

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.

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www.hairymolethepirate.co.uk



Also by Chris Owen:

Hairy Mole the Pirate

Hairy Mole's Adventures on the High Seas

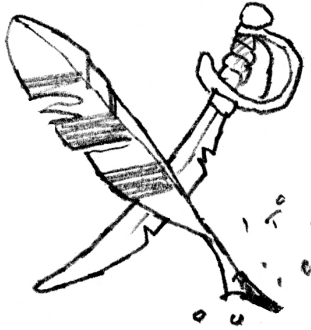
Hairy Mole and the Precious Islands

Hairy Mole and the Pirate Olympics

by

Chris Owen





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Dedications

This book is dedicated to the wonderful people of Taiwan, especially the Mighty Shane FC and Neil O' Maonaigh-Lennon – an inspirational leader who ran an amazing 105 marathons in 105 days!

A special mention to: my darling wife Nikki, my amazing little girl Isabella, my soon to be born son, Edward, and to my 90-year old grandmother Violet.

A literary mention to: Grace & Dom Patterson and to all of the good people at Ransom Publishing. Thank you for reading, editing and enjoying Hairy Mole the Pirate.

Welcome to the world little pirates: Saiari Ford, Oliver Macgregor, Molly Howard, William Marshall, Jamie Block, Joanna & Alex Bass, Iago Poma, Dalton & Dexter, Eva Seddon, Tilly Grace & Jacob Furniss, Marcia Ricca, Jasmine Lockley-Smith, Amelie Miller, Emanuel Mitchell, Charlie Perkins and Rufus & Matilda Crawford – may all your voyages be filled with health, happiness and plenty of jam.

Chris Owen

One

Much anticipation

It was the middle of a **long**, hot summer and as the sun's rays warmed rosy red apples on low-hanging trees and tickled flower petals until they were *laughing* with joy, the tiny seaside village of Littleton-on-Sea got ready for the

much anticipated,
one hundred and first,
Pirate Olympics.

At the foot of Littleton Hill, around the back of a rose-covered cottage, Mrs Bulbous Mole was busily hanging out some washing to dry in her garden.



Mrs Mole p e g g e d and hung, p e g g e d and hung, until her washing basket was completely empty.

“Well, that’s everything,” she said with a *happy* sigh.

Just then, Mrs Mole heard voices from over the fence. So she stopped what she was doing and **stretched** her ear to have a good old listen.

*“I can’t wait for the
Pirate Olympics tomorrow,”*
said an eager girl’s voice.

“Me neither. I hope the Littleton pirates get **loads** of gold medals and we win the Pirate Olympic Cup!” said a boy in return.

“What’s your favourite event?” asked the girl, who was called Sparkle.



“**U r m**, not sure. I think it’s the Tug o’ War,” replied the boy, who was called Smudge.

“Oh, for me it’s the
Hundred Metre Pirate Bucket Boot Race,”
said Sparkle happily.

“Oh, me too. I like that one too,” agreed Smudge.

“You can’t like the Tug o’ War *and* the Hundred Metres,” Sparkle insisted.

“**I CAN SO,**” cried Smudge.

Mrs Mole listened until Sparkle and Smudge’s voices disappeared from her lugholes.

Then, picking up her empty washing basket, she *smile^d* to herself and walked from her well-stocked garden into her *small* but comfortable kitchen, to prepare some blue mongers ready for tea.

On the tiled kitchen floor, T-towel the cat was busily washing her ten fingers and toes in readiness for some feathered friends that she had invited around for supper.

“What about you, T-towel?”

“What’s your favourite Pirate Olympic event?”

asked Mrs Mole, as she gave the blue mongers a good old rinse.

T-towel paused (ha ha!) and thought for a few seconds before answering.



“I like any event that involves not having a smelly-bottomed pirate sitting in my kitchen eating my fish-finger sandwiches,” T-towel *smiled*, before continuing with her cleaning regime.

“Oh T-towel, you are a sausage,” laughed Mrs Mole, as she dried the blue mongers and placed them on the table for chopping.