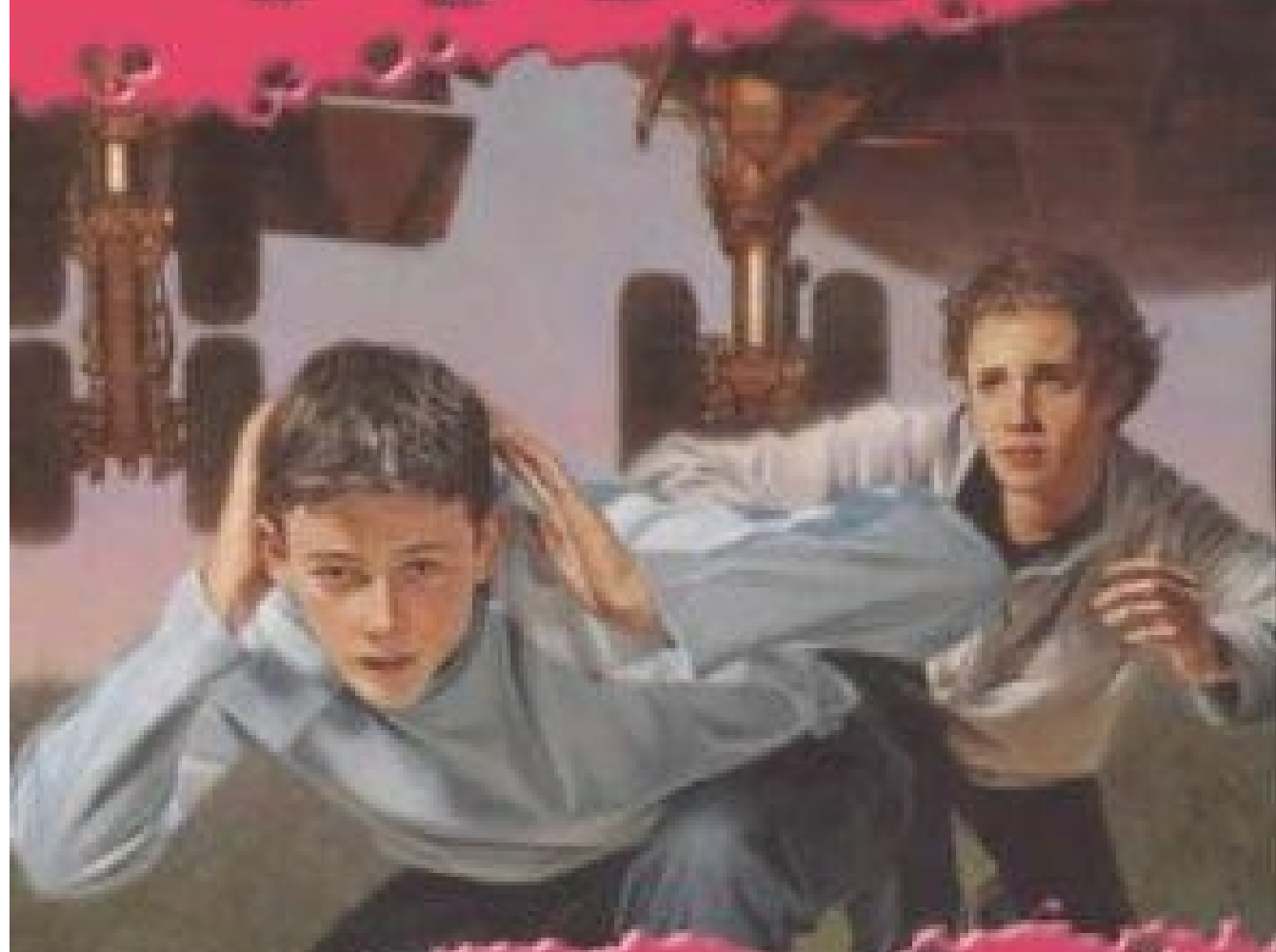


THE Enid Blyton™
**FAMOUS
FIVE**



*Five Go to
Billycock Hill*



a division of Hachette Children's Books

FIVE go to

billycock hill

ENID blyton

Illustrated by

Eileen A. Soper

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CHAPTER ONE

A week's holiday

'Where's the map?' said julian. 'Is that it, george? good!

Now – where shall we spread it?'

'on the floor,' said Anne. 'A map is always easiest to read on the floor. I'll push the table out of the way.'

'Well, be careful, for goodness' sake,' said george.

'Father's in his study, and you know what happened before when someone pushed the table right over!'

Everyone laughed. george's father so often came pouncing out of his study if any sudden noise was made when he was working.

the table was pushed out of the way and the big map unfolded and spread out over the floor. timmy was surprised to see the four children kneeling down around it, and barked, imagining this was some kind of new game.

‘be quiet, timmy!’ said Dick. ‘you’ve got into trouble once this morning already for making a row. And stop brushing my face with your tail.’

‘Wuff,’ said timmy and lay down heavily on the map.

‘get up, idiot,’ said Dick. ‘Don’t you know we’re in a hurry? We want to trace our route to billycock hill . . .’

‘billycock hill – what a lovely name!’ said Anne. ‘Is that where we’re going?’

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FIVE go to blillycock hlll

‘yes,’ said julian, poring over the map. ‘It’s near some caves we want to see – and there’s a butterfly farm not far off, and . . .’

‘A butterfly farm!’ said george, surprised. ‘Whatever’s that?’

‘just what it sounds like!’ said Dick. ‘A farm for butterflies! toby, a friend of ours at school, told me about it. he lives quite near it and he says it’s a most interesting

place – they breed butterflies – and moths, too – from eggs, and sell them to collectors.’

‘Do they really?’ said Anne. ‘Well, I must say I used to enjoy keeping caterpillars and seeing what they turned into – it was like magic to see a lovely butterfly or moth creep out of the chrysalis. but a *farm* for them – can we really go and see it?’

‘oh yes – toby says the men who run it are very happy to show anyone round,’ said julian. ‘Apparently billycock hill is a good place for rare butterflies too – that’s why they’ve got their farm there. they rush about with nets half the time – and at night they go moth-hunting.’

‘It sounds exciting,’ said Dick. ‘Well, what with caves to see, and a butterfly farm, and toby to visit, and . . .’

‘And just Five together again on a sunny week’s holiday!’ said george, giving timmy a sudden thump of joy. ‘hurrah for Whitsun – and thank goodness our two schools had a week’s holiday at the same time!’

the four cousins sprawled on the floor, looking with great interest at the map, following out a route with their

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FIVE go to billycock hlll

fingers. As they traced out the way, there came an angry noise from the study, where george's father was at work.

'Who's been tidying my desk? Where are those papers I left here? Fanny, Fanny – come here!'

'he wants Mother – I'll get her,' said george. 'No, I can't – she's gone shopping.'

'Why can't people leave my papers alone?' came her father's voice again. 'Fanny! FANNy!'

then the study door was flung open and Mr kirrin came striding out, muttering to himself. he didn't see the four children on the floor and fell right over them. timmy barked in delight and leapt at him, thinking that for once george's father was actually having a game with them!

'ooh!' said george, as her father's hand came over her face. 'Don't! What *are* you doing, Father?'

'Uncle quentin – sorry you fell over us!' said julian.

'Shut up, timmy – this isn't a game!'

he helped his uncle up and waited for the explosion.

his uncle brushed himself down and glared at julian.

'have you *got* to lie on the floor? get down, will you, timmy! Where's your mother, george? get up, for goodness' sake! Where's joanna? If she's been tidying my desk again I'll give her her notice!

joanna the cook appeared at the doorway, wiping her floury hands on her apron. 'Whatever's all this noise about?' she began. 'oh sorry – I didn't know it was you. I . . .'

'joanna – have you been tidying my desk again?' barked george's father.

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'No. have you lost something? Never you mind, I'll come along and find it,' said joanna, who was used to Mr kirrin's ways. 'Pick up that map, you four – and put the table back. Stop barking, timmy. george, take him out for goodness' sake, or your father will go mad.'

'he's only excited because we're all together again,' said george, and took timmy into the garden. the others

followed, julian folding up the map, grinning.

'We ought to put Uncle quentin into a play,' said Dick.

'he'd bring the house down! Well – do we know the way, julian? And when do we start?'

'here's Mother,' said george as someone came to the front gate with a basket.

julian ran to open it. he was very fond of his kindly, pleasant-faced aunt. She smiled round at them all.

'Well – have you decided where to go – and what to take with you? you'll be able to camp out this beautiful weather – what a lovely Whitsun it's going to be!'

'yes,' said julian, taking his aunt's basket from her and carrying it indoors. 'We're going to billycock hill, and as our friend toby lives at the bottom of it, at billycock Farm, he's going to lend us all the camping gear we need.'

'So we shan't need to load our bikes with tents and mattresses and things,' said Dick.

'oh – good!' said his aunt. 'What about food? you can get it at toby's farm, I suppose?'

'you bet! We shan't *eat* there, of course,' said julian.

'but we shall buy any eggs or milk or bread we need – and

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FIVE go to billycock hill

toby says the strawberries are already ripening!

Aunt Fanny smiled. 'Well, I needn't worry about your meals, then. And you'll have timmy with you, too. he'll look after you all, won't you, timmy? you won't let them get into any trouble, will you?'

'Woof,' said timmy, in his deepest voice, and wagged his tail. 'Woof.'

'good old tim,' said george, patting him. 'If it wasn't for you we'd never be allowed to go off so much on our own, / bet!'

'Uncle quentin's a bit on the warpath, Aunt Fanny,' said Dick. 'he wants to know who's been tidying his desk. he came rushing out of the study, didn't see us lying on the floor round our map – and fell right over us.'

'oh dear – I'd better go and find out what papers he's

lost *now*,' said his aunt. 'I expect he forgot that he had a tidying fit last night, and tidied his desk himself. he's probably put a lot of his most precious papers into the waste-paper basket!'

Everyone laughed as Mrs kirrin hurried into the study.

'Well, let's get ready,' said julian. 'We won't need to take much, as old toby's going to help us. Anoraks, of course – and don't forget yours, timmy! And sweaters. And one or two maps.'

'And torches,' said Anne, 'because we want to explore those caves. oh, and let's take our swimsuits in case we find somewhere to bathe. It's warm enough!'

'And candles and matches,' said george, slapping the

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A WEEK'S hollIDAy

pocket of her jeans. 'I've got those. I got joanna to give me three boxes. And let's take some sweets.'

'yes. that tin of humbugs,' said julian. 'And I vote we

take our little portable radio!

‘oh yes – that’s a good idea,’ said Anne, pleased. ‘We can hear our favourite programmes then – and the news. I don’t suppose we shall be able to buy newspapers.’

‘I’ll get out the bikes from the shed,’ said julian.

‘Dick, get the sandwiches from joanna – she said she’d make us some because we shan’t get to toby’s farm till after our dinner-time – and I bet we’ll be hungry!’

‘Wuff,’ said timmy, who knew that word very well.

‘he says remember biscuits for him,’ said Anne with a laugh. ‘I’ll go and get some now, tim – though I expect you can share meals with the dogs at billycock Farm.’

joanna had two large packets of sandwiches and cake ready for them, and two bottles of orangeade. ‘there you are,’ she said, handing them over. ‘And if you get through all those you’ll no longer feel hungry. And here are timmy’s biscuits – *and* a bone.’

‘you’re a star, joanna,’ said Dick, and put his arm round her to give her one of the sudden hugs she liked. ‘Well, you’ll soon be rid of us – a whole week at Whitsun – isn’t

that luck – and with such glorious weather, too.’

‘buck up!’ called julian. ‘I’ve got the bikes – and no one’s had a puncture, for a change. bring my anorak, Dick.’

In three minutes everything was packed into the bicycle

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FIVE go to billycock hill

carriers. timmy made sure that his biscuits and bone were packed by sniffing at each pack until he came to the smell he was hoping for. then he wagged his tail and bounded round excitedly. the Five were together again – and who knew what might happen? timmy was ready for anything!

‘goodbye, dears,’ said Mrs kirrin, standing at the gate to see them go. ‘julian, take care of the girls – and tim, take care of everyone!’

Uncle quentin suddenly appeared at the window.

‘What’s all the noise about?’ he began impatiently. ‘oh – they’re off at last, are they? Now we’ll have a little peace

and quiet! goodbye – and behave yourselves!’

‘grown ups always say that,’ said Anne as the Five set off happily, ringing their bells in farewell. ‘hurrah – we’re off on our own again – yes, you too, timmy. What fun!’

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