

James Del M. Jones

The Valiant Five



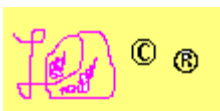
Five and the pirate map

James Del
McJones

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The Valiant Five

Five and the pirate map



Introduction

As a matter of fact, the 'valiant five' series has been inspired from the Famous 5 by Enid Blyton.

The author wishes that this Book is used correctly & legally.

Please verify our website which will be launched by the 10th of January 2015. For any details & queries, you are pleased to contact me on my email address Jamesdelmcjones@gmail.com

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Yours Sincerely,



James Del McJones

{Fictitious Name},

Author



Dedication

I would like to dedicate this 1st book of mine (and all the others) especially to

- 1) My Favourite Mawlanas ;Hazrat Allama Mawlana Hafiz-o-Qaari Muhammad Hamid Razaa Nooraani & Mawlana Hafiz- Professor Abdul Khaleck Nooraani & Qaari Syed Irfaan Shah
- 2) My Favourite Mathematics Teacher : Mrs A. K.D, Mrs R.B
- 3) My Favourite English Teachers: Mr. V.M & Mr. N. N
- 4) My Favourite Sociology teacher:Mrs A.F.L

And obviously to my whole family...



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Chapter 1 - An immense surprise

"FATHER, have you heard about our winter holidays hitherto?" said Justin, at the dinner-table. "Can we go to Plymouth as usual?"

"I'm afraid not," said his father. "They are quite full up this year."

The three children at the dinner-table looked at one another in great lament. They did so adore the lodge at Plymouth. The beach was so lovely there, too, and the bathing was fine.

"Cheer up," said Mommy. "I dare say we'll find somewhere else just as excellent for you. And anyway, Father and I won't be able to go with you this year. Has he told you?"

"No!" said Mary. "Oh, Father—is it true?"

"She's absolutely right my dear," replied Father

"Mom, can't you really come with us during our holidays? You always do."

"Well, this time Daddy wants me to go to Sofala with him," said Mother. "All by ourselves! And as you are really getting big enough to look after yourselves now, we thought it would be quite fun for you to have a holiday on your own too. But now that you can't go to Plymouth, I don't really quite know where to send you."

"What about James?" suddenly said Daddy. James was his brother, the children's uncle. They had only seen him twice, and had been rather terrified of him. He was a very tall, frowning man, a clever historian who spent all his time studying. He lived by the seabut that was about all that the children knew of him!

"James?" said Mother, pursing up her lips. "What made you think of him? I shouldn't think he'd want the children messing about in his little cottage."

"Well," said Daddy, "I met Fallonia (James's wife) in hypermarket yesterday and I don't think things are going too well for them. Fallonia said that she would be quite cheerful if she could hear of one or two people to live with her for a while, to bring a little money in. See, their cottage is by the sea. From my standpoint, it's just the thing for the children. Fallonia is very polite— she would look after them well."

"If you say so but James has a child of his own too, hasn't he?" said the children's mother. "Let me think— what's her name— something hilarious— yes, Stephina! How old would she be? About twelve, I think."

"Same age as me," said Theophilus. "Fancy having a cousin we've never seen! She must be extremely lonely. I've got Justin and Mary to play with— but she is just one on her own. I should think she'd be delighted to see us."

"Well, your Aunt Fallonia said that Stephina would love a bit of company," said Dad. "You know, I really think that would solve our complexity, if we phone Fallonia and arrange for the children to go there. It would help her, I'm convinced, and Stephina would love to have somebody to have fun with in the holidays. And we should make out that you three were safe."

The children began to feel rather thrilled. It would be cool to go to a place they had never been to before, and stay with an unheard of cousin.

"Are there cliffs, rocks and sands there?" asked Justin. "Is it a pleasant place?"

"I don't remember it very well," said Daddy. "But I feel sure it's astimulating place. Anyway, you'll love it! It's called Aucrea Bay. Your Aunt Fallonia has lived there all her life, and wouldn't leave it for anything."

"Oh Daddy, do telephone to Aunt Fallonia and ask her if we can go there!" cried Mary. "I just feel as if it's the right place somehow. It sounds kind of adventurous!"

"Oh, you always say that, wherever you go!" said Daddy, with a giggle. "All right—I'll ring up now, and see if there's any possibility."

They had all finished their dinner, and they got up to wait for Father to telephone. The latter went out into the vestibule, and they heard him putting the call through.

"I hope it's all right for us!" thought everybody.

Daddy came back in about ten minutes' time, and the children knew at once that he had fixed up everything. He smiled round at them.

"Well, that's settled," he said. "Your Aunt is overjoyed about it. She says it will be terribly good for Stephina to have company, because she's such a friendless little girl, always going off by herself. And she will love looking after you all. Only you'll have to be careful not to disturb your Uncle. He is working very hard, and he can fly in a dreadful temper when he is disturbed. Don't be surprised if he forgets about you. He is jolly scatterbrained"

"We'll be as quiet as mice in the cottage!" said Theo. "Honestly we will. When are we going, Daddy?"

"Next week, if Mother can manage it," said Daddy.

Mother nodded her head. "Yes," she said, "There's nothing much to get ready for them— only bathing suits and jerseys and shorts. They all wear the same."

"How lovely it will be to wear shorts again!" said Mary. "I'm tired of wearing school tunics. I want to wear shorts, or a bathing suit, and go bathing and climbing with the boys."

"Well, you'll soon be doing it," said Mother, with a chuckle. "Keep in mind to put ready any toys or books you want. Not many please, because there won't be a great deal of room."



"Daddy, are we going by train or by car?" Theo asked.

"By car," said Daddy. "We can heap everything into the boot. Well— what about Monday?"

"That would suit me well," said Mother. "Then we could take the children down, come back, and do our own packing at leisure, and start off for Sofala on the Friday. Yes— we'll arrange for Monday."

So Monday it was. The children counted the days enthusiastically. The week seemed a very long time in going. But at last Monday did come. Theo and Justin, who shared a room, woke up at about the same moment, and stared out of the nearby window.

"It's a lovely day, hurrah!" cried Justin, leaping out of bed. "I don't know why, but it always seems very important that it should be sunny on the first day of a holiday. Let's wake Mary."

Mary slept in the next room. Justin ran in and shook her. "Wake up! It's Monday! And the sun's shining."

Mary woke up with a jump and stared at Justin ecstatically. "It's come at last!" she said. "I thought it never would. Oh, isn't it an exhilarating feeling to go away for a holiday!"

They started soon after breakfast. Their car was a big one, so it held them all very comfortably. Mother sat in front with Daddy, and the three children sat behind, their feet on two suitcases. In the luggage-place at the back of the car were all kinds of odds and ends, and one small trunk. Mother really thought they had remembered everything.

Along the crowded Appalachia roads they went, slowly at first, and then, as they left the town behind, more quickly. Soon they were right into the countryside, and the car sped along fast. The children sang Carols to themselves, as they always did when they were in high spirits.

"Are we picnicking soon?" asked Mary, feeling ravenous all of a sudden.

"Yes," said Mother. "But not yet. It's only eleven o'clock. We shan't have lunch till at least half-past twelve, Mary."

"Oh, gracious!" said Mary. "I know I can't last out till then!"

So her mother handed her some chocolate, and she and the boys munched happily, watching the hills, woods and fields as the car sped by.

The picnic was lovely. They had it on the top of a hill, in a slanting field that looked down into a sunny valley. Mother didn't like the big brown cow that came up close and stared at her, but it went away when Daddy told it to. The children ate enormously, and Mother said that instead of having a tea-picnic at half-past four they would have to go to a tea-cottage somewhere, because they had eaten all the tea sandwiches as well as the lunch ones!



"What time shall we be at Aunt Fallonia's?" asked Mary, finishing up the very last sandwich and wishing there were more.

"About seven o'clock with a bit of luck," said Daddy. "Now who wants to stretch their legs a bit? We've another long hex in the car, you know."

The car seemed to eat up the miles as it purred along. Tea-time came, and then the three children began to feel excited all over again.

"We must watch out for the sea," said Justin. "I can smell it somewhere near!"

He was right. The car suddenly topped a hill— and there, was the shining blue sea, calm and smooth in the evening sun. The three children gave a shriek.

"There it is!"

"Isn't it awe-inspiring?"

"Oh, I want to bathe this very minute!"

"We shan't be more than ten minutes now, before we're at Aucrea Bay," said Daddy. "We've made good time. You'll see the bay soon— it's quite a big one— with a droll sort of island at the entrance of the bay."

The children looked out for it as they drove along the coast. Then Justin gave a shout.

"There it is— that must be Aucrea Bay. Look, Theo— isn't it lovely and blue?"

"And look at the rocky little island guarding the entrance of the bay," said Theo. "I'd like to visit that."

"Well, I've no doubt you will," said Mother. "Now, let's look out for Aunt Fallonia's cottage. It's called Aucrea Cottage."

They soon came to it. It stood on the low cliff overlooking the bay, and was a very old cottage indeed. It wasn't really a cottage, but quite a big cottage, built of old white stone. Roses climbed over the front of it, and the garden was gay with flowers.

"Here's Aucrea Cottage," said Daddy, and he stopped the car in front of it. "It's supposed to be about three hundred years old! Now— where's James? Hallo, there's Fallonia!"



Chapter 2 – The most peculiar cousin

The children's aunt had been watching for the car. She came running out of the old wooden door as soon as she saw it draw up outside. The children liked the appearance of her at once.

"Welcome to Aucrea!" she cried. "Hallo, all of you! It's lovely to see you. And what big children!"

There were kisses ubiquitously, and then the children went into the cottage. They liked it. It felt old and rather mysterious somehow, and the furniture was old and very beautiful.

"Where's Stephina?" asked Mary, looking round for her unknown cousin.

"Oh, the mischievous girl! I told her to loiter in the garden for you," said her aunt. "Now she's gone off somewhere. I must tell you, children, you may find Stephen a bit intricate at first— she's always been one on her own, you know. And at first may not like you being here. But you mustn't take any notice of that— she'll be all right in a short time. I was very glad for Stephen's sake that you were able to come. She badly needs other children to play with."

"Do you call her 'Stephen'?" asked Mary, in surprise. "I thought her name was Stephina."

"So it is," said her aunt. "But Stephen hates being a girl, and we have to call her Stephen, as if she was a boy. The wayward girl won't answer if we call her Stephina."

The children thought that Stephina sounded rather stimulating. They wished she would come. But she didn't. Their Uncle JamesJames appeared out of the blue instead. He was a most bizarre looking man, very tall, very dark, and with a rather fierce frown on his wide forehead.

"Hallo, James!" said Dad. "It's a long time since I've seen you. I hope these three won't disturb you very much in your work."

"James is working on a very difficult book," said Aunt Fallonia. "But I've given him a room all to himself on the other side of the cottage. So I don't expect he will be bothered."

Their uncle looked at the three children, and nodded to them. The frown didn't come off his face, and they all felt a little afraid, and were glad that he was to work in another part of the cottage.

"Where's Stephen?" he said, in a profound voice.

"Gone off somewhere again," said Aunt Fallonia, vexed. "I told her she was to stay here and meet her cousins."

"She wants spanking," said Uncle James. The children couldn't quite make out whether he was joking or not. "Well, children, I hope you have a good time here, and maybe you will knock a little common-sense into Stephen!"

There was no room at Aucrea Cottage for Mother and Daddy to stay the night, so after a rushed supper they left to stay at the nearest hotel. They would drive back to London immediately after breakfast the next day. So they said goodbye to the children that night.

Stephina nevertheless hadn't appeared. "I'm sorry we haven't seen Stephina," said Mother. "Just give her our love and tell her we hope she'll enjoy playing with Theo, Justin and Mary."

Subsequently, Mother and Daddy left. The children felt a little bit alone as they saw the big car vanish round the corner of the boulevard, but Aunt Fallonia took them upstairs to show them their bedrooms, and they soon forgot to be sad.

The two boys were to sleep together in a room with slanting ceilings at the top of the cottage. It had a stunning view of the cove. The boys were really enchanted with it. Mary was to sleep with Stephina in a smaller room, whose windows looked over the moors at the back of the cottage. But one side-window looked over the sea, which pleased Mary very much. It was a nice room, and red roses nodded their heads in at the window.

"I do wish Stephina would come," Mary said to her aunt. "I want to see what she's like."

"Well, she's an amusing little girl," said her aunt. "She can be very rude and haughty—but she's kind at heart, very loyal and absolutely truthful. Once she makes friends with you, she will always be your friend—but she finds it very difficult indeed to make friends, which is a great shame."

Mary suddenly yawned. The boys frowned at her, because they knew what would happen next. And it did!

"Poor Mary! How tired you are! You must all go to bed instantaneously, and have a good long night. Then you will wake up quite fresh tomorrow," said Aunt Fallonia.

"Mary, you *are* an idiot," said Theo, crossly, when his aunt had gone out of the room. "You know quite well what grown-ups think as soon as we yawn. I did want to go down on the beach for a while."

"I'm so sorry," said Mary. "By hook or by crook I couldn't help it. And anyway, *you're* yawning now, Theo, and Justin too!"

Hence they were. They were as sleepy as could be with their long drive. Secretly all of them longed to cuddle down into bed and shut their eyes.

"I wonder where Stephina is," said Mary, when she said good-night to the boys, and went to her own room. "Isn't she funny— not waiting to welcome us— and not coming in to supper— and not even in so far! After all, she's sleeping in my room— goodness knows what time she'll be in!"

All the three children were fast asleep before Stephina came up to bed! They didn't hear her open Mary's door. They didn't hear her get in your night suit and clean her



teeth. They didn't hear the squeak of her bed as she got into it. They were so exhausted that they heard nothing at all until the sun awoke them in the morning.

When Mary awoke she couldn't at first think where she was. She lay in her little bed and looked up at the slanting ceiling, and at the red roses that nodded at the open window— and suddenly remembered all in a rush where she was! "I'm at Aucrea Bay— and it's the holidays." she said to herself, and screwed up her legs with joy.

Then she looked across at the other bed. In it lay the figure of another child, curled up under the bed-clothes. Mary could just see the top of a curly head, and that was all. When the figure stirred a little, Mary spoke.

"Are you Stephina?"

The child in the opposite bed sat up and looked across at Mary. She had very short curly hair, almost as short as a boy's. Her face was burnt a dark-brown with the sun, and her very blue eyes looked as bright as forget-me-nots in her face. But her mouth was rather sulky, and she had a frown like her father's.

"No," she said. "I'm not Stephina."

"Oh!" said Mary, in surprise. "Then who are you?"

"I'm Stephen," said the girl. "I shall only answer if you call me Stephen. I abhor being a girl. I won't be. I don't like doing the things that girls do. I like doing the things that boys do. I can climb better than any boy, and swim quicker too. I can sail a boat as well as any fisher-boy on this coast. You're to call me Stephen. Then I'll speak to you. But I shan't if you don't."

"Oh!" said Mary, thinking that her new cousin was most bizarre. "All right! I don't care what I call you. Stephen is a nice name. I don't much like Stephina. Anyway, you look like a boy."

"Do I really?" said Stephen, the frown leaving her face for a moment. "Mother was quite cantankerous with me when I cut my hair short. I had hair all round my neck; it was terrible."

The two girls stared at one another for a moment. "Don't you simply loathe being a girl?" asked Stephen.

"No, of course not," said Mary. "You see— I do like pretty frocks— and I love my dolls— and you can't do that if you're a boy."

"Pooh! Fancy bothering about pretty frocks," said Stephen, in a mocking voice. "And dolls! Well, you *are* a baby, that's all I can say."

Mary felt snubbed. "You're not very courteous," she said. "You won't find that my brothers take much notice of you if you act as if you knew everything. They're real boys, not pretend boys, like you."

"Well, if they're going to be malicious to me I shan't take any notice of *them*," said Stephen, jumping out of bed. "I didn't want any of you to come, anyway. Interfering with my life here! I'm quite happy on my own. Now I've got to put up with a silly girl who likes frocks and dolls, and two stupid boy-cousins!"



Mary felt that they had made a very bad beginning. She said no more, but got dressed herself too. She put on her grey jeans and a red jersey. Stephen put on jeans too, and a boy's jersey. Just as they were ready the boys hammered on their door.

"Aren't you ready? Is Stephina there? Cousin Stephina, come out and see us."

Stephen flung open the door and marched out with her head high. She took no notice of the two flabbergasted boys at all. She stalked downstairs. The other three children looked at one another.

"She won't answer if you call her Stephina," explained Mary. "She's awfully queer, I think. She says she didn't want us to come because we'll hinder with her. She laughed at me, and was rather rude."

Justin put his arm round Mary, who looked a bit doleful. "Cheer up!" he said. "You've got us to stick up for you. Come on down to breakfast."

They were all hungry. The smell of bacon and eggs was very good. They ran down the stairs and said good-morning to their aunt. She was just bringing the breakfast to the table. Their uncle was sitting at the head, reading his paper. He nodded at the children. They sat down without a word, wondering if they were allowed to speak at meals. They always were at home, but their Uncle James looked rather fierce.

Stephen was there, buttering a piece of toast. She scowled at the three children.

"Don't look like that, Stephen," said her mother. "I hope you've made friends already. It will be fun for you to play together. You must take your cousins to see the bay this morning and show them the best places to bathe."

"I'm going fishing," said Stephen.

Her father looked up at once.

"You are not," he said. "You are going to show a few good manners for a change, and take your cousins to the bay. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," said Stephen, with a scowl exactly like her father's.

"Oh, we can go to the bay by ourselves all right, if Stephen is going fishing," said Mary, at once, thinking that it would be nice not to have Stephen if she was in a bad temper.

"Stephen will do exactly as she's told," said her father. "If she doesn't, I shall deal with her."

So, after breakfast, four children got ready to go down to the beach. An easy path led down to the bay, and they ran down happily. Even Stephen lost her frown as she felt the warmth of the sun and saw the dancing sparkles on the blue sea.



"You go fishing if you want to," said Mary when they were down on the beach. "We won't tell tales of you. We don't want to hinder with you, you know. We've got ourselves for company, and if you don't want to be with us, you needn't."

"But we'd like you, all the same, if you'd like to be with us," said Justin, generously. He thought Stephen was rude and ill-mannered, but he couldn't help rather liking the look of the straight-backed, short-haired little girl, with her brilliant blue eyes and sulky mouth.

Stephen stared at him. "I'll see, she said. "I don't make friends with people just because they're my cousins, or something silly like that. I only make friends with people if I like them."

"So do we," said Justin. "We may not like *you*, of course."

"Oh!" said Stephen, as if that thought hadn't occurred to her. "Well— you may not, of course. Lots of people don't like me, now I come to think of it."

Mary was staring out over the blue bay. At the entrance to it lay a curious rocky island with what looked like an old ruined castle on the top of it.

"Isn't that a funny place?" she said. "I wonder what it's called."

"It's called Aucrea Island," said Stephen, her eyes as blue as the sea as she turned to look at it. "It's a lovely place to go to. If I like you, I may take you there some day. But I don't promise. The only way to get there is by boat."

"Who does the funny island belong to?" asked Justin.

Stephen made a most surprising answer. "It belongs to *me*," she said. "At least, it *will* belong to me— some day! It will be my very own island— and my very own castle!"

Chapter 3 - A perplexing story — and a new friend

The three children stared at Stephen in the greatest surprise.

Stephen stared back at them.

"What do you mean?" said Theo, at last. "Aucrea Island can't belong to you. You're just boasting."

"No, I'm not," said Stephen. "You ask Mother. If you're not going to believe what I say I won't tell you another word more. But I don't tell untruths. I think it's being a coward if you don't tell the truth— and I'm not a coward."

Justin remembered that Aunt Fallon had said that Stephen was absolutely truthful, and he scratched his head and looked at Stephen again. How could she be possibly telling the truth?

"Well, of course we'll believe you if you tell us the truth," he said. "But it does sound a bit extraordinary, you know. Really it does. Children don't usually own islands, even funny little ones like that."



"It *isn't* a funny little island," said Stephen, angrily. "It's lovely. There are rabbits there, as tame as can be— and the big cormorants sit on the other side— and all kinds of gulls go there. The castle is wonderful too, even if it *is* all in ruins."

"It sounds fine," said Theo. "How does it belong to you, Stephina?"

Stephen glared at him and didn't answer.

"Sorry," said Theo, hastily. I meant to call you Stephen."

"Go on, Stephen— tell us how the island belongs to you," said Justin, slipping his arm through his resentful little cousin's.

She pulled away from him at once.

"Don't do that," she said. "I'm not sure that I want to make friends with you yet."

"All right, all right," said Justin, losing patience. "Be enemies or anything you like. We don't care. But we like your mother appallingly, and we don't want her to think we won't make friends with you."

"Do you like my mother?" said Stephen, her bright blue eyes softening a little. "Yes— she's a dear, isn't she? Well— all right— I'll tell you how Aucrea Castle belongs to me. Come and sit down here in this corner where nobody can hear us."

They all sat down in a sandy corner of the beach. Stephen looked across at the little island in the bay.

"It's like this," she said. "Years ago my mother's people owned nearly all the land around here. Then they got poor, and had to sell most of it. But they could never sell that little island, because nobody thought it worth anything, especially as the castle has been ruined for years."

"Fancy nobody wanting to buy a dear little island like that!" said Theo. "I'd buy it at once if I had the money."

"All that's left of what Mother's family owned is our own cottage, Aucrea Cottage, and a farm a little way off— and Aucrea Island," said Stephen. "Mother says when I'm grown-up it will be mine. She says she doesn't want it now, either, so she's sort of given it to me. It belongs to me. It's my own private island, and I don't let anyone go there unless they get my permission."

The three children stared at her. They believed every word Stephen said, for it was quite plain that the girl was speaking the truth. Fancy having an island of your very own! They thought she was very lucky indeed.

"Oh Stephina— I mean Stephen!" said Theo. "I do think you're lucky. It looks such a nice island. I hope you'll be friends with us and take us there one day soon. You simply can't imagine how we'd love it."

"Well— I might," said Stephen, pleased at the interest she had caused. "I'll see. I never have taken anyone there yet, though some of the boys and girls round here have begged me to. But I don't like them, so I haven't."



There was a little silence as the four children looked out over the bay to where the island lay in the distance. The tide was going out. It almost looked as if they could wade over to the island. Theo asked if it was possible.

"No," said Stephen. "I told you— it's only possible to get to it by boat. It's farther out than it looks—and the water is very, very deep. There are rocks all about too—you have to know exactly where to row a boat, or you bump into them. It's a dangerous bit of coast here. There are a lot of wrecks about."

"Wrecks!" cried Justin, his eyes shining, "I say! I've never seen an old wreck. Are there any to see?"

"Not now," said Stephen. "They've all been cleared up. Except one, and that's the other side of the island. It's deep down in the water. You can just see the broken mast if you row over it on a calm day and look down into the water. That wreck really belongs to me too."

This time the children really could hardly believe Stephen. But she nodded her head firmly.

"Yes," she said, "it was a ship belonging to one of my great-great-great-grandfathers, or someone like that. He was bringing gold back in his ship and it got wrecked off Aucrea Island."

"Oooh— what happened to the gold?" asked Mary, her eyes round and big.

"Nobody knows," said Stephen. "I expect it was stolen out of the ship. Divers have been down to see, of course, but they couldn't find any gold."

"Golly— this does sound exciting," said Justin. "I wish I could see the wreck."

"Well— we might perhaps go this afternoon when the tide is right down," said Stephen. "The water is so calm and clear today. We could see a bit of it."

"Oh, how wonderful!" said Mary. "I do so want to see a real live wreck!"

The others laughed. "Well, it won't be very alive," said Theo. "I say, Stephen— what about a bathe?"

"I must go and get Timphothy first," said Stephen. She got up.

"Who's Timphothy?" said Theo.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Stephen. "Nobody must know at home."

"Well, go on, what's the secret?" asked Justin. "You can tell us. We're not sneaks."

"Timphothy is my very greatest friend," said Stephen. "I couldn't do without him. But Mother and Father don't like him, so I have to keep him in secret. I'll go and fetch him."

She ran off up the cliff path. The others watched her go. They thought she was the queerest girl they had ever known.

"Who in the world can Timphothy be?" wondered Justin. "Some fisher-boy, I suppose, that Stephen's parents don't approve of."

The children lay back in the soft sand and waited. Soon they heard Stephen's clear voice coming down from the cliff behind them.



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