

Chris Owen started to write about Hairy Mole whilst living in a tent in the hills of Figline Valdarno, Tuscany, Italy.

After travelling through Asia and teaching in Taiwan, he now lives by the sea in sunny Hove, East Sussex.

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www.hairymolethepirate.co.uk



Also by Chris Owen:

Hairy Mole the Pirate

Hairy Mole's Adventures on the High
Seas

Hairy Mole and the Pirate Olympics

Hairy Mole

and the

Precious Islands

by

Chris Owen



Hairy Mole and the Precious Islands

by Chris Owen

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Dedications

Many thanks to all the pirates who have enjoyed reading Hairy Mole's previous adventures. I hope you enjoy this offering.

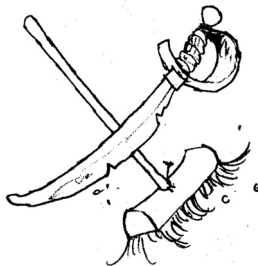
Welcome to the world, Harry and George Oliver and Teseo Poma. Also a big yo-ho-ho to Harley and Luke Rouse.

Special thanks to Denno and his amazing eyebrows.

As always, love and peace to my family, especially Nikki, Mum and Dad and Ken and Penny.

May your love of jam and pickles never fade.

Chris Owen

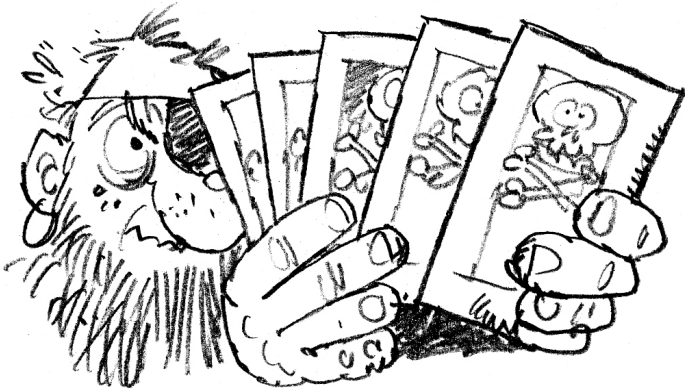


One

Clint East Mole

“Eeeek!” thought Hairy Mole, as he examined the five **cards** splayed in his grubby hand.

The King of Hearts, sporting a particularly ginger mullet, *beamed* up at him.



The rest of the cards peeked from behind the King, gradually revealing themselves, as Hairy Mole's thumb forced them out of their hiding place: a two of Clubs, the six of Hearts, the four of Hearts and finally a second King, this time bearded and wearing what looked like a novelty apron: the King of Clubs.

“OK, OK, this is it, Moley my lad. One more go and you've got her, you've got her right where you want her.” The pirate's brow

furrowed in concentration

as the thoughts entered his head.

Hairy Mole slammed the three non-picture cards down onto the table.

“Hit me!” he announced dramatically.

Three new cards were dealt into the clutches of Hairy Mole's warty fingers, and immediately they had their identities concealed behind the two Kings he already held in his hand.

Hairy Mole took great care not to reveal the cards' identities to his opponent. Carefully, using just his thumb and forefinger, the cards were teased into the open, introducing themselves one by one.



“Come on baby, papa needs a new pair of shoes.” Hairy Mole had started to think to himself in the voice of Clint Eastwood, and he squinted his eyes into two tiny slits as the new cards began to emerge from their hiding place.

First, the six of Clubs.

“Noooooooooooooooooooooo!”

Clint cried in Hairy Mole's head.



This time, even more tentatively, he examined the remaining two cards.

Was that a crown? Was it, was it?

“Ooooh. Globbits!”

Clint screamed, as the arrogant-looking Jack of Diamonds gave Hairy Mole a little wink and sat laughing in his hand.

One card left to see. Could this be a King? Could Hairy Mole the Pirate be catapulted into poker heaven with three bearded members of the playing card royal family?

“Gently, gently, geeeently,”

Clint advised, as the big, dirty-nailed thumb

squeezed the final card out into the open.

“Whoooooooooooooop!” Clint squeaked with delight in a most unlike-Clint fashion.

Hairy Mole grinned with pleasure, showing off his black teeth, before quickly adopting a more nonchalant poker face.

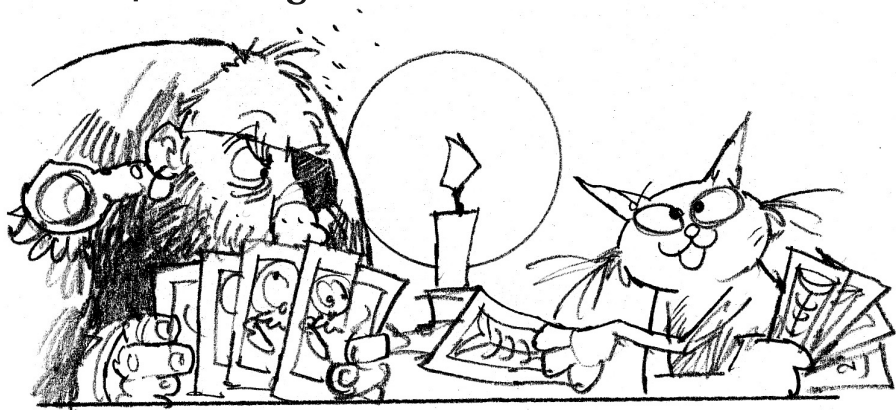
He knew that he was sitting pretty, with the King of Hearts, the King of Clubs and, finally, the elusive King of Diamonds in his hand. Well, sitting as pretty as you can with a nose like a turnip and ears with more wax than all the candles in the Vatican.

“What have you got, Cat?” Hairy Mole placed his cards face-down on the table and **stared** at his opponent. He raised a hairy eyebrow and allowed the corners of his cracked lips to rise *ever so slightly*, in anticipation of winning the crown of best card-player in the kitchen.

“Come on, Milky Whiskers, let’s see your paw.”

Opposite Hairy Mole there came an indignant sigh and, after a quick scratch behind the ear and a stare that could have turned milk to ice-cream, T-towel the Cat finally spoke. “Two pair, my filthy-nostrilled friend, **two pair!**”

T-towel raised an eyebrow and started to s m o o t h her whiskers back, as she looked at Hairy Mole S^quirmⁱng with delight in his chair.



T-towel began to turn her cards over one by one: the Ace of Clubs, the Ace of Diamonds ...

But before she could finish, Hairy Mole, unable to contain himself at the prospect of

finally beating his feline opponent for the first time in history, flipped his own cards over and proudly declared himself King of the Kitchen.

Hairy Mole sat beaming, waiting for a reaction from his poker-faced opponent as sweat poured from his rosy-red cheeks and plopped onto the old oak table.

“Just out of interest, young T-towel, what were the other cards besides those two measly Aces?” Hairy Mole let out an almighty pirate laugh that he had been practising for weeks:

“Haaaaaaahaaaaaaheeeeeee
heeeeehaaaaaaaaw!”

“Well, OK then, if you must know,” smiled the cat, revelling in the moment.

“I had a pair of Aces, and ... oh look,” T-towel flicked over another two cards with an outstretched



claw, “another two Aces, making two pair. Or I suppose you could call it four deuces, baby.

Read 'em and weep!”



That is precisely what Hairy Mole did; he threw his hands onto the old oak table and wept like a leaking tap.

“Why me, why me?

Please, let me beat her just once,
that’s all I ask,
just once!”

