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Opening extract from

The Jolley-Rogers and the Ghostly Galleon

Written & Illustrated by

Jonny Duddle

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For Gran and Grandad:
for all the war stories and strong cuppas,
in front of the hottest fire in Salford.

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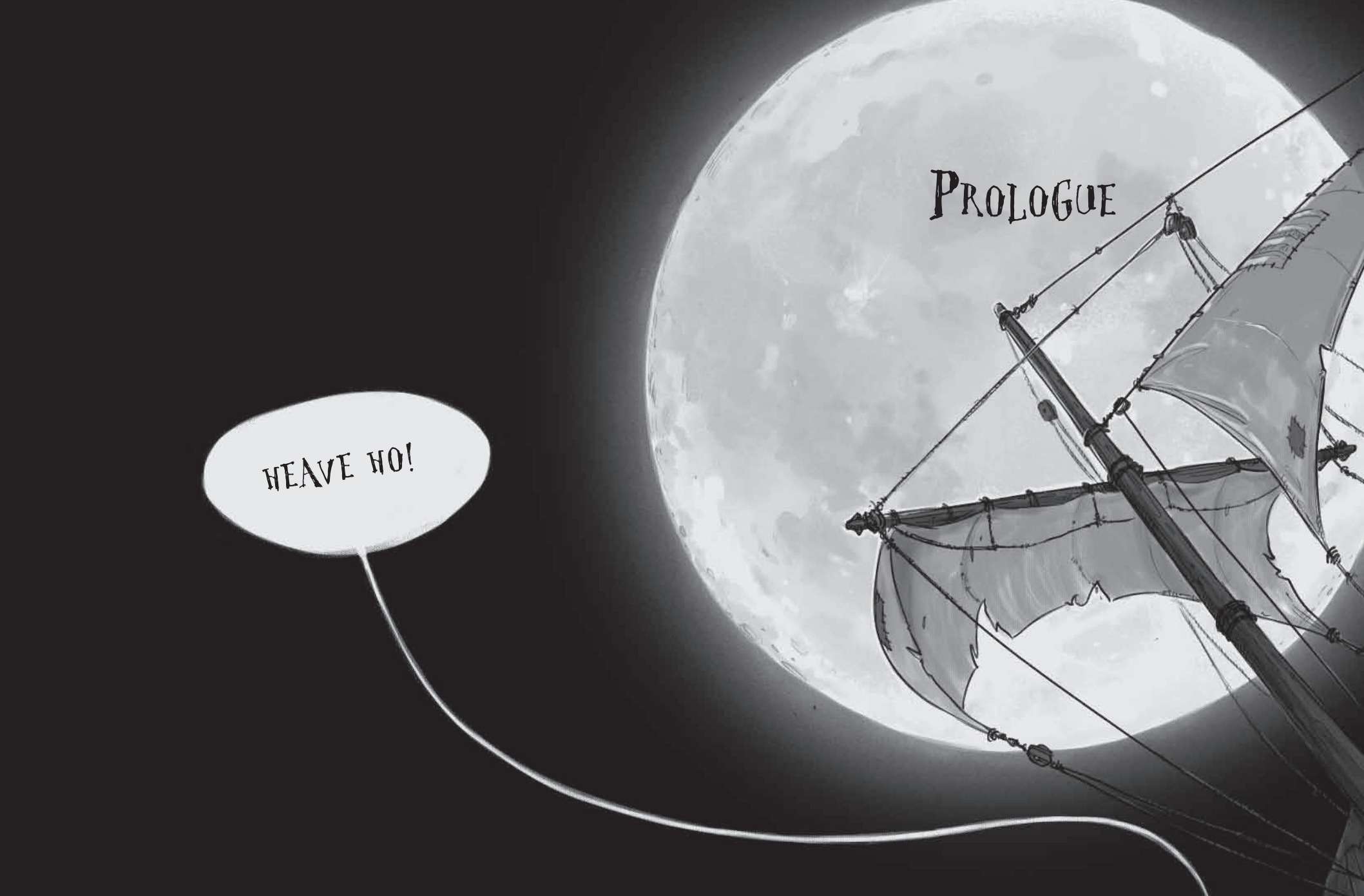
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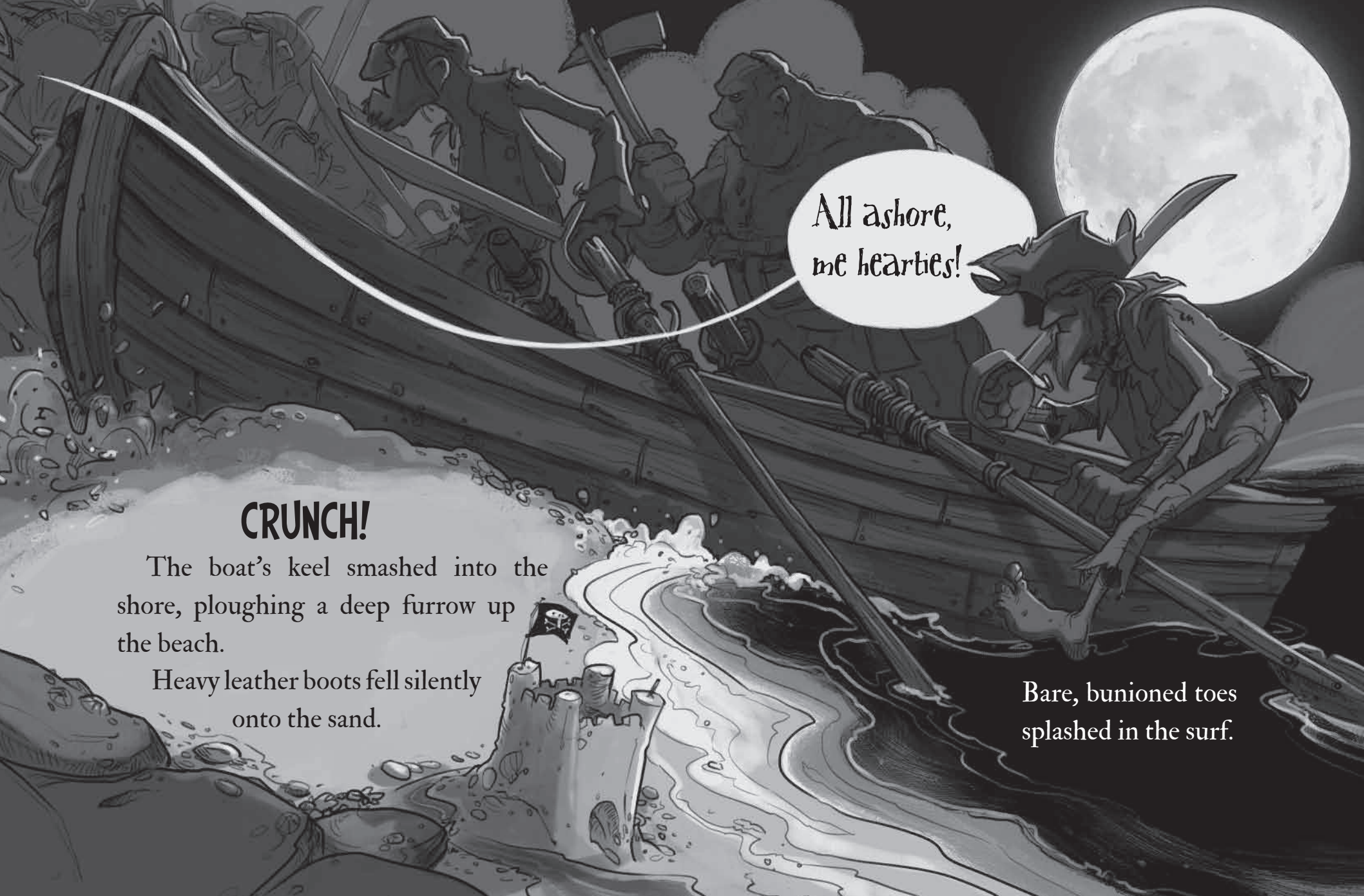
The JOLLEY-ROGERS and the GHOSTLY GALLEON

JONNY DUDDLE

templar


PROLOGUE
HEAVE HO!


HEAVE HO!
Under the light of the moon we go!
We'll take yer silver, we'll take yer gold,
We'll take what we want to line our hold!
Some say we're cursed, some say we're dead!
We're in search of a key, as you sleep in bed!
Heave ho! Heave ho!
Under the light of the moon we go!



CRUNCH!

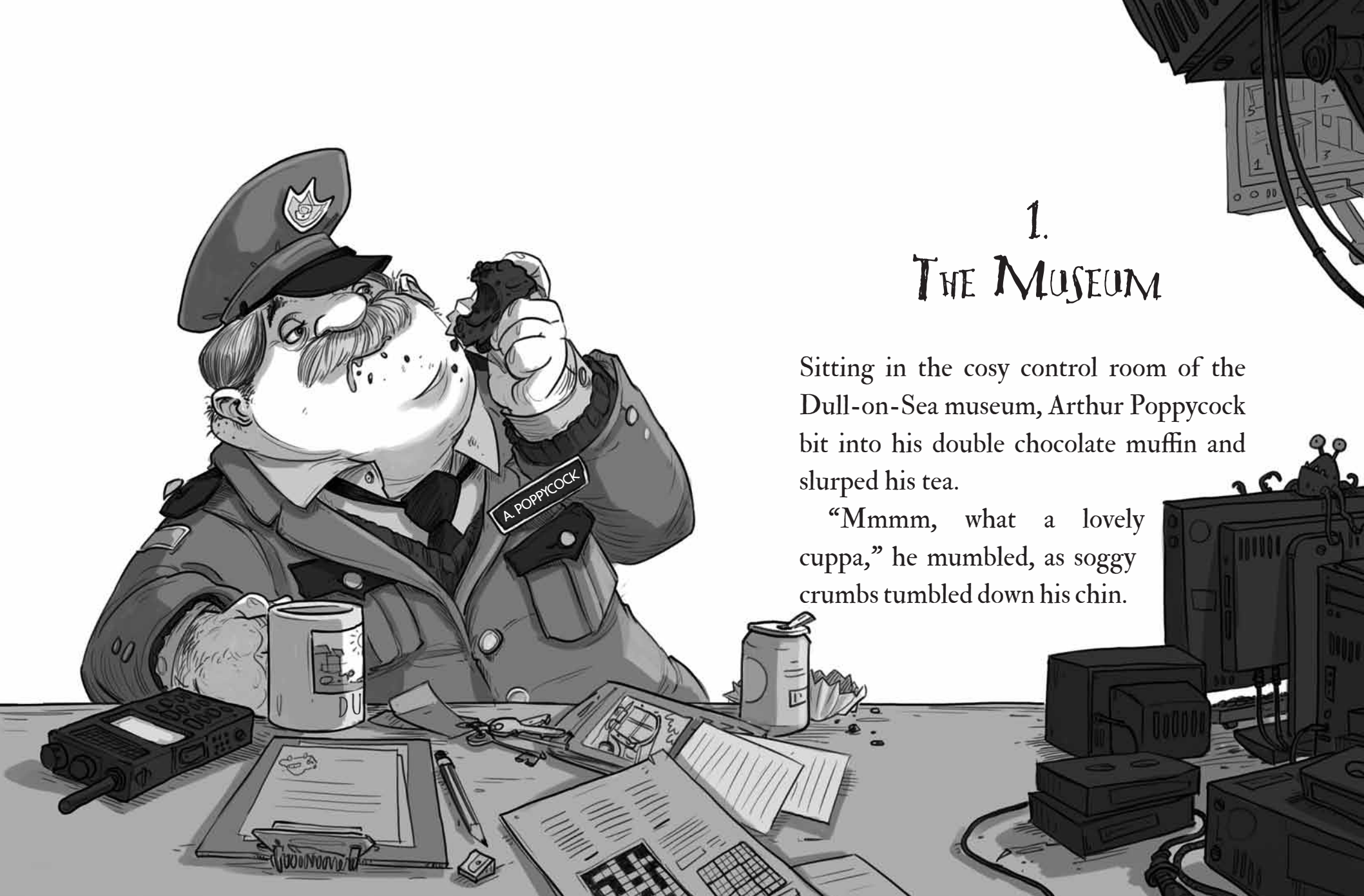
The boat's keel smashed into the shore, ploughing a deep furrow up the beach.

Heavy leather boots fell silently onto the sand.

Bare, bunioned toes splashed in the surf.



Flintlocks were primed. Daggers were drawn. Cold, dead steel flashed in the moonlight. A mass of dark briny shadows surged across the beach and up the steps, disappearing into the moonlit alleyways of Dull-on-Sea.



1.
The Museum

Sitting in the cosy control room of the Dull-on-Sea museum, Arthur Poppycock bit into his double chocolate muffin and slurped his tea.

"Mmmm, what a lovely cuppa," he mumbled, as soggy crumbs tumbled down his chin.



Being a security guard was the best job Arthur had ever had. Endless cups of tea, as many muffins as he could eat (without Mrs Poppycock reminding him of his trouser-button problem), plenty of time to read *Morris Minor Monthly* and hours of silence to tackle his beloved crosswords. But best of all, thought Arthur, nothing EVER happens in Dull-on-Sea.

CREAK!

"What was that?"

CLANK!

"Probably a cat in the alley," Arthur muttered. He switched to the alley camera, but there was nothing on the CCTV.

CLUNK!

"Or a very big mouse..."

CRASH!

"I'd better check," he told himself.



The only bad thing about his job at the Dull-on-Sea Museum, apart from the itchy jumper and having to polish his shoes every day, was that Arthur wasn't very keen on the dark. Everything looked spooky beyond the glow of his flashlight. There were funny shadows everywhere: statues... sculptures... stuffed animals... paintings... and...