

# Enid Blyton Stories



## The Enchanted Wood



Father set off to town, and the children waved  
goodbye to him from the gate.



Then they tore off indoors to get the bag in which their food had been put. They said goodbye to their mother and slammed the cottage door.



Ah, adventures were in the air that morning! Sang Frannie loudly.

‘Hush!’ said Joe. ‘We are not far from the Enchanted Wood. We don’t want anyone to know what we’re going to do.’

They ran down the back garden and out of the little gate at the end.



They stood still in the overgrown, narrow lane and looked at one another. It was the first big adventure of their lives! What were they going to see? What were they going to do?

They jumped over the ditch and into the wood.



At once they felt different. Magic was all around them. The bird's songs sounded different. The trees once again whispered secretly to one another: 'Wisha-wisha-wisha-wisha!'

'Oooh!' said Frannie, shivering with delight.



‘I’ll tell you what we’ll do,’ said Joe suddenly. ‘We’ll call those elves. Don’t you remember how they said they would help us whenever we wanted them?’

‘Of course!’ said Frannie. ‘We had to stand under this oak tree and whistle seven times!’



‘Go on, Joe, whistle,’ said Beth. So, Joe stood beneath the thick green leaves of the old oak and whistled loudly, seven times – ‘Phoooe, phoooe, phoooe, phooooe, phooooe, phooooe!’





The children waited. In about half a minute a rabbit popped its head out of a nearby rabbit hole and stared at them.

‘Who do you want?’ said the rabbit, in a furry sort of voice.

The children stared in surprise. They had never heard an animal speak before.



The rabbit put his ears up and down and spoke again, rather crossly.

‘Are you deaf? Who do you WANT? I said.’

‘We want one of the elves,’ said Joe, finding his tongue at last.

The rabbit turned and called down his hole, ‘Mr Whiskers! Mr Whiskers! There’s someone wanting you!’



There came a voice shouting something in answer, and then one of the six elves squeezed out of the rabbit hole and stared at the children. . . 'We wanted to ask you the way to the Faraway Tree,' said Beth. 'We've forgotten it.'

'I'll take you,' said Mr Whiskers, whose name was really a very good one, for his beard almost reached his toes. Sometimes he trod on it, and this jerked his head downwards suddenly. Beth kept wanting to laugh but she thought she had better not. She wondered why he didn't tie it round his waist out of the way of his feet.



Mr Whiskers led the way between the dark trees. At last he reached the trunk of the enormous Faraway Tree. 'Here you are!' he said. 'Are you expecting someone down it today?'

'Well, no,' said Joe. 'We rather wanted to go up it by ourselves.'

'Go up it by yourselves!' said Mr Whiskers, in horror. 'Don't be silly. It's dangerous you don't know what might at the top. There's a different place almost every day!'

'I shall fetch my brothers and get you down,' said Mr Whiskers, in a fright, and he scuttled off, crying, 'it's so dangerous! It's so dangerous!'



‘Do you suppose it is all right to go?’ asked Beth, who was usually the sensible one.

‘Come on, Beth!’ said Joe impatiently. ‘We’re only going to see what’s at the top! Don’t be a baby!’



‘I’m not,’ said Beth, and she and Frannie hauled themselves up besides Joe. ‘It doesn’t look very difficult to climb. We’ll soon be at the top.’

But it wasn’t as easy as they thought, as you will see!

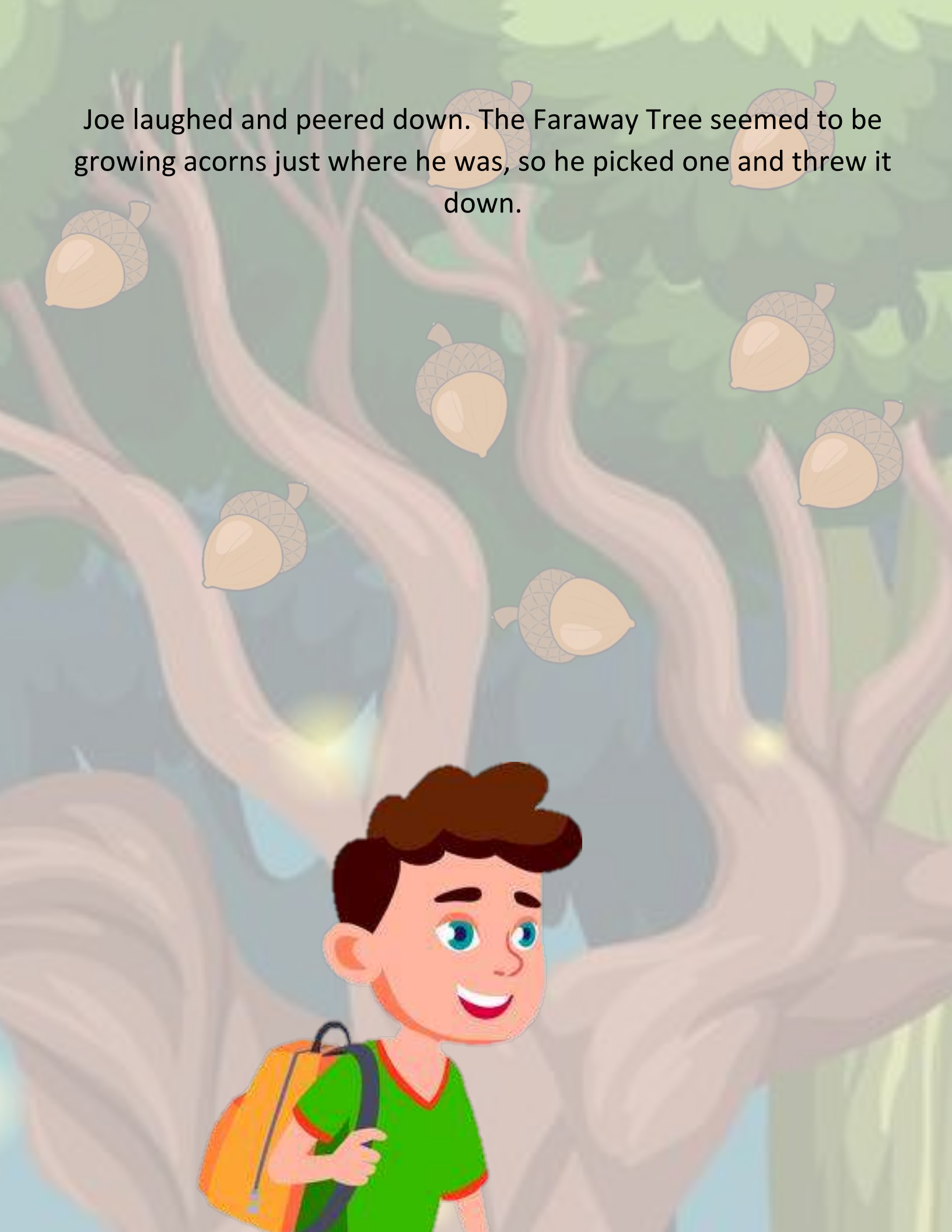
Before very long the children were hidden in the branches as they climbed upwards.



'Hey, come down!' yelled the elves, dancing round the tree.  
'You'll be captured or lost. This tree is dangerous!'



Joe laughed and peered down. The Faraway Tree seemed to be growing acorns just where he was, so he picked one and threw it down.





It hit Mr Whiskers on the hat and he rushed away, shouting, 'Oh something's hit me! Something's hit me!'



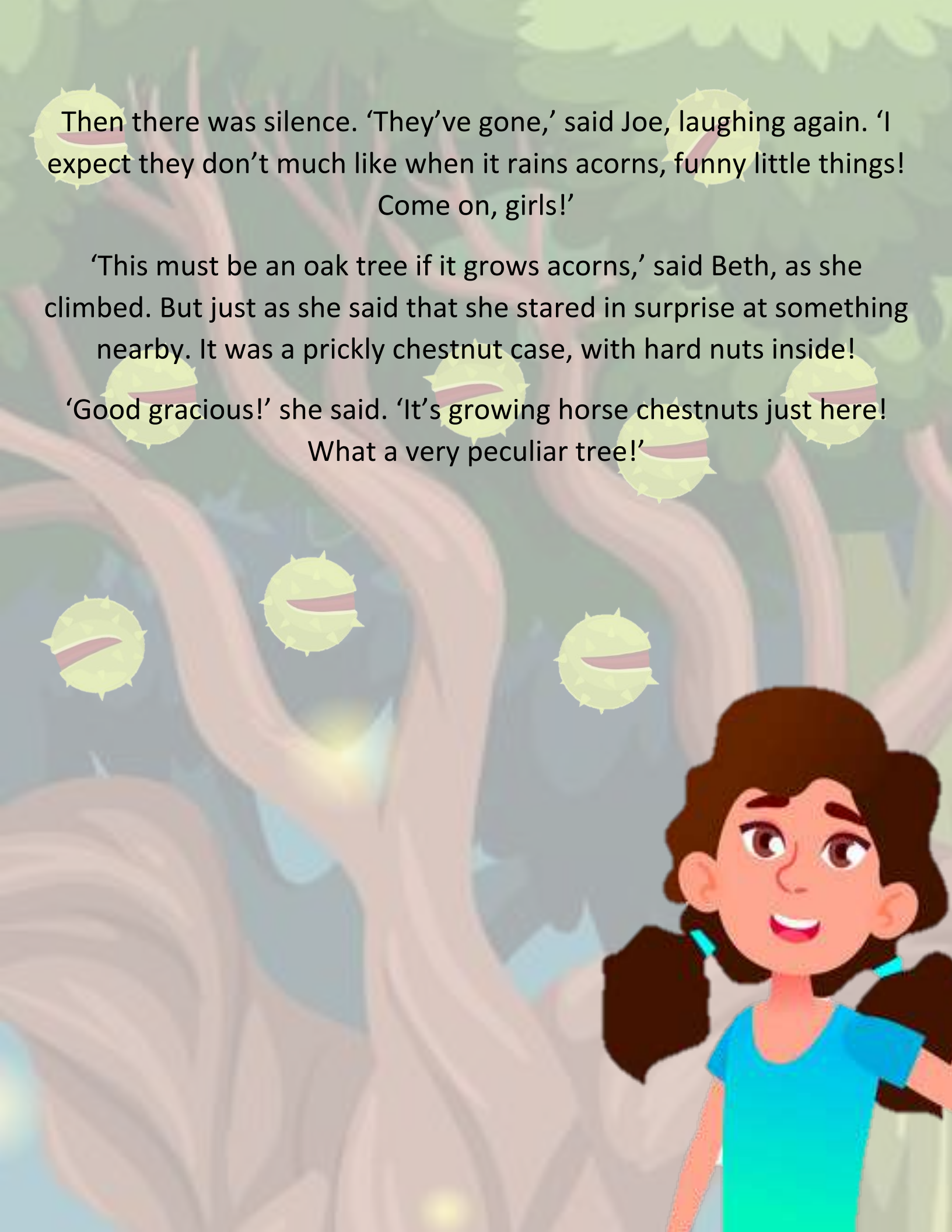
Then there was silence. 'They've gone,' said Joe, laughing again. 'I expect they don't much like when it rains acorns, funny little things!

Come on, girls!

'This must be an oak tree if it grows acorns,' said Beth, as she climbed. But just as she said that she stared in surprise at something nearby. It was a prickly chestnut case, with hard nuts inside!

'Good gracious!' she said. 'It's growing horse chestnuts just here!

What a very peculiar tree!



‘Well, let’s hope it will grow apples and pears higher up,’ said Frannie, with a giggle. ‘It’s a most extraordinary tree!’



Soon they were quite high up. When Joe parted the leaves and tried to see out of the tree he was amazed to find that he was far higher than the tallest tree in the wood. He and the girls looked down on the top of all the other trees, which looked like a broad green carpet below.

Joe was higher up than the girls. Suddenly he gave a shout. 'I say, girls! Come up here by me, quickly! I've found something odd!'



Beth and Frannie climbed quickly up.

‘Why, it’s a window in the tree!’ said Beth, in astonishment. They all peered inside and suddenly the window was flung open and an angry little face looked out, with a nightcap on.

‘Rude creatures!’ shouted the angry little man, who looked like a pixie. ‘Everybody that climbs the tree peeps in at me! It doesn’t matter what I’m doing, there’s always someone peeping!’

The children were too astonished to do anything but stare.



The pixie disappeared and came back with a jug of water. He flung it at Beth and soaked her. She gave a scream.

‘Perhaps you won’t peep into other people’s houses next time,’ said the pixie with a grin, and he slammed his window shut again and drew the curtain.

‘Well!’ said Beth, trying to wipe herself dry with her handkerchief.  
‘What a rude little man!’

‘We’d better not look in at any windows we pass,’ said Joe. ‘But I was so surprised to see a window in the tree!’



Beth soon got dry. They climbed up again, and soon had another surprise. They came to a broad branch that led to a door set neatly in the big trunk of the Faraway Tree. It had a little door knocker and a brightly polished bell. The children stared at the door.

‘I wonder who lives there?’ said Frannie.

‘Shall we knock and see?’ said Joe.

‘Well, I don’t want water all over me again,’ said Beth.



‘We’ll ring the bell and then hide behind this branch,’ said Joe. ‘If anyone thinks he is going to throw water at us he won’t find us.’

So Joe rang the bell and then they all hid carefully behind a big branch.





A voice came from the inside of the door.

‘I’m washing my hair! If that’s the butcher, please leave a pound of sausages!’

The children stared at one another and laughed. It was odd to hear of butchers coming up the Faraway Tree. The voice shouted again: ‘If it’s the oil man, I don’t want anything. If it’s the red dragon, he must call again next week!’

‘Good gracious!’ said Beth, looking rather frightened. ‘The red dragon! I don’t like the sound of that!’



At that moment the door opened and a small fairy looked out. Her hair was fluffed out round her shoulders, drying and she was rubbing it with a towel. She stared at the peeping children.

‘Did you ring my bell?’ she asked. ‘What do you want?’

‘We just wanted to see who lived in the funny little treehouse,’ said Joe, peering in at the dark room inside the tree. The fairy smiled. She had a very sweet face.

‘Come in for a moment,’ she said. ‘My name is Silky, because of my silky hair.’



‘We are climbing the Faraway Tree to see what is at the top,’  
said Joe.

‘Be careful you don’t find something horrid,’ said Silky, giving  
them each a chair in her dark little tree-room. ‘Sometimes  
there are delightful places at the top of the tree – but  
sometimes there are strange lands too. Last week there was  
the land of Hippety-Hop, which was dreadful.

As soon as you got there, you had to hop on one leg and  
everything went hippety-hop, even the trees. Nothing ever  
kept still. It was almost tiring.’



‘It does sound exciting,’ said Beth. ‘Where’s out food, Joe?’ Let’s ask Silky to have some.’

Silky was pleased. She sat there brushing her beautiful golden hair and ate sandwiches with them. She brought out a tin of Pop Cakes, which were lovely. As soon as you bit into them they went pop! And you suddenly found your mouth filled with new honey from the middle of the little cakes.

Frannie took seven, one after another, for she was rather greedy. Beth stopped her. ‘You’ll go pop if you eat anymore!’ she said.



‘Do a lot people live in this tree?’ asked Joe.

‘Yes, lots,’ said Silky. ‘They move in and out, you know. But I’m always here, and so is the Angry Pixie, down below.’

‘Yes, we’ve seen him!’ said Beth. ‘Who else is there?’

‘There’s a Mister Watzisname above me,’ said Silky. ‘Nobody knows his name and he doesn’t know it himself, so he’s called Mister Watzisname. Don’t wake him if he’s asleep. He might chase you. Then there’s Dame Washalot. She’s always washing and as she pours her water away down the tree, you’ve got to look out for waterfalls!’



‘This is such an interesting and exciting tree,’ said Beth, finishing her cake. ‘Joe, I think we ought to go now, or we’ll never get to the top.’

Goodbye, Silky. ‘I’d like to be friends.’



They all left the dear little round room in the tree and began to climb once more. Not long after, they heard a peculiar noise. It sounded like an aeroplane throbbing and roaring.

‘But there can’t be an aeroplane in this tree!’ said Joe.



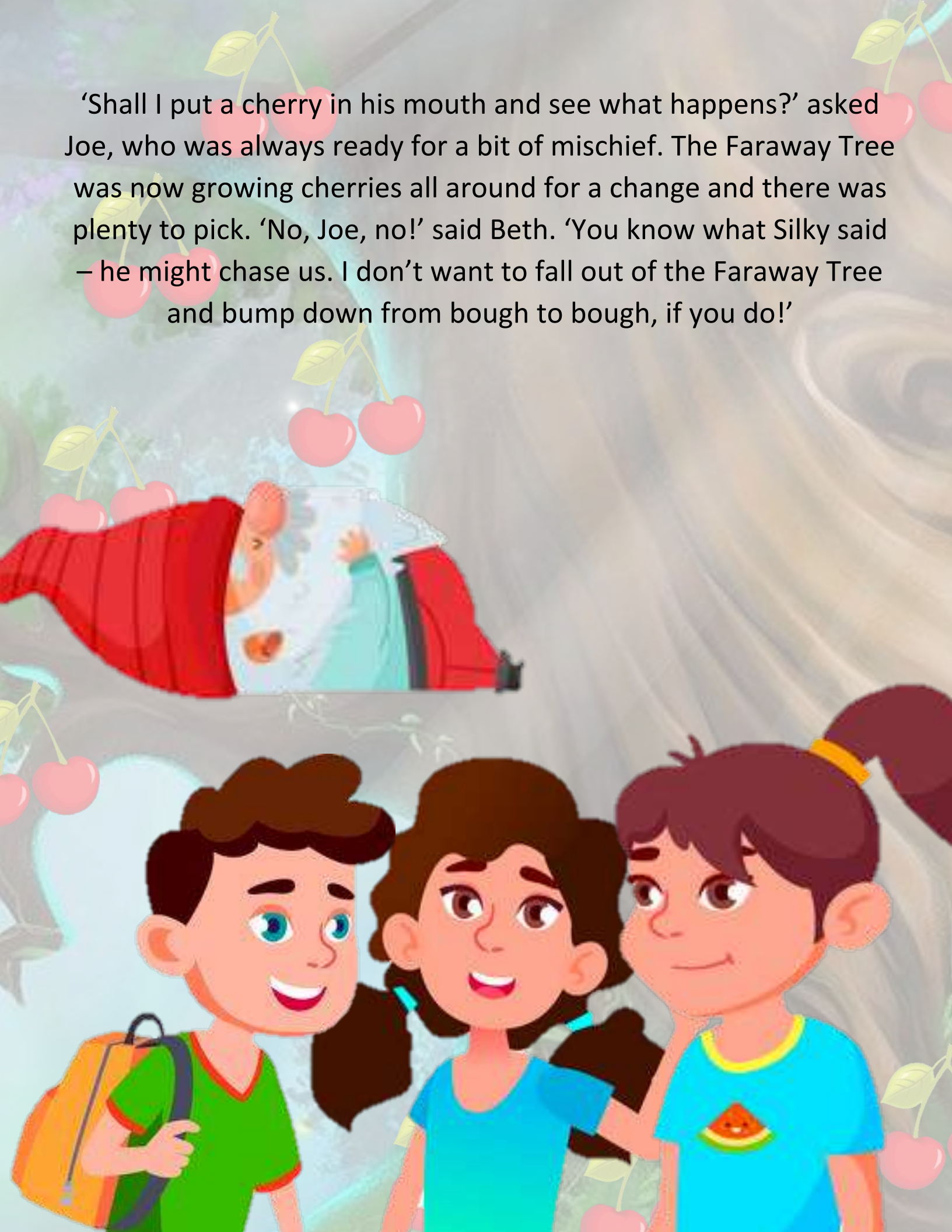
He peered all round – and then saw what was making the noise. A funny old gnome lay on a broad branch, his mouth wide open, his eyes fast shut – snoring hard!

‘It’s Mister Watzisname!’ said Beth. ‘What a noise he makes! Mind we don’t wake him!’





‘Shall I put a cherry in his mouth and see what happens?’ asked Joe, who was always ready for a bit of mischief. The Faraway Tree was now growing cherries all around for a change and there was plenty to pick. ‘No, Joe, no!’ said Beth. ‘You know what Silky said – he might chase us. I don’t want to fall out of the Faraway Tree and bump down from bough to bough, if you do!’



So they all crept past old Mister Watzisname and went on climbing up and up. For a long time, nothing happened except that the wind blew in the tree. The children did not pass any houses or windows in the tree – and then they heard another noise – rather a peculiar one.

They listened. It sounded like a waterfall – and suddenly Joe guessed what it was.



'It's Dane Washalot throwing out her dirty water!' he yelled. 'Look out, Beth! Look out, Frannie!'

Down the trunk of the tree poured a lot of blue, soapy water. Joe dodged it. Frannie slipped under a broad branch. But poor old Beth got splashed from head to foot. How she shouted!

Joe and Frannie had to lend their handkerchiefs. 'I'm so unlucky!' sighed Beth. 'That's twice I've been soaked today.'



Up they went again, passing more little doors and windows, but seeing no one else – and at last they saw above them a vast white cloud.

‘Look!’ said Joe, in amazement. ‘This cloud has a hole in it – and the branches go up – and I believe we’re at the very top of the tree! Shall we creep through the cloud-hole and see what the land is above?’

‘Let’s!’ cried Beth and Frannie – so up they went.



One big broad branch slanted upwards at the top of the Faraway Tree. Joe climbed on to it and looked down – but he could see nothing, for a white mist swirled around and about. Above him the enormous thick white cloud stretched, with a purple hole in it through which the topmost branch of the Faraway Tree disappeared.

The children felt tremendously excited. At last they were at the very top. Joe carefully pulled himself up the final branch. He disappeared into the purple hole. Beth and Frannie followed him.



The branch came to an end and a little ladder ran through the cloud. Up the children went – and before they knew what had happened, they were out in the sunshine, in a new and very strange land.



They stood on green grass. Above them was a blue sky. A tune was playing somewhere, going on and on and on.

‘It’s the sort of tune a carousel or a roundabout play, Joe,’ said Beth. ‘Isn’t it?’



It was – and then, suddenly, without any warning at all, the whole land began to swing round! The children almost fell over, with the swing-round beginning so suddenly.

‘What’s happening?’ said Beth, frightened. The children felt terribly dizzy, for trees, distant houses, hills and bushes began to move round.

They too felt themselves moving, for the grass was going round as well. They looked for the hole in the cloud – but it had disappeared.





‘The whole land is going round and round like a roundabout!’ cried Joe, shutting his eyes with dizziness. ‘We’ve passed over the hole in the clouds – we don’t know where the topmost branch of the Faraway Tree is now – it’s somewhere beneath this land, but goodness knows where!’

‘Joe! But how can we get back again?’ cried Frannie, in fright.

‘We’ll have to ask someone for help,’ said Joe.



The three began to walk away from the patch of green field in which they were standing. Beth noticed that they had been standing on a ring of grass that seemed darker than the grass around. She wondered why it was. But she had no time to say anything, for really it was dreadfully difficult to walk properly in a land that was going round and round like a proper carousel all the time!

The music went on and on too, hurdy-gurdy, hurdy-gurdy. Joe wondered where it came from and where the machinery was that worked the strange Roundabout Land.



Soon they met a tall man singing loudly from a book. Joe stopped him, but he went on singing. It was annoying.

‘Hey-diddle. Ho-diddle, round and round and round!’ shouted the man, whilst Joe tried to make himself heard.

‘How can we get away from this land?’ Joe shouted.

‘Don’t interrupt me, hey-diddle, ho-diddle!’ sang the man and he beat time with his finger. Joe caught hold of the bony finger and shouted again.



‘Which is the way out of this land, and what land is it?’

‘Now you’ve made me lose my time,’ said the tall man crossly. ‘I shall have to begin my song again.’

‘What is this land, please?’ asked Frannie.

‘It’s Roundabout Land,’ said the tall man. ‘I should have thought anyone would have guessed that. You can’t get away from it. It goes round and round always and only stops once in a blue moon.’



‘There must have been a blue moon when we climbed into it!’ groaned Joe. ‘It had certainly stopped them.’

The man went off, singing loudly. ‘Hey-diddle, ho-diddle, round and round and round.’

‘Silly old round-and-round!’ said Frannie. ‘Really, we do seem to meet the most peculiar people!’

‘What I’m worried about is getting home,’ said Beth. ‘Mother will be anxious if we are not before long. What shall we do, Joe?’



‘Let’s sit down under this tree and have a bit more to eat,’ said Joe. So they sat down, and munched solemnly, hearing roundabout music going on all the time, and watching the distant hills and trees swinging round against the sky. It was all very strange.

Presently a pair of rabbits lolloped up and looked at the children. Frannie loved animals and she threw a bit of cake to them. To her surprise one of the rabbits picked up the cake in its paw and nibbled it like a monkey!



‘Thanks!’ said the rabbit. ‘It’s a change from grass! Where do you come from? We haven’t seen you before and we thought we knew everyone here. Nobody new ever comes to Roundabout Land.’

‘And nobody ever gets away,’ said the other rabbit, smiling at Frannie and holding out its paw for a bit of cake too. Really?’ said Beth, in alarm.



‘Well, we are new to it, for we only came about an hour ago. We came up the Faraway Tree.’

‘What!’ cried both rabbits at once, flopping up their long ears in amazement. ‘Up the Faraway Tree, did you say? Goodness, you don’t mean to say that’s touching this land?’

‘Yes, it is,’ said Beth. ‘But I expect as this land is swinging round and round, that the topmost branch might be almost anywhere underneath it – there’s no way of finding out.’





‘Oh yes, there is!’ said the first rabbit excitedly. ‘If we burrow down a little way and make a hole, we can see whereabouts the Faraway Tree is underneath and we can wait for it to come round again, when the land swings about it.’

‘Well, we came up from the tree just where the grass was darker than the rest.’ said Beth. ‘I noticed that. Do you suppose that as the Roundabout Land swings round, it will come back to the same place again and we could slip down the topmost branch?’

‘Of course!’ said the rabbits. ‘We can easily burrow down that green patch of grass and wait for the land to turn around just over the tree again. come on, quickly, there’s no time to lose!’



All of them jumped up and sped off. Beth knew the way and so did the rabbits. Soon they were back in the field where the ring of dark grass stood. There was no opening now, leading through a cloud down to the tree. It had gone.



The rabbits began to dig quickly. Soon they found the ladder that led upwards. Then they made such a big hole that the children could see down it to a large white cloud that swirled below the Roundabout Land.

‘Nothing there yet,’ said the first rabbit, getting out a handkerchief and wiping his dirty front paws. ‘We must wait a bit. I only hope the land hasn’t swung on and passed the Faraway Tree altogether!’



The roundabout music went on and on, then suddenly it began to slow down. One of the rabbits peeped out of the hole below and gave a shout.

‘The land has stopped going round – and the Faraway Tree is just nearby – but we can’t reach it!’





The children peered through the cloud below the ladder and saw quite clearly that the Faraway Tree was very near – but not near enough to jump on. Whatever were they to do?’

‘Now don’t try to jump,’ warned the rabbits, ‘or you’ll fall right through the cloud.’

‘But what shall we do?’ asked Beth, in despair. ‘We must get on the tree before we swing away again!’

‘I’ve got a rope,’ said one of the rabbits suddenly and he put his hand into a big pocket and pulled out a yellow rope. He made a loop in one end and then threw it carefully at the topmost branch of a nearby tree. It caught and held! Good!



‘Frannie, slip down the rope first,’ said Joe. ‘I’ll hold this end.’ So Frannie, rather afraid, slid down the yellow rope to the tree – and then, just as she got there, the roundabout music began to play – very loudly and quickly and the Roundabout Land began to move!

‘Quick! Quick!’ shouted Frannie, as the land swung nearer to the Faraway Tree. ‘Jump! Jump!’



They jumped – and the rabbits jumped after them. The Roundabout Land sung off. The big white cloud covered everything. The children and the rabbits clung to the topmost branch and looked at one another. ‘We look like monkeys on a stick,’ said Joe, and they all began to giggle. ‘My goodness, what an adventure! I vote we don’t come up here again.’





But, as you may guess, they did!

*The End*



The background is a lush, stylized forest scene. Large, gnarled tree trunks frame the central area. The sky is a deep, dark blue, and the forest floor is a mix of green grass and brown earth. Numerous glowing yellow and green lightbulbs are scattered throughout the scene, some hanging from vines and others floating in the air. The overall atmosphere is magical and serene.

THINK  
DIGITAL ACADEMY