

Wendy and the Pirate

Wendy was on holiday on an island.

She was walking along the beach when she heard a strange noise.

It sounded like crying.

“Hello??” called Wendy.

“What? Who?” said a voice.

A very odd man stood up. He had an eye patch. He had a wooden leg. He had a sword. Wendy knew at once that he was a pirate.

“Help me!” said the pirate.

“What’s the matter?”

“I’m no good,” sobbed the pirate. “I have a map. On it is marked the treasure. But I can’t find it!”

“Show me,” said Wendy.

The pirate showed her the map. It looked just like this.

“What are these words?” asked Wendy. “Worte? Taferwall? Kulls crok?”

“That’s right!” said the pirate. “What *do* they mean?”

“They have numbers on them,” said Wendy. “And down here we read: ‘X marks the tops’. What are ‘tops’?”

“If I knew, I wouldn’t be here,” said the pirate. “Oh you’re no good!” And he blew his nose loudly.

“X. Isn’t that where pirates mark the treasure?”

“Everyone knows that,” sniffed the pirate.

“So X marks the spot ‘pots’ ... ‘spot’ ... Of course...!!”

“What?”

“‘X marks the spot’. All the letters have been mixed up. *Now* we can start looking for the treasure. What does the map say for number 1?”

“Taferwall,” said the pirate.

“It’s obvious,” said Wendy.

“Is it?”

“Waterfall.”

“I knew that,” said the pirate. And he headed off. Wendy followed as fast as she could.

They came to a big waterfall.

The pirate scratched his head.

“What now?”

“Does it say something else?”

“Peads,” said the pirate.

“Don’t worry. I said I’d help...”

“No, not please - ‘peads’.”

Wendy thought for a moment.

“Spade.”

They looked high. They looked low. There was no spade.

“It’s gone,” said the pirate. And he pulled his beard.

“Is it behind the waterfall?” asked Wendy.

“Don’t be silly,” said the pirate. “There’s nothing behind...”

“What’s that?”

“Look. I found a spade!”

“What’s number 2?”

“Worte.”

“But we’re here at the water...”

“No, not water ... ‘worte’ ...”

“I know,” said Wendy. “Tower.”

The pirate was off like a shot. Wendy could hardly keep up with him.

They came to a high tower. It had no door. It had only one window.

“What does the map say?”

“Yek,” said the pirate.

“That’s not very nice.”

“No ... not ‘Yuk’. On the tower is the word ‘yek’.”

“Stand up against the tower, please,” said Wendy.

“Why?”

“I need to climb up.”

She climbed on the pirate’s shoulders. She reached up to the window.

And she found...

“A key!”

“I knew it was a key,” said the pirate.

“OK. So what’s number 3?”

“It says ‘kulls krok’.”

“That *is* hard,” said Wendy. “I don’t know if ...”

“Please ... please ... please ... You can do it...”

“All right. Let me think. Could it be ‘roll’ ... or ‘lock’ ... or ‘sock’...”

“Don’t be silly,” said the pirate.

“Or ‘rock’ ...?”

“There *is* a big rock near here,” said the pirate. His eyes were wide.

“What’s it called?”

“Skull rock.”

Before Wendy could say a word, the pirate was off again. Wendy ran after him.

They came to a huge rock in the shape of a skull.

“Dig!” said Wendy.

The pirate took the spade and dug.

In the hole was an old chest. The pirate lifted it up.

“Use the key!” said Wendy.

The pirate put the key in the lock. He opened the chest.

There was a huge treasure!

“Hooray!! You found it!” said Wendy.

“You mean *we* found it,” said the pirate. “I couldn’t have done it without your help.”

Wendy watched in delight as the pirate shared the treasure with her.

“WOW! Skanth!” she said.

“It’s my pleasure!” said the pirate.

Do you know what Wendy said to the pirate?