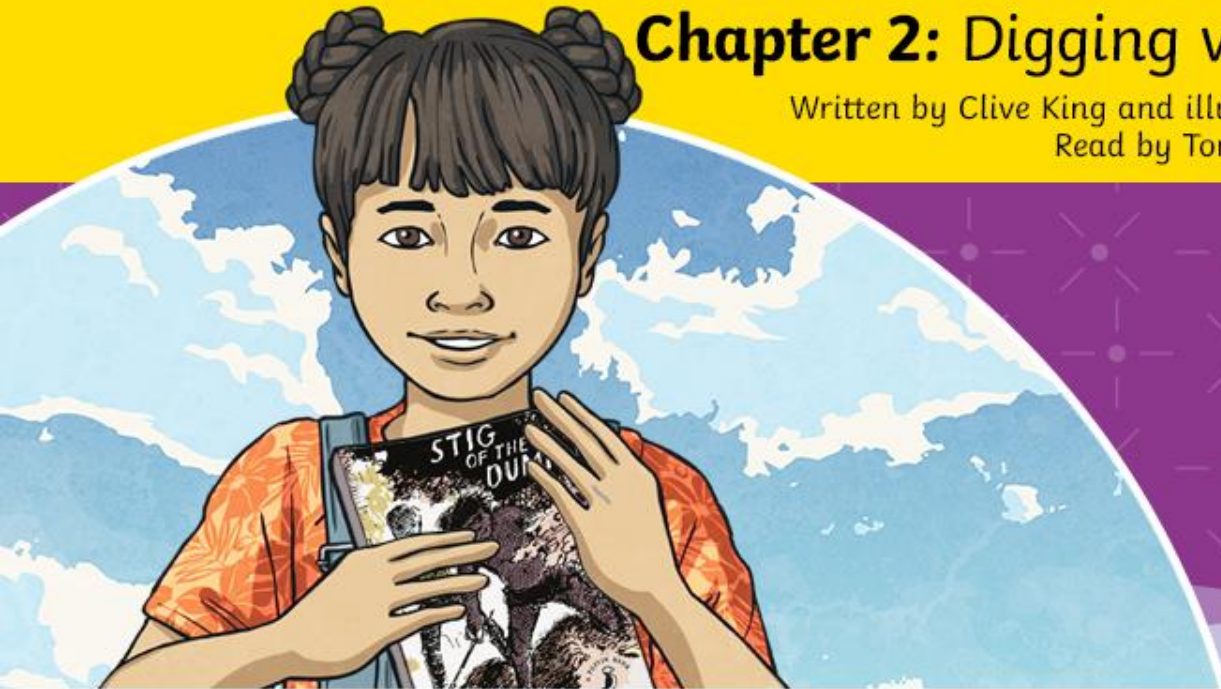


Stig of the Dump

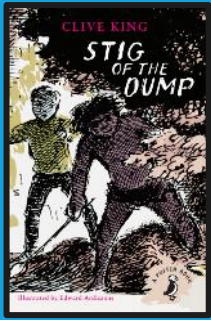
Chapter 2: Digging with Stig (Part Three)

Written by Clive King and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone
Read by Tony Robinson



Puffin Schools





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

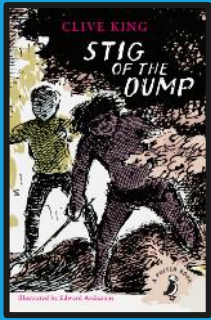
Another day he'd have to find some more tins and jam-jars to send down. He hoped Stig liked them. They would come in useful for – for – well, things like that always came in useful. If you kept them long enough. By the time he got to the den, Stig had untangled the truck from the tree, and was squatting looking at it, and at the tins and jam-jars. And then Barney wondered what they were going to do with them.

'These are jam-jars, Stig,' he explained. 'Jam and marmalade come in them, and you can use them for keeping stuff in them – rice and coffee and things like that.' But did Stig want to keep rice and coffee in his den?

Page 1

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

'And these are tins. They're empty of course, but you get all sorts of things in tins. Peaches and baked beans. You have to open them with an opener like this.'

He took out of his pocket a tin-opener which he usually carried about with him. It was the sort with a butterfly handle which you had to turn. Just to show, he fitted it on to the bottom of one of the empty tins and twisted the handle. The opener crept round the edge of the tin, the blade ploughed into the metal at the bottom, and soon the shiny round disc of metal came loose.

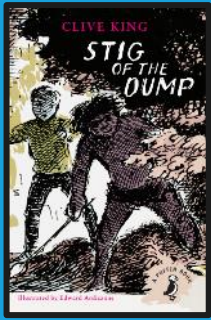
Stig was fascinated. He looked at the flat round piece of tin which had been the bottom, he looked at the empty tube which was all that was left of the rest of it. And he took the tin-opener from Barney and turned the handle, but he couldn't make it out.

Previous

Page 2

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

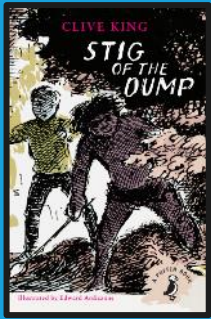
'It's quite easy, Stig. Look!' and Barney took another tin, fitted the opener on the bottom, and showed him how to work it. And there was another round plate and another tin tube. Then Stig had to have a go, and they started on a third.

One of the tins had been rather flattened, but it gave Barney an idea for how it might be used. He took it, left Stig with the others, and towed the truck into the den and along to the place where Stig had been digging at the chalk. There was quite a lot of loose rubble lying about there, and Barney set to work to shovel it into the truck with the flattened tin. It was certainly better than using his hands, though it wasn't quite the right sort of shovel-shape yet.

Previous

Page 3

Next



Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

He hammered at it with an unbroken flint-stone and made it into quite a handy scoop, like the sort the village grocer used for shovelling sugar into little paper bags.

He toiled away until the truck was heaped full. It held much more chalk than the tin bath, and because of its wheels he could pull it away quite easily. 'Look, Stig!' he said as he went past where Stig was sitting. 'Look at all the chalk I've loaded.' But Stig seemed too busy to notice. Barney wheeled the truck along to the place where they were now dumping the chalk, and tipped out his load. Then he ran back to the den, with the truck bouncing along empty behind him.

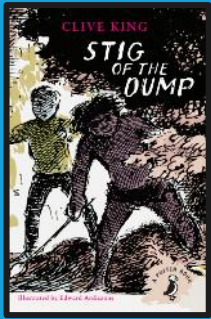
When he got back, Stig was sitting there surrounded by round plates of tin and empty tubes, and just in the act of taking the bottom out of the last tin.

Previous

Page 4

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

‘Stig, what are you doing?’ exclaimed Barney. ‘You’ve spoiled all the tins now! You can’t keep things in tins with no bottoms!’ He was really quite annoyed. What was the use of a lot of tin tubes with no ends? Stig sat there playing with them. He seemed to have the idea of fitting one inside the other, but that wouldn’t work because they were all exactly the same size. However, one of them that had got a bit pinched did fit into another, which seemed to please him a lot.

Barney thought it was a bit childish of Stig to sit there playing, like a baby with plastic bricks, when there was all that work to be done. But Stig went on seriously worrying over the problem of fitting them together. He found that by pinching together the end of a tin he could make it fit into the next one, and soon he had four or five fitted together like a length of stove-pipe.

Previous

Page 5

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

Stove-pipe! Barney knew there was something Stig needed badly. 'You are clever, Stig!' he said. 'You've made a chimney!' Stig looked blank. He didn't know he needed a chimney. He didn't know what a chimney was. Certainly he'd made one, but if it hadn't been for Barney he wouldn't have known.

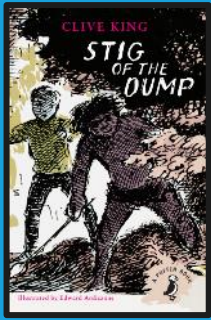
Working together, they fitted all the tins one into the other until they had a pipe that was taller than either of them. With Barney directing, they carried it into the smoky den, where it was too long to stand upright. 'Now all we've got to do is poke it through the roof,' said Barney. Stig looked doubtfully at him, but together they managed quite easily to push it through a crack between the piece of linoleum and a sheet of corrugated iron. But now what? They couldn't just leave it hanging above the fire.

Previous

Page 6

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

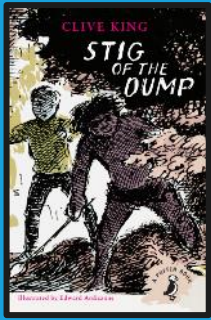
'I know!' exclaimed Barney. 'The bath!' He left Stig patiently holding the chimney, and went and fetched the tin bath. What luck! It had a rusty hole in the bottom which only needed a little work with the boot-scraper to make it big enough to fit the chimney through.

Stig was dimly beginning to see what Barney was trying to do. Together they built up a fireplace of chalk-blocks and big flints, rested the bath upside down on top – and there was mantelpiece and chimney, with the flue leading from the hole in the upturned bath, through the roof, and into the open air.

Previous

Page 7

Next



Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

Barney lit the fire – which Stig had laid as they built the fireplace – and threw some additional scraps of paper and twigs on to it. Once the smoke had learnt its way it went roaring up the pipe. They rushed outside and there it was coming out of what looked like a proper chimney- pot sticking through the roof. Stig watched, fascinated.

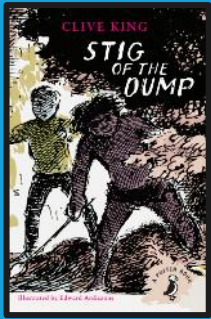
‘There you are, Stig,’ said Barney. ‘Now you’ve got a proper fireplace people can come and visit you without getting their eyes full of smoke.’ Actually Stig didn’t seem to care very much about having the place full of smoke, but he was as pleased with his fireplace as if it had been a new toy, and kept on putting twigs and leaves on the fire so that he could go out and see the smoke coming out the other end. And Barney was so proud of his invention that he looked round for something else to invent.

Previous

Page 8

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

He saw the stack of jam-jars. What had he brought those for? It would be too dull just to use them to keep food in. Stig's den wasn't that sort of place. He had to think of a new way of using jam-jars.

What had he thought Stig's house needed most? A chimney – he'd got that now. A chimney and – yes, a window! A window.

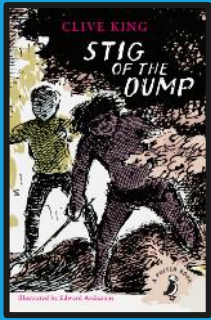
Well, windows were made of glass, and so were jam-jars. Yes, but the shape! Doors were made of wood and so were clothes-pegs; ships were made of steel and so were tin-openers. But you can't make a ship out of tin-openers or a door out of clothes-pegs. The shape's wrong. You couldn't hammer glass flat, could you? He picked up the boot-scraper. No, of course not.

Previous

Page 9

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

Stig had stacked the jars on top of each other, lying on their sides. They made a sort of wall of glass like that. But they rolled about, and of course there were gaps between the jars.

Barney looked at one side of the den, the darkest side, which really needed windows. It was built of wooden boxes from the dump, bottoms outward, open tops inward. He took the digging-tool and knocked the bottom out of one. There was now an open square where the daylight came in. But so did the wind, and Stig didn't seem at all pleased at sitting in a draught.

Stigs like to be snug, thought Barney.

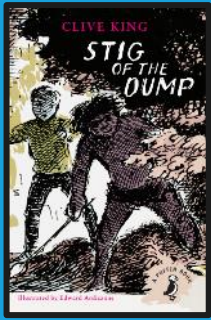
He carried the jars in and stacked them in the frame of the box.

They fitted quite well, the light came in, but the draught came in too.

Previous

Page 10

Next



Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

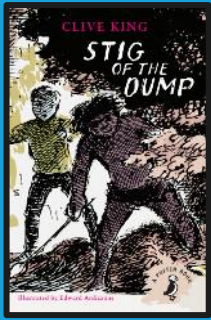
Stig got up and looked at the gaps between the jars, grunted, and went out of the den. Barney followed him, wondering. Stig led the way along the bottom of the cliff to where there had lately been a landslide and quite a large chunk of cliff-top had come down in one piece.

Between the topsoil and the chalk there was a layer of red clay, good damp squidgy stuff you could make model animals with. Stig began to dig out lumps of clay with his fingers, and Barney found another good clay-mine and did the same. They got as much as they could carry and took it back to the den, and from the outside Stig set to work to fill in the gaps between the jam-jars.

Previous

Page 11

Next



Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

They had to make two more journeys before all the jars were firmly bedded in clay, and then Barney carefully wiped the smears off the bottoms of the jars with a rag.

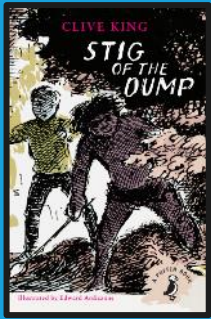
Then they stood and admired their window. They even made faces at each other, one standing inside and the other outside, because you could almost see through it. It certainly let the light in, even though it was late in the afternoon and there was not much light to let in.

'Well, well,' said Barney. 'That's that!' It was a thing he had often heard his Grandfather say when he'd finished a job.

Previous

Page 12

Next



Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

He was tired after all the inventing he had done. He went to sit down, and then he saw all the round plates of tin that Stig had cut out, lying around on the floor. He gathered them up. There must be a use for these, too. He went back to the window, and found that the discs fitted exactly over the ends of the jars if he pressed them into the soft clay. There were just enough to go round.

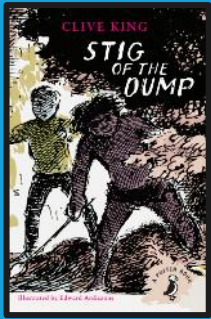
'There you are, Stig,' he said. 'Like on a ship, to shut the port-holes. If you don't want people to look in. Or to shut the dark out.' There was a feeling in the evening air that darkness was coming and that it would be snug to sit by the new fireplace and watch the fire going up the chimney.

Previous

Page 13

Next





Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

But Barney suddenly remembered something and stood up with his mouth open. 'Stig,' he said. 'I've got to go home. All the way home I mean. I probably won't be staying with Granny till Christmas.'

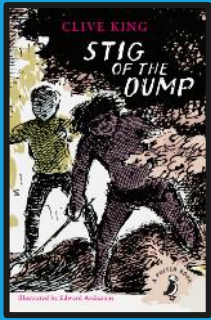
Stig looked at him. 'Stig,' said Barney.

'When I come back again, you – you will still be here, won't you?' Stig didn't answer, but he went to a little niche in the chalk wall, poked about among some things there and brought back something which he gave to Barney. He looked at it. It was a little chipped flint, perfectly shaped like a flat Christmas-tree, and very sharp.

Previous

Page 14

Next



Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump



Reading...

'An arrow-head?' Barney gasped. 'For me? Oh, thank you Stig! I – I really must go now. See you at Christmas. You will be here at Christmas, won't you, Stig? Goodbye!' And he ran off.

As he made his way along the bottom of the pit he felt he knew the way there better than anywhere else in the world. And he felt that Stig's house was as much his home as anywhere else. After all, it was like drawing pictures. Once you've put a chimney and a window on a house, you've really made a house.

Previous

Page 15

End



Puffin Book of the Week

Stig of the Dump

Now that you have finished Chapter 2,
how would you finish this sentence?



In the next chapter, I think that Barney and Stig will...

Dream Big Question



Puffin Book of the Week

Dream Big Question

If you could dream of any invention, what would it be?
What sort of person would use it?





If you enjoyed reading Stig of the Dump, you can discover more at the [Puffin Books website](#).



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