

‘I can make rope,’ said Pencroft. ‘Everything for that is here on the island.’



It was a week before they moved into their new home. ‘Cave House’, they called it. They made more windows. Pencroft and Spillet made ropes. Herbert and Nab made beds, chairs and tables out of wood. They pulled them up into the cave house on the ropes. Cyrus made a fireplace, and shelves on the walls of the cave. They broke through the rock above the fire.

‘Now the smoke can get out,’ said Cyrus.

They thought about possible problems and they tried to think of answers.

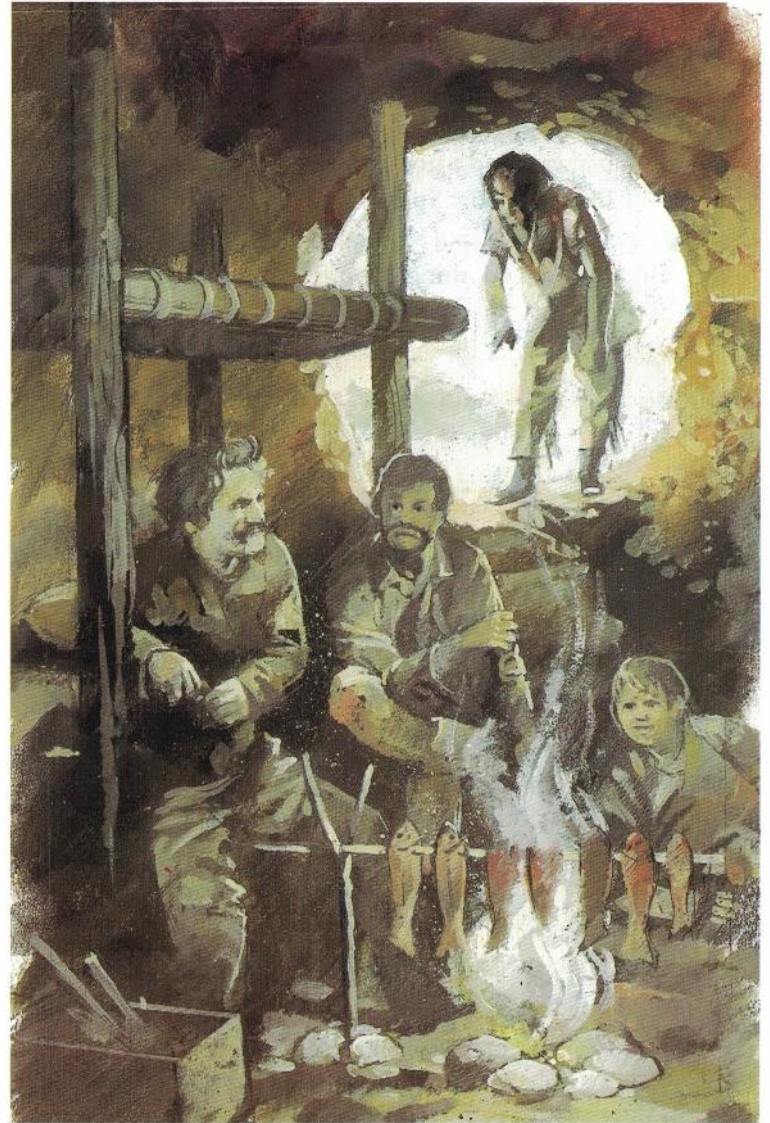
‘When we’re all in Cave House,’ said Cyrus, ‘we can pull up the ropes. Nobody can get to us then.’

‘We’ll always have to have food for three or four days in the cave,’ said Spillet. ‘There’ll be times when we can’t go out for fruit or eggs or fish.’

They worked hard and each person learned about the other people. There were never any angry words. They were good friends.

Herbert did very well. He planned and built things very carefully. He was a quick learner. Pencroft and Nab taught him a lot of things. He learned to make ropes and catch fish. He learned to build with wood. Spillet helped him to read and write. Cyrus taught him the story of America and about places round the world. And he talked to him about ideas. Herbert wasn’t a child and he wasn’t a man. But he worked as hard as the older men.

Pencroft liked Cyrus Smith. He was wonderful, he thought. He was not afraid of him and he listened carefully to his words. In the evenings Pencroft often told stories about his life at sea. Did his stories really happen? It wasn’t important – they were



*They were good friends.*