

Smile, please

Kit Chaipan sat down on the harbour wall and looked across the bay. The sun was hot and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. But Kit wasn't happy.

There aren't any tourists this morning, he thought. I'm not going to earn much money today. The weather information on the radio said 'rain' and tourists always listen to weather information. But it was wrong – it isn't raining.

Kit looked at the old camera in his hand. It belonged to his father. Kit wanted to earn money to buy a new camera. In the school holidays, he took photographs of the visitors to his town. He loved taking photos. The tourists liked Kit. He smiled a lot – and he took good photographs of them.

Kit's town was on a pretty bay. Some people there earned money from fishing, and some people worked in the small hotels beside the bay. Rich people came there on holiday. They liked to sail yachts between the small islands across the bay.

Kit looked at *Summer Cloud*. It was the biggest yacht in the harbour, and it belonged to Bob Chapman. Bob's clients were always rich and famous people.

Who has hired Bob Chapman's yacht today? Kit thought. *Well, I know one thing – he won't give me any information. He never does.*

Kit was right. Bob Chapman promised his famous clients three things: good sailing, good food – and no *paparazzi*.

In a house on a hill above the bay, Anna Lee was unhappy too.



‘What am I going to do at home, Mum?’ she said. ‘I’m fifteen and I haven’t got a holiday job – *and* all my friends are away.’

‘That’s not a problem,’ said her mother. ‘You can clean the house for me.’

‘I don’t like cleaning very much,’ said Anna. ‘Can I do the cooking?’

The phone rang and Anna’s mother went to answer it. It was Bob Chapman. He was a friend of the family, and he wanted to speak to Anna.

‘Hello, Anna,’ said Bob. ‘What are you doing for the next three days?’

‘Er...not much,’ said Anna. ‘Why, Bob?’

‘I’ve got a problem. Some clients want to sail to Moon Island tomorrow. I really want to do this job...and I’ve promised them. But Lily is ill. She cooks and cleans for me. Can you help, Anna? You’re good at cooking, aren’t you? You cooked a great meal for your mother’s birthday. You’ll only have to cook one meal – lunch. We’ll have dinner on the island.’

‘Yes!’ said Anna. ‘Well, I’ll have to ask Mum, but yes, I’d like to. I’m a good cook. Who are your clients?’

‘I can’t tell you yet,’ said Bob. ‘You know why. I promise my clients – no *paparazzi*. Can you come today, Anna? They want to leave early in the morning. You’ll have to clean the cabins and make the beds this afternoon – and do some shopping for me. Is that okay?’

‘Okay,’ said Anna. ‘I’ll ask Mum to drive me down to the harbour. Thank you, Bob. I’ll see you later.’

Anna put down the phone and talked to her mother about the job. ‘I’ll work hard,’ she said. ‘Maybe Bob will give me a job on his boat for the summer.’





It didn't rain, and some tourists came to the harbour in the afternoon. 'Smile, please!' said Kit, and he took their photographs.

From the deck of a black motorboat, a young woman watched Kit.

Mmm...a photographer, she thought. Perhaps he'll know about that big yacht in the harbour...

A car arrived at the harbour. The woman watched a girl with short hair get out. A man met the girl, took her bag and helped her into a small boat. He was tall, with white hair, and he wore a lifejacket. His face was brown from being in the sun. The girl put on a lifejacket. Then the small boat made its way out to the big yacht.

'Tommy!' the woman called. 'Come here!'

A big, strong man came up onto the deck of the motorboat. He wore a large white hat and a jacket.

'What do you want, Jade?' he asked.

The woman looked at Kit, then across the water at Anna on *Summer Cloud*. 'What do you think?' she asked. 'Yes or no?'

Tommy understood. He touched his jacket, where he had a small gun. He suddenly smiled. 'Yes, my dear!' he answered.

Pirates!



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