

A PIRATE'S STORY

I was standing at this very beach watching the not-so-calm ocean crashing violently against the sharp pointed rocks of Glashedy Island. Walking cautiously across the wet sand clutching a handful of smooth pebbles.

I was always one for collecting brightly coloured stones and beautiful shells. I had learned that they made the most wonderful pieces of jewellery.

There I was, only ten at the time, walking along the sea shore, wading my way through the water when I wasn't quick enough to step out of the way.

I was wearing a pair of luminous pink boots just below my knee. I loved them dearly and wore them everywhere but at the beach they were always filled with water from the fast-moving tide, just like my jam sandwiches often had more sand in them than jam when we had a picnic at the beach.

It was about two o' clock, when the pockets of my grey coat were bulging at the seams and the attractive shells and stones were falling out, when I noticed my favourite pink shell, about the size of my fingernail had fallen out of my coat pocket. Frantic to find it, I retraced my steps along the beach. I must have spent quite a while searching because the tide had come in towards me and the sun was reflecting an orange colour across the Atlantic.

I thought I had seen something glinting in the sun. It was coming closer and closer until it was at my feet. Curiously I stooped down to pick it up and held it up to the light. An

aged, battered glass bottle with a golden rim around the edge. It contained a letter written in large loopy handwriting scrawled across the parchment.

It told a story of sailing the seven seas and of climbing mountains that were yet to be discovered by anyone else. It was about life as a pirate and of days without computer games. But written at the bottom of the page was something that caught my eye:

I have travelled a lot of places but don't know where to go next,

Reader if you read carefully there's no need to send a text.

I am magic, believe it or not, and I will meet you here, This very place that you stand and certainly do not fear.

I will arrive in twenty years to this exact spot,

If you decide to show up we'll travel around in a huge pine yacht.

Finish this fine story and come and travel with me

for I will show you more out on the sea.

So here I am, waiting patiently twenty years later for my magic boat to arrive so that I can finish that story but behold, stories are wild creatures, when you let them loose, who knows what havoc they might wreak.

