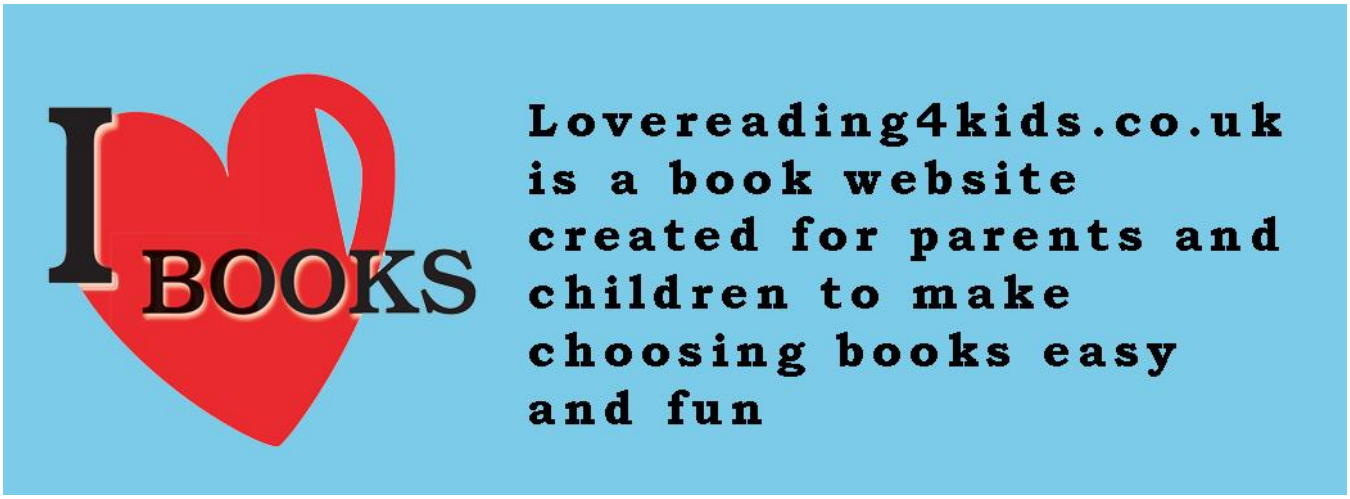


Opening extract from

Pirate McSnottbeard in the Zombie Terror Rampage

Written & Illustrated by

Paul Whitfield

Published by

Walker Books Ltd

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Pirate McSnottbeard IN THE ZOMBIE TERROR RAMPAGE

PAUL WHITFIELD



WALKER BOOKS

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First published in Great Britain 2017 by Walker Books Ltd
87 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HJ

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

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This book has been typeset in Stempel Schneidler and LTC Pabst Oldstyle

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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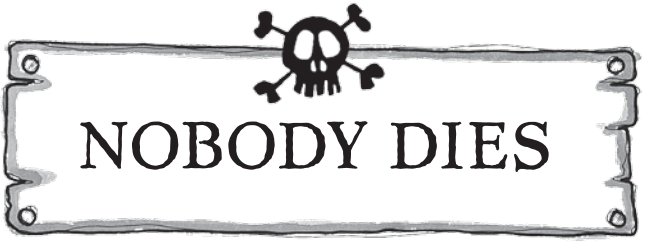
British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data:
a catalogue record for this book is
available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-4063-7308-0

www.walker.co.uk

For Milie and Will,
obviously





NOBODY DIES

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!