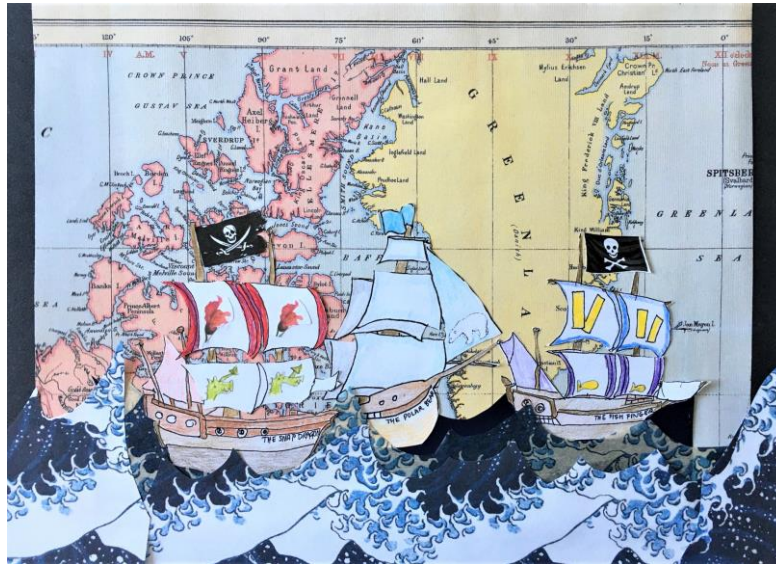


TEN WORD TALES No. 9

The Voyage of the Polar Bear

by The Story Spinner

CHAPTER 5



Peg's word 'ticklish' seemed to mean that the Polar Bear would be attacked on both sides by pirates. Peg's crew were skilled swordsmen and the pirates were old men so the attack was soon over. No one was hurt. Zac was a bit disappointed it wasn't more dangerous but was pleased that Peg had invited him to the peace talks.

Gentlemen,” she said to the two pirates where they sat tied up in her cabin. “I am going to leave you to talk with young Zac here and when I come back, I’ll release you, I’ll listen and we’ll make a plan.”

Zac was shy at first but Daniel Davis and David Daniels seemed perfectly friendly and happy to chat about pirate-life, the bits they loved and the bits they hated. They confessed they did not really like fighting now they were old and not so good at it. They did not even like buried treasure. “I’d like to dig mine up and spend it,” said Daniel. They did enjoy fishing and looking for things. “I *love* searching,” said David. They both said if they ever settled down that they would quite like a garden, Daniel for flowers and David for food.

When Peg came back the pirates were released and everyone had afternoon tea.

In the end it was agreed that The Snap Dragon could join the Navy’s lost property department, giving the sea a good clean up, wherever they were, and returning anything found floating in it back to its owner. “Solving mysteries and searching the seas! Perfect!” said David, with much satisfaction. Daniel decided to dig up his buried

treasure and fit out the Fish Finger as a takeaway, selling Fish and Chips around the world.

Both would begin small gardens on the decks of their ships. The Fish Finger would grow fresh peas to go with the fish and chips and some green leaf salad and tomatoes. The Snap Dragon would grow flowers, including, of course, snapdragons. “And I might take up bees,” said David, as he spooned jam onto his scone, because I am very fond of honey.”

“Zac, you are amazing,” said Red Peg, as The Bear turned back towards home. “I thought we’d be teaching you the navy life and you taught me that I need to use my imagination more often. What are you imagining right now?”

Zac looked at the blue ocean and the horizon, beginning to glow golden in the sunset, and at his aunt, who looked so much like his mum.

“I’m imagining home,” he said.

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