

# PIRATE PAUL

## Makes a Booty Call



Peggy Plank

illustrated by Chiara Galletti

CASTLE POINT BOOKS  
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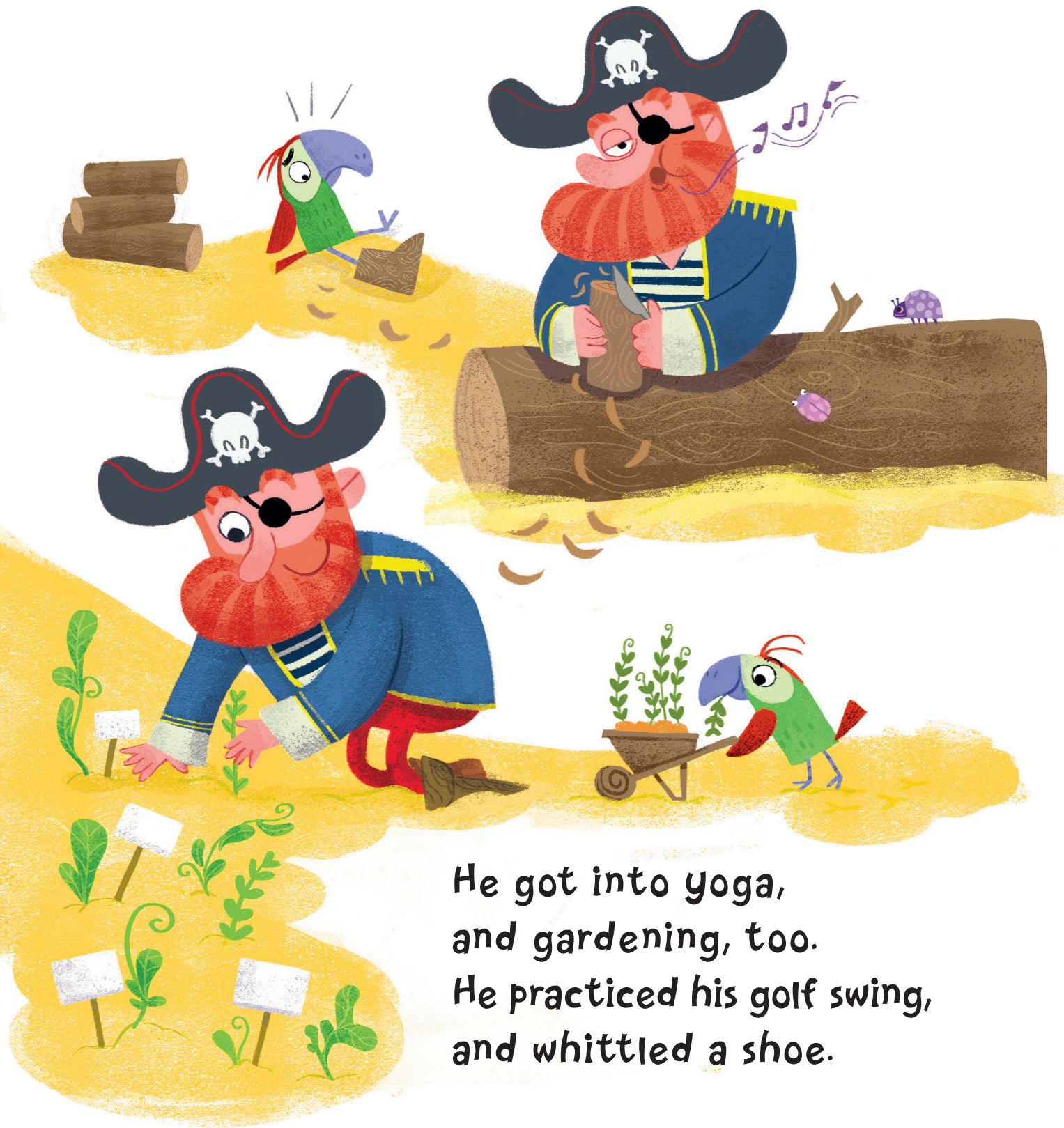
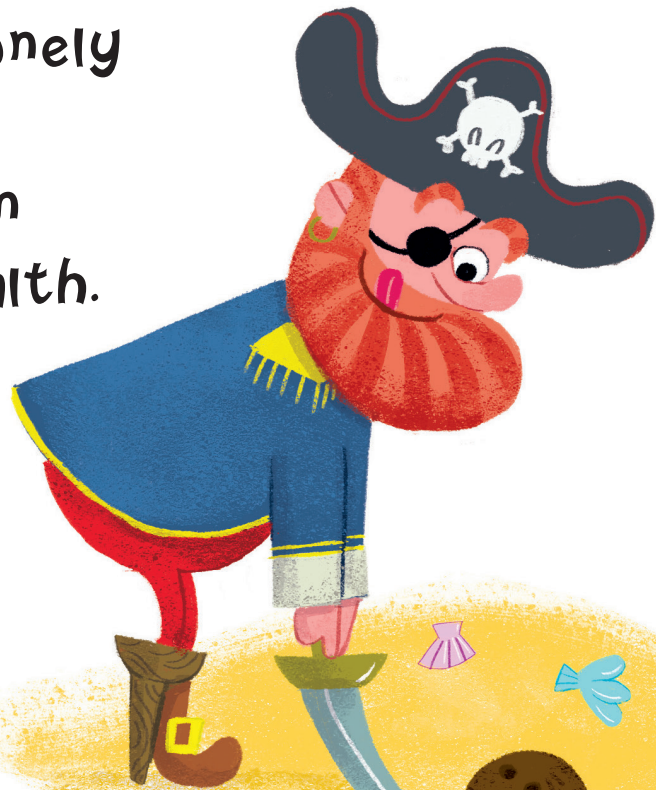
On a faraway island full of coconut trees lived a swashbuckling pirate and his parrot, Louise.





From the time his ship sank,  
and he was clearly marooned,  
Paul started his search for  
a chest of doubloons.

You'd think he'd be lonely  
living all by himself,  
but he found isolation  
to be great for his health.



He got into yoga,  
and gardening, too.  
He practiced his golf swing,  
and whittled a shoe.

He took nice, long walks  
on the beach all alone.  
He learned how to knit,  
and he baked a mean scone.

But pretty soon, even  
those things were a bore.  
And he started to wonder—  
*Blimey! Could there be more?*



He dismissed the thought quickly,  
and ventured to dream  
of bountiful treasure—  
What a glorious scene!

*If I can find booty,  
said the thought in his head,  
I'll never be lonely.  
I'll be rich instead!*





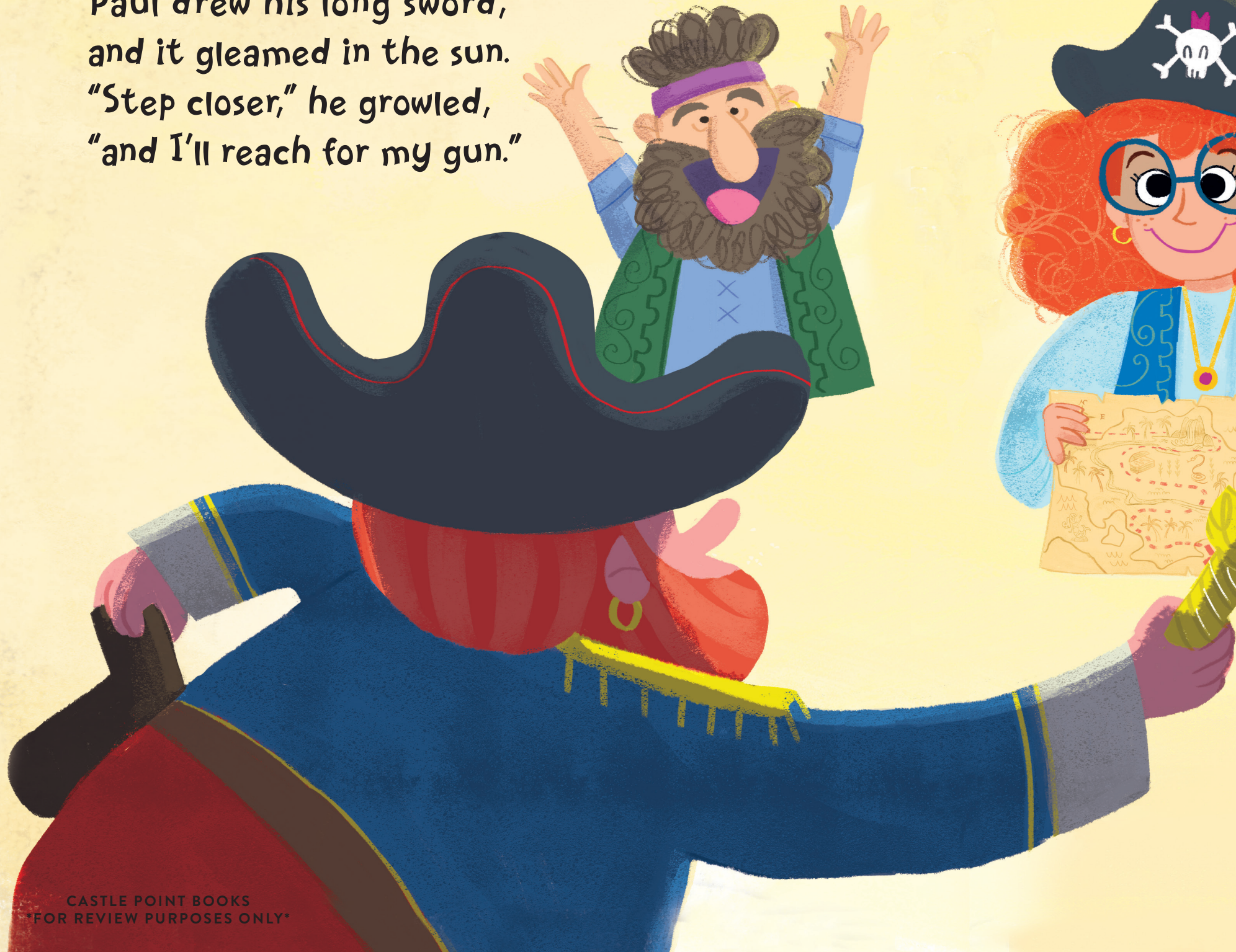
Paul left on a mission  
when the sun was a-scorchin'.  
He trekked through the island  
in search of a fortune.

It was when he returned  
with no riches in hand,  
that he noticed a sloop  
pulling up to the sand.



Its crew disembarked  
with smiles on their faces.  
They'd been sailing in search  
of this island for ages!

Paul drew his long sword,  
and it gleamed in the sun.  
"Step closer," he growled,  
"and I'll reach for my gun."



A red-headed lassie  
pushed past all the guys,  
and despite the harsh warning,  
looked him straight in the eyes.

She showed him a map where an X marked the spot of bountiful booty they hadn't yet got.



"You know this place best," she said, "Join our search. We can work as a team and increase our net worth!"



"This is my island!"  
he boasted with pride,  
"So take all your mates,  
and be gone with the tide!"




Though he talked a big game,  
and he tried to pretend,  
it was clear that inside,  
Paul longed for a friend.



That night Paul snuck out,  
with the map that he stole  
and discovered a chest  
full of gems and pure gold!

He should have been giddy  
to have found all the treasure,  
but, alas, there he sat  
feeling no hint of pleasure.






He swallowed his feelings  
and went back to his plan,  
but that big trunk of booty  
was too much for one man.

And although sunset yoga  
had strengthened his core,  
He threw out his back  
trying to get it to shore.

Paul knew what to do—  
he was no longer torn.  
He gathered his breath,  
and reached for his horn.



He sounded a call,  
as he felt it his duty,  
and the pirates came running,  
knowing he'd found the booty.



Thanks to Paul's booty call,  
they were richer than ever,  
so they made him their captain,  
and set sail together.

With gold in his chest  
and joy in his heart,  
one lonely old pirate  
made a friendly new start.

So listen, ye mateys  
seeking fortune and fame...



...when ye find ye some booty  
remember Pirate Paul's name.