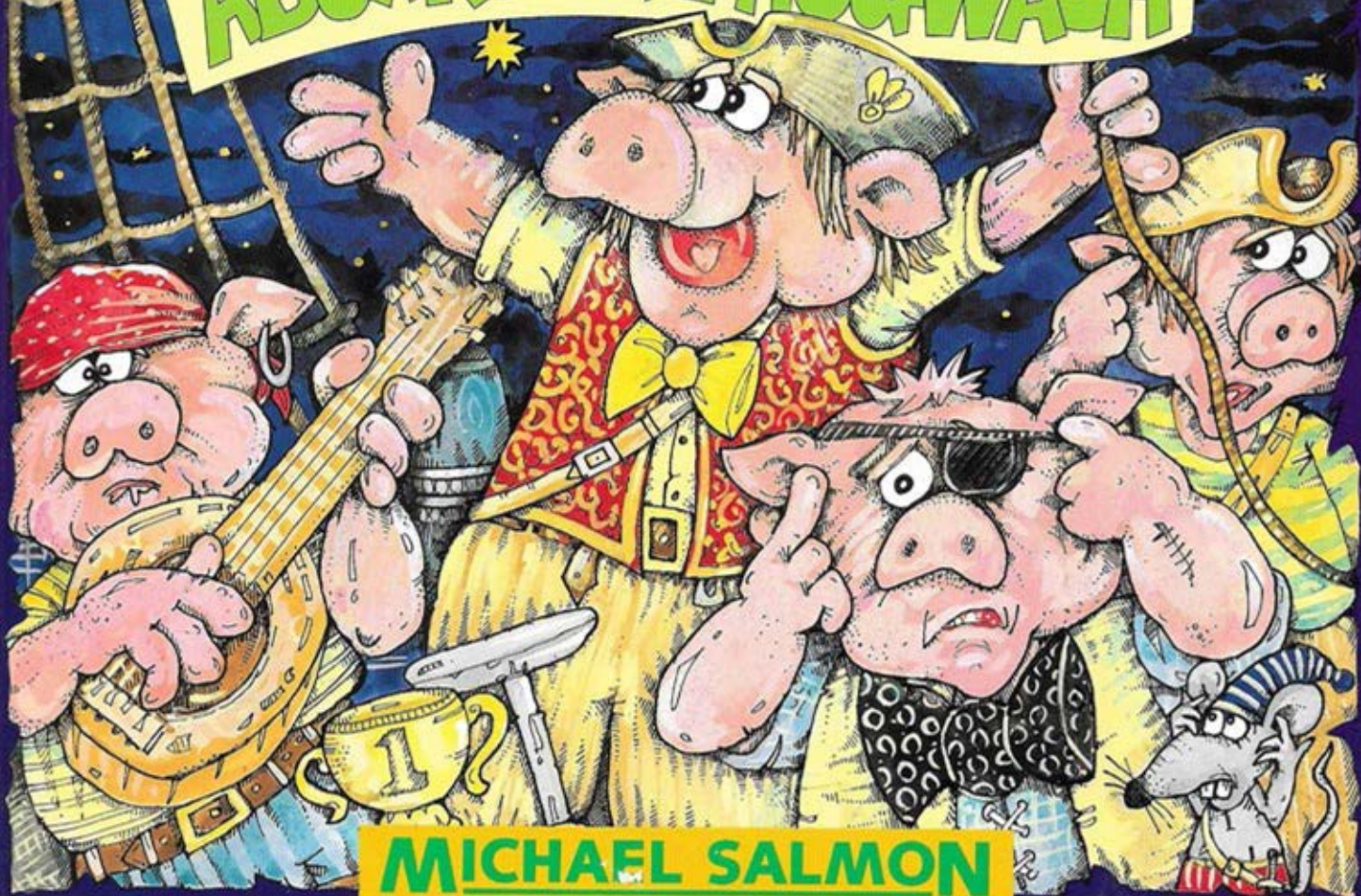


PIGANEERS

# TALENT NIGHT

ABOARD THE HOGWASH



MICHAEL SALMON

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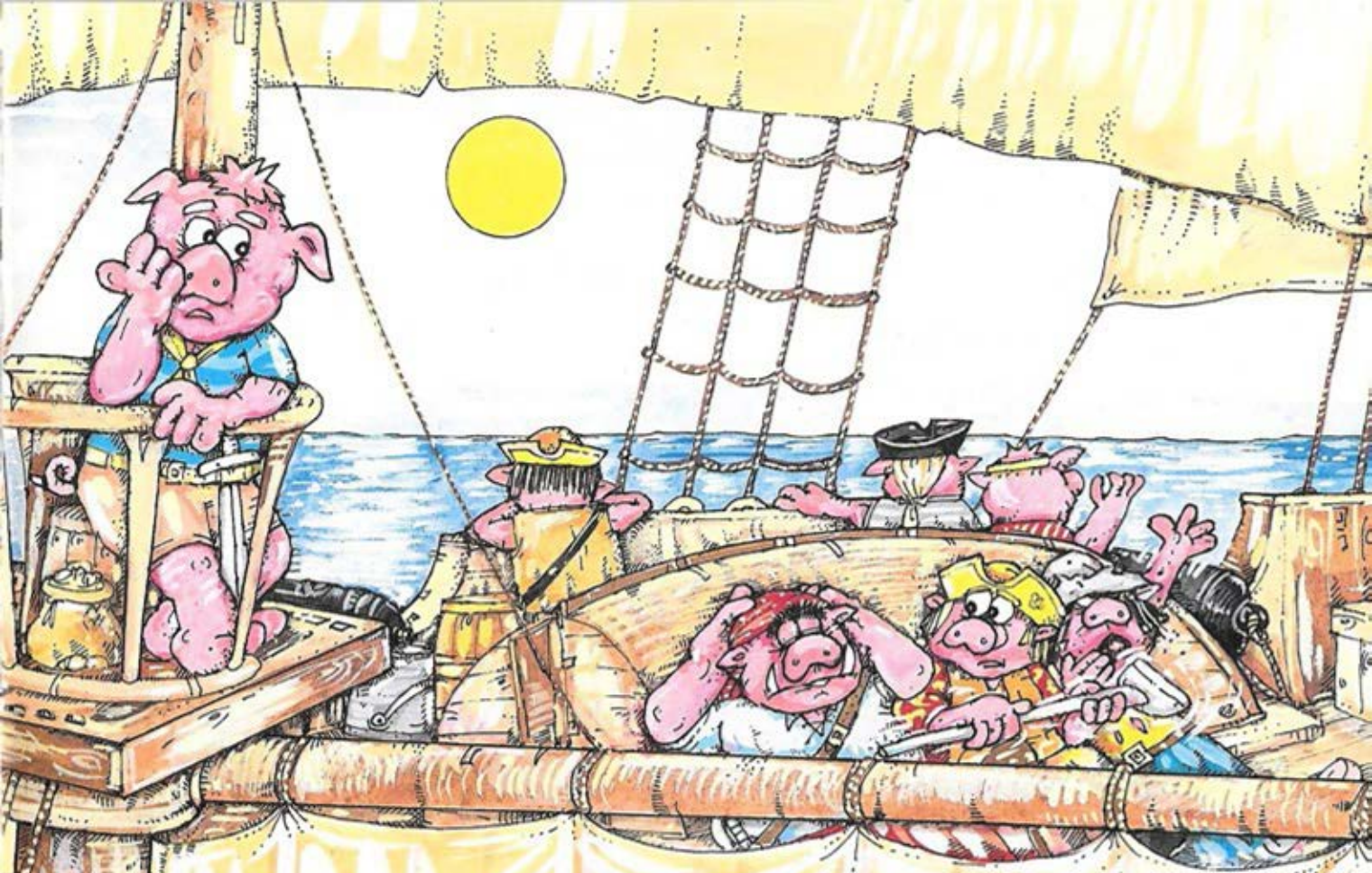
## ABOARD THE HOGWASH

WRITTEN AND  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
Michael  
Salmon



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"I'm bored," yawned Pigsty as he lazed back on the deck of the *Hogwash*.

Peg Leg Pete nodded and poked Big Boar, who was snoring away.

"There's nothing to do," Peg Leg Pete said. "I'm tired of being stuck here."

Piglet Ned was on lookout duty in the crow's nest, high up in the rigging. For miles around him, not a ship was in sight.

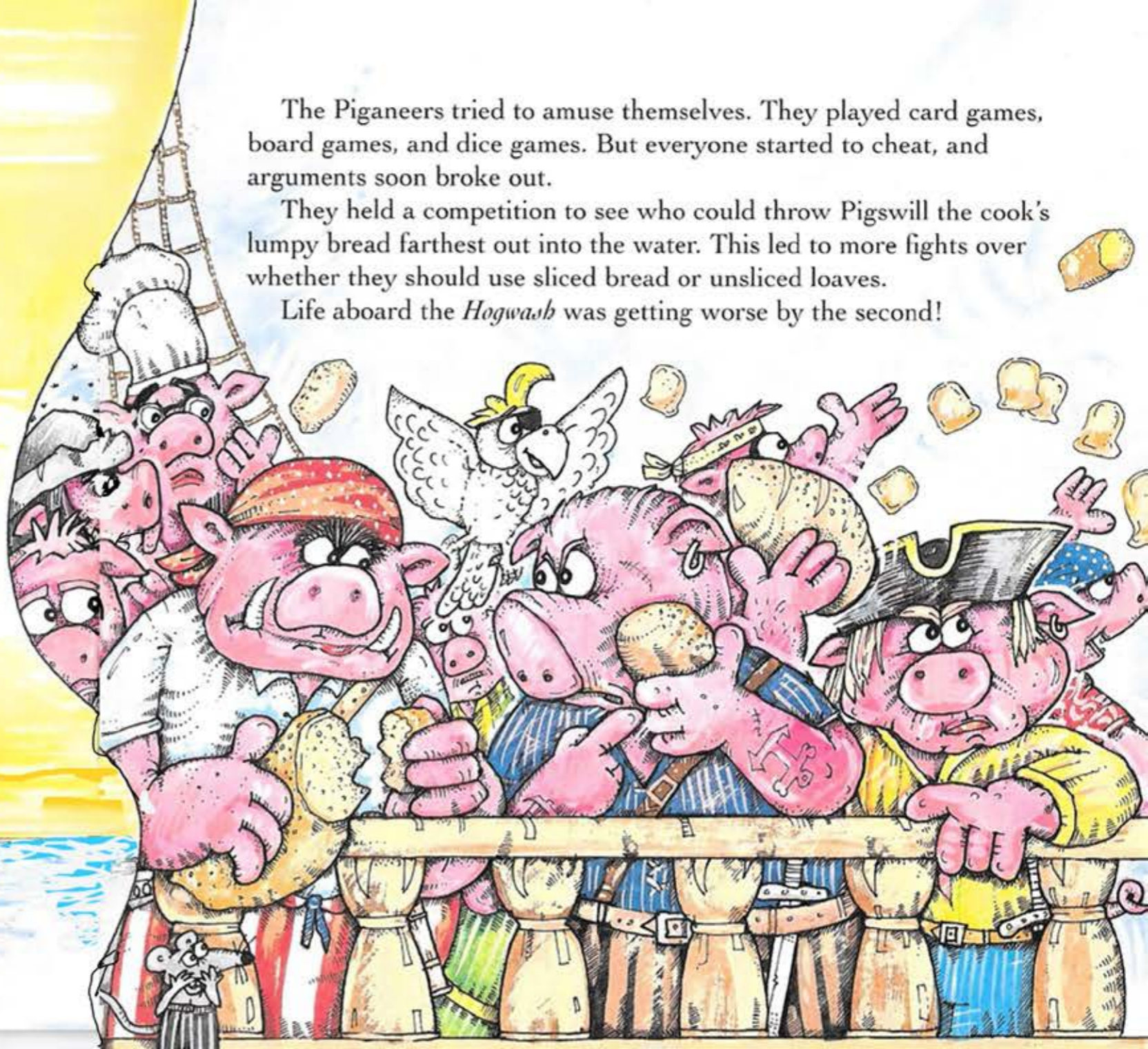
The *Hogwash* floated quietly in the middle of the ocean—not a puff of wind to fill the limp sails.

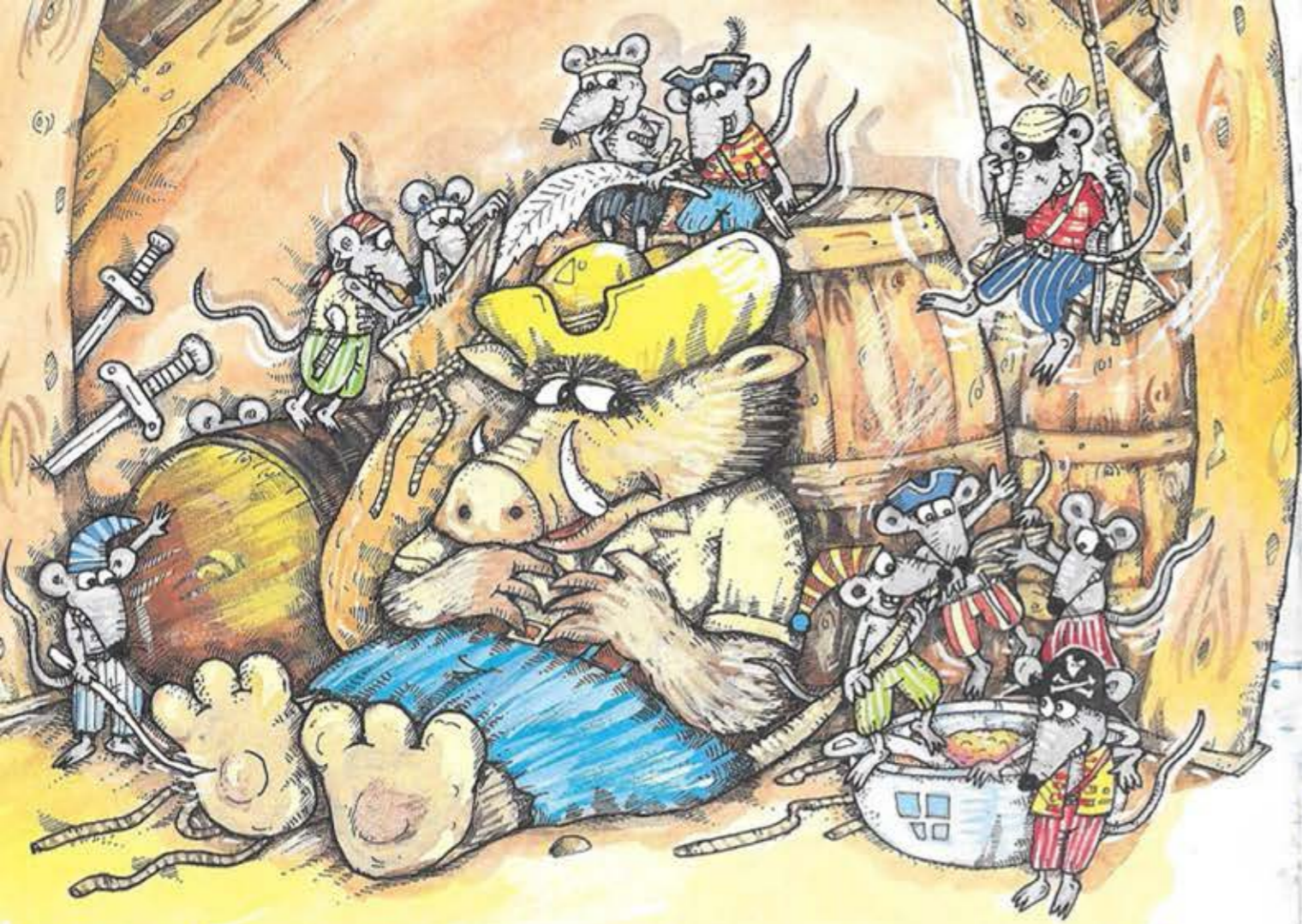
There wasn't much the pirates could do until the wind blew. What's more, they hadn't had a decent fight or even a sniff of pirate treasure for days.

The Piganeeers tried to amuse themselves. They played card games, board games, and dice games. But everyone started to cheat, and arguments soon broke out.

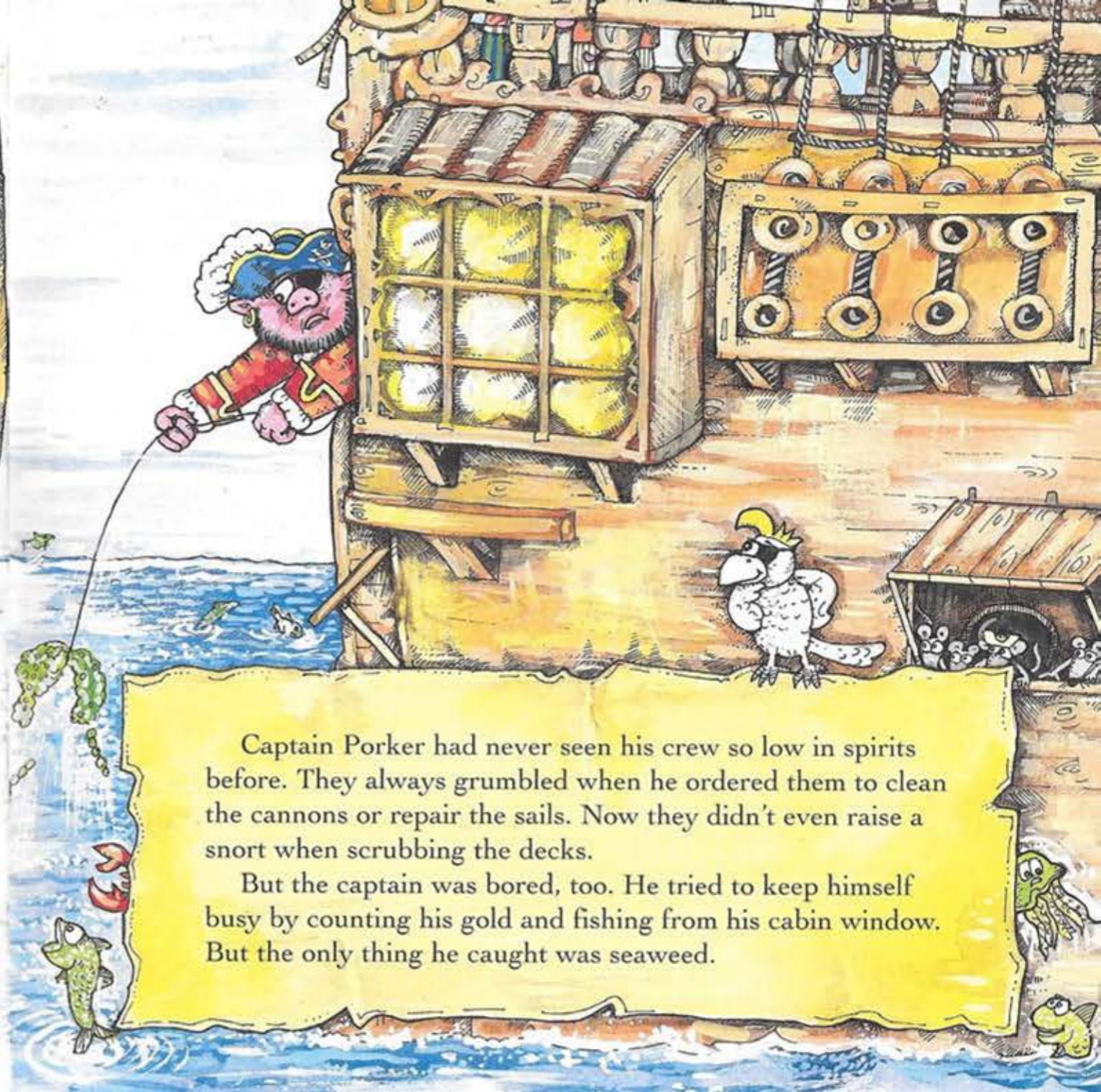
They held a competition to see who could throw Pigswill the cook's lumpy bread farthest out into the water. This led to more fights over whether they should use sliced bread or unsliced loaves.

Life aboard the *Hogwash* was getting worse by the second!





Even the ship's rats were bored. It just wasn't that much fun anymore to annoy the Piganeers, especially Warty Hog, the ship's official rat catcher. He simply lay there as the rats tickled his feet and pulled his tail.



Captain Porker had never seen his crew so low in spirits before. They always grumbled when he ordered them to clean the cannons or repair the sails. Now they didn't even raise a snort when scrubbing the decks.

But the captain was bored, too. He tried to keep himself busy by counting his gold and fishing from his cabin window. But the only thing he caught was seaweed.



**PIGANEERS**  
**TALENT NIGHT**

**VARIETY SHOW**

"SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO"

**FIRST PRIZE:**

A TROPICAL VACATION FOR ONE  
AND A BIG BAG OF GOLD COINS

Captain Porker will be the judge

**THIS SATURDAY NIGHT**

Captain Porker had to think of something for the Piganeeers to do as they waited for some action to come their way.

He had an idea. He'd organize a talent show where each pirate could perform.

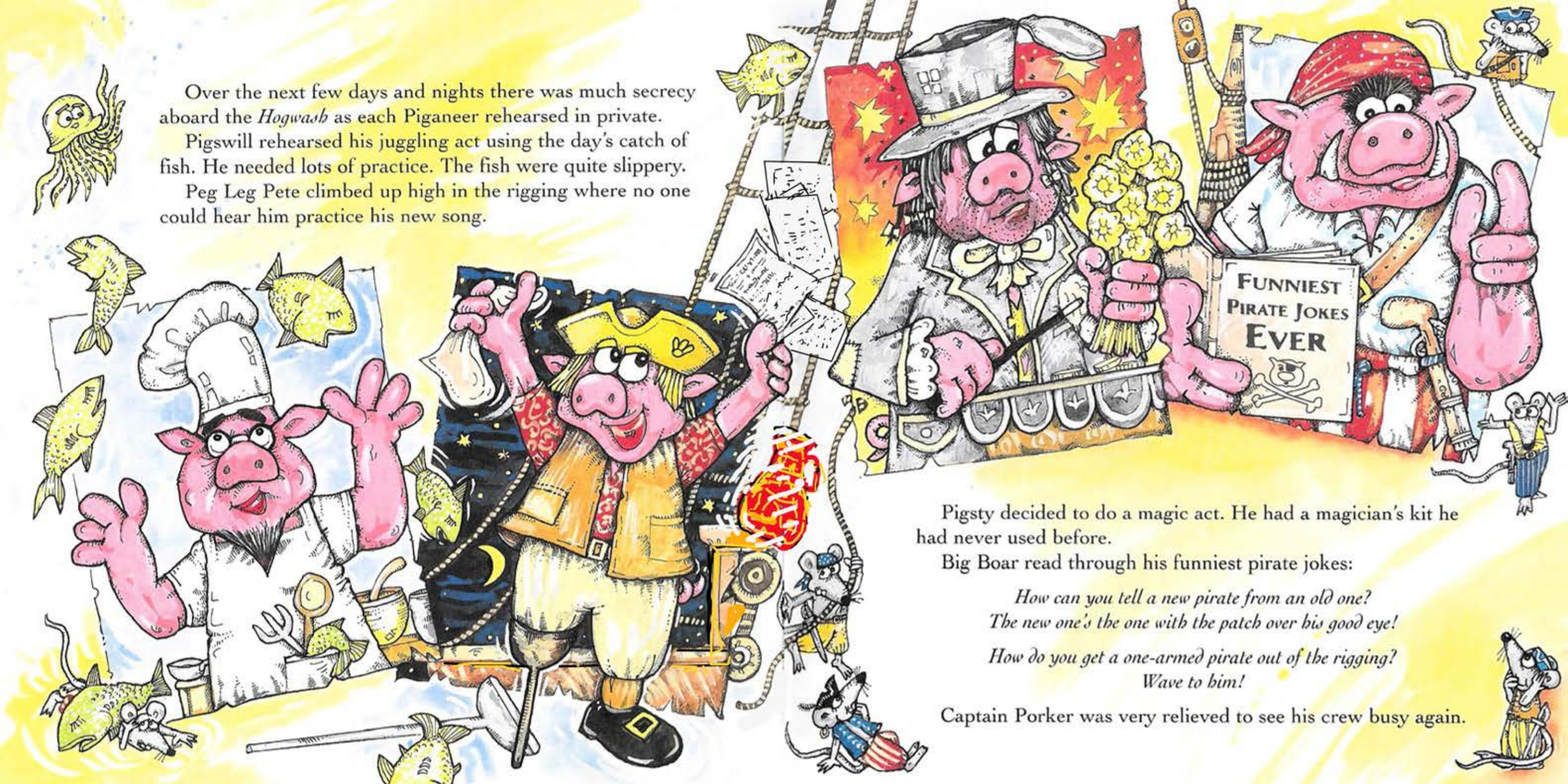
He nailed a poster up on the mainmast. The Piganeeers all gathered round to read it.

Everybody wanted to win the prize. Big Boar decided to tell jokes. Peg Leg Pete was going to sing a song. Pigsty didn't know what to do.

"Perhaps you could take a bath," sniggered Piglet Ned.  
"That'd be entertaining."

Captain Porker ordered everyone to keep their comments—and their acts—to themselves.

"Let them be a big surprise," he bellowed.



Over the next few days and nights there was much secrecy aboard the *Hogwash* as each Piganeer rehearsed in private.

Pigswill rehearsed his juggling act using the day's catch of fish. He needed lots of practice. The fish were quite slippery.

Peg Leg Pete climbed up high in the rigging where no one could hear him practice his new song.

Pigsty decided to do a magic act. He had a magician's kit he had never used before.

Big Boar read through his funniest pirate jokes:

*How can you tell a new pirate from an old one?  
The new one's the one with the patch over his good eye!  
How do you get a one-armed pirate out of the rigging?  
Wave to him!*

Captain Porker was very relieved to see his crew busy again.



After all the preparation, the big night finally arrived. The *Hogwash* was decorated with lanterns that shined brightly. Everyone was dressed in their cleanest clothes. Old Salty the parrot loudly rang the ship's bell.

"Be quiet, you pigs," he squawked. "The show's about to start. The first act tonight will be . . ."

The Piganeers had never laughed so much or so loud. Pigswill dropped his slippery fish. Big Boar got stage fright and forgot the punch lines to his awful jokes. Everyone covered their piggy ears when Peg Leg Pete sang. They clapped loudly when Pigsty pulled a very annoyed rat out of his magician's hat.

Captain Porker scored each act.



As the talent show neared its end, the captain decided he wanted a turn in the spotlight. He was going to recite a poem. He stepped out, ignoring the groans from the audience.

“The pig stood on the burning deck,  
A cutlass in his hand —”

**CRASH!** Suddenly, the captain was sent sprawling across the deck.

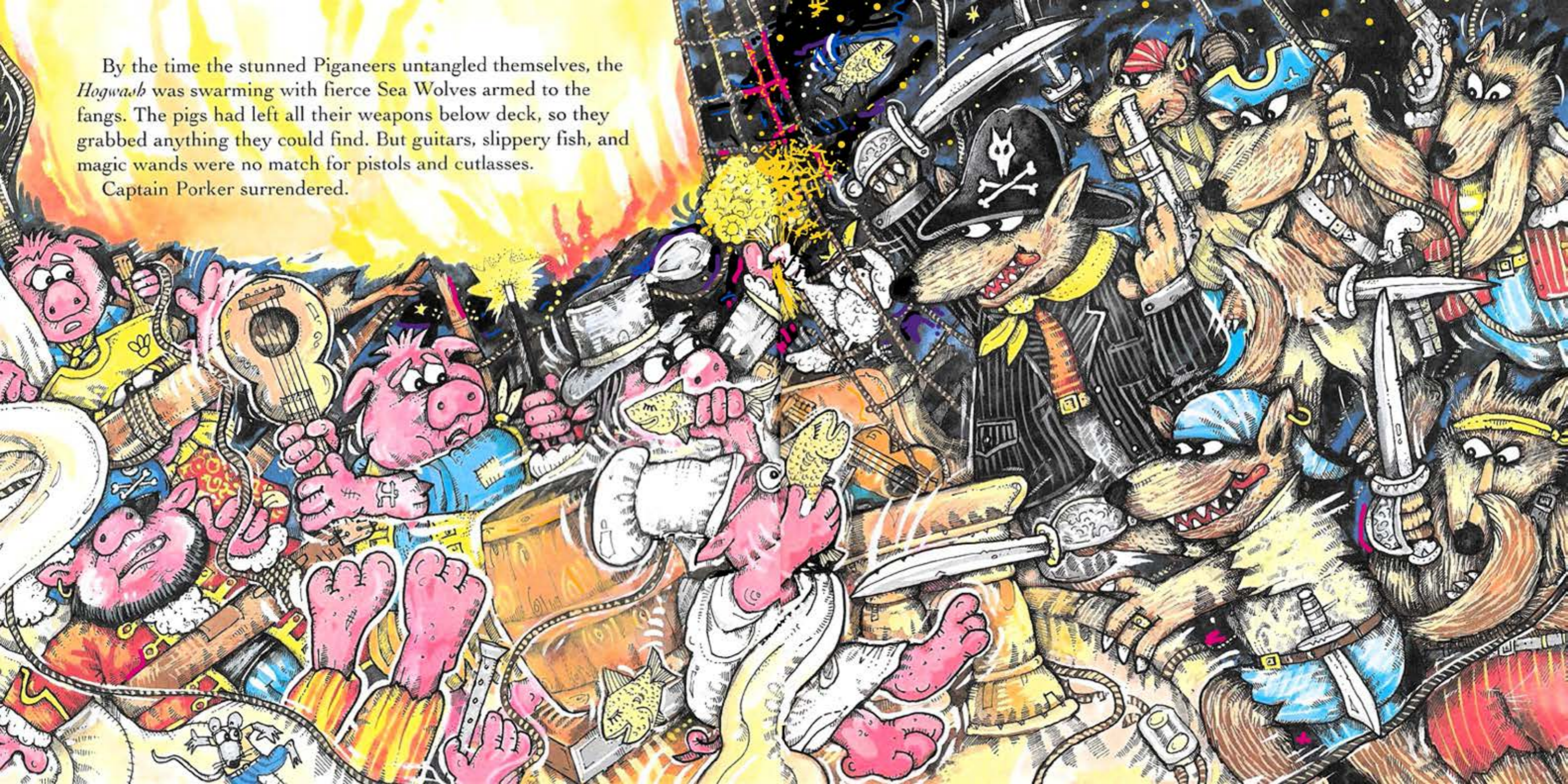


The *Hogwash* had run into the *Dogpatch*, the ship belonging to Captain Fang and the Sea Wolves! They were the Piganeeers' dreaded rivals. The pigs had been so busy with the show, they hadn't seen the *Dogpatch* anchored by a small island.

Captain Fang couldn't believe his luck. He'd spied the *Hogwash* and ordered his crew to crouch behind the railing, cutlasses at the ready. Then they waited for the ships to collide, and attacked!



By the time the stunned Piganeers untangled themselves, the *Hogwash* was swarming with fierce Sea Wolves armed to the fangs. The pigs had left all their weapons below deck, so they grabbed anything they could find. But guitars, slippery fish, and magic wands were no match for pistols and cutlasses. Captain Porker surrendered.

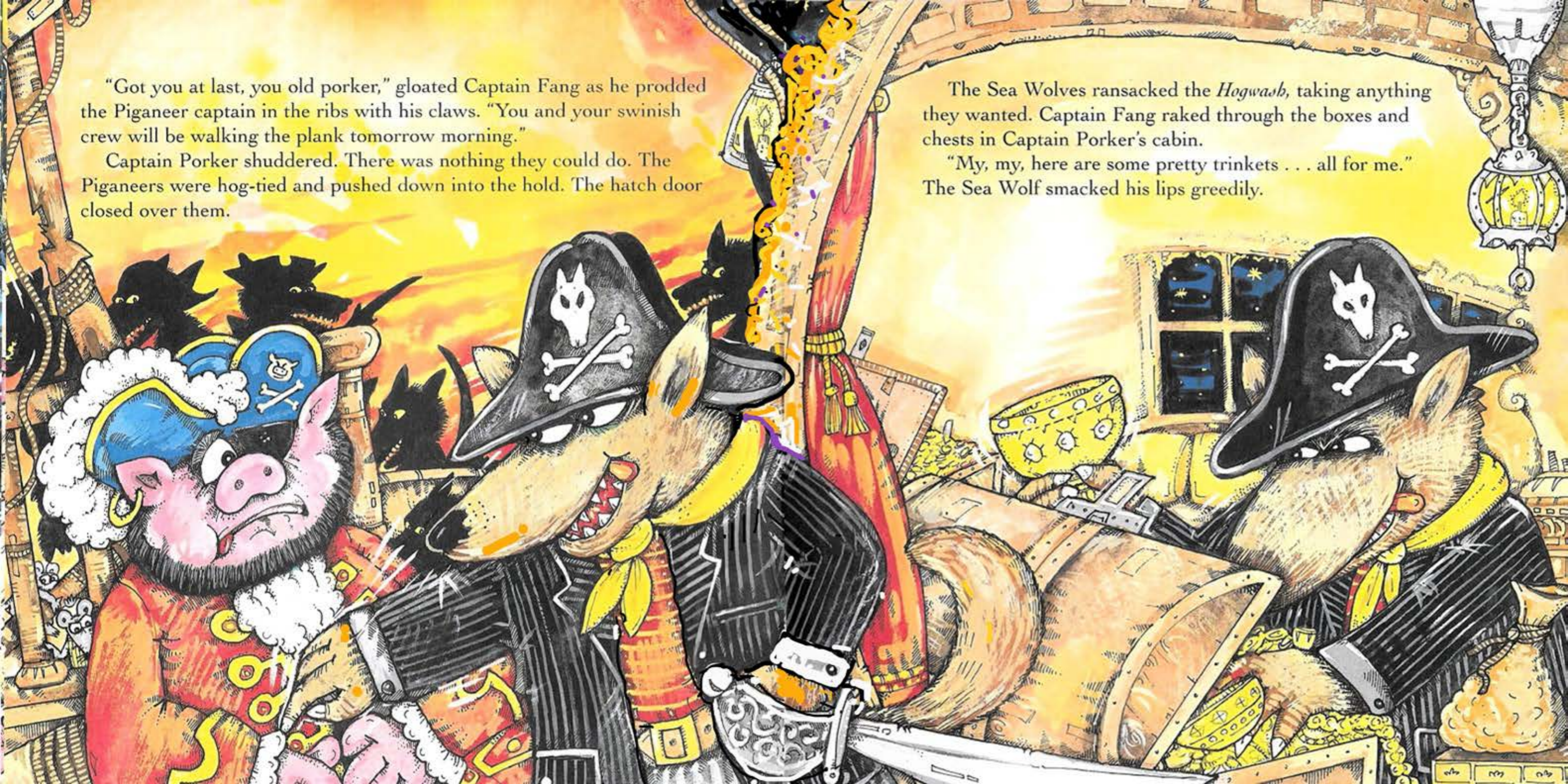


"Got you at last, you old porker," gloated Captain Fang as he prodded the Piganeeer captain in the ribs with his claws. "You and your swinish crew will be walking the plank tomorrow morning."

Captain Porker shuddered. There was nothing they could do. The Piganeeers were hog-tied and pushed down into the hold. The hatch door closed over them.

The Sea Wolves ransacked the *Hogwash*, taking anything they wanted. Captain Fang raked through the boxes and chests in Captain Porker's cabin.

"My, my, here are some pretty trinkets . . . all for me." The Sea Wolf smacked his lips greedily.





The Piganeeers lay bumped and bruised down in the gloomy hold of the *Hogwash*.

"I've got a miserable headache," moaned Pigsty.

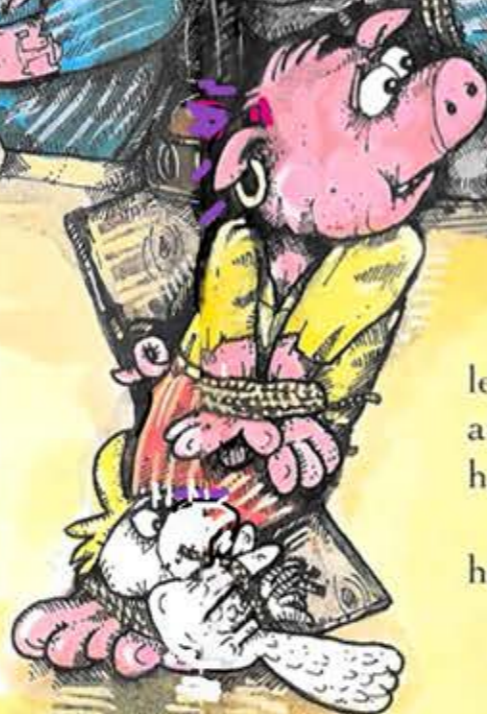
"So have I," echoed the other Piganeeers.

"Well, at least you had a chance to perform," snorted Warty Hog. "I didn't."

"What were you going to do, anyway, catch a rat?" chortled Peg Leg Pete.

"No, I was going to perform my rope escape trick that I learned from my uncle, the Great Hogdini. He could untie any knot. Look, I'll show you." In seconds flat, Warty Hog had shaken free of the ropes around his wrist.

"That's magnificent," grunted Captain Porker. "Now hurry up and untie *us*!"





The Piganeers collected their weapons from the lockers as Piglet Ned peeped out onto the deck. The Sea Wolves were snoozing by their pirate treasure.

The pigs charged out with fierce grunts and loud snorts. The Sea Wolves ran for their lives back onto their ship and pushed off from the *Hogwash*. These pigs were really angry!

Captain Porker and his crew fired off their pistols and waved their cutlasses in the air. They had taken back their ship and beaten the Sea Wolves!





Once again, the wind blew strongly and the Piganeeers sailed away. The crew still wanted to know who had won the talent show. Captain Porker decided that the winner was . . . Warty Hog! After all, he had saved the day.

The tropical vacation turned out to be a chair and a fake palm tree set out on the deck of the *Hogwash*. But Warty Hog was happy—with his new bag of gold coins, he could buy more rat traps!

# PIGANEERS

