



A Pirate in my Paddling Pool

"There's a what?" asked Mum, thinking that she had misheard. After all, she had been very busy making dinner when Clare had burst into the kitchen.

"A pirate, Mum," urged Clare, "There's a pirate in my paddling pool."

"A pirate?" questioned Mum, still sure that Clare must have said something else.

"Yes, Mum. A real-life pirate. He has a parrot on his shoulder and everything!" Clare shouted, not quite sure which part of the story Mum didn't understand. "Quick – come and have a look!"

She grabbed Mum's hand and led her through the back door, past the vegetable patch and all the way to the furthest corner of the back garden, where the sandbox and paddling pool sat next to the slide. Sure enough, sitting in a soggy heap in the middle of the pool, was a pirate. A burly, wet pirate with a wooden leg, one eye covered by a patch and a colourful parrot sat on his shoulder.

"Polly wants a cracker!" the pirate's feathered friend squawked as the pirate took off his shoe and poured out the water.



Q1: Which of these did the pirate have? Tick three.

- a wooden leg
- an eye patch
- a captain's hat
- a parrot

Q2: What was next to the paddling pool in the garden?

