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 sour[1] 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 amuse[2] 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 Ayah[3], 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, fretful[4], ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling[5] 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 tyrannical[6] 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

---

[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

read books she would 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 stammered[7] 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 slunk[8] 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 ve-

---

[7]**stammer** v. to speak with many pauses and repetitions because you hava a speech problem or because you are very nervous, firghtened, etc.

[8]**slink** v. (**pt./pp.** slunk) to move in a way that does not attract attention especially because you are embarrassed, afraid, or doing something wrong

randa[9]. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus[10] blossoms[11] into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and muttering[12] 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 insult[13] of all.

She was grinding[14] 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, slim[15], pretty person and wore such

---

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

lovely clothes. Her hair was like curly silk and she had a delicate[16] little nose which seemed to be disdaining[17] 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 imploringly[18] 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 trembling[19] voice. "Awfully, Mrs. Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago."

The Mem Sahib wrung[20] her hands.

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

At that very moment such a loud sound of wailing[21] broke out from the servants' quarters that she clutched[22]

---

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

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

[18]**implore** v. (**adj.** imploring, **adv.** imploringly) 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. (**pt./pp.** wrung) to get (something) out of someone or something with a lot of effort

[21]**wail** v. to make a loud, long cry of sadness or pain

[22]**clutch** v. to hold onto (someone or something) tightly with

the young man's arm, and Mary stood shivering[23] from head to foot. The wailing grew wilder and wilder.

"What is it? What is it?" Mrs. Lennox gasped[24].

"Some one has died," answered the boy officer. "You did not say it had broken out among your servants."

"I did not know!" the Mem Sahib cried. "Come with me! Come with me!" and she turned and ran into the house.

After that, appalling[25] things happened, and the mysteriousness of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera[26] had broken out in its most fatal form and people were dying like flies. The Ayah had been taken ill in the night, and it was because she had just died that the servants had wailed in the huts[27]. Before the next day three other servants were dead and others had run away in terror. There was panic on every side, and dying people in all the bungalows[28].

During the confusion and bewilderment[29] of the sec-

---

your hand

[23]**shiver** v. to shake slightly because you are cold, afraid, etc.

[24]**gasp** v. to breathe in suddenly and loudly with your mouth open because of surprise, shock, or pain

[25]**appall** v. to cause (someone) to feel fear, shock, or disgust

[26]**cholera** n. a serious disease that causes severe vomiting and diarrhea and that often results in death

[27]**hut** n. a small and simple house or building

[28]**bungalow** n. a house that is all on one level

[29]**bewilder** v. (**n.** bewilderment) to confuse (someone) very much

ond day Mary hid herself in the nursery[30] and was forgotten by everyone. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately cried and slept through the hours. She only knew that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and frightening sounds. Once she crept[31] into the dining-room and found it empty, though a partly finished meal was on the table and chairs and plates looked as if they had been hastily pushed back when the diners rose suddenly for some reason. The child ate some fruit and biscuits, and being thirsty she drank a glass of wine which stood nearly filled. It was sweet, and she did not know how strong it was. Very soon it made her intensely[32] drowsy[33], and she went back to her nursery and shut herself in again, frightened by cries she heard in the huts and by the hurrying sound of feet. The wine made her so sleepy that she could scarcely[34] keep her eyes open and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for a long time.

Many things happened during the hours in which she slept so heavily, but she was not disturbed by the wails

---

[30]**nursery** n. a room where children sleep, play, and sometimes taught

[31]**creep** v. (**pt./pp.** crept) to move slowly with the body close to the ground

[32]**intense** adj. (**adv.** intensely) very great in degree

[33]**drowsy** adj. tired and ready to fall asleep

[34]**scarcely** adv. almost not at all

and the sound of things being carried in and out of the bungalow.

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard neither voices nor footsteps, and wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera and all the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead. There would be a new Ayah, and perhaps she would know some new stories. Mary had been rather tired of the old ones. She did not cry because her nurse had died. She was not an affectionate[35] child and had never cared much for anyone. The noise and hurrying about and wailing over the cholera had frightened her, and she had been angry because no one seemed to remember that she was alive. Everyone was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond[36] of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but shemselves. But if everyone had got well again, surely some one would remember and come to look for her.

But no one came, and as she lay waiting the house seemed to grow more and more silent. She heard something rustling[37] on the matting[38] and when she looked

---

[35]**affectionate** adj. feeling or showing love and affection

[36]**fond** adj. feeling or showing love of friendship

[37]**rustle** v. to make a soft, light sound because parts of something are touching or rubbing against each other

[38]**matting** n. rough cloth used especially as floor covering

down she saw a little snake gliding[39] along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt her and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He slipped[40] under the door as she watched him.

"How queer[41] and quiet it is," she said. "It sounds as if there were no one in the bungalow but me and the snake."

Almost the next minute she heard footsteps in the compound, and then on the veranda. They were men's footsteps, and the men entered the bungalow and talked in low voices. No one went to meet or speak to them and they seemed to open doors and look into rooms.

"What desolation[42]!" she heard one voice say. "That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child, too. I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her."

Mary was standing in the middle of the nursery when they opened the door a few minutes later. She looked an ugly, cross little thing and was frowning[43] because she was beginning to be hungry and feel disgracefully neglected[44]. The first man who came in was a large officer

---

[39]**glide** v. to move in a smooth way

[40]**slip** v. to move into or out of a place without being noticed

[41]**queer** adj. odd or unusual

[42]**desolation** n. extreme sadness caused by loss or loneliness

[43]**frown** v. to make a frown in anger, concertration, etc.

[44]**neglect** v. to fail to take care of or to give attention to (someone or something)

she had once seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled[45] that he almost jumped back.

"Barney!" he cried out. "There is child here! A child alone! In a place like this! Mercy on us, who is she!"

"I am Mary Lennox," the little girl said, drawing herself up stiffly[46]. She thought the man was very rude to call her father's bungalow "A place like this!" "I fell asleep when everyone had the cholera and I have only just wakened up. Why does nobody come?"

"It is the child no one ever saw!" exclaimed the man, turning to his companions. "She has actually been forgotten!"

"Why was I forgotten?" Mary said, stamping her foot. "Why does nobody come?"

The young man whose name was Barney looked at her very sadly. Mary even thought she saw him wink his eyes as if to wink tears away.

"Poor little kid!" he said. "There is nobody left to come."

It was in that strange and sudden way that Mary found out that she had neither father nor mother left; that they had died and been carried away in the night, and that the few native servants who had not died also

---

[45]**startle** v. to surprise or frighten (someone) suddenly and usually not seriously

[46]**stiff** adj. (**adv.** stiffly) difficult to bend or move

had left the house as quickly as they could get out of it, none of them even remembering that there was a Missie Sahib. That was why the place was so quiet. It was true that there was no one in the bungalow but herself and the little rustling snake.

Chapter 2

Mistress Mary Quite Contrary

MARY had liked to look at her mother from a distance and she had thought her very pretty, but as she knew very little of her she could scarcely have been expected to love her or to miss her very much when she was gone. She did not miss her at all, in fact, and as she was a self-absorbed[1] child she gave her entire thought to herself, as she had always done. If she had been older

[1] **self-absorbed** adj. only caring about and interested in yourself

she would no doubt have been very anxious[2] at being left alone in the world, bu she was very young, and as she had always been taken care of, she supposed she always would be. What she thought was that she would like to know if she was going to nice people, who would be polite to her and give her her own way as her Ayah and the other native servants had done.

She knew that she was not going to stay at the English clergyman's[3] house where she was taken at first. She did not want to stay. The English clergyman was poor and he had five children nearly all the same age and they wore shabby[4] clothes and were always quarreling[5] and snatching[6] toys from each other. Mary hated their untidy bungalow and was disagreeable to them that after the first day or two nobody would play with her. By the second day they had given her a nickname which made her furious[7].

It was Basil who thought of it first. Basil was a little boy with impudent[8] blue eyes and a turned-up nose,

---

[2]**anxious** adj. afraid or nervous especially about what may happen

[3]**clergyman** n. a man who is a member of the clergy especially in a Christian church

[4]**shabby** adj. in poor condition especially because of age or use

[5]**quarrel** v. to argue about or disagree with something

[6]**snatch** v. to take (something) quickly or eagerly

[7]**furious** adj. very angry

[8]**impudent** adj. failing to show proper respect and courtesy

and Mary hated him. She was playing by herself under a tree, just as she had been playing the day the cholera broke out. She was making heaps of earth and paths for a garden and Basil came and stood near to watch her. Presently he got rather interested and suddenly made a suggestion.

"Why don't you put a heap of stones there and pretend it is a rockery[9]?" he said. "There in the middle," and he leaned[10] over her to point.

"Go away!" cried Mary. "I don't want boys. Go away!"

For a moment Basil looked angry, and then he began to tease[11]. He was always teasing his sisters. He danced round and round her and made faces and sang and laughed.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary[12]*,*
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle[13] *shells,*
And marigolds[14] *all in a row."*

---

[9]**rockery** n. *(Brit)* rock garden

[10]**lean** v. to bend or move from a straight position

[11]**tease** v. to laugh at and criticize (someone) in a way that is either friendly and playful or cruel and unkind

[12]**contrary** adj. unwilling to obey or behave well

[13]**cockle** n. a type of shellfish with a shell that has two parts and is shaped like a heart

[14]**marigold** n. a plant that is grown for its bright yellow or orange flowers

He sang it until the other children heard and laughed, too; and the crosser Mary got, the more they sang " Mistress Mary, quite contrary"; and after that as long as she stayed with them they called her "Mistress Mary Quite Contrary" when they spoke of her to each other, and often when they spoke to her.

"You are going to be sent home," Basil said to her, "at the end of the week. And we're glad of it."

"I am glad of it, too," answered Mary. "Where is home?"

"She doesn't know where home is!" said Basil, with seven-year-old scorn[15]. "It's England, of course. Our grandmama lives there and our sister Mabel was sent to her last year. You are not going to your grandmama. You have none. You are going to your uncle. His name is Mr. Archibald Craven."

"I don't know anything about him," snapped[16] Mary.

"I know you don't," Basil answered. "You don't know anything. Girls never do. I heard father and mother talking about him. He lives in a great, big, desolate[17] old house in the country and no one goes near him. He's so cross he won't let them, and they wouldn't

---

[15]**scorn** n. a feeling that someone or somegthing is not worthy of any respect or approval

[16]**snap** v. to speak using short, angry sentences or phrases

[17]**desolate** adj. lacking the people, plants, animals, etc., that make people feel welcome in a place

come if he would let them. He's hunchback[18], and he's horrid[19]."

"I don't believe you," said Mary; and she turned her back and stuck her fingers in her ears, because she would not listen any more.

But she thought over it a great deal afterward; and when Mrs. Crawford told her that night that she was going to sail away to England in a few days and go to her uncle, Mr. Archibald Craven, who lived at Misselthwaite Manor, she looked so stony and stubbornly[20] uninterested that they did not know what to think about her. They tried to be kind to her, but she only turned her face away when Mrs. Crawford attempted to kiss her, and held herself stiffly when Mr. Crawford patted her shoulder.

"She is such a plain child," Mrs. Crawford said pityingly, afterward. "And her mother was such a pretty creature. She had a very pretty manner, too, and Mary has the most unattractive ways I ever saw in a child. The children call her 'Mistress Mary Quite Contrary', and though it's naughty[21] of them, one can't help un-

---

[18]**hunchback** n. a back in which the spine is curved in an abnormal way

[19]**horrid** adj. very unpleasant

[20]**stubborn** adj. (**adv.** stubbornly) refusing to change your ideas or to stop doing something

[21]**naughty** adj. behaving badly–used especially to describe a child who does not behave properly or obey a parent, teacher, etc.

derstanding it."

"Perhaps if her mother had carried her pretty face and her pretty manners oftener into the nursery Mary might have learned some pretty ways too. It is very sad, now the poor beautiful thing is gone, to remember that many people never knew that she had a child at all."

"I believe she scarcely ever looked at her," sighed Mrs. Crawford. "When Ayah was dead there was no one to give a thought to the little thing. Think of the servants running away and leaving her all alone in that deserted bungalow. Colonel McGrew said he nearly jumped out of his skin when he opened the door and found her standing by herself in the middle of the room."

Mary made the long voyage to England under the care of an officer's wife, who was taking her children to leave them in a boarding-school. She was very much absorbed in her own little boy and girl, and was rather glad to hand the child over to the woman Mr. Archibald Craven sent to meet her, in London. The woman was his housekeeper at Misselthwaite Manor, and her name was Mrs. Medlock. She was a stout[22] woman, with very red cheeks and sharp black eyes. She wore a very purple bonnet[23] with purple velvet[24] flowers which stuck

---

[22]**stout** adj. having a large body that is wide with fat or muscles

[23]**bonnet** n. a hat that ties under the chin

[24]**velvet** n. a soft type of cloth that has short raised fibers on one side

up and trembled when she moved her head. Mary did not like her at all, but as she very seldom[25] liked people there was nothing remarkable in that; besides which it was very evident Mrs. Medlock did not think much of her.

"My word! She's a plain little piece of goods!" she said. "And we'd heard that her mother was a beauty. She hasn't handed much of it down, has she, ma'am?"

"Perhaps she will improve as she grows older," the officer's wife said good-naturedly. "If she were not so sallow[26] and had a nicer expression... her features are rather good. Children alter so much."

"She'll have to alter a good deal," answered Mrs. Medlock. "And there's nothing likely to improve children at Misselthwaite–if you ask me!"

They thought Mary was not listening because she was standing a little apart from them at the window of the private hotel they had gone to. She was watching the passing buses and cabs and people, but she heard quite well and was made very curious[27] about her uncle and the place he lived in. What sort of a place was it, and what would he be like? What was a hunchback? She had never seen one. Perhaps there were none in India.

---

[25]**seldom** adv. almost never

[26]**sallow** adj. slightly yellow in a way that does not look healthy

[27]**curious** adj. having a desire to learn or know more about something or someone

Since she had been living in other people's houses and had had no Ayah, she had begun to feel lonely and to think queer thoughts which were new to her. She had begun to wonder why she had never seemed to belong to anyone even when her father and mother had been alive. Other children seemed to belong to their fathers and mothers, but she had never seemed to really be anyone's little girl. She had had servants, and food and clothes, but no one had taken any notice of her. She did not know that this was because she was a disagreeable child; but then, of course, she did not know she was disagreeable. She often thought that other people were, but she did not know that she was so herself.

She thought Mrs. Medlock the most disagreeable person she had ever seen, with her common, highly colored face and her common fine bonnet. When the next day they set out on their journey to Yorkshire, she walked through the station to the railway carriage with her head up and trying to keep as far away from her as she could, because she did not want to seem to belong to her. It would have made her angry to think people imagined she was her little girl.

But Mrs. Medlock was not in the least disturbed by her and her thoughts. She was the kind of woman who would "stand no nonsense from young ones". At least, that is what she would have said if she had been asked. She had not wanted to go to London just when

her sister Maria's daughter was going to be married, but she had a comfortable, well paid place as housekeeper at Misselthwaite Manor and the only way in which she coule keep it was to do at once what Mr. Archibald Craven told her to do. She never dared even to ask a question.

"Captain Lennox and his wife died of the cholera," Mr. Craven had said in his short, cold way. "Captain Lennox was my wife's brother and I am their daughter's guardian[28]. The child is to be brought here. You must go to London and bring her yourself."

So she packed her small trunk and made the journey.

Mary sat in her corner of the railway carriage and looked plain and fretful. She had nothing to read or look at, and she had folded her thin little black-gloved hands in her lap. Her black dress made her look yellower than ever, and her limp[29] light hair straggled[30] from under her black crêpe[31] hat.

"A more marred-looking[32] young one I never saw in

---

[28]**guardian** n. someone who takes care of another person or of another person's property

[29]**limp** adj. having an unpleasantly soft or weak quality

[30]**straggle** v. to move away or spread out from others in a disorganized way

[31]**crêpe** n. a thin often silk or cotton cloth that has many very small wrinkles all over its surface

[32]**mar** v. (**pt./pp.** marred) to ruin the beauty or perfection of (something)

my life," Mrs. Medlock thought. (Marred is a Yorkshire word that means spoiled and pettish.) She had never seen a child who sat so still without doing anything; and at last she got tired of watching her and began to talk in a brisk[33], hard voice.

"I suppose I may as well tell you something about where you are going to," she said. "Do you know anything about your uncle?"

"No," said Mary.

"Never heard your father and mother talk about him?"

"No," said Mary, frowning. She frowned because she remembered that her father and mother had never talked to her about anything in particular. Certainly they had never told her things.

"Humph," muttered Mrs. Medlock, staring at her queer, unresponsive little face. She did not say any more for a few moments and then she began again.

"I suppose you might as well be told something–to prepare you. You are going to a queer place."

Mary said nothing at all, and Mrs. Medlock looked rather discomfited[34] by her apparent indifference, but, after taking a breath, she went on.

"Not but that it's a grand big place in a gloomy[35] way, and Mr. Craven's proud of it in his way–and that's

---

[33]**brisk** adj. moving or speaking quickly

[34]**discomfit** v. to make (someone) confused or upset

[35]**gloomy** adj. something dark

gloomy enough, too. The house is six hundred years old and it's on the edge of the moor[36], and there's near a hundred rooms in it, though most of them's shut up and locked. And there's pictures and fine old furniture and things that's been there for ages, and there's a big park round it and gardens and trees with branches trailing to the ground–some of them." She paused and took another breath. "But there's nothing else," she ended suddenly.

Mary had begun to listen in spite[37] of herself. It all sounded so unlike India, and anything new rather attracted her. But she did not intend to look as if she were interested. That was one of her unhappy, disagreeable ways. So she sat still.

"Well," said Mrs. Medlock. "What do you think of it?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I know nothing about such places."

That made Mrs. Medlock laugh a short sort of laugh.

"Eh!" she said, "but you are like an old woman. Don't you care?"

"It doesn't matter," said Mary, "whether I care or not."

---

[36]**moor** n. a broad area of open land that is not good for farming

[37]**spite** n. a desire to harm, anger, or defeat another person especially because you feel that you have been treated wrongly in some way

"You are right enough there," said Mrs. Medlock. "It doesn't. What you're to be kept at Misselthwaite Manor for I don't know, unless because it's the easiest way. *He's* not going to trouble himself about you, that's sure and certain. He never troubles himself about no one."

She stopped herself as if she had just remembered something in time.

"He's got a crooked[38] back," she said. "That set him wrong. He was a sour young man and got no good of all his money and big place till he was married."

Mary's eyes turned toward her in spite of her intention not to seem to care. She had never thought of the hunchback's being married and she was a trifle[39] surprised. Mrs. Medlock saw this, and as she was a talkative woman she continued with more interest. This was one way of passing some of the time, at any rate.

"She was a sweet, pretty thing and he'd have walked the world over to get her a blade o' grass she wanted. Nobody thought she'd marry him, but she did, and people said she married him for his money. But she didn't–she didn't," positively. "When she died–"

Mary gave a little involuntary[40] jump.

---

[38]**crooked** adj. not straight

[39]**trifle** n. something that does not have much value or importance

[40]**involuntary** adj. not voluntary: such as not done by choice

"Oh! Did she die!" she exclaimed, quite without meaning to. She had just remembered a French fairy[41] story she had once read called "Riquet à la Houppe" (Riquet with the Tuft[42]). It had been about a poor hunchback and a beautiful princess and it had made her suddenly sorry for Mr. Archibald Craven.

"Yes, she died," Mrs. Medlock answered. "And it made him queerer than ever. He cares about nobody. He won't see people. Most of the time he goes away, and when he is at Misselthwaite he shuts himself up in the West Wing and won't let any one but Pitcher see him. Pitcher's an old fellow, but he took care of him when he was a child and he knows his ways."

It sounded like something in a book and it did not make Mary feel cheerful. A house with a hundred rooms, nearly all shut up and with their doors locked–a house on the edge of a moor–whatsoever[43] a moor was–sounded dreary[44]. A man with a crooked back who shut himself up also! She stared out of the window with her lips pinched[45] together, and it seemed quite natural that the

---

[41]**fairy** n. a creature that looks like a very small human being, has magic powers, and sometimes has wings

[42]**tuft** n. a small bunch of feathers, hairs, grass, etc., that grow close together

[43]**whatsoever** adj. of any kind or amount at all

[44]**dreary** adj. causing unhappiness or sad feelings

[45]**pinch** v. to squeeze or press (something) together with your thumb and finger

rain should have begun to pour[46] down in gray slanting[47] lines and splash[48] and stream down the window-panes. If the pretty wife had been alive she might have made things cheerful by being something like her own mother and by running in and out and going to parties as she had done in frocks "full of lace". But she was not there any more.

"You needn't expect to see him, because ten to one you won't," said Mrs. Medlock. "And you mustn't expect that there will be people to talk to you. You'll have to play about and look after yourself. You'll be told what rooms you can go into and what rooms you're to keep out of. There's gardens enough. But when you're in the house don't go wandering and poking[49] about. Mr. Craven won't have it."

"I shall not want to go poking about," said sour little Mary; and just as suddenly as she had begun to be rather sorry for Mr. Archibald Craven she began to cease[50] to be sorry and to think he was unpleasant enough to deserve all that had happened to him.

And she turned her face toward the streaming panes

---

[46]**pour** v. to rain heavily

[47]**slant** v. to not be level or straight up and down

[48]**splash** v. to cause (water or another liquid) to move in a noisy way or messy way

[49]**poke** v. to push your finger or something thin or pointed into or at someone or something

[50]**cease** v. to stop happening

of the window of the railway carriage and gazed[51] out at the gray rainstorm which looked as if it would go on forever and ever. She watched it so long and steadily that the grayness grew heavier and heavier before her eyes and she fell asleep.

[51] **gaze** v. to look at someone or something in a steady way and usually for a long time

Chapter 3

Across the Moor

She slept a long time, and when she awakened Mrs. Medlock had bought a lunchbasket at one of the stations and they had some chicken and cold beef and bread and butter and some hot tea. The rain seemed to be streaming down more heavily than ever and everybody in the station wore wet and glistening[1] waterproofs[2]. The guard lighted the lamps in the carriage, and Mrs. Medlock cheered up very much over her tea and chicken and beef. She ate a great deal and afterward fell asleep herself, and Mary sat and stared at her

[1] **glisten** v. to shine with light reflected off a wet surface

[2] **waterproof** n. *(Brit)* raincoat

and watched her fine bonnet slip on one side until she herself fell asleep once more in the corner of the carriage, lulled[3] by the splashing of the rain against the windows. It was quite dark when she awakened again. The train had stopped at a station and Mrs. Medlock was shaking her.

"You have had a sleep!" she said. "It's time to open your eyes! We're at Thwaite Station and we've got a long drive before us."

The station was a small one and nobody but themselves seemed to be getting out of the train. The stationmaster spoke to Mrs. Medlock in a rough, good-natured way, pronouncing his words in a queer broad fashion which Mary found out afterward was Yorkshire.

"I see tha's got back," he said. "An' tha's browt th' young 'un with thee."

"Aye, that' her," answered Mrs. Medlock, speaking with a Yorkshire accent herself and jerking her head over her shoulder toward Mary. "How's thy Missus?"

"Well enow. Th' carriage is waitin' outside for thee."

A brougham[4] stood on the road before the little outside platform. Mary saw that it was a smart carriage and that it was a smart footman[5] who helped her in. His long waterproof coat and the waterproof covering of

---

[3]**lull** v. to cause (someone) to fall asleep or become sleepy

[4]**brougham** n. A brougham was a light, four-wheeled horse-drawn carriage built in the 19th century

[5]**footman** n. a male servant who lets visitors into a house and

his hat were shining and dripping[6] with rain as everything was, the burly[7] station-master included.

When he shut the door, mounted the box with the coachman, and they drove off, the little girl found herself seated in a comfortably cushioned[8] corner, but she was not inclined[9] to go to sleep again. She sat and looked out of the window, curious to see something of the road over which she was being driven to the queer place Mrs. Medlock had spoken of. She was not at all a timid[10] child and she was not exactly frightened, but she felt that there was no knowing what might happen in a house with a hundread rooms nearly all shut up–a house standing on the edge of a moor.

"What is a moor?" she said suddenly to Mrs. Medlock.

"Look out of the window in about ten minutes and you'll see," the woman answered. "We've got to drive five miles across Missel Moor before we get to the Manor. You won't see much because it's a dark night, but you can see something."

---

serves food at the dinner table

[6]**drip** v. to fall in drops

[7]**burly** adj. strong and heavy

[8]**cushion** v. (**adj.** cushioned) to make (something, such as a fall or collision) less severe or painful

[9]**inclined** adj. wanting to do something or likely to do something

[10]**timid** adj. feeling or showing a lack of courage or confidence

Mary asked no more questions but waited in the darkness of her corner, keeping her eyes on the window. The carriage lamps cast rays of light a little distance ahead of them and she caught glimpses[11] of the things they passed. After they had left the station they had driven through a tiny village and she had seen white-washed cottages and the lights of a public house. Then they had passed a church and a vicarage[12] and a little shop-window or so in a cottage with toys and sweets and odd things set out for sale. Then they were on the high-road and she saw hedges[13] and trees. After that there seemed nothing different for a long time–or at least it seemed a long time to her.

At last the horses began to go more slowly, as if they were climbing up-hill, and presently there seemed to be no more hedges and no more trees. She could see nothing, in fact, but a dense[14] darkness on either side. She leaned forward and pressed her face against the window just as the carriage gave a big jolt[15].

"Eh! We're on the moor now sure enough," said Mrs. Medlock.

---

[11]**glimpse** n. a brief or quick view or look

[12]**vicarage** n. a vicar's home

[13]**hedge** n. a row of shrubs or small trees that are planted close to each other in order to form a boundary

[14]**dense** adj. difficult to see through

[15]**jolt** n. a sudden, rough movement

The carriage lamps shed[16] a yellow light on a rough-looking road which seemed to be cut through bushes and low-growing things which ended in the great expanse[17] of dark apparently spread out before and around them. A wind was rising and making a singular, wild, low, rushing sound.

"It's–it's not the sea, is it?" said Mary, looking round at her companion.

"No, not it," answered Mrs. Medlock. "Nor it isn't fields nor mountains, it's just miles and miles and miles of wild land that nothing grows on but heather[18] and gorse[19] and broom[20], and nothing lives on but wild ponies and sheep."

"I feel as if it might be the sea, if there were water on it," said Mary. "It sounds like the sea just now."

"That's the wind blowing through the bushes," Mrs. Medlock said. "It's a wild, dreary enough place to my mind, though there's plenty that likes it–particularly when the heather's in bloom."

On and on they drove through the darkness, and

---

[16]**shed** v. (**pt./pp.** shed) to get rid of (something); radiate

[17]**expanse** n. a large and usually flat open space or area

[18]**heather** n. a low-growing plant of northern areas that has small leaves and tiny white or purplish-pink flowers

[19]**gorse** n. Ulex (commonly known as gorse, furze or whin) is a genus of flowering plants in the family Fabaceae

[20]**broom** n. a type of bush that has long, thin branches and yellow flowers

though the rain stopped, the wind rushed by and whistled and made strange sounds. The road went up and down, and several times the carriage passed over a little bridge beneath[21] which water rushed very fast with a great deal of noise. Mary felt as if the drive would never come to an end and that the wide, bleak[22] moor was a wide expanse of black ocean through which she was passing on a strip of dry land.

"I don't like it," she said to herself. "I don't like it," and she pinched her thin lips more tightly together.

The horses were climbing up a hilly piece of road when she first caught sight of a light. Mrs. Medlock saw it as soon as she did and drew a long sigh of relief[23].

"Eh, I am glad to see that bit o'light twinkling," she exclaimed. "It's the light in the lodge[24] window. We shall get a good cup of tea after a bit, at all events."

It was "after a bit," as she said, for when the carriage passed through the park gates there was still two miles of avenue to drive through and the trees (which nearly met overhead) made it seem as if they were driving through

---

[21]**beneath** prep. in or to a lower position than (something or someone)

[22]**bleak** adj. not warm, friendly, cheerful, etc.

[23]**relief** n. a pleasant and relaxed feeling that someone has when something unpleasant stops or does not happen

[24]**lodge** n. a house or hotel in the country or mountains for people who are doing some outdoor activity

a long dark vault[25].

They drove out of the vault into a clear space and stopped before an immensely[26] long but low-built house which seemed to ramble[27] round a stone court. At first Mary thought that there were no lights at all in the windows, but as she got out of the carriage she saw that one room in a corner upstairs showed a dull glow[28].

The entrance door was a huge one made of massive, curiously shaped panels of oak studded[29] with big iron nails and bound with great iron bars. It opened into an enormous hall, which was so dimly[30] lighted that the faces in the portraits[31] on the walls and the figures in the suits of armor made Mary feel that she did not want to look at them. As she stood on the stone floor she looked a very small, odd little black figure, and she felt as small and lost and odd as she looked.

A neat, thin old man stood near the manservant who opened the door for them.

---

[25]**vault** n. a jump that is made over something especially by using your hands or a pole to push yourself upward

[26]**immense** adj. (**adv.** immensely) very great in size or amount

[27]**ramble** v. to walk or go from one place to another place without a specific goal, purpose, or direction

[28]**glow** n. a soft and steady light

[29]**stud** v. to decorate or cover (something) with many small items

[30]**dim** adj. (**adv.** dimly) not bright or clear

[31]**portrait** n. a painting, drawing, or photograph of a person that usually only includes the person's head and shoulders

"You are to take her to her room," he said in a husky[32] voice. "He doesn't want to see her. He's going to London in the morning."

"Very well, Mr. Pitcher," Mrs. Medlock answered. "So long as I know what's expected of me, I can manage."

"What's expected of you, Mrs. Medlock," Mr. Pitcher said, "is that you make sure that he's not disturbed and that he doesn't see what he doesn't want to see."

And then Mary Lennox was led up a broad staircase[33] and down a long corridor[34] and up a short flight of steps and through another corridor and another, until a door opened in a wall and she found herself in a room with a fire in it and a supper on a table.

Mrs. Medlock said unceremoniously[35]:

"Well, here you are! This room and the next are where you'll live–and you must keep to them. Don't you forget that!"

It was in this way Mistress Mary arrived at Misselthwaite Monor and she had perhaps never felt quite so contrary in all her life.

---

[32]**husky** adj. sounding somewhat rough

[33]**staircase** n. a set of stairs and its supporting structures

[34]**corridor** n. a long, narrow passage inside a building or train with doors that lead to rooms on each side

[35]**unceremonious** adj. (**adv.** unceremoniously) happening or done very suddenly and quickly with no effort to be careful or polite

Chapter 4

Martha

WHEN she opened her eyes in the morning it was because a young house-maid had come into her room to light the fire and was kneeling[1] on the hearth-rug[2] raking[3] out the cinders[4] noisily. Mary lay and watched her for a few moments and then began to look about

---

[1]**kneel** v. (**pt./pp.** knelt) to move your body so that one or both of your knees are on the floor

[2]**hearth** n. the floor in front of or inside a fireplace

[3]**rake** n. a tool that has a series of metal, wooden, or plastic pieces at the end of a long handle and that is used to gather leaves, break apart soil, make ground smooth, etc. **rake** v. to use a rake to gather leaves, break apart soil, make ground smooth, etc.

[4]**cinder** n. a very small piece of burned material (such as wood or coal)

the room. She had never seen a room at all like it and thought it curious and gloomy. The walls were covered with tapestry[5] with a forest scene embroidered[6] on it. There were fantastically[7] dressed people under the trees and in the distance there was a glimpse of the turrets[8] of a castle. There were hunters and horses and dogs and ladies. Mary felt as if she were in the forest with them. Ouot of a deep window she could see a great climbing stretch of land which seemed to have no trees on it, and to look rather like an endless, dull, purplish sea.

"What is that?" she said, pointing out of the window.

Martha, the young house-maid, who had just risen to her feet, looked and pointed also.

"That there?" she said.

"Yes."

"That's th' moor," with a good-natured grin[9]. "Dose tha' like it?"

"No," answered Mary. "I hate it."

"That's because tha'rt not used to it," Martha said, going back to her hearth. "Tha' thinks it's too big an'

---

[5]**tapestry** n. a heavy cloth that has designs or pictures woven into it and that is used for wall hangings, curtains, etc.

[6]**embroider** v. to sew a design on a piese of cloth

[7]**fantastic** adj. (**adv.** fantastically) extremely good

[8]**turret** n. a small tower on a building

[9]**grin** v. (**n.** grin) to smile widely

bare[10] now. But tha' will like it."

"Do you?" inquired[11] Mary.

"Aye, that I do," answered Martha, cheerfully polishing[12] away at the grate[13]. "I just love it. It's none bare. It's covered wi' growin' things as smells sweet. It's fair lovely in spring an' summer when th' gorse an' broom an' heather's in flower. It smells o' honey an' there's such a lot o' fresh air–an' th' sky looks so high an' th' bees an' skylarks[14] makes such a nice noise hummin'[15] an' singin'. Eh! I wouldn't live away from th' moor for anythin'."

Mary listened to her with a grave[16], puzzled expression. The native servants she had been used to in India were not in the least like this. They were obsequious[17] and servile[18] and did not presume to talk to their mas-

---

[10]**bare** adj. not having a covering

[11]**inquire** v. to ask for information

[12]**polish** v. to make (something) smooth and shiny by rubbing it

[13]**grate** n. a metal frame with bars across it that is used in a fireplace or to cover an opening

[14]**skylark** n. a small bird of Europe, Asia, and northern Africa that sings while it flies

[15]**hum** v. to make a low continuous sound

[16]**grave** adj. very serious: requiring or causing serious thought or concern

[17]**obsequious** adj. too eager to help or obey someone important

[18]**servile** adj. very obedient and trying too hard to please someone

ters as if they were their equals. They made salaams[19] and called them "protector of the poor" and names of that sort. Indian servants were commanded to do things, not asked. It was not the custom to say "please" and "thank you" and Mary had always slapped her Ayah in the face when she was angry. She wondered a little what this girl would do if one slapped her in the face. She was a round, rosy, good-natured-looking creature, but she had a sturdy[20] way which made Mistress Mary wonder if she might not even slap back–if the person who slapped her was only a little girl.

"You are a strange servant," she said from her pillows, rather haughtily[21].

Martha sat up on her heels[22], with her blackingbrush in her hand, and laughed, without seeming the least out of temper.

"Eh! I know that," she said. "If there was a grand Missus at Misselthwaite I should never have been even one of th' under house-maids. I might have been let to be scullery-maid[23] but I'd never have been let upstairs.

---

[19]**salaam** n. a Muslim greeting

[20]**sturdy** adj. having or showing mental or emotional strength

[21]**haughty** adj. (**adv.** haughtily) having or showing the insulting attitude of people who think that they are better, smarter, or more important than other people

[22]**heel** n. the back part of your foot that is below the ankle

[23]**scullery** n. a room that is near the kitchen in a large and usually old house and that is used for washing dishes, doing messy

I'm too common an' I talk too much Yorkshire. But this is a funny house for all it's so grand. Seems like there's neither Master nor Mistress except Mr. Pitcher an' Mrs. Medlock. Mr. Craven, he won't be troubled about anythin' when he's here, an' he's nearly always away. Mrs. Medlock gave me th' place out o' kindness. She told me she could never have done it if Misselthwaite had been like other big houses."

"Are you going to be my servant?" Mary asked, still in her imperious[24] little Indian way.

Martha began to rub her grate again.

"I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant," she said stoutly. "An' she's Mr. Craven's–but I'm to do the house-maid's work up here an' wait on you a bit. But you won't need much waitin' on."

"Who is going to dress me?" demanded Mary.

Martha sat up on her heels again and stared. She spoke in broad Yorkshire in her amazement.

"Canna' tha' dress thysel'!" she said.

"What do you mean? I don't understand your language," said Mary.

"Eh! I forgot," Martha said. "Mrs. Medlock told me I'd have to be careful or you wouldn't know what I was

---

kitchen tasks, etc.

[24]**imperious** adj. having or showing the proud and unpleasant attitude of someone who gives orders and expects other people to obey them

sayin'. I mean can't you put on your own clothes?"

"No," answered Mary, quite indignantly[25]. "I never did in my life. My Ayah dressed me, of course."

"Well," said Martha, evidently not in the least aware that she was impudent, "it's time tha' should learn. Tha' cannot begin younger. It'll do thee good to wait on thysel' a bit. My mother always said she couldn't see why grand people's children didn't turn out fair fools– what with nurses an' bein' washed an' dressed an' took out to walk as if they was puppies!"

"It is different in India," said Mistress Mary disdainfully. She could scarcely[26] stand this.

But Martha was not at all crushed.

"Eh! I can see it's different," she answered almost sympathetically[27]. "I dare say it's because there's such a lot o' blacks there instead o' respectable white people. When I heard you was comin' from India I thought you was a black too."

Mary sat up in bed furious.

"What!" she said. "What! You thought I was a native. You–you daughter of a pig!"

Martha stared and looked hot.

---

[25]**indignant** adj. (**adv.** indignantly) feeling or showing anger because of something that is unfair or wrong

[26]**scarcely** adv. almost not at all

[27]**sympathetic** adj. (**adv.** sympathetically) feeling or showing concern about someone who is in a bad situation

"Who are you callin' names?" she said. "You needn't be so vexed[28]. That's not th' way for a young lady to talk. I've nothin' against th' blacks. When you read about 'em in tracts they're always very religious[29]. You always read as a black's a man an' a brother. I've never seen a black an' I was fair pleased to think I was goin' to see one close. When I come in to light your fire this mornin' I crep' up to your bed an' pulled th' cover back careful to look at you. An' there you was," disappointedly, "no more black than me–for all you're so yeller[30]."

Mary did not even try to control her rage[31] and humiliation[32].

"You thought I was a native! You dared! You don't know anything about natives! They are not people–they're servants who must salaam to you. You know nothing about India. You know nothing about anything!"

She was in such a rage and felt so helpless before the girl's simple stare, and somehow she suddenly felt

---

[28]**vex** v. to annoy or worry (someone)

[29]**religious** adj. believing in a god or a group of gods and following the rules of a religion

[30]**yell** v. (**n.** yeller) to say (something) very loudly especially because you are angry, surprised, or are trying to get someone's attention

[31]**rage** n. a strong feeling of anger that is difficult to control

[32]**humiliate** v. (**n.** humiliation) to make (someone) feel very ashamed or foolish

so horribly lonely and far away from everything she understood and which understood her, that she threw herself face downward on the pillows and burst[33] into passionate[34] sobbing. She sobbed so unrestrainedly[35] that good-natured Yorkshire Martha was a little firghtened and quite sorry for her. She went to the bed and bent over her.

"Eh! You mustn't cry like that there!" She begged. "You mustn't for sure. I didn't know you'd be vexed. I don't know anythin' about anythin'–just like you said. I beg you pardon, Miss. Do stop cryin'."

There was something comforting[36] and really friendly in her queer Youkshire speech and sturdy way which had a good effect on Mary. She gradually[37] ceased crying and became quiet. Martha looked relieved[38].

"It's time for thee to get up now," she said. "Mrs. Medlock said I was to carry tha' breakfast an' tea an'

---

[33]**burst** v. to break open or into pieces in a sudden and violent way

[34]**passionate** adj. having, showing, or expressing strong emotions or beliefs

[35]**unrestrained** adj. (**adv.** unrestrainedly) not held in place by a belt, seat, device, etc.

[36]**comfort** v. (**adj.** comforting) to cause (someone) to feel less worried, upset, frightened, etc.

[37]**gradual** adj. (**adv.** gradually) moving or changing in small amounts

[38]**relieved** adj. feeling relaxed and happy because something difficult or unpleasant has been stopped, avoided, or made easier

dinner into th' room next to this. It's been made into a nursery for thee. I'll help thee on with thy clothes if tha'll get out o' bed. If th' buttons are at th' back tha' cannot button them up tha' self."

When Mary at last decided to get up, the clothes Martha took from the wardrobe[39] were not the ones she had worn when she arrived the night before with Mrs. Medlock.

"Those are not mine," she said. "Mine are black."

She looked the thick white wool[40] coat and dress over, and added with cool approval:

"Those are nicer than mine."

"These are th' ones tha' must put on," Martha answered. "Mr. Craven ordered Mrs. Medlock to get 'em in London. He said 'I won't have a child dressed in black wanderin' about like a lost soul,' he said. 'It'd make the place sadder than it is. Put color on her,' Mother she said she knew what he meant. Mother always knows what a body means. She doesn't hold with black hersel'."

"I hate black things," said Mary.

The dressing process was one which taught them both something. Martha had "buttoned up" her little sisters and brothers but she had never seen a child who

---

[39]**wardrobe** n. a collection of clothes that a person owns or wears

[40]**wool** n. the soft, thick hair of sheep and some other animals

stood still and waited for another person to do things for her as if she had neither hands nor feet of her own.

"Why doesn't tha' put on tha' own shoes?" she said when Mary quietly held out her foot.

"My Ayah did it," answered Mary, staring. "It was the custom."

She said that very often–"It was the custom." The native servants were always saying it. If one told them to do a thing their ancestors had not done for a thousand years they gazed at one mildly[41] and said. "It is not the custom," and one knew that was the end of the matter.

It had not been the custom that Mistress Mary should do anything but stand and allow herself to be dressed like a doll, but before she was ready for breakfast she began to suspect[42] that her life at Misselthwaite Manor would end by teaching her a number of things quite new to her– things such as putting on her own shoes and stockings, and picking up things she let fall. If Martha had been a well-trained fine young lady's maid she would have been more subservient[43] and respectful and would have known that it was her business to brush hair, and botton boots, and pick things up and lay them away. She was,

---

[41]**mild** adj. (**adv.** mildly) gentle in nature or behavior

[42]**suspect** v. to think that (something, especially something bad) possibly exists, is true, will happen, etc.)

[43]**subservient** adj. very willing or too willing to obey someone else

however, only an untrained Yorkshire rustic[44] who had been brought up in a moorland cottage with a swarm[45] of little brothers and sisters who had never dreamed of doing anything but waiting on themselves and on the younger ones who were either babies in arms or just learning to totter[46] about and tumble[47] over things.

If Mary Lennox had been a child who was ready to be amused she would perhaps have laughed at Martha's readiness to talk, but Mary only listened to her coldly and wondered at her freedom of manner. At first she was not at all interested, but gradually, as the girl rattled[48] on in her good-tempered, homely way, Mary began to notice what she was saying.

"Eh! you should see 'em all," she said. "There's twelve of us an' my father only gets sixteen shilling a week. I can tell you my mother's put to it to get porridge for 'em all. They tumble about on th' moor an' play there all day an' mother says th' air of th' moor fattens 'em. She says she believes they eat th' grass same as th' wild ponies do. Our Dickon, he's twelve years old and he's got a young pony he calls his own."

"Where did he get it?" asked Mary.

---

[44]**rustic** adj. of, relating to, or suitable for the country or people who live in the country

[45]**swarm** n. a very large of insects moving together

[46]**totter** v. to move or walk in a slow and unsteady way

[47]**tumble** v. to fall down suddenly and quickly

[48]**rattle** v. to make quick, short, loud sounds while moving

"He found it on th' moor with its mother when it was a little one an' he began to make friends with it an' give it bits o' bread an' pluck[49] young grass for it. And it got to like him so it follows him about an' it lets him get on its back. Dickon's a kind lad an' animals likes him."

[49] **pluck** v. to pull (something) quickly to remove it