

XII

# *Near the Sea*

Before many days Amanda knew almost everyone on board.

There was a strong young man named John Rolfe. There was his pretty wife, who looked ill.

There were two young men who often quarreled, yet they were always together. With their long faces and thick, black eyebrows, they looked a little alike. Their names were Robert Waters and Chris Carter.

There was the Hopkins family—Master Stephen Hopkins, his wife, and their two children. Their daughter, Anne, was ten years old. Their son, David, was seven.

The Hopkins children had a ball made from a stocking. The stocking had been rolled up and tied with string. They played with it on deck. They threw it carefully back and forth and never let it fall.

Once Jemmy asked them to throw it to him.

"No," said Anne. "You might let it go into the sea."

"Come with us, Jemmy," said Amanda. "Meg and I are going to see the animals."

There were farm animals in a pen on deck. There were two goats and two oxen. There were five pigs and a flock of chickens. One of the chickens was beginning to crow. When he crowed, Jemmy crowed back.

Anne Hopkins put the ball into her pocket. She and her brother came to see the animals, too.

"We are going to have an animal farm in Virginia," she said. "There are horses on one of the other ships. Did you know that?"

"No," said Amanda.

"I rode a horse once," said Anne. "Did you ever?"

Amanda shook her head.

"Where did you live before you came on the ship?" asked Anne.



"In London," Amanda told her. "I lived in a great house."

"You must have been a servant," said Anne.

"I was," said Amanda, "but I won't be a servant in the New World."

Dr. Crider went by.

"Is he your father?" asked Anne.

"No," said Amanda.

"Your grandfather?"

"He is our friend."

Anne watched Dr. Crider as he went below. "He's strange, isn't he?"

"No, he isn't," said Amanda.

"Then why does he stand by the rail when the waves come over? Why does he let himself get wet?"

"He likes to be near the sea."

Anne gave a sniff. "The sea is all around us. Isn't that near enough?"

Toward the end of June they sailed into rough waters. One morning, after a stormy night, Amanda and Jemmy and Meg were having breakfast in the hold. John Rolfe came looking for them.



"Where is the doctor?" he asked. "My wife is ill, and we need him."

"I'll find him, sir." Amanda went above. The wind was still blowing. Only a few people were on deck.

She asked some of them if they had seen Dr. Crider. None of them had.

She went below. "He isn't on deck," she told John Rolfe.

"He isn't in the hold," said Master Rolfe.

She pointed to the rooms where the ladies and gentlemen lived, "He may be in there."

"No, he isn't," said Master Rolfe. "When did you last see him?"

"Last night."

"Not this morning?"

"No, sir."

Again she went up on deck. She even went to the galley where the cook was cutting up cabbages.

He was angry when she spoke to him.

"You can't come in here! No, I've *not* seen the doctor. How should I know where he is?"

Others were looking. They asked one another, "When did you last see him?"

A sailor came forward. "I saw him on deck last

night. I said to him, 'Doctor, there's danger. The waves are coming over, and you'd best not stay here.' But I never saw him go."

John Rolfe said to Amanda, "Go below. We'll keep looking."

She went into the hold and sat with Jemmy and Meg.

It was a long time before Master Rolfe came down. "We didn't find him."

"He must be in one of the cabins," she said. "Did you ask the admiral and the captain?"

"We've been all over the ship," said Master Rolfe. "It could be . . . Amanda, it could be that he's gone."

"Where?" she asked.

"Overboard," he said.

"Oh, no," she said. "He *couldn't* be. He's on the ship somewhere. I *know* he is. I'll find him."

But she was afraid.

### XIII

# *The Devil Doll*

Master Buck, the minister, talked to Amanda, Jemmy, and Meg.

"Dr. Crider was a good man," he said. "Now he is in a better world."

"Yes, sir," said Amanda.

But she would not believe the doctor was gone. It was like a dream, she thought, and someday she would wake from it. She would wake and find him there . . .

After a week, a sailor came to look at the chests in the hold. He found the one with Dr. Crider's medicines in it. He picked it up and set it on his shoulder.

"Where are you taking it?" asked Amanda.

"To the captain's cabin," answered the sailor.

Somehow she could not pretend after that. With the chest gone, she knew that Dr. Crider was gone, too.

He was gone, and Mother was gone, and she wanted to go away by herself and cry. But where could she go to be alone? Fear came over her. Mother had died, Dr. Crider had left them. How could she be sure that Father was waiting in the New World?

She saw Jemmy and Meg watching her, almost as if they knew what she was thinking. She tried to pretend that all was well. She sang them a song. She told them a story.

She dug into one of the chests and found some scraps of cloth.

"What are you doing?" asked Jemmy.

"I'm going to make something," she said.

"What?" he asked.

"A surprise."

By candlelight, while they were asleep, she made a doll for Meg and a ball for Jemmy. In the morning she gave them their presents.

But Meg would not take the doll. She would not even touch it.

Amanda looked at it. In the daylight, she saw how ugly it was. It had a crooked grin. The pieces of string she had used for hair looked like snakes. It was a devil doll.

The ball was not much better. It had no more shape than a bean bag.

Jemmy took it, then gave it back to her. "Could I have the door knocker?" he asked.

"It's not a plaything," said Amanda.

"I want it," he said.

It was in one of the chests. She got it for him.

When they went up on deck, he showed the knocker to Anne and David Hopkins.

"A lion's head!" said Anne. She and her brother wanted to play with it.

"No, it's mine." Jemmy ran away. The Hopkins children ran after him. Now and then he stopped and knocked on the deck with the knocker. Amanda heard him say, "Knock-knock, here comes Jemmy!"

She took the ball she had made and threw it overboard. She threw the devil doll after it. Almost at once she felt better—as if she had thrown away some of her sadness, some of her fear.

## *Brass or Gold?*

That evening they sat in the hold. Amanda was teaching Meg to sew. Jemmy was rubbing the lion's head with a piece of cloth. "The men put finger marks on it," he said.

"What men?" asked Amanda.

"Master Waters and Master Carter," answered Jemmy. "Master Hopkins, too."

John Rolfe came across the hold.

Amanda asked him, "How is Mistress Rolfe?"

"Better, thank you. Amanda," he said, "I must speak to you."

He knelt beside her. He spoke in a low voice,

"This lion's head that your brother has—what is it?"

"It's a door knocker."

"Where did you get it?"

"From our father."

"Then it wasn't Dr. Crider's?"

"No, sir."

"What is it made of?"

"Father said it was brass."

"Do you know what people are saying about it? They are saying it is brass on the outside and gold underneath."

She looked at the lion's head in Jemmy's hands.

"How could that be?"

"They say Dr. Crider had his gold melted down and made into a door knocker."

"Why?"

"So he could take it to the New World in secret," said John Rolfe.

"But—that's foolish," she said.

"Speak low," he said. "Someone might be listening."

"It's only a brass door knocker," she replied. "It used to be on our house in London. How could people think it might be gold?"

"Someone might have told them."

"Who?"

John Rolfe looked at Jemmy.

"Oh," she said.

"And if people believe the knocker is gold," said Master Rolfe, "they can make trouble."

"It's only brass."

"But if they think it's gold, they might try to take it from you."

He left her.

She whispered to Jemmy, "Put it away."

"What?"

"The knocker. Put it away."

"Why?"

"Do as I say!"

"Crosspatch," he said. But he put the knocker into his pocket.

In the morning she took it from him. When no one was looking, she hid it in one of their sea chests.

They went up on deck.

"I want the knocker," he said.

She asked him, "Did you tell Anne and David it was gold?"



He looked down.

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"They thought their ball was so good. I said my lion's head was better because it was gold."

"And now people think it *is* gold. Don't you see? They'll try to take it away from you."

Robert Waters came up to them. "Could I see the door knocker?" he asked.

"I put it away," said Amanda.

"You'd better have someone take care of it for you," he said. "I'll keep it safe if you like."

"It's only brass," she said.

He looked at Jemmy, then at her. She was not sure he believed her.

# *The Storm*

The talk went on for days. Was the lion's head gold? Was it only brass? Had it been Dr. Crider's? Where had it really come from?

Then it was forgotten. There was something that mattered more. There was the storm.

It began with a few low clouds. The air was heavy and hot. It seemed to press down until everyone felt restless. Some grew angry without knowing why.

A young gentleman came out of his room and threw his dish across the hold. "The food on this ship isn't fit for pigs!" he shouted.

Mistress Hopkins talked in a loud voice, "They said we would be in Virginia in five weeks. Now it's the end of July. Seven weeks we've been at sea. How much longer will it be, I'd like to know?"

Amanda was on deck with Jemmy and Meg when the wind sprang up. It was a fierce, hot wind that burned their faces and tore at their clothes.

There was a long, blue flash of lightning, and thunder shook the ship.

They ran for the hold. Jemmy went ahead. Amanda helped Meg down the ladder.

It was dark as night in the hold. Someone lighted candles.

Amanda found a box for them to sit on, but Jemmy would not sit down.

"I'm not going to stay here," he said. "There's no air to breathe."

Robert Waters came by and gave him a pat on the head. "Don't you fret," he said. "It's just another storm. It will soon blow over."

But it was more than just another storm.

A sailor came down to look for leaks. "In all my days at sea," he said, "I've never seen such as this."

The waves were higher than the ship, he told

them. The deck was deep in water. The wind was tearing the sails to bits.

The ship rolled from side to side, and the people were thrown back and forth. Boxes and chests were thrown back and forth with them.

The hold had been closed against the storm.

"Thank heaven we're safe here," said Master Hopkins.

"You call this safe?" cried Mistress Hopkins as she dodged a sliding chest.

"At least, we're dry," said Master Hopkins.

"We won't be dry for long," she said.

The hold had begun to leak.

"To the pumps!" called John Rolfe. "All hands to help pump out the water!"

"I'll help," said Amanda.

"Not you," said John Rolfe, and she went back to Jemmy and Meg.

For two days the ship was tossed and shaken in the storm. Amanda and Jemmy and Meg clung together.

They heard Master Hopkins's voice. "The ship is sinking, the ship is sinking!"

"*Are* we sinking?" asked Jemmy.



"No," said Amanda.

"How do you know?" asked Jemmy.

"Listen to me," she said. "I—I'll tell you a story!"

"What?"

"I said I'll tell you a *story!*"

"We couldn't hear it."

"I'll *make* you hear."

Above the roar of the wind and rain, Amanda shouted, "There were two sisters and their brother. They were on a ship—and there was a storm. Can you hear?"

"Yes," he said.

"It was a great storm. It went on and on. And then—"

"What?" asked Jemmy.

"It was over, and there was—there was land."

"Where?" asked Jemmy.

"In the middle of the sea. They got off the ship—and they were safe on land."

He was quiet then. Both he and Meg were quiet for a long time.

There was another day of storm, and another night, and the ship stayed afloat. But there were

new leaks. The pumps could not keep the water out of the hold.

People began to climb up the ladder and onto the deck. Amanda felt the water rising over her feet. She pushed Jemmy and Meg up the ladder ahead of her. They were on deck, and the rain and waves swept over them.

Amanda was thrown off her feet. She reached out for Jemmy and Meg. Only Jemmy was there.

"Meg!" she cried.

"She's gone!" cried Jemmy. "Meg, *Meg!*"

They tumbled across the deck and came up against the animal pen. It was broken now. The animals were gone.

"I see her!" said Jemmy.

Meg was there. She was holding on to a wooden bar of the pen.

"Don't let go!" said Amanda.

Now she and Jemmy were holding on to the pen. A woman was there beside them. She screamed each time the ship rolled.

It seemed to Amanda that hours went by. Then she felt a kind of stillness about her. She lifted her head. A little light had broken through the clouds.

A cry went up, "Land!"

There was another cry, "Rocks! We're on the rocks!"

The *Sea Adventure* rose and fell. There was a grinding, splintering crash, as if she were breaking into a thousand pieces.



# Ashore

Amanda was on her feet. Something strange had happened. The deck no longer shivered and tipped beneath her. She could stand. She could walk.

She tried to look over the rail. The wind blew spray into her face.

"Get up, Meg," said Jemmy. "We've stopped."

John Rolfe and Mistress Rolfe were at the rail.

"Now I see," he was saying. "The ship is caught between two rocks."

"Then we can't sink," said his wife.

"But the ship may break apart," he said. "We must get to shore."

People were running across the deck. Sailors were making the small boats ready.

Admiral Somers shouted through a horn, "Women and children into the first boat!"

Amanda and Jemmy and Meg crowded in with the others. Men were there to row.

The boat swung down over the side. A wave lifted it high and carried it away.

Amanda was between Jemmy and Meg. They were on their knees in the bottom of the boat.

"I see land!" shouted Jemmy.

Amanda saw it, too. It was like a long shadow through the rain.

"There's land," she said, with her mouth close to Meg's ear.

Meg didn't answer. She was hiding her face under Amanda's arm.

Amanda held her breath as the boat dipped and rocked from one wave to another. They reached the shallow water near the shore. There the waves were not so high, the roar of the storm not so loud. She began to hear voices of the people about her. She heard a woman ask, "Is this Virginia?"

A sailor answered, "This is an island. The admiral says this is Bermuda."

The woman set up a wail. "Bermuda is where the devils are!"

Another woman wailed with her, "The devils made the storm and wrecked the ship. They'll never let us land!"

"Devils or not," said the sailor, "I mean to land this boat."

Amanda watched the shore. Now she could see a white strip of land next to the water, with green woods beyond.

The boat scraped the sand. The men helped the women and children out.

Amanda and Jemmy and Meg started up across the beach. It was hard for them to walk on land. They were used to the ship that kept moving under their feet.

Meg had hold of Amanda's dress. "This is your land," she said.

"My land?" said Amanda.

"The one you told us about."

"That was just a story," said Amanda. "I didn't know there would be land here."

"Yes, you did," said Meg.

# *The Island*

On the island, at least, the storm was over. The small boats had brought everyone ashore. People were resting on the sand.

Admiral Somers walked among them. He spoke to them and shook their hands. "We've been through the storm and shipwreck," he said, "with not a life lost."

"What of the other ships?" asked Master Hopkins.

"I pray they are safe," said the admiral. "If they rode out the storm, they may be sailing on to Virginia."

Someone had built a fire. People sat about it, dry-

ing their clothes. Most of them were ladies and gentlemen. There was no room for Amanda and Jemmy and Meg.

They found their own place. They lay down on the side of a sandbank and were soon asleep.

They slept the rest of the day and all that night. The morning sun was in their eyes when they woke.

Amanda sat up. She still felt tired, and her back ached. People were up and about. Their voices sounded far away. Beside her, Meg was saying, "There's salt in my eyes."

Jemmy was on his feet. Amanda heard him say, "The little boats went out to the wreck. See what they brought."

She saw the heap of rope and canvas and boxes and barrels on the shore.

"I think one of our chests is there," said Jemmy.

Amanda hoped so. They needed a change of clothing. The clothes they wore were stiff with salt.

A man came by. "Can you clean fish?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. She tried to get up and fell over. He set her on her feet.

She followed him to the flat rocks near the water. She felt as if she were learning to walk again.

There were fish spread out on the rocks. A man came up with another pailful.

"The harbor is full of them," he said.

He gave Amanda a knife, and she split fish and cleaned them.

Robert Waters came up with a pail in his hand. "If anyone is thirsty," he said, "I found pools of rainwater up there in the rocks. And see what else I found."

He showed them the pail nearly full of eggs.

"Almost as big as hen's eggs," he said. "They are from the white birds you see along the shore."

"We'll live like kings here," said an old sailor, "if the devils don't get us first."

"There are wild pigs in the woods," said Robert Waters, "and they have no fear of me. It's like they never saw a man before."

"You saw no devils?" asked the old sailor.

Robert Waters shook his head.

"Since I was a boy, I've heard of the Bermuda devils," said the sailor. "Now I think there are no devils here and never were. Sailors from Spain found these islands long ago. They wanted Bermuda for themselves, so they told tales to keep everyone else away."



Master Waters took the knife from Amanda. "I'll clean fish for a while. Go and have some food."

A kettle was boiling over the fire. The ship's cook stood by with a long spoon in his hand.

Amanda and Jemmy and Meg waited in line. Each one was given a wide, thick leaf from a palm tree. Onto each leaf the cook spooned a piece of fish and two eggs.

They went to the edge of the woods, out of the hot sunlight. Amanda helped Jemmy and Meg take the fish off the bones.

"This is good," said Jemmy. "Isn't it good, Amanda? Is there more?"

"We'll see," she said.

Meg rolled up her leaf and made a nest for her two eggs. "They're pretty," she said.

"Poor little Meggie," said Amanda. "Your dress is all shrunk. It's up to your knees."

"So is yours," said Meg. "You look funny."

"We all look funny," said Jemmy, but no one laughed. They couldn't laugh yet, thought Amanda. They felt beaten and tired. The sound of the storm was still in their ears.



# The Smallest House

Now that they were on land, Sir Thomas Gates was their governor. He set them to work.

They moved away from the harbor where the sun beat down on the sand. They built a village among the trees. Some of the houses were tents. Others were made of rocks, logs, and branches.

The children helped cut the long leaves from palmetto trees and spread them in the sun. When the leaves were dry they were used to make roofs.

Governor Gates told Amanda and Jemmy and Meg, "You are to live with the Hopkins family."

Mistress Hopkins said to Amanda, "I have my

own children to look after. Why must I look after three more?"

"You needn't look after us," said Amanda.

"I must," said Mistress Hopkins, "as long as the governor says we are to share our house with you."

Amanda went to the governor. "If it please you," she said, "my brother and sister and I want to live by ourselves."

"You must live with someone else," he said, "until we can build more houses."

"We can build our own," she said.

"Can you, indeed?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Try if you like," he told her. "You'll find it not so easy."

They cut branches and carried rocks. They began to build their house at the edge of the village, under a cedar tree.

They put up a wall of sticks, rocks, and mud. When it fell over, people laughed.

But others came to help. Before many days the house was done. It was the smallest one in the village, but there was room for them to sleep, and there was a place for their sea chest. They were



proud of their house. Amanda made a broom of palmetto leaves, and she swept the dirt floor every day.

Jemmy said, "We're going to stay here, aren't we?"

"No. We're going to Virginia," said Amanda.

"Some of the men say we're going to stay in Bermuda. They say no one else lives here, and we can have all the land we want and plenty to eat—"

"We're *not* going to stay here," said Amanda. "The sailors are putting a deck on one of the small boats, and it will sail to Virginia."

"How many will *that* hold?" said Jemmy.

"We'll not all be going," Amanda told him. "Only a few will go. Then they'll send a ship back for us."

They went down to the bay where men were at work on the small boat. Master Ravens was there. He was a tall man with great arms and a thick neck. He was to be captain of the boat.

Amanda asked him, "How long will it take you to sail to Virginia?"

"A week," he said. "Maybe two."

"When you see our father, will you tell him we

are safe in Bermuda—Jemmy and Meg and I?”

“That I will,” he said.

“His name is James Freebold.”

“I know,” said Master Ravens. “I’ll not forget.”

The boat sailed late in August. Amanda was there with the others to wave good-bye. The boat looked so small in the great ocean. It looked so very small.

# *A Fire at Night*

On a summer evening Amanda and Jemmy and Meg sat outside their doorway. Amanda was sewing a shirt for Jemmy. Meg was making a hat of green palmetto leaves. Jemmy was rubbing the door knocker with a cloth.

Robert Waters and Chris Carter came by. Bare-footed, with their long black beards, they looked like wild men. They stopped for a look at the lion's head.

"It was in our chest," said Jemmy, "and the salt water made spots on it."

"Shall I take them off for you?" asked Master Carter.

"I can do it," said Jemmy.

The two men went away, but in a little while Master Waters came back alone. "Do you like palmetto berries?"

"Yes," said Jemmy.

"Do you know the place where the men dug the new well? I saw berries on a tree a little farther on."

After Master Waters had gone, Jemmy said, "I'm going to get some berries."

"We'll all go," said Amanda.

They walked through the woods. Meg was skipping.

Amanda asked her, "Where did you learn to skip?"

"I don't know," said Meg. "It just happened to me."

They went as far as the new well and a little farther. They found no palmetto berries, but they found something they had never seen before. It was a big, smooth rock with moss on its sides.

Jemmy climbed up on it and jumped off.

"I want to jump," said Meg.

She climbed the rock. She jumped off and fell into the bushes.

Amanda went to her. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"No," said Meg. She began to pull at her buttons.

"Meg!" said Amanda. "What are you doing?"

"I can't jump in all these clothes." Meg was out of her dress. She kicked off her shoes. Barefooted and in her petticoat, she climbed the rock and stood there.

"Look at me!" she shouted. "I'm a bird!"

She jumped, with her long hair flying.

Amanda looked in wonder. Meg was playing. Here on this island, in the clear, bright air, she had learned to play!

Jemmy was shouting, "I'm a bird, too!" He climbed the rock and jumped after her. Again and again they jumped.

"Come and jump, Amanda," said Jemmy.

"Oh, no," she said. It was such a long time since she had played. She was sure she had forgotten how.

They walked slowly home. The sun was nearly down when they came to their house.

Jemmy looked into the sea chest. "Where is the knocker?"

"Where did you put it?" asked Amanda.

"Back in the chest."



"Are you sure?"

"I *thought* I put it back," he said.

He looked in the grass outside the house. Anne Hopkins came down the path.

"What are you looking for?" she asked.

"My lion's head," he said.

"Maybe someone took it."

"Who?" he asked.

Anne didn't answer.

"Maybe *you* took it," he said.

She pulled her lips in. "Do you think I would ever steal or tell a lie? *I* mean to go to heaven!"

September passed, and part of October.

Every night a fire was lighted on the north tip of the island. It was to guide the ship that would come from Virginia.

But when November came, Admiral Somers said, "We need not light the fire any longer. I fear the boat never reached Virginia. If it had, a ship would have come by now."

# A Quarrel

Winter on the island was like no winter Amanda had ever known before. The days were fair. Warm winds blew in from the sea.

In the north harbor men were building a ship. Part of it was made of wood from the wrecked *Sea Adventure*. Part of it was made of cedar that had been cut on the island.

Almost every evening Amanda and Jemmy and Meg took a walk down to the north harbor to see the ship that was being built.

"It looks like a fish with the bones picked clean," said Jemmy.

There was a long, wooden keel with wooden ribs fastened to it. It *did* look like the bones of a fish, thought Amanda.

Before the ship was finished, Admiral Somers said, "We must build another one."

"Why?" asked the men.

"This ship will not hold all our people and the things we want to take," said the admiral. "And there is another reason. If one ship should be lost, the other might still reach Virginia."

Some of the men were angry. "We have worked hard," they said, "and now more work is put on our shoulders."

A cloud seemed to fall over the island. Men began to meet in small groups. They talked together, and their voices were low and secret.

A quarrel broke out on the north harbor.

Amanda and Jemmy and Meg met Mistress Hopkins outside her house. Mistress Hopkins talked to them about what had happened.

Some of the men said they were tired of building ships. Why should they go to Virginia, they said, when they had a good life here?

"We must go to Virginia," said Admiral Somers.

"The people there need our help, and we were sent to help them."

"Go if you will," said Robert Waters. "Some of us mean to stay."

He and seven others stopped work. They went to live on the other side of the island.

"It doesn't surprise me," said Mistress Hopkins. "Robert Waters was always one to make trouble."

Anne Hopkins was in the doorway.

"Is Master Waters gone?" she asked.

"Yes," said his mother.

"And he isn't coming back?"

"So he says," said Mistress Hopkins.

"Then I can tell," said Anne. "I was afraid of him before, but now I can tell."

"Tell what?" asked her mother.

"He took the lion's head."

"How do you know?" asked Amanda.

"I saw him go into your house while you were gone," said Anne, "and you never saw the lion's head after that."

"Master Waters was good to us," said Amanda. "He helped build our house. I don't believe he would take the door knocker."

"You don't have to believe me," said Anne, "but I know what I saw."

Amanda and Jemmy and Meg went home.

"Do you think Master Waters took the door knocker?" asked Amanda.

"He used to say someone might steal it," said Jemmy. "He used to say he wanted to keep it for me."

"Do you think he has it now?" asked Amanda.

"I don't know," said Jemmy.

# Waiting for Jemmy

One by one the men came back, until only Chris Carter and Robert Waters were left.

Work went on at the north harbor. Both ships were finished.

"We may reach Virginia in a week," said the admiral, "but it could be longer. We must carry enough food and water to last six weeks."

Men began loading the ships with fresh water, pickled eggs, salt fish, and salt pork. Word was given to everyone in the village, "Be ready to sail on the tenth day of May."

"What of Master Waters and Master Carter?" someone asked.

"They chose to stay," said Admiral Somers, "so let them stay."

Two days before the tenth of May, Amanda and Meg got up in the morning to find Jemmy gone.

They were only a little anxious. Sometimes he went to the beach to see the sunrise. Sometimes men took him fishing.

But by evening he had not come home.

Amanda went to Governor Gates. "My brother is gone," she said.

"The boy who likes to roam about the island?" said the governor. "Go home. He may be there now."

But Jemmy did not come home that night.

The next morning Amanda and Meg set out looking for him. They looked along the beach and in the woods.

"This island is too big," said Meg. "There are too many places."

Back in the village, they went from house to house. "Have you seen Jemmy?" asked Amanda. "Will you help us find him?"

People were packing their boxes and sea chests and helping load the ships. Only a few left their

work to look for Jemmy, and they stopped looking when evening came.

"But Jemmy is *lost!*" cried Amanda.

"How can we look in the dark?" said one of the men, and Amanda and Meg were soon left alone.

They went back to their house.

Meg asked, "Will the ships sail tomorrow?"

"I think so," said Amanda.

"Even if Jemmy isn't here?"

"He will be here," said Amanda. "Go to bed."

"Aren't you coming?"

"Not yet," said Amanda.

"I want to stay up with you."

They sat in the doorway. Amanda tried to see out into the night.

"What if Jemmy doesn't come back?" asked Meg.

"Then we'll stay here till we find him."

"But the ships are going tomorrow."

"They will go without us."

"Will they let us stay?"

"If they don't, we can hide," said Amanda. "We can hide till the ships are gone."

"How will we ever get to Virginia?" asked Meg.

"We'll think about that later," said Amanda. "We can't leave Jemmy, can we?"





"No," said Meg. "Amanda, do you hear a sound that's like talking?"

"It's the wind. It makes that sound in the cedar tree." Amanda stood up. "Oh, Meggie, it's so dark out there! If Jemmy did come back, how could he find us?"

She went into the house and felt on top of the sea chest for their one candle. She found it. "Wait here," she said.

Their cook fire was out. She went up the path until she saw a few coals still burning in someone else's cook fire. She knelt by the coals and lighted the candle.

She went back to Meg. She stood in front of the house and held the candle high.

Almost at once she heard footsteps. The candle shook in her hand. She almost dropped it.

"Jemmy?"

It *was* Jemmy. She could see him against the darkness.

"Amanda, I got it," he said.

"What?" she asked.

"The knock-knock," he said.

# *The Other Side of the Island*

It was the tenth of May. The two ships had sailed. From the deck of the larger ship, Amanda and Jemmy and Meg looked back at the island.

"It's nearly gone," said Amanda.

"It looks so little," said Meg.

"It looks little from here," said Jemmy, "but it's a big island. You'd know, if you'd been lost there."

"Tell about being lost," said Meg.

"I told it already."

"You told Amanda. I went to sleep. Now tell me."

So he told his story again. He had gone into the

woods to find Robert Waters. "I knew there wasn't much time before we sailed," he said. "If Master Waters did have my lion's head, I wanted it back."

But he had lost his way. When night came, he had to sleep in the woods.

"In the morning I called and called, and they found me—Master Waters and Master Carter. They took me to their camp. I said I wanted the lion's head. Master Waters said he was keeping it so nobody would take it from me. He said we might get back to England one day, and then we could sell it for money."

"Did you tell him it wasn't gold?" asked Amanda.

"Yes, but he didn't believe me. Master Carter told him to give it back. Master Waters wouldn't, and they started to fight. While they were fighting, I went into the tent and found the knocker. I took it and ran."

Once he had thought Master Waters was after him.

"I hid under a bush," he said. "I hid till after dark; then I came on. I didn't know where I was till I saw the candle out in front of our house."

"Why didn't you tell us where you were going?" asked Amanda.

"I didn't know it would take so long," he said.

"You made us all worry, Jemmy." Yet she was proud of him. Whatever he did, it seemed she was proud of him.

The two ships were crowded. They were more crowded than the *Sea Adventure* had been. But the sea was calm, and the voyage was easy. In less than two weeks, they were in sight of land.

The ships sailed side by side into the waters of a bay.

Captain Newport had sailed these waters before. "Chesapeake Bay," he said.

Amanda saw a rooftop on shore. A flag was flying from it.

"Is it Jamestown?" she asked.

"No," said the captain. "That is the fort on Point Comfort."

They stopped at Point Comfort. Two other ships were there.

Captain Newport and Admiral Somers began to point and talk together in great excitement. The ships they saw were two that had sailed with the *Sea Adventure*!

A man rowed out from shore in a canoe. Sailors

threw him a rope and pulled him aboard.

He was a gray-haired Englishman. "Have you come from England?" he asked.

"From Bermuda," answered the admiral. "I am Admiral Somers, and our ship the *Sea Adventure* was wrecked there."

The man cried out. "This is a great miracle! We thought you were lost!"

"What of the other ships that sailed with us?" asked the admiral.

"All but one came safely to Virginia."

"Where are they now?"

"Gone back to England, except for those you see here, and they will leave soon."

"What of Jamestown?" asked Captain Newport.

The Englishman shook his head. "Ah, there's a sad tale."

Amanda was listening. She drew near.

"There was war between the English and the Indians," the man said. "Our people were ill and starving. It was a terrible winter. Once five hundred of us lived in Jamestown. Now only a handful are left. Some went away into the woods. Some are dead. We hear that more ships are on the way from En-

gland. I pray they will come in time to save our poor colony."

"*We* are here," said Admiral Somers. "Let us go to Jamestown with all speed."

# The Lion's Head

The ships sailed up a river with woods on either side. It was the River James, said Captain Newport.

Amanda and Jemmy and Meg were on deck. Jemmy was watching for Indians. Meg was watching for deer.

"What are you watching for, Amanda?" she asked.

Amanda hardly heard. She was saying over and over to herself, Let Father be safe, let him be well . . .

They came in sight of Jamestown.

"It's on an island," said Master Rolfe.

"*Almost* an island," said the captain.



The town was inside a wall made of tall tree trunks. A few gray rooftops rose above the wall.

Captain Newport shouted through a horn, "Hal-loo!"

Only an echo came back.

A party of men landed just down the river from Jamestown. Amanda watched them make their way along the shore.

"What are they doing?" she asked a sailor.

"They are making sure it is safe for us to land," he answered.

Soon the men were in the town, looking out over the wall. They were making signs to let the captain know there was no danger.

"The river is deep here," said the captain. "We can bring the ships all the way to shore."

The ships came up almost under the wall. Admiral Somers and Captain Newport crossed the plank from their ship to the shore. Ladies and gentlemen began to cross after them.

Amanda and Jammy and Meg waited their turn. Someone made way for them, and they walked across the plank.

On shore, they followed the others to a gate in

the wall. It was open, and they went through. They saw a square of log houses, a church, and a long shed that might have been a storehouse. The roof was off the shed. The church door was broken.

There was an open yard in the middle of the town. A few thin, wild-looking men were there. They had gathered about the admiral and the captain.

Amanda looked quickly at their faces and turned away. She looked into houses, one after another. All were empty.

Halfway around the square she went, looking, looking—

She pushed open the door of a house and drew back. A man was there.

He lay on the floor. His clothes were in rags, and he was so thin the bones of his face stood out.

He was changed. He was so terribly changed, yet she knew him.

“Father,” she said.

He turned toward her. His eyes were staring, and he said something that sounded like, “They’ve gone away!”

“Father, it’s Amanda,” she said.

Still his eyes stared. He didn’t know her. She

wanted to cry out, Look at me! Remember me!

Jemmy and Meg were in the doorway. They came slowly inside.

"Is it Father?" whispered Meg.

"Is it, Amanda?" asked Jemmy.

"Yes, but he doesn't—he doesn't—" She knelt and tried again. "It's Amanda and Jemmy and Meg."

Jemmy came closer. He had taken the lion's head out of his pocket. He was holding it up for Father to see.

And Father saw it! He was *looking*—first at the lion's head, then at their faces. He spoke their names.

"Amanda. Jemmy. Meg."

Amanda dried her eyes on her sleeve. She said to Jemmy and Meg, "Go to the admiral, go to the captain. Ask them to come here, and then you go to the ship. Bring food—anything you can find. Bring water."

They started off.

"Run!" she said.

She took Father's head in her lap. He reached up a hand to her, and she held it. She had thought it might be cold, but it was warm.

She was not afraid now. They were here to care



for him—she and Jemmy and Meg—and help was on the way.

He was looking toward the door. She looked to see what he had seen. Above the door latch was a peg, and Jemmy had hung the knocker there. The lion's head had caught the light and made a brightness in the room.

# Historical Note

On June 2, 1609, the *Sea Adventure*, with eight other ships, sailed from Plymouth, England. The small fleet was bound for Virginia, then an English colony in the New World. Two years before, settlers had founded the village of Jamestown there. Now many were ill, they faced starvation, and they were at war with the natives.

The ships from England were bringing help and supplies. For weeks they sailed together, but on July 23 a storm drove them apart. Three days later the *Sea Adventure* was wrecked off an island in the Bermudas, about six hundred miles from Virginia.

There were men, women, and children on board. All landed safely. In the nine months they lived there, they built two ships, and in May, 1610, they sailed to Virginia. They

brought food from the friendly island—salt fish and pork, palm cabbage, cactus pears, and the pickled eggs of wild birds.

They found Jamestown almost deserted. After the winter of 1609–10, known as the Starving Time, only a few settlers were left. The colonists from Bermuda fed and cared for them. Before the food was gone, three ships came from England with more supplies and new settlers, and Jamestown was saved.

Stories of the *Sea Adventure* were published in England. Some of them were read by a man who wrote plays for the London theater, and he wrote a play about a storm at sea and a shipwreck on an enchanted island. The play was *The Tempest*. The man was William Shakespeare.