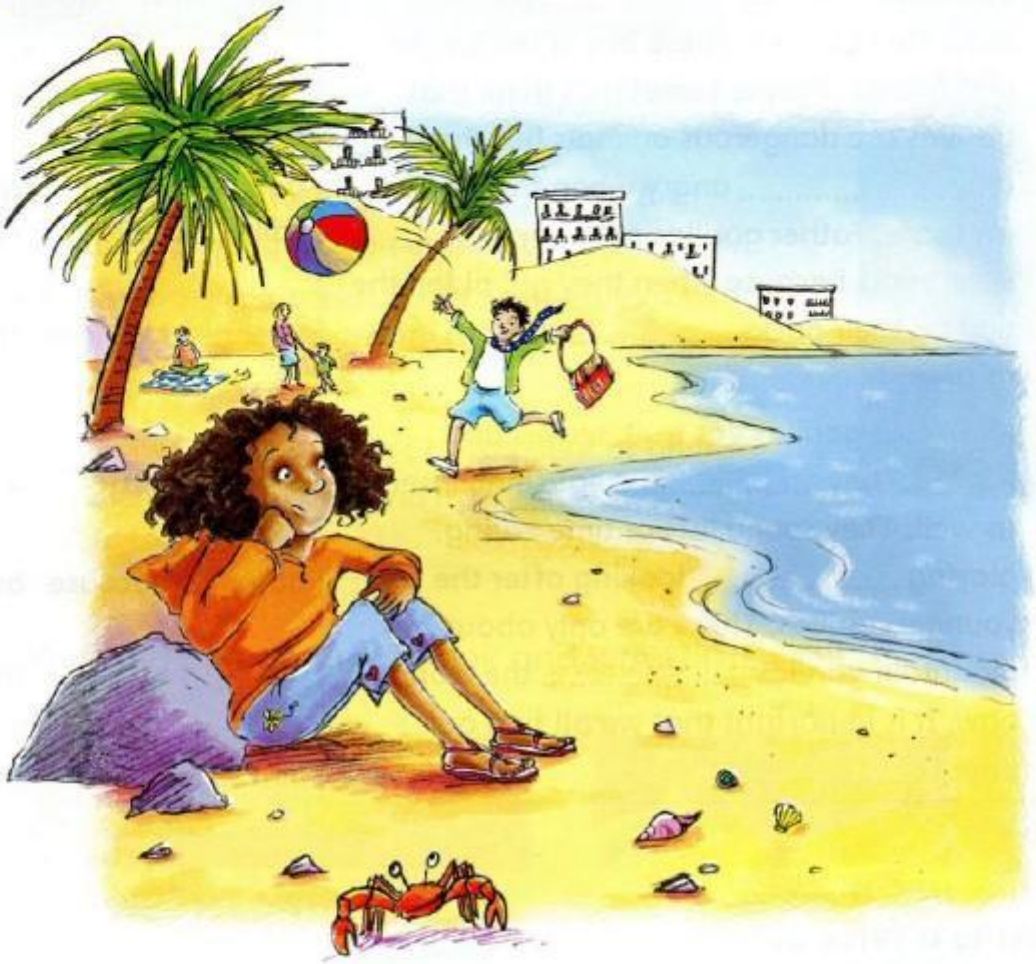
# 3 Treasure



Emma was on holiday but she was really bored. There were too many people in the hotel pool. She had no-one to play volleyball with and her parents just wanted to sit in the sun. Emma walked along the beach and sat down by a rock.

'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?'

'I'm bored,' Emma said.



LIVEWORKSHEETS

'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,' the boy said.

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

The boy didn't move. 'Believe me,' he smiled. 'I am the brave son of a brave pirate and our ship is there. You can't see it because you believe we're only in films and stories.'

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

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

Between the rocks there were lots of pools of sea water. They were full of small sea creatures, beautiful stones and shells.

'Those stones and 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.' He picked up the wet glove. 'This is a kind of treasure as well,' he said, and put it in a large bag that he carried on his shoulder.

LIVEWORKSHEETS

Then they climbed over the rocks to the next pool. They could see something unusual in that one, too.

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

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

Then Emma saw something else. There was an old pair of sunglasses in another rock pool. The little boy pulled his sleeve up over his elbow and took the sunglasses out of the water. 'More wonderful treasure!' he laughed.

Then they arrived at a fourth pool. The water there was really deep and the rocks around it hurt their knees.

'It's quite dangerous here,' Emma said. 'I don't want to stay here. Let's go back instead.'

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

'Are you sure?' Emma said. 'That fish looks angry, doesn't it? And it's got really scary, big teeth. It might bite your fingers. That ugly crab might climb out and bite your toes, too.'

'Don't worry! These things aren't frightening,' he said. 'I'm the brave son of a brave pirate. Deep water, fish with big teeth or ugly crabs are no problem for a child like me.'



LIVEWORKSHEETS

The little boy took the glove, fork and the old pair of sunglasses out of his bag. He put on the glove and put the old pair of sunglasses on the end of the fork. Then slowly, slowly put his hand then his elbow down, down into the deep water. The brave little boy soon hooked the ring out of the water with the end of the sunglasses. He gave it to Emma.

'Here you are,' he said. 'No problem!'

The ring was so pretty Emma couldn't speak, but when she looked up to thank the little boy, he wasn't there. She was very surprised.

Where did he disappear to? 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 worried and sad.

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

'I lost my beautiful gold ring when I went for a swim. I was having fun in the waves but it suddenly came off my finger. Emma opened her hand.

'Is this it?' she asked.

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

'A pirate's son fished it out of a rock pool for me,' 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 boy and the pirate ship!

LIVEWORKSHEETS