

Mystery of the Cocos Gold

Saviour Pirotta

Illustrated by Mark Oldroyd



© 2004 **Pacific Learning**

© 2003 Written by **Saviour Pirotta**

Illustrated by **Mark Oldroyd c/o Arena**

Photography: p. 4 Peter Ryley/South American Pictures; pp.

4–5 Corel; p. 5 Amos Nachoum/Corbis UK Ltd.; pp. 30–31

Corel; p. 31 Peter Ryley/South American Pictures

U.S. edit by **Rebecca McEwen**

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

This Americanized Edition of *Mystery of the Cocos Gold*, originally published in England in 2003, is published by arrangement with Oxford University Press.

13 12 11 10 09

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

Published by

Pacific Learning

P.O. Box 2723

Huntington Beach, CA 92647-0723

www.pacificlearning.com

ISBN: 978-1-59055-371-8

PL-7316

Printed in China through Colorcraft Ltd., Hong Kong

Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Introduction	4
Chapter 1 The Letter Begins	6
Chapter 2 At the Port of Callao	9
Chapter 3 The Night of the Pirates	14
Chapter 4 Out at Sea	21
Chapter 5 At Cocos Island	23
Chapter 6 The Letter Ends	27
Story Background	30
Index	32
Glossary	32

Introduction

Cocos Island is a little island in the Pacific Ocean. No one lives there, and even today, it is difficult to reach. The boat from **Costa Rica**, the nearest country, can take more than two days to reach the isolated spot.

The island has only two bays. The rest of the coastline is rimmed by sheer cliffs that drop straight into the sea.



*One of the bays
on Cocos Island*



Waterfall on Cocos Island

Cocos Island is hot. Thick, blinding rain falls every day. In fact, the entire island is covered with a lush tropical rain forest. It's no wonder that many pirates in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thought Cocos Island was the ideal place to bury their treasure.

CHAPTER

1

The Letter Begins

To: John Hawker
27 Ballards Lane
Peckham, England
September 22, 1821

Dear Cousin,

I am writing this letter from a Spanish prison. As you know, I left home to go to sea earlier this year. I went from ship to ship, begging for work. No one would hire me, but at last my sour luck turned.