

Quinton  
Holiday  
Adventure

**BY**

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**Illustrated by  
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## **INTRODUCTION**

*"Thank goodness we have torches," said Dovi, switching his on and shining it into the opening of the cave. His voice also rose in excitement. "It looks as if we can squeeze in here and remain here during the storm."*

*It did not take long at all before the two boys had pulled themselves through the opening and were sitting in a fairly spacious cave. Rocks, scattered on the ground, provided convenient stools.*

*"I like this cave", said Dovi, excitedly. "I really like it, and it won't fill up with water at high tide. And we are safe from the storm."*

*As if in response to his words, the rain started to pelt down, followed by hail which beat mercilessly on the rocks above them. It went on for several minutes.*

*Dovi noticed that his torch was becoming dim and he switched it off. Joel did the same and then they were suddenly plunged into pitch darkness.*

*We have to save the batteries, said Dovi. We*

***don't want to be sitting in the dark.***

***"But there should be some light from the entrance", said Joel. "The storm can't be that bad. I can't see any light from there at all. I mean, it wasn't a large opening in the rocks, but at least we got through it. It should bring in some light, and it isn't night-time yet."***

***Dovi again switched on the torch. The light was not as strong as it had been. The batteries were definitely losing power. The two boys made their way towards the entrance and shone the torch on to it.***

***"The entrance has been blocked," exclaimed Joel. "There are some rocks over it. Do you think the storm could have shifted them there?" He tried unsuccessfully to move them.***

***"I don't know", said Dovi. "Why should rocks just move in this direction and line up at the entrance to the cave?"***

***"Well how would they get there?" asked Joel. "I mean, how could that happen?"***

***"Only one way, I gather", said Dovi. "Those noises we heard earlier on; those noises in the undergrowth; maybe someone was following us".***

***"But who would do that?" asked Joel.***

***"The old man in the caravan park said something", said Dovi. "He said we were dealing with dangerous people. He said that anyone looking for Steve could get into a lot of trouble. And now we are trapped," he said. "We are trapped just like Steve is trapped.***

## **CHAPTER 1**

**“Are we really, really going to live in a caravan and in tents and not a house?” Chaya had already heard the answer to that question several times but she just somehow loved hearing about it over and over again.**

**Her brother, Dovi, gave a groan. “How many times have I heard you ask that? I can just imagine you are going to spend the whole holiday saying: ‘Are we really living in a caravan and in tents and not in a house?’.”**

**Chaya pressed her nose to the car window and watched the miles go by. She was far too excited to get insulted by her brother’s remark. “Can you just imagine it,” she said. “A caravan! Tents!”**

**Her father, who was driving, laughed.**

**“Don’t say anything, Dovi,” he said. “She is just very, very excited. We’ve always spent our holidays in cottages and in kosher hotels. This is going to be quite a different kind of holiday. I am**

aware of it every mile of the way with this luggage trailer behind the car. I keep on having to remember that the car is double its length, especially around corners."

"Are you sure we didn't bring too much stuff?" asked Mrs Dinansky, the children's mother.

"No, Devorah, no," said her husband. "We had to take all our kitchen utensils and crockery and cutlery and our blow torch to kosher out that minute caravan kitchen, and our washing up bowls, besides all the food and everything."

"Uzi, of course I know about all that," said Mrs Dinansky. "There is no way that caravan kitchenette could be kosher and of course we have to kosher it, and bring our utensils and all our food. But, I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about..."

But her husband had not finished talking.

"And there's the pram for Rivkie and her camp cot and all her things, and Eli's toys."

"Of course I know," said his wife, looking fondly at her youngest children who were sleeping in the back seat of the car. "I know these things are important and essential. But those

transmitters; those awful large, bulky, half-antique radio transmitters. They take up so much room. I mean, you could have got the modern, tiny ones."

"They aren't nearly as exciting," said Dovi. "Lots of people have those. These look like something different. And they really work."

"And Zadie lent them to us", said Chaya.

That was true. Dovi had found two 'ham-radio' transmitter sets in his grandfather's home and had asked him about them. His Zadie, with great enthusiasm, had told him about his war days and about the experiments he had done with the machines. Dovi had asked a lot of questions about the transmitters which were at least half a century old. Did they still work? Probably with a lot of fixing here and there. And, work they did! Dovi had asked endless questions about them, eventually persuading his Zadie to allow him to take them with him when he would go on holiday with his family. He had promised to take good care of them and his Zadie had agreed that he now knew as much about how they worked as he did, and he was confident he



could work with them.

"They aren't that big," said Chaya, her large blue eyes growing wide. "Though they are a bit heavy."

"Do you think you are going to use them?" asked her mother.

"Oh yes," said Dovi. "Chaya and I will talk to one another through them."

Chaya looked delighted. Back home, Dovi hardly took any notice of his younger sister. He was too busy with his own friends. But who else was there to play with on a family holiday?

"Are we nearly there?" she asked.

"We are very close to Quinton," said her father. "Soon you will see the sea."

Mrs Dinansky looked expectantly into the distance. She loved the sea. It was something she was sure she would never grow tired of looking at. She wondered, though, what it would be like living in a caravan and in a tent, and doing most of the cooking on a gas grill outside. Her husband had been so enthusiastic about that that he had offered to do all the cooking.

She would not hold him to that, but perhaps,

sometimes, he could do it.

She wondered how Rivkie would adjust to being in a caravan. Fortunately she had not yet started to crawl; otherwise things could have been somewhat difficult.

They had never been as far down the coast as Quinton and she wondered how many other Jewish holiday makers there would be in the Caravan Park. Two other families had initially been going with them, but the father of one family had suddenly been needed at work, and the other family had had news that a close relative would be visiting from overseas. There was talk of them joining them later, however.

She was interrupted in her reverie by an exclamation from her husband who caught everyone's attention.

"There's the sea! You can catch a glimpse of it through those two hills. In a few minutes you will see it clearly!"

Twenty minutes later they were entering the caravan park and were commenting excitedly on the different shapes, sizes and colors of the caravans. They were especially fascinated by a

gypsy-style small caravan situated in one corner of the park. They were wondering who was staying in it. It certainly was different from the others.

The tent had partitions which could either be rolled up towards the roof to make one large area, or rolled down and tied into place to make several cubicles surrounding a smaller central area. One small cubicle was apparently a storeroom which had their camp-beds and tools and tables.

"We can each have our own room!" said Chaya ecstatically. Look at that! I even have my own window!"

Mr Dinansky was laughing. "Well we certainly got a magnificent tent. And just imagine how many guests we can have in here to eat with us on Shabbos!"

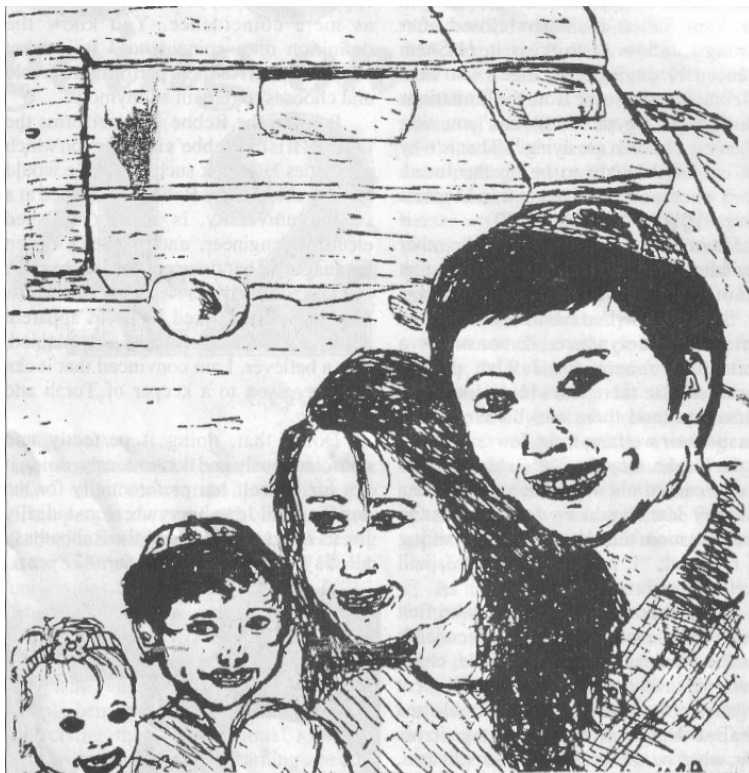
"We still have to meet them," said Dovi. "We don't know anyone here at all."

"There is a minyan in the village," said his father, even out of season, so we have some Jews here."

But the children had begun to set up their room. Eli needed some help, but before long there

were three extra cubicles set up, each with a camp bed and a stool.

"I think this is going to be the best holiday ever," said Chaya, "the very, very best holiday ever - a caravan and a tent!"



"Hello... hello... I hear you loud and clear. I will walk a bit further away and see if I can still hear

you."

It was their second day in Quinton, and Chaya, wearing headphones and carrying one of the walkie-talkie transmitters had walked for almost half a kilometer along the beach. All the time she could hear her brother talking to her through the headphones; all loud and clear.

She spoke into the machine:

"I still hear you," she said.

"Good," Dovi answered. "Try to go a bit further, but slower."

"You are getting a bit fainter, now," said Chaya. "I will walk slowly."

The machine really was heavy, but it was fun to work with. She looked out towards the sea. How exciting it was to be on holiday, and it really was more fun to be in a caravan and in a tent in a caravan park, even though at times there seemed to be very little space.

She was not really concentrating on what she was doing, and suddenly her foot caught on a rock and the machine fell from her hands.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed.

She picked it up but the machine was making a

great deal of noise; interference.

Now, where was her brother?

She had obviously gone off the right frequency. She was about to look at it more closely when she heard a voice coming faintly through the earphones, a man's voice, a voice which sounded full of terror.

"Please... please help... If anyone can hear me... please..."

She tried to twist the controls to hear better but she found she had lost his frequency. Why hadn't she looked at it? Now she was way past it.

She turned the dials this way and that for several minutes, unable to pick up anything. Then she turned specifically to her brother's frequency. He was shouting into the transmitter.

"Chaya, where are you? I can't pick you up. You are doing something wrong!"

Chaya spoke.

"Dovi, someone needs help; I don't know who, or where! Try and pick it up on your receiver. I am coming straight back to you."

She did not wait for Dovi's surprised exclamation but started running, a little clumsily,

along the beach to just outside the caravan park where her brother was waiting.

"I was coming to meet you," he said. "But I got caught up in trying to find this message. I heard nothing. Are you sure you heard something? What did you hear?"

She told him everything she could. "It must be close to where I was," she said. "But I couldn't see anything; just the sea and the sand dunes and the hills behind me. So I came back to ask you to help search."

Dovi looked at her, "It's much more complicated than that," he said.

He was worried about the call for help. Chaya was not the kind of person who would have imagined it.

But he knew the range of these transmitters. The message could have come from close range or from several kilometers away if the man was using a machine like they had, which was unlikely; and if he had a more powerful machine, who knows from how far away the message could have come? And in which direction.

Altogether the situation seemed somewhat

impossible, but definitely not something which could be ignored.

Chaya looked up at her brother expectantly, the expression on her face showing her complete faith in his ability. This always gave him a sense of obligation of having to live up to her expectations. At times it even made him rather uncomfortable.

She continued to look at him.

"What is around here?" he asked, half to himself.

"There's our caravan park," said Chaya.

"Obviously," said her brother. "But what else?"

"There are some Hotels, some cottages, further on is the village."

"Okay," said Dovi. "But that is here in Quinton. But what about further along the coast, where you were?"

"I saw nothing," said Chaya... "Only rocks and sand, and... and bushes and the hills more inland, and things like that, no people or anything, I mean, no hotels, or caravan parks and things."

"But there is another seaside town not far along this coast," said Dovi: "with all those



things. But where would one start to look? You can't just go looking all over the hotels and cottages and things."

Chaya suddenly looked downcast. "So what do we do about the man who called for help? He expects me to do something about it."

"He didn't even know anyone got that message, Chaya," said her brother. "He just tried to give over something. There was no way he could know if anyone picked it up."

"But," she said, "like with a telephone.',"

"It isn't at all like a telephone, and if he had a telephone he would have used it."

"Well, he can't be in a hotel then," said Chaya. "Usually, they all have telephones."

"Yes," said Dovi, suddenly thinking hard. "And it isn't likely that he is in a caravan either, because he could just bang on the wall and shout. He has to be somewhere quite far away....somewhere out to sea or something, but not really far out."

"Like on a ship?" asked Chaya, eagerly.

"No," said Dovi. "Ships have special signals."

**This is different. He must be somewhere on an island or lost in a mountain or in a cave or something."**

**"That's exciting," said Chaya. "But awfully scary. Are we going to look for him?"**

**"Yes, of course we are," said Dovi. "But we have to do some research first. We have to find out what is around here. In the meanwhile we will have to go back to the caravan. Something tells me it's nearly lunchtime and we need to refill."**

**Brother and sister walked swiftly back to the caravan park carrying their equipment with them.**

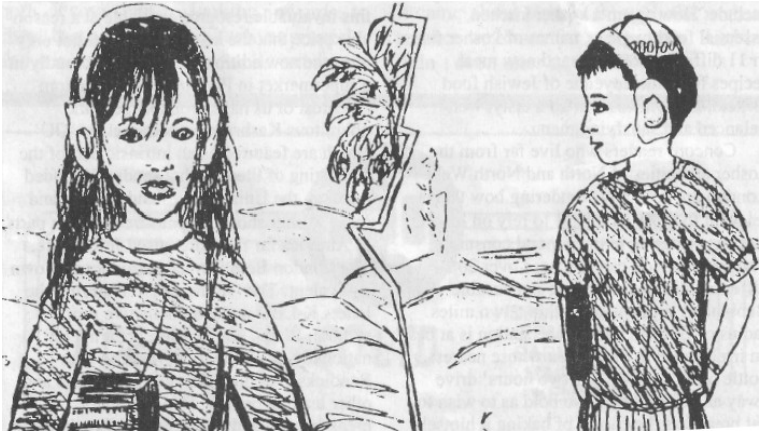
**On the way they stopped at a general store. Their mother had asked them to buy some eggs.**

**A man was sitting on one of the boxes talking to the storekeeper. He looked**

**with interest at the children's transmitter sets**

**"Hey," he said, his voice sounding as he was always three quarters asleep. "Do you kids know how to work that equipment?"**

**"Yes... yes of course," said Dovi. "We speak to one another."**



**"How far away can you speak from" the man asked.**

**"Not too far," said Dovi.**

**Chaya glared at her brother. Dovi glared back.**

**"Have you ever picked up any other messages?" asked the man.**

**"No," said Dovi.**

**Chaya was about to protest when Dovi stood on her foot and pressed hard on her toe.**

**She was about to give a yell when she realized that he was trying to tell her something, so she kept quiet. The man had not noticed.**

**"Can we pick up messages with this machine?" asked Dovi, innocently.**

**"Oh... probably not," said the man. "Those are very old machines. It's a wonder they work at all."**

**The children bought the eggs and walked on to the caravan park.**

**"Why didn't you want to tell him we can pickup other messages?" asked Chaya.**

**"Well, I didn't hear the message; you did," said Dovi. "And the less people know, the better. Just don't say anything to anyone. What if the man is not honest? What if he has captured the other one?"**

**"Well, let's follow him and see," she said.**

**"No, of course he isn't a crook," said Dovi. "We just have to be careful."**

**"But you said," said Chaya.**

**They had reached the caravan park and were starting to walk through the rows of tents and caravans, nodding at the people whom they had seen but did not as yet know.**

**They looked with interest at anyone who seemed to be Jewish. How could they be sure?**

**"Maybe we should just look for a mezuzah on the Caravan door," said Chaya.**

**"Don't be silly," said Dovi. "You don't have a mezuzah on a caravan door. You are on holiday."**

**"But why not?" asked Chaya.**

**"Ask Tatty," said Dovi, closing the subject.**

**They looked around. They had spent the whole of the previous day helping their parents set things up, and had fallen exhausted into bed. They had had no time to really get to explore the caravan park.**

**They arrived at the caravan and were greeted with the smell of hot dogs being grilled outside by their father. Their appetites increased markedly, and they were quickly helping to chop tomatoes and cucumbers to go with it, while their mother, helped by Eli, prepared the corn and potatoes to put on the grill.**

**Rivkie was asleep in her pram.**

**Everything was really exciting!**

**"We have been waiting for you," said their father. "It's all ready for you to eat."**

**He turned over the hot dogs one more time. "In fact, if you don't eat quickly, these things will get burned. Are you ready, Devorah?"**

## **CHAPTER 2**

Chaya awoke to see the sunlight streaming in through her clear plastic window. She called to see who else was awake but she got no response.

Where were Dovi and Eli and even Rivkie and her mother and father? Well, she would get up and find out.

She washed and got dressed quickly, peering into the tiny mirror of her cubicle. It was exciting to be living in a tent, and not at all scary.

Even their father had been excited when he had first seen the caravan and the tent. A caravan, well it was a caravan; but the tent! It was sheer luxury! It seemed to be able to change into any kind of room or rooms.

She went out of the tent and found her parents frying eggs on the primus stove. Rivkie was in the pram next to them. She was gurgling happily. Dovi was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Dovi?" she asked, after she had greeted her parents. "Has he gone? Did he already daven?"

**She was beginning to feel somewhat unhappy and deserted. She loved spending time with her brother, but had a feeling that the inevitable would happen. He would find a boy his own age and that would be that. Her fears were confirmed.**

**"He davened very early with your father. They even learned a little," said her mother. "And then Joel, a boy from one of the other caravans. came to fetch him. They went off with the walkie-talkies"**

**Chaya felt even more deserted. She didn't even know who Joel was. She had never even heard of him! And they had gone off with the transmitters. They would find the man, solve the mystery, and no one would even remember that she was the one who had heard the message.**

**Her mother noticed the downcast expression which had crossed her face.**

**"Dovi wanted you to come as well, but I wouldn't let him wake you. Apparently Joel has two sisters he wanted you to meet, Sara and Dina. They are more, or less your age. They will come back for you."**

**Chaya still looked unhappy.**

**"He still hasn't eaten breakfast," said her father.**

**That meant Dovi would definitely be back ... soon.**

**Even as she was thinking, Dovi rounded the corner, alone, holding both walkie-talkie sets. He saw his sister's unhappy expression.**

**"Don't worry, Chaya," he said, "I'm not going to desert you. I met Joel and he seems to know something about transmitters. We need more people for this investigation; and he has two sisters you could get together with. We could all work on different things."**

**That didn't sound too bad and Chaya started to cheer up.**

**"They even have a smaller brother, David, a little older than Eli."**

**It was Eli's turn to look pleased.**

**"They also have a dog, a cocker spaniel, one of those golden, curly things. He's quite cute; seems to follow them everywhere."**

**Chaya agreed at least to go and see the dog, after breakfast.**

**Well, it did seem that Chaya wasn't going to**



be left out at all, and straight after breakfast, she and Eli followed Dovi a little shyly till almost the other end of the caravan park.

She liked the Goldstein family immediately. They were warm, open, and seemed to really care for one another. They were obviously Jewish, but did not seem to be 'frum' at all.

They were also finishing breakfast and offered Dovi, Chaya and Eli some hot cocoa and scones, which they, of course, refused.

"You keep kosher, don't you?" said Mrs Goldstein. "I realized you were religious because of Dovi's yarmulke. But surely cocoa and scones are all right, aren't they? They don't contain anything *dreadful*. I mean they haven't got pork in them or anything."

"I know that," said Dovi carefully. "And it is probably true that they don't contain anything dreadful. But we don't know for certain what all the ingredients are, and what the bakery where you bought them from put inside the scones. When we don't know for sure, we don't eat it."

"When in doubt, do without," said Eli.

"But you must be very, very limited in what

you eat," said Mr Goldstein, "if you have to know what goes into each thing. I mean, you would have to have someone in the factory or the bakery who would supervise."

"That's right," said Chaya. "One of my mother's friends does that. She is appointed by the Beth Din just to switch on the stove and to watch that everything is kosher and that nothing is done that is against Kashrus. She spends the whole morning there and then someone else relieves her in the afternoon and then on those products you have the kosher stamp or hechsher."

"But what if you can't get something you really want?"

"Then you just have to eat something else," said Dovi.

"But," said Mr Goldstein, "do your parents really think that G-d minds what you eat? I mean, isn't what you do or say more important?"

"That's also important," said Dovi, "but HaShem does mind what you eat. He minds a lot."

"I think G-d is only concerned with religious things," said Mrs Goldstein, "not in those sorts of daily things."

**"But what is a religious thing?" asked Dovi.**

**"Hey," said Joel, "everyone knows that. Religion is going to shul and fasting on Yom Kippur and not shouting at your grandmother and not forgetting to feed the cat."**

**"It is all those things," said Dovi, "but in Judaism there isn't really such a thing as a 'religious' thing, or, if there is, *everything* you do is a religious thing. The food you eat becomes part of you, so it is important what you take in. Non-kosher food is bad for you, and not only for the soul - for your mind and body as well."**

**"But how about all the non-Jews?" asked their father. "It can't be bad for them."**

**"Well, different people need different things," said Chaya. "Different animals need different things. Something which would kill one animal if he ate it would be the most delicious food for another one."**

**"And even with a car, " said Dovi, trying to illustrate the point. "I love soda pop, but if I needed petrol in the car and I put in soda pop, I think it wouldn't go very well, if it would go at all!"**

**"Umm, that's true," said Mr Goldstein, "but we**

**all have the same digestive systems."**

**"It looks like that," said Chaya, "but you must speak to my father. He says that it is different, very, very different."**

**"Is your father a Rabbi?" asked Mrs Goldstein.**

**"No, he isn't," said Chaya, "but he learns a lot, so he knows a lot," she continued.**

**"Then we'll speak to him about it," said Mr Goldstein. "What is this about a message, a cry for help? Are you sure you heard it?"**

**"Oh yes," said Chaya. "The man sounded so desperate, and we don't know where to look for him or what to do."**

**"I suggest you keep listening on those transmitters," he said. "I mean, he would probably broadcast over again. As long as he is not ..." He did not complete his sentence.**

**"We are taking them with us," said Joel. "Don't worry, we will make quite sure we will hear his next message."**

**Dovi and Joel were soon walking towards the beach, each carrying a transmitter set. Chaya had been a little resentful of this at first but**

then she remembered that it was rather heavy and bulky and was relieved not to really have to carry it.

The boys stopped at the place where Chaya had heard the message, and began to tinker with the sets, straining their ears for any cry for help. The girls waited some distance away.

Chaya, remembering the previous afternoon, when she and Dovi had tried to pick up the message, knew that this could take hours. Sara and Dina were becoming restless and Eli and David had already started to dig holes together in the sand.

Pudko, the dog, was trying to help them and was sending sand flying all over them with his back paws. He soon tired of this, however, and seemed to be waiting anxiously for a walk along the beach.

"Let's go for a really long walk," suggested Chaya.

The other two girls agreed. It was a hot day and the sea was a bright sparkling blue.

Eli and David walked fairly close to the edge of the sea, Pudko following them.

The three girls walked a little further inland, comparing notes about the schools they attended 'back home'.

They were pleased to find that they were all in the fourth grade and, for the first time, Chaya found out that Sara and Dina were twins.

They walked on and on. Time passed. They were 'back at school' and had forgotten Eli and David and Dovi and Joel. They just walked slowly, on and on.

"What's the time?" Dina said suddenly.

"Hey," said Sara, "it's already eleven thirty! We left around ten! We'd better go back."

They looked around for Eli, David and Pudko, but they were nowhere to be seen. They called them, but there was no answer.

"Maybe they went back to the boys," said Chaya.

"I don't think they would do that without telling us," said Sara doubtfully. "David wouldn't, would Eli?" She was looking worried and her freckles were redistributed into a deep frown.

"It's not really like him," said Chaya.

"David doesn't usually," said Dina. "Not at all,

but Pudko does and David and Eli could have gone after him."

"He doesn't swim, does he?" asked Chaya, suddenly alarmed. "Eli hasn't learned yet."

"No, I don't think he would have gone towards the sea," said Sara, but she looked even more worried.

The girls walked back fairly quickly, shouting for Pudko, David and Eli all the time. Sara and Dina had visions of what their parents would say if they couldn't find them. How terrible it would be! They would have to call the police! What would happen? Chaya was feeling very uncomfortable.

They began to feel quite desperate.

They had been walking fairly quickly, much faster than they had walked in the other direction. It was already twelve-fifteen and they should be getting near the boys and the transmitters.

They continued to shout for Pudko, Eli and David almost half-heartedly now.

They were therefore surprised to hear a response ... a bark and a shout. They almost danced with relief and then Sara and Dina began to shout at their little brother.

**"How dare you go off like that? How could you? We didn't know where you were. We couldn't find you."**

**Chaya was very quiet, relieved that Eli was all right.**

**The boys, who were looking somewhat grubby, as if they had been rolling about in some kind of dust, were not looking at all guilty.**

**"You were the ones who were walking off," said David. "Pudko and us had an adventure, but we've decided not to tell you about it, because you shouted at us. We have our own secret place. Pudko found it."**

**"Where is it?" asked Sara.**

**"We are not telling you where it is or what it is. It is our secret. No one will ever know."**

**"David can be incredibly stubborn," said Sara. "It's no good asking him now because he will just never tell us. We will just have to wait and**



**see. Maybe Eli will tell you."**

**"He can be just as stubborn," said Chaya.**

**They found Dovi and Joel still listening earnestly to their walkie-talkie sets. They had picked up all kinds of interesting things, but no message calling for help.**

**"So David and Eli are the only ones who found anything," said Dina.**

**"What? What?" asked Joel.**

**"We don't know," said Sara. "They won't tell us."**

**"Leave them till after lunch," said Joel. "David will tell me later. He always does."**

**It was only after supper, in actual fact, that David, after a bit of bribery from Joel, actually talked about what he had discovered.**

**Pudko had been running alongside the sea and they had come to several rocks which the girls had missed due to the fact that they were further inland. Pudko had been fascinated by the rock pools and had tried to catch the tiny fish in them, left there by the tide when it had gone out.**



**The problem was that long, curly ears had cast shadows in the water which had distracted him considerably. He had become frustrated with this and had gone leaping across the rocks, Eli and David leaping after him.**

**It was then that they had discovered it, an entrance to a cave. It was partially filled with sea-water - a large cave under the rocks.**

**Pudko, David and Eli had hesitated to go into it. It was far too wet for Pudko and far too scary for the boys, but they knew it was something that**

would excite their older brothers and sisters tremendously. But they had shouted at them and were angry with them and they had decided they wouldn't tell them.

But then he knew he also wanted to discover more about what was there and he reckoned he would tell them ... at a price.

Joel was extremely impressed with this discovery, but somewhat annoyed that he hadn't been told about it before. He knew he could not show this annoyance, however, otherwise there was no way his small, stubborn brother would show it to him. He did make an arrangement with him, however, that as soon as it was light, he would be taken there so that he could take his sisters and his new friends later in the day.

True to his word, long before breakfast, exactly at daybreak, David tapped his brother on the shoulder.

There was no response.

He then pulled up the duvet and tickled his feet which caused a roar from Joel which almost returned David to his `sulk', but he quickly got

**dressed and followed David along the beach.**

**He had expected it to be deserted but he found several fishermen already waiting. One of the fishermen seemed quite friendly and nodded to the two boys.**

**The boys walked on and on, past the place where Joel and Dovi had been listening to their walkie-talkies.**

**They walked on and on ... On and on ...**

**At one stage, David stopped at a few rocks, but these were unfamiliar.**

**It was getting late and David was getting confused. They should have brought Pudko, but they had deliberately left him, despite the fact that he had tried to follow.**

**David was feeling decidedly uneasy.**

**"The cave has gone!" he announced simply. "I can't find it."**

**Puzzled, Joel looked around him. He couldn't really understand what was going on. There was no option but to turn back. They would look for it later.**

**They were getting close to their own beach. The fishermen were still patiently waiting for the**

fish. The friendly fisherman nodded to them again.

"Was it a good walk?" he asked.

"Yes..." said Joel, "but we didn't find what we were looking for."

"What were you looking for?" the man asked.

"A cave," said David. "Yesterday Pudko, my dog, and my friend and me, saw a cave. There was a cave ... I know it was a cave ... I know it was there. My dog saw it too and now it's gone."

"Of course it's gone," said the fisher-man.

"The tide is in now. All the rocks are under water and so is the cave. I think I know the one you mean.

"Only when the tide is completely out can you actually go into it, otherwise there is a lot of water in it, too much to get by. This makes it dangerous.

"The cave apparently leads on to other caves, right into the hills over there." He pointed in the direction they had come. "But the caves by the sea can be dangerous because they can fill with

**water. There are probably other entrances in the hills, much safer. I suggest you leave it alone.”**

## CHAPTER 3

These things are awfully heavy," said Dina. "Do we have to keep on listening to them?" She took off the earphones and handed them to her sister, Sara.

"Your turn now," she said. "Couldn't the Dinanskys have got the modern ones? I feel like a pilot in the Second World War."

"You look like one," said Sara, putting on the earphones. "Hey! Chaya is calling us! How do I reply to her?"

"Just speak into the mouthpiece," said Dina.

Chaya's voice was coming over clearly.

"I am *bored*," she was saying.

"I'm walking back over to you. Let's all listen together. Talking to one another anyway is not the purpose. We have to move from one frequency to another to see if we can hear that man's voice again, shouting for help."

"Come back over here, Chaya," said Sara. "We don't need to split up."

"I wanted you to see how they worked," said Chaya, "from our end of the caravan park to your

end."

Some ten minutes later, Chaya arrived.

"I was looking at the caravan parked right at the top of the park," said Chaya. "It's really different! It's a real gypsy caravan. It looks years old. The paint is peeling off in most places except that someone has painted part of the caravan bright blue and that makes the rest of it look even more faded and shabby. And there was no car next to it."

"Perhaps the person had gone out in it," said Sara.

"No," said Chaya. "There isn't really a place for a car, even though there is a lot of space around the caravan. But someone has made a vegetable patch and a flower garden! They can't be here on holiday otherwise how could they grow all those things? I wonder if someone lives there."

"Who was in it?" asked Sara.

"It was all locked up," said Chaya.

"Well, maybe it's just used as a storeroom," said Sara.

"I don't think so," said Chaya. "There were curtains in the window, faded flowered curtains, and



there was a washing line with a towel on it, or, rather, half a towel on it. Come with me and see."

"I'm not walking all that way," said Sara, "not with these heavy things."

"I wonder what the boys are doing," said Dina. "Do you think they found the cave?"

"Do you think there was a cave?" asked Sara.

"If Eli said there was, I am sure there is," said Chaya. "The question is, whether they will find it."

Dovi, Joel, Eli and David, and, of course, Pudko, had gone along the beach armed with torches, in search of the cave. Joel looked somewhat guiltily around for the fisherman, but he was nowhere to be seen.

They walked on and on, Pudko running into the waves and out again, his long ears dripping. It was hot, and the children went in and out of the waves to cool off their feet. They went past the place where Dovi and Joel had been listening to the transmitters, and where Chaya had first heard the message.

On and on.....on and on....until they found

it! A low-lying cave topped with a flat rock. Small wonder that they had not been able to find it when the tide was in! Even now, it was partially submerged. Surely it would be impossible to enter it!

Dovi and Joel leaned over the rock and shone the torches into the cave. It looked magnificent, and seemed to stretch on and on, a magical world; a cave covered with seaweed and tiny shells, with a lake instead of a floor. The younger boys also came onto the rock and looked over the edge.

"It's like a dream," said Joel. Dovi said nothing. Eli and David almost burst with pride at their 'find'.

Dovi and Joel prepared to swim into the cave. Neither Eli nor David made any move to go with them. Even Pudko, who usually liked water, wouldn't put a paw into it.

It was strangely quiet within the cave. Dovi and Joel swam to the far side. There was a large dark shadow, which turned out to be the entrance to another cave, the floor still covered with water. Suddenly the silence was broken as they heard a

strange noise. It seemed to be some kind of whirring, a chugging noise. But as quickly it stopped and they wondered if they had ever really heard it.

Both boys made a decision. This was something they would explore alone. They also knew that before they made any effort to explore further into the caves they had to be absolutely sure of weather conditions and high and low tides. Dovi shuddered at the thought of what the cave would have looked like earlier that morning. The water would have been up to the roof. The caves could be extremely dangerous. They would have to impress this on the others.

"Amazing," said Joel, as they climbed out of the caves.

"Beautiful, but very dangerous. None of us must go in there. Anyone could be drowned. I suggest we go further up the coast and see if we can get to the next seaside village.

The children began to protest but they slowly followed, Pudko running in and out of the water.

"Let's take the road," said Dovi. "It's probably much quicker and I want to buy some more

batteries for the transmitters, and a more waterproof torch.

It was only later that evening, after it was dark, that Chaya persuaded her brother, Dovi, to take a walk to the caravan on the far side of the park. Most of the people they passed were finishing their evening meals and lights were beginning to shine out from the caravans. This time, outside the caravan was a primitive fire in a coal drum. An old man was sitting next to it smoking a pipe and cooking. Next to him sat an old, tawny dog. They were both staring into the flames.

The dog gave a muffled bark and the man turned towards them, seeming to suddenly stiffen.

"Good evening," said Dovi. "This is my sister, Chaya, and I am Dovi Dinansky." It was several seconds before the man answered.

"Welcome to Quinton," he said. "Are you on holiday here?"

"Yes" said Chaya. "Are you also?"

"No," said the man. "I did come here on holiday about 12 years ago, but now I live here."

**"That's nice," said Chaya, not really knowing what else to say.**

**"And I'm going to stay here till Moshiach comes," said the man.**

**Both Chaya and Dovi looked at him sharply. The man didn't look Jewish.**

**"Till Moshiach comes?" echoed Chaya.**

**"That's a Jewish expression meaning forever," said the man. "You are Jewish, aren't you? I mean, you look Jewish and your names are Jewish."**

**"Are you Jewish?" asked Dovi. "We are."**

**"I am Jewish," replied the man, "though sometimes I almost forget it."**

**"But," said Chaya, waiting for Moshiach doesn't mean forever. We are waiting for him every day."**

**"So were your parents and grandparents and great-grandparents," said the man. "But Moshiach hasn't come. My mother waited a long, long time for Moshiach; a really religious woman, she was. But then she passed on. Moshiach still hadn't come. How can you still be waiting for him? He never came. It means**

**forever."**

**"No," said Chaya. "Moshiach really is coming. All kinds of things are happening in the world that show that he is coming. We know that he is coming now."**

**"What are you waiting for?" asked the man. "You expect the sky to open and some angel to arrive on a white horse?"**

**"No, no," said Dovi. "Moshiach is a person. He's not an angel or a divine being. He's a person who gets born and grows up and goes to school and who gets married and who gets tired or who gets sick, Heaven forbid. He has to sleep and eat."**

**"Nu, so what is Moshiach?" asked the man, laughing. "He has to be something extra special. He can't just be like you kids... or like me," he chuckled.**

**"He's a man of flesh and blood, someone you could see and touch," said Dovi. "He's a man you and I could follow, will follow, and he will bring everyone back to Torah and back to Yiddishkeit. And he will rebuild the temple and there will be peace everywhere."**

**"Sounds good," said the man, "but we will have to wait and see."**

**"We must prepare for Moshiach", said Dovi.**

**"How does one do that?" asked the man.**

**Dovi hesitated. "By doing mitzvot, more than we are doing already."**

**"That shouldn't be too difficult," said the man, dryly. "I'm not doing any, not any more, that is."**

**"Didn't your mother tell you how to prepare for Moshiach?" asked Chaya.**

**A far away look came into the man's eyes and they seemed to fill with tears.**

**"She had plenty to say about that," he said. "She had a great deal to say. But..." he said, "things changed."**

**He smiled at the children and then for the first time he took a more concentrated look at what Dovi was holding in his hands.**

**"What is that you have there?" he asked. "Looks like it might be one of those things we used in World War II. Owe my life to those things, I do," he said. "If someone hadn't heard my call for help, who knows where I would be**

**now."**

**"Someone called to us for help on this yesterday," said Chaya, and then she quickly looked at her brother and bit her lip. Dovi would be furious with her for telling him!**

**But he was adding to what she had said.**

**"Chaya heard a man calling for help, but we don't know how to help him. We have been trying to trace another message and perhaps talk to him but we can't find his frequency."**

**"What was it?" asked the man. He had become very serious.**

**"I... I don't remember. I turned off it, I never looked," said Chaya.**

**"Strange things have been happening lately in and around Quinton," said the man, "very strange things. There are people here who are up to no good. They aren't just holiday-makers. It is as if a shadow has fallen across this beautiful seaside town."**

**"You know where the man might be?" asked Dovi.**

**"No, not really," said the man. "I don't mix that much. Old Paddy and I are quite happy with our**



own company." He patted the dog. "But I hear things, I do, I hear plenty."

"Who do you think the man could be?" asked Chaya.

"Someone in a lot of trouble," said the man, darkly.

"My advice to you kids is to stay out of it. Leave it to someone else."

"But we have to find him. He's in trouble," said Chaya.

"So will you be if you look too hard," said the man. "These people don't care what happens to people who get in their way. You're dealing with dangerous criminals. Forget that you ever heard the message. Take my advice."

"But what about the man?" asked Dovi.

"What can you kids do?" the old man said.

"Take my advice. Don't get involved. Though I must admit when I was your age I would have done the same."

He looked at the unsure expressions on both their faces.

**"O.K. kids," he said. "You listen to the transmitters. But let me know if you hear him again. *Immediately* - and note down the frequency so that we can talk back to him..."**

## **CHAPTER 4**

They visited the man the next day, fairly early in the morning. He obviously had been thinking about what they had said to him: "I think you should do some more investigations, explore the mountains, and speak to the fisherman. But be careful. There are strange and dangerous people in these parts."

The old man, whose name they discovered was Ben, patted his dog, Old Paddy, and went on:

"That man is in big trouble. He has been trapped at least two days now. You have to find him! Listen to those transmitters day and night - till you find him!" Another thought seemed to strike him. He looked closely at Dovi and Joel.

"A whirring noise, a chugging? What could that mean, deep inside the mountain? Are you boys sure you heard it?"

"Oh yes," said Dovi, "it sounded like some kind of machinery. It didn't go on for long, though."

**"You thought it came from inside the mountain? You might have been close to a road under the ground," Ben said, frowning.**

**I don't think so," said Joel." It just did not sound like a passing truck or car, and the road doesn't seem to have been in that direction."**

**"Explore," the man repeated. "See if you can find a way through the hills and mountains from the other side. Didn't you say the fisherman said something about other entrances?"**

**"Yes," said Joel, "perhaps he would know another way."**

**"By the way," said Dovi, suddenly feeling shy, "my parents wanted to know if you would join us for a Shabbos meal, either Friday night or Shabbos mid-day."**

**"Shabbos," exclaimed Ben. "Shabbos here in Quinton! I mean here in the caravan park? You mean you are going to have candles and Kiddush and challah and all that, right here on holiday?"**

**"Yes, of course," said Dovi.**

**"Yes, I will," said Ben. "It will be something very special ... but Old Paddy; do you mind if I bring him?"**

**"That's fine," said Dovi.**

**"I couldn't leave him," said Ben.**

**"Don't worry," said Dovi, "I'm sure we will find some scraps for him to eat."**

**The boys were soon making their way to the beach, having fetched Eli and David. The girls were still listening to the transmitters, taking care to write down the frequencies as they changed them. There was no way they were going to miss the frequency of the message this time.**

**They recognized the fisherman they had spoken to that morning. He was cradling a massive fish in his arms. "You caught that!" exclaimed Dovi and Eli with great excitement. "It's huge! Wow. What kind of a fish is it?"**

**"It's a catfish," said the man.**

**Joel and Dovi examined it more closely.**

**"It's not kosher," said Dovi. "We can't eat a fish like that."**

**"Why not?" asked the fisherman, looking a little insulted. "He's a fresh, clean fish, a really good catch. I seldom find one this big. He tastes fine."**

**"I'm sure he does," said Dovi quickly, not**

wanting to offend the man. "I'm just saying that Jews can't eat it."



"Can't you guys just soak him and salt him like you do with meat, then he will surely be kosher," said the fisherman.

"It doesn't work that way with meat," said Dovi. "If something isn't kosher from the beginning, or like meat and chicken isn't slaughtered in a particular way, no amount of soaking and salting can ever make it kosher."

"I understand," said Joel. "You can't soak

and salt or even slaughter a pig correctly because you can never make it kosher. But do you have to slaughter fish in a certain way?"

"No you don't," said Dovi, "and you don't have to soak it and salt it. You just have to make sure it is kosher from the start."

"I know what makes a fish kosher," Eli said in a sing-song voice. "A kosher fish has to have both fins and scales!"

"There are quite a few of those," said the fisherman. "And there are different kinds of scales."

"Those scales you have to scrape off with a knife," said Dovi, "but it is best to have someone who really knows about kosher fish to tell you," said Dovi.

"But there are some very obviously kosher fish," said the man. "Fish like salmon, herring, mackerel, trout and flounder, surely you can eat those. I know you Jews don't eat things like eel, crab, lobster and oyster. But a catfish - he looks like a kosher fish." He turned the fish towards himself and made a face at it. The children laughed.

**"You have to be quite careful then," said the man, "when you buy tinned fish and things like that. Are you sure you are getting the right stuff? I mean some of the factories are not that careful!"**

**"That's why we have to buy tinned fish with a hechsher certificate, and we have to buy fresh fish whole, just to make sure," said Dovi.**

**"And then we check the fish for worms," said Eli.**

**"Ugh," said David, "how can fish have worms?"**

**"They can," said the fisherman, "and they do! Sometimes you find them round the mouth or in the liver. We try to take them out because people don't like them. But some you wouldn't notice unless you looked for them."**

**"We wanted to ask you something," said Joel changing the subject. "When we met you on the beach early in the morning, you said the cave that we were looking for probably had other entrances in the hills. Do you know where we could find these?"**

**"I don't," said the man, "but I do know that they are there. I suggest you go and look for them. But I don't think you should take the sea entrance at all." He looked at the two older boys and then**



smiled. "Alright," he said, "you have probably been there already, but please be careful and don't forget where you are and lose track of time, otherwise you will get very wet."

He turned to David who was looking at him rather shyly, fingering his camera.

"You want to take a photo of my fish," he asked smiling. "Alright you can do that. You want just the fish or you want Jim the fisherman as well? I must say it's a pretty big fish even though it's not kosher. I'm proud of it, and if you can do it I would like a copy. These fish are eaten so quickly there is no way of showing off about them except with a photo." He stood facing the fish towards them.

David took two pictures. He hoped they would come out. He had been given the camera for his last birthday but was quickly becoming expert at using it.

"To the hills," said Joel, "that's where we are going now."

"Good luck," said the fisherman, "and take torches with you just in case you find some

caves."

"Who knows," said Joel as they went back to the caravan park to get the torches. "Maybe the man is trapped inside the mountain. Where else could he be?"

"I don't know," said Dovi. "We must get another message and communicate with him. We must do something."

They searched all over the hills, at times having to go through fairly dense foliage. They were glad when the undergrowth became thinner and they could climb the sandy hills without being afraid that they might tread on some sort of snake or scorpion.

They were disappointed in their search however. They had thought it would be easy to find another entrance to the cave.

"Pudko, Pudko, find me another cave!" shouted David.

The dog barked obligingly, but he too found nothing. When they reached the other side of the hill, they found a quarry where men had obviously been working.

**"That's our whirring and chugging noise," said Joel, pointing to some machinery. His voice was flat with disappointment.**

**"But no one is working on it now," said Dovi.**

**"Maybe they aren't working on it at all," said David. "Maybe it was something else."**

**"No," said Joel, "If they weren't working on it. They wouldn't leave these machines here. It looks almost abandoned. No there's our whirring sound and the chugging." He still looked disappointed.**

**"Anyway," said Dovi, "that's a thing we could always find out in the village, or in the general store near the caravan park. The people in it seem to know everything that goes on here."**

**They continued the search, enjoying scrambling around the rocks and bushes. However, they did not even find the suggestion of a cave and eventually they walked slowly back to the general store to find out what they could, and at the same time to stock up on cold drinks. They had been feeling a little downcast; but the sight of sea and the light of the**

sun on the waves seemed to cheer them up.

Pudko, as he usually did, ran in and out of the waves, his ears progressively becoming wetter and wetter.

Joel looked at him affectionately. Pudko stopped running into the waves and looked back expectantly. He was looking somewhat bedraggled with shiny drops of water on his ears, rather like jeweled earrings. He shook himself and the shiny drops of water were cascading everywhere.

"Thanks for the shower," said Joel. "It was nice and cool anyway."

They arrived at the store and were soon taking large gulps of lemonade. It tasted good! As soon as their initial thirst was quenched, however, Dovi remembered the `business at hand'. He wondered how he should phrase it.

"We went for a walk by those hills over there," he said, pointing vaguely in the direction from which they had come.

The other children took the cue and started asking people in the store about snakes, about caves, about things in general about the hills. The

storekeeper was very vague.

Dovi mentioned the quarry, saying that people were obviously working there.

"Oh, they were," said the man. They were working hard up there till Steve disappeared. They've hardly done a thing in days. Funny about him..."

The children suddenly became very quiet. None of them really dared to ask the next question.

"What happened to him?" asked Joel. "Who was he?"



"What happened to him?" continued the man.

**"Your guess is as good as mine. No one has any real idea. Just vanished while on the job - vanished into thin air!"**

**"Who was he?" Joel asked again.**

**"Well, he wasn't the foreman. There was a foreman, but Steve seemed to be running the show."**

**"What did happen to him?" asked Joel, hoping he wasn't beginning to nag.**

**"No one knows," said the man, "just walked off into thin air...!"**

**. "We heard it again, Chaya said , her face flushed with excitement, unable to control herself as she met them outside the caravan park. "We heard the whole message again. At least, Sara did".**

**"What frequency was it on?" Dovi asked quickly. Now they might be close to a solution.**

**The girls suddenly looked embarrassed, "Well, well you see" said Dina, "I suppose..."**

**Joel interrupted her "You don't know the frequency!" he thundered. The girls were silent.**

**Dina began again. "Well you see... I**

suppose." she stopped, put off by the glares of the two older boys. "You see, Sara heard it and I also wanted to and so did Chaya and we took the machine away at the same time and the whole thing got kind of lost and..."

"You had a fight!" shouted Dovi "why do girls have to fight and just mess up everything?!"

Finally, after several more irate remarks, tears and excuses, Dovi asked "What was the message?"

"A... a man's voice", said Sara. "A man's voice, it said: "If anyone can hear, please could you send help. I am trapped. Please send help. If anyone can hear..."

"That's it?"

Joel and Dovi, each with a transmitter set, dialed from one frequency to another. There was no message that they could pick up.

"I am sure it would have been Steve," said Joel. "It must be him. He is the one who is missing. We have to see if he is in those caves, we have to go in further."

## **CHAPTER 5**

I hope you got the times right," said Joel, slightly out of breath as they walked quickly along the beach. "I mean, last time we were hardly here before the tide started rising and that chugging and whirring. I want to hear it again. It can't be that machinery."

"The times are O.K." said Dovi. "I checked, definitely. We will get to the cave when the tide is not yet at its lowest which will give us more time."

The had had some difficulty in convincing their siblings that they should go off alone again and had eventually impressed upon them the need to be responsible for manning the transmitter. They remembered with disgust what had happened the last time they had gone into the caves. And the girls had been so excited about it. Why were girls like that?

The scene reappeared before them

"I hope the girls will be alright with the transmitters this time," said Dovi.

"I am sure they will be" said Joel, a little



threateningly. "I spoke to them!"

Why do girls have to fight like that? Boys didn't, or, rather, they did, but surely not to the point of losing everything they had been looking for. But what could be done about it? Nothing! Whoever was in trouble must have only limited access to a transmitter. But they were still in trouble. And it had to be Steve and it had to be near the quarry; and the caves did seem to be in line with it.

Dovi had spoken very seriously to the two younger boys asking them to watch very carefully on the other transmitter that as soon as a message came through no-one was to move or to answer. They were all to stay quite still until he and Joel came back.

.

The two boys arrived at the cave and one after another slipped through the entrance.

The water inside was a little deeper as the tide was still going out but to good swimmers like themselves, it made very little difference and they were soon in the water, their torches swung around

their necks in the heavy plastic bags. They had switched them on and they cast strange shadows around the cave, "you can see that the water comes up to the roof of the cave," said Dovi. "It looks like a very large, upside-down rock pool, with all the shells, and seaweed and things which are stuck to it."

"I can see why miners have the hats they do with torches on them," said Joel. "The light shines straight in front of them. They can direct it with their heads."

He shifted the plastic bag around his neck, which made the torch shift so that the light was even less clear. However, it was better than darkness.

They tried to feel around for the entrance to the other cave that they had been into on the previous day, but the light in this instance proved useless.

Dovi took the plastic bag from around his neck and held the torch, still inside it, in his hand. Now he could direct the light and keep the torch fairly dry. He would have to make sure that the heat from the torch didn't start to burn the bag, but with water all around, he felt fairly safe with this.

**They soon spied the opening and half swam, half crawled through it.**

**They immediately entered the next cave and again the ground was covered with water. This cave must surely be under the sand, under the rocks under the sand. It was bigger than the entrance cave and much**

**darker, and both boys had to use the torches in their hands. They flashed them along the walls, looking for the other exit. There were less shells and seaweed on the walls and roof. Somewhere to one side of them was a huge crab. They wondered how long it had been the cave and if it could easily find its way out.**

**Again they saw the three exits and went to the third, straight in front of them. They were soon in the passage with water to just above their knees. How exciting was this beautiful rocky world under the sand. They went along the tunnel noting that the rocks around them were becoming different.**

**The boys were beginning to feel cold. The**

tunnel was fairly narrow and the ground was very wet and they could feel sand and small stones beneath their feet, which were becoming quite uncomfortable, They knew they would soon come to the cave. The tunnel was leading in an upwards direction and they realized that they must be getting close to the mountain, maybe to the quarry. The floor was also becoming dryer.

Suddenly they emerged into a cave the size of a large room with a dome-like ceiling, this time there were no shells or seaweed attached to it.

"Wow!" said Joel. "This is really something and the floor of the cave isn't even wet, so it must be alright at high tide."

"If you can get out of it, that is," said Dovi dryly.

They searched again for another opening confident that they would find one.

A superficial look around was not sufficient, as it would have been in the other caves, and they began to look around more seriously. They had to be an opening, surely! Again their efforts proved fruitless. Puzzled, they sat on a

conveniently placed rock to discuss the situation.

"Whatever happens", said Joel, "we have no more than another 40 minutes to be in these caves, we have already been in them more than half an hour, we can't risk being cut off, though it would be dry, I suppose."

"Better not," said Dovi, shuddering "we would have to stay here for hours and everyone would be hopelessly worried at home."

"One could actually live in a cave like this", said Joel. "I mean, just imagine it, if we got together camping things and stayed here overnight. It might be quite fun."

"Knowing that there was no way out for several hours of the day?" asked Dovi. "I prefer camping in the way we are camping at the moment, in the caravan park, that's what I call fun".

Their discussion turned to all kinds of things. They discovered that they both played cricket for their schools and time flew as they went over the exciting matches for the year.

**“Doesn’t it limit you terribly, not being able to play on a Saturday?” asked Joel. “ I mean, you must miss some important matches.”**

**“Not really,” said Dovi. “The other schools know we are Shomer Shabbas so they just schedule the matches for Sunday or during the week.”**

**Joel looked at him for a few seconds as if he was unsure of what he was about to say:-  
"Dovi," he said "I really hope you don't mind me asking this, but isn't it a strain keeping all those Shabbat rules, like not writing and not driving and things like that? I mean, don't you get awfully uptight on a Saturday?"**

**Dovi thought for a few moments. "Actually, it's the complete opposite", he said at last, "you sort of unwind on Shabbos. All your `uptightness' from the week and everything goes away. I mean, you sort of enter a different world, a different `space' as it were. You don't worry about math and science and history and things because for those 24 or 25 hours. Those things sort of don't exist, and then, after Shabbos, you are**

prepared to face the week again. It's like a complete break."

"You mean like sleeping for 24 hours?" asked Joel.

"No," said Dovi "it isn't that, it is much, much more than that. Sleeping doesn't have the same effect on you; or maybe that is in a way how you could describe it. At night you go to sleep tired, exhausted, and unable to carry on and you wake up refreshed and ready to cope. In that way it's like a sort of 25 hour sleep because it does renew your energy. But it's more than that, much, much, more than that. And you actually can be very busy with Torah and davening and Shabbos things, but I have found if you take your mind completely away from school and things like that, you really get a break."

"You mean," said Joel, "if you have an important, double session math test on Monday you put it out of your mind for 24 hours?"

"Yes," said Dovi, "you try to. And when you start thinking about it again after Shabbos it somehow doesn't seem so bad, and you can

**face it."**

**"I have heard that people who were not keeping Shabbos before and started doing so, found they had a lot more energy to do all sorts of things."**

**"You mean," said Joel, "that there are people who are not orthodox who actually start these things? Don't you have to be brought up religious?"**

**"Not at all" said Dovi. "I know a lot of people who knew nothing about it, who are now keeping Shabbos and Kashrut and all kinds of things, and they keep doing more and more."**

**"That's strange," said Joel thoughtfully.**

**Suddenly he looked at his watch. "Hey, we have been here too long. We had better go back before the tide turns."**

**They were about to leave rather hastily, when they heard a faint whirring noise deep inside the mountain, followed by the chugging they had heard before, and then - silence.**

**"That's it again," said Dovi. "It can't be the quarry, they weren't working on the quarry."**



**"We don't have time for more," said Joel, "we can't find out anything now. We have to go, fast."**

**Dovi didn't argue and the boys were soon in the tunnel leading to the other caves. The water in the tunnel seemed to be deeper. The tide must have turned. They emerged into the second cave, the water was definitely quite a bit deeper, but they had no option but to go on.**

**As they emerged into the entrance cave both boys became somewhat anxious, though they would not admit it. The water level was uncomfortably high, and both boys were extremely relieved, finally, to emerge into the sunlight.**

## **CHAPTER 6**

**"It's getting late," said Dovi. "We had better be going home,"**

**"Brrrrr. it's getting cold," said Joel. There seems to be a storm coming up". He shuddered.**

**They walked along the beach. As usual it was deserted. People who wanted to bathe would keep to certain areas where there would be lifeguards and shark nets. That was at least 2km away in either direction.**

**Joel looked up warily at the sky. It seemed to be darkening by the minute.**

**"I wonder if there is another way back to the caravan park" said Dovi. There is no shelter for us, but perhaps back there" he pointed inland, "there will be trees, bushes or hanging rocks."**

**"Trees?" said Joel. "It isn't so good to stand under a tree if there is lightening." Joel turned inland and the boys were soon in the dense coastal undergrowth.**

**"Be careful of snakes," said Dovi, "although I suppose in this weather they stay out of the way."**

**"I hope so," said Joel. They walked along, picking their way carefully among the bushes.**

**"I wish we could find a path," said Dovi, "then at least we would know we were getting somewhere. But the general direction seems to be right, and it hasn't started raining yet. Unless...." He stopped as he heard a noise. Was it the rain? Or was it some twigs breaking somewhere behind them? He looked around and there was nothing. "Did you hear something?" he asked Joel.**

**"I have been wondering about that for the past few minutes" said Joel "I keep thinking that someone is following us. But I don't see how they can be."**

**"Maybe it's an animal stalking us," said Dovi, a little doubtfully.**

**"No," said Joel, slowly. "I don't think they have any animals around here that would follow us, anyway. Maybe it's just the weather.**

**The boys stood still for several seconds. There was nothing to be heard, only the regular rumble of thunder.**

**"Nothing," said Dovi "It's nothing. I don't see why we are worrying. Who would be following us anyway?"**

**That's true," said Joel, not at all at ease. "I suggest we just move on."**

**They continued on their way, relieved when they came to the last dense vegetation. They climbed to the top of a small hill and looked around.**

**"There is the camp, over there," said Dovi. "It's quite far away. Maybe it was closer to go along the beach."**

**There was a streak of lightening followed by a loud clap of thunder. Raindrops began to fall.**

**"We probably only have a few minutes to go before it comes down really hard. Maybe we should just run for it," said Joel.**

**"I think we should look for some shelter, " said Dovi. "We are only going to make it worse by running. There must be some place."**

**"There are plenty of rocks around,, but no caves," said Joel. "We searched and searched yesterday."**

**"We didn't look here," said Dovi "We were**

looking way back there." He waved his hand vaguely in that direction. "In fact, maybe it is *Hashgocha Protis* that we are here. We have to find some kind of cave.

"I agree that we have to ", said Joel. But what is *Hashgocha Protis*?"

"It's like ...It's like.... " Dovi found difficulty in finding the words. "It is like Hashem making things happen that He wants to happen. It is Hashem's individual supervision of what we are doing in the world."

"You know," said Joel, "I have heard about that, but it seems to be impossible. I was learning about the planets and the stars and how far away they all are, and how tiny the world is compared to the entire universe. You know some of the stars are many light years away. How can Hashem who created all that be concerned with two boys who are like dots in a world which in itself is like a dot in a massive universe. I looked through a telescope for the first time this year and it all looked so big, so vast.

"But;" said Dovi, "have you ever looked

through a microscope? Have you ever seen the detail that this world is built on? I know we don't get snow in this country, but I once saw pictures of snowflakes under a microscope, each one has an intricate pattern. Hashem is infinite in that He can be concerned with not only the biggest things, not only things millions and billions of miles wide or high or distant, Hashem is concerned with tiny microscopic things, so He has time for us." he concluded.

"That figures," said Joel, "If you look at things like that. I was wondering how you felt it was so important to keep each tiny mitzvah. I wondered how it could be so important to Hashem, to be concerned with every detail of your life, when He has to organize the whole universe."

They had been walking steadily in the direction of the caravan park and had just began to climb another hill.

"Tomorrow we should explore over here," said Joel. "We will have much more time, We've got to get into the caves in the mountains.

"I won't be able to go tomorrow, said Dovi a little hesitantly. "Tomorrow is Friday and I have to

help everyone get ready for Shabbos. After all, you are all coming to eat with us!"

"That will be good, said Joel, "It will be interesting having a Shabbos meal in the middle of a caravan park. "By the way," he looked a little embarrassed, "do you have extra yarmulkes for my brother and I? I suppose David can wear a sun hat, we didn't think of bringing a yarmulke on holiday. I mean we wouldn't have been going to a Barmitzvah or wedding or something and it isn't Yom Kippur or anything like that."

"We always bring extra yarmulkes on holiday with us," said Dovi. "Of course we can lend you some. We even have one for David."

"You know , I will feel a little odd walking around the camp with you with a yarmulke on my head and you do it all the time. Aren't you supposed to just wear it in Shul?

"Why would one wear it in Shul" asked Dovi with a slight smile?

"Well, I should think you should know that", said Joel indignantly. That's when you go into the house of Hashem, that's where Hashem is!"

"Only there?" asked Dovi.

**"No," said Joel, after a few seconds. "I suppose you are right. Hashem is everywhere. But why do you have to wear it anyway. It makes it so obvious you are Jewish. I mean, not that I mind being Jewish, but what does it mean? Why do you do it?" He looked confused.**

**"There are many reasons", said Dovi, slightly out of breath because they were walking fast. "I will give you one or two of them: One reason is simply that Hashem told us to do it, to cover our heads at all times, so we do it.**

**"Another reason is to show that there is something above and beyond man's intelligence; above and beyond the wisdom of the greatest professor."**

**"I have thought a lot about that too", said Joel. "A few months ago a psychologist came to our school and gave everyone I.Q. tests. I talked to her afterwards because it was so interesting. She said that most people had an I.Q. of 100 and that if you went from 50 to 150 you would take in the I.Q.s of almost the whole world. Most professors would have an I.Q. of around 150. If you went from 0-200 you take in everyone, I asked her,**



then who was beyond that and she asked:

" 'Do you believe in G-d? He is way beyond that, not even to be compared with that. Man's intelligence can be measured. There has to be something beyond.'

"I have thought about that a lot and I see there has to be something bigger than that. But ...but wait a minute.. .What is this?"

His voice rose in excitement. They had stepped behind some bushes and had found a tall, narrow opening leading into the mountain.

"Thank goodness we have torches, Said Dovi, shining his into the opening. His voice also rose in excitement. "It looks as if we can squeeze in here and remain here during the storm."

It did not take long at all before the two boys had pulled themselves through the opening and were sitting in a fairly spacious cave. Rocks, scattered on the ground, provided convenient stools.

"I like this cave", said Dovi, excitedly. "I really like it . And it won't fill up with water at high tide. And we are safe from the storm."

As if in response to his words, the rain started to

pelt down, followed by hail which beat mercilessly on the rocks above them. It went on for several minutes.

Dovi noticed that his torch was becoming dim and he switched it off. Joel did the same then they were suddenly plunged into pitch darkness.

We have to save the batteries, said Dovi. We don't want to be sitting in darkness.

"But there should be some light from the entrance", said Joel. "The storm can't be that bad. I can't see any light from there at all. I mean, it wasn't a large opening in the rocks, but at least we got through it. It should bring in some light, and it isn't night-time yet."

Dovi again switched on the torch. The light was not as strong as it had been. The batteries were definitely losing power. The two boys made their way towards the entrance and shone the torch on to it.

"The entrance has been blocked," exclaimed Joel. "There are some rocks over it. Do you think the storm could have shifted them there?" He tried unsuccessfully to move them.

"I don't know", said Dovi. "Why should rocks

just move in this direction and line up at the entrance to the cave?"

"Well how would they get there?" asked Joel. "I mean how could that happen?"

"Only one way, I gather", said Dovi. "Those noises we heard earlier on; those noises in the undergrowth; maybe someone was following us".

"But who would do that?" asked Joel.

"The old man in the caravan park said something", said Dovi. "He said we were dealing with dangerous people. He said that anyone looking for Steve could get into a lot of trouble. And now we are trapped," he said. "We are trapped just like Steve is trapped. But we can't send any message to anyone. We don't have anything to send it with."

"But we were talking as we came up here. We were saying that Hashem is everywhere. So it means that Hashem knows we are here, and not only that, Hashem is here also".

"Isn't that so? Of course it is so." said Dovi.

"And you said something about Hashgocha Protis, didn't you?" asked Joel. "That means we are supposed to be here."

**"That's right," said Dovi.**

**"So we won't stay here forever," concluded Joel.**

**"No , no, of course we won't. We won't be here for long at all." Nevertheless Dovi's hands were trembling and into his mind kept on coming pictures of his family. He went on: "Tomorrow is Erev Shabbos and tomorrow evening is Shabbas. And you and your family are coming to eat with us. We are not going to remain trapped in this cave."**

**As if to accentuate his words Dovi walked over to the entrance and pushed hard against the rocks. They would not budge. "We can't get out that way", he concluded.**

**"Then there is another way out", said Joel "We just have to find it".**

**"Through the hill, said Dovi excitedly, we will find another cave, and another."**

**The two boys immediately began to feel along the wall of the cave, confident that they would find what they were looking for....**



## **CHAPTER 7**

**We have to do our own investigations," said Chaya. "I think we should find out all about the missing men from the quarry."**

**"Yes, this man Steve," said Sara, "I think that we should speak to his family or his friends or something."**

**"Where are we going to find them?" asked Dina, frowning.**

**"Well, this isn't a very large village," said Chaya. "I am sure we can ask the shop owners. We don't have to make it too obvious."**

**"What about the transmitters?" asked Dina. "We have to listen to them. What if there is a message?"**

**"I am sure Eli and David can stay here with Pudko. They will be able to take a message and, anyway, it isn't likely to come through," said Chaya.**

**"It did with us," said Dina.**

**"Let's not talk about it," said Chaya, remembering how they had lost the**

frequency."

"But what if a message really comes through?" asked Dina. "How will the boys know the frequency?"

"Well, if that really does happen they must *not touch the machine*. They must leave it for us. We will sort it out when we get back."

"But they won't be able to answer the message," said Chaya.

"That's right," said Sara. They can only listen very, very carefully."

"Also," said Chaya, "I spoke to my father about it and he said that he would mention it to the local police. He said that it was a rather vague piece of information but once someone was actually known to be missing it could be important. Maybe they will also try to pick up the message."

When Sara and Dina's mother heard that the girls were going to the village, she gave them a list of things to buy for her. They were a little disappointed about this. After all, were they not busy with their detective work? And wouldn't it be easier for their parents to go with the car? On second thoughts, however, they felt that having to

buy groceries might be a good 'cover up' for what they were planning to do.

Their first visit was to the chemist. They started to make enquiries about the quarry and about Steve but everyone was busy, and no one seemed ready to talk to them.

They went outside and counted their change. Amongst it were four five pound notes.

"Hey, these look almost brand new," said Chaya.

"Not almost, absolutely brand new," said Sara, taking them from her hand. They really look good when they are new."

"It's a pity they will get spoilt with everyone handling them," said Chaya. "You can see everything so clearly on this one. They get so crumpled, afterwards."

But Sara wasn't listening. She was staring at the notes.

"Hey," she said, "these two notes have the same numbers on them. I thought every note had a different number."

She checked the numbers of all four of them. "Look," she said, "they *all* have the same



number."

"That's not possible," said Chaya. "They have to have different numbers."

"Maybe they don't," said Dina.

They still had other notes in their bag and they looked at these. They were crumpled and worn and each one had a different number.

"Maybe they have changed things," said Chaya. "I mean, these were printed very recently. Probably now all the notes from one printing have the same number. That would certainly be easier. We are probably some of the first people to handle them."

They put the notes carefully back in the bag and went on with their shopping. They didn't have time to get involved with numbers. There was an investigation to do!

They went into the tiny grocery shop which seemed to stock everything from birdseed to vegetables to tin openers to paint. This shop was far less busy. In fact, after a few minutes, they were the only people in the shop. There was also a small bakery.

They ordered three lemonades and drank them

with straws from the tins. The owner of the shop was tidying up some of the shelves. Now they could speak to her.

"We went for a walk to the hills by the sea," Sara began.

The woman said nothing.

"We saw the old quarry."

Again the woman said nothing. This was not working out. They would have to try somewhere else.

"It isn't an old quarry," the woman began. "Up until a few days ago, it was being worked on. It was only after the disappearance that work stopped."

"You mean..." said Chaya, but Dina gave her a warning glance.

"What disappearance?" she asked innocently. "What disappeared?"

"Who disappeared is more like it," the woman said. "It was our neighbor, Steve Britz. He has been gone for quite a few days now. His wife is devastated, with three small children to look after."

"What happened?" asked Sara.

**"It was so unusual," said the woman. "It is just that he was working with a team of men in the quarry, and he suddenly disappeared as if into thin air. He has never been seen since. I have been seeing a lot of his family, and my eldest daughter is trying to help out a bit. I always bring them back some bread and milk and some eggs and vegetables and things."**

**She showed them a bag at the side of the shop. "I want to take this to them when I get home. A pity it makes supper a little late for the young ones, but at least it is something."**

**"Couldn't we take it to them now?" asked Chaya, hopefully.**

**"Why, that is really nice of you girls. I am sure she will be very pleased, and we don't live far. It's just impossible, though, for me to leave the bakery."**

**Within minutes, the three girls were knocking at the door of the Britz home, a bag of groceries in their arms. A pale young woman, her eyes red from crying, answered the knock. Behind her, three small children stared curiously at the girls.**

**"The lady from the grocery store asked us to bring this to you," said Sara, a little hesitantly.**

**The woman's smile was sad, but it still reached her eyes. "Please thank her very much," she said. "She is always so thoughtful."**

**"We are sorry," Dina began. "We heard about your husband."**

**The smile vanished. "Would you girls like to come in for a few minutes?" she asked.**

**Needing no second invitation, the girls came into the house and were soon sitting around the lounge, talking to the children.**

**"Does anyone know how it happened?" asked Chaya.**

**"Not at all," Mrs Britz answered. "He went to the quarry every day and there didn't seem to be any problem, and one day he just never came back... He just disappeared at the quarry right in the middle of the day. The men looked all over for him and a search party went back at night, but he just couldn't be found."**

**"Why did they stop working in the quarry?" asked Sara. "I mean, even though someone was missing, they surely need to carry on with their**

work." For a few seconds, Mrs Britz looked confused.

"I think they were going to take some sort of break, anyway, but I am not sure when that was going to be. It is an interesting point, though. I never thought of that."

They chatted on and on, not really gaining much information until....

"He was mainly interested in the radios. That's how he spent a lot of his spare time, speaking to people all over," she was saying.

"You mean... radio transmitters?" Chaya asked.

"That's right," she answered. "He had some pretty old ones; preferred them to the modern ones. He used to try all kinds of frequency changes on them."

"Can I see some of them?" asked Chaya. This was beginning to link up! "My grandfather lent us two that he had from his army days."

They were ushered into a tiny store room at the back of the house. All kinds of radio equipment, headphones and so on, were placed on various

homemade shelves.

"That one is just like ours," exclaimed Chaya, touching one of the sets. "And this one. These two sets are just like the ones we have."

"This is his favorite one," said Mrs Britz, pointing to a large machine. It has a very wide range. On a good day he can get quite far, into overseas countries. He had been working with it for a long time."

Sara and Dina were examining two five pound notes put beneath glass. They were new notes and here, too, the numbers were the same.

"My husband said that there is something special about these notes," said Mrs. Britz, watching them. "He asked me not to touch them".

The girls thanked Mrs Britz, said they would return soon and were once more standing outside the gate looking rather anxiously at the sky. It certainly looked as if it were going to rain heavily. The clouds seemed to be becoming darker and darker.

"We had better get home quickly," said Dina. But Chaya was still lost in thought.

"That must be where the message came from," she said. "He had the same machine as my Grandpa, the ones we have."

"It couldn't be," said Sara, "he disappeared before we heard the message. And his radio two-way transmitters like ours are still in the store room."

They began to run as the rain started to pelt down. As they came to the shops they ran into one of them. After all, they still had shopping to do. The rain became heavier and heavier.

"There must be a link-up somewhere," said Chaya. "There must be a connection. And it must be Steve that is sending the messages. We must speak to the boys as soon as they return. I wonder where they are now! I hope they are all right in this rain. I wonder what they are doing. I wonder if we'll ever get another message..."

Meanwhile, the boys had their own problems.

"There is no way out this way," said Joel, confirming Dovi's statement. "This entrance has been sealed off with large rocks. I wonder what

happened. Could there have been some sort of landslide with all the hail and everything?"

"It's either that," said Dovi, "or else someone followed us, someone connected with Steve, and this means it could be someone quite dangerous. I suggest we look for another way out. These caves usually lead one into another."

The two boys searched along the walls, tapping with their hands. At one stage it seemed they had found something but were disappointed to find only a large shallow indentation in the wall. There seemed to be absolutely no way out.

"This cave is different," said Joel. "This is a single cave. It doesn't lead anywhere else. The whole thing is solid rock. There is no way out of here. We could be here for years!"

"Don't be so morbid, Joel," said Dovi, laughing a little anxiously. "We will be all right. We have mezuzahs to protect us."

"Mezuzahs!" exclaimed Joel. "There isn't a mezuzah on this cave. In fact, I don't think your family even has a mezuzah on the caravan or the tent. Why don't you have one, seeing you are



so religious?"

"We asked my father about that," said Dovi. "My sister Chaya asked him why we don't have a mezuzah on the caravan or tent door because we should have a mezuzah on every door."

"He explained that, yes, we do need a mezuzah on every door of a house that we live in all year round, but we are on holiday here in Quinton so for us the caravan permanent and therefore it requires no mezuzah just like the Sukkah requires no mezuzah.

"So..." said Joel, "where is your mezuzah security? How can you be safe without a mezuzah? How can it protect you?"

"Our mezuzahs at home protect us," said Dovi. "As long as it is a completely kosher mezuzah written on parchment by a qualified sofer who knows all the halachas, the laws, about each word, each letter, it protects us absolutely.

"A mezuzah contains the Shema, and on the back is written the name of Hashem which means the 'Guardian of the Doorways of Israel'. It makes your home holy and protects you *wherever you* are, day or night."

**"You mean, your mezuzahs at home are protecting you all the way down here, in Quinton?" asked Joel.**

**"Absolutely," said Dovi again, "in fact, my father had them checked just before we came down here just to make sure that none of the letters had become cracked or broken."**

**"So Hashem is the Guardian of the Doorways of Israel and this doorway is blocked. Do you think Hashem can do something about it?"**

**"He switched on the dim light of the torch and surveyed the blocked entrance, and then held the torch towards the roof. He was about to say something when he suddenly gave a cry of excitement. "Look, Dovi! That's our way out! That part of the roof of the cave goes on forever. That must lead into other caves!"**

**He switched off the torch and they felt along the wall. Yes, they could begin the climb! Maybe they were not trapped after all!**

## **CHAPTER 8**

**"If anyone can hear me, please help. If anyone can hear me please..."**

**Chaya could hardly believe her ears. Though it was very faint, here was the message again at last!**

**She assessed immediately the correct frequency speaking carefully and somewhat breathlessly into the machine.**

**"I can hear you. Where are you? Where are you?"**

**The voice, even fainter now, replied: "The mountain... an entrance... a cave... it... door... it..."**

**The voice faded out completely, there was a crackle and a strange sound, then a few faint words which seemed to include the word 'quarry', and then... silence.**

**Nothing Chaya could do could get any response. Disappointed, she tinkered with the machine, calling Sara and Dina over to help her. They turned to all kinds of frequencies, constantly**

coming back to the one Chaya had so carefully taken note of, but the voice was not heard again.

"At least you heard him," said Sara at last. Now we have something to go on. You said you heard him say something about the mountains, caves and even a quarry. We must go there, or send the boys there when they come back. They must search even more thoroughly.

"Where are the boys?" asked Chaya, puzzled. "I am sure they should have ben back by now."

"It was raining hard," said Sara, "They must have got stuck somewhere. But I think they have already searched pretty hard around the mountains and the quarry."

"But I wonder what they are doing now?" said Chaya, worried about her brother and his friends. "I have to tell them about the message. Oh I do hope they will hurry up and come back."

But the boys were going to be longer than expected, much longer than expected...

"Joel, you are right" said Dovi excitedly. "We can get out of this cave by going upwards. But I don't see any kind of daylight up there.

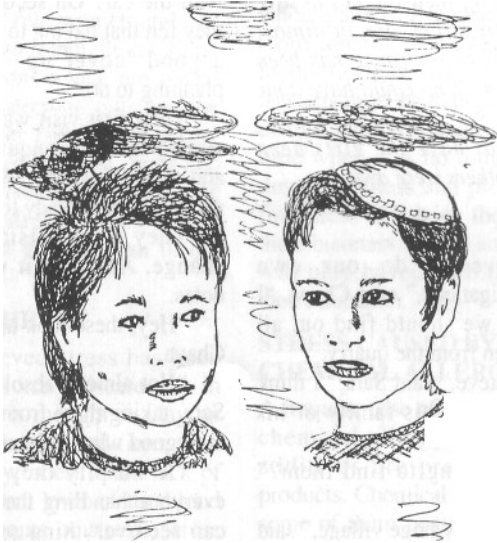
**There is probably another kind of cave up there."**

**"Anything to get out of this one, Dovi," answered Joel. "It is so stuffy in this cave and just about pitch dark. If anyone sealed this door on purpose the further we get away from them the better.**

**"That sounds O.K.," said Dovi. "Anything else would be better."**

**One by one the boys hauled themselves upwards, Joel grabbing Dovi's hand to assist him up.**

**"It looks like a double decker cave," said Dovi, shining the torch around him,**



**"and it doesn't seem to have any other exit except... perhaps."**

**He hardly had time to finish his sentence when he hear Joel give a low whistle. "This is a way out, or a way in, as you might put it. But it's awfully low down on the ground and we are going to have to crawl to get through it. Let's try to find something else.**

**But, try as they might, there seemed to be no other way out of the cave, except, of course, below them, and neither felt like going that way again.**

**Both boys examined the opening.**

**"You know, that becomes awfully narrow at one point," said Joel. "We might even get stuck. We have to go carefully."**

**"Maybe I should go first," said Dovi, "I am a bit thinner than you and if either of us can squeeze through, I can. And if there is nothing on the other side I can just come back."**

**"And then?" asked Joel.**

**"And then we will see," said Dovi.**

**Joel shone the torch carefully into the gap, and shuddered, "That isn't a hole, and it's a tunnel, a very narrow, low tunnel. I don't know where it's going to lead to," he said.**

**"Don't worry," said Dovi "I will hold the torch in front of me somehow, or I can push it along with my hands and even my head." Almost automatically he touched his Yarmulke.**

**"You'll have to hold on to that too," said Joel, "or I suppose you could put it in your pocket,"**

**Dovi smiled and shook his head.**

**"Actually, Dovi, I would like to ask you something," said Joel. "Maybe it's embarrassing. But aren't you just supposed to wear a yarmulke in Shul if you are religious? Why**

do you and your father and brother wear them all the time? I know I sort of asked you before but I still need to understand it."

"Why should we wear them in Shul?" asked Dovi.

"Well," said Joel, "You are doing something religious, then, and you are in a holy place, so you do it out of respect, don't you?"

"But that's just it," said Dovi. "There isn't a time in the life of a Jew when he is not in the presence of Hashem, nor is there any part of his life when he is free *from serving HaShem*".

Joel was silent. He hadn't thought of that, and though it made him a little uneasy, he rather liked the thought, especially at this time, in this cave.

"Of course," said Dovi, "the reason we do it is because Hashem commanded it, that we should cover our heads at all times."

"Even when you are asleep?" asked Joel.

"That's right," said Dovi "And by covering our head always it is a demonstration of our awareness that there is something far, far above, infinitely far above our intellect and we subject our thoughts and everything we learn, to



**dedicate them to Hashem."**

**Joel automatically put his hand on his head and then self-consciously, he took it off.**

**"I couldn't do that," he said. "There are so many other things we aren't doing, like eating kosher and keeping Shabbat."**

**"Each mitzvah is important on its own," said Dovi, "Just because you are not yet doing some things, does not mean that you shouldn't do another."**

**Joel was very thoughtful. "So Hashem is here," he said at last.**

**"Absolutely," said Dovi.**

**He went towards the low tunnel and started to worm his way into it. It certainly was narrow and at one stage he really thought he was going to get stuck but at that minute it seemed that the tunnel was becoming wider and he wriggled his way through it. He emerged into a large cave and shouted to Joel to join him. His voice echoed all around the cave and seemed to gather volume as it did so. Joel's voice seemed to come to him from a distance away and he bent down to the tunnel to communicate more freely."**

**"Is there any daylight over there?" asked Joel. "Can you see a way out?"**

**"No." said Dovi, "But at least we are away from the small caves, and that tunnel was so narrow no one could come after us. There must be a way out of here. In fact, there seems to be more than one. I haven't had time to look."**

**"I'm coming through to you," said Joel, "was it difficult?"**

**"At one point, yes," said Dovi, "But you'll make it," he added. "Come through and we can try and see where we can go. There seems to be a passage going up to the coast."**

**Joel wriggled through the passage trying not be frightened until he found himself standing with Dovi in the cave. It really was a magnificent cave with huge rocks protruding from the ground. His voice, too, echoed when he spoke.**

**"Hey, this is some cave!" he exclaimed.**

**"It's beautiful, isn't it," said Dovi. "But we have to find our way out of here. Here's the path." He pointed between two rocks. There was a fairly large opening leading into a far more spacious passage than the one they had**

just been in. "There's another one over there," he said, "but it is much smaller, almost as small as the last one, and I suggest that for now we leave it alone."

Joel nodded, he was examining the first opening. "I wonder where this leads to," he said, "probably into another cave." Without another word he went through it, followed by Dovi. This was a real tunnel and this passage seemed to go on and on.

"Let's stop for a bit," said Dovi. "We have been walking for at least ten minutes. Where is this leading us?"

"I have a feeling," said Joel. "that we are going towards the quarry. I have been trying to work out all the way where we might be going to. I am sure that is where the path is leading to."

"Maybe we'll find something about the message," said Dovi, excitedly.

"Maybe it goes to the hills on the other side. But... but... listen... it's the same noise that we heard before," said Joel, straining his ears. "But it's much farther away, a kind of hissing and whirring and chugging sound."

**"Maybe we really are close to the quarry," said Dovi. "What else could it be?"**

**"Didn't they say they weren't working in the quarry and more," asked Joel.**

**"Yes, I think they did," said Dovi. "But they might have started again."**

**They walked further along the tunnel, noting that there was a lot of sand at their feet. At one stage Joel flashed his torch on the roof of the cave and exclaimed as they saw a large patch shining with mother of pearl.**

**"Shouldn't that be closer to the sea?" asked Dovi wonderingly.**

**"Yes," I should have thought so," said Joel.**

**"Maybe I have got my directions wrong, or maybe this passage isn't as straight as it looks."**

**They walked on and on. The passage seemed endless.**

**"My feet are getting cold, and wet," said Joel.**

**"Maybe we are closer to the sea than we realize." He again flashed his torch on to the roof of the cave, and saw hundreds of tiny shellfish clinging to it.**

**"I hope this doesn't fill with water at high tide**

he said anxiously.

As if in answer to their fears, they heard another sound coming from in front of them, the sound of running water.

"Do you think that is the tide coming in?" asked Dovi quickly.

"If it is, said Joel, "it seems to be coming from the wrong direction. But it doesn't sound too good. I don't relish the thought of being trapped in a tunnel with water slowly, slowly coming in.

"But it wouldn't be so slowly, the way it sounds," said Dovi. "I suppose we can go back along the tunnel, it was pretty dry there." The sound of running water stopped abruptly to be replaced with the sound of machinery; not the chugging and whirring they had heard before, but the sound of quiet, efficient, well oiled machinery and it was fairly close to them.

They walked a few more steps and were startled to find themselves facing a heavy steel door blocking the tunnel completely, without even a keyhole to suggest a possible entrance.

They stood in stunned silence. This did not fit in. They put their ears to the door and heard more

clearly the smooth running of machinery.

"It probably leads to a cellar of a factory," said Dovi. "An entrance into the caves from the cellars... nothing exciting."

"There were one or two turn-offs from this passage along the way," said Dovi. "We passed one only a few meters back."

They retraced their steps, shining their torches into the narrower, lower passage. They were just debating whether to go into it, when they heard the sound of footsteps and of two people talking as they moved along the passage which lay between themselves and the sea.

Instinctively they turned off their torches and crept quietly into their newly discovered turn-off. The two walked past them and they saw a man talking angrily to a teenage boy who seemed to be trying to calm him down. They walked towards the steel door. They stood next to it for a few seconds and though they did not seem to knock, the door slowly began to move upwards, stopping about a meter from the ground to let them go through. In the dim light they saw the

door slowly move downwards, once more  
blocking the entrance.

## **CHAPTER 9**

**"The boys are taking a long time," said Chaya. "Surely they should be back by now. We need to tell them about the message and they can go and look for Steve. It must be Steve Britz that sent that message. Who else could it be?"**

**"The message sounded very faint," said Dina. "Do you think the man is alright?"**

**"Well, he has been missing for a few days," said Sara. "I mean if he has no food or anything he must be very weak!"**

**"But he wouldn't even be able to talk to us," said Chaya. "People can't stay that long without food."**

**"He must be somewhere where there is water," said Dina. "But I wish the boys would come back because they will know what to do. They know the caves."**

**"But the man said the caves were in the mountain," said Chaya. "The cave the boys went into were by the sea."**



They stood up as an elderly woman, whom they had seen at the caravan park office, came towards them

"Good afternoon girls," she said as she passed them.

They were about to respond when she suddenly caught sight of one of the transmitter sets. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Where did you get those things from? I haven't seen these things for years. It was so exciting to hear someone else's voice coming over a distance into the earphones. Does it still work?"

"Oh yes," said Dina. "We just picked up a message."

Both Chaya and Sara nudged her and she blushed and bit her lip.

"Is it a secret?" asked the woman, puzzled.

"No, no, not really," said Chaya. "I don't even know if it was a message."

"Can I hear it? Could you try it for me?" asked the woman. "It would bring back so many memories."

Obligingly, Sara switched on the machine. It

was, of course, on the same frequency as the message that had been picked up but no-one expected the woman, who was wearing the earphone, to repeat quite distinctly the words "caves".. and "quarry."

Hurriedly she removed the earphones. "What have you been listening to'?" she asked, puzzled. "Have you got someone with another machine exploring the caves around here'?"

Chaya was staring at her. "Are there a lot of caves around here Mrs...'?"

"Mrs. Green," said the lady. "Yes, there are a lot of caves here, all over the mountains, you can even get into them from the sea side; but it is dangerous. In bad weather a person could get drowned."

"Chas v Shalom (heaven forbid)" said Chaya, suddenly feeling anxious. Sara and Dina looked uncomfortable.

"Don't worry, I don't think it has ever happened," said the woman.

"How do we get to the caves in the mountains?" asked Sara.

**"Oh, there are various ways; some of them quite complicated," said the woman. "You know, I have lived in Quinton since I was a child and I got to know the caves very well. But that was a long time ago," she said wistfully. "And then it became dangerous to be in the**



**caves with Bill Sythes around there."**

**"Why dangerous?" asked the girls.**

**"Well, he had some kind of gang, but that was years and years ago, the whole gang left the area. Mind you, there was talk of his being seen again around these parts. But I doubt it. He**

must be a very old man by now. You should ask the man right at the top of the caravan park. Maybe you have met him. He is also Jewish like you are, the man with that old caravan and that old dog, Paddy. He will tell you about those times."

"Could you show us where the caves are?" asked Chaya.

"Me, show you?" the woman said laughing. "Maybe I could describe it to you. These old legs of mine would never take me there." The woman gave a final pat to the transmitter and walked on.

"I wish I knew where the boys were!" said Chaya as she left. "I just hope they are alright. I would like to tell Dovi that we heard from Steve Britz. Perhaps they would be able to find him.

But the boys were closer to Steve Britz than they imagined.

"I think we should follow them" said Dovi, staring at the closed door, "I wish we had when they went through. We can't just knock at the

door now and demand to be let in."

"Of course not," said Joel, "But I think we should get through somehow, Wait a minute. There is someone else coming"

Again the boys hid themselves, but this time, as the man went through the door, as it slowly made its way back to the ground, both boys slipped through after them.

As they saw the door closing behind them, they had an almost overpowering desire to slip back through it, to the other familiar side. They stood, just past the door, rooted to the ground and surrounded by blackness.

As their eyes became accustomed to it, however, they realized that they were not in the cellar of any factory., they were simply in another larger cave guarded by a mysterious steel door, but nevertheless a cave. Of the five men who had gone into it, and even the three men before them, there was not a trace, not even a light of a torch by which they could go.

Joel, shielding his torch with his hand, switched it on. It cast a strange light across the cave. Apart from the steel door through which

they had come, there was absolutely nothing to distinguish this cave from any other cave they had been through. That was surely impossible! Where had the men gone'?

"There is only one thing to do" said Joel after they had explored the cave as cautiously and as thoroughly as they could.

"What's that?" asked Dovi.

"We must hide behind one of those rocks and just watch the door. There are probably more men coming in."

"That could take hours," said Dovi.

"Well," said Joel. "There is no way out unless someone comes in anyway. We tried to open the door but there is no way, apparently, so we may as well wait."

Dovi sighed and the two boys settled themselves behind a rock, not a moment too soon.

The door was slowly sliding upwards.

Two men came in and walked straight ahead of them. About two meters along they began to sink. Obviously there was some entrance or exit in the ground and they were going down steps

inside it. It took only a few seconds before the cave looked exactly as it had before, and the door had not yet reached the ground.

The boys waited two minutes until everything was quiet and walked cautiously over to where the men had disappeared. The ground did not look unusual or different. In fact, it simply looked like the continuation of the floor of the cave.

They cautiously tapped a few places, however, and found that there was a section that sounded different. It must have been over the concealed entrance. They felt all around it and their hearts sank. This, too, seems to be worked by a mechanism which they could not work out that acted fast. There was no way in which they could follow anyone.

What was beneath them'?

As if in answer a slow, chugging sound began, followed by a whirring, coming from directly beneath them.

At the same time the steel door began to move slowly upwards, and a hole simultaneously appeared in the floor revealing

steps going downwards.

In a flash both boys were climbing quietly down the steps, trying to think about what they would find at the bottom of them. Surely they were walking straight into something which would be risky, even dangerous!

They were not even totally surprised when they heard a voice, a man's voice, cold, steely and mocking.

"Welcome boys, I was wondering how long it would take you to find your way in here."

In the half light of the cave beneath neither Dovi nor Joel could see who was speaking to them. What they both instinctively knew, however, was that the voice was not a friendly one.

"Good afternoon," said Joel, really not quite sure how to react. "We were just exploring the tunnels and came in here. Are we in the basement of a factory?"

The man gave an odd, rather horrible laugh. "You might put it that way," he said. "Will you young men please follow me."

They could see him now. a short man, with



heavy set features and a thick neck. His whole character was threatening. Dovi felt the hair rising at the back of his neck. They had no option but to follow. They seemed to be in a very dimly lit cave in which was placed several machines. What the machines were for, they could not tell, but there were men standing next to them staring at the two boys as if fascinated. The teenage boy they had first seen going through the door looked curiously at them. They followed the man. What else could they do'?

He led them to the far side of the cave where there was a door; another small, steel door. Could he be sending them out of the cave? For a few seconds they felt relief, trying to tell themselves that any sinister intentions they had seen in the man were purely imaginary as he was treating them as trespassers.

They began to have their doubts, however, when their torches were grabbed away from them. They were pushed roughly through the door, and it slammed shut behind them.

The cave from which they had just come was dimly lit, this was barely lit, and it took them

minutes to realize they were not alone.

A man was lying on a pile of blankets staring at them. He looked ill, even in the dim light, and he was unshaven. Both boys knew at once who he was.

"I'm Steve Britz," said the man, somewhat shakily, "foreman working on the quarry. Who are you boys and how did you get here? Did they find you and catch you too?"

"Believe it or not we actually walked in here," said Joel ruefully. "We were looking for you."

"How did you know where I was?" asked the man. "Did you by any chance get any of my messages'?"

"Yes...yes we did," said Dovi.

"Did... did you go to the Police?" asked Steve, a little breathlessly.

Joel felt guilty. "No, I suppose we should have done. We just wanted to know more about what was happening, and what was going on. You could have been anywhere and anyone."

"I'm glad you didn't go to the Police," said the man looking relieved. "These people have a very effective lookout system and they would

have cleared out their whole operation and we would never have got Mr. Sythes. I need just a little more proof. But how on earth did you get my message. You would have had to have a very old army receiver or something."

"We did," said Dovi. "We have two!" he told him about the two machines. "But why can you only be picked up on these?"

"I have two of these myself at home," he replied. "I built a very tiny transmitter set. If it had been bigger this gang outside would most certainly have found it. I managed to hide it. I mean, it was pure coincidence that I had it with me at all. I had been experimenting with these things and I was working with a frequency that could be picked up easily by the old models. In fact, if you hadn't been this close no-one would ever have picked up the message. It was just be chance that I even had the small transmitter with me. I wanted to renew the battery after I had finished work."

Joel suddenly felt cold.

"Renew the battery," he repeated. "The battery has run out?" Dreams of being

rescued by his sisters or even by his younger brother had suddenly melted.

"Afraid so," he said and seemed to sink into himself. "I guess we are all prisoners now."

They sat in silence for a few minutes then Steve seemed to recover.

"You are Jewish," he said to Dovi. I can see that by the little cap you wear. I once had a Jewish friend at school. We were both going to celebrate our 13th birthdays and he had to do a whole lot of things in the synagogue. And you know what? He had a whole lot of leather bands that he had to tie his arm up with. I always wanted to ask him what that was all about. It looked either like he was taking his blood pressure or like some kind of radio communication thing. I never did ask him really, or if I did, he never really answered me. Seeing we have so much time to spend together perhaps you could explain things to me."

"Maybe it is a kind of radio communication thing," said Dovi, smiling. "I mean there is definitely a communication you can't see going on between a person and Hashem when

he is wearing Tefillin,"

"Tefillin, that's right! That's what they were called you have got it exactly," said Steve. "What are they all about? Do you just put them on on your 13th birthday."

"Oh no," said Dovi. "Once you turn 13 you put on Tefillin every day, except on Sabbath and Holidays, and it's not only on the arm, it's on the head as well."

"I know, I know," said Steve. "That's why I thought of radio communication. But why do Jews do it?"

For the same reason that a Jew does anything," said Dovi. "Because Hashem commanded it, and when a man or boy puts Tefillin on his head he attaches his mind to Hashem and submits all his thoughts to him. When he puts the Tefillin on his arm, opposite his heart, he attaches and submits all his feelings and actions to Hashem."

"Does it really mean that?" asked Joel, who had been listening intently.

"And, of course, these Tefillin are the type of communication that doesn't need batteries," he

finished.

"A pity we haven't got them here,' said Steve. "We need that kind of communication right now. I think we need you boys to do some praying.

"We don't need Tefillin to do that," said Dovi quietly.

Steve was about to answer but instead he had a severe fit of coughing which seemed as if it would never stop. He was obviously ill, not well at all. To the touch he was hot. He obviously had quite a high temperature.

It was urgent that he be taken out of there, but how?

## **CHAPTER 10**

**“ He's not well at all,” said Dovi. “We must get him out of here. Those men will just have to understand.” He went to the door and knocked on it. There was silence except for the whirring of the machinery on the other side.**

**He waited for a few minutes, and when the machine stopped, he banged again, hard.**

**The man stormed in. “Who do you think you are? What do you want’?”**

**“This man is ill,” said Joel. “He has a temperature. He isn’t well at all. He needs a doctor.”**

**“That's not my problem,” the man said withdrawing. Nevertheless, he was back with two Panadol, three glasses of water and nine slices of hard bread.**

**The boys gave the Panadol to Steve and he almost immediately fell into a troubled sleep.**

**“What do we do now’?” asked Dovi. “How do we get out of here’?”**

**“We can't stay here forever,” said Joel,**

**"people will look for us."**

**"People have been looking for Steve for a long time," said Dovi. "They haven't found him. What will our parents say'? They will call the police."**

**At the mention of the police, Steve gave a groan, "We've got to find Sythes," he said, sleepily.**

**It must have been at least two hours later that Steve awoke fully. The boys had been dozing, themselves, but they were wide awake as soon as they saw Steve waking up.**

**There was silence in the outside cave. Had the men left'?**

**Steve was very different. His temperature had gone down and he was obviously feeling better. But how long could the Panadol last? Surely the effect would wear off.**

**Steve took off one boot and he unclipped something from a small, wide leather pocket. The boys looked at it carefully. It was a tiny machine.**

**"That's my transmitter," said Steve.**

**"It's a lot different from the ones we have**



been using", said Joel "We have been using big machines, heavy ones."

"I know them well," said Steve, "very, very well. There is nothing I love more than radio transmitters. I have worked with them for years... ever since I can remember. That's how I picked up what was going on over here."

"What is going on over here'?" asked Joel and Dovi together.

Steve started to cough again but he recovered and he carried on.

"It's a long story," lie said. "But we have time. We have a lot of time," he sighed.

"It was through the transmitters (not these, not these at all) that I tuned into the messages of a certain William Sythes, Bill Sythes they used to call him. He apparently lived around these parts many, many years ago, almost 40 years ago. They used a code. That's another one of my hobbies, cracking codes. When I cracked their one; and it was one of the hardest I have ever cracked, but when I cracked this one. I learned a great deal, I pieced different things together about him. He was a bad egg, even then, always

into a shady deal.

"He left this place and got into trouble everywhere he went.

"At one stage he served a nine to fifteen years prison sentence. They called in 'the coat' at the time. He got out after the ninth year with a lot of experience and contacts in organized crime.

"He never forgot this place. Apparently he always wanted to come back here.

"He also knew about the network of underground caves which honeycomb this area. I think he thought it was the perfect place for the 'operation of life time' as he called it.

"He set up in these caves an underground factory which would print paper money."

Joel gave a gasp. "Counterfeit money'?"

Steve nodded and went on.

"They didn't print big denominations like fifties, twenties or even tens. They only printed the fiver. I think they thought a smaller note would not really be noticed. Some of the most notorious counterfeiters in history have done their work with the smaller notes which people

tend not to examine so thoroughly.

Those machines back there," he pointed to the door, "are the ones that do the printing, in fact," he pointed to Joel's hand, "you have brushed against one of them and you have some of the ink on your arm.

Joel stared at the stain .



**"I collected many, many of these notes," the man went on, "and I could tell, easily, which ones were forged, though they had done them very skillfully.**

**"It is true, we could call the police, and they would come and could even clean up this operation, but there would be no link to Bill Sythes, and Bill the old man would go on with all his other operations, some of which are far more sinister than this one. I think he realized I was on to this one. I am sure he doesn't even suspect I know about the others. "The man is old already, but he has a great deal of power and has a lot of people working for him, even people from the quarry project. He has some financial, or other hold over them. He is not a pleasant person, not a pleasant person at all."**

**"How were you going to `nail' him' asked Dovi.**

**"He has central office, a hideout, on the coast here, somewhere. No one knows where it is, not even his closest workers. It is a hideout which he feels is impenetrable to anyone else. He seems to feel that no-one**

would ever find it. I believe that in this hideout there is a great deal of evidence of not only this, but of many, many unsolved crimes which he was in charge of. In fact, apparently most of the time, even his under workers had no knowledge of who he was.

Most people don't know what he looks like. The police don't know, anyway, but they have had their suspicions for years, with, at times, seemingly overwhelming evidence which has always somehow 'fallen apart.'"

He looked at the tiny instrument in his *hand*, "what a pity this thing doesn't work. If only we had batteries. Would your smaller brothers or your sisters still be listening'?"

"Probably," said Joel. "If they haven't started to set up search parties for us. What is the time`?"

He looked at this watch, turning on its tiny light to see the time.

"Your watch! Your watch!" said Steve, his voice trembling with excitement "Please let me see it!"

"It's a cheap, digital one, works on two

**batteries... hey!"**

**Steve had taken off the back of the watch and had the tiny round batteries in his hand. "These might fit," he said. "Then we will be well away."**

## **CHAPTER 11**

**"We must speak to Ben," said Chaya, "we have to speak to Ben. He will surely know about the other entrance to the caves, Mrs Green said that he would."**

**"What about the transmitters'? "asked Sara.**

**"Are you wanting to take these heavy things all the way up there?" she asked, frowning.**

**"Give them to our little brothers," said Dina, laughing. I' m sure they can listen to them and they love having them. We will give them very, very strict instructions as to what they do if they get a message, that is, if there is going to be another message," she added, doubtfully. "And leave Pudko with them because I don't know how he would get on with Old Paddy. Though he doesn't usually fight with anyone."**

**They started to walk and the girls finally reached the far end of the caravan park. Ben and old Paddy were sitting outside their weather-beaten caravan. Ben was busy fixing a rather rickety looking table which obviously belonged**

inside and had almost lost a leg. He greeted the girls, inviting them to sit on the grass around him.

"This is my garden furniture," lie said, "soft green grass. But it is good to sit on."

The girls obliged, turning to Chaya to begin to ask their questions. But Ben had another subject he wanted to discuss with Chaya.

"I was thinking about what you and your brother said, about Moshiach coming, in fact I thought a lot about it, " he began. "It could be very good, he said, slowly. "But things don't seem to be getting any better for us all, so where are the signs that Moshiach is coming? There is still sickness and war and unhappiness, and people still do terrible things."

"My brother often talks about that," said Chaya. "He says that just before the dawn the darkness is always the greatest so that people might even feel they are losing hope about Moshiach. That is what is written. In the days before Moshiach people won't have respect for one another or for any authority; and prices will



be very, very high. It has to do with in... in...What do they call it?"

"Inflation?" asked Dina.

"That's it!" said Chaya triumphantly.

"It talks about inflation?" asked Ben, laughing?

. "It obviously was spot on."

"And there will be the spreading of terrible diseases and there will be suffering and darkness and confusion.

Bill shook his head.

"But there are other things," continued Chaya. "All kinds of things are happening all over the world that nobody thought would ever happen, like the Berlin wall coming down and like government spending on peace instead of war and people will come back to being frum and to learning Torah."

"I have noticed that," said Ben.

"And there will be many scientific discoveries and... and... Moshiach really is coming very, very soon," said Chaya.

"But doesn't Moshiach have to be from the House of David?" asked Ben. "No one knows

that nowadays. They have lost all that."

"We haven't lost it," said Chaya. "There are whole families who can trace themselves to that lineage. People were very careful about it. For instance, the famous Maharal of Prague is linked through Rashi himself to the House of David HaMelech and everyone who is descended from the Maharal of Prague is therefore from the House of David."

"I didn't know that," said Ben, at last. He paused for a moment.

"But tell me," he said, "What brings you here'? How is your mystery? Where are your brothers'?"

"We don't know," said Sara. "They just haven't come back and it is getting late."

"Where did they go?" asked Ben, looking concerned.

"Into the caves," said Chaya.

"The sea cave?" asked Ben, more concerned. "What time'?"

"They know the time of high tide, said Dina, quickly.

"But there was a storm," he said under his breath. He caught himself and then changed

the subject.

"We want to go and look for them," said Chaya. "But we don't know the way into the caves. We met Mrs Green and she said that you do know them well. She also mentioned something about a man called Bill Sythes, she said that you knew him." Ben's face hardened and his voice became bitter. "We were friends as children, very good friends until he started to change in a terrible way." He was silent for several seconds and his eyes took on a faraway, almost hurt look.

"I hope that the rumors that I have been hearing are not true. We don't need any people like Bill Sythes around here. And you girls can't go into the caves by yourselves. I think you should speak to your parents.

This is something that might be serious."

He stopped himself again, not wanting to upset the girls. This was worrying, extremely worrying. He had to think of a plan. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that the children's

parents should be consulted, in fact, they should be consulted urgently.

“Please bring your fathers to me”, he said. “We need to look for your brothers and they might have got a bit lost. We have some more daylight that we must use. But before you fetch them, please tell me more about where they have been going . Did they get any more messages on the transmitters?”



"Eli and David can you hear me? Eli and David!"

Hearing their names being called through the transmitter gave the boys such a fright that they

could scarcely react. Pudko ambled over and sniffed. That did sound very like Joel, but what was he doing in that machine? One never knew where these humans would end up next!

Despite their excitement, the boys remembered their instructions. They had rehearsed them many times. David went to the other transmitter.

"Joel... Where are you'?" he asked.

"Thank G-d," came Joel's voice, full of relief and excitement "David, where are the girls, where are Sara and Dina'?"

"They have gone to speak to Ben, the old man in that falling apart caravan right at the top of the caravan park." said David, breathlessly.

Joel was obviously busy discussing something but his voice again became surprisingly loud and clear. "David and Eli, I want you to do something very special for me. I know those things are very heavy, but I want you to take them carefully right up to Ben's caravan. I want to speak to the girls and perhaps to Ben. I will speak to you again in about... ten minutes."

Joel's voice clicked off and the two boys, followed by Pudko, carried the heavy machines

towards the far side of the caravan park, becoming redder and redder from the exertion, but not stopping for one moment. They knew that they were busy with something very special and important, and *urgent !!*



**“Here come David and Eli” said Dina in surprise. They have the transmitter. Why did they bring it all the way here?**

**At that moment the transmitter began to beep and Chaya ran over to it and put the phones to her ears. “Hello,” she said.**

**“Hello” said Dovi. “I am glad the boys got to you. We need to speak to Bill urgently, at least Steve needs to speak to Bill urgently”,**

**“But Dovi,” said Chaya. “Where are you? How can you be with Steve?”**

**At that moment Bill reached out for the earphones and put them on his own head. He had assessed the situation very quickly.**

**“Please call your fathers, “ he said to the girls. “I need them to come with me. I don’t think I can do this alone.”**

**The girls were hesitating. “This is urgent,” said Bill. “Please get them now. I need them right away. The boys can stay here with this transmitter and please ask your fathers to bring**

**the other one. Please run to them.”**

**Bill then concentrated on what he was hearing becoming more tense as he listened. The girls walked quickly away leaving the boys patting Pudko and Old Paddy who seemed to be getting on perfectly well.**

**“What are you telling us?” said Mrs Dinansky in horror “What are you saying? Uzi, what shall we do?” But Mr. Dinansky had already changed into climbing boots, had got rope and a torch and was on his way, with the transmitter up to Bill’s caravan.**

**Sara and Dina had the same reaction from their father who also went on his way immediately leaving Mrs. Goldstein talking to him about calling the police. When she realized he had almost left she spoke to the girls.**

**“Why did you children not say anything about this? We must call the police, now. Where is Jules, and where is Dovi? You know you must not get yourselves into trouble. Where are David and Eli. I want them back now!”**



**“We will fetch them,” said Dina as the two of them dashed out of the house. We are on our way to fetch them.**

**When they arrived Uzi Dinansky was speaking to Steve. They were going to bring Ben and initially the girls and try to find them.**

**“Careful with the girls,” said Steve. “Keep them outside with the machine and bring the other one with you. Please don’t let them come inside the mountain.”**

**“I hope we get inside the mountain,” said Uzi.**

**“Bill will remember I am sure once he has been to a few places. He knows these places well even though he has not been around them for years.”**

**The girls had come back to Bill’s caravan and they asked the younger boys to return home. This was of course done with a great deal of protest.**

**“We are the ones who heard the message. We want to go in with you. “**

**“Mum was making an apple and strawberry pie” said Chaya, at which point the boys decided to go home and join them later.**

**Ben led them to several places, even to the old quarry, but no entrance could be found. They were keeping in touch with Steve and Joel but decided to switch off in case Steve’s battery failed again. They would be in contact in 15 minutes.**

**Suddenly Bill who was becoming quite defeated, became very excited. “This is definitely an entrance, he said.. And I know it! I know where it leads to. I know it like the back of my hand.”**

**The girls had not heard this and Sara was staring out towards the sea.**

**“This is beautiful,” she said. “This is so beautiful from here. Come over this way,” she said almost pulling the two other girls with her. “Look between those trees. What an amazing**

**scene to be able to paint.!”**

**The two girls followed . Yes it was a truly wonderful scene with the sea framed by the trees around it. They looked for several minutes. There seemed to be a boat far out into the ocean.**

**“I must draw this” said Sara, “paint this !”**

**They looked for a few more minutes and turned back. Everyone seemed to have gone. Only Pudko was there, looking thoroughly bewildered. He seemed to be guarding the transmitter.**

## **CHAPTER 12**

And now?" said Dina as she turned to her sister accusingly, "What happens now? You would get involved with your views of the sea. It is very difficult having an artistic sister. But what are we going to do now? Where is everybody? How can they just vanish? Pudko, where did they go?"

Pudko just stared back at her, looking slightly apologetic.

"What do we do now?" asked Dina. "How was I to know they were just going to vanish?"

"I suppose we just wait", said Sara. "What else can we do? I am sure they will come back." Those last words were said rather doubtfully.

They waited... and waited... It was dark and lonely, Sara looked at her watch.

"It's nearly time for Joel and Dovi to contact us again. I think we should tell them about this, our fathers and Ben are all right with one another.

**They will get back to camp. But, what if they are in trouble? Maybe we should tell the police."**

**"We must speak to Joel", said Dina. "We can't call the police without Joel's or, rather, Steve's permission."**

**The three girls and Pudko walked quickly back to the camp. They arrived about five minutes before the scheduled time of the message, their mothers were anxious to hear the girls' story. They were insisting on calling the police immediately when the message came through. It was Joel again. Nothing had happened at their end. The workshop was not in operation and everyone had gone home for 'the night'. Was there any news from their side?**

**Dina told her brother what had happened, giving details about the places they had searched. She told him about how their fathers and that Ben had suddenly disappeared.**

**"You girls again," muttered Joel, not too unkindly. "Trust you sisters of mine to get lost again". Dina did not comment.**

**"Just wait a few seconds", said Joel. "I have to find out about the police. How long would it**

**take you to bring them?"**

**"Give us thirty minutes", said Dina.**

**"Are you there? Can you hear me?"**

**It was thirty minutes later, Dovi's voice came out loud and clear. The three police officers shifted their positions and leaned forward to listen. They had been very interested in what Mrs. Devorah Dinansky and her daughters and friends had to tell them and had come straight away from the nearby large town. The police had been working on the counterfeit money for a long time, but only lately had they become aware that there was a far larger concentration of it in this tiny seaside village. They had also been watching the movement of Bill Sythes for years, to the point that he had almost become a living legend. And, of course they had been searching for Steve for days. And now there were more missing people!**

**"Are the police there?" asked Dovi.**

**"Yes they are", said his mother. "You can speak to them."**

**"I am handing over to Steve", said Dovi. Steve, came on, sounding surprisingly well after his ordeal. Steve described briefly to the policemen what had been happening. He also mentioned that according to his calculations, the house owned by the three men with the cellar seemed to be almost directly over the counterfeiting factory. This would be Bill's criminal headquarters and office. The policemen in charge immediately sent one of his men to investigate. He also asked him to take the three girls to show him where the others had 'disappeared'. Mrs. Goldstein decided to go with them. "We have to take Pudko too," said Sara. "He is the only one who really saw what had happened." There was of course no objection.**

**Steve continued to give them valuable bits of information that they could work on. "We will get back to you", he was saying, "perhaps when.....**

**A loud commotion was heard over the air as if a whole army was stamping over the tiny transmitter at the other end. When they could be heard again, it was obvious that no one was talking directly into it, but voices they could hear ,**

fairly clearly, more voices than those of the man and two boys.

The policeman immediately turned down the volume on their microphone. Someone else was obviously with them. They did not want them to know they were being overheard.

From the snatches of conversation which they heard, they began to realize that their fathers and Ben were also in the cave but they were not alone. Someone else was with them. Suddenly the sounds became clearer, especially the voice of the 'someone else!'

It was almost as though the transmitter had been moved as close to him as possible. Then they heard Ben's voice:

"I think we knew one another once upon a time," he was saying, slowly.

"I think we did," was the reply. "I think you decided I wasn't good enough to be your friend. We have something to settle. I don't take that kind of thing lightly. I see that fate has delivered you into my hands, and I will be one of the last people you will see when you breathe your last, painful, tortured breath."



The voice had become steely, sadistic.

Steve started to speak.

"Mr Sythes, what are you going to do with us?"

"Afraid... are you?" He gave an awful, hollow laugh. Have you ever read about accidents down a mine? How people are trapped with the air becoming thinner and thinner, suffocating in their own breath, especially if there are a lot of people together. I will simply seal up this cave and blast it from both sides. You will all just become part of a mountain, you will all be fossils which someone will dig up a few generations from now. How sad!" His voice became bitter.

"Mr Sythes," Ben was saying. "Before you do that, please could you tell us what you are doing? What were all those machines?"

"Don't you know?" The man said. "Well, I do have to tell you, don't I? I am proud of my achievements, really proud of them. And who else can I really tell? Except someone who won't live to tell the tales?"

He laughed again.

"I was making money... lots and lots of money.

Millions of little notes. I am an expert on counterfeiting, forgery, anything and everything of the criminal arts you can mention. I graduated with Distinction! Honors in real crime! A criminal genius! I graduated with distinction from the Deep Stroom Security University Prison .”

“Did you do all those things,” asked Joel innocently.

"Of course," he answered boastfully. "All of them. Though for many years my expertise was in the drug business; very profitable it was, too. I had contacts with many countries, and I imported crack, heroin, coke, bitters, uppers, downers, snow... you name them... I had it: And of course, the smiley one, ACID. That's where a lot of money lay, capfuls and capfuls. And, of course, I was one of the main exporters of the South African drug, a little bulky, but a lot of money in it, especially the stuff from Durban. I had many, many people working for me in all the main cities... tried to get them to hook the children... very good customers they were."

"How... how could you do that?" Ben began.

**"Some of those drugs are killers."**

**"So what," said the man. "A lot of them died early, dropped out of school, landed in psychiatric hospitals... so what... they'd die anyway... someday. They kept us rich, though... had to do all kinds of things to sustain their habit."**

**Everyone was staring at the transmitter in horror. Even the policemen were unable to disguise their feelings of disgust.**

**What kind of man was this?**

**"Well, I've talked enough," he was saying, "I'll arrange the dynamite and have it ready in an hour... give you all time to think and prepare... after that, I am going."**

**"Where are you going to?" asked Joel.**

**"None of your business, young man ... but... I suppose by that time you will know anyway; watching me from some other world.**

**"I have a boat, placed in a little cave not far from here. A ship is waiting for me just off the coast. It has been there for three days now. I was going to fold up this operation. They are getting too close to us."**

**At that point one of the policemen vanished.**

**Anyway, said Bill Sykes. So nice to have revenge at last!**

**There was silence, and then...**

**"Sara, Dina, did you get all that, Did the policemen hear?"**

**The policemen answered, "we are here, we heard everything, where is he?"**

**"Who knows?" was the reply.**

**"What are you going to do now?"**

**We just have to wait and see, something must come up." said Ben.**

**"The policemen are trying to find you. How did you get in?" asked Devorah Dinansky.**

**Ben spoke. "We found the entrance which Sythes had constructed many years ago. It was a little different, however. Once you got in there, there seems to be no way of getting out again. That's how we left the girls and Pudko behind. We followed the passages as I remembered them. They led right to the factory. We even found**

Bill Sythes' office. That definitely holds a lot of evidence. But he will destroy it, I know. And then we..."

The voice was becoming fainter and fainter. All that could be heard was Devorah Dinansky speaking to her husband.

"Uzi, what are you going to do?" and his reply.

"I'm saying Tehillim (psalms) what else do you think we should be doing?"

No one was sure she even heard him, was it the batteries again? Surely not! But then they had only been watch batteries. Within a few seconds the transmitter was totally dead. Communication was broken.

"Who has a digital watch?" asked Steve. Each person looked at the watch they were wearing, Ben had not wanted these new-fangled battery operated things and the others were either not wearing a watch or did not have digital ones.

"What are we going to do?" asked Mr. Goldstein. "Didn't you hear our friend over here, Uzi Dinansky?" said Ben. "Say psalms, Tehillim."

**"Will that help?" asked Mr. Goldstein.**

**In reply, Uzi said: "If only you knew the power  
of Tehillim!"**

## **CHAPTER 13**

**"Well" said Mr. Goldstein "there are people looking for us".**

**"Couldn't there be another entrance?" asked Uzi.**

**"I doubt it" said Ben, who had become extremely thoughtful. Surely they were not going to spend their last moments in a cave, and if they were maybe, he should also recite some Tehillim.**

**"Listen" said Uzi again. "There must be another entrance. Didn't he say he was going to blow up both sides of the cave. That means there is some other entrance."**

**"We searched for one before", said Joel, "We went over this cave and the tunnel, but we'll do it again, of course. You have a point there Mr. Dinansky".**

**They searched frantically around the cave, tapping the walls , trying to find some kind of indication of an entrance to it.**

**How long did they have? How long before they would be sealed up? And would they be found? Surely the police could follow one of the routes**

which they had taken. They must be able to get through the steel doors. They were beginning to feel that the cave had become incredibly stuffy, and their heads were becoming sore and heavy. They had searched and searched and had more or less given up.

"Remember Ben, you are going to be our Shabbos guest". said Uzi. "If only" said Ben, a faraway look coming in to his eyes. "If only". He was silent for a while and then continued, "You know, all of you gentlemen here, let me say this in front of you. If we get out of here alive I think I will try and keep a bit of Shabbos; slowly at first of course because I need to do things little by little. But I really want to keep a bit of Shabbos, *if there is another* Shabbos to keep. But maybe these words will help a bit. After all, Hashem hears everything, even from the depths of the earth as it were.

"I am sure it will help a great deal", said Uzi. Dovi gave a deep sigh and lay down against a rock. What was there to do? He had been saying Tehillim, and searching for an entrance, but now he felt exhausted. Was it that the air was really



becoming thinner? He was looking straight above him, why was it so black above him? He would have expected to see the continuation of the solid rock that was surrounding them on all sides. But that had been with the first cave they were in. He could not see the rock above him, was it really such a high roof? But there had been a way out of the cave once before by going upwards. Why did that seem so long ago?

He stood up and felt as high as his hands would go. He was just beginning to give up when he felt a sort of ledge. Putting both hands on it he managed to pull himself up. Now he was probably almost invisible from below. Thank goodness he had done some gymnastics in school. He felt above his head, still no rock above him, but there was another ledge. He hauled himself onto that and found a third ledge. "I've found it. I've found it", he shouted. Everyone hearing the excited but muffled voice looked up. There was Dovi standing high above their heads. "How on earth did you get up there?" said Mr. Goldstein shaking his head.

"Let's go," said Uzi. Then he stopped. How could

Ben an old man, no matter how fit, get up there and Steve who was so ill. They could not possibly make such a climb, and who knew what else they would have to go through.

"I will stay with both of you", said Uzi. "Mr. Goldstein can go with the two boys."

"That would be very difficult," said Dovi who had just examined a tunnel leading off to the right.

"The tunnel is very narrow over here. I think Joel and I are the only ones who can really get through; and we have to be very quick".

No-one disagreed. There seemed only one thing to do. They were fighting against time. Even now Bill Sythes might be setting the explosives to blow up the cave.

Joel found the ledge and heaved himself up, finding another ledge then another. He climbed for several minutes always reaching out for another ledge. But this time he found an empty space over to his right. He called softly to Dovi as he began to crawl along the narrow, low, passage. At certain points it was becoming dangerously low, but Dovi before him had gone through, obviously lying flat as Joel was doing. It

seemed they had been crawling for hours, but it could only have been for about ten minutes before Dovi stopped. Had he got stuck? Could he not get through'? Joel trembled at the thought. But then Dovi moved forward again and Joel understood why he had stopped. They could see light, artificial light. They were coming towards a cave. The tunnel was getting wider and both the boys found they could sit up and stretch a little. Dovi leaned back and whispered to Joel. "There is a man over there, in that cave, a man holding a lantern. Don't worry. He hasn't seen or heard us. Listen he is even whistling to himself'.

"Do you think we can get out of the cave this way?" asked Joel.

"Probably", said Dovi, "But not at the moment. There is no way we can get past this man. In fact the cave is lighter than it should be in the depths of the mountain.

"What should we do?" asked Joel.

"Just wait" said Dovi, "This guy can't stay here for ever".

"Say some Tehillim", said Joel, "We have to get out of here fast to bring help for the

others".

Suddenly they heard a faint rumbling noise, then a shuffle of feet and the sound of a large animal breathing. Could there be lions in the area? The man swung his lantern upwards and put his hand on a gun in his pocket, but he was not quick enough. Dovi jumped and grabbed the lantern from his hand. At the same time Joel neatly tripped him up, causing him to throw the gun to the other side of the cave where Dovi retrieved it. Suddenly police appeared from everywhere with a very proud Pudko (not a lion) who was delighted to see that Joel had escaped from his transmitters. Within seconds the man was handcuffed and rescue tackle was brought to help the others out of the cave. It was the prisoner who told the police about the third entrance to the cave. He did not even know of the existence of the tunnel that Dovi and Joel had crawled through. It was not very long before they all emerged into the open, dirty and shaken but glad to be out. Steve was on a stretcher but the others were not the worse for wear. As they neared the bottom of the hill they heard a loud

explosion which seemed to shake the earth for miles around. Moments later this was followed by a much larger explosion throwing them all off their feet. Fortunately no-one was hurt. Bill Sythes had been true to his word. He had used dynamite with such a force that had they been in the cave they would have been completely crushed. No slow death as he had gloated and no chance of rescue. Sythes secret office would have been totally destroyed.

## **CHAPTER 14**      The End of the Story.

It was Friday night, Shabbos. The Dinansky's tent had been turned into an enormous dining room. Tables and chairs had been put together with extras brought from the Goldsteins and from Ben.

They were all going to eat together for both the Shabbos meals so nothing needed to be returned. Uzi recited Kiddush in the light of the many Shabbos candles lit by all the families present. These candles had been lit with an awareness of the fact that Hashem can deliver even from the deepest danger.

Ben had been true to his decision in the cave. He had already prepared his lights in his own tiny caravan so that he would not need to move them for the whole of Shabbos. This was to be just the start.

But the Goldsteins too had made their own commitment, within themselves, unaware of what the others had undertaken. They were to become gradually more and more committed until a year or so later they would be completely

observant. 'They would never forget their holiday in Quinton and the dangerous adventures they had been through.

Eli was delighted that David would be coming to his school when they went back in the city.

Bill Sythes had been apprehended and arrested just as he was about to board his ship. He pleaded his innocence but when the policeman started quoting from his own "confession" he became very pale and refused to speak. He would be put away for many lifetimes.

Early that Friday morning a newspaper reporter had taken pictures of everyone and their holiday homes in the caravan park. The TV cameras concentrated mainly on filming Pudko. After all it was he who had led the police to the right place.

***This was a holiday that no one  
would forget!***

