

The Secret Garden



czytamy

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The Secret Garden



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Chapter I

'Mary Lennox'



Mary Lennox was a skinny little 10-year old girl who was used to living in India all her life. She had thin yellow hair and an ugly yellow face with an angry look. She was always upset with something or somebody. Her father was always busy and her mother cared more for going to parties than for looking after her only child. So, when Mary was born, she was given to an Indian servant called Ayah, who was told to keep the child out of sight. Mary became a rude, spoilt and selfish child, used to always being obeyed by her servants. She never liked anybody, and so she had nobody to play with her because there was not a single person who liked her.

One extremely hot morning she woke up, and, instead of seeing her Ayah she saw another servant. She asked:

'Why have you come? I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me!'

The servant looked frightened but replied that her Ayah couldn't come. This made Mary so angry that she started kicking and

hitting the poor woman. But her Ayah did not come back.

There was definitely something strange about that morning. Nothing seemed to be done the way it had always been done: no Ayah, no morning wash, no help with getting dressed, no one to play with. In fact, most of the servants seemed to be missing. So Mary decided to walk around the house. She found her mother on the veranda, talking to a young man. The man looked very worried. Mary overheard her mother asking him:

'Is it really so very bad?'

'Awful, you should have left two weeks ago.'

'I know but I had to go to this silly party.'

'You never said that it had broken out among your servants.', he said.

'Because I didn't know.' replied Mary's mother.

Nobody had told Mary that cholera had broken out, and that her Ayah had died, and that people around her were dying

very suddenly. Everyone was panicking and they had completely forgotten about Mary. In a few days, all the servants had either died or run away. Mary's parents had died too.

But Mary knew nothing. She suspected she was the only person left in the house because it was very quiet around. The only thing she could do was wait for someone to come and look after her. She was tired and she slept most of the time. When she finally woke up, she heard two male voices. They were talking about what had happened. They thought that everyone had died. Suddenly they noticed Mary sitting on her bed.

'That's the kid!' said one of them. 'They must have forgotten all about her.'

'Why was I forgotten?' asked Mary. 'Why has nobody come for me?'

'Poor little kid! Because there is nobody left to come.'

Although many had died, Mary didn't feel sorry for anyone but herself. She could



not stay in India because no one could and no one wanted to look after her there. So she was sent to England, to her uncle, Mr. Archibald Craven.

Mary never cared much about who she was living with as long as she had somebody to look after her. So now the only thing that interested her was what her new Ayah would be like, and if she would treat her like her old Ayah did. But sometimes her heart felt strangely heavy with loneliness, and she wondered why she had never belonged to anybody, not even to her father or mother.

Mary was sent to England with an officer's wife, and in London she was met by Mrs Medlock, Mr Craven's housekeeper. Mary didn't like Mrs Medlock very much and she wasn't at all interested in the new place she was going to. She did not even bother to ask any questions about her uncle.

'Do you know anything about your uncle?' Mrs Medlock asked Mary when they had sat down in the train.

'No.'

'You've never heard your father and mother talk about him?'

'No.'

'Humph.' Mrs Medlock was surprised, 'I suppose you should be told something. You are going to a strange place. Mr Craven lives in a very old and very big house – it's about 600 years old, and there are nearly 100 rooms in it. Most of them are locked though. The manor is at the edge of the moor and is surrounded by gardens and a park. What do you think?'

'Nothing.'

'Don't you care?'

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

'Mr Craven has a crooked back. He was a very sour man before he got married. But his wife was as kind and delicate as a flower.

'Why was?', asked Mary who started listening despite herself.

'The poor woman died.' said Mrs Medlock.

'Did she?' said Mary.

'Since her death Mr Craven has lived on his own. He travels abroad a lot, and if he is at home, he never meets other people. So don't expect him to talk to you. You'll be told which room is yours and which gardens you are allowed to play in.'

Not a word was spoken during the rest of their journey together, and it was dark when they reached the station. A man in a carriage was waiting to take them both to the manor.

'What is the moor?' Mary suddenly remembered the word Mrs Medlock used.

'It's dark outside now,' said Mrs Medlock, 'But if you look out of the window, you'll see it soon.'

But Mary could not see anything apart from the darkness covering the endless wild land. She didn't like it.

When they arrived, Mary was taken to her room. It had been a long day and she quickly fell asleep.

In the morning, Mary woke up to find a

village girl sitting by the fireplace with a smile on her face. It was Martha, a servant girl helping in the house. Mary, who was used to being washed and dressed by her Indian servants, got angry with Martha for not helping her to get dressed and to put on her shoes. Martha, on the other hand, could not believe her own eyes – she had never seen a grown girl who needed help with her clothes and shoes. But when Mary got so angry that she burst into tears, Martha finally helped her to put on her dress. Then she showed her into the next room, where breakfast was already waiting for her on the table. It was porridge. Mary looked at it and said she wasn't hungry.

'Not hungry?' asked Martha with surprise. 'My! If my little brothers and sisters were here, this plate would be clean in a minute!'

'Why?' asked Mary.

'Because they don't often get the chance to have such a good meal.'

Mary tried a little of the porridge.

'They would never waste such good food.'
Martha went on. 'Why? If they didn't eat, they wouldn't have the strength to run around the moor all day.'

Mary picked up her spoon again and started to eat slowly as she listened to Martha talking about her family, and especially about her brother Dickon, who spent most of his time on the moor playing with different animals.

Mary was so intrigued by Martha's stories that she decided to go out and have a walk around Mr. Craven's gardens. She became even more curious when Martha mentioned a garden which had been locked up since Mrs. Craven died. Martha didn't know where it was. It was a secret garden.

Chapter II

'Secrets of The Manor'



Mary took a long walk around the gardens. She looked at the birds and animals, which were so different from the ones she used to see in India. But what she was really interested in were the many doors she saw. Each of them led to a garden. One of them led to the secret garden. But which one? Mary tried to open every door she saw. She visited the kitchen gardens, where vegetables were grown, and an orchard, where there were fruit trees. Although the gardens were big it was still winter and none of the flowers were in bloom - the gardens, therefore, did not look all that impressive.

While walking around one of the orchards she saw a small bird with a red breast sitting on a tree top. It was singing as if calling out to her. She stopped for a while, listening to his winter song, and noticed something strange: although she could see the tree top, she could not find a door in the wall beyond which the bird was singing its tune. Perhaps she could ask someone.

She looked around and saw a strange old man. He stood there with a spade in his



hands digging in the ground. It was Ben, the gardener. Mary came up to him.

'I have been into the other gardens,' she started. 'And I went into the orchard, but there was no door to the garden next to it.'

'What garden?,' Ben replied in a rough voice and stopped digging.

'The one on the other side of the wall. There are trees there, I saw the tops of them. A bird with a red breast was sitting on one of them and was singing.'

Ben's face suddenly changed, he smiled and started to whistle. He looked very different with a smile on his face. He looked almost nice, Mary thought. She watched surprised as the small redbreast bird flew over and landed on the ground next to Ben.

'Where have you been?' Ben asked the bird. 'I didn't see you yesterday.'

The little bird seemed to understand every word. It looked at Ben, and wasn't at all afraid of him or of Mary.

'Do you know him? Does he always come to you when you call him?' asked Mary.



'Of course he does. I've known him since he was a baby. He fell out of his nest and I took care of him because his family flew away. He was all alone. And I was all alone. Now we're friends. It's Robin the redbreast.'

Mary knelt next to the robin and whispered that she was all alone too.

'So you are this little girl from India?' Ben asked. Mary nodded.

'And I have no friends at all,' said Mary. Ben pointed at the robin, which was sitting on the branch of an apple tree, singing happily.

'I think he'd like to be your friend.' so Mary came closer and asked:

'Would you make friends with me?' robin finished his song and flew away.

Mary turned back to Ben. She wanted to ask him about the locked garden, where it was and how she could get in. But Ben didn't want to talk about it. His smile disappeared.

'You stay out of things that have nothing to do with you!' he said rudely, and turned back to his digging.

'I'll have to find it myself then. And I will, I will!', thought Mary.

Days went by. Mary began to spend more and more time in the fresh air. Her cheeks reddened and she became stronger and healthier. She could now eat the whole breakfast, even if it was porridge, without complaining. She also became great friends with Martha, who told her stories about her big family (she had eleven brothers and sisters). Mary had nothing to play with, and so she spent all day walking about the gardens and orchards, sometimes looking for Ben, sometimes robin. When she did find him, he was usually sitting on the same tree-top where Mary had found him the first time. Soon she was sure that the robin's tree was inside the secret garden. But she could never find the door to it.

One morning the weather outside was windy and cold and Mary didn't go out but stayed with Martha. They sat and listened to the noises made by the blowing wind and talked about the secret garden.



'Mr. Craven locked it up after his wife died. Nobody has been there since.' said Martha.

'Why does he hate it so much?' asked Mary.

'Mrs Medlock says it is none of our business. It was his wife's garden and they both loved it so much. They spent lots of time there. They locked themselves in and didn't allow anybody to bother them. There was a big tree which Mrs Craven used to sit on. One day the branch she was sitting on broke and she fell. She hurt herself so badly that the next day she died. Mr Craven nearly went crazy with sorrow. Now he doesn't allow anybody even to talk about her or the garden.'

Mary sat in silence thinking that now she had an idea what it meant to feel sorry for someone, because now she felt sorry for her uncle and his poor wife. She was close to crying for them, but instead, strangely, she heard a cry of someone else. It was as if a child was crying somewhere in the house.

'It was just the wind in the trees.' said Martha nervously.

'No, it wasn't. I heard somebody crying and it wasn't a grown-up.' insisted Mary.

'It was the wind,' Martha said. 'And if not the wind then it was little Betty down in the kitchen crying because of a toothache.'

Martha got up, ran out of the room and shut the door, turning the key and locking Mary in. Mary did not believe Martha's explanation for a second. She was sure she had heard a child crying.

It was raining the following day, so Mary couldn't walk outside again.

'What do your brothers and sisters do when it's raining?' she asked Martha.

'They play but there is not much to do. Only Dickon goes to the moor when it's raining. He says he has to look after his animals.'

'I have nothing to do.' said Mary sadly.

'Can you read?'

'I can but I have no books.'

'If only Mrs Medlock allowed you to go the big library in the house. You would surely find something to read for yourself

then – there are thousands of books there.'

Mary, who never felt the need to ask anybody for permission, decided to look for the library herself. She wanted to wander around the house and see whether there really were so many locked rooms. She moved along the corridors and tried to open some of the doors she saw. Suddenly she heard the same cry that she had heard the day before. But it was so much nearer now, she could almost hear where it was coming from. Looking for a way in, she came across Mrs. Medlock.

'What are you doing here?' Mrs. Medlock shouted. 'What did I tell you? Keep to your own room!'

'I turned the wrong corridor and got lost. I didn't know where to go and then I heard somebody crying.' Mary tried to explain.

'You didn't hear any such thing. Go back to your room now.' To make sure she did, Mrs Medlock went with Mary all the way to her room, and locked her inside.

Mary was furious. 'Somebody was crying. And I heard it twice.'

Chapter III

'The Secret Garden and Dickon'



When the weather got better, Mary started to go out again and soon forgot about the crying child. The truth was, she had something else on her mind - the secret garden. She wished so much she could find it. And she wished so much to see if the flowers and plants there grew like in all the other gardens. But she could not find the secret door leading into the garden. So she spent her days running around, happy to be out again and talking to Robin or to Ben when she ran into them.

One day she saw Ben working with two other gardeners.

'Springtime is coming,' he began. 'Can you smell it?' Mary took a deep breath and said:

'I smell something nice, fresh and damp.'

'That's the earth,' he said. 'It's getting ready to grow things. The sun is warming them. You'll soon see bits of green coming out of the earth.'

'What will they be?'

'Crocuses and snowdrops and daffodils. Haven't you ever seen a crocus?'

'No, in India everything is green after the rains, and I think everything grows in one night.'

'Here, I'm afraid you'll have to wait longer for them to grow – in this part of the world it takes time for things to grow.'

She then heard the wind whistling and saw robin.

'Do you think he remembers me?' she asked Ben.

'He knows everything and everyone in these gardens,' said Ben.

'Is everything coming to life in his garden too?'

'What garden?'

'The one he lives in,' said Mary.

'Ask him,' Ben suggested.

So Mary slowly walked down the path and when she saw the bird again he was walking around one of the flowerbeds. She came closer, but he wasn't afraid at all.

'You do remember me!' she said.

She came up even closer and noticed something shiny on the ground. When she bent down she saw a piece of metal. She

picked it up. It was an old key. Mary put it in her pocket. It might be the key to the secret garden, she thought. It might be the key that had been buried in the ground for ten years! She decided to carry it with her at all times just in case she found the secret door that led to the garden.

Martha went away for a day to see her family and when she came back she brought Mary a present. It was a skipping rope with blue and red handles. Mary had never seen a skipping rope before and she didn't know what to do with it.

'What is it for?' she asked curiously.

'What for?!' Martha couldn't believe her own ears. 'Just watch me!' And Martha showed her how to skip, run, and play with it. Mary looked at her in amazement.

'It looks very nice. Your mother is a very kind woman. Do you think I will ever skip like you?'

'Just try it.'

And Mary tried, and liked it. Suddenly she stopped, out of breath.

'Martha, it was with your own money ...

thank you.' she said quietly. It was the first time she had ever thanked anybody in her life.

It was a windy day but Mary was so pleased with her new toy that she didn't much care about the cold weather and happily skipped around the gardens. Although she wasn't very good at first she didn't give up. She decided to skip along the walls surrounding the garden with no door. She saw the Robin again, who was following her. He had never seen a skipping rope before either. As for Mary, she wondered whether he knew how to get inside the garden. All the walls around it were covered with thick ivy. Just then, the wind blew apart the ivy leaves, and Mary saw a small metal lock. Was this the lock to the secret garden? She took the key out of her pocket, carefully placed it into the lock and turned it. It worked! She looked round to see if anyone had seen her. But there was no one. She opened the door and walked straight through into the secret garden.

The garden was wild. Mary could, however, imagine how the garden must have once looked: mysterious in all its beauty.

It was completely still inside. Mary had no idea whether the rose trees and other plants were still alive. She saw some pale green things coming out of the earth – small green plants just like the ones Ben had told her about. She knew they were first spring flowers.

Slowly, she walked around, carefully taking care not to step on any of the flowerbeds. When she got to the small green plants, she decided to pull at the grass around to give the plants more air and more sun. She picked up a sharp piece of wood and started digging around them.

In the evening, when Mary got back to her room, she couldn't stop thinking of how to look after the garden, her garden (or so it seemed). She asked Martha where garden tools could be found and what kind of flowers might grow in the early spring time.

'It's such a big and lonely place. The house is lonely, the park is lonely and the gardens



are shut up. There are not many things for me to do or to play with. There is no one to talk to except you and Ben, and you have to do your work and Ben can't speak to me all the time. I thought if I had a little spade I could dig somewhere like Ben does. And I might make a little garden if he gives me some seeds. How much would a spade cost? I have some money – Mrs Medlock gives me one shilling every Sunday – but so far there hasn't been anything to spend it on.'

Martha was really happy to see Mary so changed, and changed for the better since the day they met, and so she wanted to help her. Together they wrote a letter to Dickon. They asked him to buy a set of garden tools and flower seeds, and they put Mary's money in the envelope.

A few days later Mary saw a boy sitting under a tree and playing with a squirrel. He was a funny-looking boy, about twelve years old, with a round face with red cheeks and red hair. He had a wide smile and even his big blue eyes were smiling. When he saw Mary he gave her a sign not to come

closer. He moved very slowly because he did not want to scare the squirrel away.

'I am Dickon', he said. 'And you must be Miss Mary Lennox.'

'Yes, I am.' Mary replied. So this was Dickon!

'Did you get Martha's letter?' she asked.

'That's why I've come.' replied Dickon.

Dickon had brought her a set of garden tools – a spade, a rake, a pitch-fork - and some flower seeds. Soon they spoke as if they had known each other for a long time. Dickon told Mary about the seeds, what kind of earth she could plant them in, and what they would look like when they had grown. He also told her how to look after them, when to water them and what signs to look out for.

'I'll plant them for you myself if you like.' he offered. 'Where is your garden?' Mary wasn't sure whether to tell him about the secret garden or not, so instead asked him:

'I don't know much about boys ... Can you keep a secret?'

'Of course I can,' said Dickon looking at her in surprise. 'I keep secrets all the time:

there's so much I know about wild animals and their homes that if I ever told anyone they would be in danger.'

'I've stolen a garden.' said Mary with tears in her eyes. 'It isn't mine. It was nobody's and nobody takes care of it. I'm the only person who wants it alive!'

Dickon's eyes became larger with surprise.

So Mary led him to her secret garden. At first, he stood for a couple of minutes looking around in complete amazement. He saw the rose trees, and to Mary's great surprise, he said they were alive. Then he saw the little green plants coming out of the earth, and he saw somebody had cleared the ground around them.

'Have you done that?' he asked. 'That's a good job. You'll be a good gardener!'

They both knelt down and started to work with Mary's garden tools. Time passed quickly. Soon, Mary heard the bell that signalled dinner, and so she had to go back to the house. Before she went, though, Dickon promised her that he would come again to help her in the garden.

Chapter IV

'Colin'



Mary and Dickon became great friends, so much so that she looked forward to seeing him and working together in the secret garden. But as spring came, the weather changed for the worse and thunderstorms started to wake her in the middle of the night. She found it terribly difficult to get to asleep again – and it wasn't only the wind and rain that bothered her. She started to hear that cry again, the same cry that she had heard during her first days at the manor. So one night, she decided, once and for all, to find whatever was making that disturbing noise. She got up and went the same way she had gone the last time she had met Mrs Medlock. It seemed the further she went, the louder the cry became. Then, ahead of her, she saw a door with light coming out from beneath it. She slowly walked up to it and gently pushed it open to find herself in a huge room with a big bed in the middle. On it lay a small boy. He was very pale, with huge grey eyes, seemingly too big for his small face.

'No, I'm not. Are you?' replied Mary.

'I am Colin, and who are you?'

'I'm Mary. Mr Craven is my uncle.'

'And he is my father.' answered the boy.

'Your father? No one ever told me he had a son. Why were you crying?'

'Because I couldn't sleep and I have a terrible headache.'

They began to talk. Colin told her that his father hated him as his birth had caused the death of his mother – Mr Craven's beloved wife. He also mentioned that he would not live to his adult age as he would have a hunchback, just like his father, and die before long. Colin was so depressed that he didn't want anybody to see him.

'Are you sure you won't live?' Mary asked sadly.

'Ever since I remember people saying I won't.'

'But do you want to live?'

'No.'

'Have you ever left your room?' asked Mary. 'If you don't want people to

see you, do you want me to go?' But Colin wanted Mary to stay and tell him all about India and herself. Mary later told him about the secret garden, that it was his mother's

favourite and that it had been locked up ever since she had died. Colin asked many questions and wanted to know everything she knew about the garden. She told him many things, but didn't tell him that she had the key and often went inside.

'Mr. Craven hates it and has hated it since the day your mother died. No one has been allowed into for ten years.' she told him.

Colin, by this stage, had already planned to make his servants look for the key and open the garden for him. This terrified Mary, so she told her cousin that keeping the garden a secret would be a lot more fun. Colin agreed with her and begged her to keep looking for the garden, and to come and see him whenever she had any news. Mary felt that her secret was safe and talked with Colin about what she imagined the secret garden looked like, what sort of flowers grew in it and what it was like to listen to the birds singing in the trees.

'You know a lot about it already,' said Colin. 'It's almost as if you'd been in it yourself.'



They were both silent for a while.

'What would Mrs Medlock do if she found me in your room?' asked Mary, with a worried look.

'She will do what I tell her to.' said Colin. 'I am glad that you came and will tell her to let you in. Do you know Martha? She will tell you when to come and see me.'

'I'm very sleepy now, Colin. Would you mind if I left?'

'Of course, I only wish I could fall asleep before you left.'

So Mary took his hand and, stroking it gently, sang a lullaby in Hindustani. Colin fell fast asleep and Mary quietly stood up and left.

For the next couple of days Mary continued her visits to her cousin's, telling him about the spring in the air, Dickon, his animals and the secret garden.

The weather finally changed for the better and that morning, instead of going to see Colin, Mary decided to go out and look for Dickon, hoping he would be working in the garden.



She was right, as Dickon was there already and had even brought his animal friends with him. There was the small fox, Captain, the black crow, Soot and two squirrels – Nut and Crack.

The garden had changed over the week as the grass was greener and green buds of leaves were showing. They both worked

hard and Mary told Dickon all about Colin, his illness, and wondering what to do to try and convince him that getting some fresh air would be good for him. The work took them the whole day, and when Mary went back to the manor for dinner she found Martha waiting to tell her that Colin was angry at her for not visiting him throughout the day.

'I wish you had visited him. He had one of his tantrums. It took us the whole afternoon to keep him quiet.'

Mary wanted to tell Colin all the news so she quickly went to see him.

Colin was lying on his bed when Mary arrived. The first thing he asked her was why she had not visited him all day.

'I was working in the garden with Dickon,' she answered.

'I won't allow that boy on the grounds if you go and play with him instead of coming to see me.' Now, although Mary had changed during her time at the manor, she was still a child who was used to being obeyed and did not like the way Colin was



Chapter V

speaking to her. She got so cross with him that she decided never to see him again. Instead, she warned him that if he ever did ban Dickon from helping in the gardens, she would never ever speak to him again. And, as Colin himself was used to being obeyed, he least of all expected Mary to threaten him and soon started shouting at her.

'You're so selfish!'

'What? You are more selfish than I am. You are the most selfish boy I have ever met.'

'I'm not as selfish as you are. I'm ill and I'm going to die and all you can do is be unkind to me. I AM GOING TO DIE!'

'You're not! I don't believe you! You just say that to make people feel sorry for you!'

'Get out of my room!' he shouted, throwing a pillow at her.

Mary was so angry when Colin threw her out of his room that she had completely forgotten the pleasant day she had spent in the secret garden with Dickon. She was so tired that she herself went to bed and quickly fell asleep.

'More Tantrums'



That night Mary did not sleep long as she was awoken by a noise. Before she realised what was happening, she heard screams and crying from Colin's room: he was having another tantrum. The noise, added with the impossibility of getting back to sleep, made Mary really angry. But then Colin's nurse came into her room with fear in her eyes and begged Mary to calm Colin down. Mary was surprised to see that everybody in the house seemed to be afraid of Colin. As she was a child, and as difficult as Colin herself, the nurse hoped that Mary could have some effect on the boy. Mary went with the nurse, not with the intention to comfort Colin but simply to stop him from screaming so she could get some sleep. She opened the door with a bang and started shouting:

'You stop! I hate you! Everybody hates you! I wish everybody left the house and let you scream yourself to death!' She ordered him to stop crying and threatened that she would scream too. Colin was lying



in his bed. His face looked dreadful, white and red and swollen.

'I can't stop!' he sobbed. He was crying because he was terrified that his hunch was growing. Mary looked at his back very carefully and assured him that there was nothing he should worry about. Colin eventually stopped crying but felt very weak (every time he had one of these attacks he felt very feverish and tired afterwards).

'Do you think I will live to grow up?' he asked Mary

'You probably will if you do what you are told to do! You have to control your temper though. And you have to get some fresh air.'

'I'll go out with you if Dickon pushes my chair. We can look for the secret garden.' This helped Colin calm down, and when Mary sang him a song, he soon fell asleep.

The next morning, before Mary went to the garden to work with Dickon, she went to visit Colin. She told him all about her plans to look for the garden and promised that she would share all her discoveries with

him. Then later, in the garden, she spoke to Dickon about her ill cousin, asking him whether fresh air might help him. Dickon agreed, telling Mary that his own mother believed nothing to be more healthy than a dose of fresh air - there was nothing like the scents of flowers and hearing the song of birds. Mary's mind was made up: not only would she tell Collin about the secret garden, but she would also take Dickon and his animals to visit him.

'You smell like flowers and ... and fresh things!' Colin cried out joyously when Mary came into his room.

'It's the wind from the moor. It blows softly and carries the spring scents on its journey.'

They had so much to talk about: Mary described the gardens, the colours, the plants, the trees, the flowers, the animals and the change in seasons.

'I wish I hadn't said what I did about sending Dickon away. And I won't mind him seeing me.'

'I am glad you said that' Mary said, because she then knew that it was the right

moment to tell Colin all about the garden. She revealed everything about how she had found the key, and about how the Robin had shown her the way to the door hidden behind the ivy. Colin soon forgot about his tiredness and listened in excitement to every word Mary said. They made plans to take him to the garden, with Dickon's help.

In the meantime Mrs Medlock sent for a doctor to see if Colin's health remained stable after his recent hysteria. The doctor found his patient sitting on the sofa with his face beaming with joy. At that very moment, no-one would have thought that he was ill, but the sight of the doctor filled him with fear.

'I'm sorry to hear you were ill last night my boy.' the doctor said.

'I'm better now. Much better. I'd very much like to go out and get some fresh air.' answered Colin.

'That's fine. But when the weather is OK. And you have to be careful not to get tired'

'Fresh air won't tire me. I will go with my cousin and Dickon.'

'And the nurse, of course.'

'No, I won't need a nurse. My cousin knows how to take care of me. My chair will be pushed by Dickon. He is a very strong boy.'

The doctor was surprised by this strange behaviour as Colin had always hated going out, for fear of being stared at by others. But at the mention of Dickon, the doctor stopped worrying as he knew that he was a trustworthy and careful boy, and would never put Colin in danger.

'But you have to remember...' he started, but was immediately interrupted.

'I don't have to remember. In fact, remembering only brings me pain. I would rather be with my cousin as she helps me to forget. I feel better when I'm with her.'

The doctor left, quite relieved to see the boy looking so well, and acting like a normal child. And Colin, well, he had never felt better: he fell asleep with a smile on his face and slept more peacefully than he had ever done before.

When he awoke the following morning, he waited for Mary to come and see him.

She ran into his room, shouting:

'It's so beautiful. You've never seen anything quite that beautiful before. It has come! Spring has come. Dickon said so!'

'Has it?'

'Open the window!' Mary cried and ran to open it. 'Breathe the fresh air.'

When breakfast was served, Colin told his servant: 'A boy with his animals is coming to see me this morning. I want them brought up here as soon as they come. You can tell Martha to bring them. The boy is her brother.'

A few minutes later they heard the strangest sound. It was Dickon with his crow, his lamb, his squirrels and his fox. Colin stared at them in amazement and delight. Dickon let Colin play with them. For the next few days Dickon regularly came to talk to Mary and Colin. As it was still slightly windy Colin had to stay in, but patiently waited for his chance to see the new world around him. He certainly wasn't going to spoil it by having another tantrum.

Chapter VI

'Magic'



The day finally came when it was warm enough for Colin to go out. And so, with joy in his eyes, he prepared himself for his adventure. Not only was his carriage waiting, but Mary and Dickon waited for the servants to take Colin out into the courtyard.

Colin didn't let anyone follow him, for fear that the secret garden be found. When everything was ready, Colin said:

'I can't stop thinking about what it will look like!'

'What? The garden?'

'Springtime. I've never seen one before. In fact, I'd never really thought about it.'

They moved slowly, Dickon pushing Colin's wheelchair and Mary walking beside them. When Colin reached the open, he lifted his face to the sky and began looking around at everything that surrounded them. When they reached the wall covered with ivy, Mary again told them all about the discovery of the hidden door to the garden. Colin was wheeled through and came out on the other side. His face,



by this stage, had already become pink with anticipation. He looked alive and well.

'I shall get well! I shall get well! Mary and Dickon, I shall get better! And I will live forever and ever and ever!' he shouted. It was then that he saw spring for the first time - 'why,' he thought 'was it that spring had never been more than just a word?' The word itself now came alive with the full force of the blossom found around him. He wanted to live it fully and would not let go.

They drew his wheel-chair under a plum tree and, and while Colin sat there admiring the garden, Mary and Dickon worked.

'I wonder if Robin will come,' said Colin, noticing an old tree not far from where he sat.

'That's a very old tree,' he said, pointing to it. 'Has it died? It looks as if a big branch has been broken off. I wonder what happened to it.' Mary looked at him, not knowing what to say. 'Look at Robin! There he is! There he is!' shouted Dickon, trying to direct Colin's attention somewhere else. How could he ever be told what had happened to the old tree?

'It was magic that sent Robin.' Mary later assured Dickon.

'We couldn't ever tell him how it broke, poor boy,' said Dickon.

Later that afternoon they saw Robin looking for food and soon got hungry themselves. So Colin asked Mary if she could tell the servants to prepare something for them, but bring it only as far as the path which led to the secret garden.

They ate hungrily and, when they finished, they lay on the grass chatting.

'I don't want this afternoon to end,' said Colin. 'I'm going to come back here tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that. I want to see life grow around me, and I want to grow here myself.'

'Why don't you walk around?' suggested Dickon.

'Walk! Me?'

'Sure. Why not? You have legs don't you? Just like other people.'

'But they are so thin and weak. I am afraid to try to stand on them.'

'You stand on them when you stop being afraid,' said Dickon.

Colin was thinking about something when he suddenly spotted somebody and shouted:

'Who is that man?'

Mary and Dickon rose to their feet immediately.

'Man!?' they both seemed surprised

'Look! Just look!'

There was Ben's face, watching them over the garden's wall from the top of a ladder. He didn't look at all pleased to find them in the secret garden.

Mary approached him:

'It was Robin who showed us the way.'

At the sight of Colin, Ben's face changed.

'Do you know who I am?' Colin asked him. Ben couldn't stop staring at him. He was an old tactless man and knew only the things he was told, so he answered:

'Who are you? You have your mother's eyes. But you are a poor cripple.'

'I'm not a cripple!' Colin said, anger rising within him.

'He's not a cripple.' Mary echoed.

'Don't you have a crooked back?' his voice started to shake.



'No!' Colin shouted.

'Don't you have crooked legs?'

This was too much for Colin. His anger and insulted pride filled him with such a force he never thought he had.

'Right...' he shouted, moving as if to stand up.

Dickon and Mary came closer to his chair and Dickon, holding his arm, helped him stand straight.

'Look at me! Just look at me!'

'He is as straight as I am! As straight as any boy in Yorkshire!' Dickon shouted.

While Mary watched, she started saying to herself: 'You can do it! You can do it!' She believed it was magic doing it, making Colin stand and feel a will to live. And then finally she looked up at Ben. He was crying. He couldn't take his eyes of Colin standing upright.

'People tell lies.' Ben said. 'You'll be a fine man one day. God bless you!'

Ben's head vanished behind the wall and he came into the garden through the gate.

'Look at me! Do I have crooked legs?

Everyone thought I was going to die. I'm not. What do you do in the garden?' Colin asked Ben.

'Anything I am told to. I work here because your mother liked me.'

'My mother? It was her garden, right?'

'Yes. She was very fond of it.'

'Now it is my garden. And I am very fond of it. I shall come here everyday. But it is to remain a secret. I shall send for you sometimes to help with the work in the garden.'

'I've come here before when no one was looking.'

'What?!' the three children shouted.

'She was so fond of her roses, she said to me once: Ben, if I'm ever ill or if I ever go away would you take care of my roses? When she died, your father ordered that no one be allowed to come here, but I did, over the wall, on the ladder.'

'I'm glad you did.' Colin said. 'You know how to keep a secret.'

From that day on, Colin visited the secret garden every day to practise walking and to breathe the fresh air. He became rounder

and stronger and began to look just like an average healthy young boy. Despite this though, his doctor started to worry about him:

'You shouldn't stay out that long. You shouldn't tire yourself too much.' he warned.

'I'm not tired. It has made me well. I'm going out in the mornings and in the afternoons. It would be stupid to stop me.' said Colin seriously.

'You shouldn't be so rude.' said Mary, who was listening in on the conversation. And, looking at Colin's face, she added: 'But don't worry. I too was rude. But the time will come when you will feel others in your life and how much their lives become part of you. You too will feel the magic of the garden.'

'I don't want to be rude. I shall stop being unfriendly if I go to the garden every day. There is magic, a good magic there.'

Chapter VII

In the Secret Garden'



Then it was magic as they called it – the wonderful things that happened in the garden. The green things began to show buds, and then the buds began to show colours: blue, red, purple, yellow. And the roses – light fresh leaves and the buds, tiny buds. Colin saw it all, watching every change that took place there. He liked lying on the grass, watching things grow. But, more determined still, he kept practising to walk.

Days passed. Colin spent as much time as he could in the garden. His appetite improved. To the great surprise of his nurse and Mrs Medlock, Colin, together with Mary, ate twice as much as they used to before. Although Colin put his new-found appetite down to the fresh air, his nurse decided to contact his doctor to examine Colin on this matter.

'You are not feverish and what extra weight you gained is healthy. If you keep this up, my boy, we need not talk of dying. Your father will be happy to hear of this remarkable improvement.'



'I won't have him told! It will only disappoint him if I get worse again – and I might get worse this very night. I might have a terrible fever. I won't have letters written to my father. You are making me angry and you know that it is bad for me. I feel hot already.'

'Hush my boy, hush. Nothing shall be done without your approval.'

The children, afraid that their secret might be revealed, decided to eat less at the house. Instead, they gave some of their pocket money to Dickon's mother, who bought and prepared extra food for them. In this way, they stopped eating so much at home, and sent their meals hardly touched back to the kitchen. The doctor was called again.

'I'm sorry to hear that you do not eat anything. That will not do. You will lose all you have gained. You ate so well not long ago.'

'I told you it was an unnatural appetite,' answered Colin. Mary, who was sitting next to them, was about to burst out in laughter

and it sounded as if she was choking. Their strange behaviour gave the doctor the idea that they may be getting food in secretly; but none of the servants knew anything, and so he thought that it can't be true.

The children spent their time in the garden, working, playing, laughing and dreaming about magic – the magic that would allow Colin to fully – and finally – recover.

One day, while they were playing in the garden, Colin saw somebody approaching them.

'Who is it?' he said, quickly. The woman who had entered the garden looked at them, her face smiling brightly. When Dickon saw her, his eyes widened.

'It's my mother!' he cried and went across the grass to greet her. Turning to the others, he said 'I thought you would like to meet her and to thank her for the food that she had prepared. So I told her where the secret door was hidden.'

Colin held out his hand to Mrs Sowerby.

'Even if I were ill, I would still want to

meet you. Are you surprised I am so well?’

‘Eh dear lad’ she said smiling. ‘I am. But you are so much like your mother that it makes my heart jump.’

‘Do you think that my father will like me?’ Colin asked awkwardly.

‘For sure dear lad. He must come home. Your father must come home. He must.’

While the secret garden was coming alive and the two children were coming alive with it, a man wondered lonely in far away places in the Norwegian fjords and the Swiss valleys. It was Archibald Craven, a man who had kept his mind filled with dark and heart-broken thoughts for ten years. A terrible sadness had fallen upon him when he was at home, so he deserted it and forgot all his duties. He travelled to the most beautiful places as well as to the most peaceful ones, hoping that his heart would find happiness.

One day, wandering in a valley he sat on a lake’s shore to rest and fell asleep. He had one of those dreams that seemed so real that he hardly realised it was a dream. He

heard his wife calling his name, and when he called her to ask where she was, she replied that she was in the garden. When he woke up, he knew that there was only one garden his wife could have been thinking about. But the gate, or so he thought, was locked and the key was buried somewhere in the ground. Later, when he got back to the hotel he was staying at, a servant gave him a letter that read:

Dear Sir,

I am Susan Sowerby. I will make bold to speak. Please, Sir, I would come home if I were you. I think you would be glad to come and if you excuse me, Sir – I think your lady would ask you to come if she was here.

*Your obedient servant,
Susan Sowerby*

Mr Craven read this letter many times before he put it back into its envelope. It reminded him of his dream. He decided to go home at once.

In a few days he was back in Yorkshire.

'I will try to look for the key,' he said to himself, thinking about his dream. So, when he arrived at the manor he asked Mrs Medlock:

'How is Master Colin?'

'Well, Sir – he's different.'

'Worse?' he feared.

'You'll see, sir. He's growing very peculiar, sir. Not long after one of his worst tantrums he insisted on being taken out every day by Miss Mary and Dickon – Susan Sowerby's boy. He stays outdoors from morning to night.'

'Where is Master Colin now?' Mr Craven asked.

'In the garden.'

Mr Craven repeated Mrs Medlock's last words and headed towards his wife's favourite garden. He knew where the door was but didn't remember where the key was buried. When he got closer to the garden's walls he heard strange noises coming from inside. This seemed to him a little strange as he knew that the garden



had been locked for ten years. He walked up to the door, opened it, and as soon as he walked in, a tall, handsome boy ran up to him with his arms open. Mr Craven was speechless as the boy hugged him.

'Father, I'm Colin. You can't believe it, can you?. I scarcely can myself. I'm Colin.' Mary, who ran right after Colin, saw them and stopped, watching them carefully.

'It was the garden that did it. And Mary and Dickon. I'm well. Aren't you glad father? I'm going to live for ever and ever.' Mr Craven looked at him with joy in his eyes. He put his hand on the boy's shoulders and said 'Take me into the garden, my boy, and tell me all about it.'

It took quite a while for the story of the secret garden to be told, and of the magic that lay inside it. But it was told, all of it.

'Now, it needs not to be a secret any more' Colin said, finishing his story.

Glossary

alive – żywy
 although – chociaż
 amazement – zdumienie
 anticipation – oczekiwanie
 appetite – apetyt
 to approach – nadchodzić, podejść
 approval – aproba, zgoda
 to assure – zapewniać
 awful – okropny
 awkward – niezręczny, kłopotliwy
 awoken – obudzony
 to ban – zakazywać, zabraniać
 to be cross – być złym, zezłoszczonym
 to be upset with sth. – być zdenerwowanym
 czymś
 to beam – rozpromieniać się
 to befriend – zaprzyjaźnić się z
 to beg – błagać
 beloved – ukochany/a
 to bloom – kwitnąć, rozkwitać
 blossom – kwiecie



bold – śmiały
 to bother – dokuczać, niepokoić
 branch – gałąź



to break off – odłamać
 to break out – wybuchnąć
 breast – pierś
 to breathe – oddychać
 bud – pączek



to burst out in laughter – parsknąć śmiechem
 to bury – zakopać
 to call out – wykrzyknąć
 calm – spokojny
 to calm someone down – uspokoić kogoś
 careful – ostrożny

carriage – powóz, wózek



to choke – dusić się

to concern – dotyczyć

confusion – zamieszanie, nieład

control one's temper – trzymać nerwy na wodzy

to convince – przekonać

cosy – przytulny

courtyard – dziedziniec

cripple – kaleka

crocus – krokus



crooked – krzywy, garbaty

to cross one's mind – przejść przez myśl

crow – wrona



curious – ciekawy/a

cushion – poduszka ozdobna

daffodil – żonkil



delicate – delikatny

to deny – zaprzeczać

to despise – gardzić

despite oneself – wbrew sobie

to dig – kopać

to disappoint – rozczarować

discovery – odkrycie
 dish – potrawa
 to disturb – przeszkadzać, zakłócać
 disturbing – niepokojący
 to doubt – wątpić
 doubt – wątpliwość
 dreadful – straszny
 dream – sen
 duty – obowiązek
 edge – krawędź
 to encourage – zachęcać
 to exclaim – wykrzyknąć
 excuse – wymówka, pretekst
 to expect – oczekiwać
 explanation – wyjaśnienie
 facial expression – wyraz twarzy
 fear – strach
 to fear sth – bać się czegoś
 feverish – rozpalony
 fledge – chować (pisklę), opierzać się
 fledgling – świeżo opierzone pisklę
 flowerbed – grządka kwiatowa, rabatka
 to be fond of sth – lubić coś
 fondly – czule

for fear of something – ze strachu przed
 czymś
 to forbid - zabronić
 fox – lis



fretful – rozdrażniony
 furious – wściekły
 to gain weight – przytyć
 gate – brama



gaze – spojrzenie
 gently – delikatnie
 to get dressed – ubrać się
 to get married – brać ślub

to give up – poddać się, zrezygnować
glad – zadowolony
graceful – pełen wdzięku
to head towards sth – podążać w kierunku czegoś
heart-broken – załamany, zrozpaczony
hedge – żywopłot



hidden – ukryty
hunch – garb
hunchback – garb
ill – chory
illness – choroba
in bloom – kwitnący
in the meantime – w międzyczasie
indeed – naprawdę, zaiste
infuriate – rozwścieczać
to insist on – obstawać przy czymś
instead of – zamiast
insult – obraza

insulted pride – urażona duma
interested in sth. – zainteresowany czymś
to interrupt – przerwać
intrigued – zaintrygowany
ivy – bluszcz



journey – podróż
joyous – radosny
kitchen garden – ogród warzywny (przedomowy)
to kneel – uklęknąć
ladder – drabina



to lay – kłaść
to lift – podnieść

lock – zamek
to lock – zamykać na klucz
lonely – samotny
to look after – opiekować się
to look forward to sth. – nie móc się doczekać czegoś
lullaby – kołysanka
mainly – głównie
to make sure – upewnić się
to make up one's mind – zdecydować się na coś
male – męski
mention – wspomnieć, nadmienić
mind – umysł, rozum
not mind doing sth – nie przeszkadza mi to
moor – wrzosowisko
to mutter – mamrotać
nest – gniazdo



new-found – nowo odkryty

to notice – zauważyć
obedient – posłuszny
to obey – okazywać posłuszeństwo
to occur – mieć miejsce
to occur to someone – przychodzić komuś na myśl
orchard – sad
to order – rozkazać
outdoors – na zewnątrz
pale – blady
pat – poklepywać
path – ścieżka
patiently – cierpliwie
to peck at sth. – dziobać
peculiar – dziwny
to perch on sth. – przycupnąć
permission – pozwolenie
pillow – poduszka



pitch-fork – widły
pleasant – przyjemny, uprzejmy
to please – sprawiać /komuś/ przyjemność

plum tree – śliwa
to point at – wskazać na

porridge – owsianka

portion – porcja

pride – duma

to proclaim – deklarować

to promise – obiecać

promise – obietnica

quite – całkiem

raging – dokuczliwy, dotkliwy

rake – grabie



to reach – sięgnąć

to redden – zaczerwienić się

relief – ulga

to relieve – przynosić ulgę

I was relieved – ulżyło mi

to remain – pozostać

to remind – przypominać

to reveal – ujawnić

robin – rudzik



rude – niegrzeczny, grubiański

scarcely – prawie nie

scent – zapach

season – pora roku

seed – ziarno

to seem – wydawać się

seemingly – pozornie, rzekomo

selfish – samolubny

share – dzielić

to shed tears – ronić łzy

shiny – błyszczący

shore – brzeg

to shout – krzyczeć

sickly – chorobliwy

sight – widok

to signal – sygnalizować

similar – podobny

to skip – skakać

skipping rope – skakanka

sleepy – śpiący
slightly – odrobinę
snowdrop - przebiśnieg
solitary – samotny
to soothe – uspokajać
sorrow – smutek, żal
spade – łopata



speechless – oniemiały
to spoil – popsuć
spoilt – rozpieszczony
to spot – zauważyć
spring – wiosna
to sprout – kiełkować
squirrel – wiewiórka



stable – stabilny

stage – etap
to stare – wpatrywać się
to stay – pozostać
still – cichy, spokojny
to stir – ruszyć, poruszyć
strange – dziwny
to suport – wspierać
to surround – otaczać
swollen – spuchnięty
tactless – nietaktowny
to take place – mieć miejsce
tantrum – napad złości
temper – gniew
terrified – przerażony
to threaten – grozić
thunderstorm – burza z piorunami
tiredness – zmęczenie
toothache – ból zęba
to treat – traktować
trunk – pień



trustworthy – godny zaufania
 twice – dwa razy
 uncle – wujek
 undergrowth – podszycie
 underneath – poniżej
 unfriendly – nieprzyjazny
 upset – zmartwiony
 valley – dolina
 to vanish – znikać
 vegetable – warzywo
 weak – słaby
 to weed out – plewić
 to wheel around – prowadzić, pchać wózek
 wheel-chair – wózek inwalidzki



to whisper – szeptać
 to whistle – gwizdać
 windy – wietrzny
 within – wewnątrz
 worse – gorszy

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