



Enid Blyton Stories

Five on a Treasure Island



There was a wicked enchanter who had been turned into a pure white wolf. He roamed about the world eating little pigs and big pigs, hens and ducks and anything else he could find. He was a big bad wolf and everyone knew about him.



‘Isn’t it a marvellous day?’ said Anne to George, as they dressed.
‘I’m so looking forward to going to the island.’

‘Well, honestly, I think really we oughtn’t to go,’ said George,
unexpectedly.

‘Oh, but why?’ cried Anne, in dismay.

‘I think there’s going to be a storm or something,’ said George,
looking out to the south-west.



‘But, George, why do you say that?’ said Anne, impatiently. ‘Look at the sun – and there’s hardly a cloud in the sky!’

‘The wind is wrong,’ said George. ‘And can’t you see the little white tops of the waves out there by mi island? That’s always a bad sign.’

‘Oh, George – it will be the biggest disappointment of our lives if we don’t go today,’ said Anne, who couldn’t bear any disappointment, big or small. ‘And besides,’ she added, artfully, ‘if we hang about the house, afraid of a storm, we shan’t be able to have dear old Tim with us.’



‘Yes, that’s true,’ said George. ‘All right – we’ll go. But mind – if a storm does come, you’re not to be a baby. You’re to try and enjoy it and not be frightened.’

‘Well, I don’t much like storms,’ began Anne, but stopped when she saw George’s scornful look.



They went down to breakfast and George asked her mother if they could take their dinner as they had planned.

‘Yes,’ said her mother. ‘You and Anne can help to make the sandwiches. You boys can go into the garden and pick some ripe plums to take with you. Julian, you can go down to the village when you’ve done that and buy some bottles of lemonade or ginger beer, whichever you like.’



‘Ginger pop for me, thanks!’ said Julian, and everyone else said the same. They all felt very happy. It would be marvellous to visit the strange little island. George felt happy because she would be with Tim all day.



They set off at last, the food in two kitbags. The first thing they did was to fetch Tim. He was tied up in the fisher-boy's backyard. The boy himself was there and grinned at George.

‘Morning, Master George,’ he said. It seemed so funny to the other children to hear Georgina called ‘Master George!’ Tim’s been barking his head off for you. I guess he knew you were coming for him today.’



‘Of course he did,’ said George, untying him. He at once went completely mad and tore round and round the children, his tail down and his ears flat.

‘He’d win any race if only he were a greyhound,’ said Julian, admiringly. ‘You can hardly see him for dust. Tim! Hey, Tim! Come and say “Good morning”’.



Tim leapt up and licked Julian's left ear as he passed on his whirlwind way. Then he sobered down and ran lovingly by George as they all made their way to the beach. He licked George's bare legs every now and again and pulled at his ears gently.



They got into the boat and George pushed off. The fisher-boy waved to them. 'You won't be very long, will you?' he called.

'There's a storm blowing up. Bad one it'll be, too.'

'I know,' shouted back George. 'But maybe we'll get back before it begins. It's pretty far off yet.'



George rowed all the way to the island. Tim stood at each end of the boat in turn, barking when the waves reared up at him. The children watched the island coming closer and closer. It looked even more exciting than it had the other day.

‘George, where are you going to land?’ asked Julian. ‘I simply can’t imagine how you know your way in and out of these awful rocks. I’m afraid every moment we’ll bump into them!’

‘I’m going to land at the little cove I told you about the other day,’ said George. ‘There’s only one way to it, but I know it very well. It’s hidden away on the easiest side of the island.’



The girl cleverly worked her boat in and out of the rocks and suddenly, as it rounded a low wall of sharp rocks, the children saw the cove she had spoken of. It was like a natural little harbour and was a smooth inlet of water running up to a stretch of sand, sheltered between high rocks. The boat slid into the inlet and at once stopped rocking, for here the water was like glass, and had hardly a wrinkle.



‘I say – this is fine!’ said Julian, his eyes shining with delight. George looked at him and her eyes shone too, as bright as the sea itself. It was the first time she had ever taken anyone to her precious island and she was enjoying it.



They landed on the smooth yellow sand. 'We're really on the island!' said Anne and she capered about, Tim joining her and looking as mad as she did. The others laughed. George pulled the boat high up on the sand.

'Why so far up?' said Julian, helping her. 'The tide's almost in, isn't it? Surely it won't come as high as this.'

'I told you I thought a storm was coming,' said George. 'If one does, the waves simply tear up this inlet and we don't want to lose our boat, do we?'



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It really was a most exciting place. Rabbits were everywhere! They scuttled about as the children appeared but did not go into their holes.

‘Aren’t they awfully tame?’ said Julian, in surprise.

‘Well, nobody ever comes here but me,’ said George, ‘and I don’t frighten them.’



Tim! Tim, if you go after the rabbits, I'll be furious.'

Tim turned big sorrowful eyes on to George. He and George agreed about every single thing except rabbits. To Tim rabbits were made for one thing – to chase! He never could understand why George wouldn't let him do this.

But he held himself in and walked solemnly by the children, his eyes watching the lolloping rabbits longingly.



‘I believe they would almost eat out of my hand,’ said Julian.

But George shook her head.

‘No, I’ve tried that with them,’ she said. ‘They won’t. look at those baby ones. Aren’t they lovely?’

‘Woof!’ said Tim, agreeing, and he took a few steps towards them. George made a warning noise in her throat and Tim walked back, his tail down.



‘There’s the castle!’ said Julian. ‘Shall we explore that now? I do want to.’

‘Yes, we will,’ said George. ‘Look – that is where the entrance used to be – through that big broken archway.’



‘The children gazed at the enormous old archway, now half broken down. Behind it were ruined stone steps leading towards the centre of the castle.

‘It had strong walls round it, with two towers,’ said George.

‘One tower is almost gone, as you can see, but the other is not so bad. The jackdaws build in that every year. They’ve almost filled it up with their sticks!’



As they came near to the better tower of the two the jackdaws circled round them with loud cried of 'Chack, chack, chack!' Tim leapt into the air as if he thought he could get them, but they only called mockingly to him.



‘This is the centre of the castle,’ said George, as they entered through a ruined doorway into what looked like a great yard, whose stone floor was now overgrown with grass and other weeds. ‘Here is where the people used to love. You can see where the rooms were – look, there’s one almost whole there. Go through that little door and you’ll see it.’



They trooped through a doorway and found themselves in a dark, stone-walled, stone-roofed room, with a space at one end where a fireplace must have been. Two slit-like windows lit the room. It felt very strange and mysterious.



‘What a pity it’s all broken down,’ said Julian, wandering out again. ‘That room seems to be the only one quite whole. There are some others here – but all of them seem to have either no roof, or one or other of the walls gone. That room is the only liveable one. Was there an upstairs to the castle, George?’

‘Of course’, said George. ‘But the steps that led up are gone. Look! You can see part of an upstairs room there, by the jackdaw tower. You can’t get up to it, though, because I’ve tried. I nearly broke my neck trying to get up. The stones crumble away so.’



‘Were there any dungeons?’ asked Dick.

‘I don’t know,’ said George. ‘I expect so. But nobody could find them now – everywhere is so overgrown.’

It was indeed overgrown. Big blackberry bushes grew here and there, and a few gorses bushed forced their way into gaps and corners. The coarse green grass sprang everywhere and pink thrift grew its cushions in holes and crannies.



‘Well, I think it’s a perfectly lovely place,’ said Anne. ‘Perfectly and absolutely lovely!’

‘Do you really?’ said George, pleased. ‘I’m so glad. Look! We’re right on the other side of the island now, facing the sea. Do you see those rocks, with those peculiar big birds sitting there?’



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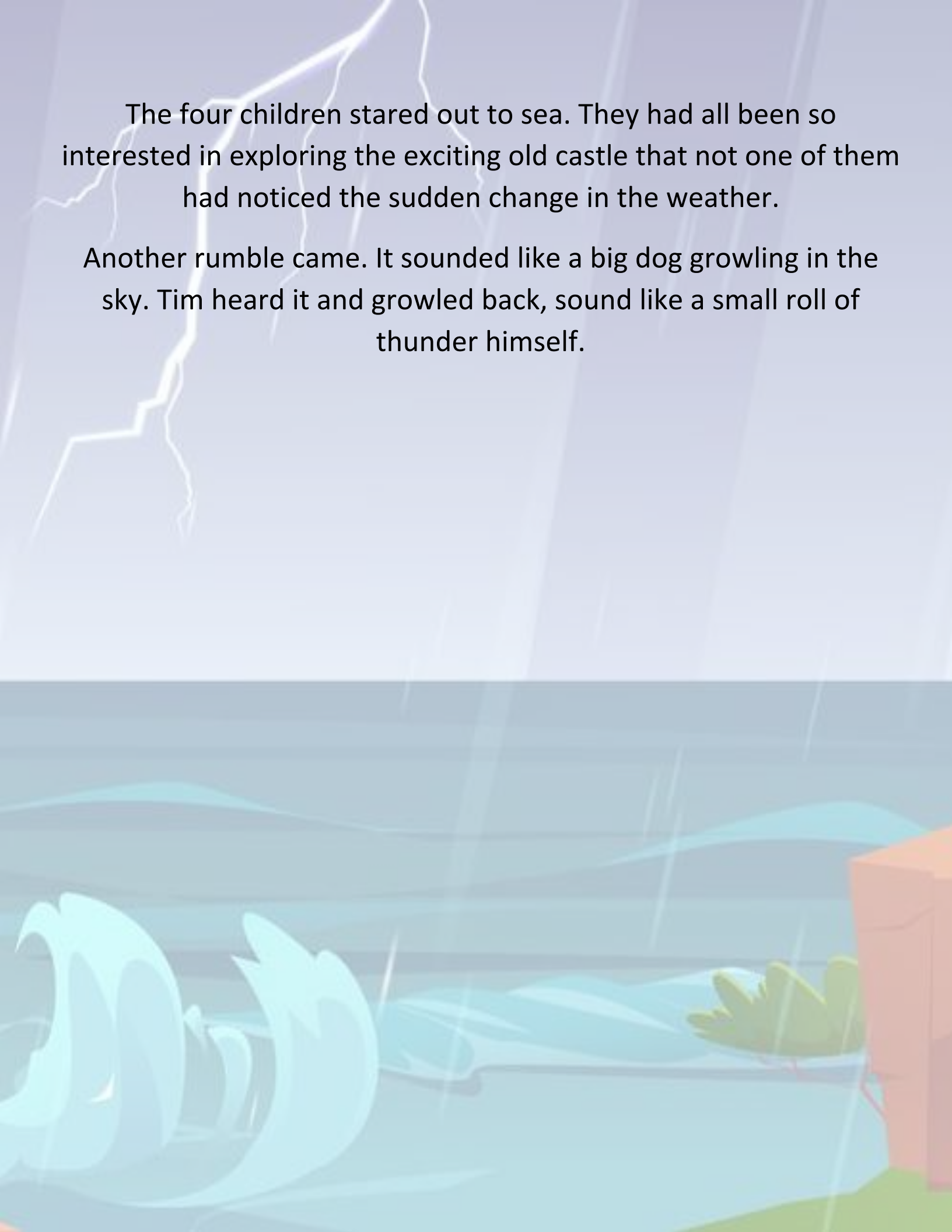


‘They are cormorants,’ said George. ‘They’ve caught plenty of fish for their dinner, and they’re sitting there digesting it. Hallo – they’re all flying away. I wonder why?’

She soon knew – for, from the south-west suddenly came an ominous rumble.

‘Thunder!’ said George. ‘That’s the storm. It’s coming sooner than I thought!’





The four children stared out to sea. They had all been so interested in exploring the exciting old castle that not one of them had noticed the sudden change in the weather.

Another rumble came. It sounded like a big dog growling in the sky. Tim heard it and growled back, sound like a small roll of thunder himself.

‘My goodness, we’re in for it now,’ said George, half alarmed. ‘We can’t get back in time, that’s certain. It’s blowing up at top speed.

Did you ever see such a change in the sky?’

The sky had been blue when they started. Now it was overcast, and the clouds seemed to hang very low indeed. They scudded along as if someone was chasing them – and the wind howled round in such a mournful way that Anne felt quite frightened.



‘It’s beginning to rain,’ said Julian, feeling an enormous drop spatter on his outstretched hand. ‘We had better shelter, hadn’t we, George? We shall get wet through.’

‘Yes, we will in a minute,’ said George. ‘I say, just look at these big waves coming! My word, it really is going to be a storm. Golly – what a flash of lightning!’



The waves were certainly beginning to run very high indeed. It was amazing to see what a change had come over them. They swelled up, turned over as soon as they came to the rocks, and then rushed up the beach of the island with a great roar.

‘I think we’d better pull our boat up higher still,’ said George suddenly. ‘It’s going to be a very bad storm indeed. Sometimes these sudden summer storms are worse than a winter one.’



She and Julian ran to the other side of the island where they had left the boat. It was a good thing they went, for great waves were already racing right up to it. The two children pulled the boat up almost to the top of the low cliff and George tied it to a stout gorse bush growing there.

By now the rain was imply pelting down and George and Julian were soaked. 'I hope the others have been sensible enough to shelter in that room that has a roof and walls,' said George.



They were there all right, looking rather cold and scared. It was very dark there, for the only light came through the two slits of windows and the small doorway.

‘Could we light a fire to make things a bit more cheerful?’ said Julian, looking round. ‘I wonder where we can find some nice dry sticks?’



Almost as if they were answering the question a small crowd of jackdaws cried out wildly as they circled in the storm. ‘Chack, chack, chack!’”

‘Of course! There are plenty of sticks on the ground below the tower!’ cried Julian. ‘You know – where the jackdaws nest. They’ve dropped lots of sticks there.’



He dashed out into the rain and ran to the tower. He picked up an armful of sticks and ran back.

‘Good,’ said George. ‘We’ll be able to make a nice fire with those. Anyone got any paper to start it – or matches?’

‘I’ve got some matches,’ said Julian. ‘But nobody’s got paper.’

‘Yes,’ said Anne, suddenly. ‘The sandwiches are wrapped in paper. Let’s undo them and then we can use the paper for the fire.’

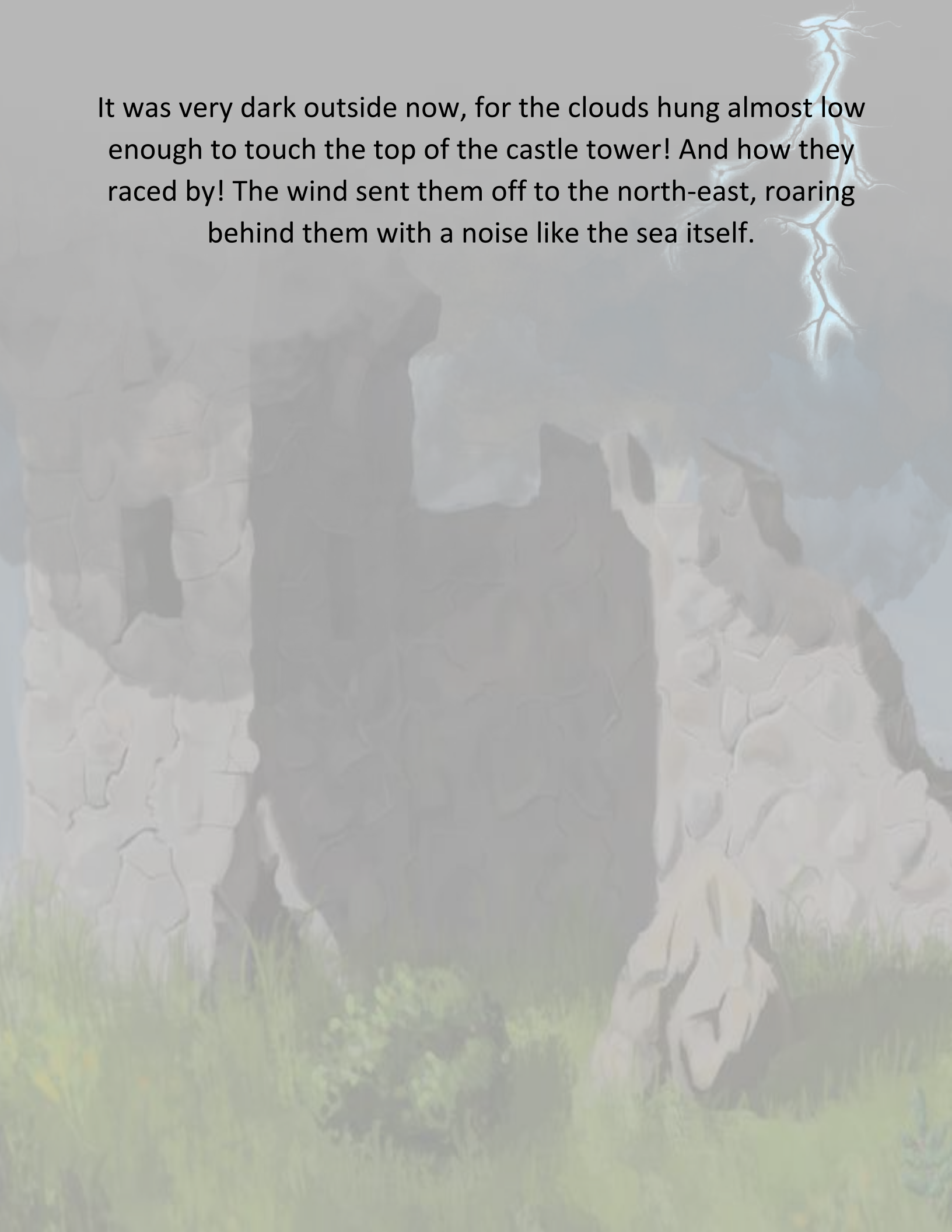


‘Good idea,’ said George. So, they undid the sandwiches and put them neatly on a broken stone, rubbing it clean first. Then they built up a fire, with the paper underneath and the sticks arranged criss-cross on top.

It was fun when they lit the paper. It flared up and the sticks at once caught fire, for they were very old and dry. Soon there was a fine crackling fire going and the little ruined room was lit by dancing flames.



It was very dark outside now, for the clouds hung almost low enough to touch the top of the castle tower! And how they raced by! The wind sent them off to the north-east, roaring behind them with a noise like the sea itself.



‘I’ve never, never heard the sea making such an awful noise,’ said Anne. ‘Never! It really sounds as if it’s shouting at the top of its voice.’

What with howling of the wind and the crashing of the great waves all-round the little island, the children could hardly hear themselves speak! They had to shout at one another.

‘Let’s have our dinner!’ yelled Dick, who was feeling terribly hungry as usual. ‘We can’t do anything much while the storm lasts. . .’

The children fed the fire and finished their picnic.



When it came to Julian's turn to get more sticks, he disappeared out of the room into the storm. He stood and looked around, the rain wetting his bare head. The storm seemed to be right overhead now. The lightning flashed and the thunder crashed at the same moment.

Julian was not a bit afraid of storms, but he couldn't help feeling rather overawed at this one. It was so magnificent. The lightning tore the sky in half almost every minute and the thunder crashed so loudly that it sounded almost as if mountains were falling down all around!



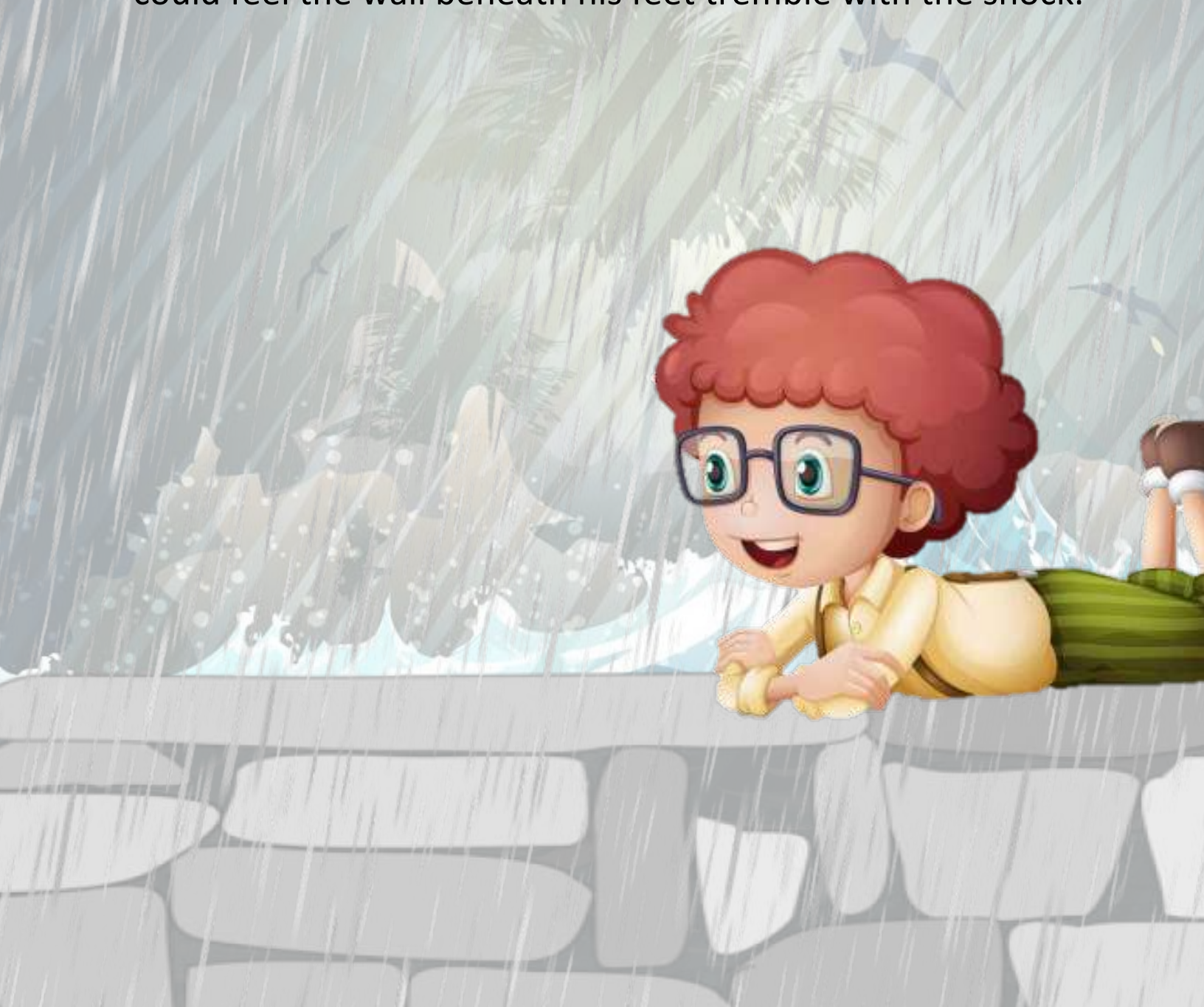
The sea's voice could be heard as soon as the thunder stopped – and that was magnificent to hear too. The spray flew up so high into the air that it wetted Julian as he stood in the centre of the ruined castle.

‘I really must see what the waves are like,’ thought the boy. ‘If the spray flies right over me here, they must be simply enormous!’



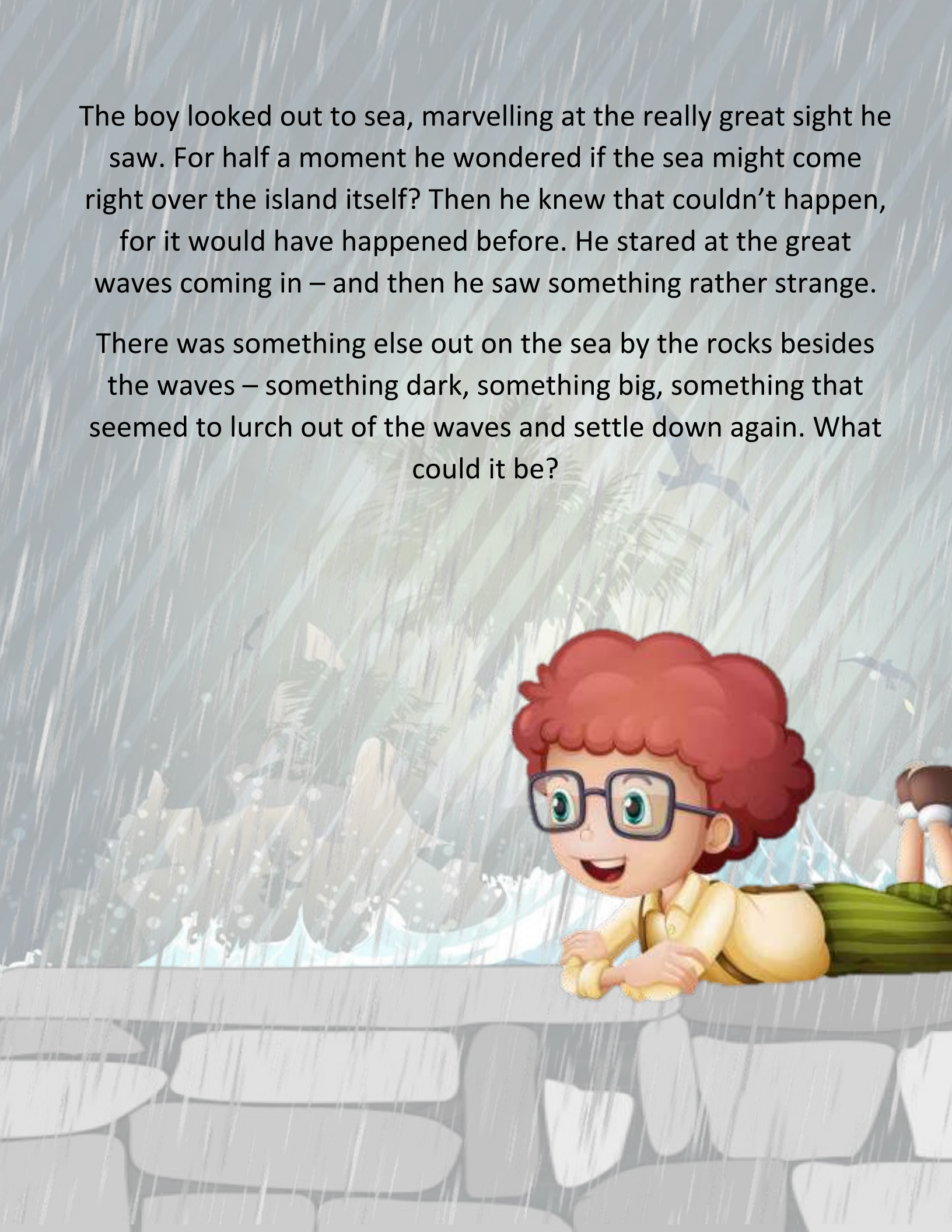
He made his way out of the castle and climbed up on to part of the ruined wall that had once run all round the castle. He stood up there, looking out to the open sea. And what a sight met his eyes!

The waves were like great walls of grey-green! They dashed over the rocks that lay all around the island and spray flew from them, gleaming white in the stormy sky. They rolled up to the island and dashed themselves against it with such terrific force that Julian could feel the wall beneath his feet tremble with the shock.



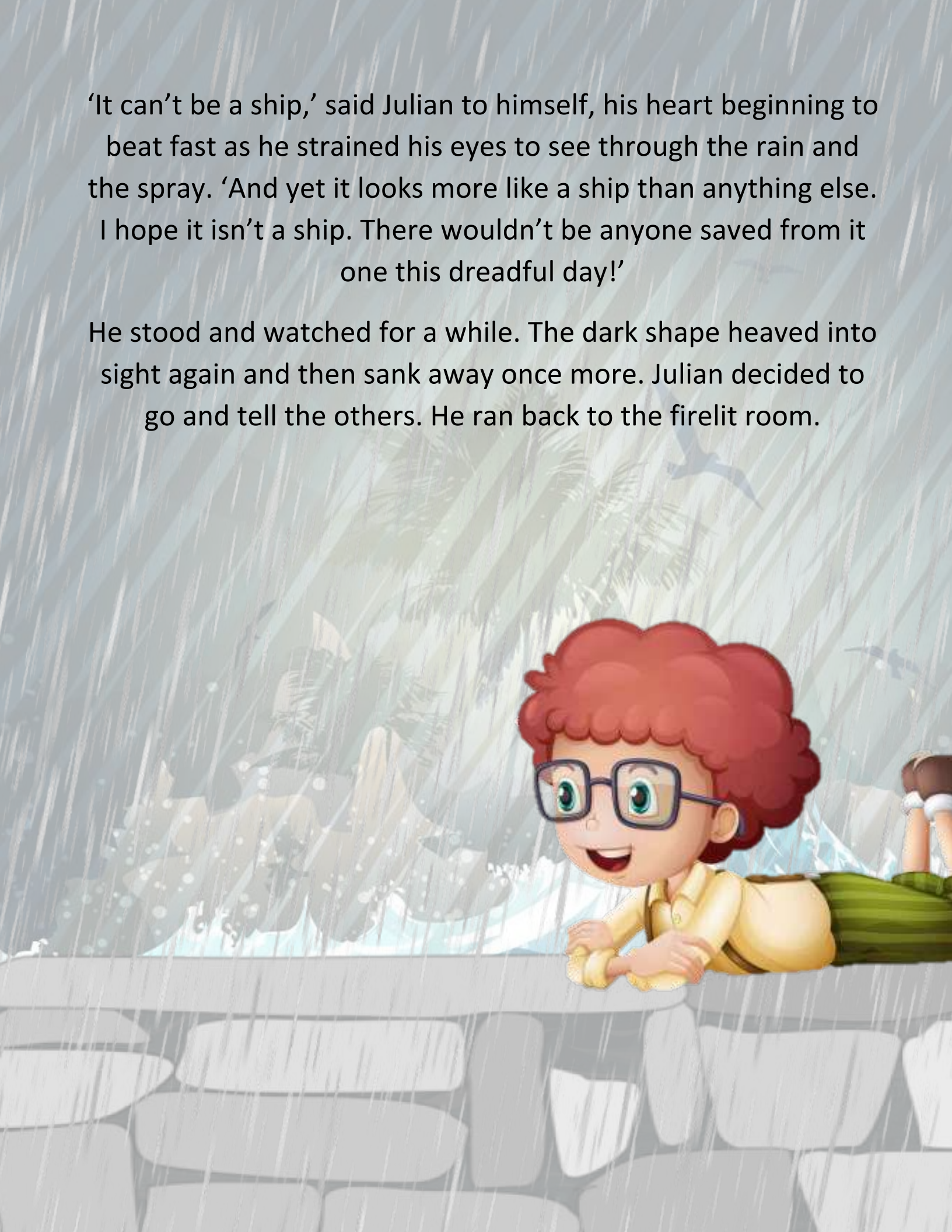
The boy looked out to sea, marvelling at the really great sight he saw. For half a moment he wondered if the sea might come right over the island itself? Then he knew that couldn't happen, for it would have happened before. He stared at the great waves coming in – and then he saw something rather strange.

There was something else out on the sea by the rocks besides the waves – something dark, something big, something that seemed to lurch out of the waves and settle down again. What could it be?



‘It can’t be a ship,’ said Julian to himself, his heart beginning to beat fast as he strained his eyes to see through the rain and the spray. ‘And yet it looks more like a ship than anything else. I hope it isn’t a ship. There wouldn’t be anyone saved from it one this dreadful day!’

He stood and watched for a while. The dark shape heaved into sight again and then sank away once more. Julian decided to go and tell the others. He ran back to the firelit room.



‘George! Dick! There’s something strange out on the rocks beyond the island!’ he shouted, at the top of his voice. ‘It looks like a ship – and yet it can’t possibly be. Come and see!’

The others stared at him in surprise and jumped to their feet. George hurriedly flung some more sticks on his fire to keep it going, and then she and the others quickly followed Julian out into the rain.



The storm seemed to be passing over a little now. The rain was not pelting down quite so hard. The thunder was rolling a little farther off, and the lightning did not flash so often. Julian led the way to the wall on which he had climbed to watch the sea.

Everyone climbed up to gaze out to sea. They saw a great tumbled, heaving mass of grey-green water, with waves rearing up everywhere. Their tops broke over the rocks and they rushed up to the island as if they would gobble it whole. Anne slipped her arm through Julian's. She felt rather small and scared.



‘You’re all right, Anne,’ said Julian, loudly. ‘Now just watch – you’ll see something strange in a minute.’

They all watched. At first, they saw nothing, for the waves reared up so high that they hid everything a little way out. Then suddenly George saw what Julian meant.

‘Gracious!’ she shouted. ‘It is a ship! Yes, it is! Is it being wrecked? It’s a big ship – not a sailing boat, or fishing smack!’

‘Oh, is anyone in it!’ wailed Anne.



The four children watched and Tim began to bark as he saw the strange dark shape lurching here and there in the enormous waves. The sea was bringing the ship nearer to shore.

‘It till be dashed on to those rocks,’ said Julian, suddenly.

‘Look – there it goes!’

As he spoke there came a tremendous crashing, splintering sound, and the dark shape of the ship settled down on to the sharp teeth of the dangerous rocks on the south-west side of the island. It stayed there, shifting only slightly as the big waves ran under it and lifted it a little.



‘She’s stuck there,’ said Julian. ‘She won’t move now. The sea will soon be going down a bit, and then the ship will find herself held by those rocks.’

As he spoke, a ray of pale sunshine came wavering out between a gap in the thinning clouds. It was gone almost at once. ‘Good!’ said Dick, looking upwards. ‘The sun will be out again soon. We can warm ourselves then and get dry – and maybe we can find out what that poor ship is. Oh, Julian – I do so hope there was nobody in it. I hope they’ve all taken to boats and got safely to land.’



The clouds thinned out a little more. The wind stopped roaring and dropped to a steady breeze. The sun shone out again for a longer time, and the children felt its welcome warmth. They all stared at the ship on the rocks. The sun shone on it and lighted it up.

‘There’s something off about it somehow,’ said Julian, slowly. George was staring at it with a strange look in her eyes. She turned to face the three children and they were astonished to see the bring gleam in her blue eyes. The girl looked almost too excited to speak.



‘What is it?’ asked Julian, catching hold of her hand.

‘Julian – oh, Julian – it’s my wreck!’ she cried, in a high excited voice.

‘Don’t you see what’s happened? The storm has lifted the ship up from the bottom of the sea and had lodged it on those rocks. It’s my wreck!’

The others saw at once that she was right. It was the old, wrecked ship! No wonder it looked peculiar. No wonder it looked so old and dark, and such a strange shape. It was the wreck, lifted high out of its sleeping place and put on the rocks nearby.



The four children were so tremendously surprised and excited that for a minute or two they didn't say a word. They just stared at the dark hulk of the old wreck, imagining what they might find.

Then Julian clutched George's arm and pressed it tightly.

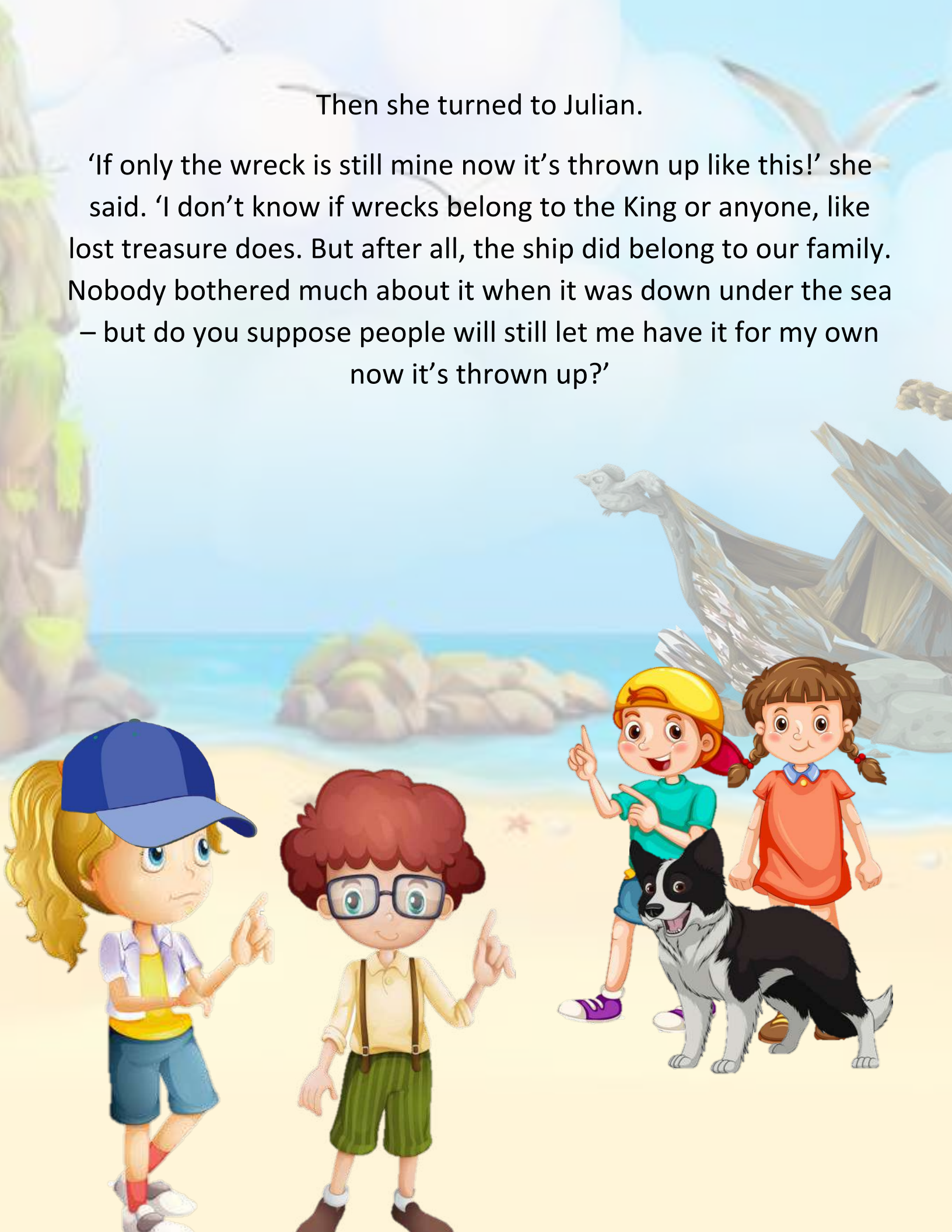
'Isn't this wonderful?' he said. 'Oh, George, isn't it an extraordinary thing to happen?'

Still George said nothing, but stared at the wreck, all kinds of thoughts racing through her mind.



Then she turned to Julian.

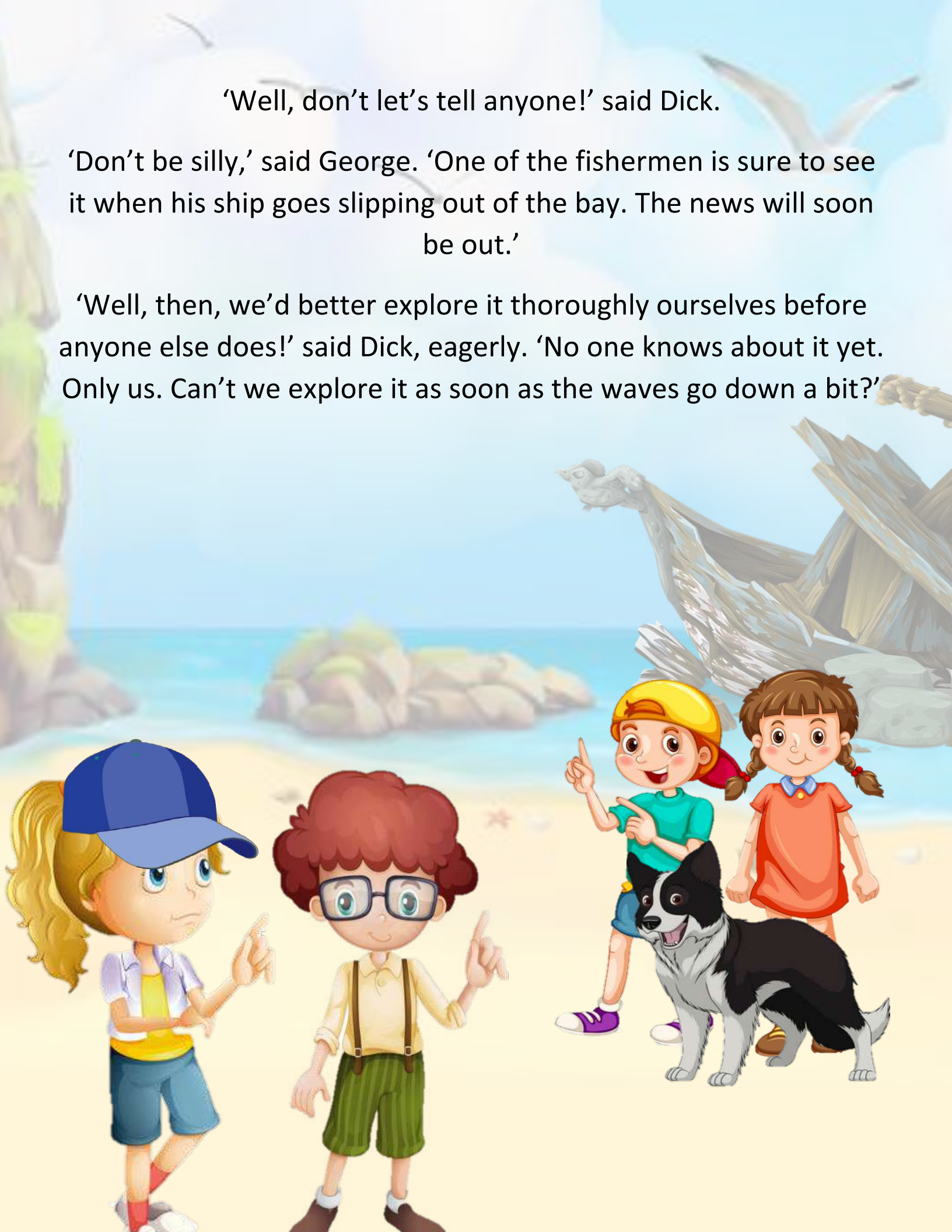
‘If only the wreck is still mine now it’s thrown up like this!’ she said. ‘I don’t know if wrecks belong to the King or anyone, like lost treasure does. But after all, the ship did belong to our family. Nobody bothered much about it when it was down under the sea – but do you suppose people will still let me have it for my own now it’s thrown up?’



‘Well, don’t let’s tell anyone!’ said Dick.

‘Don’t be silly,’ said George. ‘One of the fishermen is sure to see it when his ship goes slipping out of the bay. The news will soon be out.’

‘Well, then, we’d better explore it thoroughly ourselves before anyone else does!’ said Dick, eagerly. ‘No one knows about it yet. Only us. Can’t we explore it as soon as the waves go down a bit?’



‘We can’t wade out to the rocks if that’s what you mean,’ said George. ‘We might get there by boat – but we couldn’t possibly risk it now, while the waves are so big. They won’t go down today, that’s certain. The wind is still too strong.’

‘Well, what about tomorrow morning, early?’ said Julian. ‘Before anyone has got to know about it? I bet if only we can get into the ship first, we can find anything there is to find!’



‘Yes, I expect we could,’ said George. ‘I told you divers had been down and explored the ship as thoroughly as they could – but of course it is difficult to do that properly under water. We might find something they’ve missed. Oh, this is like a dream. I can’t believe it’s true that my old wreck has come up from the bottom of the sea like that!’

The sun was now properly out, and the children’s wet clothes dried in its hot rays. They steamed in the sun, and even Tim’s coat sent up a mist too. He didn’t seem to like the wreck at all, and growled deeply at it.



‘You are funny, Tim,’ said George, patting him. ‘It won’t hurt you!’
What do you think it is?’

‘He probably thinks it’s a whale,’ said Anne with a laugh. ‘Oh, George – this is the most exciting day of my life! Oh, can’t we possibly take the boat and see if we can get to the wreck?’



‘No, we can’t,’ said George. ‘I only wish we could. But it’s quite impossible, Anne. For one thing, I don’t think the wreck has quite settled down on the rocks yet, and maybe it won’t till the tide has gone down. I can see it lifting a little still when an extra-big wave comes. It would be dangerous to go into it yet.

And for another thing I don’t want my boat smashed to bits on the rocks, and us thrown into that wild water! That’s what would happen. We must wait till tomorrow. It’s a good idea to come early. I expect lots of grown-ups will think it’s their business to explore it.’



The children watched the old wreck for a little time longer and then went all round the island again. It was certainly not very large, but it really was exciting, with its rocky little coast, its quiet inlet where their boat was, the ruined castle, the circling jackdaws, and the scampering rabbits everywhere.



‘I do love it,’ said Anne. ‘I really do. It’s just small enough to feel like an island. Most islands are too big to feel like islands. I mean, Britain is an island, but nobody living on it could possibly know it unless they were told. Now this island really feels like one because wherever you are you can see to the other side of it. I love it.’



George felt very happy. She had often been on her island before, but always alone except for Tim. She had always vowed that she never, ever would take anyone there, because it would spoil her island for her. But it hadn't been spoilt. It had made it much nicer.

For the first time George began to understand that sharing pleasures doubles their joy.

The End



