

The Secret Garden

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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. (**pt./pp.** slunk) 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!”

At that very moment such a loud sound of wailing²¹ broke out from the servants’ quarters that she clutched²² the young man’s arm, and Mary stood shivering²³ from head to foot. The wailing grew wilder and wilder.

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 your hand

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

“What is it? What is it?” Mrs. Lennox gasped²⁴.

“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, appalling²⁵ things happened, and the mysteriousness of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera²⁶ 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 huts²⁷. 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 bungalows²⁸.

During the confusion and bewilderment²⁹ of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery³⁰ and was forgotten by everyone. Nobody thought of her, nobody

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

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

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 crept³¹ 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 intensely³² drowsy³³, 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 scarcely³⁴ 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 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

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

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 affectionate³⁵ 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 fond³⁶ of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but themselves. 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 rustling³⁷ on the matting³⁸ and when she looked down she saw a little snake gliding³⁹ along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt

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

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

her and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He slipped⁴⁰ under the door as she watched him.

“How queer⁴¹ 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 desolation⁴²!” 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 frowning⁴³ because she was beginning to be hungry and feel disgracefully neglected⁴⁴. The first man who came in was a large officer she had once seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled⁴⁵

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, concentration, etc.

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

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

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 stiffly⁴⁶. 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 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

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

the little rustling snake.