

Summarizing: *A Pirate's Life*

Texts for the Online Activity

Level 1: Introduction

Pirate Skill #1: Polish Peg Leg

Ahoy, matey! It's mighty important to take proper care of yer peg leg. Every night before bunk, give it a good polishin' with beeswax. Ye want it t' shine brightly in th' sunlight. Take it off afore ye sleep. Ye don't want it t' get tangled up in the hammock. Arrrgh! And avast! 'Tis most important to keep it away from termites! Them wee cooties will chew right through the sturdiest peg leg.

Pirate Skill #2: Eye Patch

Avast! Whether ye got two good eyes or just one, ye must know how to wear an eyepatch. Me dear ol' mum taught me this when I be a wee lad. Put on the eyepatch as soon as ye wake in the mornin'. Ye don't want to scare the swabbies with yer looks, especially before grub! Simply slide yer patch over one eye. Be careful not to snap the strap—arrrrgh! And then most important, scowl, like the scurvy sea dog ye be. Never forget th' scowl!

Pirate Skill #3: Keep a Lookout

Out here on the briny deep, a pirate must know how to keep a good lookout. First, climb all the way up t' the crow's nest. It's mighty high above the waves and climbin' up can bring on the sea sickness. Arrgh, shiver me timbers! So don't look down if ye be afraid o' heights! But ye get a splendid view from the crow's nest. Use yer spyglass to scan the horizon fer ships. And don't mind them birds—unless they take a dislikin' to ye! (bird flies over and poops on his spyglass or hat) Arrgh!

Pirate Skill #4: Sing Sea Shanty

Ye may not be a singer, but that's no matter on the Bonny Stingray. Every swashbuckler has got to know how to sing a few sea shanties. Shanties be songs about pirates. Me favorites be the ones about rich pirates. Maybe ye'll write a shanty about me one day, yo ho ho! Always sing a shanty as ye swab the deck and hoist the sails. Ye've got to sing 'em loud, sing 'em hearty, and most important, sing 'em out of tune!

Pirate Skill #5: Walk the Plank

Let me show ye how to walk the plank the pirate way. Do ye think we sea dogs make our captives walk the plank? Avast, matey, that's a scurvy lie! Walkin' the plank is much too fun to waste on yer enemies. First, it's best to do it on a blazin' hot day, for that's when the deep blue sea is so refreshin'. Yo ho ho, and shiver me timbers! Any dive will do--swan dive, jackknife, belly flop—as long as ye make a big splash. Me favorite dive? Th' six pounderball, o' course. And o' course, don't forget yer rubber duckie! Yaaaaargh!

Level 2: Burying Treasure

Map Narration, Step 1

We start off heading due east. Do ye spy that mighty shipwreck? ‘Twas captained by ol’ Scurvey Steven. He was sailing for that sandy beach when he ran aground on this reef. Steer clear of the wreck or we’ll meet the same fate. Avast, watch out for that whirlpool! If ye get yerself caught in that, ye’ll swirl right down to yer doom! Shiver me timbers! Reminds me of the time a sea serpent picked up me ship and spun it around like a top! So stop in front of the whirlpool for a look. Now mark that path on the map.

Map Narration, Step 2

From the whirlpool, steer to port—that means “left” for landlubbers—and point yer ship true north. Aye, now ye must slip between these two tropical islands. I do like the look of that cove under the volcano. It’s a fine place to hide the ship while we bury the treasure. But avast! It would be a sad day if a lava flow sealed up the treasure. Nay, we’ll sail on, towards that water spout ahead. Ahoy, I spy a lovely beach under the chicken-head rock. Aye, let’s bring the ship right up to that beach.
Now mark that path on the map.

Map Narration, Step 3

A desert island be a fine place for a buccaneer. It’s full of spots to be buryin’ treasure—and to be findin’ treasure too! Let’s see...up there atop the chicken-head rock might be a dandy spot. But avast, this treasure be too heavy to haul up such a cliff. Nay, ye must go through the coconut grove instead. Aye, a coconut fallin’ from this tree once knocked me out cold. Carry on, slashing through the ferns until ye’ve reached the bottom of the waterfall. Now mark that path on the map!

Map Narration, Step 4

Aye, what a splendid sight be this waterfall! Shall we bury the treasure at the foot of the falls? Nay, me mum be afraid of shallow water. Then perhaps this cave be a safe hidey-hole? Maybe it is, but not for a pirate who’s scared of the dark. Shiver me timbers! Nay, we’ll go on across the river and up the hill to the dead tree at the cliff’s edge! There we bury the treasure, with a view of the vast seas that brought us here! Now mark that path on the map and put an X on the spot.

Aye, what a splendid waterfall! Shall we bury the treasure at the foot of the falls? Nay, me mum be afraid of shallow water. We’ll go on across the river. Perhaps this cave be a safe hidey-hole? Maybe it is, but not for a pirate who’s scared of the dark. Shiver me timbers! Nay, let’s go through this grass and climb up the hill to the dead tree at the cliff’s edge! There we bury the treasure, with a view of the vast seas that brought us here! Now mark that path on the map and put an X on the spot.

Level 3: Hero for the Ages

Hero Narration, Step 1

Ahoy, adventure awaits aboard this Spanish ship! With a quick leap I land on her deck, ready to swashbuckle! Thrust! Parry! I do love a good swordfight! And do ye notice the spring in me step? These be the most comfortable boots I've ever had. Aye, the poor captain flees, knowin' he can't beat Jelly Bones Jones. Have ye ever seen a sweeter victory? The sun be shinin'. A light breeze brushes me face. 'Tis a glorious day to be a buccaneer.

Hero Narration, Step 2

What a storm! Me ship be wrecked on the reef. But trust me, swabbie! Jelly Bones Jones can build a boat in the middle of the ocean. First thing we need is a mast to hold up the sails. I love me peg leg dearly, but the sharks be nibblin' upon it. So we best use the peg leg fer our mast. Next we need a sail. Aye, me shirt will make a fine sail. It be me most favorite shirt—it took months get it smellin' so ripe. Thar we go! Watch the wind catch the sail and carry us along!

Hero Narration, Step 3

Avast, we made landfall! Not that I ever doubted meself, o' course! Nay, our adventure is only just begun. But first, Jelly Bones Jones has a mighty hunger for grub! No, not grubs, swabbie. Grub! Dinner! Chow! Eatin' three square meals a day is the key to a good adventure, don't ye know? Ahoy, I spy a coconut tree! Coconuts give ye plenty of energy, and they be high in fiber too! And they taste mighty good to boot! But be wary when shaking that tree, or ye might— (coconut hits him on head and knocks him out).

Hero Narration, Step 4

Aye, with that food fillin' our bellies, we be ready to face the day. I tell ye truly, me hearty: Jelly Bones Jones be havin' plenty of friends who'll come to his rescue. Dear old friends, too! We just be needin' to tell them where we be! You make a fire here with this wood, and I'll make a fire there with that wood. Your fire burns black and my fire burns white. Give 'em a flap or two and we be makin' the international sign of the pirate. Aye, matey! Now all we have to do is wait!

Hero Narration, Step 5

Avast, matey. Been a month now since we lit them fires. Still no ship in sight. I'd give a bucket o' doubloons to see a sail on that horizon. But do not despair! This may be the end, but I tell ye true: the spirit of Jelly Bones Jones lives forever! A hero for the ages, I say! Facin' danger square on! Seekin' trouble wherever it be! Right to the end, Jelly Bones be the scurviest of the scurvy dogs that sail the seas. Aye!