**Pirate Family Smith**

“YOU MUST HAVE GOT THE NUMBERS WRONG!” **roared** Pirate Smith, his eyes alight with anger, his long moustache trembling with rage. *He had stopped on the shelf of rocks high above the bay and was tapping the stones with his shovel*. They stood firm – no secret doors, no hidden panels.

His son, Bo, turned red, trying in his mind to remember the sequence of numbers the mysterious wrinkly woman in the top hat had told him.

*“A treasure chest lies hidden in the rocks above Pebble Cove,” she’d said. “If you give me two gold coins, I’ll tell you how to find it. You’ll either find the Elixir of Life inside it or a huge stash of jewels.”*

The Elixir of Life was a drink that made you live forever. Every self-respecting pirate wanted to get their hands on it. Mind you, a stash of jewels was also pretty good.

*“Don’t worry,” said Vera Smith, the boy’s mother and a superb pirate herself. “I also heard the numbers, remember?”*

Bo shrugged his shoulders. All he wanted was to be a great pirate like his parents but so far he hadn’t quite got the hang of it. His eye patch kept falling down over his nose, his parrot, Jeff, didn’t say anything other than “Toffee apples” and when he shouted, “ATTACK THOSE VILLAINS!” it didn’t sound scary, it sounded like a mouse sneezing. “Don’t you two forget that the King of Moonshine himself **sent us on this mission** and we agreed to split the spoils half and half with him,” said **Pirate Smith**. “It’s three more steps forward, then seven to the left,” said ***Vera***. Like a line of penguins, the three Smiths followed these instructions. Luckily, Bo’s family had got to the wrinkly top-hatted woman before their fiercest enemy, a foul pirate called Purple Beard. If he’d got to her before them, they’d have never heard the end of it; that scoundrel was the pirate world’s number one boaster. “Now five steps to the right and eleven to the left and we should be there.” After following these instructions, Pirate Smith whacked a rock with his shovel. The sound of an echo shot back. “AH HA!” he roared. “There’s a hole beneath here. I think we may have struck gold!” Bo felt excitement speeding through him. There’d probably be all sorts of diamonds and rubies and pearls inside the treasure chest that lay buried beneath them. Even after giving half to the King, they’d still be rich! They’d replace their ship, The Dusty Brig with one that was even faster and more powerful. Bo might even get an eye patch that fitted him. “Well come on then!” shouted Pirate Smith. “Let’s get to that treasure!” Bo and Vera took their shovels out from their knapsacks and the three of them started digging into the rocks. It was hard work and after an hour of backbreaking toil, they’d removed a first layer of rocks but had found nothing. However, a few minutes after attacking a second layer, Bo’s shovel came into contact with something other than rock. “It’s wood!” he shouted, “take a look!” He and his parents peered into the hole they’d made. “By Jove!” cried Vera. “He’s right. It must be the top of the treasure chest!”