

# The Jolly Roger

## Report

By Elizabeth Klein

The Jolly Roger, or Old Roger, is the name given to a pirate flag. The name Jolly Roger may have come from two French words that mean 'pretty' and 'beautiful red'. Others thought 'Old Roger' was a nickname for the devil. The *jolly* may also refer to the grin of the skull.

Pirates flew a white flag when they chased their victims. If the ship did not submit, the pirates raised their Jolly Roger. It was used to frighten people into surrendering without a fight. Sometimes pirates flew the same flag as the ship they wanted to attack. If they were successful, the Jolly roger would then be flown to demand their surrender.

Four hundred years ago, the first pirate flags were red. They were called the Red Jack. That was also the first time the skull and crossed bones was used. Before this, pirates flew different kinds of flags. Some flew plain colours, others red or black, while others flew national flags. Later, pirates used red and black flags decorated with their own designs. Black always meant death; white meant surrender and red meant that no mercy would be shown to victims.

Most pirates used black flags. Some were plain but others had a skull and crossbones. One Jolly Roger showed the pirate standing on two skulls. Another showed three skulls side by side with crossed bones under each. Some Jolly Roger flags did not have a skull on them at all. Another showed a pirate's arm holding a curved sword.

Interestingly, different captains flew the same pirate flags. For example, some pirates who lived before Blackbeard flew the same flag that he did later on.

Nowadays, the Jolly Roger is used to show victory. It represents the tough ferocity of pirates. Skull and crossbones are also used to signify poisons or places where there is an electrical hazard. This is usually done on a background of red and the skull and bones are black.

# Pee Wee the Clown

## A Recount

By Elizabeth Klein

My name is Pee Wee and I am a circus clown. Yesterday afternoon we had a show and I performed.

First, I went to my caravan to put on my costume. I squeezed into some multi-coloured, baggy pants with silver stars down one side. Then I attached a ruffled collar around my neck and put a pointed hat on my head. Next, I covered my face and neck with white make-up. I used red make-up to paint on a big, cheesy smile. Lastly, I fitted a huge, plastic nose over my own.

Inside the big tent, some funny music played. I twisted my body into a miniature car and drove in, honking the car's horn. Mo, the other clown, raced after me waving a giant hammer. He couldn't catch me with his oversized clown shoes. Then the car spurted water at Mo's face and his hat flew off.

Other clowns appeared and chased me all over the place. One of them threw a fake bomb at my car. The explosion sent a dummy, dressed like me, into the air. It floated down under a parachute.

At the same time my car spluttered and backfired, sending out black smoke so nobody could see me. All the other clowns coughed and waved the air. People laughed hilariously. Then I made a speedy exit in the car. A clown, dressed as a policeman, chased me.

Outside, I waited until the show was nearly over. Then I drove in again, honking the car's horn. This time a tiny bulldog ran after me. It had a frilly pink dress on and a baby's bonnet. Everyone laughed.

Another clown in a dress and apron ran after us, waving a rolling pin. After a few minutes, all the other clowns entered and joined in the chase. Finally, the show was over.

While the audience cheered and clapped, I drove out honking the horn. The other clowns juggled and did tumbling acts, but my performance was finished. What a day!

## JOHN DORY

Narrative

by Elizabeth Klein

“Evan!” his mother called. “I’m going to the mall. Want to come along? I want to get John Dory for our dinner.”

*John Dory? Who’s he and why is he coming for dinner? Evan wondered. Mum has never said his name before.*

“Okay.” Evan ran outside to the car. He sat in the front seat next to his mother. *John Dory will just have to sit in the back!*

The mall was buzzing with shoppers when they arrived. First, they went to the bread shop. Here his mother bought fresh buns. They hurried past clothes shops and a cafe filled with people. Evan’s mother stopped at the chemist. While she bought some bandaids, Evan looked for John Dory. *Where is he?*

“I have to buy a few things at the greengrocer,” his mother said. She looked at her shopping list.

The greengrocer was a long way off. They passed many shops to get there. Evan couldn’t see anyone waiting for them.

Evan looked at his mother. “I thought we were going to pick up Mr John Dory?”

His mother laughed. “We haven’t been to the fish shop yet.”

*Oh, so that’s where he is.*

Next they came to the deli. Evan’s mother bought some cheese.

She looked at Evan. “Now we can go to the fish shop.”

The fish shop was very crowded and noisy. Evan couldn’t see past the shoppers. Soon it was his mother’s turn to be served.

Evan heard his mother say to the man, “Six John Dory fillets please.”

Evan looked up at her. “I thought we were going to pick up someone called *John Dory*.”

His mother laughed. “Sorry, I’m afraid your mysterious John Dory is not a person, but a type of fish.”

# Max's Goldfish

Narrative

By Elizabeth Klein

Max and his mother went to the pet shop. They wanted to buy some goldfish. Some had huge eyes and fancy tails. Others had pom poms on their heads. They made Max laugh, but he chose two golden comets. They swam the fastest. His mother bought a round goldfish bowl and some fish flakes.

"Don't overfeed them," the shop assistant said.

"I won't," said Max.

He carried the goldfish home in a plastic bag.

Max's mother placed the bowl on a table in his room. Soon the fish were swimming around in the bowl. Max named them Sebastian and Hannah. He gave them some flakes, which they soon gobbled them up. He gave them some more just before he went to bed.

"If you give them too much, they'll become whales," his mother said.

Horrified, Max lay staring at the goldfish. They *did* look bigger. Soon his eyes grew heavy with sleep.

When he awoke, he found himself swimming under the sea. Sebastian and Hannah were swimming with him, too. They were as BIG as WHALES!

"Come swim with us," Sebastian said.

"Okay."

Max grabbed Sebastian's fin. They swam through a gloomy forest of seaweed. Scary, yellow eyes flashed at them.

"BOO!" said Hannah and the eyes disappeared.

They came to an old pirate wreck. Max saw a treasure chest half buried in the sand.

"Let's take a look," he said.

Max pulled at the lid until it snapped open. Gold coins sparkled inside. He took one and put it inside his pyjama pocket.

Together they swam all night long. Early in the morning, they came to a lovely beach. Max left the sea and waved goodbye to his friends. They waved back with their fins.

Max walked up the road to his house. He opened the door and went upstairs to his bedroom. Luckily, his bed was still warm. He snuggled under the blankets and fell fast asleep.

When Max awoke, he went to feed Sebastian and Hannah. They looked very hungry. He dropped some flakes into their bowl.

As he dressed, a small, yellow coin fell out of his pyjama pocket.

# Troll's New Friend

## Narrative

Greg the green Troll liked to go down to the beach. He tramped over a bridge and through tall grass. At the beach, he found pretty shells and made shapes in the sand.

One day, a brown Troll came to the beach. He carried a bucket and a spade. He also made shapes in the sand. Greg was grumpy and sat on a stone. It was his beach!

“Come and play!” said the brown Troll. “I have made a starfish in the sand.”

Greg stood up and went to see. It was a good starfish. He sat down next to the brown Troll.

“My name is Brett,” the brown Troll said.

“My name is Greg.”

He looked at the starfish. He looked at Brett smiling at him. He was a friendly Troll. Greg smiled, too.

“I will make a fish for you in the sand.”

# PS Boo and the Lunch Thief.

## Narrative

PS Boo was always solving things. Just last week he solved a crime at school. Ali Gater had his lunch stolen from his bag. He went hungry all day, so he hired PS Boo for the job.

The next day, PS Boo sat near the door. He had one eye on his lessons, the other on the bags. They sat outside in the hall.

He suspected Henry Sluggs. He was always going for a drink just before lunch. The last time he was gone a good twenty minutes. How long did it take to have a drink anyway?

PS Boo asked his teacher if he could go to the toilet. He hid in the wash area instead. From there, he watched the bags.

Sure enough, Sluggs came out. He glanced up and down the hall. Then he crouched down. PS Boo had to crane his neck to see. Sluggs opened the purple bag. It was Ali Gater's! He took out a fruit bar and stuffed it into his pocket. Just before Sluggs closed Ali's bag, PS Boo hurried over.

"So, you're the thief!" PS Boo said. "I caught you red-handed."

His teacher heard their voices. She came out into the hall.

"Here's the lunch thief, Miss Cooper," said PS Boo. "He just stole Ali's fruit bar."

“Well done, PS,” she said. “I guess the case of the mysterious lunch thief is now closed.”

# The Bully

## Narrative

“Psst! Reece!”

A slip of paper was shoved into my hand. We were in the middle of a maths lesson, so I had to wait until Mrs Thorne’s back was to the class before I could peek at it.

*Bonecrusher wants to talk to you.*

I could feel the blood draining from my face as I looked at my friend and mouthed, *Why me?*

He shrugged and shook his head. The rest of the morning was a blur and all I could think about was meeting Horace Boneto, or Bonecrusher, as he was nicknamed. He was the meanest bully in the school and no-one in their right mind messed with him.

*What does he want with me? What did I do?*

I tried to think, but my mind was fuzzy with everything that had happened that morning. The day had started out just like any other. Except, of course, there was that incident with the bags outside the classroom when everyone took off for recess.

I had opened my chocolate milk all over someone’s bag, but it had been an accident. Now that I come to think about it, that bag had looked a bit like Bonecrusher’s with all those crazy skulls on it. Naturally, I was nice and tried to clean the milk off, but my foot became caught in one of the bag straps that broke when I pulled it free. That was an accident, too.

I was so upset that I lost my balance and stepped on someone's science experiment sitting behind me on the floor. It was a ship made out of paddle-pop sticks, but I swear I didn't see it! I did try to reglue the mast. How could I know the deck was so flimsy that the whole ship would fall apart if I picked it up?

The bell rang and halfway to the canteen, someone called my name. At first, I pretended not to hear and kept on walking faster and faster, hoping that it was just my imagination. I could see the line up ahead; it wasn't too long and there was a teacher standing there.

Good! If I could just—

A hand grabbed the back of my jumper and I swung around. Oh no! My worst nightmare was staring me in the face. Bonecrusher was standing there, along with *all* his gang. My heart almost leapt up my throat and out of my chest; it was pounding like a machine gun at rapid fire. A cold hand seemed to have knotted my stomach in a tight ball.

For a dreadful moment, I thought that everything I had eaten that day would come gushing up from my stomach and explode out of my mouth. That wouldn't be so good either, especially with Bonecrusher standing right in front of me. The look on his face could have cracked the canteen's brick wall. I swallowed the lump in my throat and tried to catch the teacher's attention, but her back was to me.

*Rats!*

“Heard you were in the State soccer team,” Bonecrusher said, his beady eyes boring into mine like an auger.

My gaze drifted towards the teacher again. I couldn't help it. If I was going to be hammered into the ground, I'd make sure she'd hear my cry for help.

"I'm gettin' some guys together for a game," Bonecrusher was saying.

Briefly, I wondered if a broken nose and a black eye hurt. I opened my mouth to scream—

Then with a crooked smile, Bonecrusher said, "Wanna be in our team? We need someone with your talent to beat the opposition."