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Opening extract from
**Pirate McSnottbeard in the
Zombie Terror Rampage**

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Pirate McSnottbeard IN THE ZOMBIE TERROR RAMPAGE *PAUL WHITFIELD*



WALKER
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For Milie and Will,
obviously





Nobody dies in this book.

I think you should know that right from the start. This story is scary enough without thinking that someone might meet a nasty end – or an end of any sort. So don't worry about anyone dying, because they don't. The second thing you should know, though I already mentioned it, is that this book is scary.

Really, really,
SUPER SCARY.

How scary?

Dinosaur-scary, volcano-scary,
zombie-scary, warlock-scary,
house-devouring-whirlpool-scary, flesh-
eating-bugs-scary and werewolves-scary.

And even scarier than that, because this book
also has the super-huge-most-scary-thing in the
whole world: **PIRATES!**

The **PIRATES** in this book are so scary
that you have to write

**LIKE THIS, IN
BIG CAPITALS**

whenever you mention them.

Also in this book is my brother William,
age eleven. That's him just there.



I call him Will, and you can too.

He's the hero.

You'll see why soon enough.

Every book needs a hero – especially super-scary books. Without a hero the scary things would just stick around even after you've said "THE END", and no one wants that. That's why I'm lucky to have Will.

Sure, he's grumpy almost all of the time. And he never wants to play dressing-up or catch

insects with me. And, yes, he makes me look bad by eating all his beans when I've eaten barely any of my beans. Everyone knows that beans are gross, even if they help you grow up strong.

That's what my dad always says: "Eat your beans or you won't grow up strong." I always say: "I don't even want to be strong, I want to be smart." So he says: "Well it isn't very smart to not eat your beans." If I was smart I'd know how to respond to that – then I wouldn't have to eat beans.

Anyway, even with the grumpiness and beans-eating, I'm still lucky Will is around.

Oh, I should probably introduce myself too. I'm Emilie, age nine. I like climbing things, but I'm afraid of heights; I'm disorganized, but love making lists; I'm good at school, but always get in trouble for doodling; and I'm prone to screaming in fright, but ... no, actually, there is



no “but” on that one. I just really do scream a lot when I get scared. And, if I’m being honest, I get scared kind of easily. Which is another reason why I’m lucky to have Will for a brother.

I was lucky to have him for a brother *before* the worst, most horrible, really-scariest-thing-ever happened. But I was *especially* lucky to have him for a brother the day our house got washed out to sea and our parents were kidnapped by **PIRATES!**