

Dirty  
Bertie

PIRATE!



For Lucy and Sam ~ D R  
For Taylor ~ A M



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# Dirty Bertie

## PIRATE!



DAVID ROBERTS WRITTEN BY ALAN MACDONALD

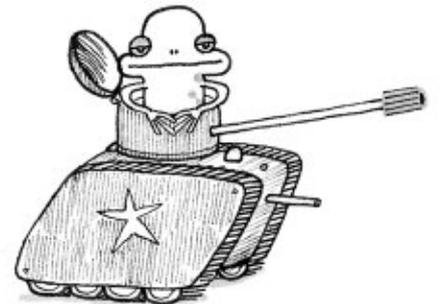
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Collect all the  
Dirty Bertie books!

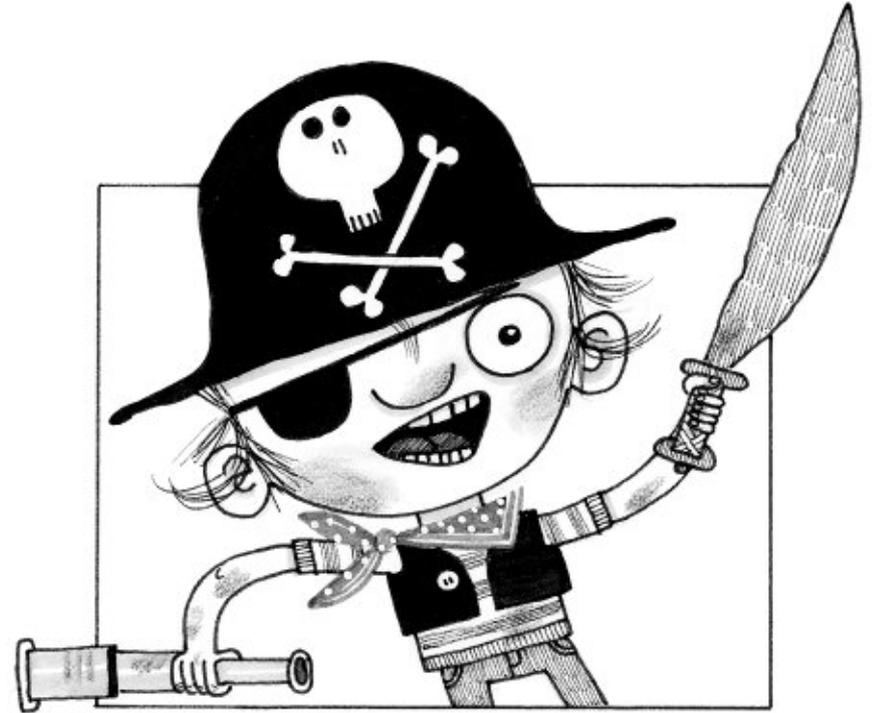
Worms!  
Fleas!  
Pants!  
Burp!  
Yuck!  
Crackers!  
Bogeys!  
Mud!  
Germs!  
Loo!  
Fetch!  
Fangs!  
Kiss!  
Ouch!  
Snow!  
Pong!  
My Joke Book  
My Book of Stuff

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PIRATE!



## CHAPTER 1

“AHARRRR!” roared Bertie, swishing his cutlass. It was Pirate Day at school and everyone in Miss Boot’s class was dressing up. Bertie had always wanted to be a pirate. He would have his own ship – *The Black Bogey*. He’d live a pirate’s life; plundering, looting and never washing behind his ears.

## Dirty Bertie

He marched in through the school gates. The pirates of Class 3 stood around, armed with plastic daggers and cutlasses. Eugene had a spotty scarf knotted round his head. Darren had a gold earring and a mouthful of black teeth. Captain Bertie greeted them.

“AHARRR, mates!”

“AHARRR!” they roared back.

Bertie jumped on to a bench and put his telescope to his eye.

“ENEMY AHOY!”  
he cried.

Over by the drinking fountain sat the weediest pirate alive –  
Know-All  
Nick.



## Dirty Bertie

Nick was Bertie’s sworn enemy. Only yesterday he’d put chewing gum on Bertie’s chair. Bertie had gone around all day with a big pink blob on his bottom. Well, now it was time for revenge.

“Fire one!” Bertie ordered. A tennis ball whizzed through the air and pinged off Nick’s head.

DOINK!

“Nice shooting, lads!” cried Black-Eyed Bertie. “After him!”

“AHARRRR!” yelled Darren and Eugene, swarming forward like rats.

“OOO-ER!” yelled Nick, dropping his bag and legging it. But Bertie and his scurvy crew were too quick for him. In no time they had the enemy surrounded.

“HELP!” wailed Nick. “I’ll tell Miss Boot!”  
Bertie’s cutlass poked him in the nose.

## Dirty Bertie

“Surrender or die!” he cried.

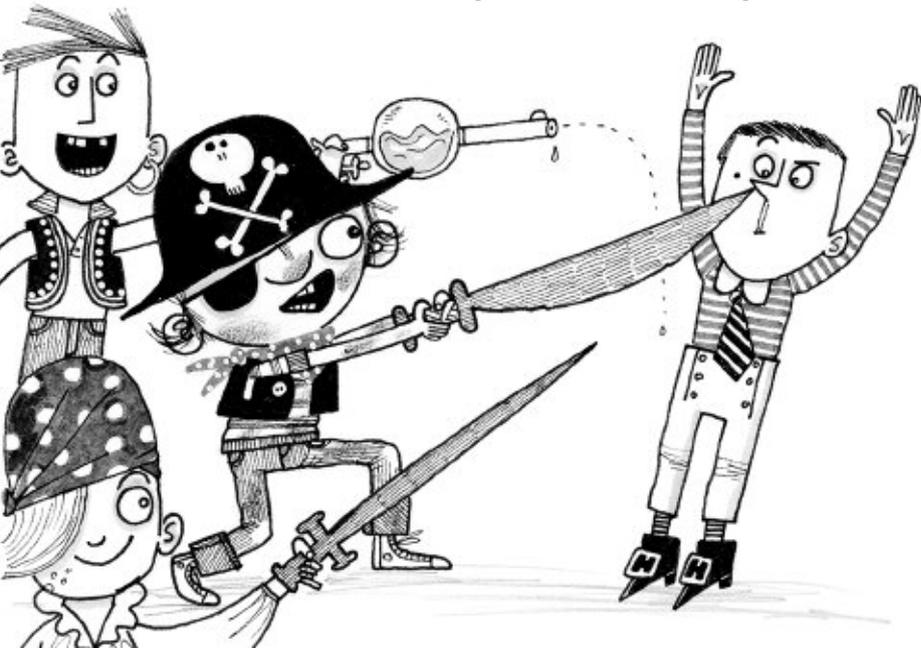
“I surrender!” gulped Nick, raising his hands.

Bertie rolled his eyes. It was no fun having a sworn enemy as cowardly as Nick. He always gave in without a fight.

“What shall we do with him?” asked Eugene.

“Tie him up!” said Darren. “Make him do sums!”

“Make him eat vegetables!” said Eugene.



## Dirty Bertie

But Bertie had a better idea.

“Start talking or we’ll tickle your toes!” he cried.

Nick turned pale. He couldn’t bear anyone tickling his feet.

“Please, not that!” he begged.

“All right,” said Bertie. “Tell us where the treasure is.”

“What treasure?”

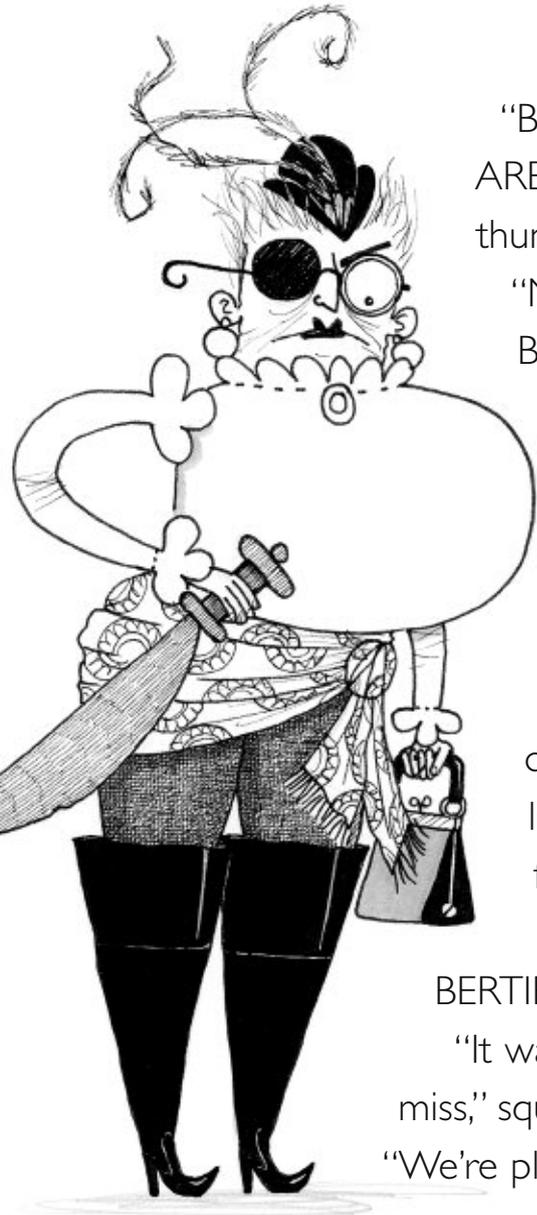
“All pirates have treasure,” cried Bertie. “Where did you hide it?”

WHAM!

Suddenly the school door flew open. The children gasped as a huge shadow fell over them. It was Miss Boot, the scourge of Class 3. She wore a feathered hat, enormous boots and a black patch over one eye.

“Yikes!” yelped Bertie.

## Dirty Bertie



“BERTIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” thundered Miss Boot.

“Nothing!” said Bertie.

“HELP! Miss! They’re being mean to me!” wailed Nick.

Miss Boot bore down on them like a galleon in full sail.

“IS THIS TRUE, BERTIE?” she boomed.

“It was only a game, miss,” squeaked Bertie.  
“We’re playing pirates.”

“ENOUGH!” bawled Miss Boot. “Line up, all of you. Not you, Bertie, come here!”

She held out her hand. “I’ll have that sword if you don’t mind.”

“But, miss, it’s my cutlass,” said Bertie.

“No weapons in class,” snapped Miss Boot. “And that goes for the rest of you!”

Class 3 filed past, handing in their daggers and water pistols. Miss Boot took the weapons to her cupboard, where she locked them up.

“Get out your books,” she ordered. “You will all do sums for the next half-hour. Anyone who talks will see me.”

Bertie groaned. He bet real pirates never did sums. Trust Miss Boot to spoil things, just when they were getting interesting.