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Opening extract from

The Littlest Pirate In A Pickle

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Chapter One

Nicholas Nosh, the littlest pirate in the world, woke up early. He was too excited to sleep. Today he was taking part in the Pirate Games. He'd been practising for weeks with his cannonballs.



He got dressed and ran downstairs.

'We're waiting for your aunt and uncle,' said his mum. 'This is their first visit in ten years.'

Nicholas heard a noise like someone blowing a rusty tin horn, and then the doorbell rang.

He opened the door. There stood Uncle Wartle, Aunt Peanuckle and a little

girl. The girl had curly brown hair, and she wore a pretty pink dress and pink shoes.

'Hello,' she hooted. 'You must be my cousin. I'm Primrose. You're not very big, are you?'

How rude! Nicholas thought. And her voice would frighten cows!

He kissed Aunt Peanuckle and shook Uncle



Wartle's hand. His uncle peered at him from under bushy black eyebrows and said, 'Hmph.'

'Are you going to the Games?' Primrose bellowed. 'What events are you in? Are you any good?'



Nicholas shuddered.

It was going to be a very long day.



Chapter Two

The Pirate Games were held every year. There were events like Heaving the Cannonball, Tossing the Pike, Cutlass Duelling and Axe Throwing. The prizes were large gold cups.

'I suppose you're too

short to enter most events,' Primrose said. 'They'd be worried you'd get hurt.'



'I'm not short,' Nicholas said.

'Yes, you are.'

The bell rang for Heaving the Cannonball to start.

Nicholas chose a nice round cannonball.

Ready, steady, go!

He skipped forward and heaved the cannonball as far as he could.

It was an excellent throw, and everybody clapped.



Eight much bigger pirates took part in the event, but Nicholas won!



That night, at dinner, Nicholas showed everyone his big shiny cup. Uncle Wartle inspected it to make sure it was real gold.

Primrose stuffed a piece of plum pie into her mouth. 'One gold cup is nothing,' she said. 'That's not being a real pirate. Real pirates sail the high seas and steal treasure.'

Primrose's voice ground

into Nicholas's head.
He stuck his fingers in
his ears, but he could still
hear her.



'Listen!' he snapped. 'I have a ship. I have treasure. I am a real pirate.'

'No way,' she said. 'You're just too short.'

Nicholas's face turned bright red. 'Fine,' he said. 'Tomorrow we'll go out on my ship the *Golden Pudding* and attack somebody and steal their treasure. All right?'

Primrose stuffed another piece of plum pie into her mouth. 'Sounds like fun,' she said.

