

The Secret Garden

(USA) *Frances Hodgson Burnett*

Chapter 1

There's No One Left

WHEN Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour¹ expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and

¹**sour** n. unpleasant or unfriendly

her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse² herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah³, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful⁴, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling⁵ thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was tyrannical⁶ and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governess came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books she would

²**amuse** v. to make someone laugh or smile

³**Ayah** n. a domestic servant

⁴**fretful** adj. upset and worried

⁵**toddle** v. (*of a young child*) to walk with short, unsteady steps

⁶**tyrannical** adj. using power over people in a way that is cruel and unfair

never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

“Why did you come?” she said to the strange woman. “I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me.”

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered⁷ that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk⁸ or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda⁹. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed,

⁷**stammer** v. to speak with many pauses and repetitions because you have a speech problem or because you are very nervous, frightened, etc.

⁸**slink** v. to move in a way that does not attract attention especially because you are embarrassed, afraid, or doing something wrong

⁹**veranda** n. a long, open structure on the outside of a building

and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus¹⁰ blossoms¹¹ into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and muttering¹² to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

“Pig! Pig! Daughter of Pigs!” she said, because to a native a pig is the worst insult¹³ of all.

She was grinding¹⁴ her teeth and saying this over and over again when she heard her mother come out on the veranda with some one. She was with a fair young man and they stood talking together in low strange voices. Mary knew the fair young man who looked like a boy. She had heard that he was a very young officer who had just come from England. The child stared at him, but she stared most at her mother. She always did this when she had a chance to see her, because the Mem Sahib—Mary used to call her that oftener than anything else—was such a tall, slim¹⁵, pretty person and wore such lovely clothes. Her hair was like curly silk and she had a delicate¹⁶ little

that has a roof

¹⁰**hibiscus** n. a type of shrub that has large colorful flowers

¹¹**blossom** n. a flower especially of a fruit tree

¹²**mutter** v. to complain in a quiet or indirect way

¹³**insult** n. a rude or offensive act or statement

¹⁴**grind** v. to cause (things) to rub against each other in a forceful way that produces a harsh noise

¹⁵**slim** adj. thin in an attractive way

¹⁶**delicate** adj. attractive because of being soft, gentle, light, etc.

nose which seemed to be disdaining¹⁷ things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her clothes were thin and floating, and Mary said they were “full of lace”. They looked fuller of lace than ever this morning, but her eyes were not laughing at all. They were large and scared and lifted imploringly¹⁸ to the fair boy officer’s face.

“Is it so very bad? Oh, is it?” Mary heard her say.

“Awfully,” the young man answered in a trembling¹⁹ voice. “Awfully, Mrs. Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago.”

The Mem Sahib wrung²⁰ her hands.

“Oh, I know I ought!” she cried. “I only stayed to go to that silly dinner party. What a fool I was!”

¹⁷**disdain** v. to strongly dislike or disapprove of (someone or something)

¹⁸**implore** v. to make a very serious or emotional request to (someone)

¹⁹**tremble** v. to shake slightly because you are afraid, nervous, excited, etc.

²⁰**wring** v. to get (something) out of someone or something with a lot of effort