

## Design Your Own Pirate Island

The Accidental Pirates takes place in a world full of strange islands.

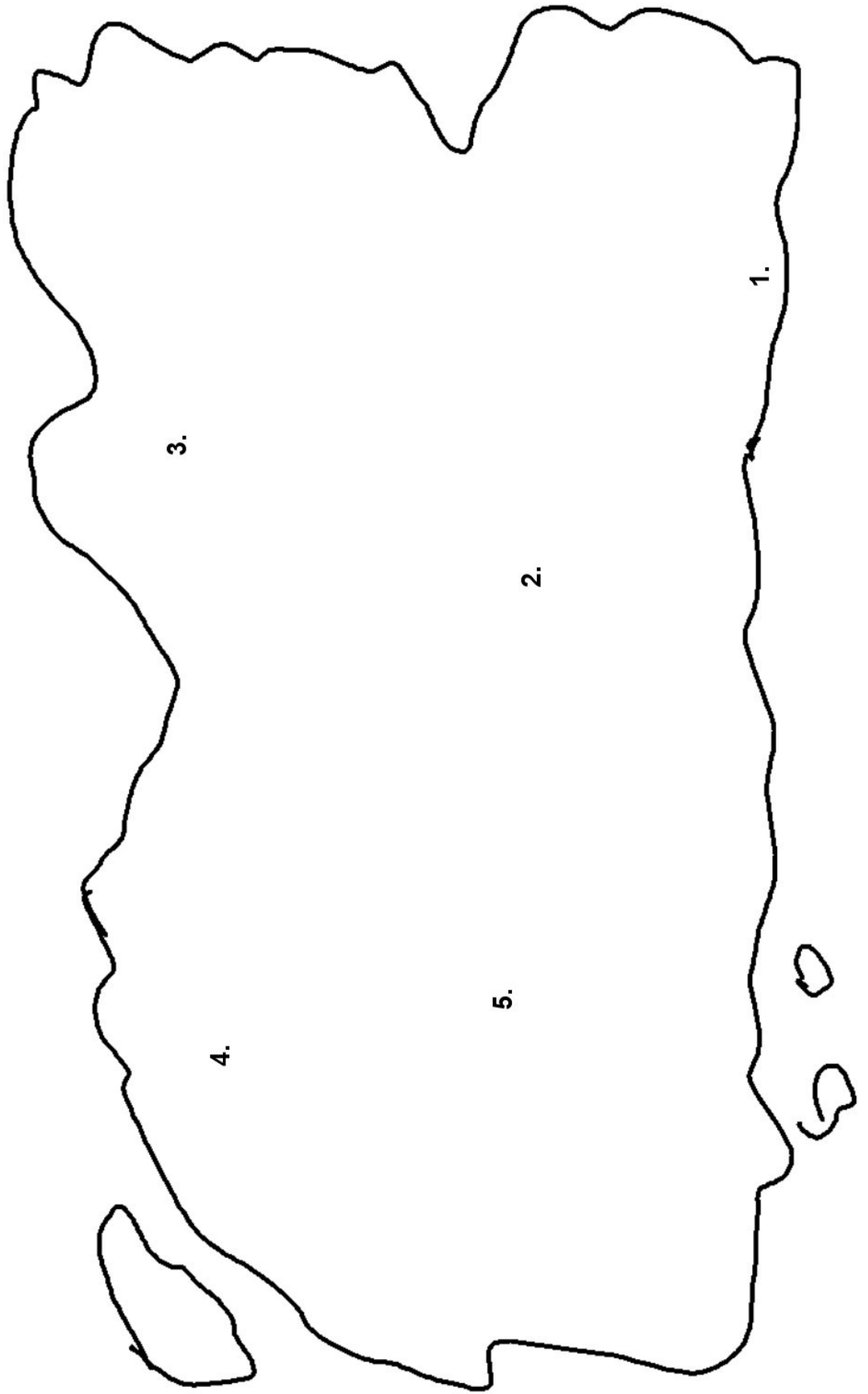
Here's your chance to design your own island.

On the next page you have an outline.

First give your island a name

Then, fill in the numbers 1-5 with different places on the island. Think of the kind of things you might find there – forest, beach, mountains, fields and so on. You can draw them in if you like.

Island



Now comes the fun, describing part.

Take each place in turn and describe it. Use lots of adjectives. What is the ground like? Are there any strange plants, any dangerous animals or birds around?

For inspiration, here is a passage from *Voyage to Magical North*. The crew have just reached the library island of Barnard's Reach.

It had been so long since Brine had set foot on land that when she stepped out of the rowing boat onto the beach, she felt as if the ground were swaying underneath her. Cassie and Trudi

didn't seem to notice— they were more used to it, Brine supposed.

She looked around. She couldn't see any libraries— only gray cliffs with birds nesting on every ledge.

“Where—” she started to ask.

Trudi hushed her. “Keep your voice down. They say the whole island is made of glass, and any sudden noise will shatter it.”

“Who says?”

Trudi looked up at the cliffs and the circling birds. “I don't know. Just *they*.”

Cassie started toward a path that zigzagged up along the cliff face and began climbing, far too fast. Brine felt oddly deflated as she followed. She'd spent the past week imagining soaring towers made entirely out of books, but so far there was nothing to see but rocks and birds.

Admittedly, there were a lot of birds. They were everywhere, from black seamartins with flashes of yellow on their wings to the giant atlas gulls, whose feathers looked like a map of the world. The constant beat of wings was only drowned out by the even more constant sound of shrieking and cawing. Trudi was eyeing the nearest ones, and Brine knew she was imagining them boiled in pastry.

More birds scattered as they reached the top of the path. Cassie paused and rested her hands on her knees, breathing hard. A wooden sign stood to perfect attention before them.

*Welcome to Barnard's Reach, Home of Knowledge.*

*Please Follow The Rules.*

# Your Own Island

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Congratulations! You now have your very own island. You might like to invent some adventures that happen there.

I love hearing from readers. Please come and visit my website at [www.clairefayers.com](http://www.clairefayers.com) and tell me about your islands.