



BANJO'S THINGS TO MAKE & DO

Being a global explorer is tremendous but there's a whole world of fun to be had nearer home as well, so I thought you'd like to share my DAYTRIPPER DIARIES.

The thing is, I was so busy having a nice time that I forgot some of the important details. Could you help me fill in the blanks? I've heard you're quite brilliant at this sort of stuff, so if you think that I took a nap in a sailor's hat or ate purple peas on the poop deck that sounds perfectly wonderful to me. I can't wait to see what you come up with!

MY DAY TRIP TO THE HISTORIC DOCKYARD

by Banjo Robinson and

Ahoy! Today I've cast off for the coast and come to see a lovely old sailing ship.

One of my relatives, Admiral Banjo Codsbottom, was in charge of the Royal Navy flagship HMS way back in the year Sixteen Twelvety Four when King was just a prince annoying the palace ducks with his toy boats. Always inspired by history, I thought I'd find out more about the oceangoing adventures of the salty old seacat known in our family as ABC.

Hornpiping my way through the dockyard gates I looked up and saw three magnificent masts with billowing sails rising above the hull and the huge figurehead of a staring down at me, pulling a really face! I pulled one back and trotted up the gangplank to see what I could see.

Well from the deck I could see a naughty seagull stealing some Then I jumped onto the wheelhouse and I could see »



a sailor saluting a Then I scrambled to the very top of the crow's nest and I could see all the way to Then I saw how high up I was and felt quite green about the whiskers so I inched my way back down and sat in a nice sturdy coil of rope until everything was less squonky!

Once I'd regained my sea legs I tagged along behind a group of excited being given a guided tour of the ship. Apparently it was badly hit by a flying during the infamous Atlantic Cake Wars and lost its entire cargo of to marauding sweet-toothed pirates who hadn't tasted icing in years.

Limping back home at low tide, it got stuck fast on a sandbank. One by one the crew was carried safely to shore by their Admiral who ended up with a very soggy but the ship was lost beneath the waves. Four hundred years later a local supermarket diver snagged her flipper on the mizzen mast while searching for missing shopping trollies. She got her photo in The Daily and the Navy promised to name their new submarine after her as a thankyou.

Now the pride of the King's fleet and old ABC have been restored to their former glory. And the plucky sub HMS MAUREEN calmly nudges round our shores making sure there are no more bunfights on the high seas.

I left the tour group on the poop deck and wandered back onto dry land for a closer look at a statue dedicated to the seagoing animal mascots who brought fun and fortune to their voyages. There were, and an iguana called Pinky Tongum who was rather good at keeping weevils out of the biscuit barrel.

At the end of a lovely day there was just time to get a bag of for the journey home. I kept a beady eye out for that naughty seagull though!

