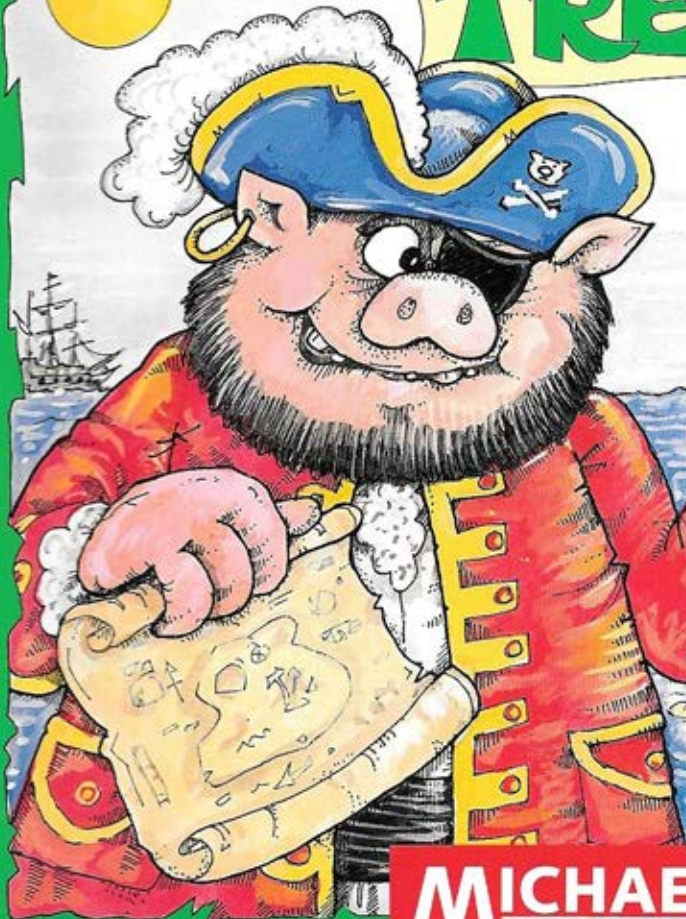


PIGANEERS

# WHO STOLE CAPTAIN PORKER'S TREASURE?



MICHAEL SALMON

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WRITTEN AND  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
Michael  
Salmon



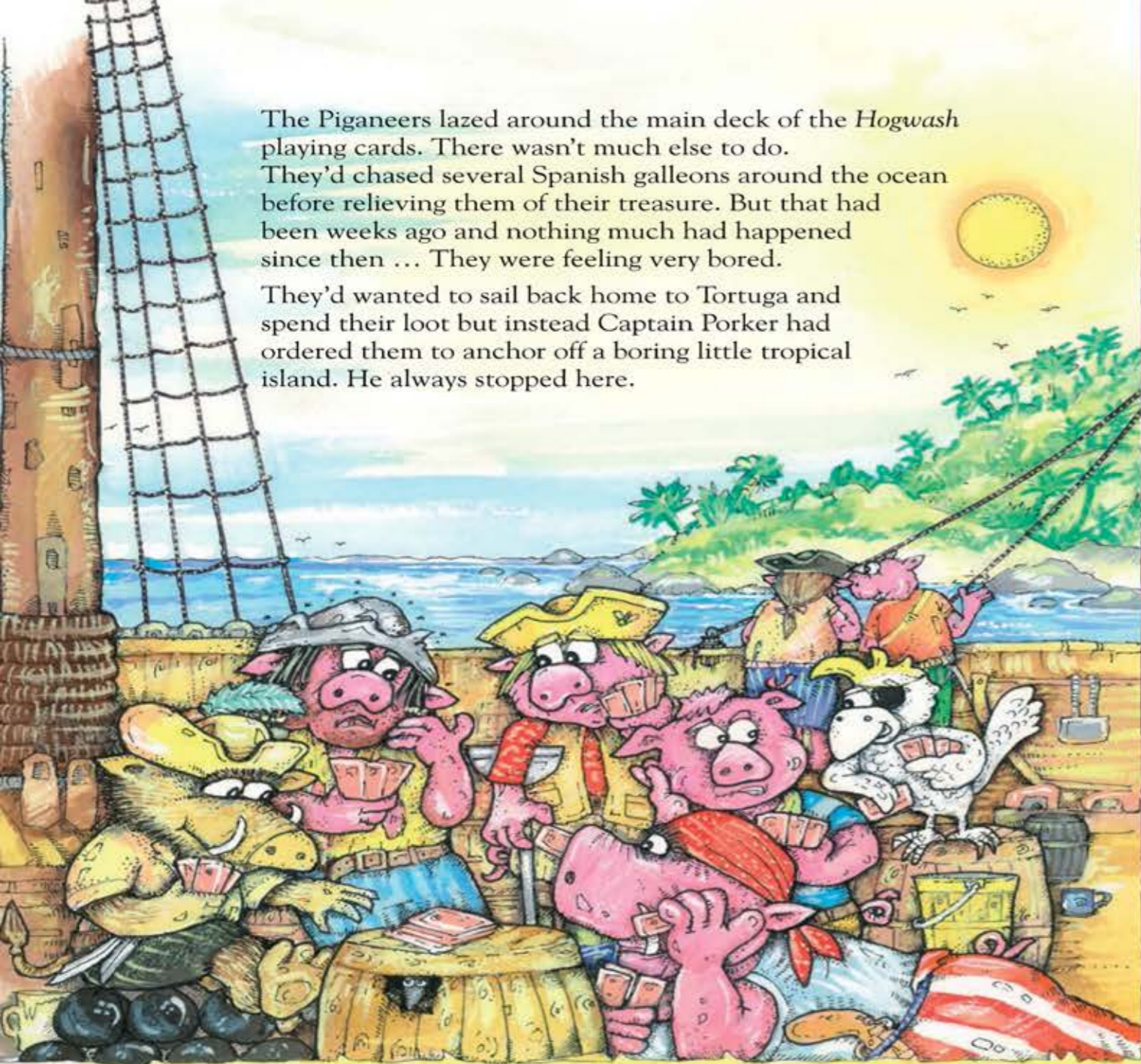
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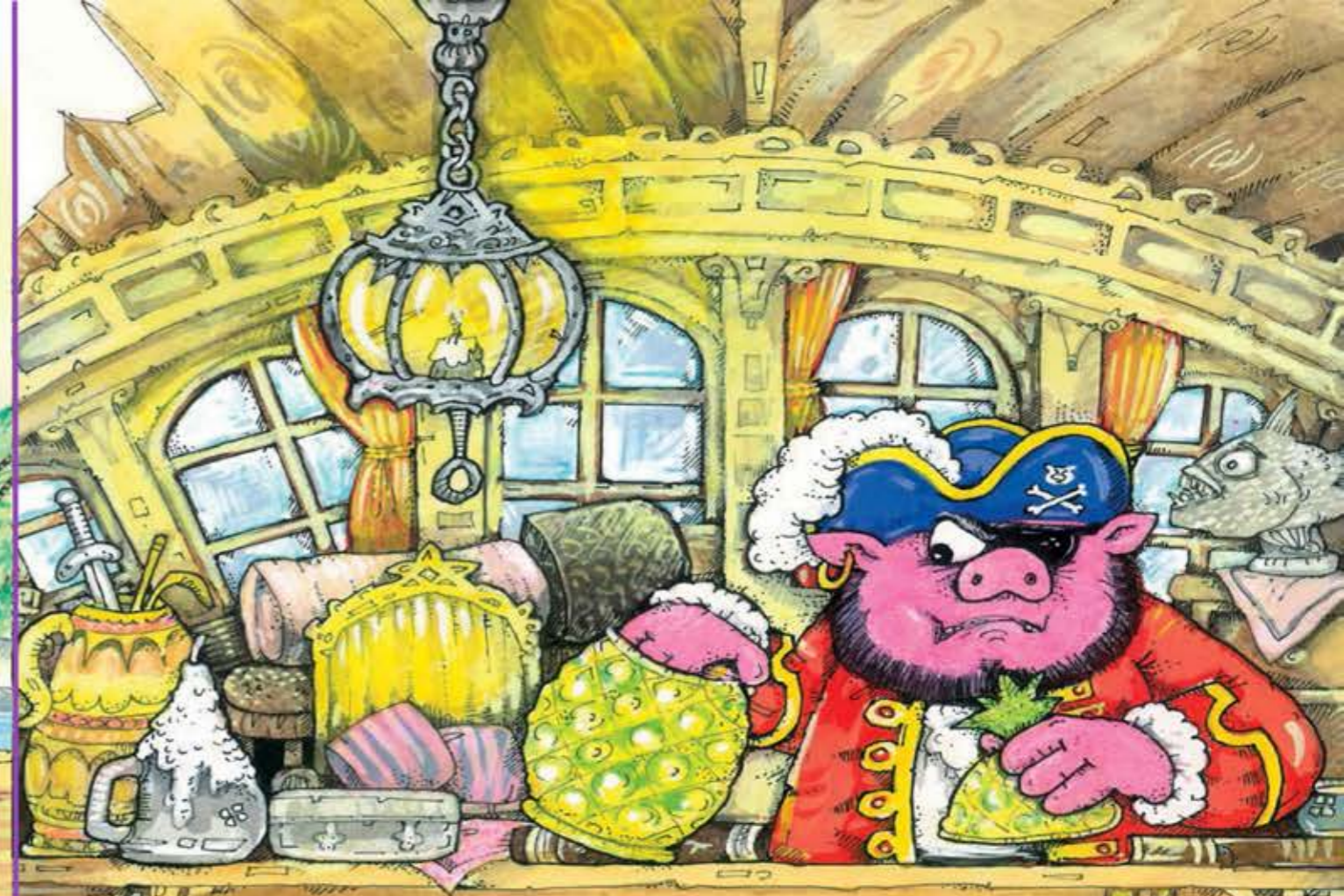
The Piganeeers lazed around the main deck of the *Hogwash* playing cards. There wasn't much else to do.

They'd chased several Spanish galleons around the ocean before relieving them of their treasure. But that had been weeks ago and nothing much had happened since then ... They were feeling very bored.

They'd wanted to sail back home to Tortuga and spend their loot but instead Captain Porker had ordered them to anchor off a boring little tropical island. He always stopped here.



The captain was busy in his cabin. He was very annoyed ...



'Suffering seaweed,' snorted Captain Porker. 'Where is my treasure map?'

It wasn't in any of his usual hiding places. He needed to dig up his treasure chest, so he could add more stolen gold to this stash.

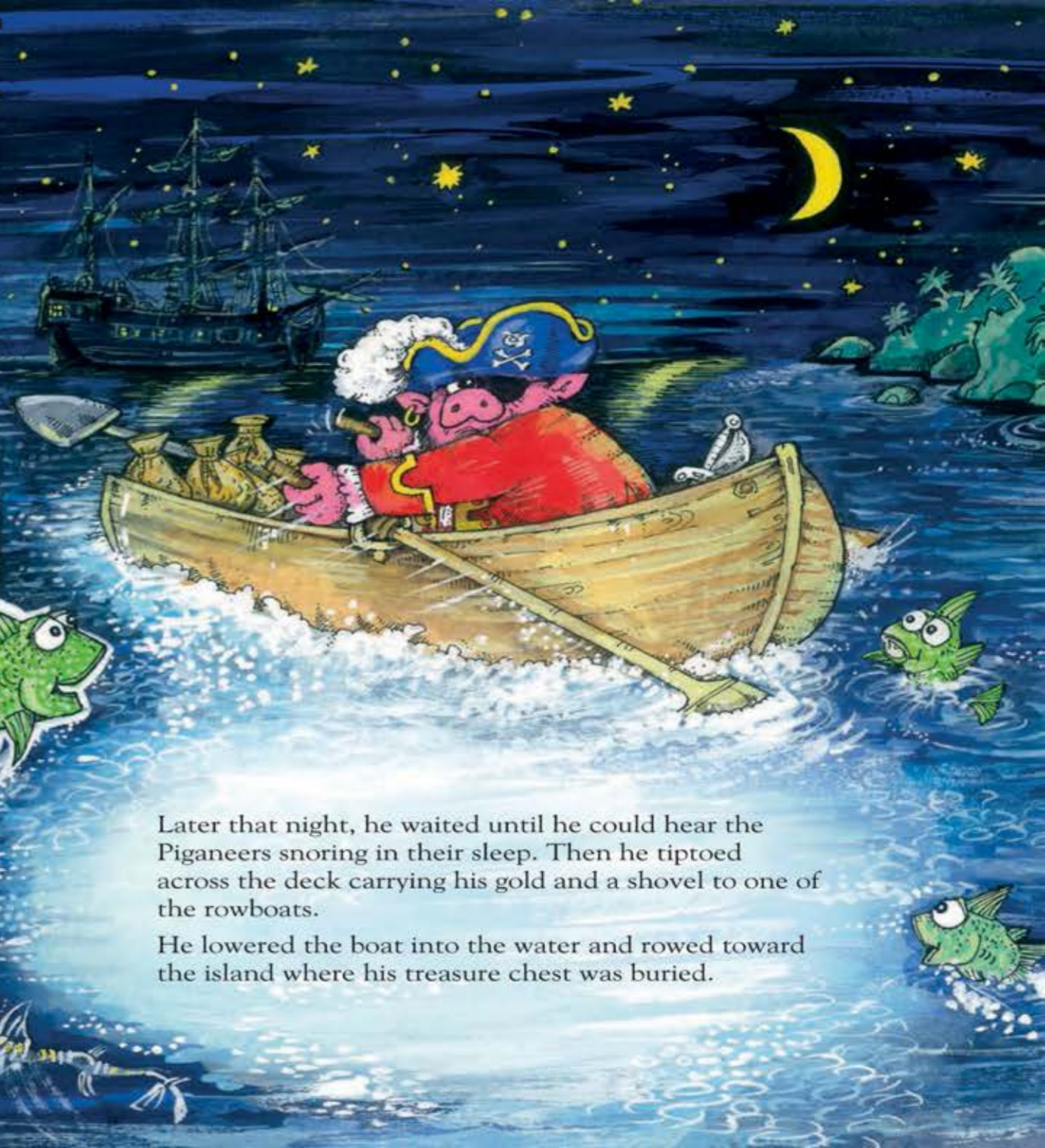
As captain of the Piganeeers he always received the biggest share of the loot, much to the envy of his piggy crew.

But Captain Porker's map was nowhere to be found.

'Bandy-legged barracudas!' he bellowed. 'If anyone has touched my precious map, it will be bacon burgers for him! Those pushy pigs are always poking their little pink snouts into my business.'

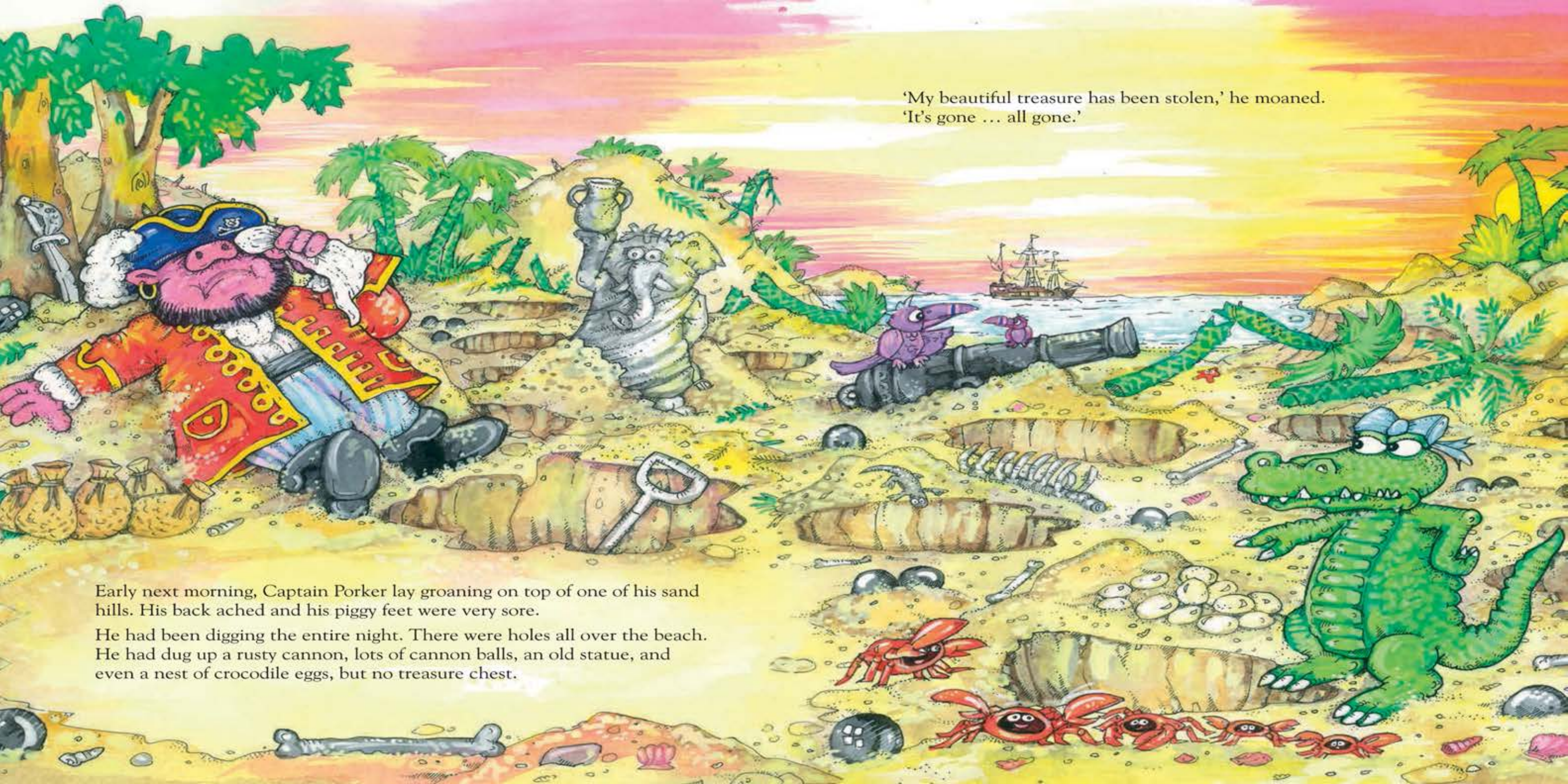
As he stomped toward the door he saw a piece of paper sticking out from behind a picture frame. It was the map!

'Hmmm. I have never hidden my map there before,' he mumbled as he stuffed it inside his coat.



Later that night, he waited until he could hear the Piganeeers snoring in their sleep. Then he tiptoed across the deck carrying his gold and a shovel to one of the rowboats.

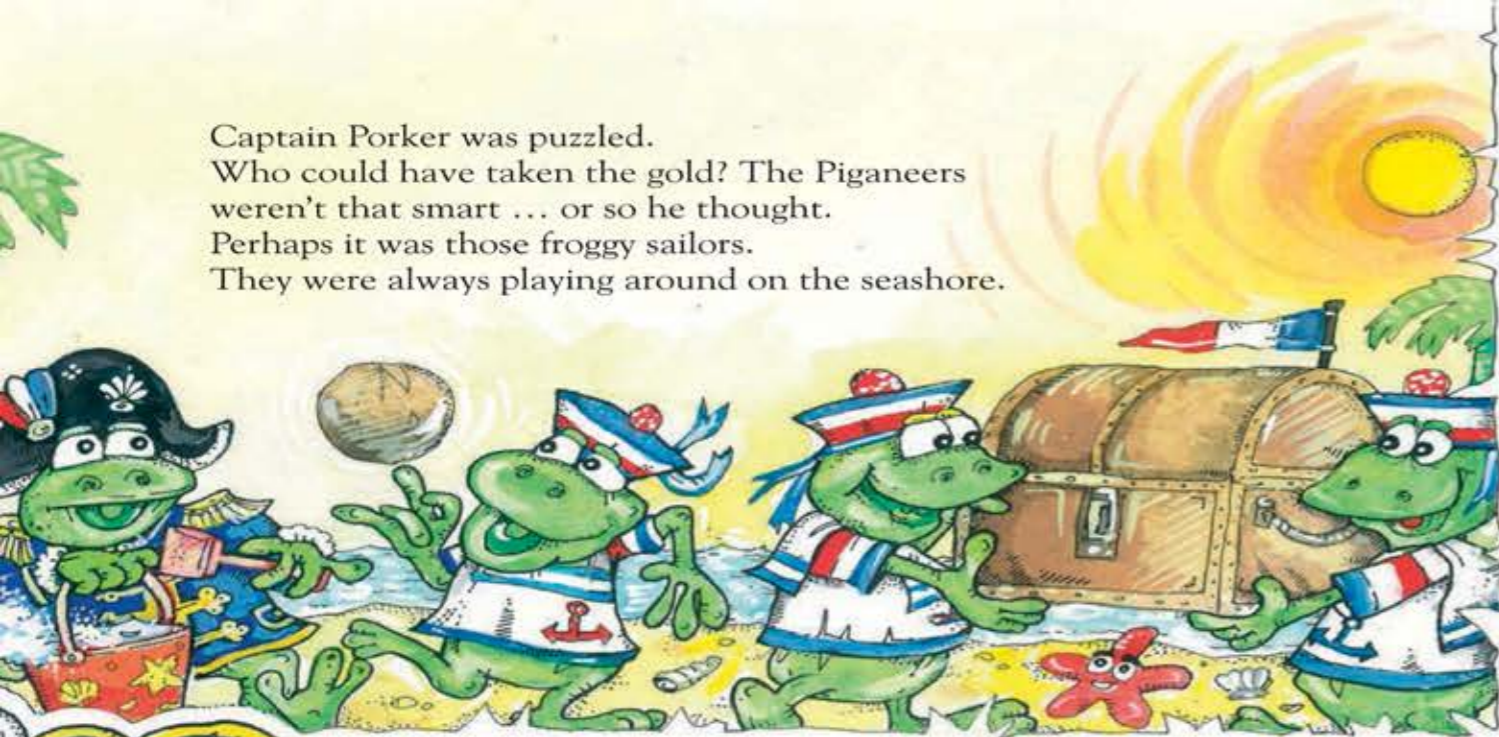
He lowered the boat into the water and rowed toward the island where his treasure chest was buried.



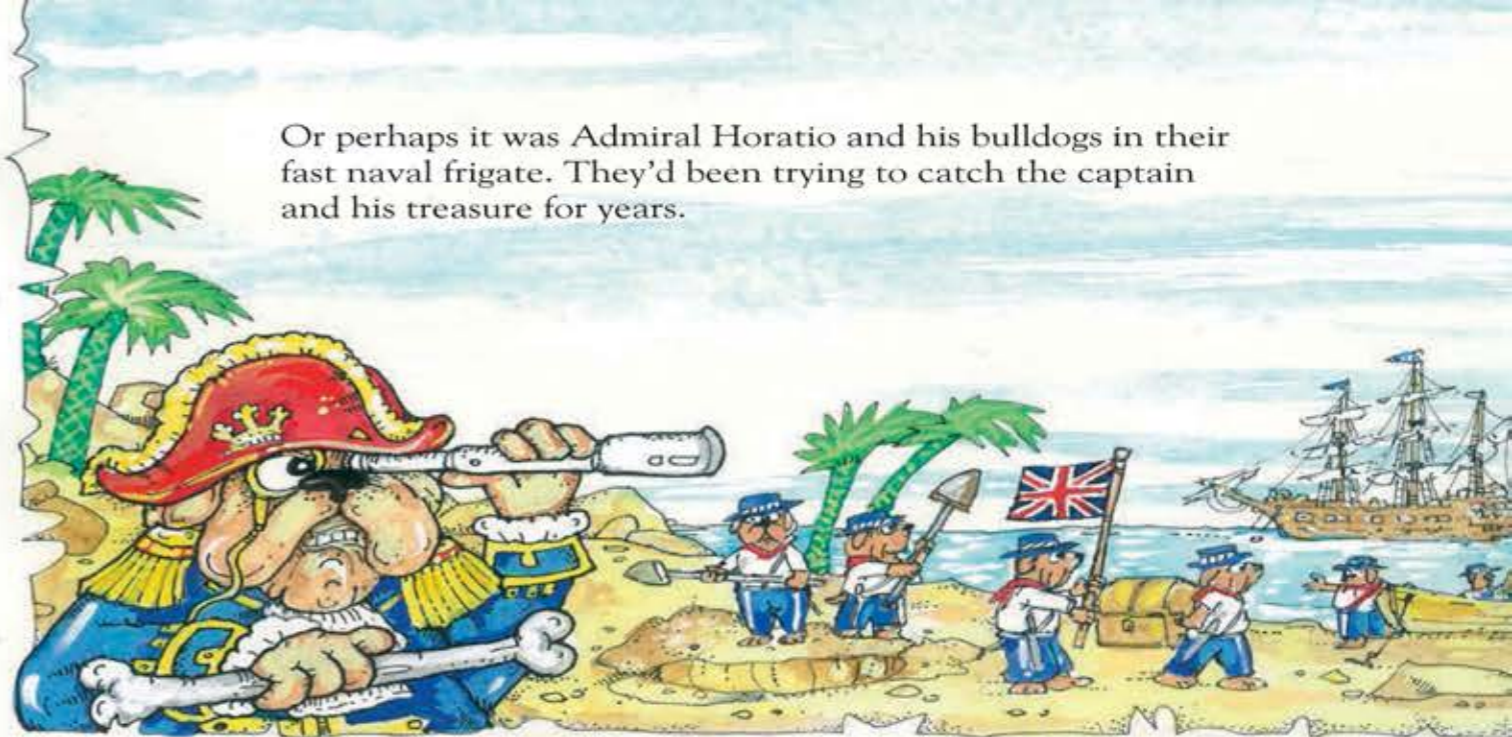
'My beautiful treasure has been stolen,' he moaned.  
'It's gone ... all gone.'

Early next morning, Captain Porker lay groaning on top of one of his sand hills. His back ached and his piggy feet were very sore. He had been digging the entire night. There were holes all over the beach. He had dug up a rusty cannon, lots of cannon balls, an old statue, and even a nest of crocodile eggs, but no treasure chest.

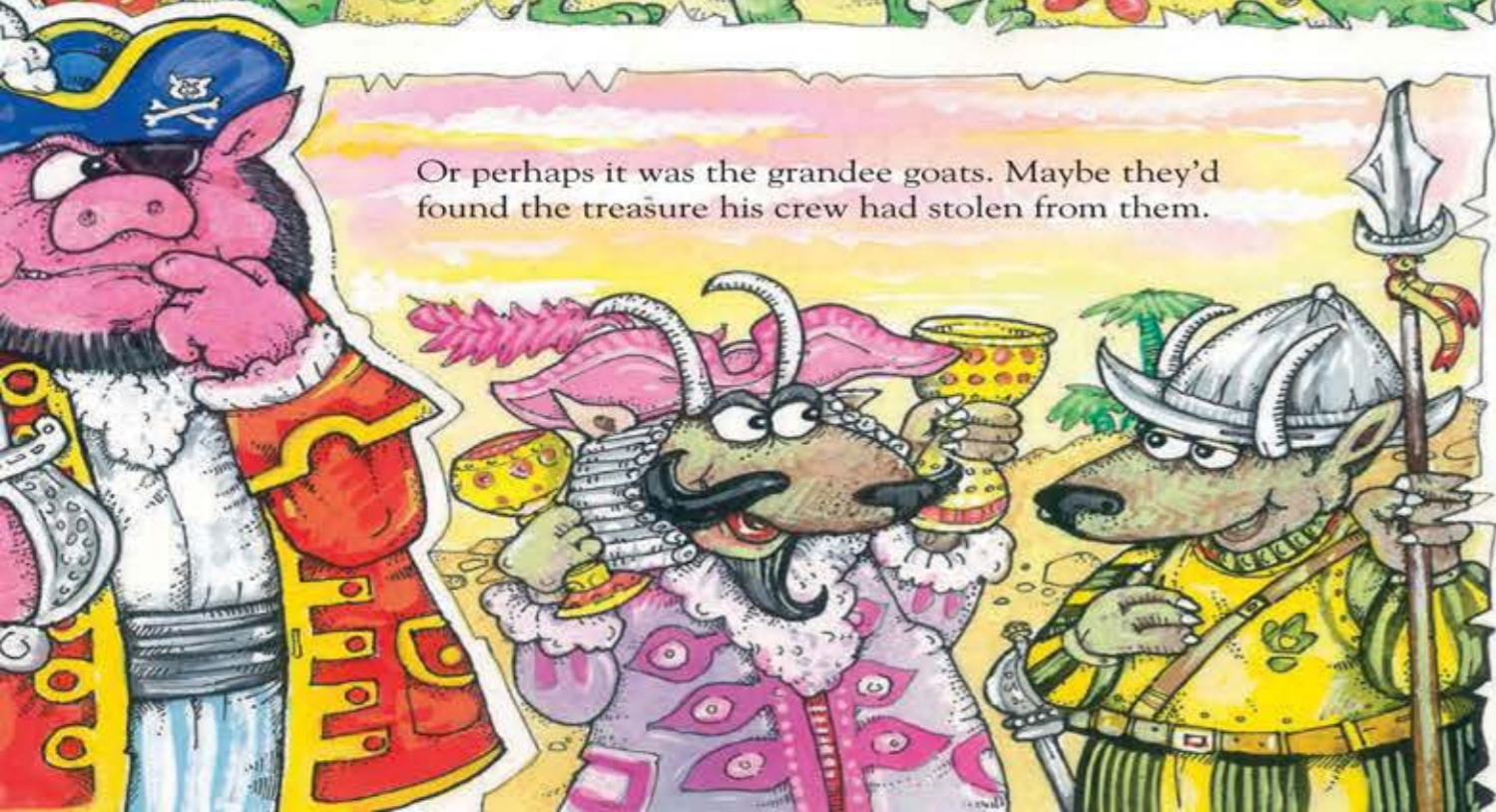
Captain Porker was puzzled.  
Who could have taken the gold? The Piganeeers  
weren't that smart ... or so he thought.  
Perhaps it was those froggy sailors.  
They were always playing around on the seashore.



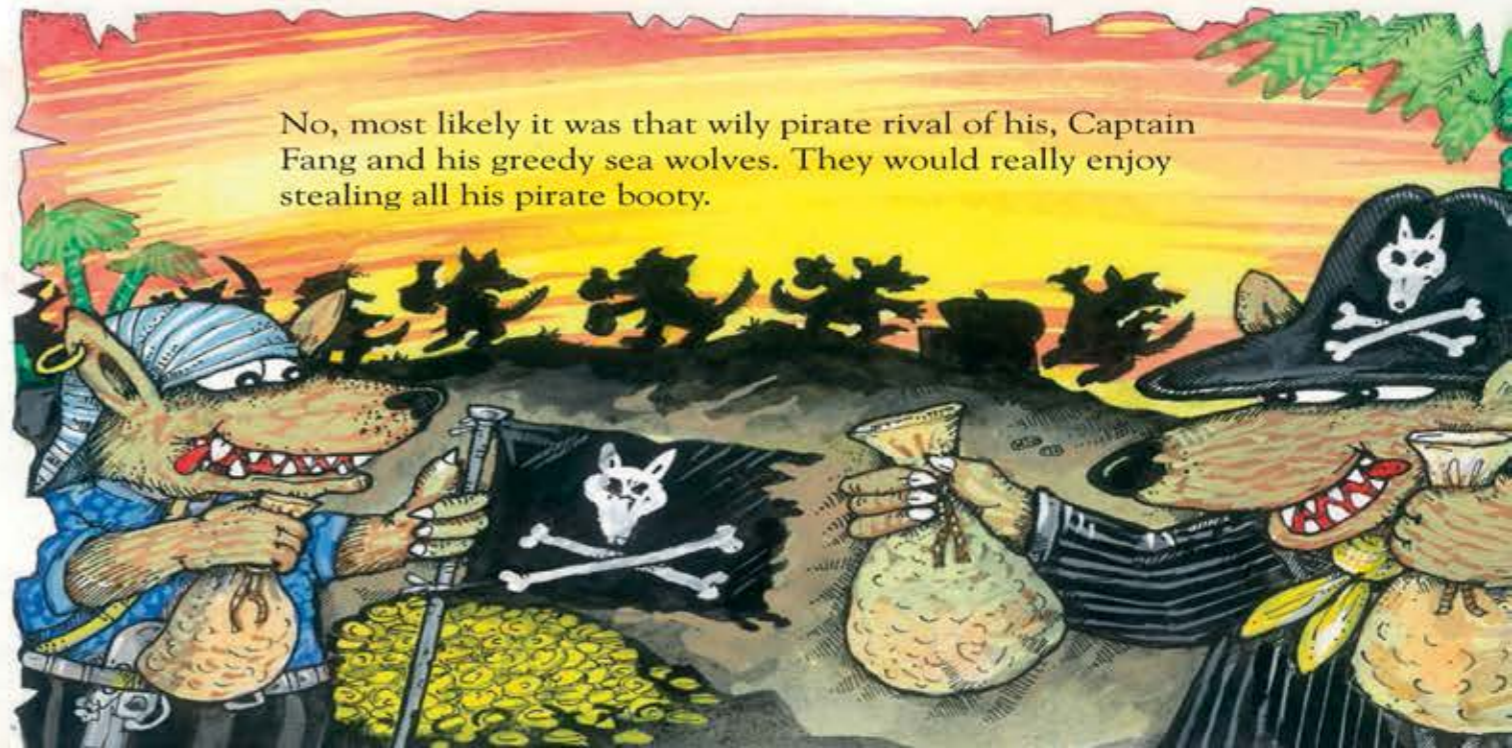
Or perhaps it was Admiral Horatio and his bulldogs in their  
fast naval frigate. They'd been trying to catch the captain  
and his treasure for years.



Or perhaps it was the grandee goats. Maybe they'd  
found the treasure his crew had stolen from them.



No, most likely it was that wily pirate rival of his, Captain  
Fang and his greedy sea wolves. They would really enjoy  
stealing all his pirate booty.



The more Captain Porker thought about his missing treasure the more upset he became. He picked up his shovel and the gold he had wanted to bury, and he trudged back to the rowboat.



'Achoo!' someone sneezed. Then he heard some muffled laughter behind the trees. Captain Porker's aches and pains vanished. 'I'll get you, you lily-livered treasure snafflers!' he yelled as he waved his cutlass in the air and rushed toward the sound.



By the time he reached the trees, there was no one in sight. The treasure thieves had escaped into the thick jungle. There were, however, lots of little piggy footprints in the soft earth. 'I know who you are! Just you wait till I get back to the ship!' Captain Porker roared.





Back on board the *Hogwash*, Captain Porker lined up his crew on the deck. His cheeks were bright scarlet. He looked as though he was about to burst a boiler.

Big Boar, Peg Leg Pete, and the rest of the Piganeeers shuffled nervously from foot to foot. Their practical joke on the captain had backfired. They had never seen him this angry before.

'How dare you play tricks on me, you dirty rotten swine! Where is my treasure chest?' demanded the captain.

'It-t w-w-was j-just a bit of f-f-fun,' stammered Piglet Ned, the youngest Piganeeer. 'W-w-w-e m-m-moved the chest. W-w-w-e were going to put it back ... honest.'

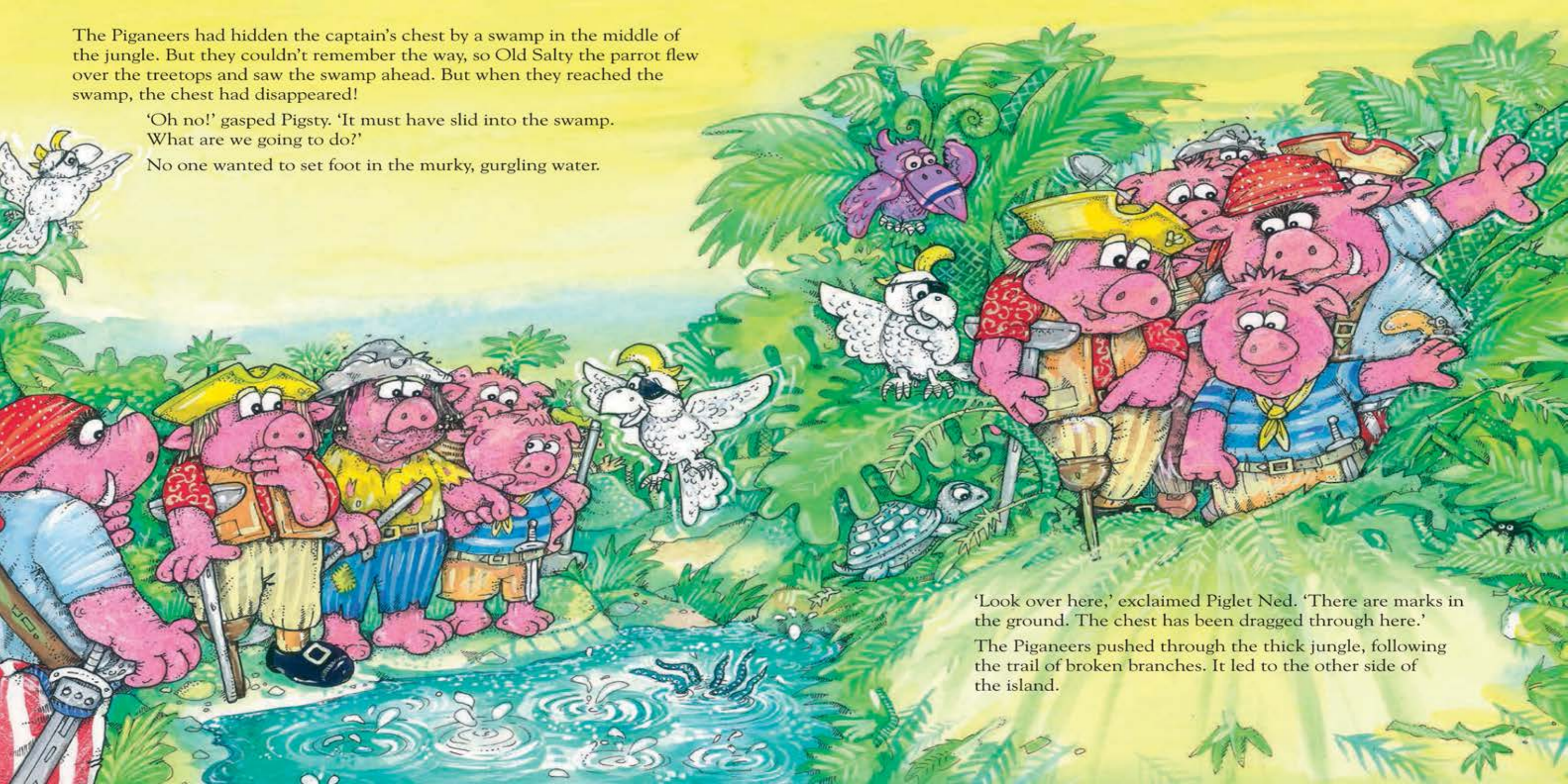
'Well, you can all move it right back here this instant,' fumed Captain Porker, 'whilst I decide what horrible punishment there will be ...'



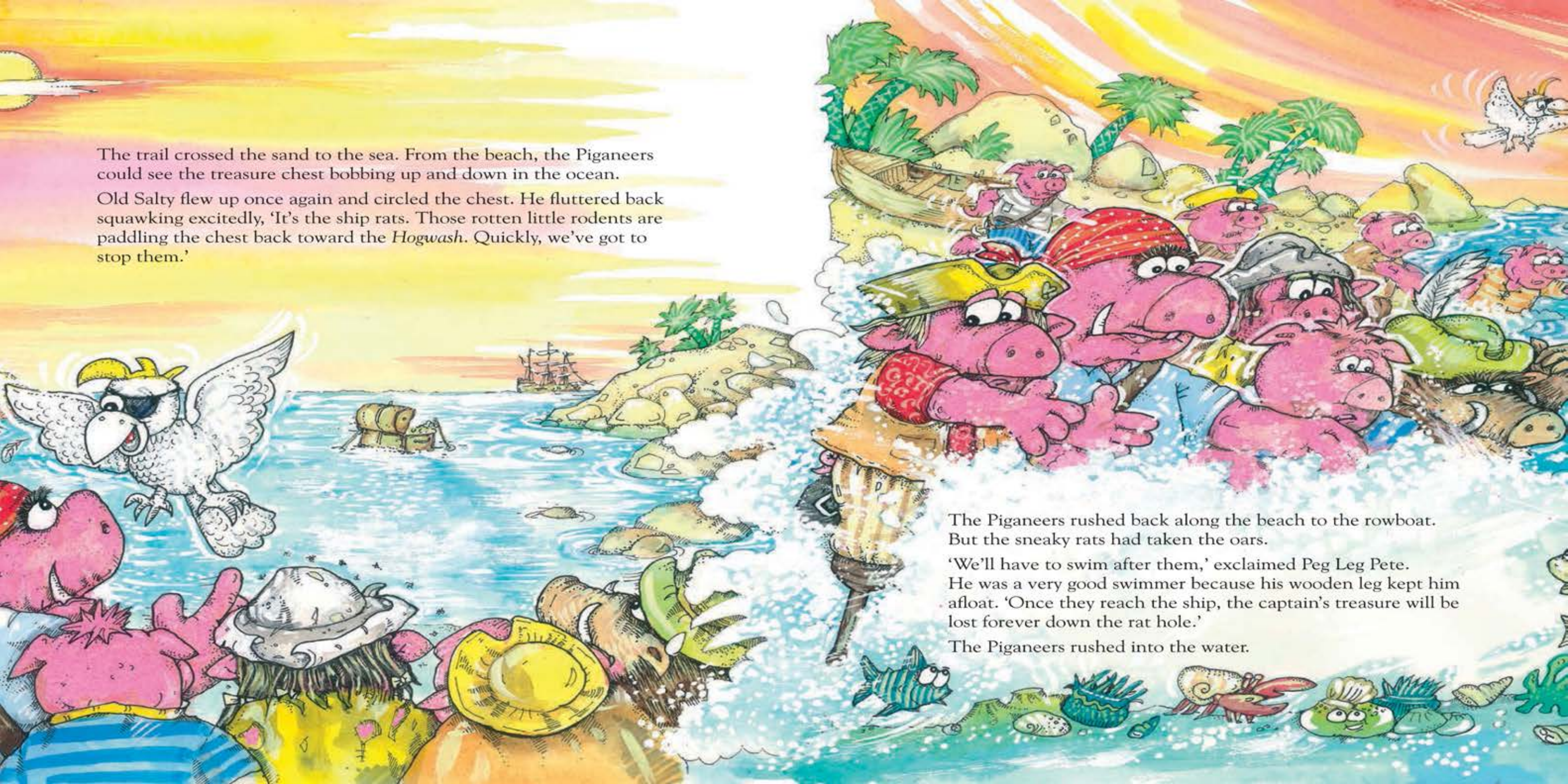
The Piganeeers had hidden the captain's chest by a swamp in the middle of the jungle. But they couldn't remember the way, so Old Salty the parrot flew over the treetops and saw the swamp ahead. But when they reached the swamp, the chest had disappeared!

'Oh no!' gasped Pigsty. 'It must have slid into the swamp. What are we going to do?'

No one wanted to set foot in the murky, gurgling water.



'Look over here,' exclaimed Piglet Ned. 'There are marks in the ground. The chest has been dragged through here.' The Piganeeers pushed through the thick jungle, following the trail of broken branches. It led to the other side of the island.



The trail crossed the sand to the sea. From the beach, the Piganeers could see the treasure chest bobbing up and down in the ocean.

Old Salty flew up once again and circled the chest. He fluttered back squawking excitedly, 'It's the ship rats. Those rotten little rodents are paddling the chest back toward the *Hogwash*. Quickly, we've got to stop them.'

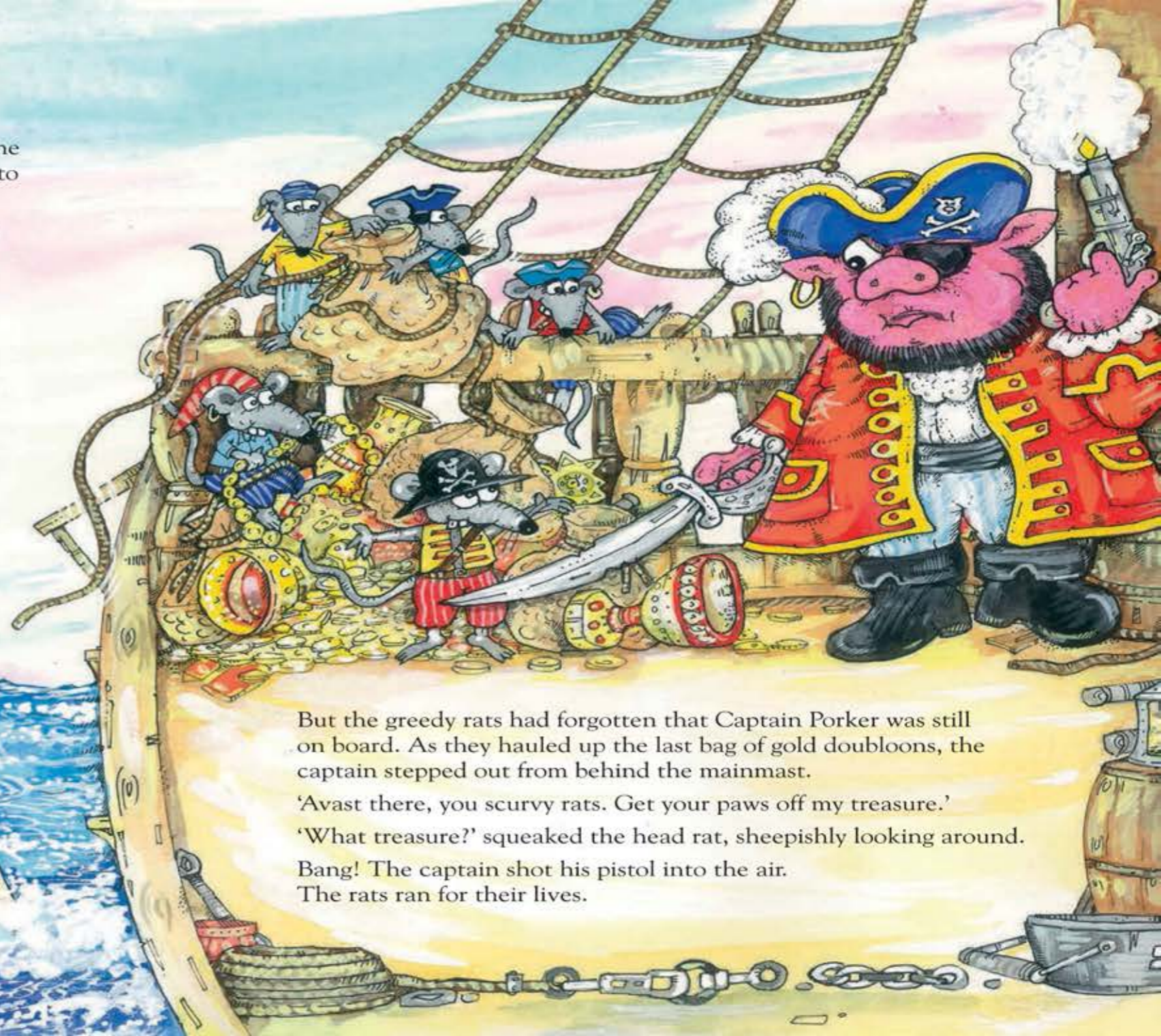
The Piganeers rushed back along the beach to the rowboat. But the sneaky rats had taken the oars.

'We'll have to swim after them,' exclaimed Peg Leg Pete. He was a very good swimmer because his wooden leg kept him afloat. 'Once they reach the ship, the captain's treasure will be lost forever down the rat hole.'

The Piganeers rushed into the water.

Meanwhile, the ship rats were nearing the *Hogwash*. They had overheard the plan to dig up the captain's treasure chest and had waited for their chance to steal the loot.

As soon as they reached the ship, they started hauling the treasure up onto the deck, piece by piece.



But the greedy rats had forgotten that Captain Porker was still on board. As they hauled up the last bag of gold doubloons, the captain stepped out from behind the mainmast.

'Avast there, you scurvy rats. Get your paws off my treasure.'

'What treasure?' squeaked the head rat, sheepishly looking around.

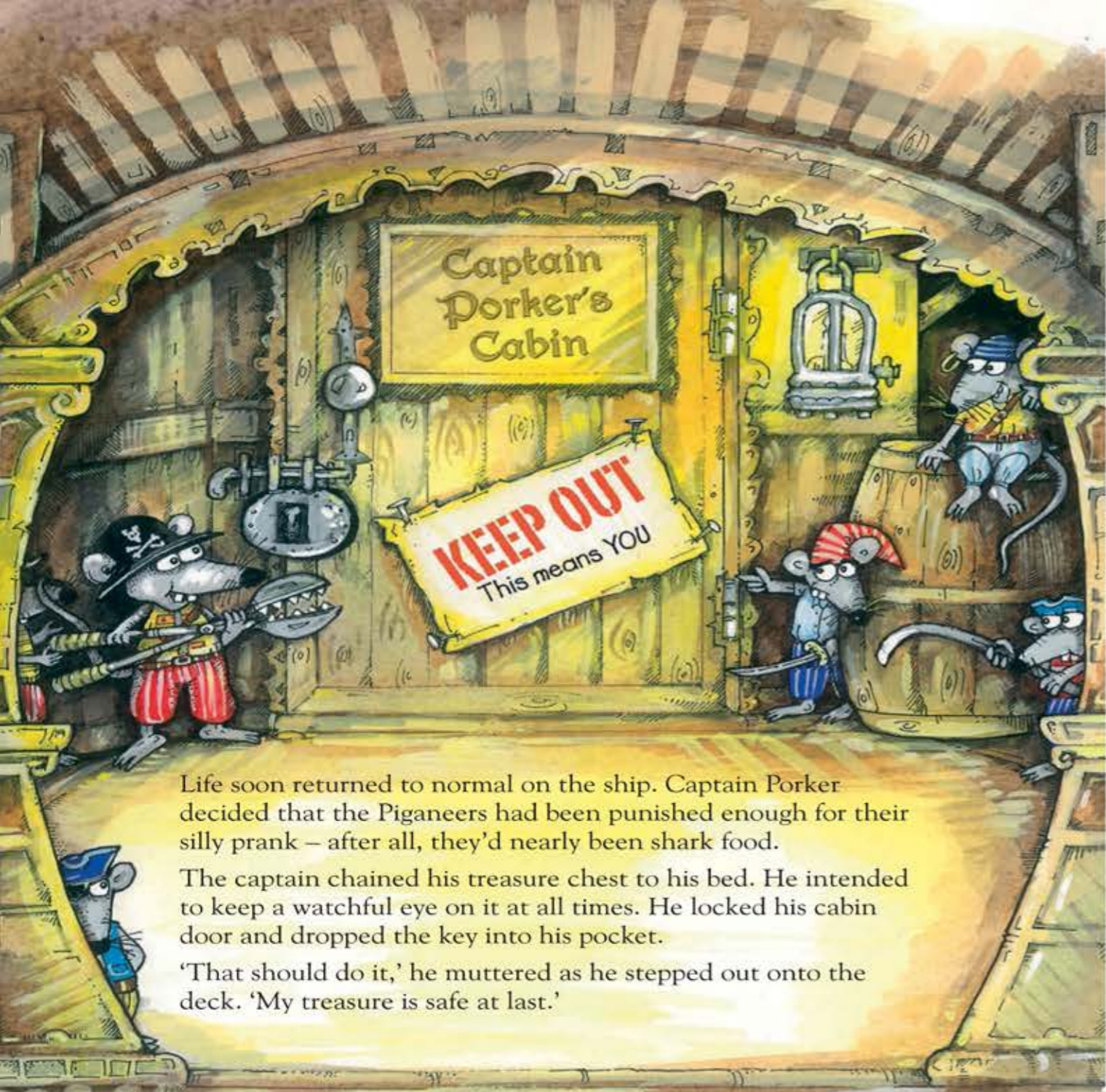
Bang! The captain shot his pistol into the air.  
The rats ran for their lives.



Back in the ocean, the Piganeeers were slowly nearing the ship. It was hard work swimming so far. The waves splashed in their faces. Pigsty swallowed a mouthful of saltwater by mistake. Yuk! He hated water. It made him feel too clean. Suddenly big black fins appeared. A pack of very hungry sharks was after them. It was going to be fresh pork for lunch today!

The pigs had never swum so fast in all their lives. The sharks were getting closer ... closer, their sharp teeth gleaming. The frightened Piganeeers clambered up the side of the ship. The sharks snapped at their heels as the pirates swung out of danger.





Life soon returned to normal on the ship. Captain Porker decided that the Piganeers had been punished enough for their silly prank – after all, they'd nearly been shark food.

The captain chained his treasure chest to his bed. He intended to keep a watchful eye on it at all times. He locked his cabin door and dropped the key into his pocket.

'That should do it,' he muttered as he stepped out onto the deck. 'My treasure is safe at last.'

# THE END?



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