Sam And The Birthday Surprise

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Max and the Pirates of Puddleton Bay

Chapter 1

The wind howled around the corner of the house, the rain lashed against the windows and the roar of the sea could be heard for miles.
It was late Friday night and a storm had arrived in Puddleton Bay.

Max lay in bed with his eyes shut tight. He pulled his pirate quilt over his head and wrapped it close around his ears. He tried very hard not to listen to the roar of the sea.
But it was no good; he could still hear the crashing of the waves against the rocks and the creaking of the boats being tossed around in Puddleton harbour.

Puddleton Bay was a very small seaside town. It had a beach in the centre, a small harbour on one side, and great white cliffs and caves on the other.

It used to be very busy with visitors in the summer, but over the years people had stopped going and now Puddleton Bay was a very quiet place to live.

That was great for Max and his friends, they got to play on an empty beach. There were lots of stories about pirates who had lived in Puddleton Bay, and Max and his friends liked to pretend that they were pirates looking for treasure on the beach. Max loved everything about pirates and his bedroom was filled with them – pirate wallpaper, a pirate bedcover, a pirate lampshade and even a pirate face on his clock!

Being a quiet place wasn't very good for the adults, though, and many of the shops in the bay had already closed, some of Max's friends had even moved away.......maybe Max would have to move, as well. Unless his dad could find a way of bringing in more visitors to their café, it would have to close. Max didn't want to move away, he loved Puddleton Bay and all his friends, so as he lay listening to the storm, he thought hard about all the things he could do to bring back the visitors.

Suddenly, Max woke with a jump. He could hear shouting outside, as well as the sound of sirens and the heavy footsteps of his dad dashing down the stairs.

Max threw back his quilt and rushed towards his bedroom

window looked right down the main street of Puddleton Bay, out towards the harbour. he could see the beach, the white cliffs and the life boat station…….. but not tonight.

He looked at his clock, it was five o'clock in the morning, the house was in darkness, the streets were too, he could hear the sounds of footsteps running towards the harbour, banging, crashing and shouting but there was nothing to see……..people and cars had blocked the main road, and the rain still lashed against his window… what was going on?

Max was really scared and just as he was about to jump back into bed, his door slowly opened, and a torch shone brightly into the room. It was Max's mum!

"Are you OK, Max?" she said softly. "Jump back into bed. We

don't want to wake everyone else up."

"What's happened?" asked Max as he rubbed his eyes.

"There has been a very bad storm during the night," said Mum. "A ship has got stuck on a sandbank near to the harbour, so everyone has gone to help."
That had happened many times before, so Max wasn't too worried. He jumped back into bed and tried his best to get back to sleep.

It wasn't long before Mum was shouting up the stairs to Max.
   "It's eight o'clock and time for breakfast. It's going to be a busy day. Look out of your window, Max!" she called.

Max ran to his window and looked down the street towards the harbour and the beach.

Although the storm had stopped, the roads were full of broken branches and piles of rubbish, which had blown across the bay during the night.

There were broken fences and great big muddy puddles in the gardens.

Down by the harbour and the beach were lots of parked cars and bubbles... wait a minute!... parked cars and... bubbles?!... Did you say bubbles?!

Max rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes... bubbles... a great big, white wall of foaming bubbles!

"WOW!" yelled Max as he dashed down the stairs. He was so