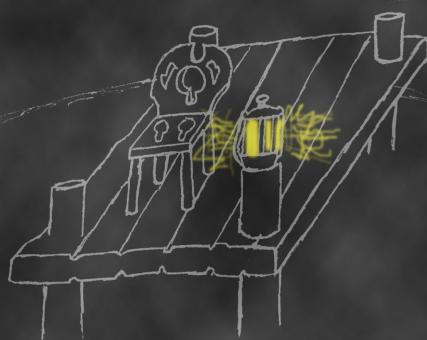


# The Pirates' Cavern



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# The Pirates' Cavern

Michael Vizdos

This book is for sale at <http://leanpub.com/piratescavern>

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Happy writing!

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## **Preparing for your Adventure**

Thank you for downloading this book.

Only, as you will begin to realize, this is not just a book. Or just another short story.

It is something that will change conversations between adults and children.

My initial ask of you is to please read this with a child. Of any age.

If you are a child reading this aloneâ€¦ find an adult to read with this along *with* you.

And then, please e-mail me about your experience: <mailto:mvizdos@gmail.com>.

Tell me what you want to see next (notice illustrations are missing from this version!).

You'll hear back from me shortly and will be receiving updates to this story.

It begins with you.

Let's see where we can go.

Together.

Enjoy!

## Chapter One - The Beach Hangout



It was a dark and stormy night.

By the way, it has nothing to do with this story (well, maybe just a little because it was dark and stormy last night!). It's just a cool way to start a story and beats the usual, "Once upon a time," type of a story your parents used to tell you. Yet. It has everything to do with the outcome because today is a special day that can never be repeated.

Mike and Eddie arrive at their favorite beach hangout (it's a hangout because now they are too old to just go out and "play"). Nobody else in the entire universe knows of its existence. It is that cool and that different. You may recognize a place like this in your own mind. It's OK if you do not recognize this place yet. By the end of the story you will save a place somewhere in the back of your mind for this place and what can happen to you in real life.

This place is real.

Today, the sand between their toes is hot enough to slightly burn the soft un-calloused pink bottoms of their feet. It stings just a little bit, unlike other days when it can feel like they are walking on hot coals and the first layer of skin seems to just melt off the bottoms of their feet (especially their heals and big toes for some reason). Today is another hot muggy day, and the breeze is ever so slightly blowing their sunburned faces following the brutal thunderstorm last night. The seaweed appears along the high-tide mark like a line created by a two year old using crayons for the first time.

The tide is on its way out, and with each wave that returns to the sea small crabs scramble to quickly dig a new home in the soft sand (before it gets too hard). Eddie and Mike can see the bubbles bubbling from each of their new crab homes in the sand. There seem to be dozens of these being created as each wave recedes. Some of the crabs get swept out to sea before their new homes can be dug out. One of the swept out crabs get eaten in the frothy surf from a passing (and lucky) silver-colored fish; the crab, as you can imagine, was not so lucky.

The water is warm. Very warm. Almost like bath water (not the kind of scalding hot baths that some people you know love to take!). The sea is calm. Very calm. Not quite glass, like other days.

Swimming out past the place that is usually too far for safety, Eddie and Mike find the spot.

They found the spot together a long time ago, by accident, while playing. Like the beach behind them, nobody else in the universe knows about its existence. Or what is just below them (about thirteen feet down). This is the spot they love entering because as much as it is the same each time they arrive, something different and special happens on each of their visits.

A dinging of a bell on a distant buoy sounds quietly in succession. It actually sounds like three short dings, three long dong, and then three short dings again; the sounds repeat over and over again, like it should mean something to someone.

On this particular visit, the sun is shining very bright and there are some white puffy clouds overhead.

... Read the rest of the book to unfold the full adventure - here:

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