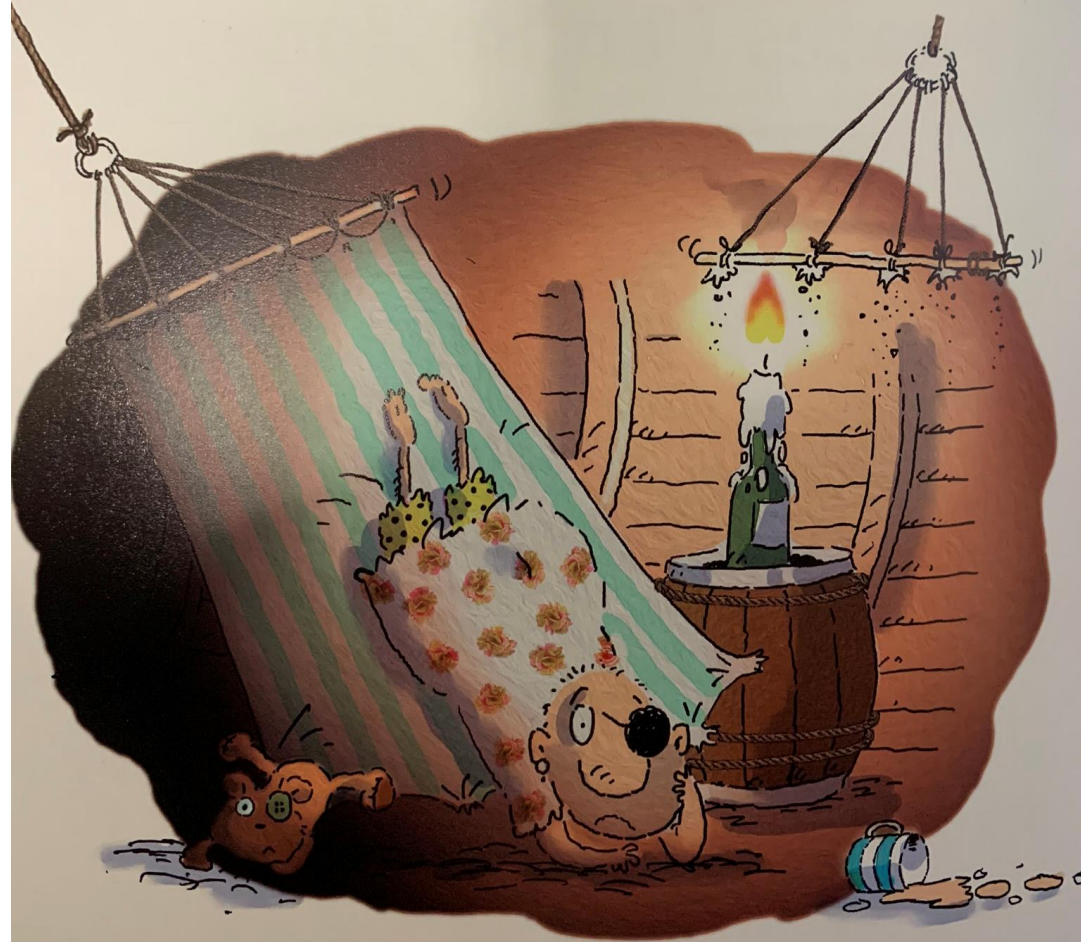


Tom Easton and Mike Gordon

Some days you're better off just staying in bed. But staying in bed wasn't an option for poor old Davy Jones the day his hammock snapped! His day soon got worse.





Captain Cod asked Davy to clean the  
cannonballs below deck.

“But Captain,” Davy said. “Cleaning  
cannonballs is the worst job on the ship.”



“Sorry Davy,” the Captain said, “but if there’s  
one thing I insist on, it’s clean cannonballs.  
Be careful that you don’t drop any!”



Davy went down into the hold and sighed  
as he saw the huge pile of cannonballs.  
“They’re heavy and greasy and there are just  
so many of them,” he said to himself.  
“This is going to take forever!”



But there was nothing else for it.  
Davy got to work. He scrubbed, spat  
and shined. As the cannonballs  
got cleaner, he got dirtier.

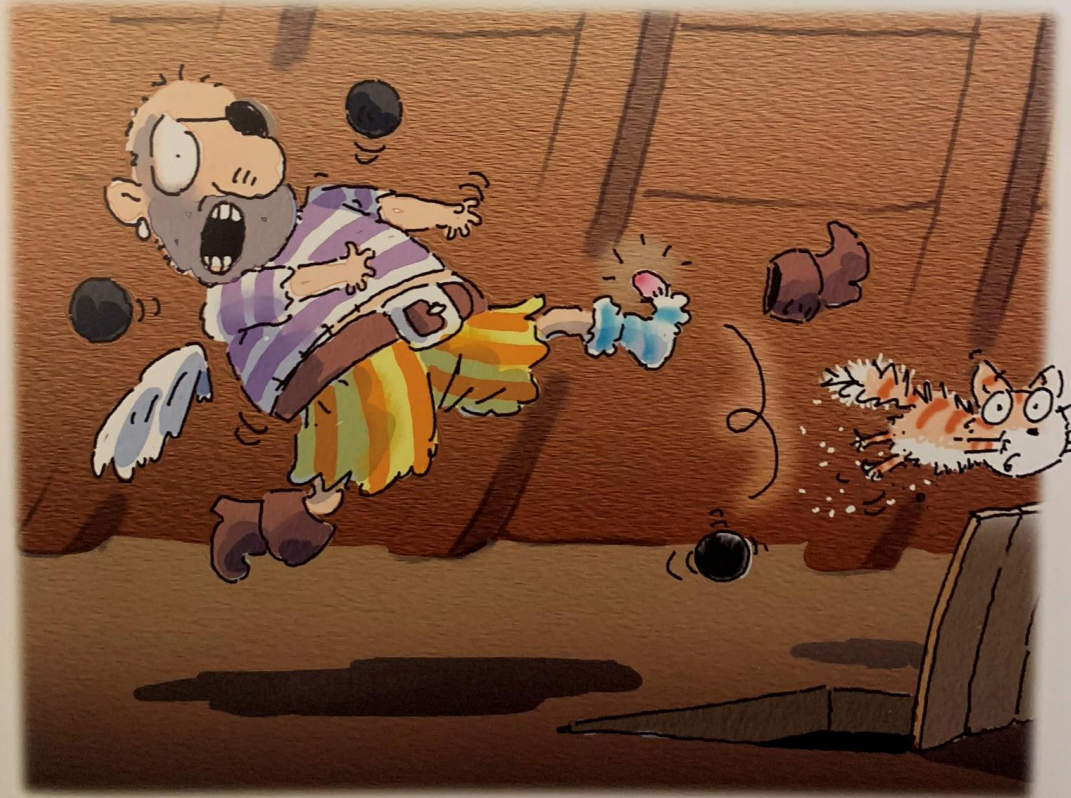


As the day went on, Davy grew hungry and tired.  
He began day-dreaming about having  
a nice bubble bath before dinner. In fact,  
Davy was so busy day-dreaming, he dropped a  
particularly heavy cannonball on his big toe.





Davy hopped around clutching  
his foot and saying some rude words.  
Meanwhile, the cannonball rolled right  
through an open hatch in the floor.



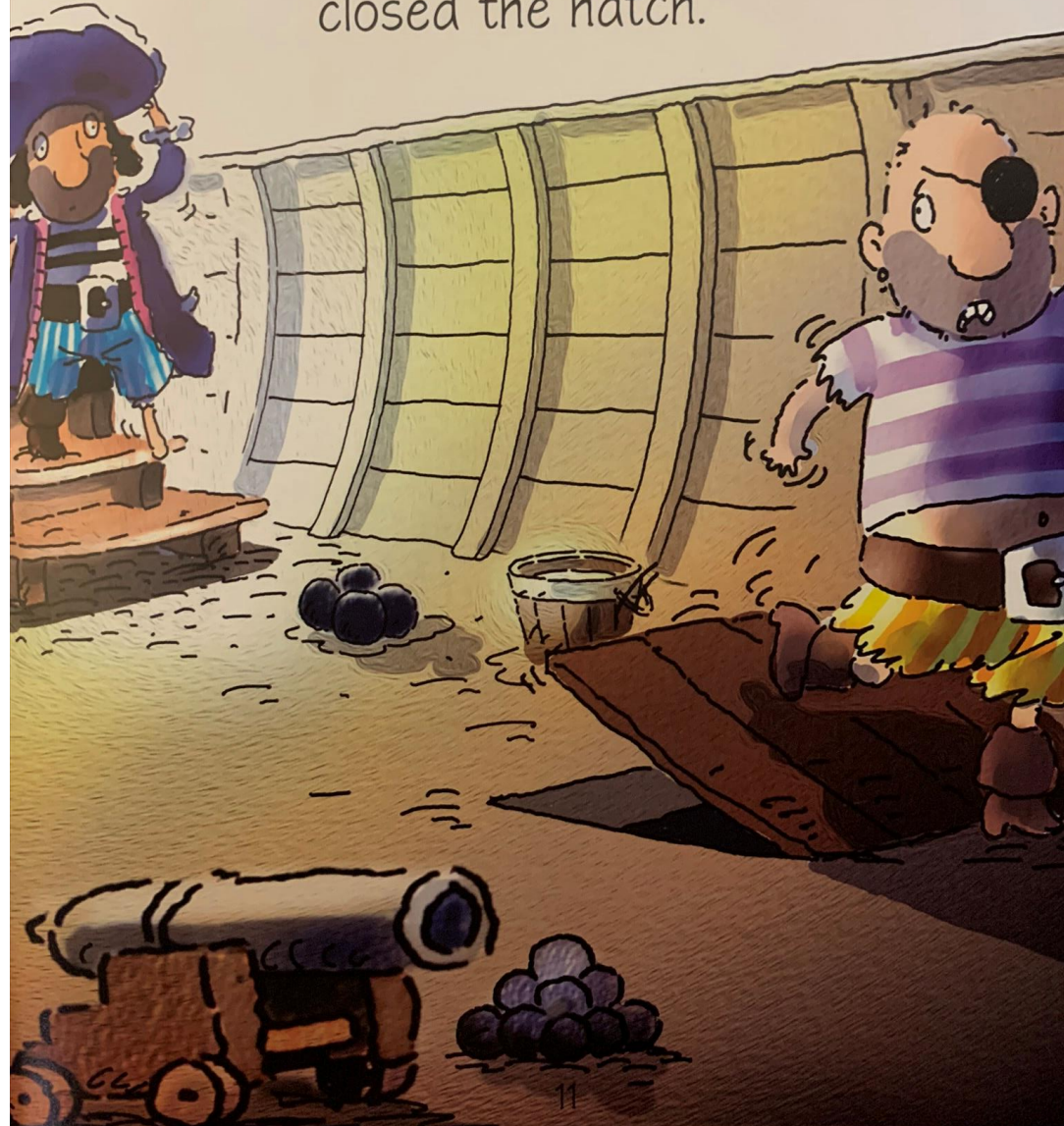
Davy rushed to see. Uh oh! The cannonball had  
fallen right down into the hold and through the hull.



Water bubbled up through the hole it had made.



Just then, Davy heard the  
Captain coming. In a panic, he  
closed the hatch.



"Everything OK, Davy?"  
the Captain asked.



"Err, yes, Cap'n," Davy replied.  
"Nearly finished."



“Arr. Well done,” the Captain replied.  
“I do like a clean cannonball. There’ll be  
extra sausages for you tonight.  
Come on, leave the rest. Let’s go and eat.”



But Davy couldn't eat. He was worried about the leak in the hold. Why hadn't he told the Captain? "Is everything OK, Davy?" kind Sam asked. "Did you know that Pete keeps stealing your sausages?"





"Everything's fine," Davy  
replied quickly. "I'm just tired.  
I think I'll have an early night."



But everything wasn't fine. Davy couldn't sleep. What if the ship sank? But he was too embarrassed to tell the captain. After all, the captain had told him to be careful. He felt so stupid.





At first light, he snuck carefully out of his hammock, taking care not to wake Pete, and went down to the hold.





He opened the hatch to find the hold full of water! The *Golden Duck* rolled slowly in the stormy sea. They were sinking. "I've got to own up," he said to himself.





Bravely, he went  
to see the captain.

"I'm sorry, Captain," Davy began in a rush.  
"But yesterday I dropped a cannonball and  
it caused a leak, but I didn't tell you and now  
the hold is full of water and I'm very, very sorry."

"Blistering barnacles,  
This is terrible.  
ALL HANDS ON DECK!"  
the Captain cried out.



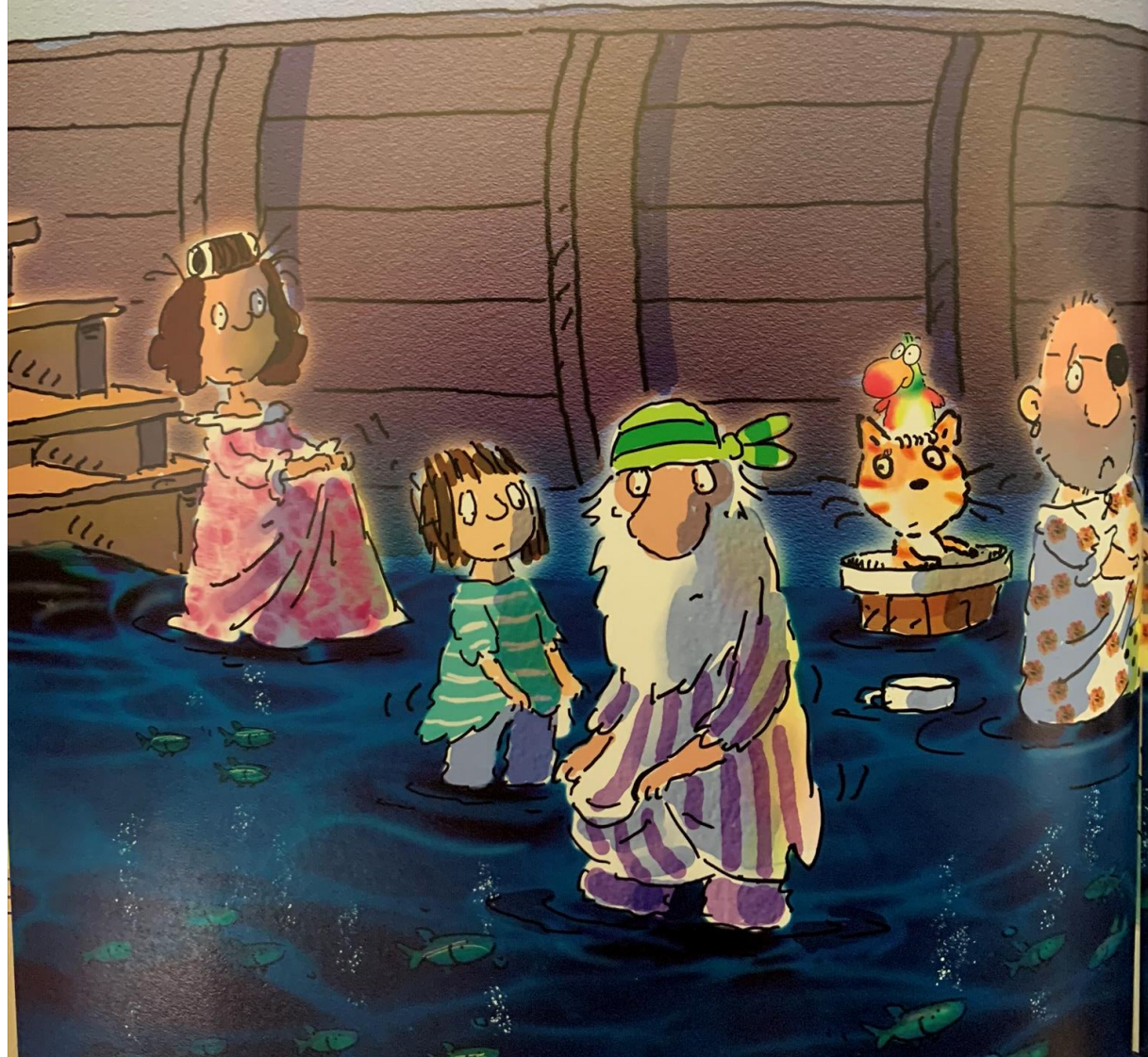


The other pirates came running,  
rubbing their eyes.

“What is it, Captain?” Pete asked.  
The Captain told them what  
had happened.



"I'm very, very, very sorry," Davy said.  
"No time to feel sorry," shouted  
the Captain. "We need to save the ship!"





"Nell, dive down and plug the leak,"  
the Captain ordered. "Pete and Sam, start  
baling the hold. Davy, you come with me."





Nell dived down and plugged the leak  
with an old pair of bloomers.







Pete and Sam baled water with huge buckets.

Davy trimmed the sails while the Captain turned the wheel, sailing them into calmer waters. Working together as a team, the pirates saved the ship!

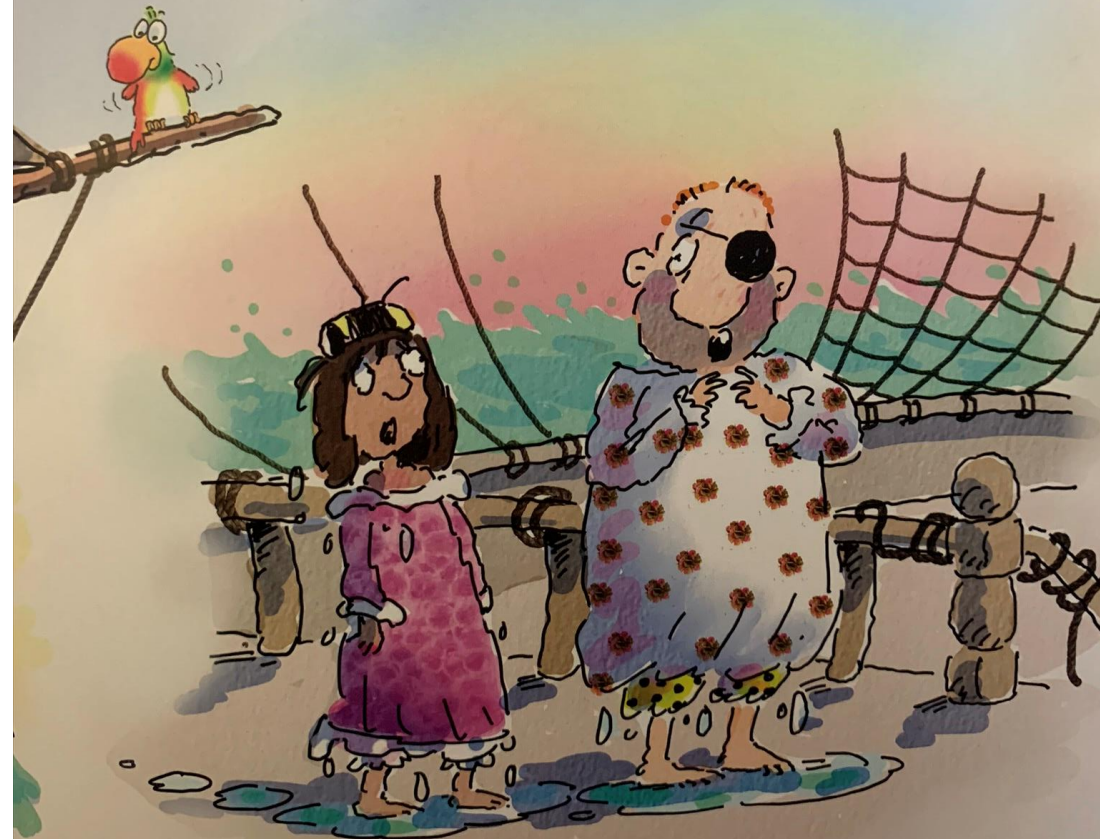




"I'm sorry I dropped the cannonball,"  
Davy said afterwards.

"We all make mistakes," Nell said,  
still dripping with seawater.

"I needed a bath anyway."



"I should have said 'I did it' straight away,"

Davy said, eyes down.

"Yes, you should have," the Captain agreed.

"But your bravery in owning up saved the ship.





“And, now that we’ve had all that water sloshing in the hold,” the Captain continued, “we’ll have the cleanest cannonballs on the seven seas!”



