

Finley's Treasure Quest
aka The Wrong Sandwich

By Auntie Eleanor

CHAPTER ONE

“**B**ut I asked for a *ham* sandwich!” cried Finley as he looked at the egg sandwich on his tray. How was he supposed to eat an egg sandwich when all morning he had been looking forward to a ham sandwich?

The wrong sandwich was just one of the annoying things that had happened to Finley that morning. He was staying on Robin Ward, Great Ormond Street Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London, England, United Kingdom, Earth, The Solar System, The Milky Way, The Universe. It was a bit like staying in a hotel – except in most hotels, the staff don’t stick a tube up your nose or give you cardboard bowls to be sick in.

Finley hadn’t had a good night’s sleep. He’d had a funny dream about a boy called Bob who lived in the air vent above his room. Finley dreamt that Bob had slid back one of the ceiling tiles and called down to him, telling him that he needed Finley’s help. Finley had woken up feeling very strange after this dream, and it meant that when he had a game of football with his daddy, he’d lost concentration and his daddy had won 23-18. And now this egg sandwich was the last straw.

Finley was six years old and came from a town called Haywards Heath. He had a little brother called Jacob, who looked like a perfect angel but was really a cheeky scamp and got away with a lot because he had big brown eyes and a sweet smile.

Finley and Jacob had a funny dog called Dexter, who looked and sounded like a normal dog but was actually a champion tree-climber. Sometimes when the whole family was asleep, Dexter would sneak out of the house and climb the tallest tree in Haywards Heath, looking out at the snoozing town below and chuckling softly to himself. Then he would climb down, trot home and flop down into bed next to Finley's mummy, whacking her with his tail and causing her to mutter in her sleep: "Pesky dog."

One of the better things about life on Robin Ward was that sometimes a magician popped into Finley's room. And as luck would have it, this morning the magician popped his head round the door to see if Finley fancied a trick or two.

"I don't suppose you can turn an egg sandwich into a ham sandwich?" Finley asked the magician, who was called Magic Mike (when Finley's mummy was told they might be getting a visit from Magic Mike, she was a little bit disappointed when a conjurer appeared).

"Sure can!" said Mike, and with a wave of his magic wand he not only produced a ham sandwich but a large bag of Quavers and a cola Calippo. Finley was very happy and wolfed down his lunch. He was so full he decided to snuggle down into bed for a while. Finley's daddy was so exhausted from winning the football match 23-18 that he decided to have forty winks too. Father and son each let out a comforting whizz-pop and settled down for a nap.

CHAPTER TWO

Finley was in the middle of a nice dream where he was bouncing on a trampoline with his cousin Daisy when he heard a scraping sound coming from above his head. He looked up and there was Bob again, peeping down at him through a gap in the ceiling tiles. Bob was rather scruffy looking, with a mess of brown curls and grubby cheeks. Finley guessed he was about nine years old.

“Hello there my old mucker,” said Bob to Finley, who really couldn’t be sure if he was awake or dreaming. “I really do need your help. The GOSH goblins have got me locked up in this air vent and they won’t let me out until I find the treasure. It’s rumoured to be hidden somewhere deep down below this hospital.”

“But how can I help?” asked a confused Finley.

“Well, I’m glad you asked that, my old mucker,” replied Bob, who seemed to like using the phrase ‘my old mucker.’ “To find the treasure you must collect a set of clues and solve a riddle. I’ve heard you’re really good at riddles, so I thought you were the best person to ask.”

“Hmm. I *am* quite good a riddles,” Finley pondered. “And there’s not much else happening on Robin Ward at the moment. Rightyho then Bob, I’ll help you. Where do I find my first clue?”

Bob told Finley to quietly clamber out of bed and look at the wall of plug sockets and electric switches that were behind the bed. Finley saw the red button that you had to press in an emergency, and he saw the

button that you pressed when you needed a nurse to come and help you with something. But down at the very bottom of the panel he spotted a button he'd never noticed before. It was round and shiny and looked like a gold coin.

“That’s the one!” cried Bob in an excited whisper. “Press it!”

Finley wasn’t sure what he was letting himself in for, but he put on his slippers, grabbed his Minecraft rucksack, glanced over to check his daddy was still napping (he was – and he did a little snore to prove it), then took a deep breath and thought: “Here goes!” He pressed the button.

CHAPTER THREE

Everything went black. A ferocious whooshing sound whistled through Finley's ears and he felt tingly all over. Just as he was wondering if he really should have listened to a stranger who lived in an air vent, there was a flash of light and Finley found himself in the middle of a forest.

"Well, this is a bit of a change of scene from Robin Ward," he shrugged. Because Finley was a pretty brave boy, and suddenly being transported from a hospital room to a forest, thanks to a mysterious gold button, wasn't the kind of thing that threw him off his stride.

He saw a path through the trees and decided to follow it. Soon enough, Finley could hear voices. It sounded like two men having an argument.

"You idiot, Terry!" shouted one voice. "*You're*the idiot, Andy!" shouted the reply. Finley couldn't work out where the voices were coming from because he couldn't see anyone. It took a moment for him to realise they were coming from above his head and he looked up, just in time to see a medium-sized shark falling out of an enormous tree and heading straight for him! He leapt out of the way and the shark landed with a SPLAT! right at Finley's feet.

"That was a close one!" he laughed (we told you he was brave), before he saw two faces appear in the braches above him. He could then make out a big treehouse, a *very*big treehouse – in fact, if Finley had to

guess he would think it was approximately 213 storeys high – that was up the same very big tree that the shark had fallen out of.

“Sorry about that mate!” called one of the men – Finley worked out he must be Andy.

“You nearly got turned into a pancake by that shark didn’t you?” shouted the one Finley knew must be Terry. “I told Andy it wasn’t a good idea to install a trampoline in our shark tank. He’s an idiot. Hold on a sec, we’ll come down.”

Finley imagined it must be a lot of fun living in a big treehouse with a shark tank in it, even if you did get called an idiot a lot. Terry and Andy soon appeared in a door at the bottom of the tree, and shook hands with Finley. They had a nice chat about treehouses until Finley remembered his quest and Terry and Andy remembered they had to look after a certain shark, who was sitting on the forest floor nursing a rather large bump to the head.

Terry and Andy produced a winch and, hooking a rope around the shark, started hoisting it back up to the shark tank in the treehouse – with a lot of arguing and calling each other idiots. As the shark swung above his head, Finley noticed there were two letters drawn on the underside of the shark’s belly – the letter A and the letter M.

“That’s funny, we’ve never noticed that before,” exclaimed Terry as he went back into the treehouse. “Oh, and Finn? If you see a bloke called Mr Big Nose coming our way, please can you stall him? He’s our publisher and we’re late for our book deadline. Thanks mate.”

“Okey dokey,” said Finley as he waved goodbye to Terry and Andy. He opened his Minecraft rucksack and took out his notepad and pencil. “I think those letters on the shark must be clues,” he thought to himself, and wrote down an A and an M. “I’d better keep going and look for the next one.”

Our hero continued walking along the woodland path, deep in thought. It was only when he heard the crack of a foot on a twig up ahead that he realised a man was coming towards him. A man with a big nose. And we’re talking a really, *really* big nose.

“Excuse me,” said the man, whose nose was so big it was rather distracting. “Do you know the way to a very large treehouse with a shark tank in it?”

“Yes,” grinned Finley, pointing in the opposite direction to where Terry and Andy lived. “It’s that way.”

CHAPTER FOUR

*T*he trees in the forest started to thin out, and Finley thought he could hear the sound of roaring waves.

Sure enough, the wood soon came to an end and young Finn found himself on a patch of scrubby grass with seagulls circling overhead. After the grass ahead there was... nothing. Feeling just the *tiniest* bit nervous he walked as far as he could and then peered over. With a gulp, he realised he was standing on top of a *verysteep* cliff, and way down below him was the whirling sea, crashing around a set of extremely jagged-looking rocks.

“Yikes,” said Finley aloud. “What do I do now?”

“Jump!” said a voice right next to Finley’s ear – which, as you can imagine, did indeed make him jump and give him a bit of a fright. Just a little bit. It would give anyone a fright, really, to be stood alone on a clifftop when there’s suddenly a voice in your ear. He turned and saw an enormous seagull perched on the grass next to him.

“The name’s Elvis,” said the seagull. “And do you know what? In ancient seagull folklore there’s a story about a brave young six-year-old who jumps off this cliff and defeats the kraken who rules the ocean below.”

“Hmm, no I didn’t know that,” replied Finley, who was a very intelligent boy but he hadn’t covered ancient seagull folklore at school yet. “But I can’t just jump into the sea. It’s such a long way. What if I hit those rocks? And if I go underwater looking for a squid, how will I breathe? And how exactly do I defeat it?”

“Look I haven’t got all the answers,” shrugged Elvis. “Why don’t you just jump and see what happens?”

Finley considered his options. He could traipse back through the forest, which could take hours and lead nowhere. Or he could listen to a talkative seagull that he’d only just met.

He took a deep breath and thought: “Here goes!” And he jumped off the cliff.

As Finn sailed through the air, catching dizzying glimpses of the cliff face, the extremely jagged-looking rocks and the thrashing waves, he wondered briefly if he had made the right decision. But there wasn’t any time for regrets as, with a gigantic PLOP! he splashed into the sea, narrowly missing the most jagged-looking of all the rocks.

He somersaulted through the water, spinning and churning in the waves, and wondered momentarily if this was what being in a washing machine was like. But then everything started to calm and quieten. He looked down and realised he was now, somehow, wearing a drysuit and flippers. Over his shoulder he could see two enormous air tanks on his back, and as he felt round his face with his (only slightly shaky) hands, he could make out a mask and a mouthpiece.

Wow! In all that commotion, he had somehow put on a full diving kit! If that was Magic Mike's doing, he was an ever better magician than Finley realised. In fact, there were so many magical things going on that Finley thought to himself: "I think maybe I *am* the famous six-year-old from ancient seagull folklore. Where's this kraken that Elvis was talking ab....?"

And there it was. An enormous, bulbous head rose slowly from behind a row of coral. Giant black eyes the size of frying pans peered at Finley (who was, if we're honest, a bit on the jittery side now) and then gargantuan tentacles, tree-trunk thick and ten times the length of a six year old boy slid into view.

"And I'm supposed to be the one to defeat this mighty squid?" gulped Finley. But then he saw the kraken appeared to be smiling.

"Hello!" boomed the squid in what sounded like a Cornish accent. "Please don't hurt me. Everyone is scared of me and I'm ever so lonely. I've been hoping one day someone would come along who would just be my friend. And you *do* look very friendly."

Finley breathed out a huge sigh of relief (which isn't easy when you're wearing diving equipment). He was pretty sure he *could* have defeated this monster – but making friends with him seemed far less bother. The boy and the giant squid – whose name was Roger, it turned out – chatted about this and that and discovered that they both loved eating mussels. And the dough balls from Pizza Express. Then with a start, Finley remembered his quest.

“I don’t suppose you know anything about a clue, do you?” he asked.

“Of course!” bellowed Roger, and with that he squirted a vast plume of ink into the water. As Finley watched on, agog, the ink formed the letters E and D, which bobbed and swayed with the current. Then, with a last giant blast of ink, Roger the kraken was gone.

CHAPTER FIVE

Finley swam about a bit, reminding himself to add the letters E and D to his notepad (and thinking this was becoming quite an unusual day). As the ink around him cleared, a gigantic shadow loomed above him. It looked like an enormous ship.

Finn was relieved as, even though he knew he had air tanks, he wasn't sure if even magic air tanks could last forever. This ship looked like a good way out of his watery predicament – especially when he saw an anchor the size of a trampoline being lowered through the waves right next to him.

He swam over to the anchor's hefty chain and, kicking off his flippers, climbed onto it. It was covered in seaweed so it was a rather slimy chain to climb, but there were also some big barnacles clinging on that made quite good footholds. After an exhausting last heave, his head popped above the sea he could finally glimpse the entire ship in all its glory. Finley took in its camouflaged flank, painted greyish greeny blue.

"I know this ship!" he exclaimed. "It's HMS Belfast!"

He shimmied up the rest of the anchor's chain, and, using a handily placed porthole and a length of rope that had been carelessly left dangling, he swung himself like a slippery monkey onto the ship's deck. As his feet touched the deck, his diving equipment vanished and he was back in his tracksuit bottoms, t-shirt and

slippers. His air tanks magically morphed back into his Minecraft rucksack, so he quickly wrote down E and D in his notebook and was just wondering if this day could get any weirder when he heard a voice.

“Ahoy there!” said a jolly-looking sailor perched right at the end of one of the ship’s colossal, protruding guns. Now Finn was a very brave boy, but he wouldn’t have been *totally* confident sitting on a gun like that.

“I’m Tom Taylor – but I’m not a tailor, I’m a sailor,” grinned the jolly-looking man, who had a beard that was so thick and bushy, Finley couldn’t be one hundred per cent sure there wasn’t a bird nesting in it. “We’ve got a bit of a problem that I was hoping you might help me with? This gun of ours is blocked and we need someone small and courageous to climb in and unblock it.”

The thought of climbing inside a gun of one of the Royal Navy’s most prized warships was too tempting an offer for Finley to refuse. “No problemo!” he shouted and, via a series of ladders (both up and down), some high up doorways, low down crawl spaces and a lot of rope bridges, he popped up right next to Tom Taylor the Sailor on the gun turret.

The pair shook hands and had a nice chat about the crucial part that HMS Belfast played in D-Day (which of course Auntie Eleanor *is* an expert on, but there just isn’t time for the ins and outs of D-Day here), before getting back to the matter in hand.

“Right, young fella me lad,” said Tom Taylor the Sailor. “There’s the gun. Just need you to remove that blockage. Thanks ever so. Off you go.”

Finn looked down the dark, narrow barrel of the gun and considered what he’d already survived that day. He took a deep breath and thought: “Here goes!” He climbed into the gun.

If it had looked dark and narrow from the outside, it was even darker and narrower inside. Our hero had to make himself as skinny as possible and wriggle along it like a blond-haired worm. He inched forward with his arms outstretched and his fingers feeling about in front.

Clang! His left forefinger hit something wedged tightly into space above his head. He gave it a light knock and whatever the blockage was, it was certainly metal.

“I wonder,” thought Finley, “If it’s an old shell that didn’t get fired, back in the war?”

He had never actually *felt* an HMS Belfast World War Two shell in complete darkness with his fingertips, but Finn soon made his mind up that the blockage was exactly that. He gave it a push, and it moved a millimetre. So he gave it a bigger shove, and it moved a centimetre. So he gave it an absolutely almighty heave and, with an ear-splitting BANG! the shell flew out of the gun... with Finley Relf clinging to the back of it.

“Now this is a turn-up for the books,” thought Finley as he soared through the air like a six year old missile. “If I hang on to the shell and it explodes, I might blow up with it. But if I let go, where will I crash land?”

As he pondered his fate, he rocketed past a large sign that once said 'London' but was so faded, only the letters L and O were still visible. Finley was just wondering if that was his next clue when there was a colossal BOOM! and everything went black.

CHAPTER SIX

“**B**OIIIIINNNG!” Finley landed on something pillowy and bounced straight back up into the air again. He glanced around him and could make out some kind of strange trampoline, that was red and white striped. After another boing! he realised the trampoline was sloped – and after one final boing! he slid down the slope and plopped onto – luckily – what turned out to be nice soft grass below. He looked up and realised he’d actually been bouncing on the roof of a red and white striped circus tent – and it was from that roof that he’d just slid.

He looked around and his jaw dropped open. *Everything* he could see was red and white striped. There were people walking around in red and white clothes. Around the circus tent were red and white deckchairs flapping in the breeze. An ice cream van sold red and white striped ice creams – which made Finn feel a little bit hungry – and some elegant-looking ladies walked past him carrying red and white striped parasols.

“I know where I am!” grinned Finley, as a dog wearing glasses, a bobble hat and a red and white striped t-shirt panted past him. “And I know just who to find for my next clue. He’s got a red and white stripey jumper, blue jeans, glasses, a bobble hat just like that dog was wearing, and a walking stick.”

Not wanting to waste a moment, Finley hurriedly took out his notepad from his Minecraft rucksack. He wrote down the letters L and O from the sign he'd seen while zooming through the air from HMS Belfast, and put the notepad away. Now for the next clue.

But finding the person he knew he had to find proved rather troublesome. You see, *everywhere* that Finley looked he saw red and white stripes, but they weren't on the right person. It was extremely confusing.

He left the circus area and found a busy shopping street, which had a barber's shop with a gigantic red and white pole outside. A dentist's surgery had a great big picture of a toothbrush with red and white striped toothpaste in the window. There was a café with red and white tablecloths and a sweet shop with a billowing red and white awning. Everyone was wearing a red dress or white trousers or a striped vest or a bobble hat and Finn *kept* thinking he could see the chap he was looking for, but it turned out to be someone who looked just like him.

He stopped to watch a juggler who was putting on a magnificent show, juggling precious-looking red and white vases, when from the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of a walking stick. There, half hidden by a red phone box, was a man with a red and white stripey jumper, blue jeans, a shock of brown hair peeping out from under a bobble hat, big round glasses and a wide smile.

"Wally!" Finley called as he ran over. "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

“I’ve heard that I’m quite a hard man to find,” laughed Wally – for that was his actual name, Finley wasn’t just calling him a wally – and he and Finn shook hands. They had a nice chat about Finley’s adventures so far, and Wally explained how strange it was that no matter where he went on his own adventures – the world of the Aztecs, or onto a pirate ship, or to Hollywood for example – everyone seemed to look oddly like him.

They each enjoyed a delicious strawberry and vanilla milkshake (it was red and white striped, would you believe) before Finley thought he’d better get back to his treasure quest. Poor Bob in the ceiling must be wondering where he’d got to.

“I don’t suppose you’ve got a clue for me, have you Wally?” asked our hero as he slurped the last of his milkshake through his stripy straw.

“Well, all I can say is, I think it’s probably time for you to ‘GO!’” grinned Wally with a cheery wave. The red and white world started to swim and swirl and blur around Finn, who began to feel a bit dizzy. He wondered briefly if this was what it might be like to be in a washing machine where you’ve mixed up your white and red clothes, before it all got too wobbly. He took a deep breath and thought: “Here goes!” and closed his eyes.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Gradually the world steadied around Finley and he could feel hot sun on his face. He opened his eyes and surveyed his new surroundings. He stood on a dry patch of dusty ground that stretched away from him, before a giant lake took over, which was ringed with clumps of trees. Beyond the lake and in the distance to his left and right were massive, imposing mountains that loomed up from the ground like stony giants, with enormous boulders scattered everywhere, like the giants had been playing bowls.

“Where on earth have I ended up now?” Finley wondered aloud. But before he started exploring, he knew he had to update his notebook. He took it out of his Minecraft rucksack and thought back to the last thing Wally had said to him: ‘Go!’

“So that must be my clue,” decided Finn, and he wrote down the letters G and O. Then he put his notepad away, slung his Minecraft rucksack onto his back and, just as he trotted off to investigate this new world, a shadow fell across him. He turned around and gulped.

There, standing right behind him, looking a little bit cross, was a hulking great triceratops. The dinosaur stared at Finley. Finley stared back at the dinosaur. Its two long, protruding horns cast a shadow on each side of Finn’s head. Its third horn, a menacing short spike, was almost within touching distance – but Finley wasn’t sure if it was a good idea to go around touching triceratops’ horns. Its bony frill flared up around the horns like a threatening mane.

All in all it *could* have been a truly terrifying situation. But, as Finley stood looking up at this immense beast, he recalled all the facts he knew about dinosaurs. And he knew that a triceratops was a herbivore, so he *wouldn't* be interested in eating six year old boys. And indeed, the dinosaur was starting to look less cross and more friendly.

"I've been waiting for you for millions of years!" exclaimed the triceratops in what sounded like an American accent. "I'm Tony. Fancy having a look around? This is the..."

"Cretaceous period," interrupted Finley, who really did know an awful lot about dinosaurs. He was just wondering how he would manage to take a stroll with an animal that absolutely towered over him, when Tony leant forward and really got very close to Finley indeed. "Hop on!" he cried and scooped Finn up with his smaller front horn. Finn was flicked right up in the air, before doing an impressive somersault and landing right on Tony's forehead. He put one leg either side of Tony's big horns and leant back against his scaly frill. It was a bit like going for a ride on his daddy's shoulders, but *way* higher, *way* scasier and *way* cooler.

Finley and Tony had a nice chat about life in the Cretaceous period and Finley asked Tony all the questions he'd ever had about dinosaurs. Then Finley tried to explain Roblox to Tony, but he didn't really get it.

They wandered over to the lake and, as a gang of scrawny-looking velociraptors bounded across the plain beyond them, Tony reached up into the trees and pulled down some leaves to eat. He offered Finley a leaf, but Finn wasn't that keen on leaves (give him a packet of Frazzles any day). He did, however, ask Tony to

break him off a stick because he knew his little brother Jacob liked sticks, and would *really* like a stick from the Cretaceous period.

Finley was just musing on the fact that the stick Tony had broken off for him looked a bit like the letter N when there was a disconcerting thump. And then another one. Thump thump thump. The ground beneath them was reverberating and Tony had gone worryingly quiet.

“Is that what I think it is...?” asked Finley in a trembling voice. “Well, um, I hate to alarm you but...” stalled Tony. “Yes, I think it may well be a...”

“TTTTTTTTTTTT REXXXXXXXXXXX!” they yelled together and there, emerging from a cluster of trees further round the lake, thundered the almighty Tyrannosaurus.

“Hold on tight!” shouted Tony and he set off, racing away from the lake and towards the mountains. Finley was being bounced around like a ping pong ball on Tony’s forehead. He wrapped his legs as tightly as he could around each horn and reached up over his head to cling onto Tony’s frill. His limbs ached and he wasn’t sure how much longer he could hold on. Tony huffed and puffed beneath him, and Finn could tell he was tiring. He looked over his shoulder and could see the powerful T-Rex was gaining on them.

“You can’t keep carrying me!” Finley yelled down to Tony. “You’ll be faster on your own!”

“But what about you, buddy?” wheezed the triceratops.

“I’ll survive!” shouted back Finley who, let’s not forget, had been fired into numerous different dimensions today and didn’t have a scratch on him.

“Good luck my friend!” gasped Tony and, as they reached the foot of the mountain, whipped his head upwards and catapulted Finley into the air. Finley did several somersaults this time and landed with a WHUMPH! in the top of a tree which, he was relieved to notice, had thick glossy leaves and not too many sharp branches.

Finley waved goodbye to Tony as the triceratops careered off round the mountain, with the T-Rex hot on his heels. He crossed his fingers that his friend would make it (but, if he was completely honest, he was a *tiny* bit disappointed that he didn’t get to witness a fight between a triceratops and a Tyrannosaurus Rex).

But he had a mission to complete, and there wasn’t time for him to be eaten by history’s most infamous carnivore.

Our brave hero realised he still had the N-shaped stick in his hand, so while sitting in his treetop lookout, he put the stick into his Minecraft rucksack and took out his notepad. He wrote down the letter N and looked at all the clues he’d gathered.

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What did it mean? Was it an anagram? And what about the riddle Bob had told him about?

Gathering his Minecraft rucksack he climbed down the tree and, checking there was definitely no sign of that T-Rex, he set off up the mountain to get the best view of his surroundings and work out where to head next. He was just wondering if that was a pterosaur he could see flying over the lake in the distance, when there was a rumbling noise and the mountain beneath him shook.

The rumbling grew louder and the shaking grew stronger. Finley came to the worrying realisation that it wasn't a mountain he was climbing, it was a volcano. And that volcano was erupting!

There were wisps of smoke, which quickly turned into plumes, churning and chuffing into the air above him. Clouds of ash shot from the volcano's mouth and then suddenly, like one catastrophic, thunderous and absolutely evil-smelling sulphuric burp, the volcano spewed a jet of red-hot lava high up into the sky.

Finley had never stood on the side of a volcano as it erupted before. And he wasn't really sure what to do. The lava was going to make its way down the side of the volcano and towards him pretty quickly. He spotted a large boulder a little way off and decided that was his best option. Flinging an arm across his face to protect his eyes he sprinted through the ash and smoke and dived behind the boulder.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Rocks and lumps of molten lava dropped from the sky and fell around him. He could see boiling rivers of lava flowing downhill, creeping towards him. He'd been in some sticky situations already today, but this was probably the stickiest. If it was going to be a six-year-old versus an erupting volcano, he didn't fancy his chances.

Flakes of ash cascaded through the air, some no bigger than a ladybird, some like sheets of blackened paper. One extra big flake fluttered and settled on Finley's foot. He went to kick it off, but then spotted there was writing on it. He picked it up and inspected it. There, in his hand, was a piece of charred parchment and through the smoggy, gassy fumes Finley could just make out a riddle.

"I am a beast from prehistoric days

I prowled the oceans, dominating the waves

My name means 'big tooth', mine were way bigger than yours

I could crush entire whales in my gargantuan jaws

I've died out now, but my legend will remain

And fans of dinosaurs all know my name

To my foes I was deadly to take on

I am an ancient predator called the _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ”

Finley stared at the riddle. He whipped out his notepad and looked at all the letters he'd collected. A smile spread across his face. He'd done it. He'd worked out the riddle. Finley shouted the magic word aloud and there was that whooshing sound in his ears again and he felt tingly. Then there was a blinding flash of light.

He was back in his room on Robin Ward. And there, standing in front of him, was Bob. Bob wasn't in the ceiling, he was right there in the room, in all his scruffy glory.

"I knew you'd do it Finn, me old mucker!" cried Bob and gave his friend an engulfing bear hug. "You did it! You solved the magic riddle and freed me from the air vent!"

Finley's head was spinning. He'd been to all these magical lands, and had so many hair-raising adventures. He'd met Terry and Andy, Elvis the seagull, Roger the giant squid, Tom Taylor the Sailor, Wally, and finally Tony the triceratops. But how much time had passed? He looked over and his daddy was still there, dozing on his bed and letting out the odd sneaky whizz-pop.

“You were so quick!” exclaimed Bob, as if reading Finn’s mind. “You’ve only been gone an hour! But now I’m free from the ceiling, we’ve got to go and find the hidden treasure before the GOSH goblins do. And, because of your brilliance, I know just where to start looking.”

Finley and Bob sneaked out of his room and peered down the corridor. There was hardly anyone about so they hid behind a food trolley and scuttled to the door. Just as Rose the nurse was thinking: “That’s strange, I thought I just saw a trolley full of egg sandwiches moving all by itself” they were out of the door and racing down the staircase.

Bob led the way as the pair ran outside to the Reef playground. He headed straight for the treasure chest that was next to Minnie Mouse. Breathless with excitement, the boys scanned the treasure chest and Finley shouted: “There!”

Among the pretend money and jewels was a coin that looked different to the others. It was big and round and seemed to glow with an eerie gold light, just like the one Finley had pressed by his bed when this crazy adventure began.

Bob and Finley both put their fingers on the coin. They looked at each other, took a deep breath and said: “Here goes.” The top of the chest flipped up and the front of it swung open to reveal the top of a glossy red slide, which led down into complete darkness. Those brave boys didn’t hesitate for a second before clambering up and launching themselves down the slide.

CHAPTER NINE

Finley had been on plenty of slides before, but none quite like this. Usually you can see where a slide ends but this one just kept on going. Down he flew with Bob, spiralling round and round in the pitch black, with their excited whoops the only sound.

And then 'CRASH!' They shot off the bottom of the slide and landed in a tangled heap. When Finley had unhooked his leg from around Bob's elbow and Bob had extracted his head from Finley's armpit, the boys stared around them in wonder.

They were in a cave. A ginormous cave, that glittered and sparkled and shimmered with riches. There were gold and silver coins, rubies, emeralds, diamonds and sapphires. There were crowns and tiaras and rings and necklaces and strings of pearls. There were gold bars and goblets and jewelled swords.

"My old mucker, I think we've found the hidden treasure!" winked Bob.

The boys had a wonderful time jumping around in the cave, unearthing new finds and gasping at the hoard. They started to fill their pockets and the Minecraft rucksack with as much as they could carry, listing all the things they were going to buy, when Finley stopped.

“Wait,” he said. “We can’t just take this treasure. Don’t you think it’s buried under Great Ormond Street for a reason? There are loads of people up above us, in that hospital, who could use this. We should share it with everybody.”

Bob knew Finley was right. They emptied all the plunder from their pockets and the Minecraft rucksack – but then they were faced with a rather big question. The slide was far too big and slippery to climb up. How on earth were they going to get out of there?

The boys searched the cave. They lifted up chests and rummaged through piles of coins. They discovered priceless telescopes and compasses, encrusted with gems. And then, at exactly the same time, on opposite sides of the cave, they each found an identical door.

The doors were cut into the rock of the cave wall and each one had a big brass ring to open it. Finley had a funny feeling that one door led to something good, and one led to something bad. But which was which?

Bob had exactly that same feeling and made a suggestion. “Shall we toss a coin?” he asked, picking up a particularly shiny gold one that was lying at the top of a pile nearby. One side of the coin glinted with emeralds and the other with rubies. “Red or green?” he asked, to which Finley replied: “Green.”

Bob tossed the coin high up into the air and it landed with a clatter, green gemstones facing up. “That settles it,” declared Finley, and Bob scrambled over to his side of the cave. Finley turned the brass ring and

the boys pressed their shoulders to the door, heaving themselves against it. They took a deep breath, looked at each other and said: "Here goes!" With a low, spine-chilling creak, the door opened.

CHAPTER TEN

Blackness. Bob and Finley stepped through the door and couldn't see a thing. After all the shimmering light of the treasure, it took a moment for their eyes to grow accustomed to darkness again. But gradually they could make out a narrow stone corridor cut through the rock, which they could walk along if they stooped. The walls were damp and the air was dank – Finley knew they were very far below the ground.

But up ahead he could just make out some steps. They were rough and uneven, but they led upwards. “This must be the way out!” he cried, with more conviction than he felt. What if it was leading them to danger? He shrugged. He'd escaped a T-Rex. This staircase wasn't going to defeat him.

Bob and Finley climbed the stairs. It was dark, slippery, exhausting and all a bit nerve-racking, but the brave duo powered on and on. They sweated and grunted, but gradually the air began to smell fresher and they knew they were getting higher, and closer to ground level.

Finley, who was in front, eventually saw a light ahead, which gave him a renewed burst of energy. He clambered up the last few steps and POP! His head was above the ground. He blinked at the sudden sunlight and squinted around him. He was flabbergasted to see they were right next to the Peter Pan statue at the entrance to Great Ormond Street hospital.

Finley jumped out onto the grass, and then helped Bob out. They gave each other a congratulatory high-five. And then they marched up to the reception desk and said: “Er... we’ve got something you might be interested in...”

THE END... OR IS IT?

EPILOGUE

You may be wondering: ‘But what about that other door, the one they chose not to go through?’ Good question. That door led to an absolutely vast cave, twenty times the size of the one where Finley and Bob had found the treasure. It was filled with salt water – so much water, in fact, that it was the equivalent of a great, deep, dark ocean. And lurking at the bottom of this huge dark ocean, inside this huge dark cave, deep under Great Ormond Street Hospital, swam the last ever Megalodon. And it was a very hungry Megalodon – so if Bob and Finley had opened that door they would have fallen straight to their doom and become the Meg’s lunch.

So Finley, that brave six-year-old with a love of adventure and all things prehistoric, never did see the awesome and terrifying Megalodon. But he lived to tell his incredible tale. And he made many difficult lives much easier with all the treasure he shared out.

And Jacob was delighted with his stick.

THE END. THE ACTUAL END.

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