

# Pirate Family Smith

## Chapter 6



“Well this is just brilliant,” groaned Pirate Smith as they sat down miserably in the palace jail. It was cold and damp and smelled of cheese left out in the sun for too long. “Now the King has got all of the jewels *and* the scroll. The next thing he’ll do is to make us walk the plank.”

“We haven’t got a plank,” said Bo, “we used it for firewood, remember.”

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“Well he'll get us to walk someone else's plank. There'll be no shortage of pirates offering to lend him their planks, especially old Purple Beard.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes, each lost in their own bitter thoughts. It was Bo who broke the silence. “If he's going to make us walk the plank then we have to get out of here. We need an escape plan.”

“If you hadn't noticed,” replied Pirate Smith, “the walls are incredibly thick as are the iron bars on that cell door. We'd need a cannon to blast our way out of here.”

“Maybe not,” said Hope, her eyes sparkling with an idea.

“What do you have in mind?” asked Bo.

Hope fixed the Smiths with a cheeky grin and explained her plan.

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It was after midnight when they put the plan into action.

“Guards,” shouted Bo, “Hope has been taken ill. She needs help.”

A minute later, two guards, one small, one large, stomped round the corner, the small one holding a lantern.

Hope was lying on the floor of the cell, rolling around and moaning in agony.

“Is she really ill?” asked the small guard.

“THE PAIN IS KILLING ME!” groaned Hope, dribbling on the floor.

“OK, OK,” nodded the big guard, “we'll take her to the palace doctor. The rest of you will remain here.”

“That's fine,” nodded Vera, “thank you.”

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The small guard pulled out a key and unlocked the door. Then he and his friend walked into the cell. The small one took Hope's hands; the big one took her feet. But before they could lift her, Pirate Smith had clanged their heads together and they were both knocked out cold.

"Brilliant!" hissed Bo, "let's go."

Past the open door they crept, along an echoey corridor and up some stairs.

"There's the treasure!" pointed Hope.

And there it was; in the main hall of the castle in a giant glass container were all of the jewels from the treasure chest. On each side of the glass was a sleeping guard. As quietly as they could, the Pirate Family Smith tiptoed across the hall until they were standing right next to the guards and the glass.

Pirate Smith put a finger to his lips and reached into the container. Wrapping his hand around some rubies, he lifted them out and placed them in Bo's knapsack. He nodded at the others and they joined in. Handful after handful of precious gems were transferred from the glass into the bag, all of the while everyone keeping an eye on the sleeping guards. At one point, one of them actually opened his eyes and they thought the game was up but he let out a loud snore and closed them again.

"That's enough," whispered Vera. "The bag is pretty full. Let's not be greedy. We should get out of here."

"I need the toilet," hissed Hope. "I'll only be a few seconds, alright?"

The others nodded. "Be quick!" urged Vera.

Hope scooted off in the direction of three signs: KING'S BEDROOM QUARTERS, TOILETS and WASHING ROOM and, true to her word, was back in less than a minute.

"OK, let's go!" nodded Pirate Smith.

But as Vera was straightening her bag, she dropped a large Ruby onto one of the guards' feet. He winced in pain and instantly woke up.

"What the...?" he gasped when he saw what was happening. "THIEVES!" he yelled at the top of his voice, jumping to his feet.

Bo pushed him over and the party of four made a run for it.

"SOUND THE ALARM!" screamed the second guard who had also woken up. "STOP THEM GETTING OUT!"

Running as fast as jewel thieves have ever run, they sprinted along corridors and down stairways with the thunder of feet chasing after them. Rounding a corner, they spotted a narrow blue door. Vera gave it a push and it opened.

"I can see *The Dusty Brig!*" cried Bo. "We can make it!"

As they ran on, Bo looked over his shoulder and saw at least ten guards and the King himself racing after them. The road was bumpy and they had to swerve and skid but finally they were climbing up the rope ladder and the ship was pulling away from the harbour.

The guards and the King stood on the jetty screaming and shouting and shaking their fists.

"That was amazing!" grinned Bo. "The only shame is that we didn't get the scroll."

"Erm...I lied to you about needing the toilet," said Hope, pulling the scroll out of her jacket pocket. "I actually nipped into the King's bedroom and grabbed it back. He was sleeping with it right next to him and his guards were sleeping too!"

"You little genius!" roared Pirate Smith, whacking her on the shoulders and performing a small jig.

"Now are you pleased that you let Hope stay?" asked Bo.

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"It's the best move I've ever made," laughed Pirate Smith, "now let's get out some food and stage a hearty celebration."

And so it was that *The Dusty Brig* sailed off into the dusky moonlight, its passengers eating and drinking as they headed off in search of another adventure and another day of unknown possibilities.

