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Opening extract from
The Secret Pirate

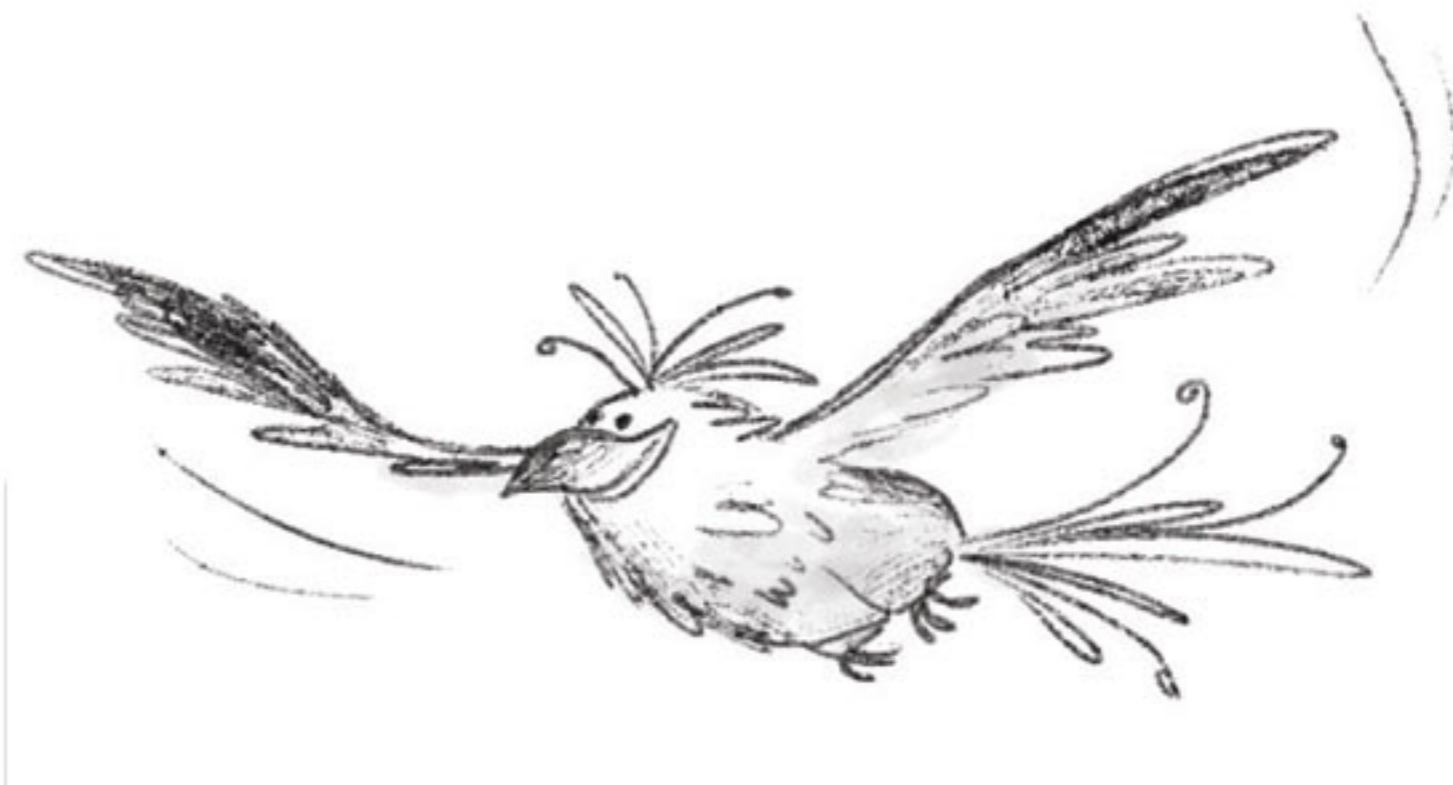
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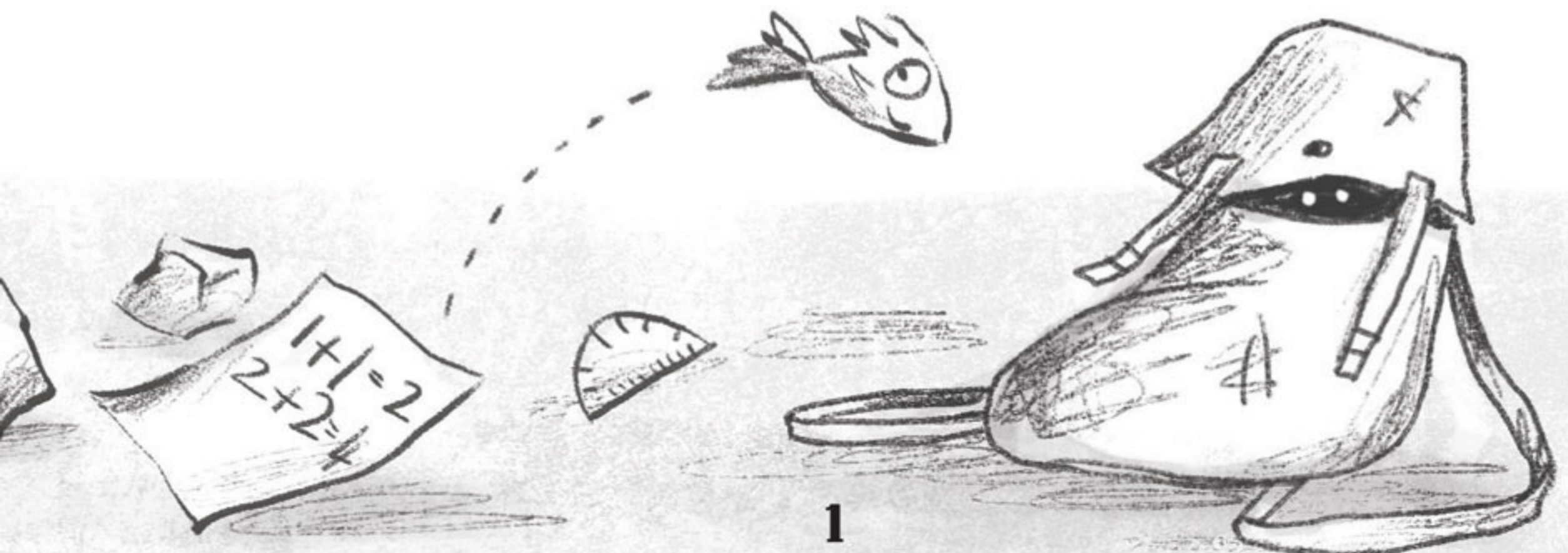
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The Secret Pirate



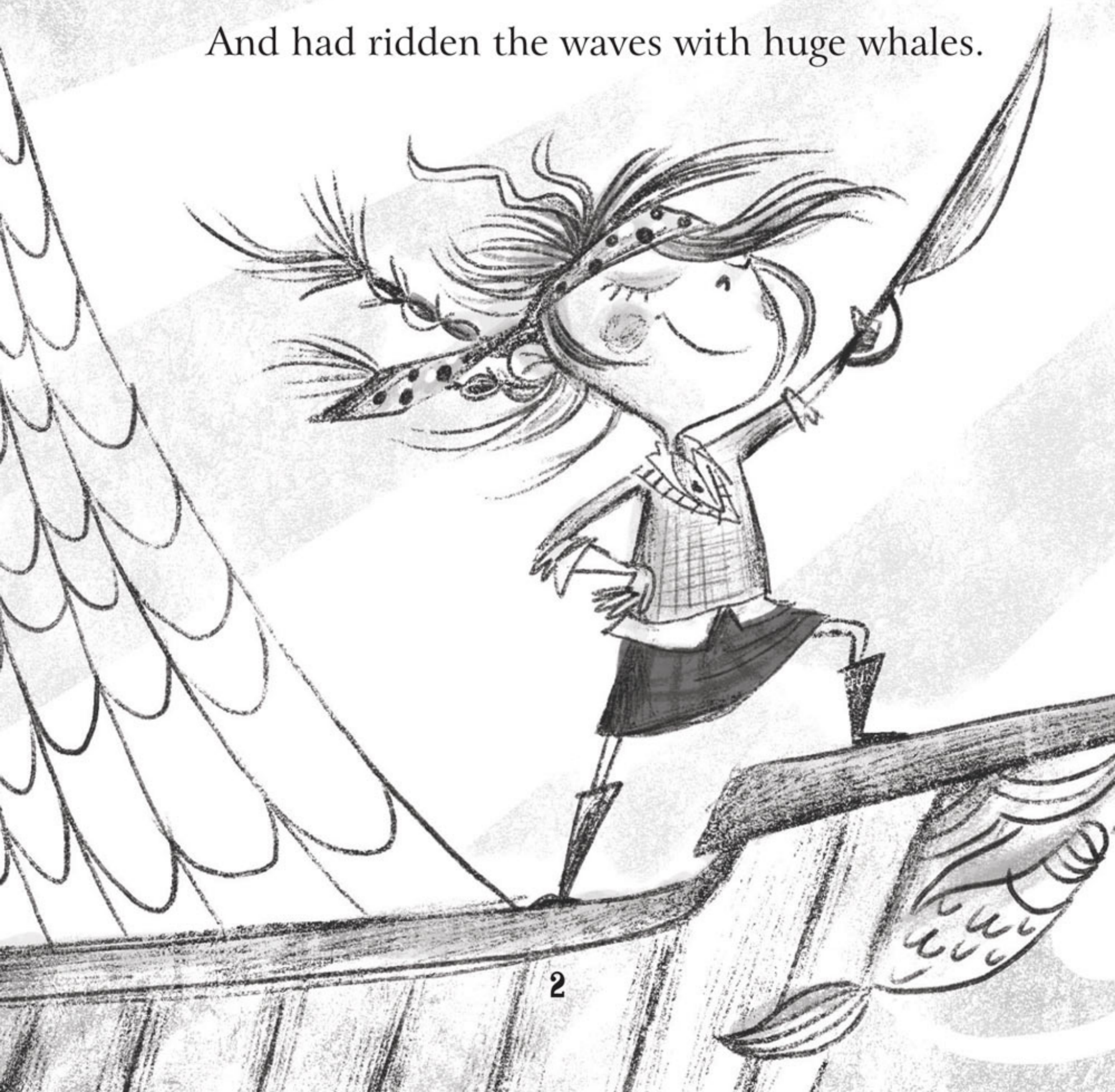


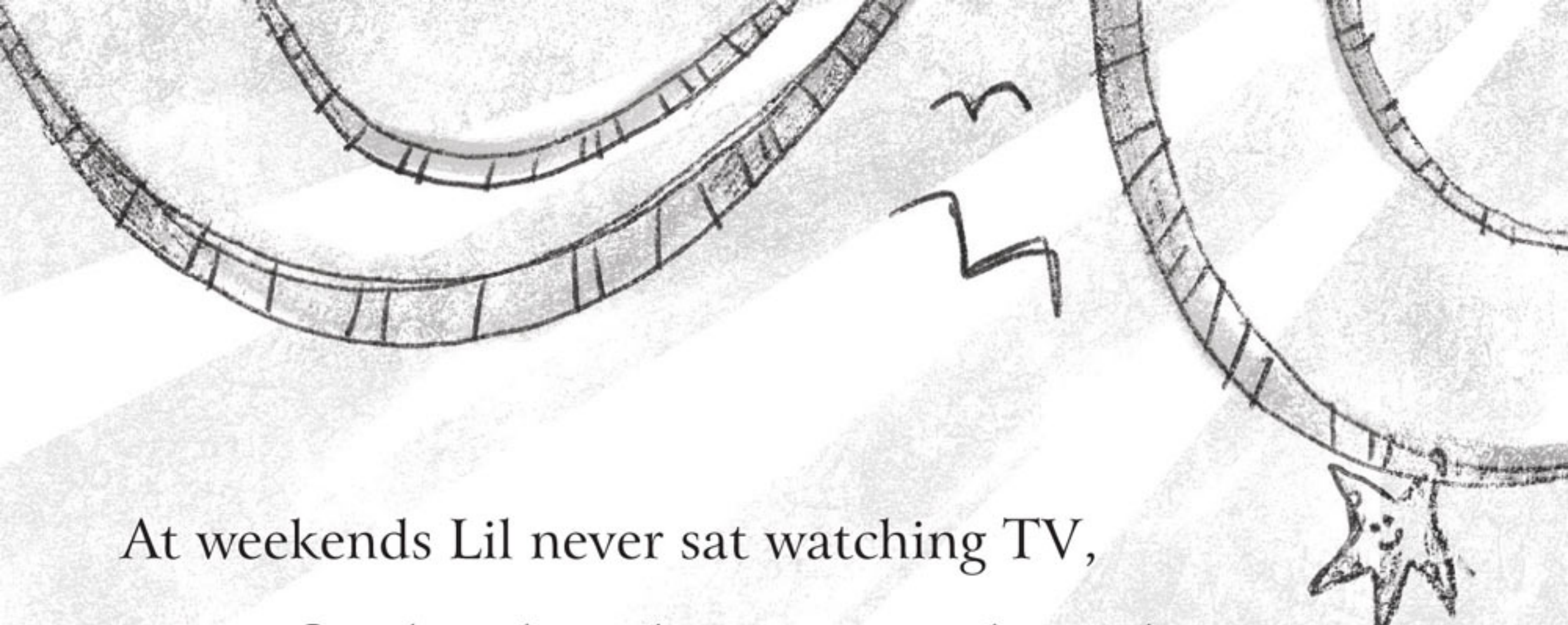
When Lil sat at school doing spellings and sums,
Nobody, nobody guessed
That she wasn't at all like an ordinary girl,
And that under her jumper and vest . . .



Lil was a pirate, a
swashbuckling pirate,

Whose home was a ship with great sails,
Who had travelled the seas in the blustery breeze
And had ridden the waves with huge whales.





At weekends Lil never sat watching TV,
Or played on the swings in the park,
But instead she might fight with a monster all night
In waters that shimmered with sharks.

No, nobody guessed at Lil's pirating life,
Though the children all thought it quite odd
That instead of school dinners Lil went to the
pond . . .



And tried to catch haddock and cod.



And that noise from Lil's schoolbag –
what could it be?

A shuffle? A rustle? A squawk?

But maybe Lil's friends had imagined it all;
Bags, after all, couldn't *talk*!





Sometimes Lil simply forgot where she was

As she sat gazing out at the sky,

And then, when her teacher, Miss Lubber, said, 'Lil?'

She'd shout out, **'Ahoy!'** in reply.



'Lil,' said Miss Lubber, 'stop daydreaming, please!

Remember you're here to learn facts!

Pirates aren't real! It's time now, I feel,

That you learned how a good schoolchild acts.'