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Opening extract from

Pirates Ahoy!

Written by

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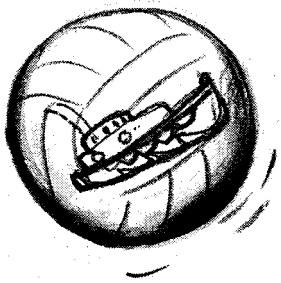
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Pirates Ahoy!

SOPHIE SMILEY

Illustrated by
MICHAEL FOREMAN



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Acknowledgement

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To William Brooks,
my best critic

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Chapter 1

'Bring back some treasure!' Gran called, as we set off for the seaside.

'Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum,' Gramps waved.

'Yo ho ho and a bottle of bum!' Bobby sang as we drove along. He pulled a hat over one eye and went, 'Ahr, ahr, pieces of eight.'

'Why are pirates called pirates?' Dad asked.

'Because they aaAHRR!' said Bobby.

'What does a pirate say when you ask him if he knows any pirate jokes?' Dad continued.

'AHRRR you kidding me?!'

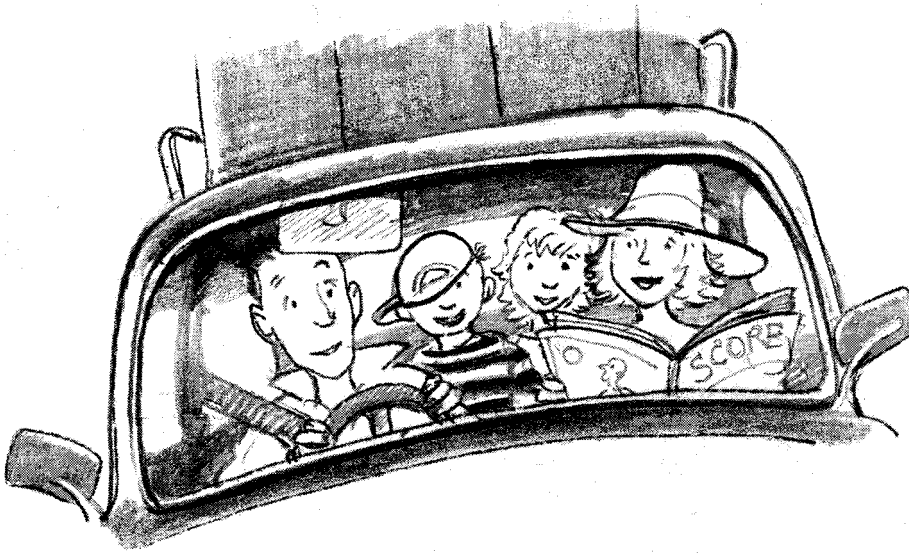
'What does a pirate call his mum?' Dad was on a roll.

'MothAHRRR, mothAHRR,' said Bobby.

'Any more of that and I'll make you walk the plank,' Mum said, looking up from the football pages, 'and I'll send your DVD down to Davy Jones.'

You see Gran had given Bobby a pirate film for his birthday. He watched it over and over again. Pirates were the only thing he

wanted to play nowadays. My family has always been football mad and we normally talk about goals and tackles, but as we began our holiday, it was all life on the ocean wave. That film had turned us from a five-a-side football team into a bunch of swashbuckling pirates!



Well, Dad and Bobby carried on. But I didn't join in. I'd had enough. It was all very well for Bobby to be a pirate hero, but I didn't want to play the silly heroine who needs rescuing. I've never been a girly-whirly kind of girl – even my name, Charlton, sounds like a boy's name. (We were called after my dad's World Cup hero, Bobby Charlton).
I wished my youngest brother, Bobby, would stop being a pirate. I wanted him back – back defending his goal, not soppy damsels in distress!