



opening extract from

The Littlest Pirate

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published by

Happy Cat Books

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Chapter One

Nicholas Nosh, the littlest pirate in the world, wasn't allowed to go to sea.

You're too small,' said his dad.

'When you're bigger you can go,' said his mum.



His older brother and sister just laughed. They all boarded their ship, the *Pig's Breakfast*.

'Be good,' shouted his dad.

'Eat your broccoli,' said his mum. And they sailed away to capture treasure.

Nicholas was left at home with his babysitter, Gretta.

Gretta was very tall, with long black plaits. Nicholas barely came up to her knees. Sometimes he climbed up her plaits. It was like climbing the ropes on a ship.

Gretta loved to cook. She especially loved puddings



and sweets, but sometimes her cooking was a disaster. Her cakes sank or her scones were as hard as rocks.

The spare pirate crew left behind didn't care. They ate all of Gretta's food and grew very fat and lazy. They were also supposed to be mending the spare ship, the *Golden Heart*, which had big worm holes in the hull.

Nicholas was bored. He'd practised with his cutlass and axe, and read his favourite book again, *The Biggest, Nastiest Pirates of all Time*. He'd played with all the treasure in the treasure room, but it wasn't the same as capturing it.

He was *so* bored that he decided to run away and join another pirate ship.

'I'll show them,' he said.

Nicholas packed his cutlass and axe, and pulled on his best leather boots.

Then he put on his pirate hat and set off over the hills.

