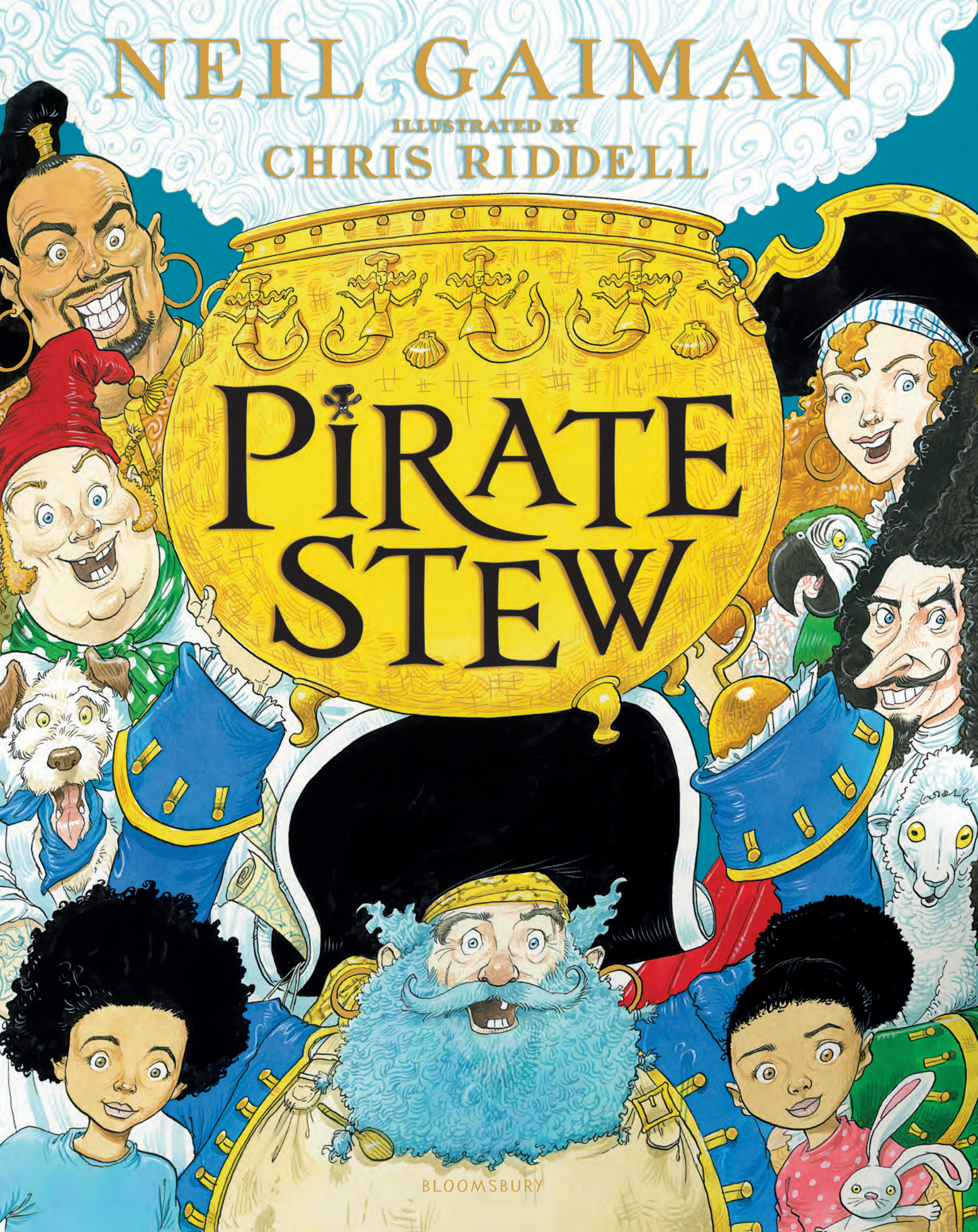
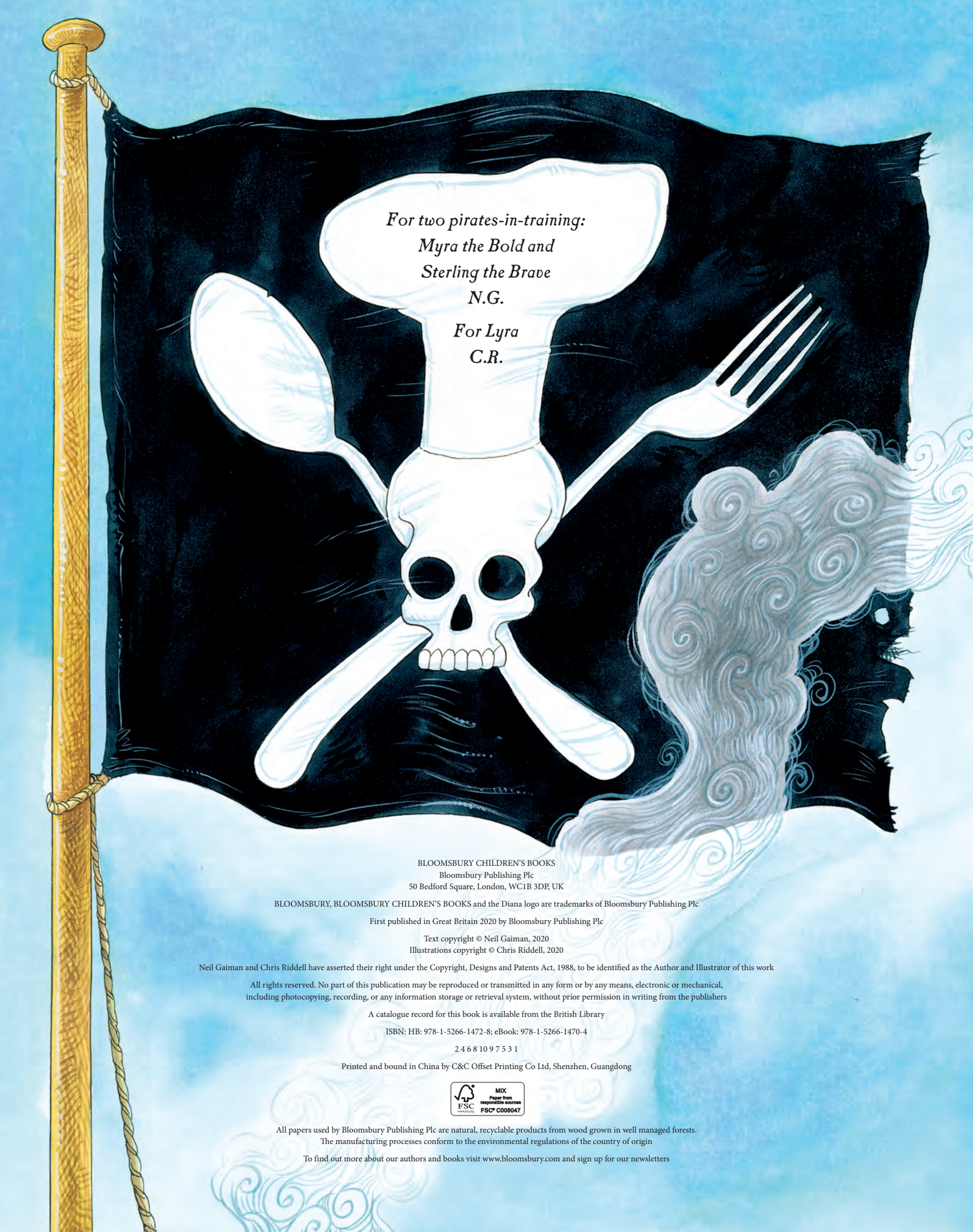

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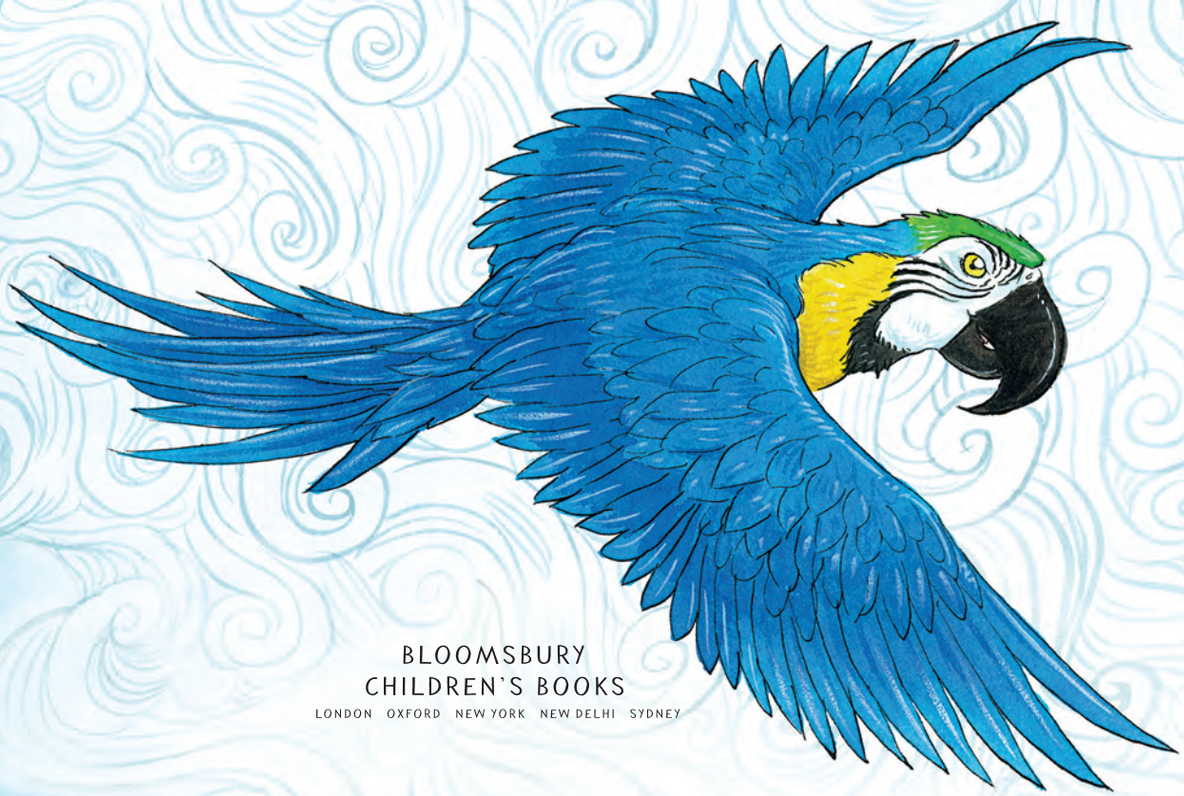
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NEIL GAIMAN

PIRATE STEW

ILLUSTRATED BY

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Pirate Stew! Pirate Stew!
Pirate Stew for me and you!

The night my mum and dad went out
I said, "We won't be babysat!"
They said, "You must not grump and pout.
We're going out and that is that.
We've planned a quite exciting night:
At first we'll dine by candlelight,
then watch a most instructive show
in which we'll learn how flowers grow.
You have to promise to behave."

Then from the hall there came a pitter-
thump. "We know you'll both be brave.
Say hello to your babysitter."





His hair was grey. His face was scarred.
Right leg a peg, left hand a hook.
He grinned a grin and said, “My card.”
It read,

Long John McRon
Ship’s Cook.







My mum and dad said, “Time to run.
Mr McRon is going to feed you.”
Long John said, “Mateys, you have fun
and we will call you if we need you.
Which we will not.”

So off they zoomed.

My sister whispered,

“We are doomed.”