

I have gold and silver.

I have precious jewels.

I am rich beyond my wildest dreams.

But my dreams have become a nightmare.

PIRATE The Story of a Buccaneer



In the 1600s and 1700s, merchant ships carried cargo around the world.

They carried silk, cotton, iron, gunpowder, brandy, and wine.

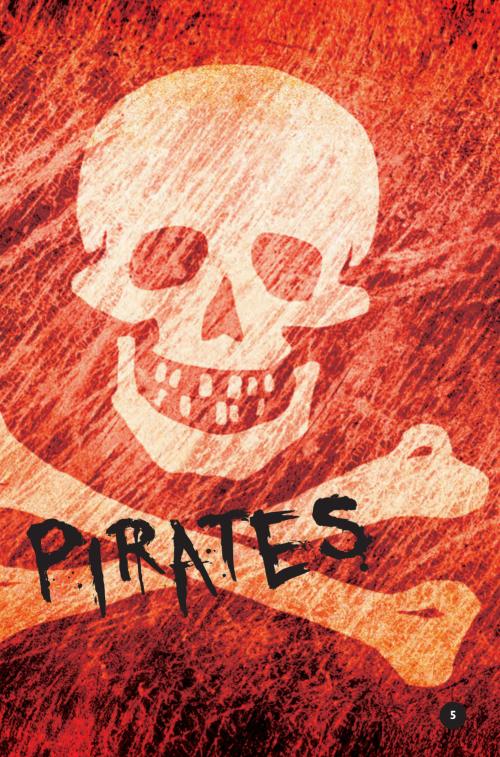
Some carried treasure from South America. Gold and silver and precious jewels.

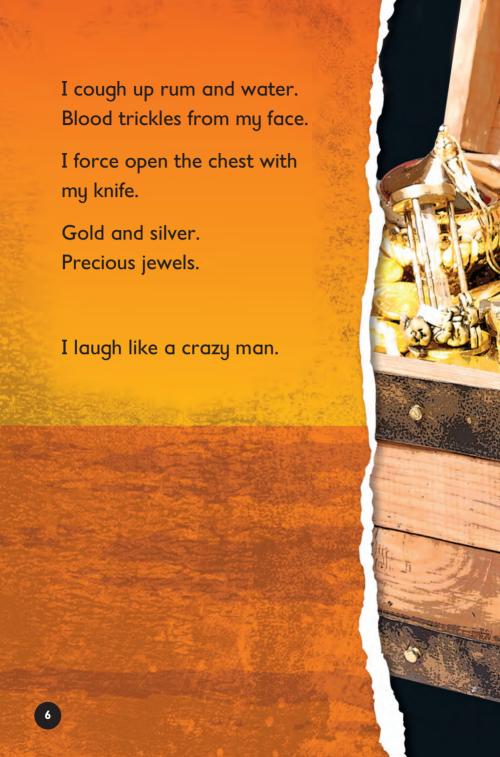
The merchant ships were not alone on the ocean.

Violent, ruthless criminals sailed the seas in search of treasure.

The merchant ships could be attacked at any time.

Attacked by ...







I laugh like a crazy man.

I am rich beyond my wildest dreams.

But I'm no rich gentleman. Some would say I'm evil. A thief. A pirate.

So how did I come to sail on a pirate ship?





MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE ON YOUR OWN

At the end of the story, the pirate is trapped on a tiny island. He knows he will not survive to enjoy his riches. Imagine you are the doomed pirate. Write a final letter to be thrown out to sea in the empty bottle. What do you want to tell the world about your life as a

pirate? Are you sorry for living a life of crime? What are your final days and hours like marooned on the island?

PIRATE 2 ON YOUR OWN / WITH A PARTNER / IN A GROUP

Many movies have an ending that allows for a sequel. Think up a plot for Pirate 2, the sequel to the pirate's story.



- · How does the pirate get off the island?
- What does he do next? Does he go on to become a rich man, or does he lose his treasure chest to an enemy?

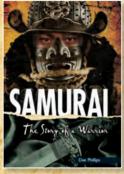
Titles in the

Yesterday's Voices

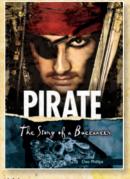
series



We jump from our ship and attack. But something feels wrong. I know this place.



We face each other. Two proud samurai. Revenge burns in my heart.



We saw a treasure ship. Up went our black flag. They could not escape.

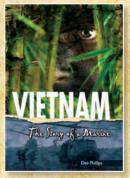


The work is so hard.

I miss my home. Will
my dream of America
come true?

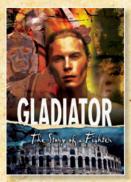


I jumped from the plane. I carried fake papers, a gun and a radio. Now I was Sylvie, a resistance fighter.

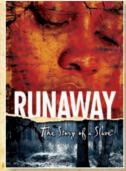


Every day we went on patrol. The Vietcong hid in jungles and villages. We had to find them ... before they found us.

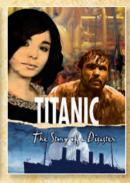




I waited deep below the arena. Then it was my turn to fight. Kill or be killed!



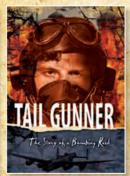
I cannot live as a slave any longer. Tonight, I will escape and never go back.



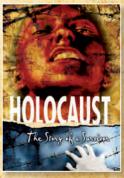
The ship is sinking into the icy sea. I don't want to die. Someone help us!



I'm waiting in the trench. I am so afraid. Tomorrow we go over the top.



Another night. Another bombing raid. Will this night be the one when we don't make it back?



They took my clothes and shaved my head. I was no longer a human.

The Story of a Buccaneer

One day we saw a treasure ship.

Up went our black flag.

They fired their guns. We fired back.

They tried to escape, but we were too fast.



