Charlie Small's ADVENTURE DIARY No. 2





This diary belongs to: Charlie Small

Address: Pangaean Ocean, PO6 GBH

Age: ~~Twelve~~ 400 (I must be by now!)

Mobile: Stolen by pirates!



School: I am way too old for school!!!

Things I like: Swinging through trees; chatting to gorillas; Grip and Grapple

Things I h…he silverback (a bully) …ough of then …



Publisher's Note

This diary was found encased in a block of ice, high in the Himalayas. But what has happened to Charlie Small himself? We want to know! So, if you come across a lost boy who is a dab hand with a cutlass, please contact the publishers.


I hate deck
swabbing!!



All aboard The Betty Mae!

THE LOST DIARY OF CHARLIE SMALL VOL 2









Who knows what lurks at the bottom of the ocean?

The second diary of my amazing, astonishing, INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES!





GUPPY BOOKS

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is a GUPPY BOOK

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If you find this book, PLEASE look after it. This is the only true account of my remarkable adventures.

My name is Charlie Small and I am at least four hundred years old. But in all those long years, I have never grown up. You see something happened when I was twelve. I went on a journey... and I'm still trying to find my way home.

I narrowly escaped the clutches of a huge silverback gorilla only to find myself sailing the seas on a rotting pirate galleon! I have walked the plank and fought giant slugs, but I still look like any twelve-year-old boy you might pass in the street.

You may think this sounds fantastic, you could think it's a lie, but you would be wrong. Because EVERYTHING IN THIS BOOK IS TRUE. Believe this single fact and you can share the most incredible ~~zzz~~ journey ever experienced!

Charlie Small.

Caught Red-Handed

I finally escaped from Gorilla City in the dark, dense jungle, and found shelter in this fortified cabin. Now I'm in more danger than ever! I foolishly helped myself to some grub, but then fell fast asleep . . .

You can read about that in my other Journal 'Gorilla City'.

I awoke with a start when the door to the building *CRASHED* open and a band of robber pirates charged into the room! As they edged towards me, cutlasses at the ready, I could see that they were a gang of the most gruesome, ghastly and grisly bandits you could ever meet . . . and to my surprise, they were all *female* pirates!

The gang of lady pirates gathered around me. I



was sitting at their dinner table, still groggy from having fallen into an exhausted sleep after pigging out on their food. Horrible smiles split the pirates' faces, exposing rows of rotting teeth. I had been caught red-handed, and the pirates were as pleased as punch!

'Well, what do we have here?' sneered the captain, her gold bracelets jangling as she lifted her cutlass to my throat.

'Uh, eh, oh!' I grunted in reply. I don't know whether it was from sheer terror at having the point of a huge bloodstained cutlass pressed against my neck, or because I had spent so long

among the jungle gorillas, but I was finding it difficult to speak. One wrong move and I would be sliced open like a ripe peach.

'I said, *What do we have here?*' repeated the captain, giving a jab with her cutlass. 'Is it a little sand worm? A hermit crab? A skinny starfish? Well, speak up – what are you?'

Of course, they knew perfectly well what I was. They were just teasing me, making me sweat! I told them I was a boy called Charlie Small.

'A boy?' The captain scoffed. 'A sneak thief, more like! Well, we don't like boys.'

'We don't like boys,' repeated the others, grinning. 'And we don't like sneak thieves.'

'Don't like sneak thieves?' I cried, thinking of all the jewels and gold I'd seen in the next room. 'That's rich! There's a room full of stolen stuff behind that door!'

'So, you saw our special things, did you?' said the captain, with an even harder edge to her voice. 'Well, well, well. That is a shame for you, because now we can never let you go. What shall we do with him, girls?'

'Slice him!' they roared. 'Skewer him! Skin him alive!'

'Dice him, sauté him in rum and cook him over a low heat!'

'He would make a tasty starter—'

'No!' I yelled. I had to put a stop to this, before I ended up bubbling in a pot. 'I'm, er . . . tougher than you think. I would be much too chewy to eat, even stewed. If you let me live, I could be useful.'

'Useful? Useful how?'

'Well, I can cook a bit, and I could clean this place up – I could be your cabin boy!'

The captain gave me a long look.

'Lock him in the strongroom, girls,' she said. 'I've got some thinking to do.'



I was thrown into the treasure room and the door slammed behind me. I could hear the bolts and padlocks clunking shut, and I knew there would be little chance of escape.

It was very gloomy inside; there were no windows in the room and the only light came from the small grille set in the door. I had no option but to wait and see what happened.

This was one of the worst situations I'd ever found myself in. Sure, I'd fought terrifying crocodiles and wrestled great apes, and even survived attacks by ravenous hyenas and massive snakes, but I'd never been locked up while my enemies discussed how to finish me off!

What were they planning? Was I going to be thrown from the cliffs onto the pointy rocks below? Or barbecued and served up as kebabs. Or— *Stop it*, I thought. I was beginning to scare myself, and I needed to be thinking of some way to escape.



I searched the room to see if there was anything that might be useful, and among a stack of dusty maps, hidden behind a mound of glittering golden goblets, I found a chart that showed the exact position of the pirates' island. They call it Perfidy, and it's a tiny dot in the middle of a huge sea called the Pangaean Ocean.