

# Max and the Pirates of Puddleton Bay



Max raced towards the harbour as fast as he could just in time to see his dad and a group of friends showing all the visitors where to park. Lots of people from nearby villages had heard the news and come to help.

“Max!” came a loud voice from a big bus, which had just parked up by the side of the beach.

Max looked up and couldn’t believe his eyes. His cousin, Sam, as well as his family and friends, Mia, Ned, Jack and Nawal, had all come to help with the big clear-up!

“Fantastic!” said Max. “You can come and help me down on the beach!”

Soon the six children were busy collecting bottles. Max was really pleased to have some friends his own age in Puddleton Bay and as they walked along the beach he began to tell them all the old stories about the pirates of Puddleton Bay.

“In the old days, many years ago,” began Max proudly, “the pirates would hide in the caves up in the cliffs over the bay. They would wait until the ships got stuck on the sandbanks then they would go and steal all the things off the ship and hide them in the caves.”

“REALLY?” said Sam. “But there’s a ship stuck on the sandbank now. Do you think they will come?”

“Well, who knows?” said Max, shrugging his shoulders. “They don’t scare me anyway.”

Max sounded very brave as he carried on telling the stories of the Puddleton Pirates.

“Captain Chips, well... he was the leader and he had a wooden leg and a metal hook instead of a hand.”

The children all gasped. Max really enjoyed storytelling; the



more the children gasped, the more stories he told. Max didn't know if the stories were really true. He had heard some stories about Captain Chips, but he often changed them and added a bit extra to make them more fun and exciting!

As the children headed back towards the harbour to empty their bags, Sam spotted a purple, shiny shell poking out of the sand.

It was a lovely bright, shiny shell with purple and silver stripes all over. It was shaped just like an ice cream cone and sparkled like glitter. It was very unusual and a big shell, too; nearly the size of Sam's hand!

"I'm going to take this back to the harbour with me," said



Sam. "I want to have a good look at it," and he dropped the shell into his bottle bag.

Max wasn't taking too much notice. He had seen so many shells on the beach before and he was too busy thinking up new stories about pirates.

They got back to the harbour just in time for some lunch. The villagers had made lots of sandwiches for all the helpers who had come to the bay, and everyone was busy eating and chatting. Everyone that is, except for Sam. He had taken his wonderful shiny shell to a small rock pool to wash off all the sand.

Sam dipped the shell in the water. As he rubbed it dry with the side of his sleeve, the shell started to glow in his hand and change colour, from purple to silver and back to purple

again.

“Amazing,” said Sam. “I’ve got to show the others,” but as he dashed back to the harbour to show them, he heard a loud booming voice from behind.

“ARRRGGGG..... Shiver mi timbers, who has woken me up?”