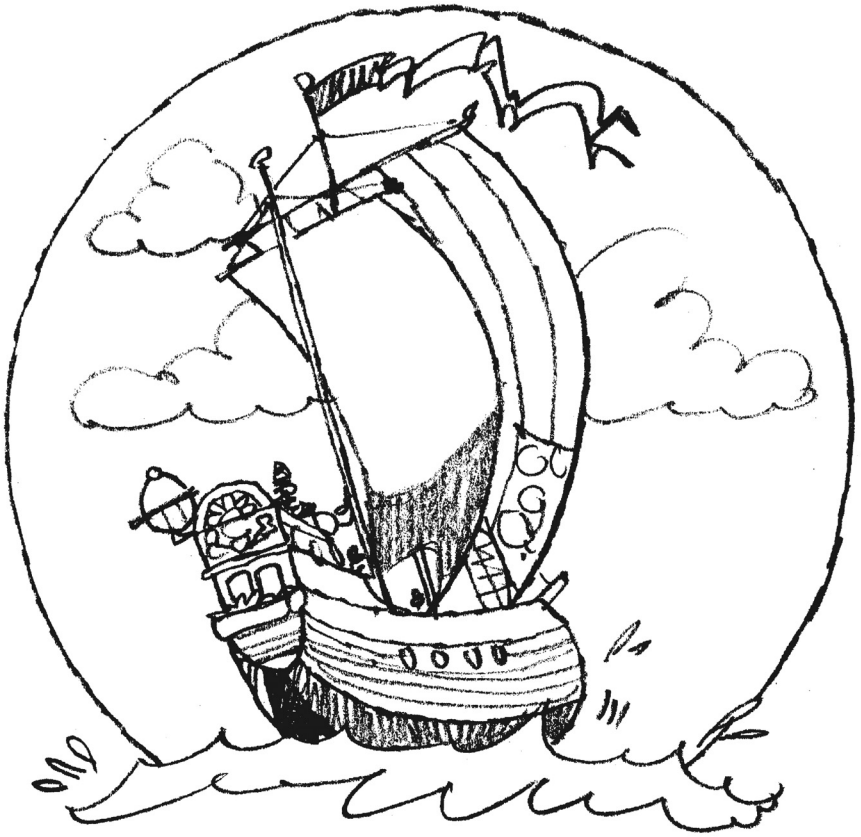


Chris Owen started to write about Hairy Mole whilst living in a tent in the hills of Figline Valdarno, Tuscany, Italy.

After travelling through Asia and teaching in Taiwan, he now lives by the sea in sunny Hove, East Sussex.

If you'd like to contact Chris, then his details are available on the Hairy Mole website:

www.hairymolethepirate.co.uk



Also by Chris Owen:

Hairy Mole the Pirate

Hairy Mole and the Precious Islands

Hairy Mole and the Pirate Olympics

Hairy Mole's Adventures on the High Seas

by

Chris Owen





Hairy Mole's Adventures on the High Seas

by Chris Owen

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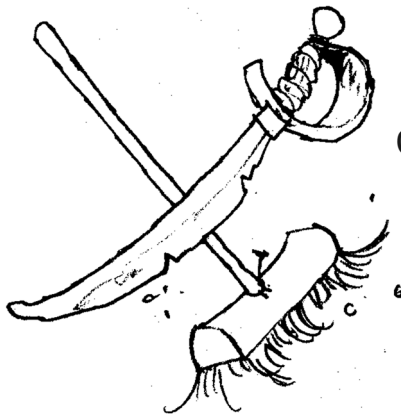
Dedications

I would like to dedicate this book to Dylan Ford, Jack Seddon, all the little Dennisons, Amelie Furniss, Rose and Arthur Lazarus, Sheldon and Savannah Harrison, Benson Mariner, Chioddi and Shania Smith, and Amy Wood.

Remember you are the future - don't mess it up!

Special thanks to all the good people I met at Camping Girasole in Tuscany, Italy, especially all the pirates.

Final thanks to Nikki Cheal for being lovely and very understanding.

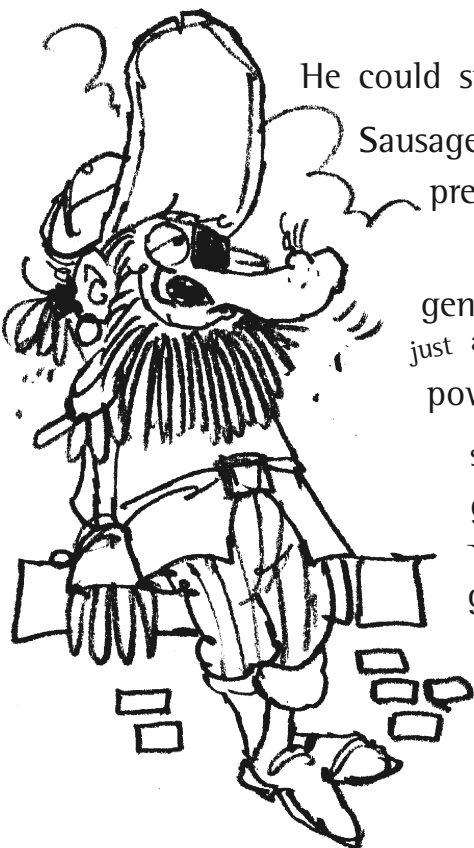


Chris Owen

Chapter One

Contemplation

Hairy Mole sat on the side of the concrete jetty and flared his huge nostrils at the sea.

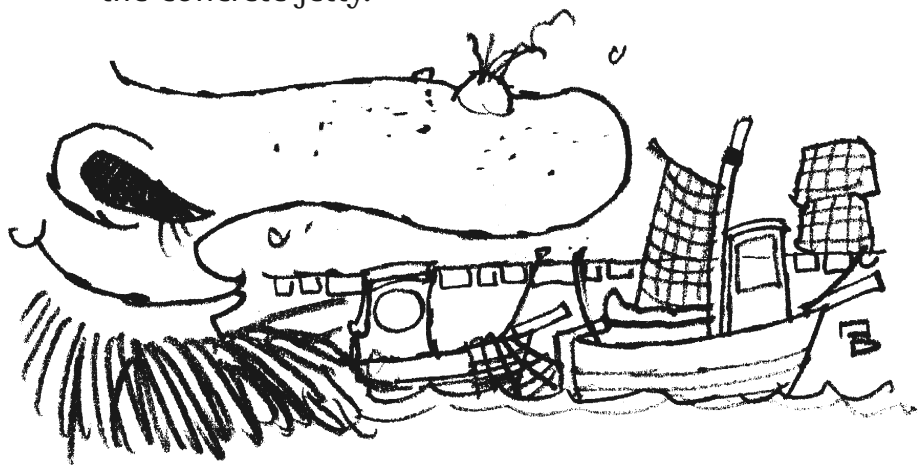


He could smell the Seven SiZ₂ling SausageS that were being prepared for his breakfast;

he could smell the gentle breeze that contained just a *hint* of lemon washing powder and *more* than a

suggestion of freshly cut grass from Mr Bernard's **w i d e** and varied garden.

But, most of all, do you know what Hairy Mole could smell? Hairy Mole could smell the salt of the sea, he could smell the fishing nets and he could smell the tarpaulin used to cover the little boats as they bobbed up and down, up and down, at the side of the concrete jetty.



As Hairy Mole sniffed and breathed in all the smells of the sea, his mind, once again, turned to adventure. However, there was still the matter of Seven Si^zling SausageS to deal with, so Hairy Mole got to his feet and headed for his mother's kitchen.

Mrs Bulbous Mole was content with her life. She had accomplished everything she wanted to do and now she was happy to see the ^suⁿ in the morning and to watch the ^st^ar^s in the evening.

If it was too cloudy for ^suⁿ or ^st^ar^s Mrs Bulbous Mole was still happy,

as she knew that they would be out the next day

and this was something to look forward to.

Mrs Mole was also very proud of her son. Hairy knew that he wanted to be a pirate and even though he only had a little ship and a small crew of rag-tag urchins, he followed his heart and tried the best he could.



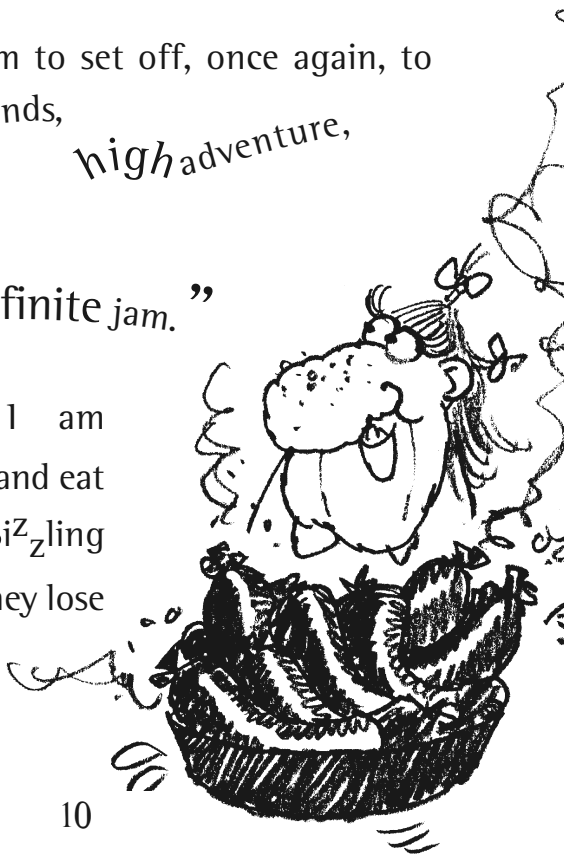
Bulbous was very proud indeed and she smiled to herself as she turned the Seven Si^Z_zling Sausage^S ^{OAGL} over in the pan.



Hairy Mole stood in the kitchen doorway, hands on hips, hairs in nostrils and itch on bottom. After a quick s^cr_at^ch Hairy Mole announced his intentions:

“Mother, I am to set off, once again, to discover new lands, high adventure, possible treasure and definite jam.”

“My boy, I am proud! Now come and eat your Seven Si^Z_zling Sausage^S before they lose their Si^Z_zle.”



Mrs Mole busied herself setting the plate on the table while her son continued:

“ I have the whiff of the sea in my nostrils and the scent of care-free spirit in my cheeks! ”

Hairy Mole declared, finally *sitting down at the wooden kitchen table.*

Bulbous Mole grimaced at the prospect of any kind of scent appearing from between her son's cheeks, but smiled happily at his passion as he tucked into his breakfast.

