

Pirate Family Smith

Chapter 3

“COOL!” cried Bo. “I’ve always wanted a dragon.”

“Chuck it and the stowaway overboard!” snarled Pirate Smith.
“They’re of no use to us.”

Vile snatched the dragon from Hope’s hand, then picked her up and prepared to throw them both over the side of the boat.



“STOP!” shouted Bo, grabbing the back of Vile’s tattered grey jacket. “I’ll look after the dragon and Hope can help me with the cleaning round here. You’re always saying the boat’s too messy, Dad. Please!”

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"Bo's right," nodded Vera. "The boy could do with a pet and Hope seems like a brave kid. We could use an extra pair of hands on deck."

Pirate Smith sighed and mulled things over for a few moments. Slowly his anger ebbed away as he looked at his son's big pleading eyes. "Fine," he hissed, "but keep them away from me."

Vile was disappointed to have nothing to throw overboard but he placed Hope on the deck and passed the dragon over to Bo.

While Pirate Smith fumed about the lack of booty in the treasure chest, the next few days were some of the best of Bo's life. Sure, he was disappointed that the treasure chest had been empty but he forgot about that quickly as he and Hope fed and played with the baby dragon. They named him Smokey because of the puffs of smoke that came out of his mouth. They cleaned the deck and the cabins and stayed out of Bo's father's way. He in turn left them alone but he could often be heard muttering that the stowaway and the dragon were an added burden to the ship and that he would be glad to get rid of them.

Hope's uncle had been a pirate many years ago and he had taught her some of the tricks of the trade. So she spent many hours teaching Bo new pirate skills, like swinging from ropes, using a cutlass and stealing things without anyone noticing.

One morning, when Bo woke up, he noticed that Smokey had opened his wings for the first time and he instantly saw something amazing. He gently picked up the tiny dragon and ran to wake up Hope to show her what he'd found.

"That's incredible!" she gasped.

On the inside of Smokey's wings, in black lines and symbols, was a map and at the centre of the map was a picture of a treasure chest, filled with gold and jewels. They ran up on deck and showed

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it to Bo's father. He looked at the baby dragon's wing map in amazement and clapped his hands.



"Either someone took that treasure before us or there must be a *second* treasure chest!" he cried. "And if there is a second one, it will surely contain the booty shown on Smokey's body! Let's set a new course!"

It took them seven hours to follow Smokey's map route and it was midafternoon when they arrived on a small island. Vile weighed the anchor and by means of the rope ladder, Pirate Smith, Vera, Bo and Hope climbed down onto the sandy beach.

Bo held up Smokey and the dragon opened its wings. "It's that way!" announced Bo.

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The island was a fascinating place, with hissing geysers (springs on the ground that from time to time shot sprays of water fifty feet into the air), empty straw huts and huge stone statues of bizarre-looking birds and fish. There was no sign of any people.

“The second chest should be over there,” said Bo, pointing to a thick clump of trees. They stumbled through these and came to a small clearing. There was a loud rustling sound and suddenly from the other side of the clearing emerged a dragon that looked almost identical to Smokey but about a thousand times bigger.



It opened its mouth and Bo thought it was about to shoot fire at them but instead it pulled a goofy smile. A moment later, Smokey shot forwards. The huge dragon picked him up, stroked his head and held him close.

“It must be his mother,” gasped Hope. “The map on his skin is his way of getting him home if he gets lost.”

“Fine,” said Pirate Smith, “but I don’t see a second treasure chest. I say we start digging for it.”

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He took out his shovel and dug it into the earth. The mother dragon made a noise and shook her head. She coughed and something dropped out of her mouth.

Bo walked forward and picked it up. "It's a star-shaped piece of wood" he declared. "I think it will fit that star-shaped hole on the top of the chest. It's a key! We'll be able to open it now!"

"Amazing!" cried Vera. "Let's say goodbye to the dragons and get back to the *Brig* and that chest."

Bo felt a rush of sadness because he knew he'd have to say goodbye to Smokey. He and Hope whispered goodbyes to the tiny dragon and its mother and the two scaly beasts walked off through the trees. In a short time, they were gone from view.

The Smiths were about to set off when there was a crashing sound and into the clearing leapt Purple Beard and three of his villainous men. They were all carrying cutlasses, Purple holding his famous Ruby Sword, with gems around its handle.

"They must have followed us here!" groaned Bo.

"Give me the wooden key, then take me back to your ship and I'll collect the chest, thank you very much," snarled Purple.

"No!" said Hope, folding her arms and locking her eyes on Purple. "We found the chest. We found the key. We keep 'em."

"I don't think so, little girl!" snapped Purple. He snatched the piece of wood from Bo's hands.

"LOSERS!" he laughed, "now take me straight to your ship!"

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