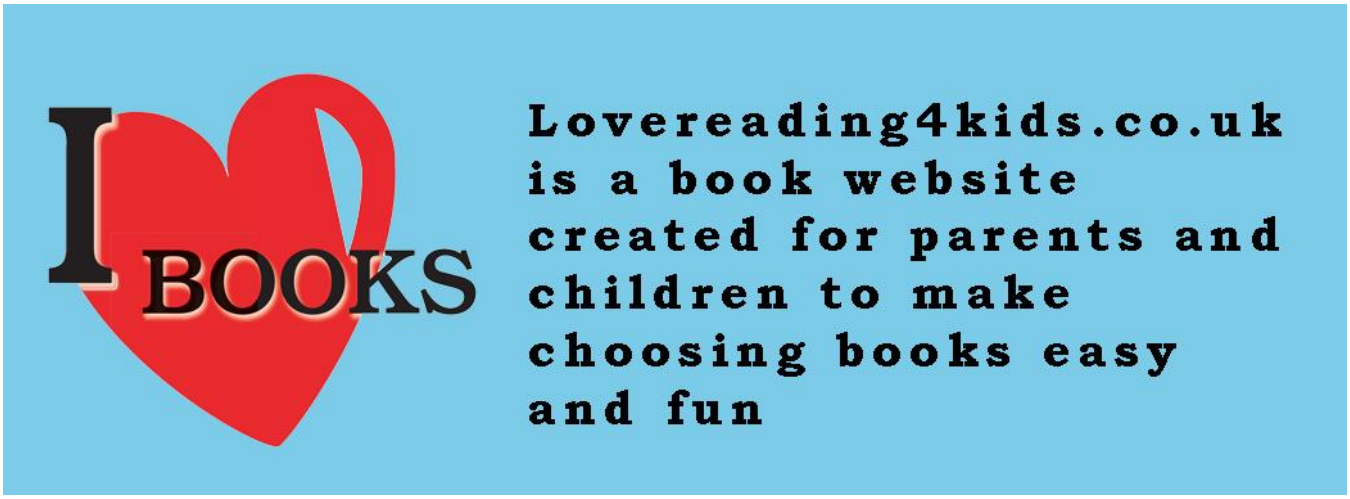


Opening extract from

The Secret Pirate

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Published by

Macmillan Children's Books

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First published 2016 by Macmillan Children's Books
an imprint of Pan Macmillan
20 New Wharf Road, London N1 9RR
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com

ISBN 978-1-5098-0882-3

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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

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The Secret Pirate



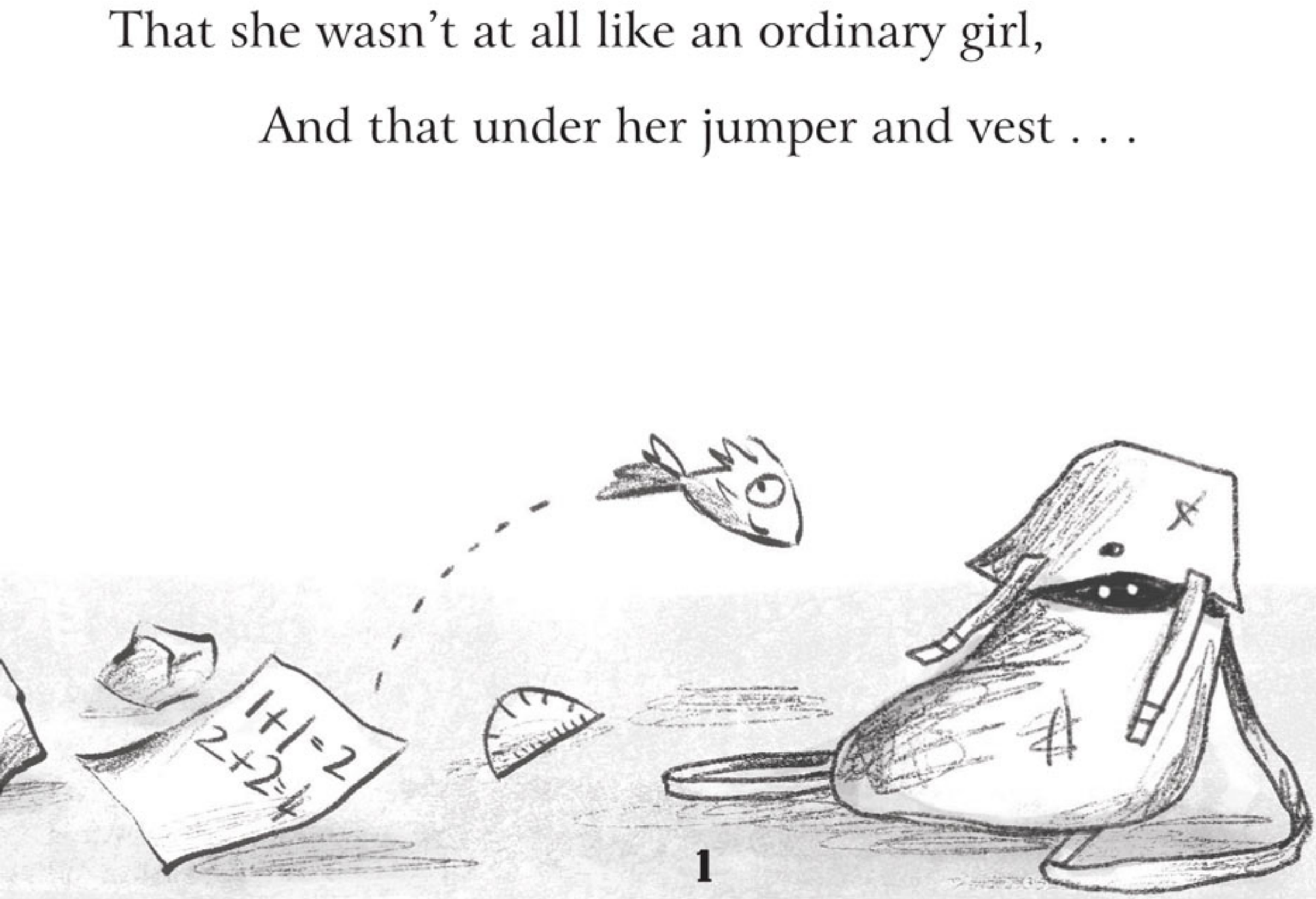
1

When Lil sat at school doing spellings and sums,

Nobody, nobody guessed

That she wasn't at all like an ordinary girl,

And that under her jumper and vest . . .



Lil was a pirate, a
swashbuckling pirate,

Whose home was a ship with great sails,

Who had travelled the seas in the blustery breeze

And had ridden the waves with huge whales.

At weekends Lil never sat watching TV,

Or played on the swings in the park,

But instead she might fight with a monster all night

In waters that shimmered with sharks.

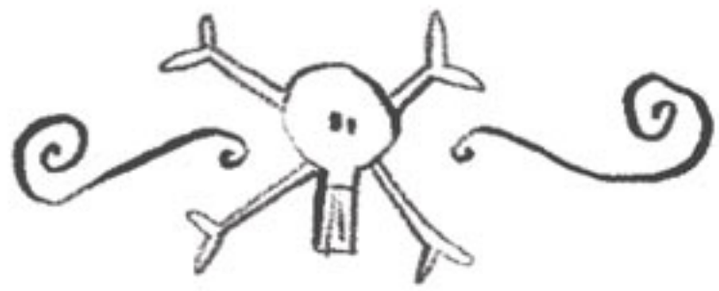
No, nobody guessed at Lil's pirating life,

Though the children all thought it quite odd

That instead of school dinners Lil went to the

pond . . .

And tried to catch haddock and cod.



And that noise from Lil's schoolbag –

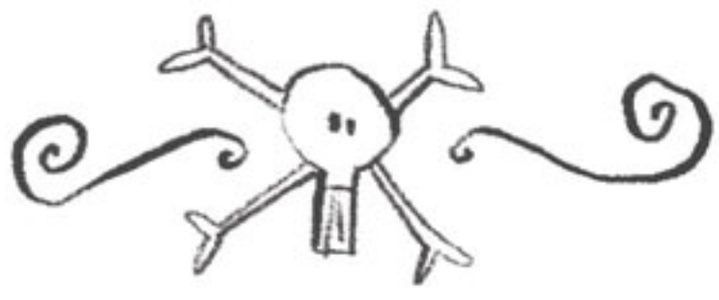
what could it be?

A shuffle? *A rustle?* A squawk?

But maybe Lil's friends had imagined it all;

Bags, after all, couldn't *talk*!





Sometimes Lil simply forgot where she was
As she sat gazing out at the sky,
And then, when her teacher, Miss Lubber, said, 'Lil?'
She'd shout out, **'Ahoy!'** in reply.



'Lil,' said Miss Lubber, 'stop daydreaming, please!
Remember you're here to learn facts!
Pirates aren't real! It's time now, I feel,
That you learned how a good schoolchild acts.'