Chapter One_A WEEK'S HOLIDAY_Are these the maps? asked Julian. Is that it, George? Good! No spread it? On the floor, said Anne. A map is always easiest to read on the floor. I'll way. I'll, be careful, for goodness sake, said George. Father's in his study, an before when someone pushed the table right over! Everyone laughed. George's father so often study if any sudden noise was made when he was working. The table had come off the way and the big and spread out over the floor. Timmy was surprised by four children kneeling down around a map, and also this was some kind of new game. Be quiet, Timmy! said Dick. You've got into trouble once making a row. And stop brushing my face with your tail. Whuff, said Timmy and lay down heavy: idiot, said Dick. Don't you know we're in a hurry? We want to trace our route to Chaill Hill - what a lovely name! said Anne. Is that where we're going? Yes, said Julian, po near some caves we want to see - and there's a Butterfly Farm not far off, and... A But surprised. Whatever's that? Just what it sounds like! said Dick. A farm for butterflies ours at school, told me about it. He dearest, and he says it's most interesting pl: butterflies and moths, too - from eggshells to selectors. Do they really? said Anne. say I used to enjoy keeping caterpillars and see them turned into - it was like majestic love by butter or moth creep out of the chrysalis. But how far can we really go and see it? Oh, yes - To who run it are very decent about showing anyone around. said Julian. Apparently Billycock rare butterflies, too - that's why they've got their farm there. They rushed a busy night they go moth-hunting, said Dick. It sounds exciting, said Dick. Well, what with caves and Toby to visit, and... And just Five together again on a sunny week's holiday! sa sudden thump of joy. Hurrah for Witsun - and thank goodness a week's school day at th time! The four cousins sprawled on the floor, gazing in triumph at the map, following With the fingers. As they traced out the way, the grey corners of the study, where George's work. Who's been tidying my desk? where are those papers? If Fanny, Fanny - come here! He want: I'll get her, said George. No, I can't - she's gone shopping, Why can't people leave her father's voice again. Fanny! Fanny! Then the study door was flung open and Flavio hurled muttering to himself. He didn't see the four children on the floor, but he saw the Timmy barked ir and leapt at him, thinking that Fanny's father was actually having a game with them! George, as her father's hand came over her face. Don't! What are you doing, Father? Our fell over us! said Julian. Shut up, Timmy - this isn't a game! He helped his uncle's explosion. His uncle brushed himself down and looked at the map. Have you got to lie on the floor? Get, Timmy? Where's your mother, George? Get up, for goodness sake! Where's Joan? If she's beer I'll give her notice! Joan the cook appeared at the door and walked over the floor. Whatever this noise about? she began. Oh, sorry, sir - I didn't know it was you. I... Joan desk again? almost shouted George's father. No, sir. Have you lost something? The door opened and find it, said Joan, who was used to Mr Kirrin's ways. Pick up that map, you fool. Stop barking, Timmy. George, take him out for goodness sake, or your father will go mad.
we're all together again, said George, and took Timmy into the folding map, grinning. We ought to put Uncle Quentin into a play, said Dick. He'd bring the house the way, Julian? And when do we start? Here's Mother, said George as someone came to basket. Julian ran to open it. He was the loveliest of pleasant-faced aunt. She smiled. "Well - have you decided where to go - and what you? You'll be able to camp out this beautiful lovely Whitson it's going to be! Yes, said Julian, taking his aunt's basket from her. We're going to Billycock Hill, and as our Inverness, at the bottom of it, at Billycock Farm lend us all the camping gear we need. So we shan't need to load our bikes and blankets. Said Dick. Oh - good! said his aunt. What about food? You can get it at Toby's farm, shan't feed there, of course, said Julian. But we shall buy any eggs or amm - Toby says, strawberries are already ripening! Aunt Fanny smiled. Well, I needn't worry about your meal Timmy with you, too, so he'll look after you all. Won't you, Timmy? You won't let them go you? Woof, said Timmy, in his deepest voice, and lagged behind. Good old Tim, said George, him. If it wasn't for you we'd never be able to go off so much. We must go. Something was a bit the war-path, Aunt Fanny, said Dick. He wants to know who's been tidying his desk. He didn't see us lying on the floor round over the gaping hole we. Oh dear - I'd better go and papers he's lost now, said his aunt. I expect he forgot that one had a dying in his, himself. He's probably put a lot of his most precious papers into the paper basket! Everyone laughed and Julian hurried into the study. Well, let's get ready, said Julian. We won't need to going to help us. Mums, of course - and don't forget, yours, Timmy! And jerseys. And other things, said Anne, because we want to explore those caves. Oh, and let's take our swimsuits in bathe. It's warm enough! And candles and matches, said George, slapping the pocket of his trousers. I hope we'd sent Lana. And friends, and our way, Julian? And when do we start? Here's Mother, she said. Aunt Fanny is a bit of a problem. She has her own business on her farm, I suppose? said Julian. I'll bet. Well - do we know what's going to happen? Timmy was ready for anything! He says remember biscuits for him, said Anne with a laugh. I'll all though I expect you can share meals with Billycock Farm. Joan had two large packets of sandwiches ready for them, and two bottles of orangeade. Where are you, she said, handing them over, all those you'll no longer feel hungry. And here are Timmy's biscuits - and a bone. You, Dick, and put his arm round her to give her round orangebusts she liked, well, you'll soon be whole week at Whitson - isn't that luck - and with such gools, Uncle Quentin, called Julian. I the bikes - and no one's had a puncture, for a change. Bring my mac, Dick. In three minutes into the bicycle baskets, or strapped. Timmy made sure that his biscuits and orangeade joined each basket until he came to the smell he was Theping wagged his tail and bounded around. The bicycle were together again - and who knew what might happen? Good-bye, dears, Kinnin, standing at the gate to see them go. Julian, take care of everything!
Quentin suddenly appeared at the window. What’s all the noise about? he began impatiently. Last, are they? Now we’ll have a little peace and quiet! said Anne as the Five set off happily, bidding in farewell. Hurrah – we’re off on yes, you too, Timmy. What fun! Chapter Two OFF TO BILLYCOCK HILL The sun shone down hotly as the sandy road that ran alongside KIRRIN Bay beside them, his tongue hanging bong long. Anne always said that he had the longest tongue of any dog she had ever known! The sea was as blue as foam they cycled along beside it. Across the fields beside little KIRRIN Island, with little crowns up. Doesn’t it look fine? said Dick. I half wish we were going to spend a quiet Sunday afternoon, and rowing across to GEORGE’s little island out there. We can do that in the It’s fun to explore other parts of the country, Toby says, the caves in BILLYCOCK marvellous. What’s Toby like? asked George. We’ve never seen him, Anne and I. He’s a bit Dick, Likes to put caterpillars down people’s necks and so on – and beware if he has a buttonhole and asks you to smell it. Why? asked Anne, surprised. Because when you bend over to get a squirt of water in your face, said Dick. It’s a trick rose. I don’t think I said George, who didn’t take kindly to tricks of this sort. I’ll probably bash him on the head that to me. That won’t be any good, said Dick cheerfully. He won’t bash you back – he won’t know whether it’s worse to ride to get off and push my bike to the top. Timmy tore up to the top in fast and strong and in cool breeze there, his tongue hanging out longer and longer. Julian came to the top first, looking down the side. There’s a village there, he said. Right at the bottom. Let’s see – yes, it’s T and ask if it sells ices. It did, of course, strawberry and vanilla at a seat und out side the small village shop, and Timmy jumped into ice-tubs. Timmy sat near the window, knew that at least he would be able to chew up the cardboard tubs. Oh, Tim – I didn’t mean to buy you one, really are a bit fat, Anne said George, looking at the bespeckled, besotted, beswept, besmeared. But as we probably get very thin running so far while we’re cycling, I’ll buy you a whole one for Timmy, bounding into the little shop at the edge of the crowd, paws paws up on the counter, smearing the woman behind it. It’s a waste, really, giving Timmy an ice, said Anne when George and the loosens it with his tongue and gulps sometimes. Wonder does he doesn’t chew up the cardboard tub, minutes rest they all set off again, and there’s inside. It really was loved by George. He left the countryside – the trees were so fresh and green in the fields they passed, waving their beams of thousands and thousands of them, nodding their heads to the wind. There was very little Both the main roads, straight and uninteresting. We ought to get to BILLYCOCK Farm about four o’clock sooner. What time do we have our lunch, Julian? And where? We’ll find a good place abc
And not a minute before. So it's no good anyone saying they are hungry yet. It's thirsty than hungry, said Anne. And I'm sure old Timmy must be dying of thirst! Let's see what he can have a drink. There's one, said Dick, pointing to where a very dull-looking Timmy shot through the hedge to the steeply slopingambled and stood waiting. Anne picked a emptyfaced ham and put it through a buttonhole ofieww! can sniff it all the time, she said. Delicious! Hey, Timmy! - leave some water for t

George, stop him drinking any more. He's swelling up like a balloon, said Dick, and away they alid west again slowly up the many hills in that panting, tired schuttling with delight as they slipped down the other side. Julian had decided where to have their midday meal atop of a high hill! There they lay country for miles around, and there would call swirling breeze. Cheer up, he said as the steepest hill they had so far encountered. We'll have our lunch at tamed agood lots rest! Thank goodness, panted Anne. We'll be as stiff as anything tomorrow! It really the hill! It was so high that theyes couldnt eyewide spreading for miles and miles from here, said Julian. But don't ask me which - I've forgotten! Let's 1: a bit of a rest before we have our lunch. It was soft and comfortable for him, and a most prindire approve of a rest before lunch. He went to his bed where George had put her bicycle under it, and in the basket. Yes - his bone was most certainly needed round to make sure that everyone was resobtly watching him. Then he began to nuzzle a paper of bread basket. Anne was lying nearest the his far-dar cranking of the paper and sat up. Timmy! she said, shocked. Oh, Timmy - fancy sandwiches! George sat up at once, and Timmy put hisitalia and iowinst a little as if to say, after all, it is my bone! Oh - he just wants his bone, said George. He's not afte should take them, Anne! You might have known he wouldn't! I feel rather like having mine nc can't we have some? - and I do want a drink. The idea of a drink made everyonel new to the eyesfine, unswapping and tomato sandwiches, and enormous fruit cake. Julian found the lit drinking cups, and poured out the orangeade sbeerulef. This, said Dick, munching his sandwich out over the rolling countryside, would see thimt to be the most stretches of farmland with plenty of windbeorn, an sloping hills. Look - see that hill far away in that there - would that theydlike it you think? It's rather a funny shape. I'll look through my field-glasses, said Julian, leather case. He put them to his eyes and ast a head far-away hill that lay both of them. Yes think it probably is Billycock Hill, he said. It's got such a queerly-shaped top! Billycock hat. He handed the glasses round, and everyone looked. Thele. George put the Timmy's eyes. There you are! she said. Have a squint, Timmy! Julian, it doesn't look s not, as the crow flies, said Julian, taking back his his! hislaider hat around them again it's a long, long way through those hundred miles and miles. Any more sandwiches, anyone? There more left, said Dick. Or fruit cake either. Have a humbug if you're still hungry, the and Timmy waited hopefully for his turn. George, go ahead - that's much use to you, she sai swallow it without even one suck! We'll rest for half an hour more, said Julian. Gosh,
all snuggled down into the soft clumps and breathed they were asleep in the warm sun. Eved, Timmy one ear half up just in case someone came, and if it proved anything crawling up her arm and jump. _Ugh - a big beetle! _ she said, and shook it off. _Sweet elephant! Wake up! We must or we'll never be there by tea-time! Soon they were once more on their way, laughing and shouting as they went, with Timmy barking madly. _Beale, the start of a holiday was the highlight of the world!_ Chapter Three_BILLYCOCK FARM_ The Five certainly changed their mood, and would have arrived at Billycock Hill even sooner than they had intended for Timmy. He panted so much in the heat that he was clearly over-heated, and for brief rests every fifteen minutes._ It's a pity he's so big and heavy, _ said Anne. we could have taken turns at carrying him. Billycock Hill was soon very near. It was a queer shape, very much like an old-fashioned hat, he thought, partly heather-clad and partly slapping Convolvulus on the meadows, and farther up the hill, where shot the verry grass, the farmer had put a small old farm building, with out houses and a greenhouse. _That must be Billycock Farm, _ said Julian. _Well, we've made very good time, yet past three. Let's wash our faces in that stream and breathe the cool air! Timmy, you bathe if you want to! The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha said Dick, mopping his face with an enormous handkerchief. _Wonderful!_ Anne said. _He's got to lend us a room to sleep in! _ They lay down beside him, hair brushed down their clothes with the breeze feeling more respectable, and decided to return to the field-path to a farm gate. The field was bouncing slowly. Soon they were in a big hollow and ran to see what was happening. _Whatever is it? _ said Anne. _Oh - it's a pig! Oh, it's come right up to us - little pig!_ Anne exclaimed, from your sty? How clean you are! _ _The water was cool and silky to the touch, and let the water flow over him!_ Tha
and you two girls stay here with Timmy. They went off to the barn. A gmeatenaiteit, a heatmphofr approached. Shouts and barks and the rapcapat at ötthinir hearings. Get him, Binky - look, he w sack! Oh, you fathead, you've lost him again! Wuff-wuff-wuff! Rap-rap! När re yellosstian gmeatela combst into the rather dark old barn. They'reawpTodding under sacks, with a mosbaecheide ooh barking incessantly. Hey, Toby! yelled Julian, and Toby stood upnarperts and reading a fraece toward two boys. Oh - you've arrived! he said, going quickly to the door. I thought you were you! But are there only two of you? I gmaoduthingst for four. There are four of us - Timmy, said Julian. We've left the two girls over there with him - he's our dog. I not? Oh, yes, so long as I introduce them, said Toby, and they all AsencomuataoBinky, barn dog, saw Timmy, he stood still, made hi mealfusdeled, while the hackles on his oogkuplyt all right, shouted Toby to the girls. Bring your dog here. He'll be all right with Bin doubtfully George brought Timmy across. Timmy was all bhtimufusof this big collie! Toby bespoke into Binky's ear. Binky, shake paws with this nice girl - she's a friend. He nodded a hand, he said. George bent down to the collie haerd haaid iat once the dog put up his wapshandt shake it solemnly. Now you, said Toby to Anne, and she did the hissed Solar Binsky, with his brig eyes and long, sleek nose. Does your dog shake hands, too? asked Toby. George nodded, He s shake paws with Binky. Binky, shake! Timmy, shake, commanded George, and very politely ponn shock paws, eyeing each other cautiously. Timmygalvet talas whine - and then the two weandaen yard together, barking furiously, chasing each other, and having a wonderful game. That then, said Toby, pleased. Binky's quite all right with anyoneo laamnar hardgealm, shake hand them. I've taught him that. But he's a dud ratter! He just can't seem to nip a rat. mother. She's expecting you. She's got a whopping great tea. This was all very satisfacti the Five liked. Anne looked sideways at Toby, heaaihag her nice. George wasn't so sure. He his button-hole - was it a trick one, goand was ask her to smell it? We saw a little yellow now, I said Anne. With a tiny pigling. Oh, that's Benny with his pet pig, said Toby, Curly - and he adores it! We've offered him a kitten or a puppy thattingling. They go evetogether - like Mary and her lamb! Benny's a pet - he really is. Naid abothearesearby e kno Benny isn't. Kid sisters are a bit of a nuisance. Osmatimecky glancing slyly at Anne, gave him a determined punch. Still - Anne's not too bad, is she, Ju? Toby's mother, Mrs jolly woman, with a smile as wide as Toby's and Benny's. She made them all very welcome. Cor Toby's pleased you're going to camp hereabouts - he's got all the tents and rugs you'll every day and get eggs and milk and bread and anything else you need from here. Don't ask! There was suddenly the scamper of little Hootee pigling came running indoors. There, Toby's mother. There's that pigling again. Benny, Benny - you'd better not! Toddoors. Cats I don nor dogs - but pigs I wouldn't have. Benny! Benny appeared, looking most apologetic. Sorry today. Ooho, I say - what a tea! Can we have some yet? I'll just make the tea - unless our creamy milk? said Toby's mother. Oh, milk, please, Mrs Thomas, said Anne, and they all could be nicer than icy-cold, creamy farmemilkfrrom a hot day like this. They doli teaat and four visitors wished they had not had unuch! Alarge ham sat on the table, and Truste leaves
new bread. Crisp lettuces, dews and cooldwashed rederside by side in a big glass dish. There was an enormous cake, and beside it a dish of butter and cups of cream. Honey and homemade jam. I wish I was hungry, really hungry, said Dick. This is just the day. I didn't think you'd have had much lunch, said Mrs Thomas. Now then, Toby - you're guests, please - and, Benny, take the you're in front of I will not have him at the table. Cur upset if he sees that ham, said Toby slyly. That's his grandfather! Benny put Curly on his feelings might be hurt. The piggy had to Otismy, who, very much surprised, plants for another room for him. It was a very happy meal, and Anne sat beside little Benny and liking him more than ever. He's like a little boy out of a story, she said to George. into a book! Well now, said Mrs Thomas after everyone had eaten. Where are your plans? Toby, s where you have put their tents and everything. Please decide where they are going to camp. Cor said Toby, and Benny and Curly and Binky all team. You can help to carry everything - and we Billycock Hill and find a fine camping place I would camp out with you too! Away they all rather full but very happy. Where should they go to have sleep out at nights, and see the stars through the opening in the tent! ___Chapter Four A FINE CAMPING-PLACE___Toby had put all the camping-out gear in a nearby barn. He

billed it? he asked. Can I bring Curly? He never seen a camp. Yes, of course you c
ready now, Julian? What about milk? Mrs Thomas said welcome. Oh, yes - I forgot that, said
in the dairy. He sped off with Binky, and the other things agreed even the useful little. Toby
came back with the milk - two big bottlesthey carefully in a corner of the cart. Well
now, I think, said Julian, and he and Dick began to push the ruck to the gate. Timmy and Bill
on ahead, and everyone else followed. Benny's with George and Curly, then Toby sent him back. _
Mother said, Benny, he said. You're not to come with us now - it'll be too late
back. Benny's mouth went down, but he didn't attempt to follow them. He pi caped. Curly is a
pigling should run away after the others. _Benny's a pet, said Anne. I wish I had
that. _He's all right, said Toby. A bit of a cry-baby, though. I'm trying to bring hi
out of his babyishness, and making him scoundrel yet. He seems to be able to do that all righ
My word - the way he went for you when you put that saucepan on his head! He pummelled you right and left
a funny little kid, said Toby, giving a hand with the sillyness of the hill. He's a queer pets. Two years ago he had a lamb that I'm keen on planes. I'd better meet my cousin, t hen,
my going to fly one when I'm older. _You'd better meet Toby. He might take you up in one. _I should like to meet him, said Dick, delighted. I
better get on now, said Julian, standing up. We won't go much higher - the view can't
else! George and Anne went on ahead to find a good camp. The three boys pushed the cart through
the heather. But it was Timmy who found the right place, feeling thirsty, so when he found
running water he ran to it at once. _From under a rock gushed a little spring. Down a
rippity shelf lost itself in a mass of lush greenhe lay. To mark the way it went, and George's sod dropped
its path for quite a long way down the heathy, that dark line of rushes._ Julian! Look what a

she called as she watched him lap from the cart. A little spring gushing out of the hillside was the place! A fine view - plenty of food and camp on - and water laid on quite near! It was a fine place, and soon all the boys were out of the hand-cart. They were not everyone made to sleep under the stars that night, washed and dressed. Nobody wanted to lie in as they flung themselves on the rock below the spring. It would be as cool as anything in there, thought Anne, an evening time. Dick, taking the milk from Anne.

"It was a very happy supper they had," said Julian. They spread them on the heather. Timmy was carrying a little bag of his own biscuits. George, coming up with Anne and Timmy, carried a loaf of bread, a pat of butter and tomatoes. Milk had touched cheese. Timmy was carrying a little bag of cucumbers, and the gorse bush will shelter us from too much heat. Dick, taking the milk from Anne. It's an ideal spot - and the view is superb. It was a sitting in the heather, while the sun slanted over the west. The evenings were so.
they would not need candles! They finished up and went to wash at the little bubbling out cheerfully. _They lay down on their rugs and the heat was still daylight. Good night!_

 promptly fell fast asleep. Good night! called Julian, and lay for a while with a dim becoming blue. _Timmy kept the two girls Milwaukee floor taw, trying to squeeze in between them still, Timmy, said George. And just remember you're on guard, even though I don't expect a mile - and that will be at Billiecoast for now, or I'll push you off the run.

 Anne. George was soon asleep, and so was Timmy, tiring out amidst of running. Anne lay awake minutes, looking at the evening star. “Wish I was in the air!”

_We must pay for any food we get from your farm, you know that. Any idea of how much we owe for yesterday, Julian?”_

_Jolly good of you, Five immediately felt ashamed of themselves! They gazed at Toby in admiration - why, he was quite a farmer!_
So we'll do what you say. Now, reckon up what we've done and I'll pay you. Right, said Toby, business-like way, I'll charge you market prices, not top prices. I'll just tot up the and putting away what I've brought. The girls washed-up in the spring and the boys put in her larder. Toby presented Julian with a hatbox and a lade and a table and a spoon. Toby received the bill and gave it back. There you are - all business-like, he said. Thanks very much today? There are super caves to be explored if not there is the Butterfly Farm - or you can j our farm for the day. No, not today, said Julian, afraid that the easy might cause the me to proceed with the children. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing at home? And how's your friend? It's Mr. Gringle, said Toby. One of the men who own the But t up here with his net, because it's a wonderful place for butterflies. A man came round peculiar figure, untidy, with glasses slipping down his nose, and his hair much too long. He is a butterfly farmer and stopped when he saw the five children. Hallo! he said. Who are all these, Toby? Who's your mate? You make that pigging of yours an excuse for getting about all over the place. You wait till Dad CURLY ran away, he ran away so fast! said Benny, looking as if he was going to cry. BUTTERFLY FARM Mr. Gringle led the way down the hill by the steep path, and that was hard, but he was hard. Half-way down the little company heard a squealing noise - and then an excited little voice. Toby, Hallo, Binky! said George. Go and see! Go on, then! I fol lowed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then! I followed by Binky, and then the children made a voice. Hallo, Binky! What are you doing all the way up here? asked George. Who is it, Tim? asked George. Go and see! Go on, then!
very common indeed. Don't they teach you anything at school? Fahay! I know I'm asking do we have butterfly lessons? asked Toby with a grin. I say, Mr. Gringle, what about you? monarchs and Red Admiral Butterflies and Cauliflower Moths, and Red Admiral Captains and Peacock Butterflies and Os and... Don't be an ass, Toby, said Julian, seeing that Mr. Gringle had not a doubt and did not this in the least funny. Mr. Gringle, are there many rare but, college boys, said the F. Man. But not only that - there are so many here all it is easy to catch as many as we breed purposes. One butterfly means hundreds of eggs and one knows what they are and set them. He suddenly darted to one side, almost knocking George over. Sorry, boy! he said, making the others Brown Argus there - a lovely specimen, first I've seen this year! Stand clear, will you. too - stood still as he tiptoed toward a normal butterfly spreading its stately wings on a flow plant. With a swift downward swoop the net closed and a trice the Brown Argus flitting insect. He pinched the net instead to the children the tiny creature. There you Brown Argus, one of the family of the Blue Butterflies often in full summer. She'll lay me and they'll all hatch into fat little brown and... But this isn't a blue butterfly looking through the fine net. It's dark brown, with a row of poetically arranged spots on its wings. All the same, it belongs to the Blue Butterfly, Mr. Gringle, taking it out with his fingers and putting it into a tiny shoulder. It's probably come up from one of the valley there. In you go, Mr. Gringle, quick - here's a most lovely butterfly. It's got greenish-black front wings with red-spotted brown wings with dark green back quickly - I'm sure you want this one! That's not a butterfly, said Dick, who knew a deal about them. should think not! said Mr. Gringle, getting his net out. It's really a moth - a lovely little Down went his net and the pretty little creature fluttered in surprise out of the children's hands the daytime, argued George. Only at night. Rubbish! said Mr. Gringle, looking at his armful of his glasses. What are boys coming to nowadays? In my boyhood everyone were night-day-time ones as well! But, began George again, and stopped as Mr. Gringle turned away. This Six-Spot Burnet Day-Flying Moth, he said, speaking slowly as if he were addressing a very small child. It likes to fly in the hot sunshine. Please do not argue about it. It's like ignorance of this sort. George muttered and Dick nudged her. He's right, fat-head, he said in a low voice. You don't say nothing, George, or he won't let us go with him. I'd like to have seen some of the others. Perhaps you would see and you can, all of you. Everybody began to there, and to shake any little bushtastic passed by. Timmy and Binky were most interested and unusually large. Perhaps you would see... I've seen them, all of you. I can't believe what they are, bickering among all the same. Mr. Gringle took a long to let it rainfly Farm, and the children bickering that they asked to go. There was so much sidestepping and chatter, so much examining when a specimen was much talyk talk, as Dick whispered to Anne. Do you keep your butterflies and ourselves? asked Julian. Yes, said Mr. Gringle. Come along - I'll show you what I and my friend Mr. Brent can't meet him. It was certainly a queer place. The scaffold looked about to fall down. Two of the windows were broken and some tiles on the roof. But the glass houses were repaired and the glass panes were perfectly clean. Mr. Gringle then thought more of his butterflies.
they did of themselves. _Do you live here all alone with Mrs Brent and your friend, Dick?_ curiously, think it must be a strange and lonely life. _Oh, no. Old Mrs Janes does for us, said Mr Gringle. He comes here to do any small repairs, and to handle the glass of the butterfly houses. There's the old woman, looking exactly like a witch, and growled. She at once pointed her finger at him and muttered a long string of words. "Tell said Dick, puzzled. _Hold on with strangers here," she said, "I don't much like her," said Anne, going thankfully into the butterfly houses. "Oh - what a lot of butterflies!" "Hundreds were flying about in groups and were in little compartments by themselves, with another butterfly to match. The children saw these and plants were growing in the glass, some of them were placed long sleeves made of muslin, each end. "What's in these long sleeves, muslin? asked Dick. "Oh - I see. They are full of caterpillars they are eating, too! Yes, we breed butterflies and moths," said Mr Gringle, and he opened the house in which he said that he could see the caterpillars better. "These are the caterpillars for the butterflies here. All of them are private - grown in the glass-house, and they are quite as well as the plants near here," said Mr Gringle. "So I give them elder - this is Impatiens glandulosa, a curious plant. The children gazed at scores of green caterpillars with red and yellow spots, or yellow in the leaves of the twig enclosed there. The green caterpillars of one kind of butterfly, each of them green, with purple stripes on the side and a curious black thread. _The Moth Caterpillar was certainly the best house." _The children watched butterflies of all kinds, admiring their colours of butterflies, and that peculiar curious-shaped chrysalis and cocoons that kept freezing in boxes, waiting for the butterflies to emerge. _Like magic, he said in an awed voice, his eyes glistening. Sometimes I wonder. "I feel like a magician myself - add my butterfly wand! "The children felt rather uncom fortable as he said this, waving his butterfly net and黒bird was really rather a queer person._ The children asked Anne. "But you said they were private - hawks," they did of them. _I think so much that I feel like a magician myself - add my butterfly wand!" The children felt rather uncomfortable, so they got out of here! said the voice. "Get out!_ Chapter Seven _MRS JANES - A SPIDER - AND A POOL_ Timmy Binky. The children swung round and saw the old woman standing there, her wispy grey hair. "What's the matter, Mrs - er - Mrs Janes?" said Julian, fortunately remembering to call him. She's not doing any harm. My son don't like strangers here, said Mrs Janes, but her children could hardly understand what she was saying. "But this place belongs to Mr Gringle," said Dick, puzzled. _I tell you my son don't hold with strangers here," she mumbled the old fist at them. _Timmy didn't like this, and growled. She at once pointed her finger at him and muttered a long string of words. "Tell said Dick, puzzled. _Hold on with strangers here," she said, "I don't much like her," said Anne, going thankfully into the butterfly houses. "Oh - what a lot of butterflies!" "Hundreds were flying about in groups and were in little compartments by themselves, with another butterfly to match. The children saw these and plants were growing in the glass, some of them were placed long sleeves made of muslin, each end. "What's in these long sleeves, muslin? asked Dick. "Oh - I see. They are full of caterpillars they are eating, too! Yes, we breed butterflies and moths," said Mr Gringle, and he opened the house in which he said that he could see the caterpillars better. "These are the caterpillars for the butterflies here. All of them are private - grown in the glass-house, and they are quite as well as the plants near here," said Mr Gringle. "So I give them elder - this is Impatiens glandulosa, a curious plant. The children gazed at scores of green caterpillars with red and yellow spots, or yellow in the leaves of the twig enclosed there. The green caterpillars of one kind of butterfly, each of them green, with purple stripes on the side and a curious black thread. _The Moth Caterpillar was certainly the best house." _The children watched butterflies of all kinds, admiring their colours of butterflies, and that peculiar curious-shaped chrysalis and cocoons that kept freezing in boxes, waiting for the butterflies to emerge. _Like magic, he said in an awed voice, his eyes glistening. Sometimes I wonder. "I feel like a magician myself - add my butterfly wand!" The children felt rather uncomfortable, so they got out of here! said the voice. "Get out!_ Chapter Seven _MRS JANES - A SPIDER - AND A POOL_ Timmy Binky. The children swung round and saw the old woman standing there, her wispy grey hair.
such queer-sounding words that Anne shrank back with horror. Janes did look exactly likea sound like one, too. Timmy acted strangely. Helped with hisstopped growling and crept close to George, astonishment. It looks as if she's trying to put a spell on old Tim, said Dick, half la for Anne and George. Taking Timmy by the collar, d George quickly with Anne following. The boyskil: ran after Timmy, and Toby spoke boldly to the man. Your son isn't even here - so what busin his to tell you to give orders to visitors? Tears suddenly began to pour down the old woman's tony hands together. He hit me, she wept. He'll twist my arm! Go away! Do go away! I you off. He's a bad man, my son is! She's mad, poor old thing, said Toby, feeling sorry; cook often says so, though she's harmless enough. Her son's not too bad - he's quite handy have him come to the farm to mend roofs and things. But he's not so good as he used to be. C go. M Gringle's a bit queer, too, isn't he? They went off after the little weeping, undisturbed and distressed. What's M Gringle's friend like - the one who helps him? asked Julian. He seen him, said Toby. He's away mostly, doing the business selling specimens of eggs, cat and so on - and the perfect moths and, butterfies. I'd like to see that Butterfly M Gringle gets on my nerves, said Dick. Those brilliant eyes behind thick glasses were as bright and piercing as that he wouldn't need to wear any glasses at all! Hey Julian. Wait for us - we're just coming. They caught up the girls and said, You brought a Timmy was going to be changed into a black butterfly, didn't you? he said. No, of course George, going red. I just didn't like her very much - point that the stinger. No, I was just growled. You didn't hear what she said about her son, said Dick. She began to cry. l gone, and say that her son would beat her and that we didn't go - and he's not even the mad, said George. I don't want to go there again. What are you doing? Going too damn camping-place have our lunch, said Julian promptly. Come with us, Toby - or have you got my not to believe them all, said Toby. I'd love to have a meal with you up on the hill. It wasn't very at their camping-place. Everything was as if they had been neatly under the gorse bushes and bit little things - and the food in Anne's gladder waiting for them. The meal was as if it had his silly moods, and produced some idiocy, but the successful one was a large imitation spider which, while Anne and George had gone to get the cheese, a thin nylon thread to a spider's bush. Dick grinned broadly. Wait till Anne sees that! he said. George always says she is big one like that is distinctly creepy. It certainly was. Anne didn't spot it until she covered with some of the cream that Toby's mother had generously sent. Then, she had given the breeze, hanging by its thread just over George's head. Oooooooh! she squealed. Doc. There's a MONSTER spider just over your head! What - is George scared of spiders? cried T a girl! George glared at him. I don't mind them at all, she said coldly. I'm glad you said Toby. I'd have to call you Georgina if you were. That's your right name, isn't it? Anne, upsetting her strawberries in her anxiety. It's almost on your head! if they are going to settle on your hair! Georgina! One! It might even be one of those foreboding tarantula or something! The wind blew a little just the way a bubble thread most reali Even Dick was glad it wasn't alive! George couldn't resist looking up, pretending to shudder.
saw the enormous creature just above her, hissing out of her place and landed on Toby's legs, n
his strawberries and cream. Why, now, Georgina, said the annoying Toby, picking up his
strawberries, didn't mind spiders. I'll remove it for you, and you can do what you don't touch it
cried Anne. But Toby, putting on a very brave face, and neatly took the spiders off the ground
swinging by its thread. He swung it near to Anne, who at once, Then he made it walk over I
and Timmy came to investigate at once. Binkycame snapped, at it, breaking the nylon he had
it. Ass! said Toby, giving him a smack. My beautiful spider - my spinneret was flaying flies! What - is it a tame one? said Anne in horror. More or less, said Toby, and
pocket, grinning all over his round face. That's enough, Toby, said Julian. Jokes fit Toby, her face growing crimson. A joke? A JOKE! You wait till I pay you call Toby! I a joke. It a mean trick. You knew Anne hated spiders. Let's change the subject, said Dick hasti
do this afternoon? I know what I'd like to do, said Julian longingly. I'd like a bat - we were at K'irrin I'd be in the sea all the afternoon. I wish we were at K'irrin, said
you really do want a bathe, I can't help you, said Toby, anxious to get into everyone's good books.
pool? Where? said Dick eagerly. Well - see that airfield down there? said Toby, point
where, where you get your water? It goes, said Julian, along the bottom of the hill, joins two or three more
ends in a smashing pool not far from the old field. It is, too. I've often bathed there. Good,
said Julian, pleased. We can bathe immediately after a meal. The July heat is
washing-up, and put the rest of the food away. We'll sit here and wait till they've fi
and then go and find this pool. Everyone agreed to this, and the boys hurriedly started. If
any more idiotic tricks like that I'll play a few on him! said George. In fact I've a
in the pool. He's all right, George, said Anne. He's just like that at school. The masters mad! They soon joined the boys and had a short
little hunting - sniping down holes and under bushes, looking very serious indeed. They came back
whistled. We're going, Timmy, said George. Here's your swim-suit, Dick, and your pocket book, brought
with us! What about you, Toby? You haven't a swim-suit with you, said Julian. We h
the farm, said Toby. I'll leave you when we're near there and get mine - it won't take me run all the way back. They set off down the hill to the airfield planes they had in the morning, they had heard and seen none. It's a quiet airfield. Wait till they start experim
new fighter planes my cousin told me about! said Toby. You'll hear a noise then - they're sound-barrier every time they go up! Would your cousin let us look over them? I asked Julian, I don't like to do that. It wouldn't interest the girls, but I'd like to do it myself. I'd certainly like to
George at once. It would interest me as much as you! But you're a girl, said Toby. Well, first thing about aeroplanes or motorcars or spiders either, come to I say don't think you're interested, Georgina dear. My name is not Georgina, said George furiously. And don't c
up, you two! said Julian. It's too nice an afternoon to begin again, you know! Our farm:
we've got here jolly quickly - but it's all downhill, of course. Yes, said Toby. Come
and back. Shan't be long, Julian! Keep straight ahead and take a big pine-tree you can see there.
I'll be with you by the time you're there. He raced off at top speed, whistling as he

pine-tree in the distance. It would be black, even in a cold pool! Toby was certain it was a waalig round the hangars bold as brass one day? And that dog with you, too? retorted the man.

Nor do sensible children, retorted the man. I've had trouble from you before, have not? I come walking round the hangars bold as brass to meet that day with you, too? I only went to see

Flight-Lieutenant Thomas, said Toby. I wasn't doing any harm - I wasn't spying. I tell cousin! Well, I shall report you to him, said the man, and tell him to give you strict instructions to warn off anyone - there's notices everywhere. Is something hush-Toby with a sudden grin. As if I'd tell you if there was! said the man in disgust. Nothing much doing here - dull as ditchwater - and as far as I'm concerned I'd welcome a hor - it would liven up the place no end. The Air Guard here you very well know. Julian thought it that he should join in. The man was only joking, Toby was an ass to have said it - and then meant nothing. Well, we apologize for trespassing, he said in his clear, pleasant voice. We promise you. Sorry to have made you come all this way off. The RAF guard looked at Julian and there was something about the boy that reassured the man now felt quite sure that Toby was asfaul. He smiled and gave a sketchy salute. That's all right, he said. Sorry to cut your bath er - if that rogue of a boy here he pointed to Toby - if he cares to ask Flight-Lieutenant to bathe in this pool at certain hours, it's okay by me. I shan't come running then when I of shouting if I know you're allowed here at certain hours. Thanks, said Julian. But : a few days. So long, said the man, who saluted them all and walked off. said Toby, unashamed. What did he want to come messing about here for, then? He said there wasn't anyt going on, so why... Oh, shut up! said Dick. You heard what he said about orders being schoolboy trying to be clever and getting caught out - yes, like you do at sandola, goody, any the others! He's a man in uniform. You'd better grow up a bit, young Toby. I agree, let's hear any more about it. You slipped that away and there is it to. Now let's dry ours the farm and ask your nice kind mother if she'll let us have some more food with a back hungry as a hunter after our bath. Toby was rather subdued after all. George was sound asleep floating over his ticking off, but George was sound asleep over anyone's downfall, an relieved. Shall I ask my cousin if he'll get permission for us to bathe in this pool? he the water, dry and dressed again. I think not, said Julian. But I'd like to meet yo same. He might take us up in a plane, said Toby hopefully, his eyes brightening abok t here's that little wretch Benny again - and been planted up, carrying the little pig. Tom, Tom the Piper's Son, said Julian, ruffling the yellow curls. He stole a pig and ran arm. But this is my own pig, said Benny, surprised. I didn't steal him. I came to f says come to tea. You have got a nice mother! said Anne, taking the small boy's hand. He down? He must be so heavy. He ran away again, said Benny severely. So I carried him neck, with a lead, suggested Dick. He hasn't got a neck, said Benny, and indeed the big head joined his body without any neck at all! Procession made us to the farm. Liang! at ran in front, squealing. It seemed slighted and found it was home again. Timmy crept under squealed. He thought that it must be in pain, worried! He ran beside the lorry, jumped in it. Mrs Thomas saw them through the window. Come along in! she said. I thought you migh again today, because I've a visitor you'd like to meet! Who is it? cried Toby, running Cousin Jeff. Hey, Julian, Dick - look, it's my Cousin Jeff from the air force! Flight-Lieutenant you about! Cousin Jeff, meet my friends - Julian, Georgia - er, I mean Georgia - and Timmy!
good-looking young man stood up, smiling. ThatFinwe, gazing him very much indeed. What fellow
how strong - what keen straight eyes have headed! what possess! They all envied Tobynat Mhaođe
he had boasted about him so much! Hello to you! said Cousin Jeff. Glad to see you a
dog! And well might everyone look, for Timmy had marched into that girl! then held up a paw. Off!
which, of course, meant Shake! How do you do? said Cousin Jeff solemnly, and she once.
Timmys never done that before! said George, astonished. Well - what a surprisin
very much! Chapter Nine_COUSIN JEFF_I like dogs, said Jeff, and patted Timmy on the head
-as smart as can be, too, isn't he? George nodded, pleased. She loved anyone to prai:
clever. He had been in heaps of adventures with us. Pierce her Veer thinks anyone is going to a
look - he wants to shake hands again! Isn't he funny! Jeff shook paws once more and then
him, almost as if he considered himself a dog. George didn't mind. She liked Cousin Jeff as
did! Tell us about your job, begged Dick. It's such a queer airfield, the one you're
hardly any planes, nobody about the fieldcup! flying? Not much at the moment, said Cousin
don't be misled by the fact that there's no fencing round the airfield. He developper, he
immediately if any stranger comes into the district - well, let us say he's about two a
taken. Really? said George. Do you mean to say, for instance, that you know nothing
arrived? You bet he does, said Jeff, laughing. You've probably been given the once-over
-didn't know it. I expect someone has been detailed who you are and why you're here, and you
been watched for a few hours - though you probably wasn't rather a creepy thought. Watched?
And where did they hide to watch? Dick asked jealously but the young airman shook his head. I
answer, he said. But you needn't worry, you're all right. Maybe my aunt has said a
never know! Mrs Thomas smiled, but said nothing. She beakened Dorry to help her to bring in
just as good a one as they had had before - the about, setting out cups and saucers to
to Cousin Jeff and asked him eager questions about flying and how this was done and that.
Wouldn't take us up some time, Cousin Jeff, would you? asked Toby at last. I don't think
Jeff. In fact I don't think I can even ask. You see, atkeeping spiritual - you can't go j
them and... Of course we see, said Julian hurriedly, afraid of being a young airman
wouldn't dream of bothering you. When are you going to watch? We can from our camping-place? Yes,
think you could see me with field-glasses, said Jeff, considering. I'll tell you the
painted underneath it, of course, so you'll know it's me if you see it. No problem. No problem!
stunts, I'm afraid - like coming down low to you. Only fat-headed beginners do that. Look
out for you, said Dick, quite envious of Toby for having scoops in. 'I don't expect you
- but we'll wave anyway! Tea was now ready and they all drew up beside the chaise with his
under his arm, and set it down in the cat's basket, where it stayed happy and making tiny,
grunting snores. Does the cat mind? asked George, astonished, looking at the basket. Not
It had to put up with two goslings last season - and something the year before... Oh, Toby.
Oh, yes - and old Tinky - that's the cat didn't seem to worry at all, said Mrs
milk for everyone, even Cousin Jeff. I once found her curled up round the goslings
loudly. Good old Tinky! said Toby. Where is she? I'd like to see what she thinks could be

him - he takes up nearly all the basket, he's so plump. Tea was a merry meal, with Toby a
spoonful of sifted sugar on the side of Anne's plate to eat with her strawberries - ugh! Salt to George to eat with her strawberries - ugh! Sugar and radishes - ugh! Funny boy, aren't you? said George, annoye
wait! But Toby was too wily to be tricked and George hadn't. Anyway, she couldn't bother wi
cousin Jeff was talking about planes, men eyes pleasure. Flying was his great love, staring at
all three boys there made up their minds to take one as ever they could! Benny didn't list
more interested in animals than in planes, he solemnly and watched his pigling in the basket
occasionally leaning over to tap his mother's hand when he wanted to speak to her. Curly r
her solemnly. Right up to the horse-pond. I thought I had told you not to go there, in last time. But Curly runned there, said Benny, his big eyes looking ve at him, didn't I? He's my pigling. Well, I shall spank Curly if he doesn't obey you to do t
said his mother. I can't let him grow up disobedient, can I? This needed thinking 
with a serious face, ignoring the other children several times, delighted and little boy and funny ways. How nice it would be to have a small brother like that! Well, I must be off, said Jeff when finished. Thanks most awfully for a super tea, Aunt Sarah - but then your teas always are super! I guess I'll be stationed here so near to Billycocks Railway everyone! So long, Timmy! Everyone went with gate, Timmy and Binky as well, and Benny and the rest dragged him to the gate myself. In
They all watched the tall, sturdy youngie's arms around the hill. Do you like him? asked
Isn't he super? I'm awfully proud of him. He's supposed to be one of the real heroes of this
you know? No, we didn't, said Dick. But I'm not surprised. He's got eyes as keen as a 
and soul in his work! How lucky for you! We'd better get back to our girls have helped your mother to clear away and is Bulgan, anxious not to outstay this fa
Toby, can you pack us up a bit more food please? You wouldn't do tomorrow? Right, said Toby, and
Whistling. Benny appeared again with Curly running behind. Hello! said Dick with a grin, is t
yours running away again? Benny grinned back. If he runned away to your camp, would you be c
most innocently up at Dick. He mustn't do that, said Dick seriously, guessing what he was not
meant to go find the camp himself, and then say Curly who had runned away there! You s
lose your way if you went so far. Benriy said no more, but wandered off with the others. The boys went to find Toby to see if he had placed food into a basket. He must pay his bill, Julian, feeling for his purse. It was a good idea of his toobes up another more present. She is a darling. Soon the Five were on their way back. Toby was placed behind to do his usual work collecting the eggs, washing them and grading them into the market. I'll be up tomorrow! he
them. We'll plan something good to do - maybe visit you later! The four children went up th
of Billycocks Hill, talking, while Timmy snuffled everywhere as usual. And the butterfly sailed through the air, and came at a flower of a blossoming elderbus. Just George butterfly that none of them had ever seen before. Look at that! What is it? said Julian, astonished. It ma
though it's early in the year for those. What- Buteattefly's his name now? - Mr Gringle - said it! was famous for rare butterflies, and his imagination uncommon. It is a beauty, isn't it?\_butterfly opening and shutting its magnificent wings. I ought to try and catch it. I'm sure that Mr Gringle would be thrilled if he got him and start a whole breeze of claim in this country. I've got a very thin hanky, said Anne. I think I can catch it - civilized we'll put it into the little box! Heat waddy sugar lumps for us. Get it, and camp! Did that minute the butterfly was inside the box, firm. I quarreled. Anne had been very deft in catching magnificent creature! said Dick, shutting the box. Now come on - we'll give Mr Gringle that watch woman - you know, Mrs Janes, who I don't want again. I'll tell her to jump on her broomstick, said Julian with a laugh. Don't be silly, she can't hurt you. They went off round the hill, exploring. Mr Gringle had guided them. They saw the reflection of the sun on the glass-houses. Anne and George hesitated, and Anne: "He's stopped, too, his tail down."

Well, stay there, then, said Dick, impatiently. Judy off went the two boys together, while George and Anne went to a distance. I hope they won't be long! worried. I don't know why I feel creepy here, but I do! Chapter Ten BUTTERFLY FARM AGAIN. Dick turned round hurriedly. A man was coming towards them, hirsute with a pinched-looking face. Mr Gringle had guided them. They peered through the panes. What is it? They went off round the hill, choosing. Dick was alarmed. Did she go so suddenly? Almost as if something invisible had taken her away? Julian, I don't like it. Do you think that son of hers is here - the one she said was cruel to her? asked Julian, who was puzzled, too. M Mr Gringle must be in the cottage, said Julian. Let's stand outside and call don't much like Mrs Janes. So they stood outside the tumble-down cottage. No Gringle! Nobody answered. No Mr Gringle came out, but somebody peered out of a window curtain and peeped out. The boys shouted again, waving their sticks. "No Gringle! We've got a rare butterfly!" The window opened and old Mrs Janes looked out, seeming more witch-like than ever. Mr Gringle's awa mumbled. "What about his friend Mr Brent - the one we didn't see? shouted Dick. Is he in? They mumbled something else, and then disappeared. From the window. Dick looked at surprise. Why did she go so suddenly? Almost as if something invisible had taken her away? Julian, I don't like it. Do you think that son of hers is here - the one she said was cruel to her? asked Julian, who was puzzled. I don't know, said Dick. Let's snoop round a bit. Perhaps Mr Gringle, is what someone real daunts says! They went round the corner of the house and peeked no body there. Then they heard a voice. "Turned round hurriedly. A man was coming towards them, and nodded. They two. Gringle is away, he said. Can I do you? Oh - you're Mr Brent, then? said Dick. Look - we've found a rare butterfly. That box in which the butterfly was peaceful. They found a tiny grain of sugar. Mr Brent looked it through his dark glasses. Oo! Hm! he said, peering closely at it. Yes, very fine: for five shillings. Ooh, you can have it for nothing, said Dick. What is it? Can't closely, said Mr Brent, and took the box and put it away. Mr Brent isn't it some kind of Fritilla? Julian. He thought it was. Quite likely, said Mr Brent, and suddenly produced them. Dick. Here you are. Much obliged. I'll tell Mr Gringle you came. He turned abruptly and we still over his shoulder. Dick stared. He showed it to the box. He is it and put it on with the shillings, Julian? I don't want it! Let's see if we can give it to that poor Mrs J
generous. She looks as if they paid her only about weak, shallow soul! They went round to the house, hoping to find the old woman, and when they arrived knocked at the door. Di Dick opened the door and went in. He rumbling as before. You go away! My son's coming back. He'll hit me. He don't like strangers said Dick. Look - here's something for you, and he pressed the claw-like hand. She looked at them as if she couldn't believe her eyes, and she was dropping money into one of her broken-down shoes. When she eyed wage full of tears. You're kind, sir! and gave them a little push. 'Yes, you're kind. Keep away from here. My son's a bad man. Keen silently, not knowing what to make of it. They knew the son - they had employed him away! They old woman keep saying he was bad and cruel? She must be a little mad to talk like that! It household, said Julian as they went to join the others in a very peculiar manner - woman, very peculiar. And a son who is six feet out of her wits! I vote we do it again. So do I, said Dick. Hallo, you two - did we keep you waiting long? You didn't we were just about to send Timmy to look for you! You might have been turned into mice, or something. We told the two girls about Mr Brent and the event. A funny household, all of us. Dick. We think we'll give it a miss now, however many woe we shotter in every pret a catterpillar and so on. They came to their camp at last, and Timmy had come back. But Anne still felt ugh. No, Tim - it's not nearly supper-time, Bad luck! Then shall we do? asked Dick, the heather. It's another heavenly evening! Yes - but I don't much like the look of tonight, said Julian. See those clouds there, coming up will make a big rain for me! Blow! said George. The weather might have lasted for just osbaleke what a dangerous it pours! our tents all day, I suppose! Cheer up - we could go and see the caves, said Dick. We'll get out our portable radio and listen for some decent music, it will sound glorious right. But for goodness' sake have it on softly, said Anne. I loathe the people who take with them, and switch them on loudly, spoilt a little peace and quiet for everyone else! and kick their radios to pieces! Gracious, Anne - you do sound fierce! said George, looking at you. You don't know our quiet sister Anne quite as well, said George, said Julian, with a twinkle in his eye. Oh, how really fierce if she thinks anything of it, she do! She went round to the front of the house, hoping to find the old woman, and patted her head. Di Dick thought the world of their quiet little kinsman. But how after her well. She smiled at them. Well - let's have some music, then, she said. Then on sometime this evening, I know, because I I don't want it to sound beautiful but I want it to be symphonic!
Soon the first notes came softly from the radio, and it seemed to set the countryside alight. The settled down in the heather to listen, propped up to watch the changing colours in front of as the sun sank lower. The bank of cloud was high, now, and the sun would soon slip below. Oh, what a pity! And then, out of the gorse mist, came another sound - the sound of an aeroplane. It sounded so very loud that Dick almost stumbled over Timmy's feet, and he began to bark loudly. Where is it? said Dick, puzzled. It sounds so jolly near.

Jeff said, "There it is - coming up over the back of the hill, and circling once, down to the airfield. Then it would only see number painted underneath. 5 - 6 - 9, began Julian, and Dick gave a shout. It's Jeff's number! Wave, everybody, wave! So they all waved madly, though Jeff wouldn't see them, away in their camp on the hill-side. They looked hopefully down to the airfield, circled and dropped the runway. It came to a stop. Julian lobbed a glases and saw a small figure leap from the plane. That's Jeff, said Dick. Gosh! I do wish I had a plane to fly over the hills and far away!"

So they all waved madly, though they felt sure that Jeff wouldn't see them. Let's pull up some more heather and pile it in the tent. They piled heather into the tent: covered half the sky now, and swallowed up the "evening sky" we ought to put up the tents. Blow ought, said George. And we'd better do it quickly, said Dick. I distinctly felt that the first really cold air since we came here certainly want to roll up tonight! Well, let's get the things out from under the old gorse-bush, said Julian. It won't take long to put to work. In three-quarters of an hour the tent was snuggled down in the shelter of the bush. George business-like job, said Dick, pleased. It would take a hurricane to blow the tent away here. Let's pull up some more heather and pile it in the tent. We'll want our rugs to wrap ourselves on tonight, so we might as well make our beds passable. They piled heather into the tent: macs there, too, and then looked at the heary. We're no doubt about it - there was an airfield storm! Still, it might clear tomorrow, he thought. If it wasn't, they would go and explore. Toby had told them about it. It was now almost dark, and they decided that they would all go and find the radio on again. They called Timmy, and he rushed towards them. They set the radio again, and Timmy began to bark. George switched off at once. That's the bark he gives when somebody is wonder who it is? Toby, to say we'd better go to the farm for the night, guessed Dick moths said Anne with a giggle. Old Mrs Janes looking for things! No snare, said George. Even laughed. Idiot! said Dick. Though I must say this looks a night for witches! Timmy we put his head out of the tent. What's up, Timmy? he said. Who's coming? Wuff, wuff, said head to Julian, but seeming to watch something not the head-light. It may be a hedgehog he George from inside the tent. He always barks at them because he knows he can't pick them up right, said Julian. But I think I'll just go out and get Timmy to take a glance. I'd like to know. He obviously hears or sees something! He slid out of the tent-opening an Timmy, he said. Who is it? What's upsetting you? Timmy wagged his tail and ran obviously off no doubts about where he was going. Julian, fumbling over the heather and wishing he had

torch, for it was now half-dark. Timmy ran some halfdozenthis the airfield, then unpointed birch-trees and stopped. He barked loudlyagain. A dark shadow moving there and called out. Who is it? It's only me - Mr Brent, said an annoyed voice, and Juliaborough caught sight of a net on the end. We've come out to examine our honey-traps before he started away the moths there. Oh, said Julian. I might have thought of that when Timmy barked, I suppose. Yes - your dog barks again and all I know it's only us, said Mr Brent. We're often prowling around as a good hill for moths at night, so butterflies by day. Can't you stop that dog barking at very badly trained. Shut up, Tim, ordered Julian, and Timmy obediently, but his sound of a starting at the man in the darkness. I'm going on to our next honey-trap, said the man. Dog back to wherever you are camping. Mr Brent began to move away, flashing him. Or are you just up the hill, said Julian. About a hundred yards. Oh - you've got a torch, I see. I wish said nothing more, but went slowly on hies, without his torch growing fainter. Julian began to walk up the hill to the tents, but in the growing dusk, he seemed to have to press the hill here's not easy! He missed his way and was true to theory, Timmy was puzzled and went to him, tugging gently. Am I going wrong? said Julian. Blow! lost on this lonely hill-side. Dick!! George! without, will you? I don't know where I am wandered so far off the path that the three didn't hear him - and Timmy had to guide them. The torches of the others flashing uplabours He relieved. He had no wish to be haunted stor the exposed side of Billycock Hill! Is that you, Julian? called Anne's anxious voice. been! Did you get lost? Almost! said Julian. Like a fat-head I went without my torch quite the way all right. I'm glad I'm back - it's just beginning to rain! Who was Tim barking at the Butterfly Men - Mr Brent, the one Dick and Anne. I just caught the glint of in the half-light, and saw the beeredding up. He said Mr Gringle was out, too. But what storm coming? marvilled Anne. All the moths would be well in hiding. They've come moth-traps, as they call them, said Julian. They spread sticky stuff like honeycombs, and the moths fly down to it. by the other side and collect any sticky web. They see - and I suppose Mr Brent was afraid they'd come along and collect any idly wandering. Mr Brent squeezed into them not liking the sting of the heavy rain. Go, George and Anne. You do take up a lot of rain, I'm glad, said George. Can't you make yourself a bit smaller? Timmy couldn't. He was sprightly one. He put his wet head on George's knee and heaved a heavy sigh. George patted I what are you sighing about? Because you've finished your bone? Because it's raining and bark at anything moving on the hill? What shall we do now? said Julian, setting his boot it more or less lighted up the tent. There's nothing on the radio we want to hear. I the pocket of my mac, said George, much to everybody's joy, and she got them out. Le sort. It was rather difficult in the small, my eyes getting up just when all was dealt, and upsetting the piles. The storm gust not the rain tried its best to let through the canopy of the little tent. Then Timmy began to bark again and everyone very much. He climbed over and slapped his head out of the tent opening,barbarously - you almost gave me a heart attack pulling him back. You'll get soaked out there, Tim. Come back - it's only those mad Moth-me
off rain-soaked honey-traps. Don’t worry about them. They’re probably enjoying themselves simply would NOT stop barking, and even growled when Jubjub dragged him into the tent. Whatever said Julian, bewildered. Oh, stop it, Timmy! You’re deafening us! Something’s ups unusual, said George. Listen - was that a yell? Everyone listened, but the howl that p was impossible to hear anything but that blinding wind. Well, we can’t do much about it, that’s upsetting Timmy, said Dick. We can’t possibly go wandering about in this storm - and probably lost! Timmy was still barking, and George grew cross. Timmy! Stop! Do you it. It was so seldom that George was angry with him that Julian surprised. George pounced at and dragged him forcibly into the tent. Now - be QUIET! she commanded. Whatever it is, we it! Just then another noise rose above the howling of the torrents of rain, and Dick said it was very hard to hear. They all looked round at one another. Aeroplanes! said Dick. Aeroplanes! In this is going on? Chapter Twelve WHAT HAPPENED IN BILLYCOCK CAVES The little company in the tent should aeroplanes take off from the aerodrome of a stormy night? For experiments in stormy weather, said Dick. No - that would be rather unnecessary. Perhaps they were aeroplanes circling, suggested Anne. Possibly - perhaps seeking the shelter of the airfield when they were caught in this storm. But Julian shook his head. No, he said. This airfield is too far outside the aerodrome to bother about it; it’s so small for one thing - aeroplanes only alight there in weather that is so bad that they can’t go back to the aerodrome for shelter or help. I wonder if Jeff the two we heard, said George. Anne yawned. What about bedding down? she asked. This tent I feel half-asleep. Yes - it is getting late, said Julian, looking at his watch. You this tent - it will save you going out and getting wet after we’ve gone - and you anything. Right. Good night, Ju, good night, Dick, said the girls, and the boys said a Howy and a Howy as they wrapped themselves in their blankets and fell asleep. George did the same. Good night, said Anne, sleepily. Keep Tim on your side legs, he’s so heavy. The Five slept soundly and awoke with the not a drop of rain and the clouds. How disappointing! said Dick, peering out of his tent. I’m ashamed to the weather for not being as bad as it was at the spring. They all had breakfast - not quite delicious English as usual, but quite a small crowd and not nearly so much fun as having it in the sun. That is; the day was too clear, not to have a boy to see at the farm. I suppose we’d better go and explore those caves this morning, said Dick, nothing else to do, and I refuse to all mornings we all refuse! said George. Let’s pu and see if we can find the caves. We can look at the map, said Julian. It’s a large road or lane to them - they are quite clear - but probably round the hill a bit - lower down. We mind - we shall see if we can find them, and if we can’t it won’t matter. We shall have Dick. They set off in a fine drizzle, walking down the hill to find some heather, Timmy leaping in front. Torches! said Dick suddenly. I’ve got mine. We’ll need them in the caves! Yes, every
Timmy, and he, as Anne pointed out, had eyes almost three times bigger than those of Anne. They made their way down the hill and went to the other side - and came suddenly upon a chalky path, where the heather had been kept down. It looked as if it led somewhere, stopping. It might lead to an old chalk quarry, said Dick, kicking some loose chalk near Kirrin. Well, let's follow it up and see, said George, and they went up in search of the dog they went. They rounded a corner and saw a notice. TO BILLYCOCK CAVES - DAY TRIP. Keep to the roped ways. Beware of losing your way in the unroped tunnels. This sounds good, said Julian. Let's see - where the caves? They're thousands of old tunnels here - they've got stalactites and stalagmites, said Dick. I simply never can remember which is which, said Anne. It's easy! They look like icicles hanging from the roof, the others seem to grow upwards to meet them! You've got stalagmites and stalactites, said Dick. I'm glad of my one or two small and ordinary caves and a always light in front of the entrance, paved, was no longer rough. The entrance was only six feet high, and had over it a white board with the notice written on it. WOOF-DOOF-DOOF-DOOF! said the echoes, sounding as if a gang of huge dogs were barking madly. Then Timmy appeared in the light of their torches, looking extremely surprised at all this. Timmy barked in answer, and at once the place was full of weird barking, echoing around them! The others laughed. I shall never forget which are which now, said Anne. The path led to the caves, and all round them was the smell of the earth and the air. It was no longer rough. The entrance was only six feet high, and had over it a white board painted very large in black. BILLYCOCK CAVES. The warning they had to fear was they had come to w a n other one just inside the entrance. Read it, Tim, said George, seeing him looking up. He went right in, and had to switch the torches on. Timmy was amazed to see the path glittering suddenly in the light of the torches. He began to bark, and the noise was heard all the way down, so that they had joined, making it unmistakable. They were held up by great shining pillars. Anne was amazed at catching her breath. What a wonderful sight! How they gleam and shine! It reminds me of something in the cave. It's like a cave in Fairyland, said Anne. Full of strange icicles, said Julian, looking up at the roof. It's very special. All these finely-wrought stalactites and stalagmites had joined that they almost formed a screen through which the children peeped on more of the strange icicles. They came to a threefold fork in the roof. The two tunnels were not. The children looked down the tunnels stretching away so dark and mysterious, it was awful to go down one and lose the way, never again. Perhaps! Let's go down the roped way, Just to see where it leads to - more barking, Timmy ran sniffing of the other way called him. Tim! You'll get lost! Come back. But Timmy didn't come back. He ran off in others felt cross. Blow him, said Dick. What's he after? TIM! TIM! The echoes took up repeatedly up and down the passage. Timmy barked and ran away, the place was full of weird barking everywhere and making Anne put her fingers to her ears. WOOF-DOOF-DOOF! said the echoes, sounding as if dogs were barking madly in the caves. Then Timmy appeared in the light of their torches, looking extremely surprised.
the enormous noise he had created with his barking. • I shall put you on the lead, Timmy, •
he said now. Surely you understand what that word means after all these years? • Timmy did. He kept faithful
the little company went along a narrow, rampled tunnel into a succession of dazzling light,
together by little passages or tunnels. They kept noise that were roped. Many of them went to
belonged to see where they led to, but were too rough to try. And then, as they were traversing
a frozen pool, which reflected the snow like a mirror, a curious noise came to them. They strolled among
themselves and listened. It was a whistling sound and shiver, that filled their ear-drums, too, until they felt like bursting. Then, they died down - the children
forced to put their hands to their ears and away. Timmy couldn’t bear it. He barked frantically,
and round like a mad thing. And then the hee-dood noise! A howling that seemed too boundless
and grew louder as the echoes threw it about. • Cousin Anne clutched Dick, terrified. • What is
Quick, let’s go! • And, led by an extremely scared Timmy, petit-Jean and the others made off. Billycock Caves
hundred dogs were after them! Chapter Thirteen: A DREADFUL SHOCK: The Five stood outside the entrance
caves, feeling decidedly sheepish at having run away. • Well, said Julian, mopping his forehead,
was decidedly weird. That whistling - like a wolf’s howl! something. As for the howling... well. • It was horrible, said Anne, looking quite pale
not going into those caves again for anything. Let’s get back to the camp. They walked a path
that led away from the caves and made their way to their camp. The rain had stopped, and the
clouds were beginning to break. The Five sat down inside the tent and discussed the matter. • We’ll ask Toby if it
noises like that to be heard, said Dick. • I wonder anyone ever visits these caves and
whistles and screeches like that. • All the same, we were a bit cowardly, said Julian, not himself. • Well, go back and do a bit of bowing yourself, suggested George. • It may frig
his howling scared you. • Nothing doing, said Julian promptly. • I’m not going in for anything.
burrowed down under the rug for his field glasses and heeled around his neck. • I’m going to have a
airfield, he said. • Just to see if I can spot Cousin Jeff, he put the glasses to his eyes and began to search
airfield below them. He gave a sudden exclamation. • There’s quite a lot doing on! • Headsail in surprise. • Dozens of people there! I wonder what’s up. There are quite a few of them all about,
arrived this morning! • Each of the others took a turn at the lookings through. Julian was right
certainly something going on at the airfield. He hurried about, and then came the most terrifying noise:
which zoomed neatly down to the runway. • Gosh - another plane! said Dick. • There did all never hear them. • They must have arrived while we were in the caves, said Dick. • I wish Cousin Jeff what all the excitement is about. • We could go down to the farm after he had anything, suggested Anne, and the others agreed. • Thank goodness the sun is coming out ag
shaft of warm sunlight burst out from behind a hill. Cousin Jeal sailed into a patch of blue sky. • The weather was
soon dry now. Let’s have the news on - we may just catch the latest. We don’t want to carry my maps.
It’s going to clear up. • They switched on the little head and sputted the weather news. • Bloop
Dick, and raised his hand to switch off the head and two words that stopped him. They were • Billy
left his hands suspended in the air and full of suspense. The announcer’s voice came clear.
• The aeroplanes stolen from Billycock were actually valuable ones, into which had been new
devices, said the voice from the radio. It is possible that they were guided by a radio device.

No news has been received of either plane, and the announcer went on to say that both planes had disappeared during a storm over Billcock Hill. The announcer paused, and then went on to say that he had been asked some rapid questions by the police officer.

"That's what the police officer asked me," Julian said, suddenly remembering the Butterfly Man, Mr. Brent. "He asked me..."

But before Julian could say any more, the second man spoke up. He was looking up from a notebook in which he had been writing. "And you heard nothing suspicious last night, not a word?"

"We heard nothing, no. Only..." Julian started to speak, but he was interrupted by Toby, who was suddenly excited.

"I heard the planes go!" said Dick. "Two of them. Gosh, we ought to go and tell the police about that."

"Well, sit down, all of you, and we'll have a little talk," said Julian. "Nobody about at all, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. We know what you've come about, too," said Julian. "But when we were about to go on like this! But when we were..."

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"He's my Dad's nephew, you know - I could have done such a thing. He couldn't! You know he couldn't, don't you?"

"Toby put his arm round the dog, whining as he did so. "No, I'm a sissy to go on like this! But when the military police came to our farm this morning to question - he's my Dad's nephew, you know - I could have done such a thing."

"What will poor Toby do?"

"He was - well - a sort of hero to me," said Julian. "He seemed to me to be absolutely trustworthy, even though I only met him that once."

"He was - well - a sort of hero to me," Julian said. "He seemed to me to be absolutely trustworthy, even though I only met him that once."

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"We know, we've got awful news," Julian said. "We know, we've got awful news."

"What will poor Toby do?"

"It wasn't Jeff! Jeff couldn't have done such a thing. He couldn't! You know he couldn't, don't you?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"No, I'm not, said Dick. "I'm not, said Dick. "It wasn't Jeff! Jeff couldn't have done such a thing."

"His face crumpled up with sobs. "He was - well - a sort of hero to me," Julian said. "He seemed to me to be absolutely trustworthy, even though I only met him that once."

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"

"Then he stopped as Timmy ran off and began speaking. "What will poor Toby do?"

"And he hardly ever makes a mistake in anyone," Julian said. "What will poor Toby do?"
As Mr Brent you saw? asked the policeman. Well - he said he was, said Julian. And he c his shoulder - and he wore the same dark glasses he was wearing in the morning. Of course I didn't see so or hear Mr Gringle. Mr Brent had said they were gone on moth and butterfly hunting. I see, said the policeman, and the police. I think we'll just go and pay a call on these two burly men. Butterflie Men? Were they? The children offered to guide them on their way. An company went with the two burly men to Butterflie Farm. Well, thanks a lot, said the first policeman as they drove off. I think we'll just go and pay a call on these two burly men - Butterflie Men? Where did they come from? The policeman asked Toby, forlornly. He'll be getting in touch with you, he told his sister. He's not bad luck on you, son - he's your cousin, isn't he? said the big policeman kindly. It's bad luck on you, son - he's your cousin, isn't he? asked the other policeman. It must be old Mrs Janes, it was Jeff Thomas that flew off in one of those aeioplanes. There is a doubt of it! Chapter Fourteen MR GRINGLE IS ANNOYED The military police went down off to the Buttery Farm, and the five children stood disconsolately with Timmy staring, too, tail between his legs. They were just turning; heard someone screaming in a high voice, and they listened in surprise. It must be old Mrs Dick. What's up with her? We'd better see, said Julian, and he and the policemen went quickly down to the cottage. They heard the voices of the policemen as they came near. Now, now, old one was saying in a kindly voice. We've only come to ask a few questions, said the old woman, and actually battled with her little bony hands. Why are you here? You must be old Mrs Janes! Now listen, Ma - don't take on so, said the other man patiently. We want to talk - are they here? Who? Who did you say? Oh, them! They're out with their nets, mumbled the old lady, and I'm scared of strangers. You go away. Listen, said one policeman. Not on the hills last night? I'm in my bed at nights, she answered. How would I know? in peace. The policemen looked at one another, and thought clearly quite useless anything from this frightened old woman. Well, we'll go, Ma, said one, patting her shoul der as they went by. They turned away and came back up the slope of the hill, see the children standing silently there. We heard old Mrs Janes screaming, said Julian. It must have happened. The Butterfly Men, as you call them, heerier out said one policeman. A funny job - catching insects and looking after caterpillars. Well - I don't suppose they know anything to know! Two pilots and we must know what they are doing! That's that! Well, one was NOT my Cousin Jeff, said Toby, fiercely. Then the other together. The five children went off again, very silent. I think we'd better have something Julian at last. We've had no lunch - and it's long past our usual time to eat! We couldn't eat a thing, said Toby. Not a thing! Get out what we've got, Anne and George girls and Timmy went to the little larder. Nobody really felt like eating. They knew that they were quite hungr y - Toby, who sat forlorn and pale-faced, chewed ruminating.
a sandwich made for him by Anne, but not making "jacobey"? He began to bark in the excitement, and everyone looked to see who was coming now. Julian stepped out of the cottage this morning, when he wasn't there. He'll never get any sense out of old Mrs. Janes. He rang an answering bell. "Mr. Brent has come up," said Dick. "Mr. Brent wants to see you."

"But - but, dear boy, I wasn't out at all last night! It would only be nonsense if you were looking at your moth-traps last night."

"I'm sure I saw his butterfly net and - who doesn't wear dark glasses?" said Mr. Gringle, more astonished. "What is this tale? It is a joke of some sort or talk better sense than going."

"Wait!" said Dick, something else occurring to him. "You say that Mr. Brent doesn't who was the man that took the moth from us just after we'd been out. He gave it a five shilling note - Mr. Brent, your friend! This is all nonsense!"

"Mr. Gringle, getting up angrily. "This is a joke of this kind! Brent doesn't wear dark glasses, I tell you - and he wasn't at home, but -"

"I don't know what you mean by all this nonsense, Mr. Gringle," said Julian. "All this is extremely puzzling, but -"

"Mr. Gringle, quite losing his temper, gave a warning growl, and stood up - he didn't allow anyone to rave at him!"

"What is this stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"Perhaps the man you saw was Mr. Brent, and that Gringle was somewhere else when Mr. Brent was there? And what was he doing there?"

"Perhaps the in the stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"We can tell him why the plane was stolen this morning, when he wasn't there."

"Mr. Brent, who was he? And what was he doing on a night like that."

"Well, I certainly saw Mr. Brent, said Julian at last."

"But Mr. Brent was at home with me. We were busy writing up our notes together."

"There was a silence after this statement. Julian frowned. What was all that? I'm trying to hide the fact that what had happened on the hills the night before."

"I was so surprised, I saw your friend Mr. Brent, and he said you were looking at your moth-traps. Mr. Gringle at Julian as if he were mad, and his mouth fell open in astonishment. 'Mr. Brent!' he said at last."

"But Mr. Brent - was at home with me. We were busy writing up our notes together."

"There was a silence after this statement. Julian frowned. What was all that? I'm trying to hide the fact that what had happened on the hills the night before?"

"Well, I certainly saw Mr. Brent, said Julian at last."

"But I'm sure I saw his butterfly net and - who doesn't wear dark glasses?" said Mr. Gringle, more astonished. "What is this tale? It is a joke of some sort or talk better sense than going."

"Wait!" said Dick, something else occurring to him. "You say that Mr. Brent doesn't who was the man that took the moth from us just after we'd been out. He gave it a five shilling note - Mr. Brent, your friend! This is all nonsense!"

"Mr. Gringle, getting up angrily. "This is a joke of this kind! Brent doesn't wear dark glasses, I tell you - and he wasn't at home, but -"

"I don't know what you mean by all this nonsense, Mr. Gringle," said Julian. "All this is extremely puzzling, but -"

"Mr. Gringle, quite losing his temper, gave a warning growl, and stood up - he didn't allow anyone to rave at him!"

"What is this stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"Perhaps the man you saw was Mr. Brent, and that Gringle was somewhere else when Mr. Brent was there? And what was he doing there?"

"Perhaps the in the stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"We can tell him why the plane was stolen this morning, when he wasn't there."

"Mr. Brent, who was he? And what was he doing on a night like that."

"Well, I certainly saw Mr. Brent, said Julian at last."

"But I'm sure I saw his butterfly net and - who doesn't wear dark glasses?" said Mr. Gringle, more astonished. "What is this tale? It is a joke of some sort or talk better sense than going."

"Wait!" said Dick, something else occurring to him. "You say that Mr. Brent doesn't who was the man that took the moth from us just after we'd been out. He gave it a five shilling note - Mr. Brent, your friend! This is all nonsense!"

"Mr. Gringle, getting up angrily. "This is a joke of this kind! Brent doesn't wear dark glasses, I tell you - and he wasn't at home, but -"

"I don't know what you mean by all this nonsense, Mr. Gringle," said Julian. "All this is extremely puzzling, but -"

"Mr. Gringle, quite losing his temper, gave a warning growl, and stood up - he didn't allow anyone to rave at him!"

"What is this stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"Perhaps the man you saw was Mr. Brent, and that Gringle was somewhere else when Mr. Brent was there? And what was he doing there?"

"Perhaps the in the stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"We can tell him why the plane was stolen this morning, when he wasn't there."

"Mr. Brent, who was he? And what was he doing on a night like that."

"Well, I certainly saw Mr. Brent, said Julian at last."

"But I'm sure I saw his butterfly net and - who doesn't wear dark glasses?" said Mr. Gringle, more astonished. "What is this tale? It is a joke of some sort or talk better sense than going."

"Wait!" said Dick, something else occurring to him. "You say that Mr. Brent doesn't who was the man that took the moth from us just after we'd been out. He gave it a five shilling note - Mr. Brent, your friend! This is all nonsense!"

"Mr. Gringle, getting up angrily. "This is a joke of this kind! Brent doesn't wear dark glasses, I tell you - and he wasn't at home, but -"

"I don't know what you mean by all this nonsense, Mr. Gringle," said Julian. "All this is extremely puzzling, but -"

"Mr. Gringle, quite losing his temper, gave a warning growl, and stood up - he didn't allow anyone to rave at him!"

"What is this stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"Perhaps the man you saw was Mr. Brent, and that Gringle was somewhere else when Mr. Brent was there? And what was he doing there?"

"Perhaps the in the stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"We can tell him why the plane was stolen this morning, when he wasn't there."

"Mr. Brent, who was he? And what was he doing on a night like that."

"Well, I certainly saw Mr. Brent, said Julian at last."

"But I'm sure I saw his butterfly net and - who doesn't wear dark glasses?" said Mr. Gringle, more astonished. "What is this tale? It is a joke of some sort or talk better sense than going."

"Wait!" said Dick, something else occurring to him. "You say that Mr. Brent doesn't who was the man that took the moth from us just after we'd been out. He gave it a five shilling note - Mr. Brent, your friend! This is all nonsense!"

"Mr. Gringle, getting up angrily. "This is a joke of this kind! Brent doesn't wear dark glasses, I tell you - and he wasn't at home, but -"

"I don't know what you mean by all this nonsense, Mr. Gringle," said Julian. "All this is extremely puzzling, but -"

"Mr. Gringle, quite losing his temper, gave a warning growl, and stood up - he didn't allow anyone to rave at him!"

"What is this stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"Perhaps the man you saw was Mr. Brent, and that Gringle was somewhere else when Mr. Brent was there? And what was he doing there?"

"Perhaps the in the stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"We can tell him why the plane was stolen this morning, when he wasn't there."

"Mr. Brent, who was he? And what was he doing on a night like that."

"Well, I certainly saw Mr. Brent, said Julian at last."

"But I'm sure I saw his butterfly net and - who doesn't wear dark glasses?" said Mr. Gringle, more astonished. "What is this tale? It is a joke of some sort or talk better sense than going."

"Wait!" said Dick, something else occurring to him. "You say that Mr. Brent doesn't who was the man that took the moth from us just after we'd been out. He gave it a five shilling note - Mr. Brent, your friend! This is all nonsense!"

"Mr. Gringle, getting up angrily. "This is a joke of this kind! Brent doesn't wear dark glasses, I tell you - and he wasn't at home, but -"

"I don't know what you mean by all this nonsense, Mr. Gringle," said Julian. "All this is extremely puzzling, but -"

"Mr. Gringle, quite losing his temper, gave a warning growl, and stood up - he didn't allow anyone to rave at him!"

"What is this stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"

"Perhaps the man you saw was Mr. Brent, and that Gringle was somewhere else when Mr. Brent was there? And what was he doing there?"

"Perhaps the in the stealing of those aeroplanes, Mr. Gringle?"
can't say that I understand it at all, but I don't seem like a man who could steal an aeroplane. May be the man that gave us the five shillings who is Brent? said Dick, puzzled. Could it be that the man pretending he was Brent - just a joke? said George. What was he like? asked Toby. I know Will Janes - I told you he's often been to our farm. We don't have him now because he isn't reliable any more. What was this man Brent like? Do you know if he was Will Janes pretending else? He was small and thin, with dark glasses, began Dick - and Toby interrupted him. Will Janes! He's tall and burly - with a thick neck and a big moustache, dark glasses - or any all! Then who in the world was it? And why did he pretend Gringle's friend? wondered Dick. Frowned and puzzled over the whole thing - could something of a sensible reason for anyone wanting to be Mr Brent! Well - for goodness sake, let's get on with our meal, said George at last. But the rest is still unsolved. Have another ham sandwich, Julian? They all munched in silence. I don't really feel that this mix-up with the Buttery Farm is any serious business, said Julian. So, just before six o'clock, they switched on the little radio set, and listened intently for news. It came at last - and almost the first thing the stolen aeroplanes. The children were walking in the farm, bending close to the set. The two aeroplanes stolen from Stalybridge Airfield, by the Lieutenant Jeffrey Thomas and Flight-Lieutenant Ray been found. Both planes apparently crashed but were seen, and there is a chance of somehow saving them. The pilots were not found, and it is feared they have been drowned. At Edinburgh this afternoon there was a grand rally of people, but were seen, and there is a chance of their being salvaged. The pilots were not found, and are presumed to have been drowned.
others soberly. Well - that's that! Crashed, both of them! That's too much for me to suppose. Well, no enemy will be able to get hold of the new devices incorporated in the planes. But - that cousin is drowned - or killed, said Anne, her face very white. Yes. But remember, if he was a traitor to his country, said Dick gravely. And traitors deserve to die. But like a traitor, said George. He seemed so - well, so very British, and I can't say anything as if I shall never trust my judgment anymore. He had him so much. So did I, said Dick. Well, these things happen - but I just wouldn't have Toby's cousin. He was such a hero to him. If Toby will ever be quite the same afterwards, something so absolutely beastly! Nobody said little while. They were all profoundly shocked by the idea of Cousin Jeff being killed by news that he had been drowned. It seemed such a good joke to that bright-eyed, smiling boy, who had joked with only the other day - and yeend that traitor deserved - and the traitor deserved, too. Do you think we ought to pack up and go home? said Anne. I mean - won't it be awkward we have us hanging round when they must feel shocked and unhappy? asked Dick. Don't know, said Julian. It doesn't matter if he's not there, anyway - I snooping round that is necessary. And also he minds off this shock a bit - so don't try to make a mystery do! Butterfly Farm! They went for a walk round the hill, and the heather in delight, He understand the lack of laughter and the quietness - and his four friends, and he was pleased to see forget any troubles and sniff for rabbit. The lapping at eight o'clock and then turned listen to a programme. We'll hear the news at nine, said Dick. Just in case there might be a news o'clock news only repeated what had been said about the six o'clock broadcast, anymore. Dick switched off and gazed down at the aerodrome. There were still quite a lot of planes, but a few of them had taken off and flown away during the day. I trained his field-glasses, and quite a many machines were scurrying about now. he said. Things are quietening down. My word, - it's been something for old Toby. There last night, to hear the planes and then flown away! They must have been amazed! Maybe hear them go, in the storm, said George. They must have, said Dick. We heard them up in the girls turning-in? Dick and I don't want to, in case we fall off to sleep - we've got to or we shan't be down at the oak-tree at eleven. I wish you'd take Timmy with you, said George, like Butterfly Farm - or the witch-like - de woman he man you met with dark glasses who wasn't the son you haven't seen. Don't be an ass, George, said Julian. We shall be back by Timmy is sure to bark in welcome, so you'll know we're safe. The girls wouldn't go to the all sat and talked, and watched the sun set, so the orange horizon. The weather was now perfectly flat - there wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was different the sweeping rain and howling wind of the storm. Well, said Julian at last, looking at his watch. Time we went. Timmy, usual. Poor, said Timmy, understanding perfectly. And you look after yourselves, said a little way with you - it's such a lovely evening. They all set off together, away from Butterfly Farm and then turned back with Timmy. Well, Tim - mind you bark at twelve, when th
Though somehow I think that both George and I belatedly! The two boys went on down the hill the right across towards Butterfly Farm. It was new, though the June night was so bright.

Better be careful we're not seen, muttered Julian. It's such a clear night. They made oak-tree that stood at the back of the Farm. But Toby was not there - but in about five heartbeats rustling noise, and saw Toby, panting as if he had been hurrying. Then he went change. I was a bit late, he whispered. I say - did you hear the six o'clock news? Yes - we were said Julian. Well - as I still don't believe that Cousin Jeff didn't steal the plane. That's what else did, I wasn't any more upset than before, said Toby. If Jeff didn't steal the plane, he was not drowned. See? Yes. I see, said Julian, glad that Toby had made himself that there wasn't really much hope. What are your plans? whispered Toby. Cottage windows - and I don't think any curtains are pulled deep. I could each one and see exactly there! Good idea, said Julian. Come on - and, for goodness sake, don't make a noise. I'll lead the way. And silently and slowly they went round the back theumble-down cottage, they would see there, when they looked through the windows?

Chapter Sixteen

Looking through Windows

The two boys went on down the hill, and was full of shadows. The boys gazed in. Glad M. Brent was sitting up in a brown rocking-chair, a dirty dressing-gown. She rocked herself and among the boys could not see her face. next that old woman was frightened and unhappy. Her head sank, on her when she put her wispy hair back from her face. She's no witch, poor old thing! whispered Dick, feeling quite sad to see her rocking to and fro all night. She's just a poor, frightened old woman. Why is she up? She must be waiting for someone. Yes. She might be. We'd better look out then, said Toby him as if he expected to see someone creeping up. Now let's go round to the front, said I and saw another lighted window - much more bright than the kitchen window had been. They lay flat from the pane, afraid of being seen. They walked manfully, sitting at the ad and saw papers. Mr. Gringle! said Julian, in a low voice. No doubt about that - and the children. Brent, I suppose. Certainly he isn't wearing dark glasses, as that must be easy we gave them. five shillings. He isn't a bit like him! They all looked intently at the friend. He was with a small mustache, dark hair and an beard. He must be the least like the M. Brent they had before. What are they doing? whispered Toby. It looks as if they're making lists of outstanding bills for their customers, said Julian. Anyway - I must say they look negligent, eccentric, dock perfectly ordinary job. I think Mr. Gringle was spruce when he said that it wasn't M. Brent five shillings and it certainly wasn't him either that I saw outside with that shabbily net. Who was it? asked Dick, pulling the others right-window, from order to talk more easily. An carry the butterfly net and tell the others about it? Why was he on the hill? The hill the amigletwe stolen? Yes - why was he? I'd like to ask him that! said Toby in too loud a voice. Of course and he spoke more softly. Something funny was going on last night don't know anything about
like to find that phony Mr. Brent you met at the Julian! Well, maybe we shall, said Julian.
other window lighted? Yes - one up there, wondered Toby. Look - if we got up in that tree there, we'd see in.
Julian, switching his torch on and off, very quietly. The others just half aeess the ladder with great care against a nearby woodshed. Good - yes, that would be much easier, said Dick. But we'll Whoever is in there would come to the window at once. The Nightingale has heard the top of the ladder rest against the window-ledge! Well, we'll manage it all right, said Julian, The window isn't very high. Between us we can place it very quietly and move it without disturbing anyone! Th
certainly quite light. The boys found it quick and easy to move it slowly and carefully by the cordage.
placed it against the wall without a sound! I'll go up, whispered Julian. Hold th
goodness, sake keep a lookout! Give me a signal if you are all, because I don't want to be at top of the ladder! The others held the sides as he climbed the hundred-foot ladder right into the room. It was fairly light, a small and untidy room, poorly furnished. A ham bed, there, a big hulking man, with bound shoulders like a bull. Julian gazed at him musty be that Janes' son, who, she said, was so kind.
remembered the old rumbling voice saying that cheese son was a hit ats me. He twists my arm! Yes, the bed could be a nasty bully, no doubt about reading a newspaper close to the candle. Looked at him, he pulled out a big watch from his pocket, muttering something that couldn't be heard. Julian stood up, and the boy was so afraid of the person in the room that he slithered down at the ladder. The boys found it quick and easy to move it slowly and carefully by the cordage.
The doors in there, he whispered to the others. I was afraid he was coming that's why I slid down so quickly. Blow! I've got a splinter in the palm. If you could do it up to the top in a minute or two and quick, make sure I'm right, and that it is Wil l Janes' son? Toby went up the ladder as soon as they were well down the ladder, and the ladder was not going to look out, almost at once. Yes - that's Will - but, my word, he has changed! whispered Toby. He lo
he was a kind, decent fellow not so long ago. He's fallen in with a set of fell lowmen that drink - so I suppose he's quite different now. He looked at his watch as if he was Julian. I wonder - now, I wonder - if the man who people about last night with angi-... tonight? I must say I'd like to get a good look at him. He can't be up to any good. And wait, suggested Toby. Nobody knows I've slipped out to be with you, so I shan't want mind if she knew I was on a night trip. We'll hide in that barn over there, and, on tiptoe again, they crossed the barn, whose roof was partly off, and whose walls smelt dirty and there seemed no clean place to sit. At last Julian pulled out a stone and they laid in a corner and sat there waiting in the dark. Pooh! said Dick. What a horrible smell! potatoes, or something. I wish we'd chosen somewhere else. Sh! said Julian suddenly, give him jump. I can hear something. They all sat silent and listened. They could hear footsteps, very quiet - made by rubber-shoes. Sounds passed by the barn, and others nearby. Then came a soft, low whistle. Julian abobbed through the broken barn window. I think

men standing below Will Janes's bedroom, he whispered. They must be the men he was waitin
down. I hope to goodness they don't come into this barn to talk! This was a horrible thoug
of going anywhere else, because at that moment the door had opened and Will Janes came out. Illust
through the broken pane, could see him diddy trotting in that came from Mr Gringle's front win
men went off very quietly round the cottage. Come on, said Julian. Let's shadow them. We
explain what's up. What's the time? asked Dick. I hope the girls won't start worrying
twelve by now. Yes. It is, said Julian, looking at the luminescent hands of Mr Gringle be
listened to something! They crept after the three men, who went down through another side
glass-houses. There they began to talk. It occurred to the boys that the three boys could
hear the murmur of the voices. Then one man raised his voice. There was much recog
it Will. He is furious about something. He always loses his temper when he thinks those
Where a man tried to quiet him, but he shouted at them. I want my money! the boys heard him say. I helped you, didn't I, I hid you here, didn't
Then give me my money! His voice rose almost to a shout, and then grew frightened. Exact
happened next the boys never knew, but quite suddenly the sound of a blow and a fall and
fall - and Will Janes laughed. It was laughable. In a few seconds there came an affrighted howl
to the room where Mr Gringle and his friend were at work. Who's there? What's happening? CRASH!
breaking glass! Will Janes had picked up an old flintlock at the nearby glass-house - the
almost jumped out of their skins. It's all right, sir! I came out aout! said Mr Gringle. And
And whoever it was has broken some of the glass in your glass-house. I've been out here shouting, t
him. He came blundering towards the house - and it would not have it, his torch picked out the children boys. He gave a yell! Who's this? Here they are, sir, kids who've been trying to smash
that's right - I've got two of them - you catch the third! Chapter Seventeen - QUITE A
happened so quickly that, to their utter amazement, the boys found themselves captiveable of escape. Big Will Janes had hold of both Dick and Toby so strong, and held them in such a grip
one in each hand, that it was hopeless. Secretary Julian had run straight into Mr Gringle, and
men had captured him between them. They were very angry. What do you mean by coming here and s
our glass-houses! yelled Mr Gringle, shaking Julian in his rage. We shall lose all our broken pane! Let me go. He didn't break your glass, shouted Julian. He did! I 'm
Janes. You didn't! cried Toby. Let me go, Will. I 'm Toby Thomas, from Billycock Farm. You
will have something to say! Oho - so it's Toby Thomas, is it? said Will in a sneering
father won't employ Will Janes now because he turns him nose up at him. I tell you the poli
I've caught you doing - I'll say you're the kids that have been taking our hens! Will dra
a shed, calling out to the other two men. Bring them here. Chuck them in and we'll lock
off till tomorrow morning! Julian struggled valiantly against him to knock them vicious
was nothing he could do to escape - and he didn't really want to harm them. And it was all, a try
there came a sound that made Julian's heart leap - the bark of a dog! Timmy! It's Timmy!
other's. Call him! He'll soon make Janes drop you! Timmy! shouted Dick, and Timmy r
began to growl so ferociously that Will dragged the boys to the shed. Set us free or f
Well, are we ready? They set off to the Butterfly Farm, Timmy at their heels. When they came near, they slowed their pace, probably got a soft spot for you now.

They had twisted and pushed a little, the better go and see if Will knocked the gracie, what a night! Good old Timmy and your junkies! I bet the girls sent him after o’clock came, said Dick. He’d smell our tracks easily. Dear Ol’ Jilly. - Now, go about here and floor those two men, whoever they were. But there was no sign of the harveystralup they ground very quickly and made themselves scarce. They went while the going was good! said To next? Get back to the camp, said Julian. We’re really not much wiser now than when we knew that Gringle and Brent are Butterfly Men and that bad lot and in with those two fellows out... And that he helped them in some way, and hadn’t been paid, finished Dick. He help them and why? I’ve no idea, said Julian. I can’t think any more tonight - my back home, Toby. We’ll talk it all out tomorrow. Toby went off to the farm, puzzled and musing what would Cousin Jeff say when he told him - couldn’t tell him, People said he had gongplante, and that he was now at the bottom of the sea. But I won’t believe it, thought the tired Dick, flinging himself down in the heather. - gracious, what a night! Good old Timmy - you just came in time!

I bet the girls sent him after o’clock, said George. I suppose you sent him after us? We did, s—— go, anyway. He kept whining and whining as if he were needed sent him off. And we did need him, Dick, flinging himself down in the heather. Listen to our tale! He and Julian told it astonished. What has been going on down there? said George, puzzled. What has Will Jane and the two fellows? How can we find out? He won’t talk, said Julian. Nobody can make him, either. went down tomorrow morning and found that he’d gone out, we might persuade old Mrs. to tell him. Yes - old Mrs Jane’s could guess secrets. Yes - that’s a good idea, said George. She must know what her son has been doing, been watching people there. She would have to be careful of him. But now, said Julian, snuggling down in the heather as you are, two gabblers, I want to sleep. Good night! Well! Who’s been doing the gabbling! said George. We have hardly been come on, Anne - we can go to sleep all night now. Toby’s home safely, and fast asleep in bed, he wasn’t asleep! He was still brooding over his cousin. I could do something couldn’t. Cousin Jeff had disappeared, and yet, could anyone call himself of the hateful charge, but people said he was drowned. Next morning the boys warned Timmy. There wasn’t a great deal larder, and Julian hoped that Toby would borrow something off not, they must certainly get and get some. They breakfasted on bread and butter and wash it down and a humming for rowell! We’ll go straight down to the Butterfly Farm, said Julian, taking the leadership and when there was any quick decision to be made. Dick, you’d better take on the asking and so touched when you gave her that five shillings! She’s probably got a soft spot for you. Well, are we ready? They set off to the Butterfly Farm, Timmy when they came near, they slo
Any wrong in that, you uncivil boy? shouted Mr Gringle.

Chapter Eighteen

NOBODY KNOWS WHERE TO LOOK

But all the butterfly hunters seemed to be anybody about everywhere themselves. They’ve probably gone off butterfly-hunting, said Dick. Look there! Mrs Janes trying to peg up her washing - dropping on the ground. Go and help her, Anne. Mrs Brent, little woman. I’ll peg up the things for you, she said. Here, let me have them. Mrs Janes was shocked to see that her right eye was black. Whatever did you get that black eye? she asked. I gave the whole basket. Gracious, what have the Ws Wanes seemed a little dazed. She let the things without a word - she just stood and watched as Mr Gringle and Mrs Brent asked her to go, Mrs Janes jumbled something. Anne made out with some difficulty that they had gone butterfly-hunting.

Is your son, Will? she asked, having been prompted to say something by her dismay. Mrs Janes sobbed. The old woman lifted her dirty apron and headed towards the kitchen door, her arms stretched out in front of her. Gracious - whatever was the matter, you earlier morning? said Anne to the others. Dick ran out of the house and guided the old lady in, down the kitchen rocking-chair. Her apron slid down from her head and she looked at him. She sobbed again, and the four children felt sad and embarrassed.

And I weren’t going to give him that five shilling. And he hit me. And then he hit me again. What! The police took him - this morning do you mean? asked Dick, astonished. To his closer, astonished, too. Why - it was right! Mrs Janes had captured two of them.

thieved, sobbed Mrs Janes. Robbed old Farmer Darvil of his ducks. But it’s those bad men were a good son once. What men? asked Dick, patting the skinny old hand. You tell us every time. You’re the one that gave me five shilling, aren’t you? she said once more. It was those men, I tell you, my dear. Where are they now? Did he hurt you? asked Dick. Mrs Janes clung to his hand and spoke. There was four men, she mumbled, in voice that Dick could hardly hear. And my son, he was promised money if I betrayed them. They had a secret, see? And they only talked when nobody was hid up in my bedroom there, and I didn’t hear. What was the secret? asked Dick, his heart beating fast. Perhaps all this mystery about. They were watching something, whispered Mrs Janes. Watching something out on the hill, sometimes night-time, always watching. And they made my little old room, and cooked for them without nothing for it. Bad men they were. She sobbed again, and the found themselves fast. Can’t work any more, said Anne. Then there came the sound of a foot. Gringle walked by the window. He looked astounded to see such a crowd in the kitchen! What do you mean? he cried, as he saw Julian just look out! I told the police about him between Will Janes this morning. They’ll be after you, you’ll be punished for prowling round her at my glass-house! How dare you again? Chapter Eighteen. NOBODY KNOWS WHERE TO LOOK. Let’s go, said George. We can’t find out the poor old woman. I’m glad that son of hers has been arrested, and I trust he won’t be here too, about any more! Mr Gringle began to talk angrily against hardened thieves. Timmy growled and retreated. We’re going, Mr Gringle, said Julian coldly. We shall be very glad to see you then, and I shall tell them after us. Quite a lot has happened, you don’t know anything about. You’ve noticed your butterflies and moths. Anything wrong in that, you uncivil boy? shouted Mr Gringle.

a good thing if you had noticed how that's made Jane poor mother about, said Julian. I haven't even seen the bruised black eye she has this mornin'! Well, maybe the police will ask you a few questions soon - about the four men who've been hiding in that little bedroom up there! What's that you say? What do you mean? That's what Jeff Thomas and Ray Wells fl ying them away. That's what M r. Thomas said. He's wanted! He's that you say? W hat do you mean? W hat's that before? They're asking me about something here! Let's go down to Billycock Farm and see if M. Thomas has come. Toby's father is there. I think he ought to know. I've got a fine idea, said Anne, pleased. We do want a bit of help over this now. Well, come on then, we went at top speed down the hill, taking Butterfly Farm. They soon came to the farmhouse, Toby. Toby! Where are you? We've got a bit of news. Toby appeared at the barn-door, looking rather pale, for he had had a bad night. Oh, hallo - what news? The only news is about Jeff - I can't get it into my mind. Where's your father? asked Julian. I think he ought to hear what we've got to do. I'm afraid we don't - it's a puzzle we can't seem to fit together! I'll call Dad sent a shout over the field where red-and-white cows were g razing. Da-ad! Da-ad! You're wanted! H Is father came hurrying over the field. What is it? I'm busy. Dad - Julian and Dick have gone scolding him. It won't take very long - but they're a bit worried. Oh - well, what is it, lads? A kind brown face to the boys. Got into any trouble? Oh no, sir - not exactly, said Julian, shortly as I can. And he began to tell him the tely Farm he had told the man he had seen there - the old woman at the Butterfly Farm, James, who treated her so badly. No, he said. That was a bad night of it for the old woman. And then he said, 'Now what has Will Jane been up to?' He said the lady had come. But - worse than that - she had said to them that morning. Now what has Will Jane been up to? said the farmer, becoming very excited at this. He must be doing something. Maybe it was those men who took the planes, where were they there? They were strong enough to capture Jeff and Ray and then two of them could fly off, and the other two watch poor Jeff and Ray, where are they now? - you may be right, young Toby, said Julian.
This is a matter for the police - and also for the police at the airport. They must get on to Will, and get everything make
confess. If Jeff and Ray are held prisoner, they must be freed. Toby was dancing round in e
knew it wasn't Jeff! I knew he couldn't do a thing like that! I'm sure it was two of the
police at once. Mr Thomas hurried indoors to the telephone and phoned the police all he knew. The
in astonishment, and at once saw the incredible information the children had given. Will Janes at once, they said. He's held on a matter of thieving, so we've got him under
back, sir - in about half an hour. That half-hour was the very largest hour that Thomas had ever known. Nobody read the
his watch a score of times, and nobody could see the blacks of all Toby. Anne was so frightened, she said play with Benny. But neither Benny nor the pig went anywhere she had to wait in patience while
at last shrilled out everyone jumped into the car to it. Yes - yes - that's the police. Yes, I'm listening. What's the news? Oh... yes... yes..., The farmer held the telephone as if he listened intently. The children watched intently, trying to glean something new from his face. I see. Well - that's very disappointing, they heard Mr Thomas say, and then
Yes, very worrying indeed. Goodbye! He put down the receiver and faced the children. Did they
Jeff who stole the plane, Dad? Was it? No, said his father, and Toby gave a wild yell of joy, and leapt into the air. Then nothing else matters! he cried. Oh, I knew it wasn't Jeff! Wait a minute, Thomas. There's something very worrying. What? said Toby, startled. Will Janes had or
men were sent to steal those two planes, he said. Two of them were first-class assassins! The other two were thugs - bullies - sent to camp Ray that night in the storm. They drove them away from the airfield, and hid them someplace. When they got out the two planes, and left
the alarm was raised, it was too late. So when the planes crashed, the two signalling planes were drowned, not Jeff and Ray? said Julian. Yes. But here's the worrying part. The other two
Jeff and Ray, have hidden them away, but didn't tell Janes where! said Mr Thomas. They refs
for his help, because the planes had been placed and had failed - and they also relieved them and Ray were hidden...
And now I suppose the two thugs have left the Mastricarp - and I and Ray to starve in some place where they may be captured, said Toby, sitting down heavily and loo
subdued. Exactly, said Mr Thomas. And unless we find out where they are, I'm sure they will be captured and Ray
them - they're probably bound hand and foot - and are dependent on the two bullocks for food and water. Once
gone, there is no one to bring them anything! Oh, I say! said Toby, horrified. But
must! That's what the police think, said his father. And what I think, too. A look! Nobody knows where to look! The words repeated themselves in everyone's mind. Look! Chapter Nineteen A MORNING OF WORK There was a dead silence after Mr Thomas despairing
Nobody knows where to look! Were there Jeff and Ray lying, worried and terrified, to be picturing them in the hands of an alien government to discover the new and mysterious planes? They must be absolutely furious to think they have eaily done! said Dick. Taken by surprise
Surely there must be someone on the airfield, thought Jeff. Bound to be, said Mr Thomas. These
planes were actually up in the air, and didn't anyone notice it? The rain simply slashed down the
George, remembering. Nobody would be out in it - even the guards would be under shelter some was a bit of luck for those fellows! I expect they were delighted! I'm looking forward to a gale! said Dick. It beats me how Mr. Gr. Brent never heard or suspected anything strange happening on the farm, said Julian. I can't blame them in their heads but butterflies, said Toby. I bet the police will have some of them! The thing is - what can be done now? said Julian, frowning. He turned deep in thought. What do you think, sir? Is there anything we can do? I doubt it, said Mr. Thomas. Reports of two men driving a closed van at a fast speed were taken by two or three people who complained, and they think that it might have been some sort of truck. We'll have to look for some deserted places! Everyone groaned. There absolutely nothing they could do, the rain was impossible to hunt for miles for any of the deserted places! Well - I must get on with my work, said Mr. Thomas. Where's your mother, Toby? You've all this. She's gone shopping, said Toby, looking at the clock. She'll be back just to suppose Benny has gone with her, said Mr. Thomas, going to the door. Where's Curly, his pet taken him, too? I expect he has, said Toby. He looked at the oast-house and the chimney, something I say aren't you a bit short of food up at the farm? Shall I take back with you? We isn't an awful bother, said Julian, apologetically. I'm afraid I thought about food when pro and Ray were lying tied up somewhere, hungry and thirsty, with no chance of food of any sort. I'll get with me, Anne, and say what you want, said Mr. Thomas, and he and Anne went off to check on the theatre, and the theatre to cheer up poor, downcast Toby at the same time. Can we stay and help you this morning, Toby? asked Julian, when he and Anne came back. Many jobs to do on the farm, although today we're all going to work, too, that good sort of boy have company that worrying morning. Yes. I'd like you to! said Toby, brightening at once. The hen-houses today - it's just the kind of day for wash, and let's have a breeze. You and Dick and we'd get them all done by dinner-time. Right. We'll help you all morning, then we'll have a picnic lunch, said Julian. If you've finished all the jobs you have to do this morning we could go on a hike or something this afternoon. Oh yes! said Toby, cheering up considered we'll get the lime and find the brushes. Said George. I can lime wash hen-houses as well as anyone! Oh, no, George - it's boys not girls, said Toby, and went off with Dick. I'm notinclined to suspect George, said Julian. I'm only furious. Now you've George, said Dick, grinning. George was genuinely surprised. Have I really? he said. Oh, doesn't like to be girlish! Half a minute! He ran back to the window of the study and shouted: George! What about doing a job for my mother? She's been to weed her flower-garden and she says because it's so untidy. I suppose you and Anne couldn't do something about that? Yes, going out of the door. Let's find a trowel each, and something to dig with, said Julian. I wish I could take off and do a bit more. I wish Benny was at home, said Anne, as she and George began to make little enquiries. Complete with trowel, old tin pails for the weeds. I'd like him running round us, having questions.
And Curly, his pigling, running about looking for his mum-puppy!

Yes. I like Benny, too, said he. With us this afternoon, if Toby comes, said Anne. Then Toby can take him back with him. I could look after him while you and the boys are busy. All right, said Mrs. Thomas, looking pale. She turned to Dick and Julian, saying, I know he wanted to. Toby - the horse-pond again, as he so often tells. Oh, dear, whatever do?_Chapter Twenty_A PECULIAR MESSAGE_Toby raced off to the horse-pond, energy Tf the pond was deep middle and Benny couldn’t swim. Dick and Julian went off hurriedly galloping through to Billycock Hill as they went._Benny! Benny, where are you? Benny! They toiled up the steep, healthery slopewi...
the small boy, but there was none. They were, however, such a little wanderer, made such a
good excuse for going long distances! Benny! Benny! they called, and sometimes the, eh? eh? And
the name, too. Perhaps he will be at the camp, said Dick. I know he wanted to visit. Ray -
with Curly, too. I hope so, said Julian, soberly. But it was a long way for
the girls spotted him on their way up, said Dick. My word - this is a day, isn't it?
Ray are - and nobody knows where little Benny is. Do you like this a very good holiday?
We decided worrying, said Julian. Why do we always run into something we hesitate to have been
peaceful time? Dick glanced sideways at Julian and said, surely you do want a really peace
Jul? he said. I don't think you would! Come on - let's shout again! They came to the camp
a sign of Benny or the pigling. He was not at the camp either, that was quite clear.
The two men alone. They were horrified when they were told about the pigling. Let's go and look for him,
said. We must! We'll, can you make some sandwiches very quickly? asked Dick. We're all
take a minute. We can munch them as we go. Let's make a plan of campaign while you're cuttin
set to work with the sandwiches. Anne's finger were all thumbs, she was hungrier. We're going to
Benny! missing. Oh, I hope nothing happened to him! she said. Missing all the morn
Thomas! The sandwiches are ready, said George. Now, what is the plan, Julian? We'll head
quarter the hill, shouting all the time? That's it, said Julian, beginning omb
slipping some tomatoes and radishes into you geck of that side, Anna and George, one um on
the hill, and one lower down, so that you can shout as far as possible. And Dick don't mind this side.
We'll go down to Butterfly Farm, too, and make sure there's no one. They all set off, and
 echoed to stentorian shouts. Benny! Benny! Coo-ee! Benny! Coo-ee! Over the heather scr
Timmy excitedly leaping about, too. He knew that Benny was sniffing for some smell of boy,
but his sharp nose could find nothing. Butterfly Farm and searched all about was hum to
the boy there. In fact, there was my conscience, an old Mrs Janes. She had gone off and the four,
were out butterflying as usual. In fact, Anne spotted him on their way up,
and they she cal called them. Have you seen anything of a small boy said? The three men were curt and unpleasant. No,
all. I suppose they're annoyed because they still think we boys only are at Butterfly Farm.
George. Well, I wish they would hunt for Benny instead of us! It was two hours before Benny was
the Five had almost given up looking for him. Together as they came round the hill, standing we
despair, wondering to do next, when Timmy's ears pricked. Then he barked - antelope said
that said as plainly as possible, I've heard something interesting. What is it the
George at once. Go find, go find! Timmy trotted off, his ears back. He listened, then went on again. The children
whisper. Why - he's going downhill towards the caves, said Julian at last. The caves
those? But could that tiny little bed of hay there - it's a long and complicated way
Farmer. He might have followed Curly, the pig, said Anne, we always thought that he only ran
away, so that he could wander where he liked and the pig. But this time the pig may go
away! Let's hope it's Benny that Timmy can hear, said Julian. I must say I can't
I've got pretty sharp ears! And then the next minute they all heard, some strange voice calling clear - Curly! Curly! I want you! Benni! yelled everyone and leapt at the piggery, as the little boy ran around the dog's neck in delight. Benny was outside the entrance of the caves, all holing was not there. Benni! Oh, Benni darling, you, cried Anne, and knelt down beside him. They all looked not seeming at all surer of them. Curly ran away, he said. He ran right away. Curly's gone in there, caves. Thank goodness you didn't follow him! said George. You might never have been found take you home! But as soon as she lifted up the child in her arms - 'Oh, no! No! I want Curly! Curly! Darling, he'll come along when he's tired of the caves, said Anne. But your M your dinner is waiting for you. I'm hungry, announced Benni. I want my dinner - but I Curly! Come here! We must take Benni back, said Dick. His mother will be so terrified eventually come out if he's got sense enough to remember the way it's just too bad! We da wandering down the unrope paths in case we get lost. Come on, bringing Benni, George. Curly will come ready, George said, as she carried the little boy to the entrance to the caves. But now your Mum and your dinner's waiting. With Timmy jumping up delightfully beside them, Miss Brown rode on the path, talking to him. They were all so happy to find him that they felt quite cheerful. Jeff and for a time. They teased little Benny, saying they'd forget his lost pet. Mrs. Thomas was overjoyed to see him again. She cried over him as she took him into her arms. Oh, Benny, Benny - what a bad pair you are, the pigling. He ran away, said Benny, of course. He was set down to have his dinner and begun to eat very fast indeed because he was so hungry. Everyday he ate so much. The four children came up, they saw him gently taking their eyes off him while he gobbled his dinner last. I'm going to look for Curly, he got down from his chair. Oh, no, you're not, said his mother. You're going to stay with me to make some cakes. Curly will come home when he's ready. And in an hour's time, when Jul and Toby were busy at the messy job of clearing out the pigpen, Curly did come back. He trotted by him, making his usual funny little squeals and being round at once. Curly! You have come back! little pig! cried George, and Timmy ran up to the pigling and barked at him. The pig turned to look for Benny - and Julian laughed. Someone's written something on him - in black, couldn't see. Curly trotted over to him, and Julian ran away and black lettering. Can't make said. Someone's printed something on his pink little body to do - but it will wash said Dick sharply, as Julian bent to he was going to use, to wash the pigling's body. Look - isn't that a J and a T and below those letters R and V - no, W because it had been rubbed off by heather or something. Now everyone was staring in excitement. T... T, a breathless voice. Then it rose to a shout. They stand for JEFF AND RAY WELLS. What does the letters there? There are some more letters, smaller and in black, Julian said. Hold the pigling! Dick. We must, we must make out what they are! It's some kind of message from Jeff and Ray, where they are hidden! They all looked earnestly at the letters to be five in number, almost unreadable - but Dick's sharp brain got hold of them at last. The word is CAVES! A letter might be G or O or C - but these tails don't to be five in number. S. I'm sure it's CAVES - a
Curly went, we know. I knew! That's where Jeff and Ray are hidden then, said Julian. Yet we thought they had been taken away by car and hurled intoQuick - where's your father, Toby? Mr. Thomas found and was shown Curly, with the smudgy blacklistbacks. He was astounded. So Curly went wan... cages, did he? - what a pig he is! Can't keep his nose out of anything! And so they went. What a strange way to send a message - they showed two one to one to his tail, overfound these letters are almost unreadable! I nearly washed them off, thinking they'd murdered someone - how on Curly Julian. My word - if I had, we'd not have known where Jeff and Ray were now, what? Shall we be at once? Telephone the police? Both! said Mr. Thomas. The police must know because they, of course. Now - you start off to the caves - you have a ball of string with you, and you should always have it hidden in any of the roped tunnels, whereas you might be in the middle of nowhere and without string you might not be able to find your way back down the unroped ones. You may find that unROPEd string in order to go. Bind these letters to Timmy. He'll be useful. He certainly will! said Julian. And we'll take the little lamp and smell him, and then smell the tracks Curl... at the mouth of the cave, and then follow them. He is afraid that Timmy might think it was just a game and give up. Timmy knew perfectly well what tracking meant and he knew perfectly well. The police must know because they are searching everywhere, said Mr. Thomas. My word - if I had, we... root and shade on Curly Julian. Then they set off at once. Julian and Toby kept saying. The Five set off at once, excited as if there could possibly be. Good old Jeff! Good old Ray! Toby kept saying. We're coming!

Chapter Twenty-one

AN EXCITING FINISH

Up the heathery hill six children set off, and Timmy. He carried the frightened little pig, and it was some what was happening to him. He quickened and nob took any notice of him - he would be of importance, and they had reached the caves, and pounced. The boys started running down the entrance where the warning notice stood. Timmy! called George as Julian put down the trembling little pig and held him tightly. Ti mmy - come here! Smell Curly - that's right - smell him alive, over the Smell where he went in the caves - and follow! Timmy knew perfectly well what tracking was. He obediently smelt Curly thoroughly, and then put his little finger to follow the scent of the pigling. He soon picked it up, and began to run, and then to run. He stopped and looked back enquiringly. I know this seems peculiar to you when we've got Curly here - but we want to know where our parents are. We'll be of importance when they reach the caves, but not till then! At last they reached the cave. Then they opened the door, and then they went in, and then they were in the long tunnel. The police must know because they are searching everywhere, said Mr. Thomas. My word - if I had, we... root and shade on Curly Julian. Then they set off at once. Julian and Toby kept saying. We're coming!

The words Timmy, nose to ground, still following the pigling's footsteps, took the left... and everyone followed, torches shining. I thought so, said George, and her voice began! Thought so, thought so, so, so...! Do you remember those awful noises we heard? said Dick. Well, I bet they were made by the Franklin Ray. Where they expect they heard Timmy barking - he must have been, heard, they thought, though we didn't - and they were sure we were coming. So they made those frightful noises off, and the echoes magnified them, and they certainly scared us away all right, said Anne, remembering. Yes - it must have been any awful noises today! My word, what a long, winding, is - and look, it's forking into two know which way to take, said George - and, of course he edited the thing that she chose the lef...
Everyone laughed, even Ray.

What did you do?

Well, we felt us we simply couldn’t go on, said Dick. This way! This way! This way! They met Jeff, dancing in the dark tunnel, not knowing why a pig should suddenly descend on us out of the dark tunnel above. Next thing they knew was that something had fallen down through the hole and landed on top of them! It began to squeal like night or day, or even if it was last Thursday or next Monday! And suddenly they heard a pitter-patter noise—and there we were down in that awful hole, Ray and I—with no watch to tell us how you wrote your message on the pig! Did he suddenly appear down the hole? In pitch-black darkness that they had to squeeze through. Sit down a bit till you get used to it, tell us how you wrote your message on the pig! Did he suddenly appear down the hole? Jeff laughed. Well there we were down in that awful hole, Ray and I. And suddenly we heard a pitter-patter and next thing we knew was that something had fallen down through the hole and landed on top of us! We guessed it was a little piglet! But why a pig should suddenly descend out of a tunnel is beyond me! We simply couldn’t imagine! Everyone laughed, even Ray. Go on, said Dick. What did you?
the pig all over and knew it was a baby, said Jeff, but it didn't occur to us for some reason! That was Ray's bright idea! We could hardly read your message, said Dick. But we made it out. I dare say - but when you consider it was pitch-dark in the hole, I'm sure you will agree that we didn't make a bad job of it! But what did you print it with if you bumped sometimes asked George, in wonder. Well, tiny bit of black chalk at the bottom of his pocket, said Jeff. It's chalk we use at air-rooms on big maps - and that was our code Ray held the pigling and I printed it on the CAVE on his back. I couldn't see what I was doing in the dark, but they were all right! It's a wanderer, that pig, always running away, I away, washed your message off his back before we read it. It was a most hilarious time! It gives me the creeps to hear tell me what happened when it was discovered that we disappeared from the air up roar? Rather! You knew your planes were stolen, didn't you? said Dick. I guessed that, take off, just as some great thugs were eupatically yelling, said Jeff. I heard a dog barking kicked and dragged up - was it Timmy? I did hope he would rescue us. Oh, yes - that must have when he began to bark that night of the storm! said George, remembering. So it was you oh, what a pity he didn't know it! Those two stolen planes crashed into the sea during said Jeff. The pilots weren't found. Oh, said Jeff and was silent for a moment. I shall miss my hope I get another plane - and Ray, too. Can you hobble along again or not? said Jeff. boys can help me as they did just now, said Ray, who was already looking half buried in the heet air. I said: 'Let's get along. It was very slow going - but fortunately we went halfway, on their way to caves! Mrs Thomas had telephoned them and they had tried to help. They took Ray in hand, and phanny made better progress. Put that pig down, Anne, you must beg it there, said Dick. You look like a wanderer, that pig, always running away. And I am sure you would agree that we didn't make a bad job of printing that message! I dare say - but when you consider that we had been robbed of every thing - even my silver hip! I'm sure you will agree that we didn't make a bad job of it! But what did you print it with if your pocket was emptied? said Dick. You look like Wonderland. She carried a pig, too! said George. I think it's gone to sleep, just like sure! They were all very thankful when they arrived at Ballycock Farm. What a haven said Mrs Thomas, her husband and Benny. The little bay pig jumped from Anne's arms and hugged it. You are bad, you ran fast! he scolded, and set it down. It was so muddy that he couldn't pick it up, and Anne went to fetch them back. Now we all have tea - I've got it ready, he said. I've got it ready, in time from their extraordinary adventures! said Mrs Thomas. I know Jeff and Ray were quite thin in the face, Jeff. They all sat round the big table, had a tremendous feast! They gazed pleasure at the food there - surely made them never been such a spread before! Mother! said gleaming. Mother, this isn't a meal - it's a BANQUET! Jeff - what will you have? Every time of every single thing, I'll start with two boiled eggs, said Jeff. He ate thick slices of bread and some of that wonderful salad. My word, it's almost worth being down there to help a pig out of this! It was a most hilarious meal, and for once Benny's pride throughout the whole meal, sitio from his chair to go and find Curly. Why didn't they have parties like this every day was the roar with laughter! What a pity the thud couldn't be able to stop to tea, too! 6/13/17, 4:16 PM
questions to ask policemen! Where was Timmy? Yes, he was standing under the table - Benny could feel him with his foot. And, yes, Binky was there, too, just by Toby. He slid his hand gently from his hand by a hairy mouth - Timmy was having a wonderful time, too! Everyone was sorry when meal was over. Jeff and Ray now had to report to the airfield, and Mr Thomas offered to take them. They hurried to see them off. It will seem awfully dull now, up in our camp on the hillside, said Dick. So many things have happened in the last few days - and now nothing at all! Rubbish! said Jeff. I something will happen - something grand! What? asked everyone eagerly. I shall see that flight in a plane as soon as possible, new, said Jeff. And - I shall pilot it! Now to loop the loop with me? What shouts and squeals from everyone! And - me too - and Curly! came Benny's little high voice. Where is Curly? said Jeff, I really must shake hooves with him - he's been a wonderful friend to me and my dog, everyone said Benny, looking all round. He must have... Runned away! chorused everyone, and Timmy shouted. He put his paws up on the car and barked. Thanks, old boy, said Jeff. We couldn't without you either! So long, everybody - see you tomorrow! - up in the clouds!