

SAM HAWKINS PIRATE DETECTIVE

The Case of the Cut Glass Cutlass

By Ian Billings
Illustrated by Chris White

CABOODLE BOOKS LTD

Ian Billings was born at a very young age. He has done many things in his time and some of them he'd like to tell you about. He is an ex-juggler, a pantomime writer (fifty productions!), an actor, TV extra, a theatre technician, a university lecturer, a model and a general dabbler in many areas.

He has written episodes of BBC TV's Chuckle-Vision and his stage plays and pantomimes have been performed in Wolverhampton, Northampton, Hastings, Nottingham, Weston-Super-Mare and on a ferry to Spain. He has a Masters Degree from Birmingham University and two goldfish from Petworld. He is five feet and seven inches in length and avoids cheese.

In 2007 he began performing stand-up comedy for kids at Edinburgh Festival Fringe (whilst also presenting his own radio show for Festival FM!) and now he tours theatres and schools throughout the UK, Cyprus, Germany and in 2009, Australia. He was described by one young audience member as "the most imaginative adult I've ever met!"

Visit him at www.ianbillings.com

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**SAM HAWKINS, PIRATE DETECTIVE,
AND THE POINTY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE**

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PIRATE STORIES

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CHAPTER ONE



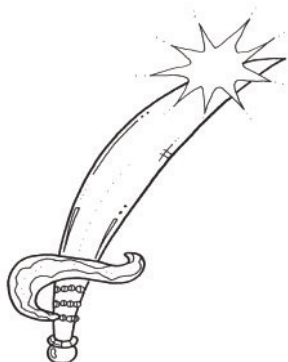
Call me Hawkins. Sam Hawkins. The finest swashbuckler ever to sail the seven seas. Once my name struck fear into the hearts of the bravest sailors. Once my life was one of plunder and pillage and passion. But no more.

My family goes back a long way, and each and every one was a pirate. The Hawkinses have spliced and sliced their way through history and many of them have become legends. Great Uncle ‘Tweaker’ Hawkins – terror of the South Seas – Granddaddy ‘Slurper’ Hawkins – peril of the North Sea – and, of course, Maiden Aunt ‘Knitter’ Hawkins, who could moan a man into submission at twenty paces. But the most famous of all was my dear mother, ‘Grapeshot’ Betty Hawkins, who

could throw a coconut 100 yards and burp a baby at the same time. God bless her! I can see her now: four feet six inches in her socks, a thick cigar hanging beneath her moustache and a face like a sack of spuds. I'll never meet her like again.

Generations of Hawkinses had lived a long and naughty life on the distant Caribbean Island of Jataka. But soon after the nasty events of the Custard Powder Party (in which 'Mad Duck' Hawkins upended thirty-nine barrels of the governor's finest illegal custard into the sea) we were deported, lock, stock and thirty-nine empty barrels, back to England – a home we hadn't set eyes on for 200 years. And here I was born. The rest of the Hawkinses soon grew weary of England, some got normal jobs, and many died of a broken heart. But not I. I plundered on – until the day my ship exploded. The good ship Scuttle Butt was blasted from the waters by a loathsome pirate with whose name I won't soil these pages. Pah! So I threw in the anchor and settled for a landlubbing life aboard the Naughty Lass – a fine old council house in Puddle Lane, Washed-upon-the- Beach. Decorated up, it could easily be mistaken for a ship. With all the nautical clutter I'd accumulated

CHAPTER TWO



Molly, Ho and I stood before the museum, which sat on the edge of the town square. Washed-upon-the-Beach was a fine old seaport, its history dating back hundred of years. It was founded in the fifth century AD by St Figgy, patron saint of tadpoles. Now a few seagulls circled over the museum entrance and sunlight danced off its dirty windows. Therein lay our destiny and our future. We all took a deep breath and headed for the main doors.

At the reception desk the man I recognized from the televisual machine looked up nervously.

‘Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. And welcome to the Washed-upon-the-Beach Museum.

I am the curator, Horace Silk. We have a fine display of seafaring trivia. From a stuffed mermaid to Admiral Nelson's famous log and some of his less famous twigs. Sadly, though, our prize exhibit is no longer with us . . .' he sniffed slightly, '. . .the Mayor is devastated.'

'And that is where I can help you,' I announced proudly, 'for I am none other than Sam Hawkins, Pirate Detective. I am the private pirate detective for the whole of Washed-upon-the-Beach. This is my private eye patch!'

Horace Silk looked at us strangely and scratched his ear. He nibbled his pencil and fingered his rubber stamp.

'How intriguing. How can I help you?'

Molly stepped forward and thumped the desk-bell, squashing it with her mighty fist.

'No, we help you. Got it?'

I intervened before she could inflict any more help.

'Yes, curator, I have come to solve your crime. Show us to the scene, please.'

'But the police have already been and investigated, thank you,' he sighed.

'Have they?'

Sam Hawkins is no one-ship wonder!
Look out for him in Ian Billings'
second swashbuckling story of

Sam Hawkins: Pirate Detective And The Pointy Head Lighthouse

Sam Hawkins, Pirate Detective,
nets some very fishy goings on when
the Pointy Head Lighthouse is kidnapped
in the broadest of broad daylight.

But Sam never misses a trip
and soon takes on this tanglesome teaser,
but a distinct lack of clues has run him aground . . .
until a ransom note from the Scarlet Winkle arrives.

Will Sam winkle out the Winkle?
Can he save the lighthouse,
his job, and the day?

