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The Pirates

by Maggie Bridger

illustrated by Meredith Johnson



Sam and Jesse Series

The Pirates

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Sam



Jesse



One spring morning, Jesse said, "Let's play pirates." He had a bandana around his head, and he was holding his telescope.

"I don't want to play pirates," Sam said. "But I'd like to find some pirate gold."

"We can dig for gold," Jesse said. "Where should we dig? And what do you think we'll find?"

"We'll find dirt," Sam said. "And maybe we'll find worms." He smiled. "But then we could go fishing."

Papa heard them talking. He said, “You know, boys, there **were** pirates around here, long ago.”

“Really?” Jesse asked.

“Yes,” Papa said. “And the pirates did bury gold. Maybe the gold is right in this yard.”

Sam wasn’t sure about that. “Someone must have found that gold long ago,” he said.

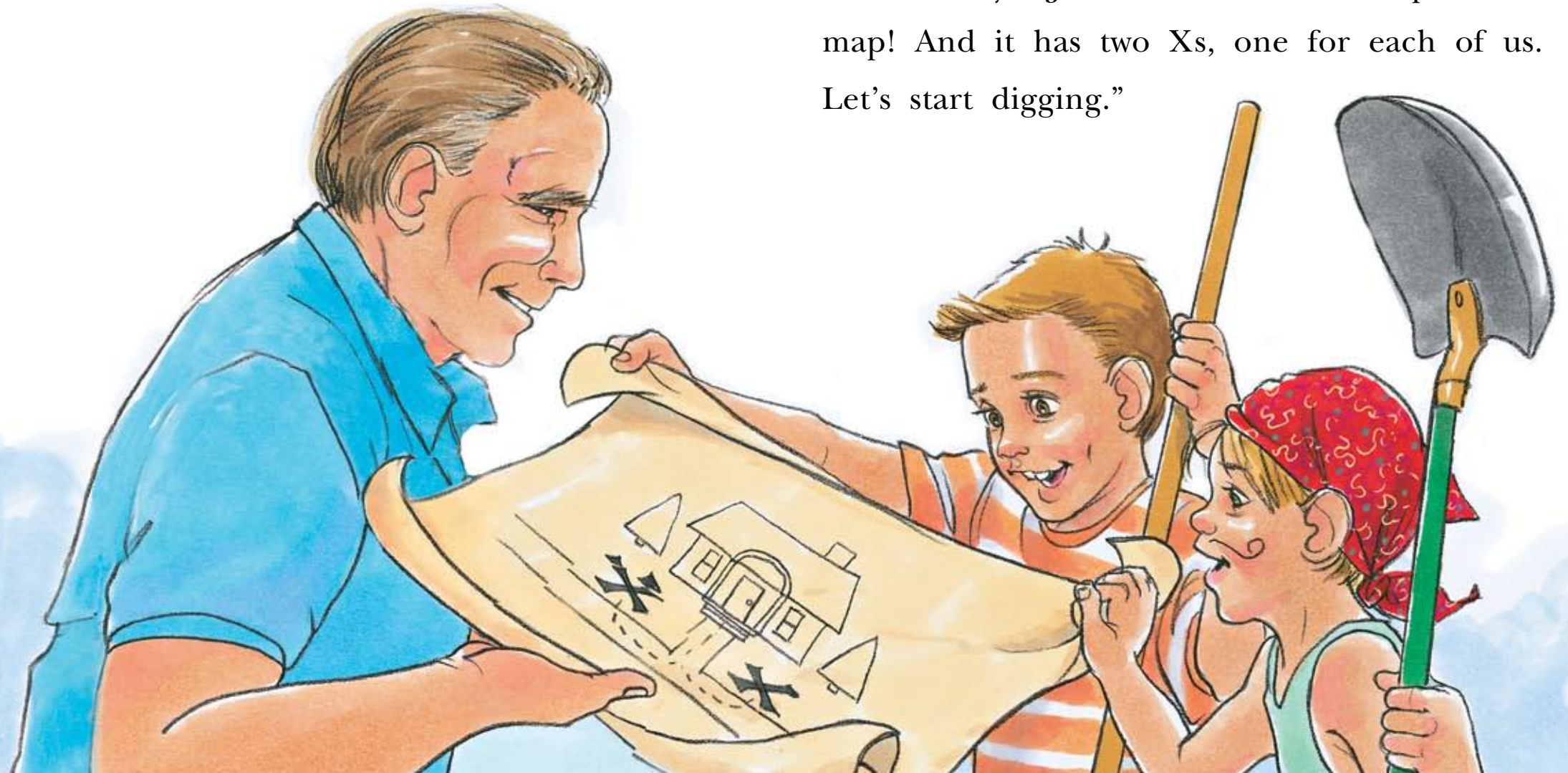
“You never know,” Papa said. “I may have an old pirate map somewhere around here. Why don’t you get some digging tools? I’ll look for that map.”



So Sam and Jesse got shovels out of the tool shed. Papa met them on the lawn. He had a rolled-up sheet of brown paper in his hand.

“I found it!” Papa said. He unrolled the paper. It was a map. The map showed the house and the front walk. It had a big X on each side of the walk.

“Hurray!” Jesse cheered. “A real pirate’s map! And it has two Xs, one for each of us. Let’s start digging.”





Papa helped them get started. Then he went back into the house. As soon as Papa left, Sam shook his head. “This map is not very old,” he said. “It has the house and the front walk on it.”

“I know,” said Jesse. “And I saw a blank sheet of paper just like this on Papa’s desk. But maybe Papa buried something for us, just so we can dig it up.”

“Maybe,” Sam said. He picked a worm out of the dirt and put it in a can. “At least we can use the worms to go fishing.”



Sam and Jesse dug and dug. Soon they had two deep holes, and Sam had a can full of worms.

Papa came back. He was pushing a wheelbarrow. “Nice digging, boys,” he said.

“But we didn’t find any gold,” Jesse said.

“That’s too bad,” Papa said. “But you dug two fine holes. If we dig a little more, those holes will be just right for these cherry trees.”

“Papa! You fooled us!” Jesse said.

“You had us dig these holes for your trees,” Sam said.



“Don’t you think cherries are as good as gold?” Papa asked. “They taste a lot better than gold.”

“I don’t see any cherries on those trees,” Sam said.

Papa said, “It won’t be long before you can climb these trees and pick all the cherries you want.”

“How long?” Jesse asked.

Papa thought for a bit. “Oh, maybe five or six years.”

“That’s too long to wait!” Sam said. “And we had to dig a **lot**.” He looked at Jesse. “I think I **do** want to play pirates!” he said.

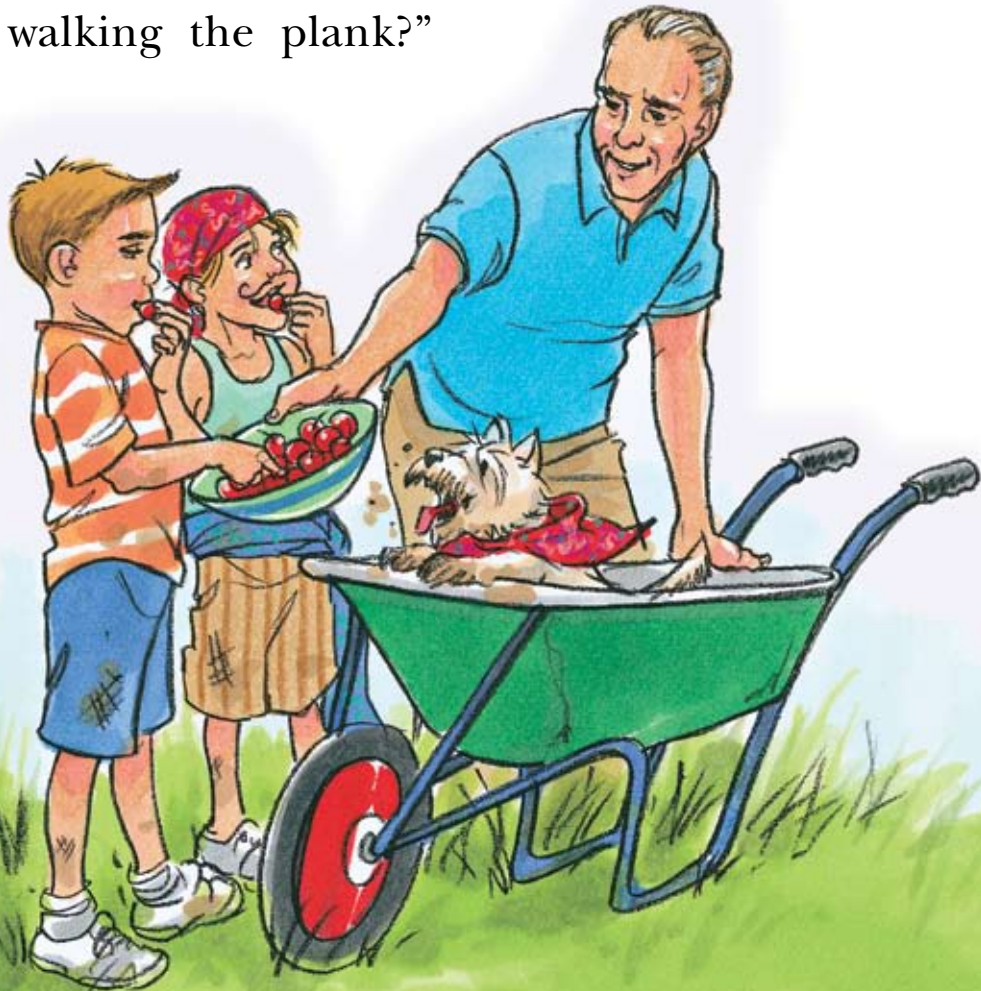
Jesse nodded. “Yo ho ho!” he said.

Sam said, “Let’s make Papa walk the plank!”



Papa reached into the wheelbarrow and picked up a bowl.

“Well, boys, I do have some cherries we can eat now,” he said. “And I made a cherry pie for dessert tonight. Will that save me from walking the plank?”



“These cherries are good,” Jesse said.

“Does Papa still have to walk the plank, Sam?”

“Maybe not,” Sam said. He picked up his can of worms. “I won’t make him walk the plank if he takes us fishing.”

So Papa did not have to walk the plank.
And they all had a tasty supper of fresh fish
and cherry pie.

