

The Secret Garden

Frances Hodgson Burnett

British English

Classic

Mary Lennox goes to live with her uncle in a big, old house in the country. There are many gardens round the house. One day Mary finds a garden that has high walls and no door. What is the secret of the garden?

Number of words (excluding activities): 9,944

Series Editors: Jocelyn Potter and Andy Hopkins

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LEVEL 2

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Frances Hodgson Burnett

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Frances Hodgson Burnett

Level 2

Retold by Anne Collins

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1.1 What's the book about?

Look at the pictures. Which words go with each person? What do you think? Write the words under the pictures.

happy rich unfriendly kind ill sad

Mary



Dickon



Colin



Martha



1.2 What happens first?

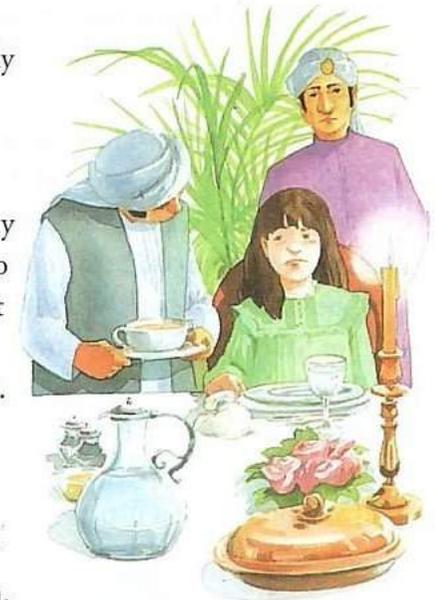
Look at the picture on page 1 and read the words in *italics* at the top of the page. Discuss these questions and write possible answers.

- 1 Who is the girl in the picture?
.....
- 2 What kind of person is she?
.....
- 3 Where is she at the start of the book?
.....
- 4 Do you think she is going to stay there? Why (not?)
.....
- 5 Mary is going to change in this story. How will she change, do you think?
.....

'Where is Everybody?'

*At the age of six, Mary was not a nice child.
Nobody loved Mary and Mary loved nobody.*

Mary Lennox had a thin little face and always looked **cross**. Nobody liked her and she was often ill. Mary's parents were English, but they lived in India. Mr Lennox worked there. Mrs Lennox was very beautiful and had many friends. But she did not like children. So when she had a baby, Mary, she was not interested in her. Mr Lennox had a lot of work and was not at home very often. Mrs Lennox gave the baby to an Indian **servant**.



'You take the child,' she said to the servant. 'I don't want to see it or hear it.'

The thin, ugly baby **grew** into a thin, ugly little girl. When the little girl wanted something, the servants gave it to her. They never said 'no' because they didn't want her to cry. When she cried, Mrs Lennox was angry.

So, at the age of six, Mary was not a nice child. Nobody loved Mary and Mary loved nobody.

One hot morning, when Mary was nine years old, a new servant woke her. 'Where's *my* servant?' Mary shouted.

The woman looked afraid. 'She can't come,' she said.

She left the room, and nobody came into Mary's room all morning. It was very strange.

cross /krɒs/ (adj) When somebody is *cross*, they are a little angry.
servant /'sɜ:vənt/ (n) A *servant* works for other people in their house.
grow /graʊ/ (v) After something *grows*, it is bigger than before.

Mary did not know it, but people in the house were very ill. That day, her servant died, and three more servants died the next day. Mary stayed in her room and everybody forgot about her. Sometimes she cried, and sometimes she slept. She went into the dining-room and ate some food. Then she found some wine and drank it. It made her sleepy.

She went to her room again and slept for a long time. When she woke, the house was very quiet. 'Why doesn't anybody come and see me?' thought Mary.

But nobody came. Then she heard **voices** outside. 'It's very sad,' a man said. 'That pretty woman! And the child too!'

A man and a woman came into Mary's room. She was near the window and she looked sad and ugly.

'There's a child here! Who is she?' cried the man.

'I'm Mary Lennox,' the little girl said angrily. 'I was asleep and I woke up. Where is everybody? Where's my servant?'

The man looked at her sadly. 'Little girl,' he said, 'your parents died two days **ago**. And the servants ran away.'

'Everybody forgot me,' thought Mary. 'Everybody.'



voice /vɔɪs/ (n) You hear somebody's *voice* when they speak.
ago /ə'ɡəʊ/ (adv) *Ago* means 'before that time'.

Mary Goes to England

*'When you're in the house, you'll have to stay in your rooms.
 But you can play in the gardens.'*

For a short time, Mary stayed with friends of her parents, Mr and Mrs Crawford. Their children did not like her.

'You're going to go to England,' the oldest boy said to Mary. 'My parents told me. You're going to live with your uncle. He lives in a house in the country. He's a **hunchback**.'

Mary felt afraid when she heard this. That evening, Mrs Crawford talked to her. 'You're going to go to England, my dear,' she said. 'You're going to live with your uncle, Mr Archibald Craven, in Yorkshire.'

'Where's Yorkshire?' asked Mary.

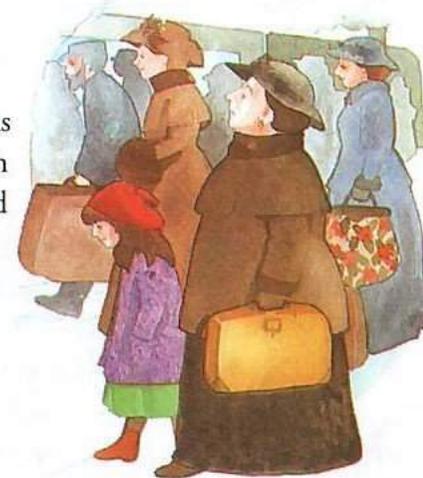
'In the north-east of England,' answered Mrs Crawford.

She went to Mary and put her arms round her. But the child pulled away from her. 'She's an ugly little thing,' Mrs Crawford thought.

Mary went to England with an English family. In London, one of Mr Craven's servants met her. The servant's name was Mrs Medlock. She was a fat woman with a red face and small black eyes. Mary did not like her and she did not like Mary.

They caught a train to Yorkshire. Mary sat quietly and looked out of the window. She felt very unhappy.

'My mother and father didn't want me,' she thought. 'The Indian servants didn't like me. Nobody likes me.'



hunchback /'hʌntʃbæk/ (n) *Hunchbacks* have a problem with their back, so they can't walk with their head high.



Nobody said to Mary, 'People don't like you because you aren't nice.' So she didn't understand.

It was a long journey to Yorkshire. Mrs Medlock got bored and started to talk. 'Mr Craven's house in Yorkshire is a strange place,' she said. 'It's 600 years old and it's in the middle of the country. There are 100 rooms, but we don't use many of them. There are big gardens round the house and tall old trees.'

Mary said nothing.

Mrs Medlock tried again. 'Mr Craven won't see you much. He's a strange man. He's not interested in anybody. He's a hunchback. When he was young, he was very unhappy. Then he married and he changed.'

Mary started to feel interested, and Mrs Medlock saw this. 'Mr Craven's wife was a kind, pretty woman,' she said. 'He loved her very much. When she died—'

'Oh! Did she die?' Mary asked.

'Yes,' Mrs Medlock answered. 'And Mr Craven got stranger and stranger. He's often away now. He doesn't see people. When he's at the house, he stays in his rooms. So you won't see him. When you're in the house, *you'll* have to stay in *your* rooms. But you can play in the gardens.'

Mary turned her face to the window and did not speak. After some time, she slept.

When she woke, it was dark. The train was at a station.

'Let's go!' cried Mrs Medlock. 'We're here. Be quick! We have to drive to the house.'

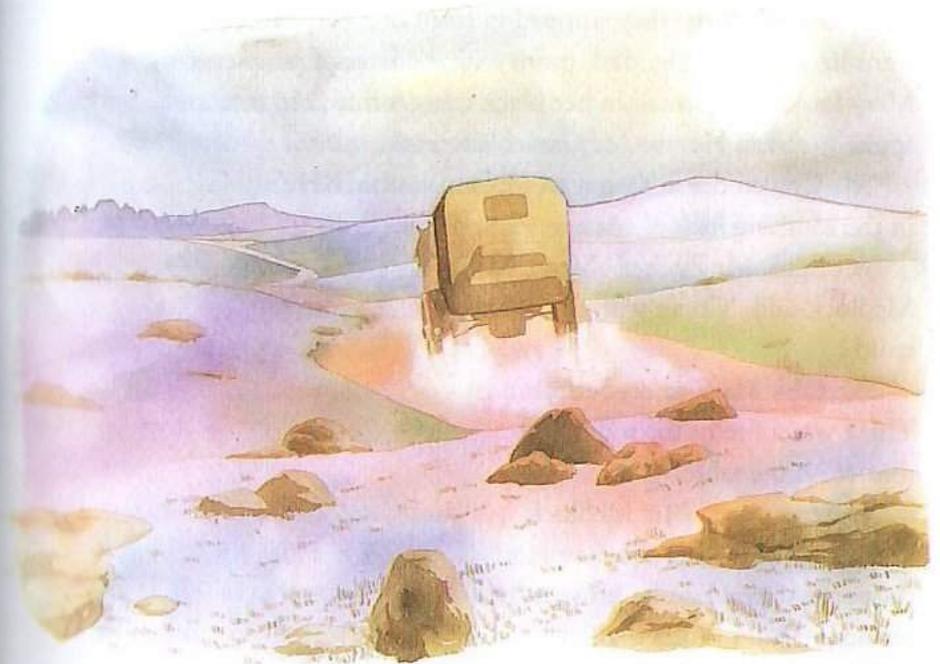
They drove through a small town, then out into the country. It was dark and Mary could not see much.

'We're going to drive across the **moor**,' said Mrs Medlock.

'What's a "moor"?' asked Mary.

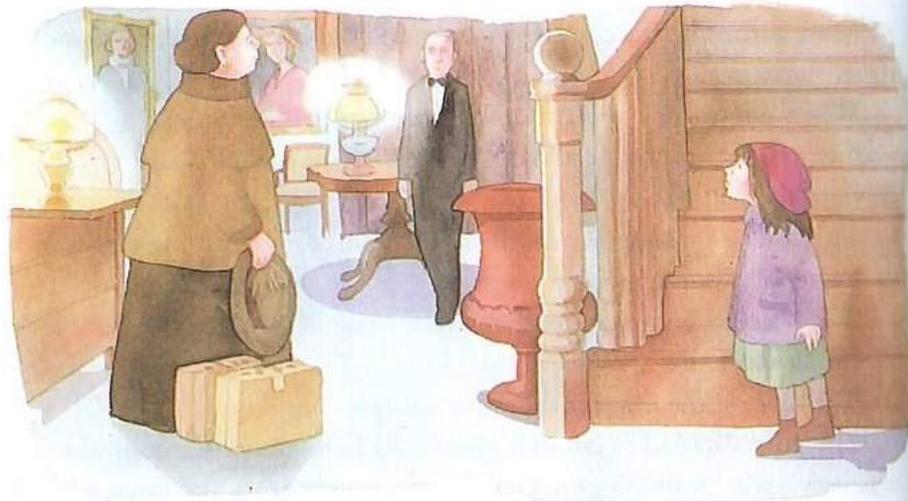
'We'll be on the moor in a minute, and then you'll see.'

The horses started to climb higher. Now there were no trees and it was very dark. 'Nothing grows on the moor, only **grass** and flowers,' said Mrs Medlock.



moor /moʊ/ (n) A *moor* is open ground in the country. There aren't many trees on a moor, and they are small.

grass /grɑːs/ (n) Children play on *grass* in parks and gardens. It is green in wet countries, and brown when it dries.



After some time, they stopped in front of a very large house. They went inside into a big, dark room with pictures of people on the walls. Mary looked very small in her black coat. A thin, old man came and spoke to them. He was Mr Craven's servant.

'Mr Craven doesn't want to see her,' he said. 'He's going to London in the morning.'

'All right, Mr Pitcher,' Mrs Medlock said. 'Come with me, child.'

She took Mary to her bedroom. There was a fire in the room and dinner on the table.

'Here you are,' Mrs Medlock said. 'This room and the next room are yours. You have to stay in them. Don't forget that!'

Then she left. The little girl sat down and ate. She felt unhappy and very afraid.



Martha

*She began to feel interested in Dickon. This was very strange.
Mary was never interested in other people.*

When Mary woke the next morning, there was a servant in the room. The child sat up and looked out of the window. It was very strange. There were no trees, only red-blue grass.

'What's that?' she asked the servant.

'That's the moor,' answered the girl. 'Do you like it?'

'No,' said Mary. 'I hate it.'

'That's because you don't know it,' the servant girl answered. 'I love it. In the spring and summer there are flowers everywhere. It's very beautiful.'

'What's your name?' asked Mary.

'Martha Sowerby,' said the girl.

'You're a strange servant,' Mary said. Martha was very different from the servants in India. Indian servants did not speak much.

'Martha laughed. She had a round face and she looked kind.

'Are you going to be my servant?' Mary asked.

'I'll help you sometimes,' said Martha.

'Who's going to dress me?' asked Mary.

Martha opened her eyes very wide. 'Can't you put your clothes on?' she asked.

'No,' said Mary crossly. 'My Indian servant always dressed me.'

'You'll have to learn,' said Martha.

Mary suddenly felt very angry and unhappy. She started to cry.

'Don't cry!' Martha said. 'Please don't cry.' Her voice was kind and Mary stopped crying.

'I'll bring you your clothes and help you with them,' Martha said. She went to a cupboard and took some clothes out. There was a white dress and a white coat.

'These aren't mine,' Mary said.
'Mine are all black.'

'Mr Craven doesn't want you to wear black clothes,' said Martha. She helped Mary with her clothes. The child put out her hands and feet and did not move.

'Can't you put on your shoes?' asked Martha.

'No, my servant did that,' said Mary.

Martha laughed and began to talk about her family. 'There are twelve of us,' she said. 'And my father doesn't make much money. Sometimes there isn't much food in the house. But the children love playing on the moor. My mother says that they eat the grass! My brother Dickon, he's twelve years old, and he's got a young horse!'

'Where did he get it?' Mary asked.

'He found it on the moor when it was a baby,' answered Martha. 'They're friends now. It follows him everywhere. Dickon's a kind boy and animals like him.'

'I always wanted an animal,' Mary thought. She began to feel interested in Dickon. This was very strange. Mary was never interested in other people.

'Come and have your breakfast,' said Martha. There was a big breakfast on the table in the next room. But Mary never ate much and she did not want to eat now.

'I don't want any food,' she said.

'But it's very good!' said Martha. 'My brothers and sisters are always hungry.'

'I'm never hungry,' said Mary. But she drank some tea and ate a little bread and butter.



'Now go outside and play in the garden,' said Martha. 'Perhaps you'll want your food when you come in.'

Mary went to the window and looked out. It was winter. Everything looked cold and grey. 'It's too cold,' she said.

'What are you going to do inside?' asked Martha.

Mary looked round the room. There was nothing there for children.

'All right, I'll go outside,' she said. 'But who'll come with me?'

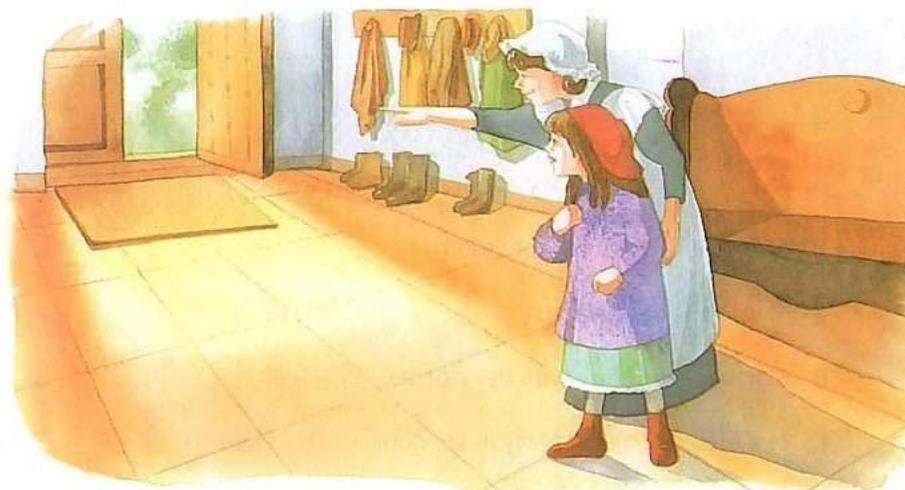
'Nobody,' said Martha. 'You'll be all right. Dickon goes out on the moor and plays for hours. Nobody goes with him. The birds come and eat bread from his hand.'

This interested Mary. 'I'll go outside and look at the birds,' she thought. 'They'll be different from the birds in India.'

Martha took her downstairs. 'Go through that door and you'll find the gardens,' she said. 'But you can't go into one of the gardens. Mr Craven closed it ten years ago and nobody can go in there.'

'Why not?' asked Mary.

'He closed it when his wife died,' Martha answered. 'She died very suddenly. It was her garden. He threw away the **key** to the door. Oh! Mrs Medlock's calling me. I have to go!'



key /ki:/ (n) You turn a *key* in a door when you don't want people to go through it.

2.1 Were you right?

Look back at your answers to Activity 1.2 on page iv. Then read the sentences. Are they right (✓) or wrong (X)? Write good sentences below.

- 1 Mary Lennox is an unhappy child at the start of the book.
- 2 The Lennox family lives in India.
- 3 Mary Lennox is about 15 years old at this time.
- 4 The Lennox family has many servants.
- 5 The Lennox family has little money.

.....

.....

.....

2.2 What more did you learn?

What happens first? And then? Number the sentences 1–10.

- a Mary Lennox is born in India.
- b Martha tells Mary about Dickon.
- c Her mother gives Mary to a servant.
- d Mary's parents die.
- e Mrs Medlock tells Mary about Mr Craven's wife.
- f Mary goes to her new bedroom.
- g Mary goes to England.
- h Martha helps Mary with her clothes.
- i Mrs Medlock meets Mary in London.
- j Mary takes a train to Yorkshire.

2.3 Language in use

Look at the sentences on the right. Then finish the sentences below with the adjectives in the box.

The woman **looked afraid**.
She **felt unhappy**.

kind bored hungry cross interesting tired

- 1 There was no food, and she felt very
- 2 My little brother looked, so I took him to the park.
- 3 My mother looked very when I broke the glass.
- 4 I bought the book because it looked
- 5 It was late at night and John felt
- 6 She looked, so I wanted to be her friend.

2.4 What happens next?

Look at the pictures in Chapters 4 and 5. Mary is starting a new life. Which of these is she going to like? What do you think?

	Likes	Doesn't like	Don't know
1	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
2	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
3	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
4	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
5	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
6	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
7	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>



1 the gardens 5 a little bird



2 the house 6 the gardener



3 Mrs Medlock 7 her uncle, Mr Craven



4 Martha

Ben Weatherstaff and the Robin

'That's strange!' she thought. 'There are trees on the other side of the wall. So there's a garden there, but no door into it.'

Mary went outside and started walking through the gardens. They were very big and there were many trees and **plants**. But it was winter and there were no flowers. The place did not look very pretty.

The child thought about Martha's words. 'Mr Craven loved his wife,' she thought. 'So why did he throw away the key to his wife's garden? Why can't people go in there? It's very strange. It's a **secret** garden. I'd like to find it!'

She stopped and looked round. On the right, there was a high wall. There was a green door in the wall, and Mary walked through it, into another garden. This garden had walls all round it. There was an old man with a **spade** in his hands.

'What is this place?' Mary asked him.

'It's a kitchen garden,' the gardener answered. He did not look very friendly.

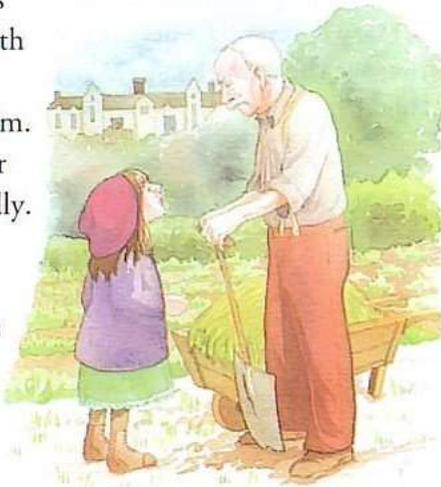
'What's a kitchen garden?' asked Mary.

'A garden with fruit and vegetables for the kitchen,' he answered crossly.

'Do kitchen gardens always have walls round them?' asked Mary.

'Yes,' said the old man.

Mary walked through three more kitchen gardens. She came out into the big gardens again and looked round. There was another wall on the



plant /plɑ:nt/ (n/v) You find *plants* in gardens. Many plants have flowers.

secret /'si:kri:t/ (adj/n) You don't want other people to know about *secret* places and things.

spade /speɪd/ (n) You use a *spade* in the garden when you want to make a place in the ground for a tree.

left. 'Another kitchen garden!' she thought, and she looked for a door. But long plants grew down the wall and she could not see one.

'That's strange!' she thought. 'There are trees on the other **side** of the wall. So there's a garden there, but no door into it.'

There was a bird in the tallest tree and he started to sing. Mary stopped and listened to him. He was a pretty little red and brown bird, and his song was pretty too.

'He's calling to me,' Mary thought. After a short time, the bird flew away. 'I think the bird was on a tree in the secret garden,' she thought. 'Perhaps he lives there and knows all about it.'

She walked back into the first kitchen garden and found the old man.

'There's one kitchen garden with no door into it,' Mary said. 'There are trees on the other side of the wall, and I saw a little red and brown bird in a tree there. He sang to me.'

The old man laughed and looked friendlier. Suddenly, the little red and brown bird flew into the garden. He came and stood on the ground near the old man.

'Hello, my little friend,' laughed the man. The bird put his head on one side and looked at them. He was very pretty.

'What is he?' Mary asked.

'Don't you know? He's a **robin**. Robins are the friendliest birds in the world. He knows that we're talking about him. Look at him.' The old man laughed again.

'Where's his family?' Mary asked.

'He hasn't got a family,' the man answered.

'I haven't got a family,' Mary said quietly.

The old gardener looked at her for a minute. 'Are you the little girl from India?' he asked.

'Yes,' Mary answered.

'They told me about you,' he said.

'What's your name?' asked Mary.

side /saɪd/ (n) Walls have two *sides*. Square tables have four.

robin /'rɒb n/ (n) A *robin* is a small grey and orange garden bird.

Somebody is Crying

*Mary looked at her and thought, 'No, it wasn't the wind.
But who is it? Who's crying?'*



'Ben Weatherstaff,' the old man answered. 'I haven't got a family. The robin's my only friend.'

'I haven't got any friends,' said Mary. 'People don't like me and I don't like them.'

'We're the same, you and I,' said Ben Weatherstaff. 'We aren't very nice.'

'Am I really as unfriendly as this old man?' thought Mary. She didn't like the idea. The robin flew to a tree and began to sing. 'Why's he doing that?' Mary asked.

'He wants to be your friend,' the old man answered.

Mary walked to the tree and looked up.

'Do you really want to be my friend?' she asked the robin.

'You said that very nicely!' cried Ben Weatherstaff. 'Perhaps you *are* a child and not a cross old woman. Dickon talks to the birds too.'

'Do you know Dickon?' Mary asked.

'Everybody knows him. Dickon goes everywhere.'

Mary wanted to ask more questions about Dickon. But suddenly the robin flew out of the tree and over the wall.

'Oh!' Mary cried. 'He's flying into the garden with no door!'

'He lives there,' said Ben. 'In a **rose**-tree.'

'Rose-trees!' said Mary. 'Are there rose-trees there?'

Ben Weatherstaff turned away from her. 'That was ten years ago,' he said.

'I'd like to see them,' said Mary. 'Where's the door? I know that there *is* a door.'

Ben Weatherstaff looked angry. 'There was a door ten years ago, but there isn't one now,' he said. 'Now go away. I have to work.' And he walked away.

rose /raʊz/ (n) Roses are beautiful garden flowers. There are red roses, white roses and roses in other colours too.

For the first weeks in Mary's new home, every day was the same. Each morning, Martha made the fire and brought Mary her breakfast. The child got bored when she stayed in the house. So she went outside and played in the gardens every day. She did not know it, but this was the best thing for her. She began to look stronger.

One morning she felt hungry and ate all her breakfast.

'Breakfast is nice today,' she said to Martha.

'You're hungry because you play outside,' said Martha.

'I don't *play* in the gardens,' said Mary. 'There are only trees and plants there. I can't *play* with them.'

'You can look at them,' said Martha. 'My brothers and sisters look at things.'

So Mary looked at the trees and the plants and the birds. She often went to the wall of the secret garden. Plants grew all over the wall and she was interested in them. One day she saw the robin again. He was on top of the wall.

'Oh,' she cried, 'is it you – is it you?'

The robin began to sing. Mary thought, 'He's talking to me. He's saying, "Good morning! Isn't everything nice?"'

'I like you,' she cried. Suddenly, the robin flew away and sat in a tree on the other side of the wall.



'That tree's in the secret garden,' Mary thought. 'Oh, I'd like to fly over the wall and see the garden!' She looked carefully at the wall again. But she couldn't see a door anywhere.

That evening, she asked Martha, 'Why does Mr Craven hate the garden?'

'I'll tell you,' Martha said. 'But don't talk about it to anybody.'

'I won't,' said Mary.

'Mrs Craven loved that garden, and only she and Mr Craven went in there,' Martha said. 'There was a big, old tree in the garden. Mrs Craven often sat in it and read. One day she fell out of the tree. She died the next day. After that, Mr Craven didn't see anybody for months. He closed the garden and he threw away the key to the door. Now nobody can go in there. He doesn't want us to talk about it.'

'That's very sad,' said Mary.

Suddenly she sat up and listened. She could hear the sound of the wind outside, but there was another sound inside the house. 'Is somebody crying?' she asked Martha.

'No, no,' said Martha quickly. 'It's the wind.'

'But listen,' said Mary. 'It's *inside* the house. A child's crying.' She listened again. The sound was quite loud now. 'Yes, I'm right,' said Mary. 'A child's crying.'

The door to her room was open. Martha ran to it and shut it. The sound stopped. 'It was the wind,' Martha said.

But Mary looked at her and thought, 'No, it wasn't the wind. But who is it? Who's crying?'

The next morning, Mary looked out of the window. 'It's raining,' she said. 'What am I going to do? I can't go out.'

'Why don't you read?' said Martha.

'I haven't got any books,' Mary answered.

'There's one room in the house with a lot of books,' Martha said. 'I'll take you there tomorrow.'

Mary didn't answer. Martha left the room and, after a short time, Mary left her room too.

'I'm going to find that room now,' she thought. 'Mrs Medlock says that there are 100 rooms. I want to see them!'

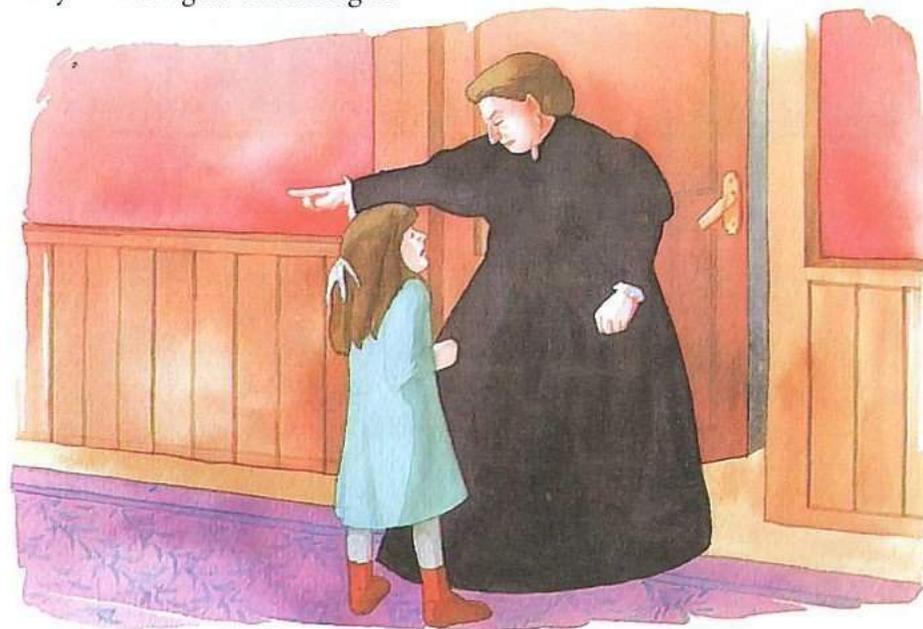
She walked through many large rooms, but she did not see any books. Suddenly she stopped. 'I can hear that sound again,' she thought. 'Somebody *is* crying. It's coming from that room there.'

She went to the door and put her hand on it. Suddenly, it opened and there stood Mrs Medlock. 'What are you doing here?' the servant said angrily.

'I'm sorry,' said Mary. 'But somebody's crying.'

'Nobody's crying,' said Mrs Medlock. 'Go back to your room!' She walked with Mary to her room and pushed the child inside. 'Now stay there,' she said. 'I'm going to find a teacher for you. I haven't got time for you.'

Mary sat down in front of the fire. She was very angry, but she didn't cry. 'I was right!' she thought.



The Secret Garden

*She took the key from her coat and put it in the door.
It was not easy, but slowly she turned the key.*

Two days later, the weather changed. Mary woke up and went to the window. 'Look at the moor!' she cried to Martha. The sky was blue, and the moor looked very beautiful.

'Yes, it's nearly spring,' said Martha.

'I'd like to see your house, Martha,' Mary said.

'I'll ask my mother,' said Martha. 'She'd like to meet you.'

'I don't know your mother, but I like her,' Mary said. 'And I don't know Dickon, but I like him too.'

'You'll meet Dickon one day. Do you think he'll like you?' Martha asked.

'No,' said Mary in a cold, little voice. 'People never like me.'

'And do *you* like Mary?' Martha asked.

Mary thought for a minute. 'No, I don't think I do,' she said.

That morning, Mary felt sad and cross. She went outside and began to feel better. She went into the first kitchen garden and found Ben Weatherstaff there. 'Spring's coming,' he said. 'Things are growing. You watch!'

'I will,' said Mary.

She looked round and saw the robin. He put his head on one side and looked up at her. 'Do you think he remembers me?' she asked.

'Of course he remembers you!' cried Ben Weatherstaff. 'He wants to know you.'

'Are things growing in *his* garden?' Mary asked.

'What garden?' Ben asked crossly.

'The garden with the rose-trees,' Mary answered.

'Ask him,' said Ben. 'He knows.'

Mary said goodbye to the old man and walked slowly through the gardens to the wall of the secret garden.

'I like the secret garden and the robin,' she thought. 'And I don't know Dickon or his mother, but I like them. And Martha is kind. I never liked people in India and now I like four people.' (For Mary, the robin was a person.)

Then the most wonderful thing happened – and it was because of the robin. She looked round and there he was on the ground near her. 'You followed me!' she cried. She sat on the ground and put her hand out. The robin did not run away. 'I'm happy!' Mary thought.

Suddenly, she saw something on the ground near the robin. It was an old key. 'Perhaps it's the key to the secret garden!' she thought. She took the key back to her room and looked at it for a long time.

The next morning, Mary took the key and went to the wall of the secret garden. The robin was on top of the wall.

She laughed. 'You showed me the key yesterday. Perhaps you'll show me the door today,' she said.

Then something **magical** happened. There was a strong wind that day, and suddenly it moved the plants under the robin to one side. Mary looked – and there in the wall was a door. 'The door to the secret garden!' she cried.

She felt very excited. She took the key from her coat and put it in the door. It was not easy, but slowly she turned the key. She pushed the door and it opened. She walked through and quickly shut the door behind her. She looked round excitedly. She was *inside* the secret garden!

It was very early spring, and there were no flowers. But there were rose-trees everywhere, and rose-plants climbed over the walls and the other trees in the garden. 'It's the strangest place in the world!' Mary thought.

The grass was brown, everything was brown. 'Is anything growing here? Everything looks very dead,' she thought.



magic /'mædʒɪk/ (n) Strange things happen with *magic*, and you can't understand them.

Mary walked round the garden. There were little green plants in the ground. She looked at them carefully. There was grass round them and the plants couldn't grow very well. She started to pull up the grass round the plants. 'That's better,' she said.

She worked busily all morning. At midday, she went back to the house. 'I'll come back this afternoon,' she thought.

Mary ate a lot of lunch and she looked well and happy. Martha saw this and smiled.

After lunch, Mary said, 'Martha, I'd like a spade.'

'Why?' Martha asked.

'I'd like to make a little garden. I want to plant **seeds**. I want to grow things. How much does a spade cost?'

'Not much,' answered Martha.

'I've got some money,' Mary said.

Martha thought for a minute. 'I know,' she said. 'Why don't you write a letter to Dickon? He can buy you a spade and some seeds. He can bring them to you.'

'That's a good idea!' cried Mary.

So that afternoon she wrote a letter to Dickon. She felt very excited. 'I'm going to meet Dickon!' she thought. 'And I'm going to plant seeds and they'll grow. The secret garden will be green and beautiful again!'



seed /si:d/ (n) You put **seeds** in the ground when you want flowers or vegetables to come up.

Dickon

*'I'll come every day,' Dickon answered.
'We'll wake up this garden and make it beautiful!'*

It was sunny all week, and Mary went to the secret garden every day. She loved being outside in the sun and the wind. She didn't look ill now – she looked well and happy. Every day there were more little green plants. She pulled up the grass round the plants. 'I love doing this!' she thought. 'I'm happy here!'

She often talked to Ben Weatherstaff. He was friendlier now, and he told her about the plants in the gardens. One day, Mary was in one of the kitchen gardens. She heard a sound and turned round. There was a boy under a tree and round him there were little birds and animals.

The boy smiled at her. 'I'm Dickon,' he said, 'and you're Miss Mary.' He was about twelve years old. He had blue eyes and a friendly smile. 'I've got your spade and seeds,' he said.

'Let's sit down and look at them,' Mary said.

The two children sat down on the grass and Dickon told her about the seeds. Suddenly he stopped. 'I can hear a robin,' he said. 'He's calling to us. Where is he?'

'He's in that tree,' Mary answered. 'He's Ben Weatherstaff's robin, but he knows me too.'

Dickon listened carefully to the robin's song. 'Yes, he does,' he said, 'and he likes you.'

'Do you understand the birds when they sing?' asked Mary.



'I think I do. And *they* think I do!' Dickon said. Then he asked, 'Where's your garden? I'll plant the seeds with you.'

Mary said nothing. Her face went red, then white. After a minute or two, she said slowly, 'I don't know you. But I'm going to tell you a secret. Please don't tell anybody.'

'I never tell secrets,' said Dickon.

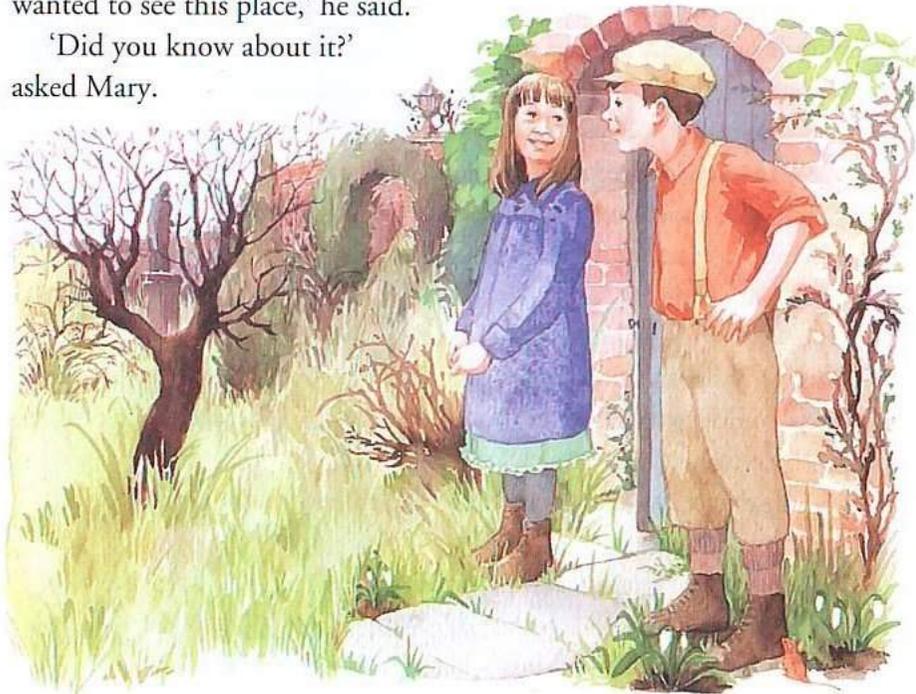
'Listen!' Mary said quickly. 'I found a garden! It isn't mine. Nobody wants it, nobody goes there – only me.'

'Where is it?' Dickon asked quietly.

'I'll show you,' Mary answered. She got up and he followed her to the secret garden wall. She put her hand under the plants and there was the door. 'This is it,' Mary said. 'It's a secret garden, and only you and I know about it.'

Dickon did not speak for two or three minutes. Then he said quietly, 'It's a strange place. But it's very pretty! The garden's sleeping. I always wanted to see this place,' he said.

'Did you know about it?' asked Mary.



'Speak quietly!' said Dickon. 'We don't want people to hear us. Yes, Martha told me about it.'

'Will there be roses in summer?' Mary asked. 'Or are they all dead?'

'Yes, there'll be roses,' Dickon said. 'Look!'

He went to a rose-tree and took a knife from his jacket. He cut some wood from the tree and showed it to Mary. 'Look!' he said. 'This is old wood here, but this green wood is new.'

'Oh, good!' cried Mary. 'I want everything to be green and beautiful!'

'Let's go round the garden and cut away the old wood,' said Dickon. 'Then the new wood can grow.'

They worked hard for some time.

'The garden will be fine,' said Dickon. He looked at some little green plants in the ground. 'Who pulled up the grass round those plants?' he asked.

'I did,' said Mary. 'They didn't look very happy, so I helped them.'

'You were right. They'll grow beautifully now.'

'I love gardening,' cried Mary. 'I'm getting stronger and I'm not tired.'

'I love gardening too,' said Dickon. He stopped and looked round him. 'There's a lot more work here,' he said.

'Will you come again and help me?' Mary asked him.

'I'll come every day,' Dickon answered. 'We'll wake up this garden and make it beautiful!'

'Dickon,' said Mary, 'Martha says that you're nice. And you *are* nice. I like you. I never liked people before.'

Dickon laughed. 'People think I'm strange. But you're *really* strange!' he said.

Mary was quiet for a minute. Then she asked, 'Do you like me?'

'Yes, I do,' Dickon answered. 'And the robin likes you too. We like you very much.'

They worked in the garden for another hour. Mary felt very, very happy. At lunchtime, she went back to the house, but Dickon stayed in the garden. 'I'll come back after lunch,' Mary said.

Mary Meets Mr Craven

*She looked at her uncle carefully. His back was not very bad.
He was not really a hunchback, but he looked very sad.*

Martha was in the room when Mary got back. 'I met Dickon!' Mary told her.

'And do you like him?' asked Martha.

'I think – I think he's beautiful,' Mary said.

Martha laughed. 'Dickon isn't beautiful,' she said.

'I think he is,' said Mary.

She ate quickly because she wanted to go back to Dickon. But Martha said, 'Mr Craven's here. He wants to see you.'

Mary's face went white. 'Perhaps Mr Craven will go into the secret garden,' she thought. 'He'll know that I was in there!'

'Why does he want to see me?' she asked. 'He didn't want to see me when I first came here.'

'It's all right,' said Martha. 'He's going away again tomorrow.'

Then Mrs Medlock came in and took Mary to Mr Craven's rooms.



He was in a chair by a big fire. 'Come here!' he said.

Mary went to him. She looked ugly and cross again. But she looked at her uncle carefully. His back was not very bad. He was not really a hunchback, but he looked very sad.

'Are they good to you?' he asked her.

'Yes,' she answered.

'You're very thin,' he said.

'I'm getting fatter,' Mary said coldly.

'Do you want a teacher?' Mr Craven asked.

'Oh, please, I don't want a teacher, not now!' cried Mary. 'I want to play outside. But I would like one thing. Can I – can I have a very small part of the gardens?'

'Why?' asked Mr Craven.

'I want to plant seeds and grow things,' Mary answered. She felt very afraid. 'Perhaps he'll say no,' she thought.

'Do you like gardens very much?' Mr Craven said slowly.

'Yes, I do,' said Mary.

Mr Craven got up and walked across the room. 'Yes, you can have a small part of the garden,' he said. 'Make it green and beautiful.' He looked very tired now. 'Go now, child,' he said. 'Goodbye. I'll be away all summer.'



part /pu:t/ (n) A part of something is some of it, not all of it.

4.1 Were you right?

Look back at your notes to Activity 3.4. Then finish the sentences below. Use the words in the box, in the past tense.

be cry find move see sit walk

Mary ¹..... to the wall of the secret garden. She ²..... the robin on the ground. She ³..... on the ground near it. Then she ⁴..... an old key. The next day, she ⁵..... at the wall again. Suddenly the wind ⁶..... some of the plants. 'The door to the secret garden!' Mary ⁷.....

4.2 What more did you learn?

Who says these words? Write the numbers.



1 I want everything to be green and beautiful!

2 I never tell secrets.

3 Dickon isn't beautiful.

4 I'll be away all summer.

4.3 Language in use

Look at the sentences on the right. Then finish the sentences below.

'Do you **think (that) he remembers me?**' she asked.
'Martha **says (that) you're nice.**'

- 1 'Dickon won't like me.'
Mary thinks that
- 2 'The robin remembers you.'
Ben tells Mary that
- 3 'Everything looks dead in the garden.'
Mary thinks that
- 4 'I found a secret garden.'
Mary tells Dickon that
- 5 'I will show Dickon the garden.'
She says that
- 6 'Mr Craven wants to see you.'
Martha tells Mary that

4.4 What happens next?

Look at the picture on page 31. Discuss these questions and write your answers. What do you think?

- 1 Who is in bed?
.....
- 2 How does he look?
.....
- 3 Why is he in bed?
.....
- 4 Will he like Mary? Why (not)?
.....

'I'm Colin Craven'

There was a boy in the bed. He was about ten years old and he had a thin, white face and big, grey eyes.

That night, it rained heavily. Mary woke up and could not sleep again. Suddenly, she sat up in bed. 'It's that sound again!' she thought.

She left her room and walked through the dark house. Sometimes she stopped and listened. She came to a door with a light under it. 'The sound's coming from here,' she thought. 'And I met Mrs Medlock here before!'

Slowly she opened the door. She saw a room with a large bed in it. There was a boy in the bed. He was about ten years old and he had a thin, white face and big, grey eyes. He did not see Mary and she watched him for a short time. He cried and then stopped. Then he cried again. He looked tired and ill.

Mary walked into the room. The boy turned and saw her. 'Who are you?' he asked. He looked very afraid.

'I'm Mary Lennox,' the little girl answered. 'Mr Craven's my uncle.'

'He's my father,' said the boy. 'I'm Colin Craven.'

'Your father!' cried Mary. 'I didn't know about you!'

'Come here,' said Colin. Mary went and stood near his bed. 'Where did you come from?' he asked.

'My room,' said Mary. 'My parents died and I live here now. Didn't they tell you about me?'

'No,' Colin answered. 'They know that I don't want to see people. And I don't like people seeing me.'

'Why not?' asked Mary.

The boy did not speak for a minute. Then he said, 'Because I'm going to be a hunchback. So I don't want people to see me. I'm ill and I never leave this room. I get too tired.'



'Oh, this is a strange house,' said Mary quietly.

She looked round the room. There were pictures on the walls. One picture showed a young woman with large, grey eyes. There was a happy smile on her face.

'Who's that pretty woman?' Mary asked.

'That's my mother,' Colin said. 'She died when I was born. They say that I've got her eyes.'

'Does your father come and see you?' Mary asked.

'Sometimes. Usually when I'm asleep. He doesn't want to see me. When he sees me, he thinks of my mother. I think he hates me,' the boy said angrily.

'He hates the garden because she died there,' Mary said.

'What garden?' the boy asked.

'Oh – a kitchen garden,' Mary said quickly. 'Your father closed it when your mother died. He threw away the key to the door.'

Colin looked interested. He began to ask questions about the garden. 'What do the servants say about it?' he asked.

'The servants don't talk about it,' said Mary. 'Your father doesn't want them to talk about it.'

'They'll talk to me,' Colin said. 'Or I'll be angry. And when I'm angry, I get ill. When I want something, I get it. I'm Mr Craven's son.' He stopped, then he said sadly, 'But nobody thinks I'm going to live very long.'

'Do *you* think you won't live?' asked Mary.

'Yes,' Colin answered coldly.

'Do you want to live?' asked Mary.

'No,' he answered crossly. 'But I don't want to die. When I feel ill, I think about my back. Then I cry and cry. But let's not talk about it. Let's talk about the garden. I want the servants to find the key. I want them to take me there.'

'Oh, don't – don't – don't do that!' Mary cried.

'Why? You want to see the garden too,' said Colin.

'We don't want other people to find the garden!' Mary cried. 'We want to find the garden – then it will be *our* garden – our *secret* garden.'

Colin began to understand. 'Secrets are nice,' he said.

There was a **wheelchair** in the room. Mary looked at it and thought for a minute. Then she said slowly, 'Perhaps we can find a boy, and he can push your wheelchair. We can go to the garden and nobody will know.' She stopped suddenly. 'Mrs Medlock will be angry with me,' she said.

'Why?' asked Colin.

'She didn't want me to know about you.'

'Mrs Medlock is only a servant,' Colin said. 'I'll speak to her and she won't be angry with you. I like you!'

'And I like you,' Mary answered.

'I want you to be a secret too,' said Colin. 'I'll only tell Martha about you. She'll tell you when I want to see you.'

'Does Martha know about you?' asked Mary.

'Yes,' said Colin.

The children talked for a long time. Mary told him about her life in India and Colin was very interested. But he began to look tired.

'Close your eyes and I'll sing to you,' Mary said. She began to sing an old Indian song. Colin's eyes closed, and in five minutes he was asleep. Mary went back to her room.

Martha is Afraid

'Colin liked me.'

'Colin doesn't like anybody!' Martha cried.

The next day, the weather was bad and Mary could not go outside. When Martha came in, Mary said, 'I know about Colin.'

'Oh no!' Martha cried. 'How?'

'I heard sounds in the night. I followed them to Colin's room.'

'Oh, Mary,' cried Martha. 'I didn't tell you about him, but they'll be angry with me. They'll send me away!'

'No, they won't,' said Mary. 'Colin liked me.'

'Colin doesn't like anybody!' Martha cried.

Mary laughed. 'He wants me to come and talk to him every day. He's not going to tell Mrs Medlock. It will be our secret. He'll tell you when he wants to see me. But what's wrong with him?' she asked.

'Nobody really knows,' said Martha. 'After his wife died, Mr Craven didn't want to see the baby. He said, "The child won't live. Or he'll live, but he'll be a hunchback."'



wheelchair /'wi:l'tʃeə/ (n) You move in a *wheelchair* when you can't walk.

'Is Colin really going to be a hunchback?' Mary said.

'No, he isn't,' Martha answered. 'But his back's weak. A London doctor came and saw him two years ago. I was in the room when he saw Colin. He said, "My boy, there's nothing wrong with your back. Go and play outside. Then your back will get strong." But it didn't help Colin. He thinks he's a hunchback. And he thinks he's going to die.'

'Do *you* think he'll die?' asked Mary.

'I don't know. He never goes out and that's not good for him. When they took him into the garden, he got very ill,' Martha answered slowly.

She left the room, but she came back half an hour later. 'Colin wants to see you,' she said.

'I'll come now!' said Mary. She walked quietly through the house to Colin's room.

'Come in,' said Colin.

'Colin,' said Mary, 'Martha's afraid. She says they'll send her away. But *she* didn't tell me about you!'

'Bring her here,' said Colin.

Mary found Martha and brought her to Colin's room.

'They won't send you away because *I* don't want you to go. And *I'm* Mr Craven's son. So don't be afraid. Now go away!' Colin said.

'Yes, sir,' said Martha and she left the room.

Mary said nothing for a minute. Then she said, 'You're not very nice to people! You're very different from Dickon.'

'Who's Dickon?' asked Colin.

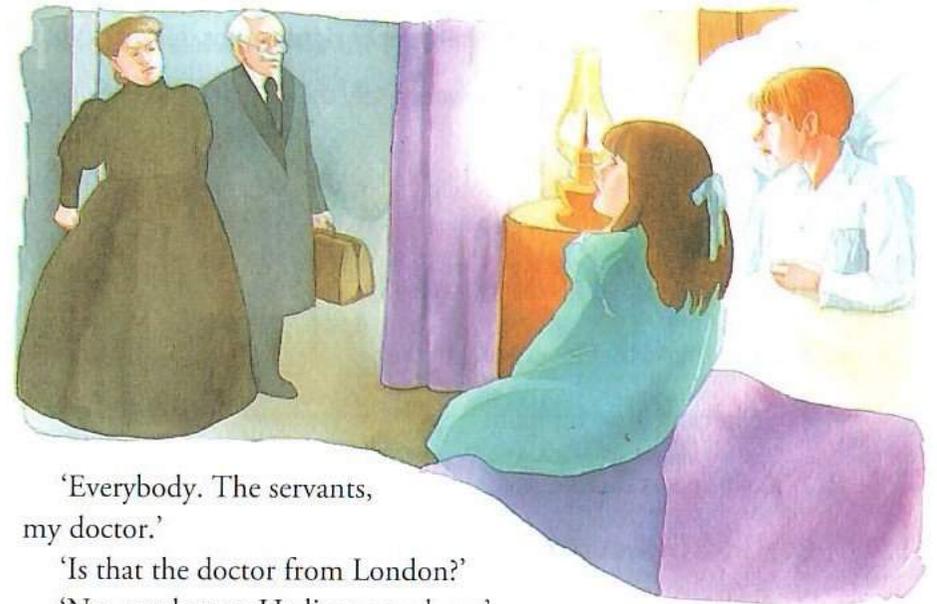
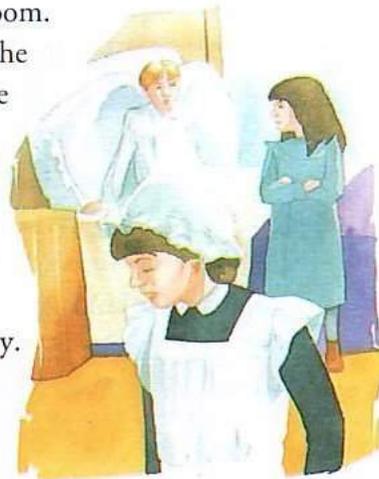
'Martha's brother,' Mary said. 'He's twelve. He goes out on the moor a lot. He talks to the animals and birds there.'

'I can't go on the moor,' said Colin sadly.

'Why not?' asked Mary.

'Because I'm too ill. I'm going to die.'

'Who says that?' Mary asked.



'Everybody. The servants, my doctor.'

'Is that the doctor from London?'

'No, *my* doctor. He lives near here.'

'I like the doctor from London,' said Mary. 'Martha told me about him. He doesn't think you're going to die.'

'My father does,' said Colin. 'He wants me to die.'

'Oh no, he doesn't,' said Mary. 'But let's not talk about that. Let's talk about nice things.'

So the two children talked about Dickon and the secret garden and Ben Weatherstaff's robin. Suddenly, Mrs Medlock and Colin's doctor walked into the room.

'What are you doing here?' cried Mrs Medlock to Mary.

And the doctor cried, 'What's this? Are you all right, Colin?'

But Colin wasn't afraid of them. 'Of course I'm all right,' he said.

'This is Mary Lennox. Nobody told her about me. She found me. I want her to come and see me every day.'

'Colin, I don't think this is good for you,' the doctor said.

'Yes, it is,' said Colin. 'I feel better when Mary's here.'

The doctor looked carefully at the boy. 'All right, but don't talk for too long, or you'll get tired!' he said. And he left the room with Mrs Medlock.

5.1 Were you right?

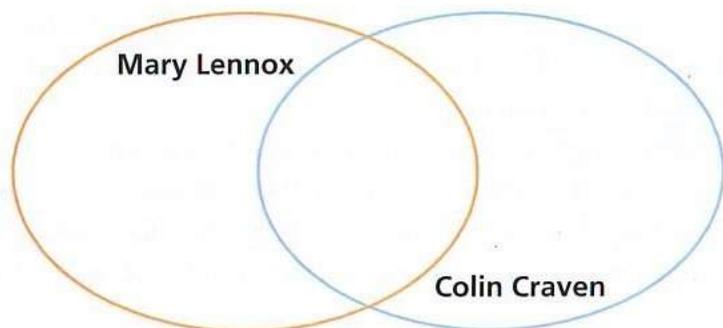
Look back at Activity 4.4. Are these sentences right (✓) or wrong (X)?

- 1 Martha takes Mary to Colin when Mary meets him for the first time.
- 2 Colin is very unhappy.
- 3 Colin's mother often visits him.
- 4 Colin thinks that his father hates him.
- 5 Colin thinks that he is going to die.
- 6 Colin can't leave his room.
- 7 Colin knows Dickon.
- 8 Martha knows that Colin is going to be a hunchback.
- 9 Colin's doctor is not happy about Mary's visit to Colin.
- 10 Colin enjoys Mary's visits.

5.2 What more did you learn?

Are these words about Mary, Colin, or Mary *and* Colin? Write the numbers below.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 has no mother | 4 is not nice to people |
| 2 has no father | 5 knows Dickon |
| 3 is weak and ill | 6 works in the secret garden |



5.3 Language in use

Look at the sentences on the right. Then write sentences with *when*, below.

'Your father closed it **when** your mother died.'

When I want something, I get it.'

- 1 Mr Craven sees Colin. He thinks about his dead wife.
 - a Mr Craven *thinks about his dead wife when he sees Colin*
 - b When *Mr Craven sees Colin, he thinks about his dead wife*
- 2 Colin was born. Mrs Craven died.
 - a When
 - b Mrs Craven
- 3 The doctor sees Mary in Colin's room. He is angry.
 - a The doctor
 - b When

5.4 What happens next?

Read the words in *italics> at the top of page 38. What do you think?*

- 1 Who is talking about Colin here?
.....
- 2 Why does he want to meet Colin?
.....
- 3 What will Colin think about him?
.....
- 4 What will he think about Colin?
.....
- 5 How will Colin feel in the garden?
.....
- 6 What will Colin do there?
.....

'I'm Going to Die!'

*I'm thinking I'd like to meet Colin. Then we can bring him here.
I think he'll feel better here.'*

It rained all week. Mary couldn't go outside, so she saw Colin every day. They talked about many things. But Mary didn't tell Colin about the secret garden. 'I'll tell him when I know him better,' she thought. Then one day she said to him, 'I know you don't like meeting people. But would you like to meet Dickon?'

'Oh yes!' cried Colin.

The next day Mary woke early. The sky was blue again and it was a beautiful day. She ran outside, to the secret garden.

Dickon was there before her. 'You're here early!' Mary cried.

Dickon laughed. 'I got up before the sun,' he said.

After a week of rain, the garden was very green. The children ran round the garden and looked at the new plants and flowers. Suddenly, Dickon said, 'Look, there's the robin!'



They sat on the grass and watched him. There was a very old tree in the garden. It was bigger than the other trees. The robin flew to the tree and started to sing. 'That's the tree!' Mary thought suddenly. 'Do you think Mrs Craven fell from that tree?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Dickon. The two children were quiet for a time.

'Do you know about Colin?' Mary suddenly asked.

'Why? What do *you* know about him?' asked Dickon.

'Colin and I are friends,' Mary said. 'He likes me.'

'Yes, I know about Colin,' Dickon said. 'He's a hunchback.'

'He isn't,' said Mary. 'But he thinks he's *going* to be a hunchback. It's very sad. He never goes out.'

'I know,' said Dickon. 'Look round the garden, Mary. It's getting greener and greener.'

Mary looked round slowly. 'You're right!' she said. 'It's beautiful. What are you thinking?'

'I'm thinking I'd like to meet Colin. Then we can bring him here. I think he'll feel better here.'

'Yes!' cried Mary. 'I think he will too. I'll tell him about our garden. I don't think he'll tell anybody.'

The two children worked in the garden all morning. Then Mary went into the house for lunch.

'Colin wants to see you,' Martha told her.

'I'll see him later this afternoon,' answered Mary.

'He'll be angry with you,' Martha said.

But Mary ran outside. 'Dickon's waiting for me,' she cried.

It was early evening when she came back inside. Martha did not look happy. 'Colin's very angry because you didn't go to see him,' she said.

Mary felt cross. She liked Colin, but he was not as important as the garden or Dickon. But she went to see him.

He was in bed. 'Why didn't you come?' he asked.

'I was in the garden with Dickon,' Mary said coldly.

'That boy isn't going to come here again,' Colin said angrily.

'Then I won't come here again!' Mary cried.

'Oh yes, you will!'

'No, I won't!'

'You unkind girl! I'm ill and I'm going to die!'

'No, you're not!' cried Mary.

Colin sat up when he heard that.

'You know I am!' he cried.

'No, you're not, you stupid boy!' shouted Mary.

Colin threw a book at her. 'Get out of here!' he cried.

Now Mary felt really angry. 'I'm going and I'm not coming back!' she cried.

She ran out of the room. When she got back to her bedroom, she found some books on the table. They were from Mr Craven. There were some picture books and two books about gardens.

'That's kind of Mr Craven,' she thought. 'He remembered me.' She suddenly felt happy. Then she remembered Colin. 'He thinks he's going to be a hunchback,' she thought. 'He's very unhappy. Perhaps I *will* go and see him tomorrow.'

She was tired, so she went to bed early. But in the middle of the night, she woke up. 'What's that noise?' she thought. Then she understood. 'It's Colin. He's crying really loudly.' She felt angry. 'Can't somebody stop him?' she thought.

Martha came into her room. 'Oh Mary!' she cried. 'It's Colin. Nobody can do anything with him. He likes you. Can you come and talk to him?'

Mary ran to Colin's room. She opened the door and ran to the bed. 'Stop it!' she shouted. 'I hate you! Everybody hates you! Why don't you die, you stupid thing!'

'I can't stop!' Colin cried. 'I can't!'

'Yes, you can,' shouted Mary.



'I'm going to be a hunchback!' Colin cried. 'I know I am! I felt my back and it's different.'

'Don't be stupid! Show it to me.'

'All right. You'll see!' Colin cried. He showed Mary his back. The girl looked at it carefully. His back was thin and weak, but there was nothing wrong with it.

'You're not going to be a hunchback,' said Mary loudly. 'Your back is as good as mine.'

Colin smiled weakly. 'Really? Is it really all right?'

'Yes!'

Colin turned to Martha. 'Do you think I'll live?' he asked.

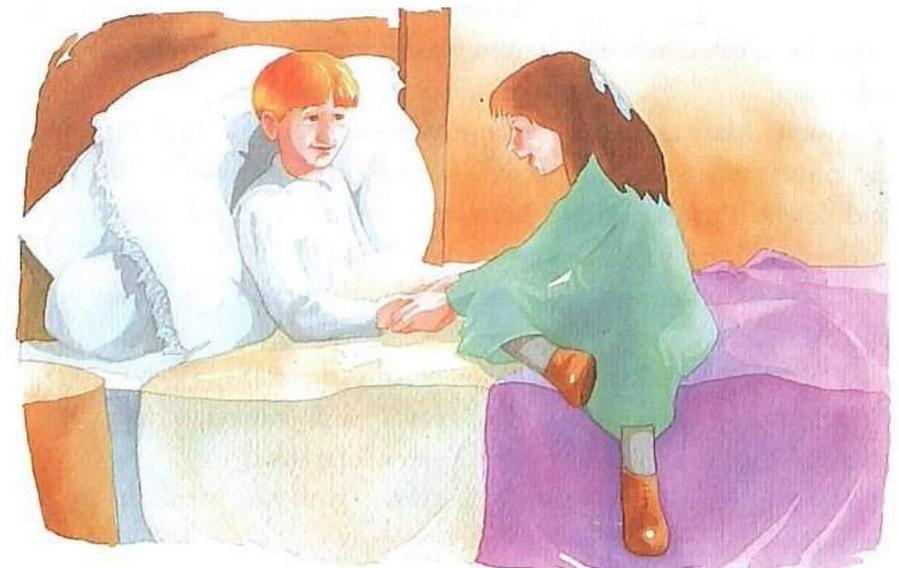
'Yes!' said Martha. 'But you have to go outside. You have to run and play, Colin. Then you'll be fine.'

'Then I'll go with Mary,' the boy said quietly. He felt happy suddenly. 'I'm all right!' he thought. 'I'm all right!'

'Now sleep,' said Mary. 'Would you like me to sing to you?'

'Yes,' he said.

Mary took his hand and sang to him. Colin slept.



Mary Tells Colin the Secret

*'I'm better now,' Colin answered.
'I'm going to go outside and see the gardens.'*

It was a lovely day when Mary woke the next morning. She wanted to go outside, but she went to Colin's room.

'You came!' he cried. He looked very tired. Mary sat down and they talked about Dickon and his animals and birds.

'Can Dickon really talk to animals?' Colin asked.

'I think he can,' Mary answered. 'He says everybody can. But you have to be friends with the animals first.'

'I'd like to have friends,' Colin said sadly. 'But I don't like people.'

'Don't you like me?' Mary asked him.

'Yes, I do,' Colin answered.

'Ben Weatherstaff says that he and I are the same. We're not very nice to people. Perhaps you're the same,' said Mary. She thought for a minute. 'But I think I'm nicer now.'

'Mary,' Colin said quietly, 'I was unkind about Dickon yesterday and I'm sorry. I hated him because you liked him. But I was wrong. I want to meet him.'

'Good,' Mary answered, 'because he wants to meet you. Perhaps he can come and see you tomorrow.' She took Colin's hands. 'Colin,' she said slowly, 'I'm going to tell you a secret. Please don't tell anybody.'

'No, no, I won't,' Colin answered.

'Listen. I found the door to the secret garden – and I found the key too,' Mary said quietly.

'Oh, Mary! Can I see it? Will you take me there?'

'Yes,' answered Mary. 'And Dickon will push your wheelchair.' She talked to him about the secret garden for a long time.

Later that day, Colin's doctor visited him with Mrs Medlock. 'So you were ill last night, my boy?' he said.

'Yes, but I'm better now,' Colin answered. 'I'm going to go outside and see the gardens.'

The doctor did not look happy. 'Be careful,' he said.

'Mary's going to come with me,' said Colin. 'And Dickon will push my wheelchair.'

'Oh, Dickon!' said the doctor. 'You'll be all right with Dickon.'

He left the room with Mrs Medlock. 'I saw Susan Sowerby, Dickon's mother, last week,' Mrs Medlock said. 'I told her about Mary and Colin. Susan said, "Children have to be with other children. Mary will be good for Colin." Perhaps she's right.'

'Yes, perhaps she is right,' said the doctor.

Colin slept well that night. The next morning Mary ran into the room. 'Dickon's coming!' she cried excitedly.

The door opened and Dickon came in. There was a bird on his arm. Colin's mouth fell open.

'Will it sit on my arm?' cried Colin.

Dickon laughed. 'You have to be friends with it,' he said.

The two boys talked all morning. They looked at pictures of plants and flowers.

'These flowers are in the secret garden,' Dickon said. 'And these.'

'I'm going to see them!' cried Colin. Dickon smiled.



Colin Sees the Secret Garden

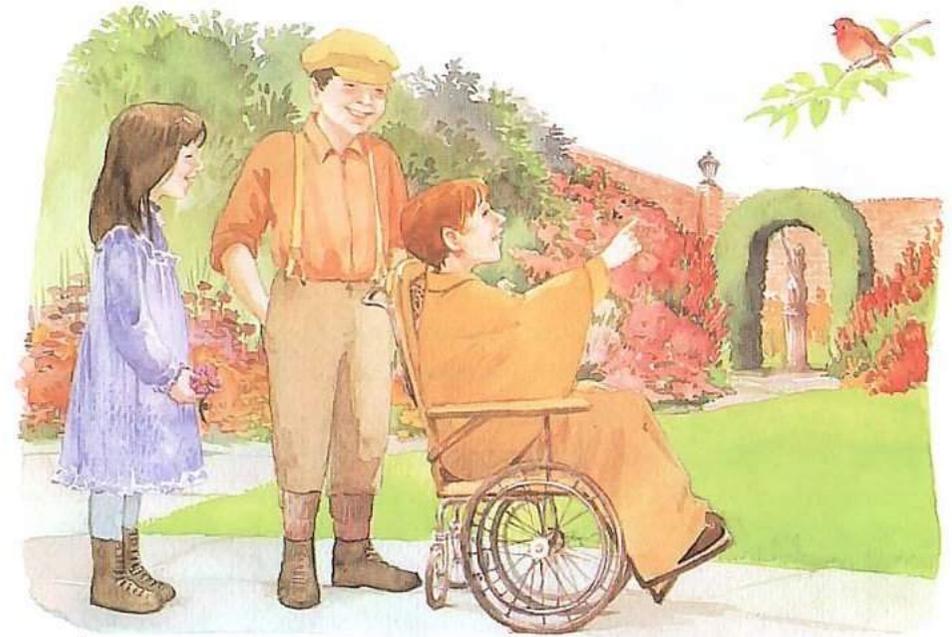
Mary looked at the robin and thought, 'There's magic in this garden. I know there is. The magic sent the robin.'

The next day was sunny and warm. Colin spoke to Mrs Medlock. 'I'm going outside. I don't want to see anybody in the gardens.' 'Yes, sir,' Mrs Medlock answered. A servant carried Colin downstairs and put him in his wheelchair outside the house.

'You can go now,' Colin said.

The servant went back inside. Dickon pushed Colin's wheelchair, and Mary walked next to them. They saw nobody in the gardens. But they walked round for a long time before they went into the secret garden.

'This – this is the door! Push the wheelchair inside quickly, Dickon!' Mary cried.



Inside the garden, Colin looked round and said nothing for some minutes. Everything was green now and there were flowers everywhere. The sun was warm on Colin's thin face. 'Oh,' he cried, 'it's beautiful! I'm going to get well!'

That afternoon, Colin laughed and talked. He began to feel better. Dickon and Mary worked with their spades, and Colin sat under a fruit tree in his wheelchair.

'That's a very old tree over there,' Colin said suddenly.

'Yes,' said Dickon quietly. He did not want to talk about it. Suddenly the robin flew into the garden. 'Look, there's the robin!' Dickon cried.

'Where?' asked Colin. He looked up and saw the little bird. Then he laughed and forgot about the tree.

Mary looked at the robin and thought, 'There's magic in this garden. I know there is. The magic sent the robin. Colin won't think about the tree now.'

'I'm going to come here every day,' Colin said.



'Yes,' said Dickon. 'In a short time, you'll walk and use a spade too.'
 'Walk!' said Colin. 'Use a spade! Will I?'
 'Yes,' said Dickon. 'You've got legs. You have to make them strong.'
 Colin smiled. Mary thought, 'I think Dickon makes magic. He's going to make magic for Colin, and Colin will get better.'

It was nearly evening and the garden was very quiet. Suddenly Colin cried, 'Who's that man?'

Mary and Dickon turned round and there was Ben Weatherstaff. They could see his head over the top of the wall. The old man looked very angry. He could not see Colin and Dickon, only Mary.

'How did you get into the garden, you bad girl?' he shouted.

'The robin showed me the door,' Mary answered.

'Take me there,' Colin said to Dickon.

Dickon pushed the wheelchair nearer Ben Weatherstaff. When Ben saw Colin, his mouth fell open.

'Do you know me?' Colin asked him.

'Yes, you're Mr Craven's son,' Ben answered slowly. 'How did you get in here? You're a hunchback!'

'I'm not a hunchback!' Colin said loudly.

'No, he's not!' Mary shouted. 'I saw his back, and it's fine.'

'Help me, I want to stand,' Colin said to Dickon. Dickon took Colin's arm, and slowly the boy stood up. He looked thin but very tall. 'Now – look at me, Ben Weatherstaff!' he cried. 'Am I a hunchback?'

For a minute Ben could not speak. Then he said, 'No, you're not a hunchback. You're very thin, but you're fine.'

'Come into the garden,' Colin cried. 'Mary will open the door.'

'Yes, sir,' said Ben, and he climbed down from the wall.

'Dickon!' Colin said, 'I'm going to walk to that tree.' With his hand on Dickon's arm, the boy walked slowly to the tree. When Ben came through the door, Colin cried, 'Look! Am I a hunchback?'

'No, you're not,' the old man said again.

'Listen!' the boy said. 'This garden's a secret. Don't tell anybody about it. You can come sometimes and help.'

'Thank you,' Ben Weatherstaff said, and he smiled.



6.1 Were you right?

Look back at your answers in Activity 5.4. Then find the ends of these sentences, below.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|---|
| 1 Dickon tells Mary ... | <input type="radio"/> | a ... Colin doesn't like him. |
| 2 Colin is angry ... | <input type="radio"/> | b ... when Mary doesn't come to see him. |
| 3 Before he meets Dickon, ... | <input type="radio"/> | c ... when he comes into Colin's room. |
| 4 There is a bird on Dickon's arm ... | <input type="radio"/> | d ... that he wants to meet Colin. |
| 5 Dickon is friendly ... | <input type="radio"/> | e ... on his first afternoon in the garden. |
| 6 Colin laughs and talks ... | <input type="radio"/> | f ... to the unhappy boy. |

6.2 What more did you learn?

1 Put the right names in the sentences.



- a looks at pictures of plants and flowers with Colin.
- b is angry when Mary doesn't visit him.
- c sings to Colin in his room.
- d gives some books to Mary.
- e tells Colin that he has to be careful.
- f looks at the children over the top of the wall.

2 Work with other students. You are Dickon, Mary and Colin. Why are you happy? Tell your friends.

6.3 Language in use

Look at the sentences on the right. Then make adverbs from the words in the box below and write them in the sentences.

'That boy isn't going to come here again,' Colin said **angrily**.
 'He's crying really **loudly**.'

careful weak happy busy quiet angry

- 1 Dickon and Mary sat and thought about Mrs Craven.
- 2 Mary ran into the garden.
- 3 Ben shouted when he saw the children.
- 4 Colin sat in his wheelchair.
- 5 The children worked with their spades.
- 6 Colin stood up and walked.

6.4 What happens next?

Look at the pictures in Chapters 14 and 15. How do you think the story is going to end? Write your story in five or six sentences.

The End of the Story

I think that is going to

.....

.....

.....

.....

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.....

.....

The Magic in the Garden

'The magic is making me strong!' Colin cried.

'I'm not going to tell the doctor,' he said.

When Colin went back into the house, his doctor visited him. 'You were outside too long,' he said.

'But I'm not tired,' answered Colin. 'I feel better, and tomorrow I'm going to stay outside all day.'

The doctor did not look happy about this.

After he left the room, Mary said, 'You aren't very nice to your doctor.'

Colin thought about this. 'You're right,' he said. 'I can be very unkind to people. I'll try to be nicer.'

'Good,' said Mary. 'The garden will help you. I think there's magic in the garden. You'll be happy there and you'll learn to be kind.'

That spring and summer there really was magic in the garden. It grew more and more beautiful. There were flowers of all colours and the roses climbed everywhere.

'Your mother loved those flowers,' Ben Wetherstaff told Colin.

The children went to the garden nearly every day. Dickon often brought his animals and birds, and the children played with them. Colin grew stronger and happier. One day he took a spade and he started to **dig**. He only worked for five minutes. But each day he worked for a longer time. One afternoon he walked round the garden. Dickon and Mary walked next to him, and the robin sang in a tree.

'The magic is making me strong!' Colin cried. 'I'm not going to tell the doctor,' he said.



dig /dig/ (v) Dogs *dig* in the ground because they are looking for something under it.

'I'll only tell him when I can run really well. And when my father comes home, I'll walk into his room. I'll say, "Here I am. I'm very well and I'm going to be a strong, happy man."' "

Mary laughed. 'I can't wait!' she cried.

There was only one problem. Because Colin was often outside, he was always hungry.

'I'm eating more now,' he told Mary. 'The servants will know I'm getting better.'

Dickon told his mother about the secret garden and Colin. She was very interested and asked a lot of questions. He told her about Colin's problem with food.

Mrs Sowerby laughed. 'I've got an idea,' she said. 'Colin and Mary can give me money. Then I'll give you food for them.'

It was a wonderful idea. Each day Dickon came with bread, cake and milk. The food was good and they all ate it. After that, Colin did not want to eat much in the house.

His doctor could not understand it. 'It's strange,' he said to Mrs Médlock. 'The boy isn't eating, but he's getting fatter!'

'You're looking much stronger,' he said to Colin. 'Your father will be very happy when he hears about this,' said the doctor.

'No, don't tell him!' cried Colin. 'I'll get ill again!'

'All right,' said the doctor quickly. 'We won't tell him.'

When he left, Colin looked at the picture of his mother.

'I never wanted to look at her picture before,' he told Mary. 'But now I like it. I think she wants me to be happy.'

Mary looked at the picture. 'Yes, I think she does.'

The three children and Ben were in the secret garden one morning, when suddenly the door opened. A woman with a very kind face stood there. She smiled at the children.

'Who is it?' Colin cried.



Dickon ran across the grass.

'It's Mother!' he shouted. 'You wanted to meet her, so I told her about the secret garden.'

Colin went to Mrs Sowerby. 'Hello, Mrs Sowerby,' he said. His eyes were very big in his face.

'Oh, dear boy!' Mrs Sowerby said.

'Do you think my father will like me?' Colin asked her. 'I'm strong and well now, but perhaps he won't like me.'

'Of course he will,' Mrs Sowerby answered. She turned to Mary. 'You're a pretty girl, Mary,' she said. Mary laughed.

The children took Mrs Sowerby round the garden. Colin and Mary did not know Dickon's mother, but they loved her. She had food. They sat down under the trees and ate. The children told her about the magic in the garden.

'Of course there's magic here,' said Mrs Sowerby. 'But I have a different name for it. For me, it's plants and trees and flowers. It's green things – it's life!'

At the end of a happy morning, Colin said quietly, 'When do you think my father will come home, Mrs Sowerby?'

'I don't think it will be long, Colin,' she answered.

Colin looked at her with love in his eyes. 'I'd like you to be my mother,' he said.

Mrs Sowerby took him in her arms. 'Your mother's here. I know she is,' she said. 'And your father will come back to you.'

In the Garden

'I'm a bad father,' he thought. 'My son is ten years old. But is it too late? Can I help him?'

When you think sad or unkind things, it is bad for you. In India, Mary did not like people – she did not like anything! So she was ill and cross. Then she came to Yorkshire. There she thought about secret gardens and robins, about Dickon and the moor. She was a pretty child now, and she was nicer and happier.

It was the same with Colin. Before he met Mary, he thought only about his back. But now he thought about his new friends and the secret garden. He thought about happy things and so he was a happy person.

Colin's father, Archibald Craven, was away all spring and summer. He visited the most beautiful places in Europe. Nothing helped him. He thought only of his dead wife.

One day, he was in the Austrian mountains. He was tired and he sat down on the grass. There were blue flowers everywhere and it was very quiet. He looked at the flowers for a long, long time. Everything got quieter and quieter. 'Something is happening to me,' he thought. 'What is it? I feel – I feel happy again!'

That night, he slept for a long time. In his sleep, he heard his dead wife's voice. 'Archie, Archie!' she said.

'Where are you, my dear?' he asked.

'In the garden,' she answered, 'in the garden.'

When he woke the next morning, it was a beautiful day. 'In the garden,' he thought. 'She said, "In the garden." But I threw away the key!'

A servant came in with a letter. It was from Susan Sowerby. She wrote: 'Please come home, Mr Craven. It's very important. Your wife would like you to come home.'

Mr Craven read the letter carefully. 'I will go back,' he thought. 'I'll leave today.'

On the journey back to Yorkshire, he thought about Colin. 'I'm a bad father,' he thought. 'My son is ten years old. But is it too late? Can I help him?'

When he arrived at the house, Mrs Medlock came to see him. His first question was, 'How's Colin?'

'He's . . . he's different.' Mrs Medlock answered slowly. 'It's very strange. He's fatter, but he doesn't eat much. He goes out into the gardens every day in his chair. Miss Mary and Susan Sowerby's boy take him.'

'Where is he now?' Mr Craven asked.

'In the garden, sir. He's always in the garden.'

Mrs Medlock left the room and Mr Craven repeated the words again and again: 'In the garden!'

He went out into the gardens and walked slowly through them. 'Where's the key?' he thought. 'I threw it away. I can find the door, but can I find the key?'

He came to the secret garden wall and found the door. Then he stopped and listened. He could hear voices inside the garden! But why? Nobody went into this garden!

Suddenly the door opened and a boy and a girl ran out. The boy ran out very fast. He didn't see Mr Craven, and he ran into his arms. Mr Craven looked at him. He was a tall boy with dark hair and big, grey eyes.

'Who – what – who?' cried Mr Craven.

'Father, I'm Colin,' the boy said.

For a minute his father could not speak. Then he said quietly, 'In the garden, in the garden!'

'Yes,' Colin said quickly. 'I'm better because of the garden. And because of Mary and Dickon and the magic. Nobody knows I'm better. I wanted you to know first.'

Again, Mr Craven could not speak. His son was happy and well! This was the best thing in the world!

'I'm well and I'm going to live, Father!' Colin cried.



Mr Craven took his son's arm. 'Take me into the garden,' he said.

So Colin took him in. It was autumn now, and there were autumn colours everywhere. Roses climbed over the trees and the walls.

'It's beautiful!' cried Mr Craven. 'But why? I shut the garden ten years ago. Why isn't everything dead?'

They sat down on the grass, and Colin told his father the story of the secret garden. He told him about the robin, Ben Weatherstaff, the animals and the magic. Then he said, 'I don't want it to be a secret any more. I'm never going to get into that chair again. I'll walk back to the house with you, Father.'

And he did. Ben Weatherstaff was at a window and he called the other servants. 'Look!' he said. 'Who do you think is coming across the grass?'

The servants ran to the windows. Mrs Medlock threw up her hands. 'Oh!' she cried. 'It's not possible!'

A tall, strong boy came across the grass. There was a happy smile on his face. It was Colin Craven!

- 1 Work with another student. The book ends when Colin and his father talk. Have their conversation.



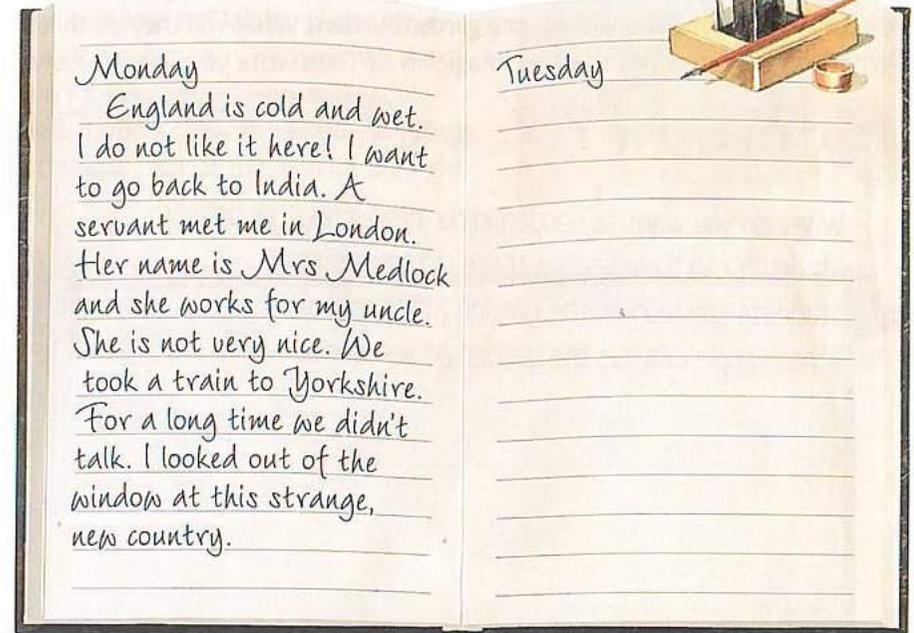
Student A You are Colin. You want to tell your father everything about the secret garden and your new friends. You want him to know that you are not ill now. Perhaps you also have questions for him.

Student B You are Mr Craven. You want to know Colin better. Ask him about his new life. Tell him about your thoughts in the Austrian mountains. Why were you a bad father? Tell him that you are sorry. You are going to be a better father now.

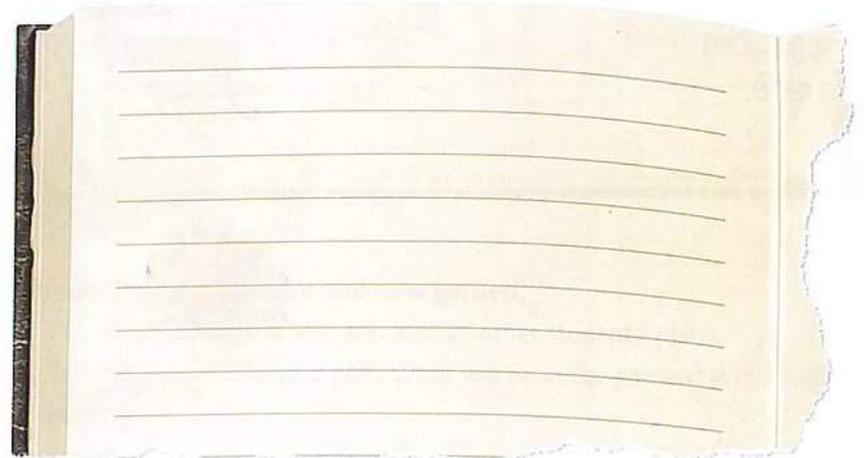
- 2 Work in small groups and discuss these questions.

- Did you enjoy the story? Why (not)?
- Which person in the story do you like best? Why?
- Who changes most in the story? How?
- The children talk about the garden's 'magic'. Mrs Sowerby says, 'Of course there's magic here. But I have a different name for it. For me it's plants and trees and flowers.' What does she mean? Who do you think is right? Why?
- Do you think that people can really feel better in gardens? Why (not)?

- 1 Read the page from Mary's diary. Then write a page for her first day at Mr Craven's house. What did she see and do? Who did she meet? How did she feel?



- 2 Now choose a time from later in the story. The garden's 'magic' is making Mary better and happier. Write another diary page.



1 Discuss ideas for a new garden.

Behind your school, there is a place for a new garden. The school wants students' ideas for the garden. Work with two or three other students and discuss your ideas. Who will use the garden? When? What will they do there? What will they see? Will there be 'magic' in it? Then write your ideas, below.

What do you want to happen in our new school garden?
 Students can have lessons there in the summer.
 Students can work in the garden after school.
 Other people can use the garden at weekends.

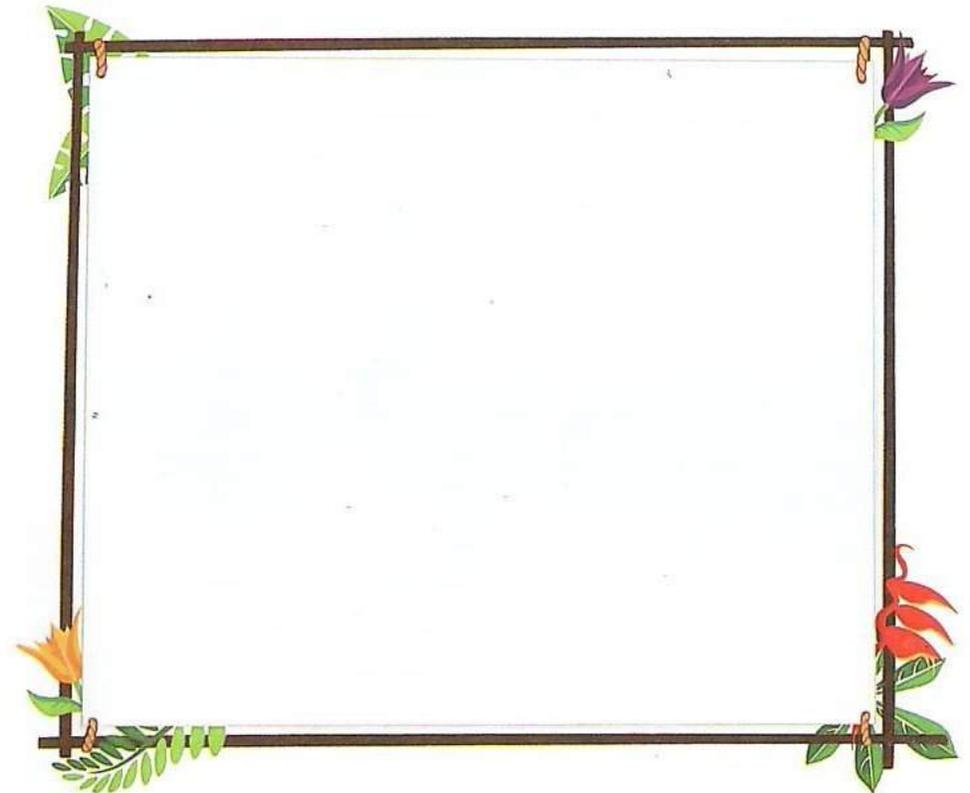
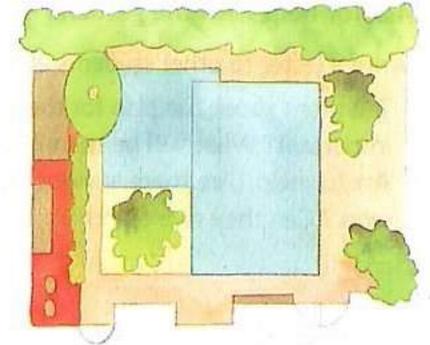
What would you like to see in the garden?

trees
 vegetables
 a café



2 Plan the garden.

Look again at your ideas in Activity 1 and discuss a plan. Where will plants and buildings be? Which plants grow well in your country? Where will the sun hit the garden? How will people walk round it? Where will they want to sit down? Look at the plan on the right. Then draw a plan of your new garden.



3 Choose the best plan for the new garden.

- a Put your plan on the wall and look at other students' plans.
- b Tell the class about your plan. What will be in the garden? Why? Answer questions.
- c The class then chooses one of the plans. Which is the best? Why?

