

POJO AND THE CHEST OF DREAMS



Written by Tonya Meers and Natasha Dennis

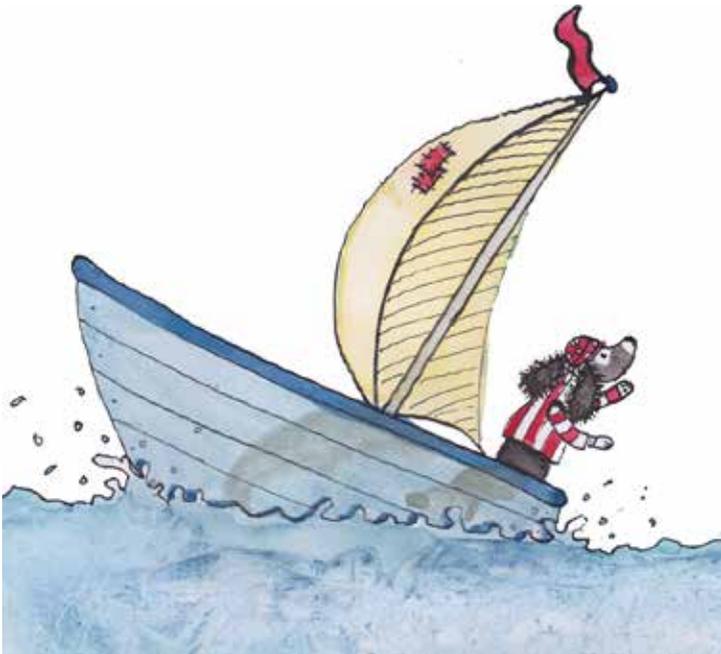
Illustrated by Chantal Bourgonje

Young Readers' Edition



Pojo and the Chest of Dreams

Written by Tonya Meers and Natasha Dennis
Illustrated by Chantal Bourgonje



Young Readers' Edition

First published in Great Britain in 2013 by Little Creative Days Ltd

Copyright © Little Creative Days Ltd

ISBN 978-1-909875-08-1

All rights reserved. Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of both the copyright owner and the publisher of this book.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, brands, media and incidents are either the product of the authors' imagination or are used fictitiously.

*To our family for all their support and Sam for
being our inspiration.*



Pojo and Sam snuggled up to each other as they did every night. Pojo's paws began to itch and he knew that meant the start of a new adventure.

A few minutes later, Sam turned over and released Pojo from his grip. As soon as Pojo knew Sam was asleep he crept down to the edge of the bed and slid onto a beanbag.

Pojo was still dressed in the pirate outfit that Sam had put on him for their game that afternoon. Black cropped trousers replaced his usual turquoise ones, a red and white striped shirt, black eye patch, and his red and white spotted neckerchief had been tied around his head.

Pojo climbed into Sam's little blue boat that was still in the middle of the bedroom floor and put up the flag with the skull and cross-bones on it, that they had made earlier. He started to rock the boat pretending to be on the ocean waves. Suddenly

he heard a whooshing sound and the boat rocked violently. Pojo gripped the sides with his paws and shut his eyes tight. The waves crashed against the side of the boat and a bolt of lightning lit up the evening sky. Pojo clung onto the mast just as a huge wave crashed over top of him. He coughed and spluttered as the boat bounced around on the waves raging around him.

“I don’t like this!” he cried.

As the storm calmed Pojo shivered. He didn’t know where he was. He noticed that his boat was starting to sink, so he began scooping out the water as fast as he could with his paws. He looked around him and saw a big ship on the horizon. It looked a bit battered from the storm and one of its masts was broken but he could see people on the deck so he waved to them hoping that they would see him before he sank.

Captain Goodheart was up on deck looking at his

broken mast. Meanwhile Stan, his first mate, was looking through the spyglass to see if he could see dry land. He spotted Pojo in his boat waving at them.



“Look Cap’n I can see a pirate out there in a small boat and he’s waving at us.”

“Let me look, well I’ll be blowed Stan you’re right!”

Poor devil looks a bit wet and bedraggled, let's go and rescue him."

The Good Fortune pulled up alongside Pojo.

"Well what do we 'ave 'ere, you alright lad?" asked



Captain Goodheart.

“I don’t know where I am, do you?”

“Aye I do that, but you best climb aboard and we’ll get you dried off. That was quite a storm we just ‘ad. Now how did ye get yerself out ‘ere in that small boat?”

“Well I get these itchy paws, so I got into my boat and here I am.”

“Aye, I’m always itching to get off dry land. Just as well you found us then!” replied Goodheart. “Now, let me introduce ourselves. I’m Captain Goodheart and this is me ship The Good Fortune. This ‘ere is Sicknote Stan on account of ‘im always feeling seasick. Our cook, Barbara Que, we call her Barbie for short as she has a knack of burning everything and that there’s Pete the Parrot, I rescued ‘im from me old arch enemy Blackeye and he’s a much nicer parrot these days.”

“Pieces of eight, pieces of eight, nice to meet you,” squawked Pete.

“Where are you going?” asked Pojo.

“We’re off to the Isle of Plenty to find the Chest of Dreams.”

“What’s in the Chest of Dreams?”

“Well legend has it that if a good person finds the chest they will be able to grant the dreams and wishes of those who have been good. But if the chest is found by a bad person then they don’t get anything.”

“Can I come only there’s something I’d like to wish for?” asked Pojo.

“Of course ye can lad. Now every good pirate needs a nickname, so what’s your name?” asked Goodheart.

“Pojo.”

“Well what about Pojo Paws as you’re a little dog. You can be me first mate, Stan ‘ere won’t mind, it’s not a job he likes, he’s hopeless with the navigating on account of the fact e’s usually got his ‘ead over the side.”

“That sounds important, what do I have to do?”

“Well you need to shimmy up that there riggin’ to the crow’s nest and keep lookout for other pirates or any more storms, both can be just as dangerous,” replied Goodheart.

“Other pirates?”

“Aye,” replied Goodheart, “y’see we’s the good pirates and there’s not many of us around. I left my bad old life of thieving behind years ago. Couldn’t stand being locked up y’see and the food was terrible, worse than Barbs, so now whatever I find out at sea goes to the poor or the less well off. Right then me hearties, stand to attention,” commanded Goodheart.

They all stood in line and shouted, “Aye, Aye Cap’n”. “Right Paws up the riggin’ and fix that sail, Barbie go and see what delights you can cook up for supper and Stan.....Stan.....oh not again.”

“Sorry Cap’n,” said Stan, wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

After they finished their jobs and got the boat



looking ship shape again they all sat down for their supper. All of them that was except Pete the parrot who had done another one of his disappearing acts. “Where’s that there parrot gone again?” asked Goodheart.

“Dunno Cap’n, he stretches his wings a lot these days,” replied Barb.

“I’m going to have to put a homing device on ‘im if he keeps that up. Now what’s for supper?”

“Bangers and mash,” replied Barb.

Pojo eyed the plate cautiously. Sausages were one of his favourites but he wasn’t sure about these. The mash was lumpy and the sausages were black on the outside.

“Up to your usual standard I see Barb?”

“Sorry Cap’n I followed the recipe but somehow mine never looks like it does in the book.”

“Aah never ye mind Barb when we find that Chest of Dreams we’ll soon have you cooking like that there Jamie Oliver in no time,” Goodheart reassured her.

Just at that moment they heard a clatter come from the Captain's quarters. "What the devil was that?" said Goodheart.

Goodheart and Barb went off to see what was going on and found Pete the Parrot on the floor covered in papers from the Captain's desk.

Meanwhile Pojo couldn't quite fancy the sausages so hid them in his trouser pockets. Stan chuckled, "I know Barb's cooking's not up to much is it?"

"I think I'll save them for later," replied Pojo, who really didn't want to offend Barb but didn't think he could force them down.

Pete flew into the kitchen with Goodheart and Barb chasing after him. "Where have you been Pete?" asked Stan.

"Found 'im in me study I did amongst me papers, they were everywhere."

"Braaaaawk, just looking Cap'n."

"I'll give ye just lookin', you've been acting up for

days,” replied Goodheart.

“Aah I see you two young whippersnappers were hungry then,” said Barb noticing that Stan and Pojo had finished their tea. “Would you like pudding?”

“No thank you I think I’ll just go to bed I’ve had a very busy day today,” replied Pojo.

“Aye you two young lads get some shuteye we’ve got a big day tomorrow,” said Goodheart.

Pojo and Stan settled down in their bunks for the night. Pojo’s thoughts turned to Sam. *He would love this, it’s a shame I can’t bring him with me when I go off on my adventures, I hope he’s ok.* Pojo’s eyes soon grew heavy with the gentle rocking of the boat and he fell asleep.

A little while later Pojo was woken up by a terrible noise. It sounded like some kind of horn going off. Then he heard a snorting noise coming from the other end of the galley.

Pojo sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes and looked around to see where the noise was coming from. “Good grief, it’s the Captain,” whispered Pojo. Pojo sat there with his head in his paws wondering how on earth he was going to get back to sleep. He looked across at Stan to see if he was awake and soon realised why he hadn’t been woken up as well – he was wearing ear plugs!

“Hmm, I need to sort that out,” said Pojo. Pojo got out of his bunk and went across to the Captain. The noise was deafening. Pojo held Goodheart’s nose for a second or two and Goodheart gave a snort then reached up to brush away whatever it was on his nose and turned over. Silence.

“Aah that’s better,” said Pojo. But then Barb started making a snorting sound. Pojo noticed one of Pete’s feathers on the floor. He

picked it up and started to tickle her under her nose. Barb lazily brushed her hand across her face and stopped snoring. Pojo was just wandering back to his bunk when she started again.

“Oh bother,” said Pojo so he went back and did it again. This time Barb turned over and the snoring stopped. “Aah peace,” said Pojo as he climbed back into bed.

The next morning he woke up to the sound of plates rattling and the smell of bacon. He wandered into the kitchen to find everyone already having breakfast.

“Aah there ye are, we wondered when you were going to show yer face,” said Goodheart.

“Sorry I didn’t sleep that well, I was woken up by some terrible noises in the night,” replied Pojo.

“Never ‘eard a thing. I ‘ad a funny dream though, thought that someone had held my nose, most odd it were,” replied Goodheart.

Pojo sat down and tried not to chuckle.

“There y’go young man,” said Barb putting his plate of bacon and egg in front of him. Pojo looked at it, the bacon was very crispy, so crispy that it snapped when he picked it up to eat it and the egg ran all over the plate. Pojo ate it but he’d had better.

Stan could see what Pojo was thinking.

“This is one of Barb’s better meals, you should see her porridge, it’s that stiff we use it to plug holes with.”

“Now then Stan, Barb can’t help the fact that she’s not a good cook but we’ll soon sort that out once we find that Chest O’ Dreams,” said Goodheart.

“How long ‘till we get to the Isle of Plenty?” asked Pojo.

“Bout a couple of hours I’d say,” replied Goodheart, “So let’s get this ship looking spick and span. C’mon crew jump to it.”

A little while later Pojo was up in the crow’s nest

keeping watch when he spotted an island.

“Land ahoy!” shouted Pojo.

The Captain looked through his spyglass. “Aye you’re right Paws, that’s the Isle of Plenty alright, splice the mainsail.”



Once they reached the island, they dropped anchor and rowed ashore in Pojo’s small boat.

Goodheart got out his map and compass.

“Right then crew,” he said scratching his head, “I think the treasure is buried smack bang in the middle of this island, but it’s not a straight run

though. First we need to find north.” Goodheart moved his compass around, “Aah there it is right, 10 paces that way.”

They all marched 10 paces forward.

“Now we need to go 10 paces to the west.” They all counted 10 paces to the left. “Now another 10 paces north, and finally 20 paces to the east. Right I think this is the spot,” said Goodheart.

“Oh you mean this spot with the X marked on the tree,” laughed Pojo.

“Yes, yes alright, less of your cheek Paws or there will be no dinner for you,” said Goodheart, slightly flustered.

So they started to dig.....and dig.....and dig.

“Something tells me that this isn’t the right spot,” said Stan, wiping sweat from his brow.

“Hmm I think you might be right there lad,” said the Captain looking at the map and scratching his head.

“Are you sure you had the map the right way up Captain?” asked Pojo.

“Yes, yes, yes,” said Goodheart, slightly embarrassed. He was puzzled, how could the treasure not be there. Pojo got up out of the hole they had been digging and went for a wander round.

As he wandered amongst the palm trees he found another tree with an X on it.

“Over here,” he shouted, “there’s another tree with an X on it.”

With that Stan stopped digging, Captain Goodheart looked at his map again. “You’re right Paws. In fact there should be another one as well as it looks like they form a triangle.” Goodheart twisted the map one way then the other. “Aah I see it now, the treasure is buried in the centre of the triangle.”

With that the three of them marched to the triangle. They were digging for a good 10 minutes when

Pojo scratched against something solid. “I think I’ve found it Cap’n,” shouted Pojo triumphantly.

With that they dug a bit more until they uncovered the chest. Pojo and Stan lifted it out of the hole. The captain brushed the sand away and found a message on the top of the box.

To the finder of this chest,
If you have been good your dreams will
 come true
If you have been bad there will only be
 trouble for you.
Hold the lamp to make a wish and say
‘Finicky fish, finicky fish, finicky fish’

“Right crew let’s get this chest back to the ship and get away from here before anyone else comes along.” Goodheart had just turned around when.....

“Avast. What do we have ere. Not so fast I’ll be taking that. I knew if anyone was going to find the Chest of Dreams you would Goodheart,” said Blackeye.



“Well Blackeye, I wondered when ye might turn up,” said Goodheart.

“Who’s that?” whispered Pojo to Stan.

“Blackeye,” replied Stan, “now there’s going to be trouble.”

“Aye a little bird told me you’d be here,” said Blackeye.

“That darn parrot I knew he was up to something,” replied Goodheart. “I see you’ve still got your motley crew with you,” said Goodheart.

With that Blackeye’s crew came out from behind him. Menacing Matilda stood by Blackeye with her legs astride and arms crossed in front of her chest looking mean and moody.

Bucktooth Billy came wandering around looking for something to eat and sucking on the gap where his teeth should have been and Bruce the bulldog, growled at them menacingly.



“Well it’s no good you getting your hands on the chest Blackeye, it won’t work for you it only works if you’ve been good,” said Goodheart.

“Well let’s see shall we?” replied Blackeye.

With that they opened the chest and jewels glittered inside.

“Wow!” said Matilda, “These would look great on me Captain.” She put her hand in to pull out a handful of jewels but they turned into a handful of sand.

“How did that happen?” she cried, jibbing her lip. “Let me try,” said Blackeye, he dipped his hand in but all he got was a handful of slugs. “Grrrr.”



Goodheart laughed, “Well it was obvious you lot were never going to get anything out of this chest



because you haven't got a good bone in your bodies.”
“Oh and you think your lot can do any better do you?” challenged Blackeye.

“Well let's see shall we?” replied Goodheart. “Barb why don't you give it a go?”

Barb picked up a lamp with a green jewelled lid, nothing happened. She closed her eyes and made her wish and said, “Finicky fish, finicky fish, finicky

fish.” The lamp rattled and shook and Barb felt her hands tingle.

“Well whaddy know,” said Blackeye rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “But what did you wish for Barb?” he asked.

“To be able to cook,” replied Barb.

“Ha ha, I didn’t think it could grant miracles Barb,” laughed Blackeye.

“Well let’s just see shall we?” said Barb indignantly.

“It looks like there’s no point in you even bothering to try to get hold of this chest Blackeye as it’s obvious your lot won’t get anything out of it.”

While all this was going on Pojo and Stan disappeared. Pojo had an idea and whispered to Stan to follow him. The two of them snuck off while the others were arguing over the chest.

Pojo and Stan went back to the boat closely followed by Pete the Parrot, they untied Blackeye’s small boat and pushed it off so it drifted out to sea.

“Right,” said Pojo, “all we have to do now is find a way to get us and the chest back to our boat and leave Blackeye and his crew here.”

“How are we going to do that?” asked Stan.

“It’s ok Stan, I have a plan.”

Pojo whispered to Stan what he had thought of

“Good idea Pojo,” replied Stan.

With that the two of them got into their boat and went back to The Good Fortune. They found some sweets in the cupboard as well as a rope and a fishing net that Goodheart kept in the galley. Then Pojo remembered the sausages that he had put in his pockets, “We’ll need these as well,” said Pojo.

They rowed back to the island and found Blackeye and his crew still trying to make their wishes work, without success.

Goodheart saw Pojo and Stan come back and

he could tell by their faces that they were up to something.

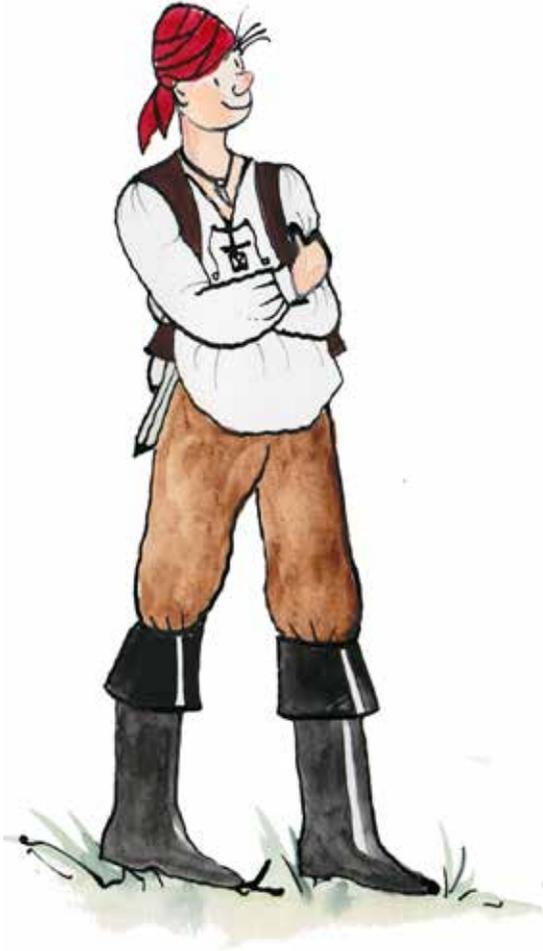
While Goodheart and Blackeye were bickering, Pojo laid the net on the floor and tied the edges with the rope. He climbed up the tree with the rope in his mouth and threw the other end down to Stan who tied the end of the rope to the net. They laid the sausages and sweets in the middle of it. As they came back they heard Blackeye telling Bucktooth Billy that he had to try to make a wish and to see what happened.

Billy, not wanting to upset Blackeye, did what he was told. He desperately wanted some new teeth because he regretted eating all those sweets and not looking after them properly. He picked up the lamp and to everyone's surprise, nothing happened to it. Then he closed his eyes, made his wish and said, "Finicky fish, finicky fish, finicky fish." He felt the lamp shake and his mouth tingle. He opened his

eyes and ran his tongue around his new teeth. He couldn't believe it and neither could the others.

“Ah ha, it looks like not all of your crew are as ‘orrible as you Blackeye.”

“Or that chest is just unpredictable,” said Blackeye.



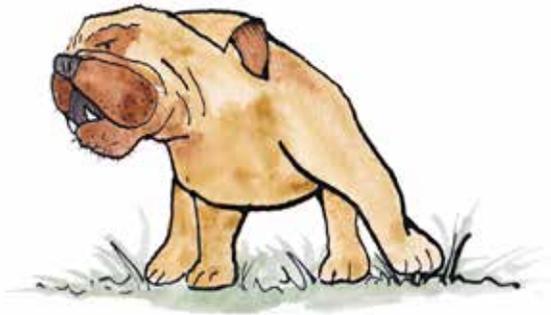
“The chest never lies,” replied Goodheart.

“Why don’t you come and join our crew Billy?”

Billy looked at Blackeye and then Goodheart, not really sure what to do. Blackeye tried to make a grab for him but he ran to Goodheart and they grabbed him out of Blackeye’s reach. Goodheart saw Pojo beckoning them. Goodheart, Barb and Billy tried to work their way back towards them. Bruce started to sniff the air; he could smell the sausages and wandered off in the direction of the net. Goodheart edged back.

“Don’t think you’re going to get away with Billy that easily,” said Blackeye. “After them crew.”

Goodheart, Barb and Billy made a dash for it



closely followed by Blackeye and Matilda. But it was too late, Bruce was already at the net eating the sausages. Pete the parrot started to squawk, “It’s a trap, it’s a trap.” As soon as they were all on it Pojo and Stan gave it one big pull and caught the lot of them.

“Well done lads,” said Goodheart, “now lets tie ‘em up, get the chest and get off this island.”

Blackeye and his crew were shouting and wriggling but the more they wriggled the tighter the net got. Pojo and Stan locked the chest and carried it back to their ship leaving Blackeye and his crew shouting and hollering.

“Well done you two,” said Goodheart. “Now Billy what are we going to do with you?”

“He can help me in the kitchen,” said Barb.

“I’ll do anything to help Captain Goodheart but please don’t make me go back to Blackeye.”

“The chest doesn’t lie so you’ve obviously got caught

up with a bad crowd.”

“That’s what me mam always said,” replied Billy.

Back on The Good Fortune Barb headed straight for the kitchen to test out her new culinary skills.

After they had eaten a fantastic meal Goodheart suggested that the rest of them could have their wishes too. Stan made his wish to stop feeling seasick and Goodheart wished for the mast to be fixed.

“Now what about you Paws?”

“Well Cap’n I’ve had a fantastic adventure but I would really like to get back to my friend Sam.”

“Very well Pojo, we’ll miss you but if that’s what you need to do.”

Pojo gave everyone a big hug, picked up the lamp and said, “Finicky fish, finicky fish, finicky fish”. He closed his eyes and made his wish. When he opened them he found himself back in his boat in Sam’s

bedroom. Sam was still fast asleep so Pojo got back on the bed and settled down for the rest of the night.

The End



Meet Pojo on the first of his travels as he attempts to find the Chest of Dreams.



On the way he encounters storms and pirates, but can he get back before Sam wakes up?

Published by Little Creative Days Ltd
Craft kits and other items related to this
story are also available
www.littlecreatedays.co.uk



ISBN 978-1-909875-08-1