

PIRATES' COVE



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PIRATES COVE

An exciting story that has everything that children love – a pirate, a treasure map, a hidden treasure and a great mystery! And an important lesson about caring and sharing that every child needs to learn.



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Arrgh, me hearties, I has a story for ye, a story of untold riches and a young lad who found 'em.

And who am I, ye ask?

Well - I be the spirit of Sand-dollar, a pirate and buccaneer, Captain of the Seahorse, the finest ship to ever sail the seven seas.



Ah, she was a fine vessel. Three masts and ten sails made her fast, and her sleek hull let her cut through the waves with ease.

Me crew was the finest bunch of sailors to ever set sail on the open seas. They came from all over the world, to serve on the Seahorse, and share in the riches.



I remember we just hid the treasure and I found a safe place to hide me treasure map. A familiar place, a place, where as a young lad, before the sea called me to service, was me home.

As we finished burying the treasure, we saw a storm approaching from the East. It was a bad one. The wind was a howling, rain soaked us to our very bones, thunder roared, and the lightening frightened the bravest of me crew.

We were in the longboat, just about to board the Seahorse, when it happened.



The bottom of the sea opened
and the waters began draining.
The waters started going round and round. Slowly
at first, and then picking up speed until we were in a
whirlpool.

It didn't take long for the swirling
waters to suck the Seahorse to
the bottom of the sea.

As for us in the longboat, we watched
her go down as we spiraled around that whirlpool
before getting sucked down with her.



Arrgh! It makes me heart
happy to see that lad growing like he is.
They call him Sandy, after me.
Ya see I'm his
Great-Great-Great-Grandpa.”
“Sandy,” called his mom from the house.
“You forgot you chores for the day.
Remember you were going to clean
the attic.”



“Oh,” grumbled
Sandy as he slowly walked to the house.
“I don’t mind chores, but
cleaning the attic! There hasn’t been
anyone up there in years.”



“It must be dark, dirty,
and full of spiders
and other creepy things.
There is probably even
a ghost or two living up there with
the spiders.”



“I unlocked the door to the attic,”
his mom said. “Be careful, it’s a little dark
and there is a lot of stuff just lying
around or stacked in piles.”



The spirit of Sand-dollar
thought to himself as he watched Sandy.
“Arrgh, I must have looked
the same on that stormy night when
I hid me treasure map
in that very room.
I wonder if it will be finally found.”



“This isn’t so bad,” Sandy said to himself.

“There’s a lot of neat stuff up here.
I’ll clean as I move and organize all these
different things.”

“Arrgh,” Sand-dollar thought to himself.

“That lad be a hard worker.
I’d have him on me crew if I could.
He’s only been up here a few hours
and he’s almost done.”



“One last thing to clean and move,”
Sandy said aloud. (Even though he knew,
no one was there to hear him).

“I’ll just wipe down this old trunk
and slide it over there in the corner.

Wow! This thing is heavy;
I think I’ll have to empty it before
I can get it to move.”



“Arrgh,” Sand-dollar thought to himself.
“The lad be
getting close to me map.
He has emptied a lot of things from the trunk.”



“Oh, wow!” Sandy said.
“Look at this old book.
I’ll just open it up and a map!
Here’s an old map.
A treasure map! I don’t
believe it! I’ve got to show mom.”



“Arrgh, the lad found me map.
At last, someone can find me treasure
and be rich beyond belief.”
Sand-dollar said.



“Where did you find it?” his dad asked.
“It was in this old book. I couldn’t move
this old trunk in the attic so I started
taking things out when I saw the book.
When I opened the book, the map fell out.”

Sandy replied.

Sandy’s mom added.

“It’s certainly old and it’s definitely a treasure map.
And look here, whatever it leads to is
buried on our property.”



“Look at this note on the side,” his dad, said.

“It says the finder will have untold wealth
and be rich beyond belief.

It’s signed by someone named Sand-dollar.”

“Let’s study the map. Tomorrow
morning we are going on a treasure hunt,”
his dad said.

“Yippee!” Sandy exclaimed.

“Arrgh, it appears me treasure is
close to being found.” Sand-dollar said.



“Sandy, you take the shovel, mom can read the map, and I’ll use the compass,” his dad said as they walked into the yard to begin their treasure hunt.

“Arrgh, look at em go.

They be pretty good at following me map.

That’s it! 22 paces due West from the well, Turn to the North East and take 6 paces, then 11 paces to the South They be at me treasure.”

Sand-dollar said.



“If we followed the map correctly,
and there really is a treasure,
we are standing on top of it,” Sandy’s dad said.

“I get to dig,”

Sandy said excitedly as he removed
the first scoop of many from the sandy soil.



“Arrgh, that lad be a chip-off-the-old-block.
Look at him dig. You are almost there lad.
Don’t give up!” Sand-dollar said.
“I hit something,” screamed Sandy.
“It’s a box. It’s the treasure!
We found the treasure! Let me get it out
and hand it to you dad.”



“An old Book?” Sandy said with disappointment.
“I was expecting to find diamonds,
rubies, and gold coins.
Not an old book.”



“Arrgh, me lad. Don’t ye give up now.
Ye has to look into the old Book lad.”

Sand-dollar said.

Sandy said. “Mom, let me see the Book.
For some strange reason I want to look through it.”



“This is really interesting,”
Sandy said. “And look at this.
Different words are circled in the first page.
Wow! There is a family tree
and a letter written in the back.”
“Let me see,” his mom said.
“Oh my! Look at this.
Here is a branch labeled ‘Sandy’
and above it is written ‘Sand-dollar’
with a 1 circled.”



Sandy's dad asked, "Could I see the Book? When I was a little boy, younger than you Sandy, my father told me we had a pirate in the family. Let me have a few minutes to study this." "After reading everything, here is what I figured out." Sandy's dad said in a soft voice.



“Sand-dollar was a pirate.
He was also your Great-Great-Great-Grandfather.
He left for adventures on the high seas, became a
pirate, and, well, the family just forgot about him.
He wrote his story in this Book and hid it as a treasure.



“This Book taught him, how to hide the treasure.
As instructed in the book, he took all the treasure
the gold, silver, the jewels, and buried them.
He asks that whoever finds this other treasure share
it, do good, and do what the Book says.
“Wow,” said Sandy. “Quite a story,” Sandy’s mom said.



“There’s more,” Sandy’s dad said.
“And Sandy – You may want to get the shovel.
When I looked at the 1 with a circle around it,
I remembered what Sandy said about
words being circled on the first page.
It is a code to another treasure.
Sand-dollar was his pirate name.
Ten letters and ten words circled on the first page.
Here is the key to the treasure.
Start A New Dig – Dig Out Lots
Lower And Receive
There’s more treasure, buried deeper in
the hole that we dug.”



“Arrgh, it does me heart good to seeme family helping me,” Sand-dollar said.
“I am digging as fast as I can, mom.” Sandy said.
I hit something big!” “Arrgh, that’s it lad.
Dig outthat chest.

Come on! You and your dad can get it out of thehole.
Come on lad, put ye back into it. Push! That’s
it, now pry it open.” Sand-dollar said.
“Oh my goodness,” Sandy’s mom said indisbelief.
“Look at that. A real treasure.”



“Arrgh, and now lad it’s up to ye to do the right thing.”
Sand-dollar said.

“It’s up to you son,” his dad said. “It’s your treasure.”
Sandy simply said. “I want two things.

The Book, so I can learn whatmy Great-Great-Great-
Grandfatherlearned, and that gold sand dollar to
help me rememberhim. Mom should have that jeweled
necklace.It would look nice on her.

Dad, you need to take some of the gold and sell it
tohelp pay some of the bills.”



“I think we should give the rest to the local charity. They know who the needy are, and I think it will help many people for a long, long time.”

“I think you are making a wise decision Sandy,” his mom said.

“What dad?” Sandy asked.

“I didn’t say anything, Sandy,” his dad replied. Sandy then said, “I thought I heard you say ‘I thank ye lad’.”



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