Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

The Buccaneering Book of Pirates

Written by

Saviour Pirotta

Illustrated by

M.P. Robertson

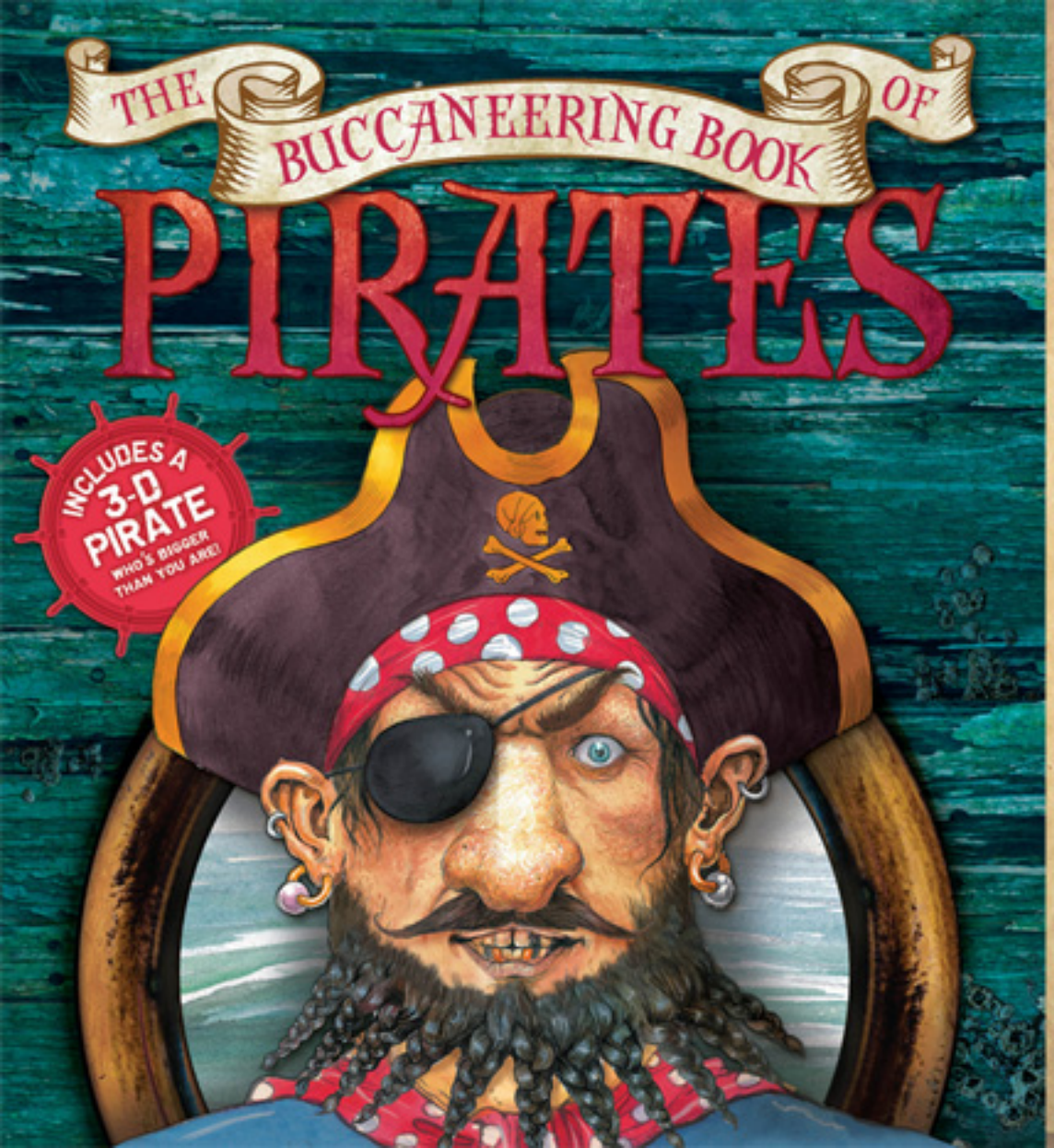
Published by

Frances Lincoln Children's Books

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk



THE BUCCANEERING BOOK OF PIRATES

Contents

Treasure Island	2
The Corsair Captain	6
The Captain's Secret	10
Davy Jones' Locker	14
The Pirate Queen	16
A Royal Pardon	20

Written by Saviour Pirotta

Illustrated by Mark Robertson

TREASURE ISLAND

My name is Jim Hawkins, and I'm about to tell you the true story of Treasure Island and my dangerous search there for stolen riches.

I remember well the day our adventure began. My family owned an inn, and one day a man came by and rapped on the door. "Do you have rooms?" he asked. "I can pay with gold."

His name, he said, was Billy Bones. I suspected from his clothes and manner that he was a pirate. What I didn't know was that he was hiding from the shipmates he'd double-crossed.

"If you spot a ferocious scoundrel with a wooden leg, you come and warn me right away, Jim," he whispered in my ear.

It wasn't long before Billy's shipmates came looking for him. The one-legged man wasn't among them, but they scared old Billy nonetheless. The leader of the group was a blind man wearing a large patch over his eyes.

"Hello, Billy. It's your old friend, Blind Pew," he croaked. He stepped forward and thrust something into Billy's hands. "This is a gift from a one-legged friend," he said, before hobbling out of the door.

It was a piece of paper with a round black mark on one side and a message scrawled on the other: "You have until ten tonight! Give back what you have stolen or prepare to meet your doom."

Billy started to shake violently. "A black spot!" he whispered, terrified. "It's a sign every pirate dreads to see ...!" Suddenly, he turned purple and fell to the floor. He was stone dead.

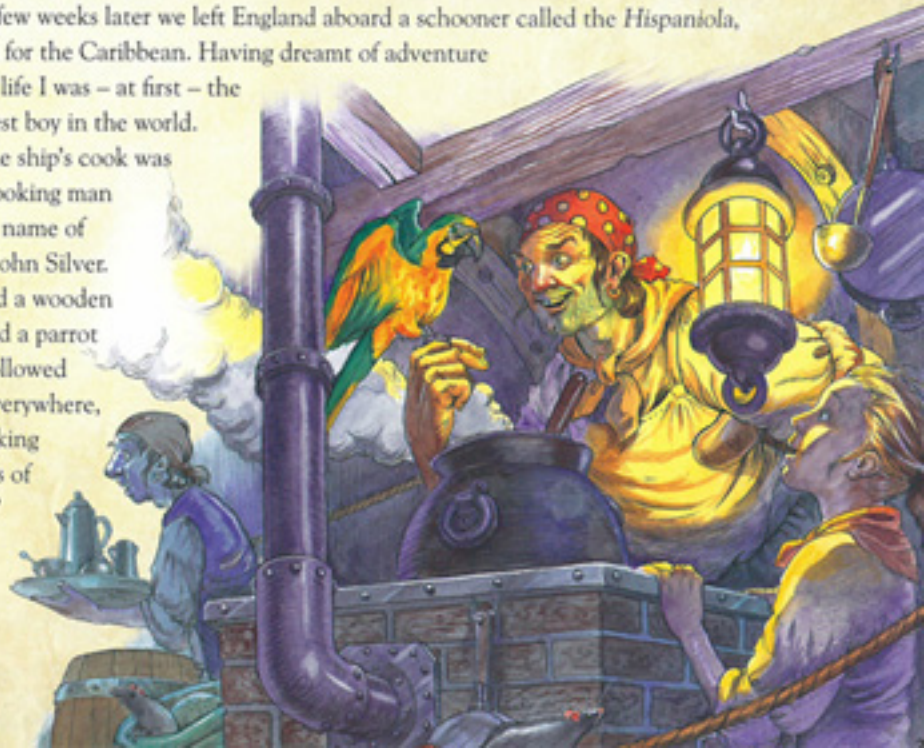
The old pirate still owed us money for his stay. "We'll open the sea chest he's left in his room and claim what is ours," said my mother. Inside the chest, we discovered a parcel wrapped in oilskin. It contained a treasure map signed by a Captain Flint.

I took it at once to Dr Livesey, our family doctor and a magistrate, certain that he would know what to do. The doctor's friend Squire Trelawney was with him when I arrived. "Ah!" said the squire on seeing the signature on the map. "Captain Flint was the most notorious pirate who ever lived. It was said that he buried an enormous hoard of gold and silver on a Caribbean island."

"That's what Billy Bones's shipmates must be after," exclaimed Dr Livesey, "but we'll beat them at their own game. We'll find the treasure ourselves!"

A few weeks later we left England aboard a schooner called the *Hispaniola*, bound for the Caribbean. Having dreamt of adventure all my life I was – at first – the happiest boy in the world.

The ship's cook was a sly-looking man by the name of Long John Silver. He had a wooden leg, and a parrot that followed him everywhere, squawking "Pieces of eight!"



all day long. Despite that, he seemed to be an honest man. He treated me well, and I almost came to trust him. But one day, after climbing into the ship's apple barrel to find something to eat, I overheard him talking with some of the men.

"Captain Flint may have cheated us of our share of the gold, lads," he said, "but we'll get our hands on it yet."

Hearing Silver's words and the men's cheers, I realized that our crew were bloodthirsty pirates with mutiny on their minds. Sure enough, they wasted no time forcing us to hand over the map. Then they held us captive till we arrived on the island.

As soon as we landed, the pirates set out to find the treasure. Dr Livesey, Squire Trelawney and the crew who had remained loyal to us fled into the forest, but Silver had tied a long rope around my waist, keeping me hostage.

Armed with picks and shovels, the pirates followed the clues on the map. I heard the cries of excitement as they approached the spot where the treasure was buried ... and the shouts of fury that followed. Someone else had got there first!

"Silver, you double-crossing rogue! Have you brought us all this way just for these?" bellowed one of the ruffians, holding up two small coins. It was all that was left of the treasure.

In a flash, Silver slipped me one of the pistols he was carrying.

"Take this, Jim," he whispered, "and stand by for trouble."

"They are but two, a boy and a cripple," shouted one of the pirates as he moved menacingly towards us. "The double-crossing rogue I mean to kill – and the boy, too!"

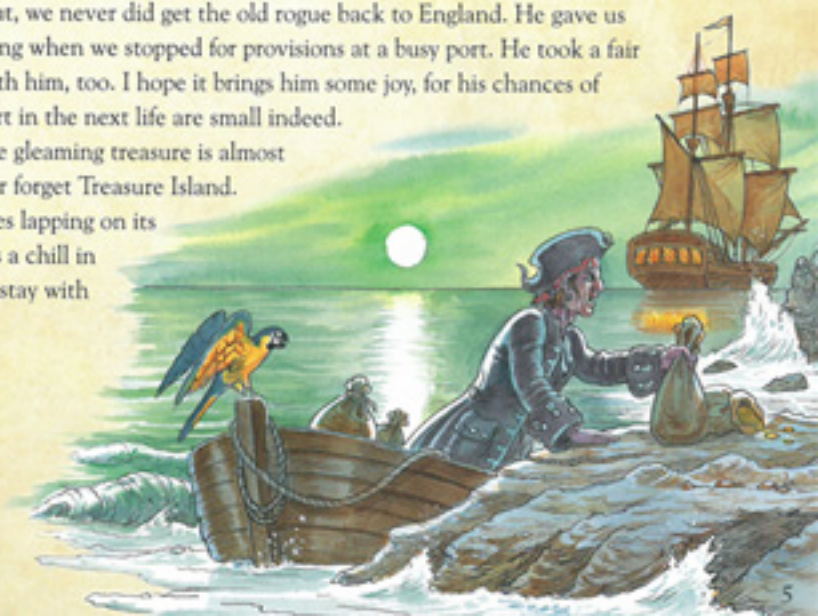
His words were cut short by sudden gunshots. Dr Livesey and Squire Trelawney had come to our rescue. The pirates fled instantly, scattering into the woods.

The treasure, it turned out, was safe. When Dr Livesey and the squire ran from our captors, they had chanced upon a pirate named Ben Gunn, who was hiding in a cave. Captain Flint had marooned Gunn on the island, and it was he who had moved the hoard to a new hiding place.

We transferred the treasure to the *Hispaniola* and set sail for home. Ben Gunn came with us, and was allowed a share. We took Silver with us, too, saving him from the remaining pirates.

"You're a villain, Silver," the squire told him. "I'm going to see that you're brought to justice in England."

"But, sir," replied Silver. "I acted only to protect young Jim here, and that's the truth." I knew, of course, that he was lying, but still I didn't want to see Silver hang.

As it turned out, we never did get the old rogue back to England. He gave us the slip one morning when we stopped for provisions at a busy port. He took a fair amount of gold with him, too. I hope it brings him some joy, for his chances of finding any comfort in the next life are small indeed.

My share of the gleaming treasure is almost gone. But I'll never forget Treasure Island. The sound of waves lapping on its sandy shore strikes a chill in my heart that will stay with me forever.