



Summer Stories

By Enid Blyton

The Pixie Who Paid For the Tide



There was once a wandering pixie who suddenly came upon the sea. He had never seen it before, and it took his breath away. ‘What a lot of water all together!’ he said. ‘Wherever does it all come from? How lovely it is, and what a beautiful sound it makes!’

He looked and looked and looked at it. then he made up his mind that his wandering days were over – he would build himself a little house by the sea and live there all the rest of his life.



The tide was almost full. It had about half an hour to go, but Moon-Eye the pixie knew nothing about tides. He looked about for something to build his house with, and decided that he could make a lovely one with seaweed, bits of wood and big stones.

He set to work, and in an hour's time he had a dear little house, with a door and two windows and a chimney pot made of an old tin. He was delighted with it.



‘I’ll sit at the door of my house every morning,’ he said. ‘And the sea will go wisha-wisha-wisha near the door, and I shall be very happy. Now I am hungry, so I will make a fire in my little stone fireplace and cook a nice little dinner.’

He went inside and cooked a pixie dinner. Then he ate it on a table made of square rock. After that, he felt sleepy, so he lay down on a bed made of silver sand and seaweed, and fell fast asleep.

Now, while he while he asleep the tide went out. It crept further and further down the sand, leaving bits of seaweed, old shells, wood and all kinds of odds and ends strewn about the beach.



Moon-Eye woke up at last, and the first thing he did was to sit up and listen to hear the sea going wisha-wisha-wisha near the door. But it seemed as if the sound was very far away now.

He got up and went to the door. When he saw the wide beach spread out before him and the sea away down in the distance, he was too surprised to say anything. Then tears came into his eyes and trickled down his cheeks.



‘It’s run away from me!’ he said sadly. ‘It didn’t want me so close. And, oh! Look at the nasty, dirty stretch of sand it has left near my door – all seaweed, wood and rubbish! I shall have to clear it all up, because I hate untidy things.’

He made himself a broom and began to sweep up all the rubbish, but, dear me! There was such a lot of it that he was soon out of breath.

‘I shall never finish!’ he said panting. ‘The sea ought to come and clear up its own mess!’



Just as he was setting to work again, up came two sly-looking pixies, with their hands in their pockets. They stared in the greatest surprise at Moon-Eye, and then asked him what he was doing.

‘I’m sweeping up all the rubbish that the sea has left,’ he explained. ‘You see, I built myself a dear little house by the water’s edge, and then I went to sleep. When I woke up, the sea had run away from my house, and left all this mess. I really think it should come and clear it away itself, don’t you?’



The two pixies laughed loudly, but Moon-Eye didn't know why. Then, one looked at the door and winked.

'I'm Cric, and he's Crac,' said of the pixies to Moon-Eye. 'We've got a spell that will make the sea come and clear all this away for you if you like.'

'Oh, really?' asked Moon-Eye in surprise. 'Well, tell me how much it is and I'll buy it.'



‘It costs a silver penny,’ said Cric. ‘I can’t give you the spell, but I’ll use it myself for you, and make the sea come back again.’

‘All right,’ said Moon-Eye, handing Cric a silver penny. ‘Make it come back now. It will be lovely to hear it going wisha-wisha-wisha near my door again.’



‘It will only come back for a little while,’ said Cric, pocketing the penny. ‘It ill come back slowly and eat up the rubbish for you, and go wisha-wisha-wisha near your door. Then it will run away from you again, because it doesn’t like your house.’

Now, it was just about the turn of the tide again, but of course Moon-Eye didn’t know that. He watched Cric make a big circle on the sand, and step into the middle of it. Then, Cric and Crac joined hands and danced slowly round, singing a song that sounded like a lot of nonsense to Moon-Eye – as indeed it was!



‘There!’ said Cric at last. ‘The sea will gradually come back now. Go down to the edge of it, and see it creeping slowly up to your toes, and beyond them.’

Off went Moon-Eye, wondering why Cric and Crac were laughing. He ran to the edge of the sea and stood there for a few minutes. The sea ran up to his toes, and then went back again. Next time it ran up a little bit further. The third time it ran right round his little bare feet, so that he stood in a pool of water.



‘It’s all right; it’s coming back again!’ Shouted Moon-Eye to Cric and Crac. ‘It’s slow, but it’s coming.’

Cric and Crac laughed loudly again, and went off.

Moon-Eye saw them go to a cottage up on the low cliff, laughing all the way. He thought they must be very good at making each other laugh.



Little by little, the tide came in and Moon-Eye watched it. It took some hours to reach his little house, but he was very glad when it did, for then he could sit outside his door and hear the water go wisha-wisha-wisha nearby.

It was almost dark by this time, and Moon-Eye soon went to bed. He was glad that the sea had eaten up the rubbish it had left on the beach, and he liked to know it was so near.



He woke up very late the next morning, and was delighted to see the water near his house still. He didn't know that the tide had gone out and come in again while he had been asleep. He didn't know it was going out – he thought it was running away from him again.

And look at all the rubbish on the beach again! He thought. Really, the sea is very untidy. I've got a good mind to ask Cric and Crac to make it come and clean it up once more. If I make it do that two or three times, perhaps it will remember.



So, he went to Cric and Crac and paid them another silver penny to make the sea come to his house again, and clear up the beach on the way.

Cric and Crac began to laugh when they saw him. Moon-Eye wondered if he had his hat the wrong way round or something, but he was too polite to say anything.



When Cric and Crac knew what he wanted, they stared at him in surprise. They hadn't thought anyone could be quite so foolish. They went indoors and talked by themselves for a minute or two, and then they came out to speak to Moon-Eye.



‘We are very sorry for you, because the sea keeps running away,’ said Cric solemnly. ‘We wish we had a spell that would make it keep near your door, but we haven’t. If you’ll pay us a silver penny once a week, we will make the sea come up to your house once every day and once every night, and clear away any rubbish and go wisha-wisha-wisha to make you happy and peaceful. What do you say to that?’



‘Well, that would be better than nothing,’ said Moon-Eye, thinking about it. ‘I should like the beach to be well washed every day, and it would be nice to know that the sea would come to visit me regularly. I wouldn’t mind it running away so much, if I knew it would have come back again. Very well, Cric and Crac, I’ll pay you a silver penny, every Monday, and you shall use your spell for me.’



So, it was all arranged and Moon-Eye went back to his little house quite happy. Every Monday he took a silver penny to Cric and Crac, and every day regularly the sea swept and washed the beach for him, and came to say wisha-wisha-wisha at his door. Moone-Eye was quite sure that it did all this because of the spell Cric and Crac said they were using, and he thought they were wonderful people.



But I think they are bad pixies, don't you? I'm sure they'll get into trouble when Moon-Eye finds out the trick they are playing!



