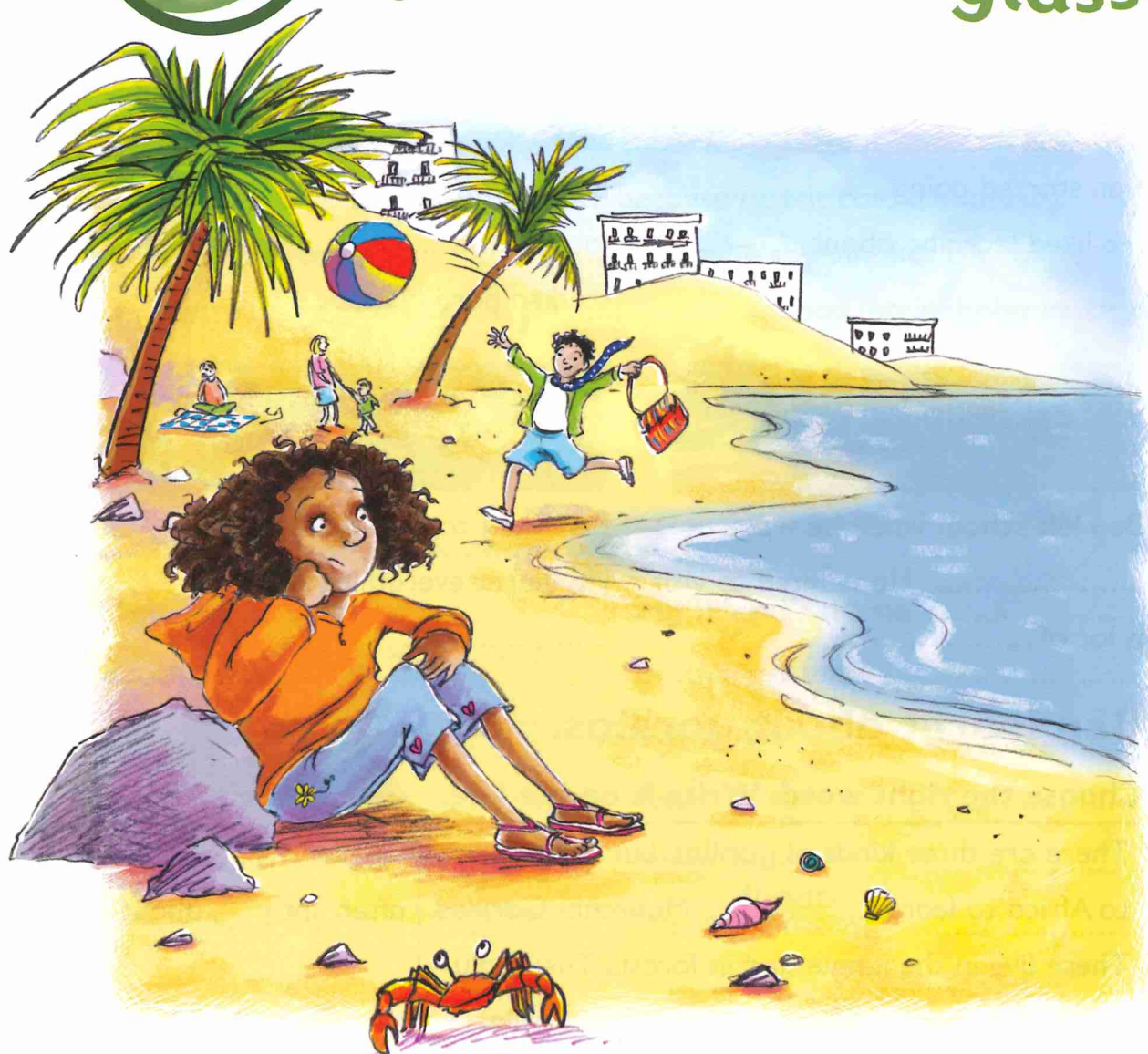


# 2

## The glove, the fork and the old pair of glasses



Emma was on holiday with her parents and she was bored. There were too many people in the swimming pool. She had no-one to play tennis with and her mum and dad just wanted to sit in the sun, so Emma walked down to the beach and sat on the sand.

‘What a boring day!’ she thought.

Then something hit her on the head. It was a beach ball.

‘Sorry!’ a little boy said. He picked up his ball and stood in front of her. He was only about six or seven. Emma wanted him to go away.

‘What do you want?’ Emma asked him.

‘Nothing,’ he said. ‘But you look unhappy. What’s the matter?’

'We could look for treasure,' the little boy said.

Emma thought that was a silly idea. 'Where are your parents?' she asked.

'They're on our ship, out there by the island. I'm the son of a pirate,' he said.

Emma laughed. 'There's no ship and you can't be a pirate,' she said. 'Pirates are only in stories.'

The boy didn't move. 'I *am* the son of a pirate and our ship *is* there. You can't see it because you believe that we're only in stories.'

Emma thought the little boy was funny, and suddenly she didn't feel bored. 'OK,' she said, and stood up. 'Let's look for treasure!'



The boy pointed at some rocks. 'Shall we look there?' he whispered.

Between the rocks there were lots of pools of sea water. They were full of small fish and shells.

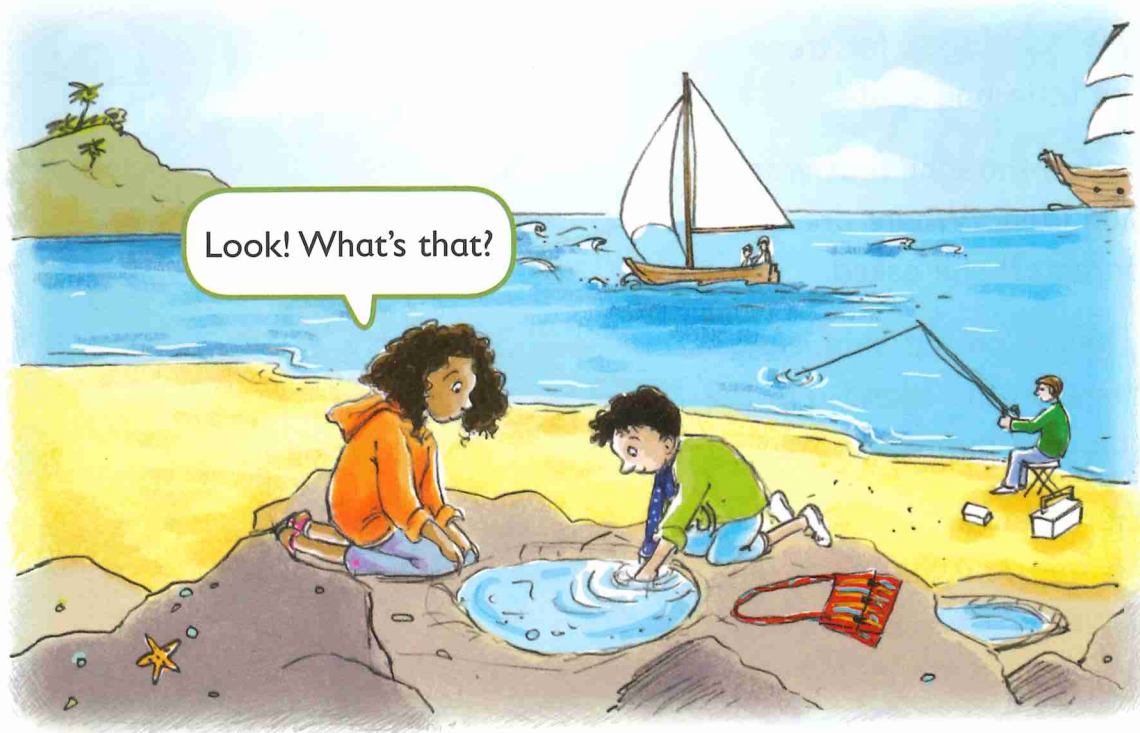
'Those shells are lovely, aren't they?' the little boy said. 'They're a kind of treasure.'

'Hmmm,' Emma said. Then she saw something blue in the rock pool too.

'What's that? It's a glove, isn't it?'

'Yes,' the little boy said. 'Perhaps someone lost it here in the winter.' He picked up the wet glove. 'This is a kind of treasure too,' he said, and put it in a big bag that he carried on his shoulder.





There was something at the bottom of the next rock pool too.

'What's that?' Emma asked. 'It looks like a silver fork. Can you get it for me?'

'Of course,' said the little boy. He pulled out the silver fork and put it in his bag too.

Then Emma saw something else. There was an old pair of glasses in another rock pool. She pointed to them and the little boy pulled them out.

'More treasure!' he laughed.

Then they arrived at another rock pool. Emma and the little boy looked down into the water. It was very, very deep.

'It's dangerous here,' Emma said. 'Come on. Let's go back to the beach.'

But the little boy said, 'Look! There's a ring under that black and gold fish. I'll get it for you. That's the best kind of treasure!'

'But the water's too deep. That fish has got very big teeth. It looks angry. And that crab might bite you too!' Emma said.

The little boy put his bag down on the rock. 'I'm not afraid. I'm the son of a pirate, so deep water, fish with big teeth and crabs aren't problems for me,' he said.

The little boy took out the glove, the fork and the old pair of glasses. He put the glove on his hand. Then he put the old pair of glasses on to the end of the fork and put his hand and arm into the deep water. The fish couldn't bite through the glove and the little boy hooked the ring out of the water with the end of the glasses. He gave it to Emma.

The ring was beautiful, but when Emma looked up to say thank you to the little boy, he wasn't there. She was very surprised.



Where was he? Emma didn't know, but she carried the ring carefully back to the hotel to show her parents. They weren't sitting in the sun, so Emma went upstairs to their room. Emma's mother was there. She looked very sad.

'What's the matter, Mum?' Emma asked.

'I've lost my beautiful gold ring. I went for a swim in the sea and it came off my finger.'

Emma opened her hand. 'Is this it?' she asked.

'Yes!' her mother said. 'Where did you find it?'

'The son of a pirate found it in a rock pool,' Emma answered.



Emma looked out of the hotel window. A pirate ship was sailing away and a little boy was waving to her.

And this time, Emma could see them both – the son of a pirate *and* the pirate ship!