

# The Pirate Substitute

A Reading A-Z Level P Leveled Book  
Word Count: 962



## Connections

### Writing

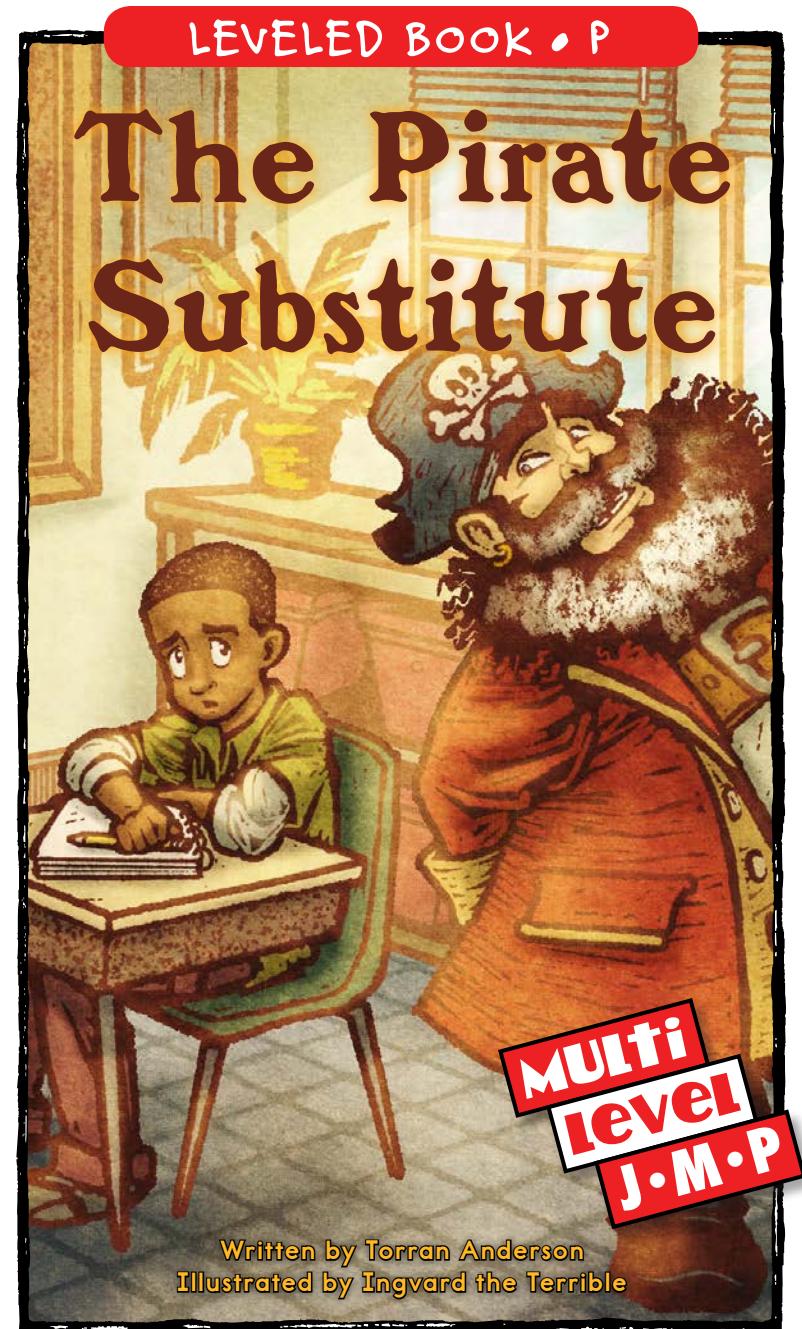
Write a fictional biography for Pirate Chalk Beard. Include his childhood, life as a pirate, and life as a substitute teacher.

### Social Studies

Make your own treasure map. Share your map with a partner and ask him or her to find your buried treasure.

Reading A-Z

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# The Pirate Substitute



Written by Torran Anderson  
Illustrated by Ingvard the Terrible

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## Focus Question

What lesson does Jack learn from Pirate Chalk Beard?

## Words to Know

clink	smear
shanty	substitute
geography	thumped
heave	treasure
literature	

## Pirate Words to Know

*ahoy*—a sailor's greeting to a passing ship

*avast*—a command to stop, used by sailors

*booty*—money or goods taken illegally or from an enemy in a time of war

*shiver me timbers*—a pirate oath used to express shock; "timbers" refers to the wooden support frame of a sailing ship

*scurvy dog*—an insult, referring to a life-threatening illness common to early sailors that was caused by a lack of vitamin C

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Level P Leveled Book  
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## Correlation

### LEVEL P

Fountas & Pinnell	M
Reading Recovery	28
DRA	28



Everyone was out of their desks and playing except for Jack, who sat in the back of the room alone. It was 8:05, and Mrs. Martinez still wasn't there, which could only mean one thing: a **substitute** teacher.

The door burst open and there stood—a pirate.

"Ahoy, mateys!" he said. "When I call ye name, say, 'Aye, aye.'"

"Rachel Anders?" the pirate called.

"Aye, aye," Rachel said.

"Juan Aguilar?" the pirate called.

"Aye, aye," Juan said.

"Jack Bornwall?" the pirate called.

"Here," Jack whispered.

"Ye be needin' to say, 'Aye, aye!'" the pirate said.

Jack sank down in his seat.





"He's shy," Juan said. "He doesn't talk much."

"Shiver me timbers!" the pirate said.

"No one's shy on Talk like a Pirate Day." His peg leg **thumped** on the floor as he walked to the board. "Me name is Pirate Chalk Beard."

He pulled back his sleeve, revealing a piece of chalk in place of a hand. The students gasped. Pirate Chalk Beard wrote his name on the board.

"I've traveled the seven school districts teaching all sorts of landlubbers," he said.

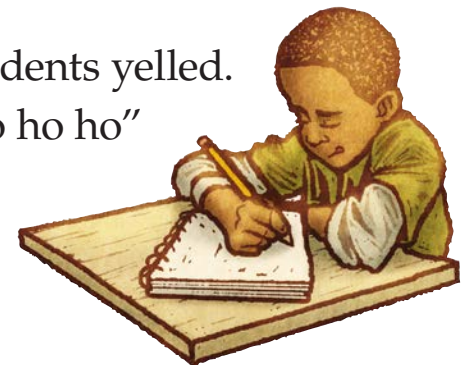
"What does *landlubbers* mean?" Rachel asked.

"Can't ye speak like a pirate?" Pirate Chalk Beard asked. "A landlubber is a land lover. Someone who lives on land and not the sea. Everyone say *landlubbers*."

"Landlubbers," the students repeated. Everyone, that is, except for Jack, who was busy drawing in his notebook.

"If ye be ready to learn, say, 'Yo ho ho!'" yelled Pirate Chalk Beard.

"Yo ho ho!" the students yelled. Jack mumbled "yo ho ho" under his breath and kept his head down.





Pirate Chalk Beard taught at a furious pace. In Science, he taught them how to use a compass to steer a ship. In **Literature**, he read to them from *Treasure Island*. In P.E., they pretended the jungle gym was a pirate ship. In **Geography**, he unrolled a giant map and pointed out the oceans. Occasionally, he would stop and point at the map. “There be pirates!” he would yell.



The students laughed and practiced yelling “ahoy” and “scurvy dog.” Pirate Chalk Beard thumped to the back of the room.

“What be so fascinatin’ there, young Jack?” he asked. “Hast ye heard a word I’ve been sayin’ all mornin’?”

“Aye,” said Jack.

Pirate Chalk Beard leaned over Jack’s desk. He peered at his notebook, then peered at Jack.

“May I?” he asked. “Me eyes don’t see as well as they once did.”

Jack nodded, and Pirate Chalk Beard lifted the notebook and studied it for some time. It was a drawing of a pirate, surrounded by skeletons, but putting up a wonderful fight. At last, Chalk Beard handed the notebook back to Jack.

“Arrr, it’s a beauty!” the pirate cried. He wiped away a tear with his chalk hand. It left a white **smear** down his cheek.



At last, he cleared his throat and stomped back to the front of the room. He paced in front of the class. “Now that ye can talk like pirates, and ye be as smart as pirates, it’s time to dress like pirates. If you want to dress like a pirate, say, ‘Arrr!’” he said.

“Arrr!” the class roared.

“Then it’s time to dig up me booty,” he announced.

“Your what?” Juan asked.

“Me treasure,” Chalk Beard said. He handed out shovels. “Follow me outside, mateys!”



The students followed their substitute teacher out the door. Once outside, he waved Jack over.

“Jack, me lad,” he called, and handed Jack an old map with a black X painted on it. “Show us the way to me booty!” he said.

Jack recognized some of the landmarks. There was the cafeteria, the slide, and an old crooked tree.

“I think it’s by the swings,” Jack said.



The class ran to the swings and started digging. Sand flew into the air as they sang a sea **shanty** Pirate Chalk Beard had taught them.

“**Heave** ho!” cried the pirate.

Finally, they heard a **clink** as they hit something solid.

“**Avast!**” cried the pirate.

They helped Chalk Beard lug out an enormous wooden chest. The lid opened with a creak—inside were pirate costumes.

“We share our booty equally,” he said.  
“Each of you may pick a costume to keep.”

The class pulled out the costumes in a frenzy. By the time Jack reached inside the treasure chest, though, there was nothing left. Chalk Beard shook his head.

“Alas, me lad. They’re like a hungry bunch of sharks,” he said.



Chalk Beard winked, took off his hat, and set it on Jack’s head. “I was once a shy pirate myself, y’know,” he said.

“You were?” Jack asked.

“Aye,” the pirate said.

Jack felt the brim of the large hat and smiled. “Thank you, Captain,” he said.

“Arrr!” Chalk Beard cried. “Me pleasure. Remember, matey, it isn’t the size of your voice that be matterin’. It’s the size of your heart.”





"I'll remember," Jack said. He grinned.

"I know why it takes pirates so long to learn the alphabet."

"Oh?" said Chalk Beard. "And why might that be?"

"Because they spend years at C," Jack said.

Chalk Beard laughed. "So we do," he said, then stroked his beard. "We also get stuck on 'Arrr.'"



## Glossary

<b>clink</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a light, sharp ringing sound (p. 12)
<b>geography</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	the natural features of Earth's surface; the study of those features (p. 7)
<b>heave</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	to lift (p. 12)
<b>literature</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	written works that have lasting value (p. 7)
<b>shanty</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a song that sailors sang while working (p. 12)
<b>smear</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a messy mark made by rubbing something (p. 9)
<b>substitute</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	someone or something that takes the place of another for a period of time (p. 3)
<b>thumped</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	knocked or pounded noisily (p. 5)
<b>treasure</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	something that is very special or valuable (p. 7)