BILLY AND THE PIRATES

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For Andrea

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Billy and Fatcat were sailing the ocean blue,
which was something they liked to do now and then.

"We are noble seafaring explorers!" cried Billy.
"On the hunt for fun and adventure!"

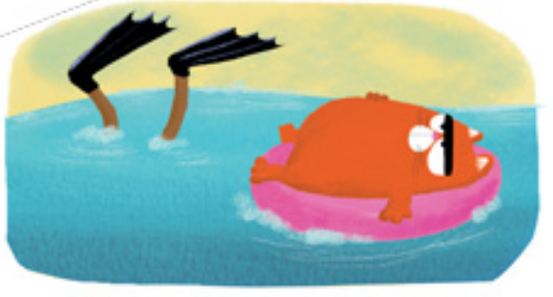


Fatcat wondered when it would be time for a snack.

They swam and splashed,



and snoozed and sang,





and did a little spot of fishing.

They caught a boot, a very grumpy crab . . .



and a mysterious-looking bottle.
"A key," said Billy. "That's strange."



Billy uncorked the bottle and took out a map.

"Look, Fatcat! We're not that far away.
Why don't we find Kevin and give him back his key?"



"Let's go!" cried Billy.
And they set sail.







But then . . .



. . . a giant fishing net
flew down from the sky!



"Ahoy there, prisoners! My name is Captain Howl
and these are my fearsome shipmates, Quint and Brody.
And now *you're* in my pirate crew too!"

"But we're not pirates!" said Billy.
"We are noble seafaring explorers."

"Oh really?" said Captain Howl.
"Then why do you have a
TREASURE MAP?"



"We're returning this bottle to its rightful owner,"
said Billy. "So get your paws off, dog breath!"

But Captain Howl had other fiendish plans.
"Piffle and nonsense – this must be the key
to a treasure chest, and soon it will be mine,
ALL MINE!"





"Crew!
Let us follow the map
and find these glorious riches!
Set sail at once!"