

# The Man Whose Mother Was a Pirate

Margaret Mahy

- 1 Suddenly there was the sea.
- 2 The little man could only stare. He hadn't dreamed of the BIGNESS of the sea. He hadn't dreamed of the blueness of it. He hadn't thought it would roll like kettledrums, and swish itself on to the beach. He opened his mouth, and the drift and the dream of it, the weave and the wave of it, the fume and foam of it never left him again. At his feet the sea stroked the sand with soft little paws. Farther out, the great, graceful breakers moved like kings into court, trailing the peacock-patterned sea behind them.
- 10 A rosy sea captain stopped to watch them.
- 11 "Well, here are two likely people," he cried. "Will you be my bo'sun, Madam? And you, little man, you can be my cabin boy."
- 13 "Thank you!" said the little man.
- 14 "Say, 'Aye, aye, sir!'" roared the captain.
- 15 "Aye, aye, sir!" replied the little man just as smartly as if he'd been saying, "Aye, aye, sir!" all his life.

