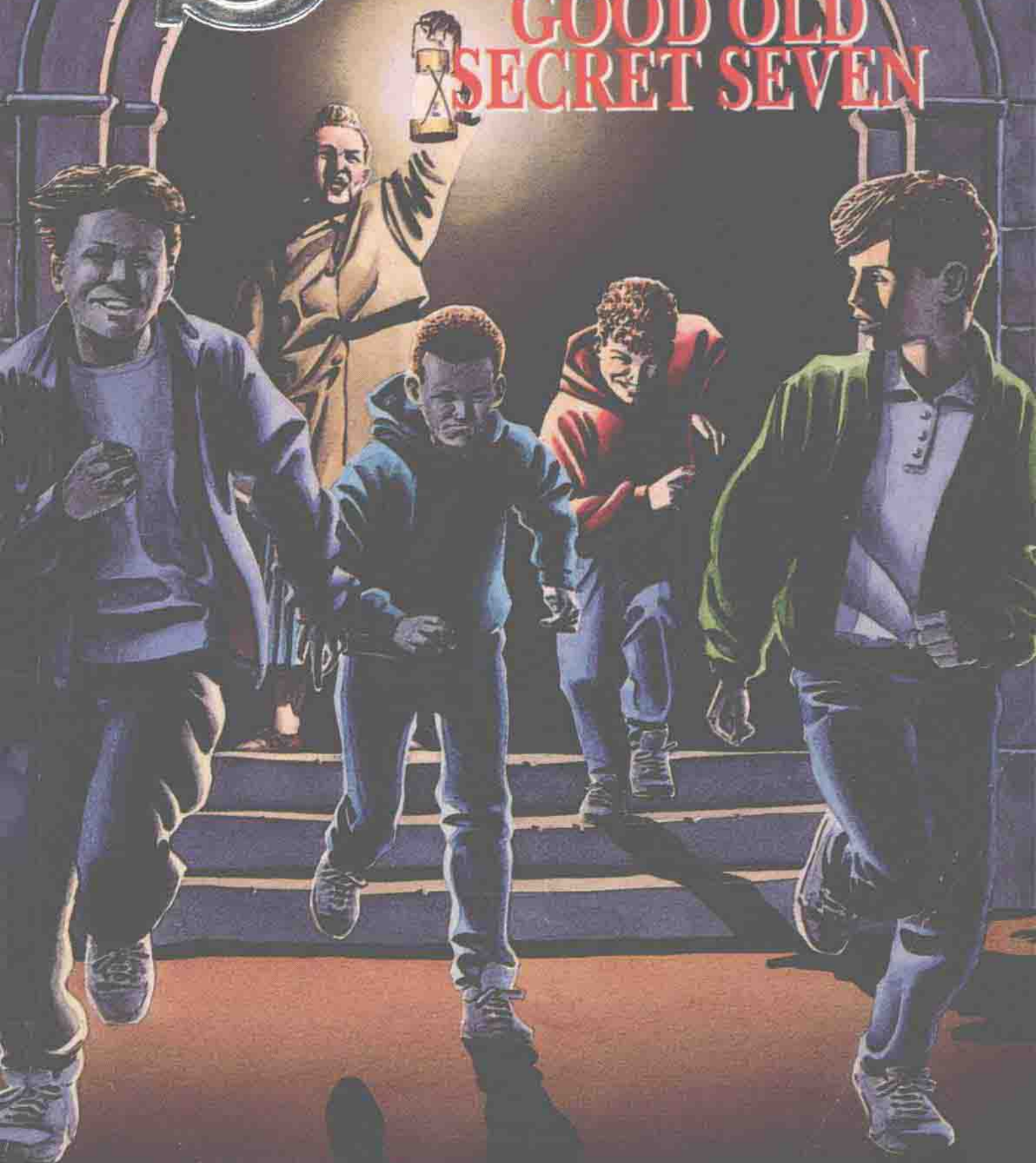


*Enid Blyton*

# SECRET SEVEN

**GOOD OLD  
SECRET SEVEN**



# **GOOD OLD SECRET SEVEN**

**Enid Blyton**



**KNIGHT BOOKS**  
Hodder and Stoughton

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*Good Old Secret Seven*

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## 1 *A meeting is called*

One morning after school, Peter went to find his sister Janet.

‘Hey, Janet!’ he called. ‘I’m calling a Secret Seven meeting for tomorrow morning. Jack’s uncle has given him a super present, and he wants all the Seven to share it.’

‘What is it?’ asked Janet. ‘A game of some sort?’

‘No. You’ll have to wait and see,’ said Peter. ‘It’s Jack’s surprise, not mine. Will you write out a few notes and tell the others to come – 10 o’clock sharp. Thank goodness it’s Saturday tomorrow.’

‘Wuff,’ said Scamper the spaniel. He loved Saturdays too. He knew he would have Peter and Janet all day long then.

‘Yes, *you* shall come to the meeting as well,’ said Janet, patting his soft golden coat. ‘But do you know the password, Scamper?’

‘Wuff-wuff!’ said Scamper at once, and the children laughed.

‘Quite right – the password is “wuff-wuff”,’

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said Peter. 'What a good memory you have, Scamper!'

Scamper wagged his tail, and said 'wuff-wuff' again. 'Better not say it too often, Scamper,' said Janet. 'Or that awful Susie might hear you.'

Susie was Jack's sister, and *not* one of the Secret Seven, though she badly wanted to belong. She loved to find out whatever password the Secret Seven were using, and it really was quite difficult to stop her.

Janet scribbled four cards – one to Colin, one to George, one to Pam and one to Barbara. 'There!' she said, 'I'll take them round on my bike. I don't need to write to Jack, as he's asked for the meeting himself. Is he going to bring this present of his tomorrow, whatever it is?'

'Yes,' said Peter. 'I'd better tidy up the shed where we meet – and I'll ask Mother what she can spare for us to eat. I *think* she is baking today, so perhaps there'll be something special!'

Next morning Janet and Peter went down to their shed at a quarter to ten; carrying a good many things. 'I've tidied it up,' said Peter. 'The gardener had been in and taken two of the big flower-pots we used as seats, but I found two boxes instead.'

The shed-door had on it the two big letters

S.S., standing for Secret Seven. Janet and Peter looked at them proudly.

‘Secret Seven!’ said Janet. ‘Best club in the world! I *shall* enjoy a meeting again – it’s weeks since we had one – we’ve been so busy with school things.’

In they went, and shut the door. Now no one would be allowed in unless they gave the password. Peter set down the things he was carrying, and looked round proudly. ‘Didn’t I clean the shed well?’ he said. ‘I even cleaned the windows. It’s nice and warm too, isn’t it?’

The shed backed on to the hot greenhouse, and so gained some of the heat from there. It was pleasantly warm on this cold November day. Janet began to set out some coloured mugs, taking them down from the shelf.

‘Mother thought we’d better have hot cocoa this cold day,’ she said. ‘I’ll fetch it as soon as everyone is here. I bet Jack will be first with his wonderful present, whatever it is! Where’s Scamper?’

‘I don’t know. He didn’t come down with us. I expect he’ll turn up,’ said Peter. ‘He’s probably chasing his old enemy – the stable cat. He *still* thinks he can catch her, though he never will.’

‘Look what Mother’s given us,’ said Janet,

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showing Peter a tin full of buns. 'Currant buns warm from the oven – and a home-made macaroon for each of us!'

'Good old Mother!' said Peter, sniffing at the warm buns. 'One of these days I'll buy her a medal. Hurry up, Janet – the others will be here in half a minute. I hope they'll all remember the password! Listen – here comes the first one. I bet it's Jack.'



## 2 *That awful Susie!*

A fist banged on the door, and Peter called out at once. 'Password, please.'

'Wuff-wuff!' said a voice, rather loudly.

'Enter,' said Peter, 'and DO remember not to say the password so that everyone can hear it for a mile around!'

'Sorry!' said George, coming in at the door, a grin on his face. 'Did I sound like Scamper? I tried to.'

'Well, you didn't,' said Janet. 'You sounded exactly like yourself. Sit down, George. We thought you were Jack. He said he'd be here early, because he has something to show us.'

Knock-knock – somebody else had come. 'Password!' yelled Peter, and the answer came at once. 'Wuff-wuff! Wuff-wuff!'

In came Pam and Barbara, beaming all over their faces. 'Hello! We're not the last. Good!'

Bang-bang! '*That* must be Jack,' said Janet, as Peter called out 'Password, please!' But it wasn't. It was Colin. He marched in and shut the door



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smartly. 'Hello, everyone! I say, it's nice and warm in here! What's the meeting called for? Anything special?'

'Yes,' said Peter. 'Jack asked me to call it. He has something very interesting to show us. I can't think why he's not here. It's past ten, and he said he'd be early.'

'I bet it's that awful sister of his who's stopping him coming,' said Pam.

'But how could she know about our meeting?' said Peter. 'Jack wouldn't tell her, I'm sure.'

'Here's Jack,' said Barbara, as more footsteps came down the path to the shed. Someone gave the door such a bang that they all jumped. Before Peter could call out 'Password' a voice shouted it loudly. 'WUFF-WUFF'.

'Enter!' cried Peter, sure it was Jack's voice. The door flew open – and there stood Susie, Jack's sister! She grinned round at them.

'Thanks for inviting me to your meeting,' she said, and shut the door behind her. She sat down on a box before anyone could stop her.

'Susie! How dare you!' shouted Peter and Janet together. Peter threw the door open. 'Go away!' he said. 'You know you've no right here. You don't belong to the Secret Seven.'