



corn seeds



GRACE AND GLORY

Sofie Laguna



OUR
AUSTRALIAN
GIRL

GRACE AND GLORY

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藏书章



With illustrations by Lucia Masciullo

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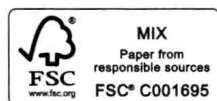
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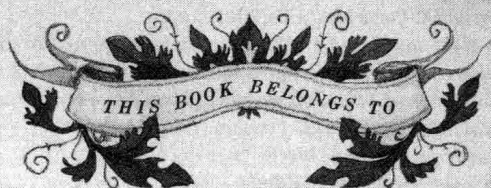
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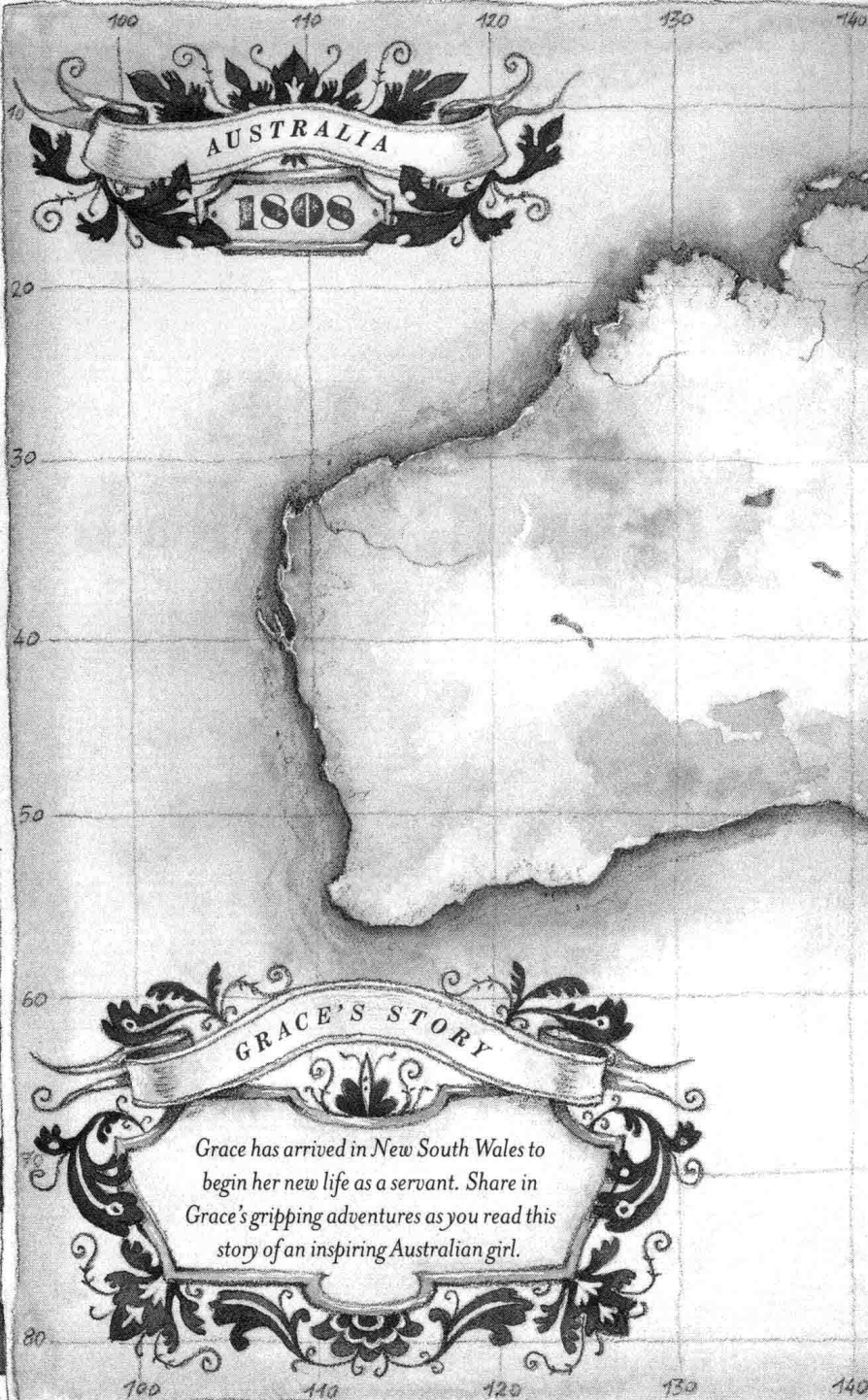
GRACE AND GLORY

Grace has arrived at a bark hut at the edge of a river to start her life as a servant. But even though she tries hard, nothing she does for her new master ever seems right - especially if it involves Glory, his beloved horse. When her master goes away and leaves her in charge, will Grace know how to save her mistress from danger?

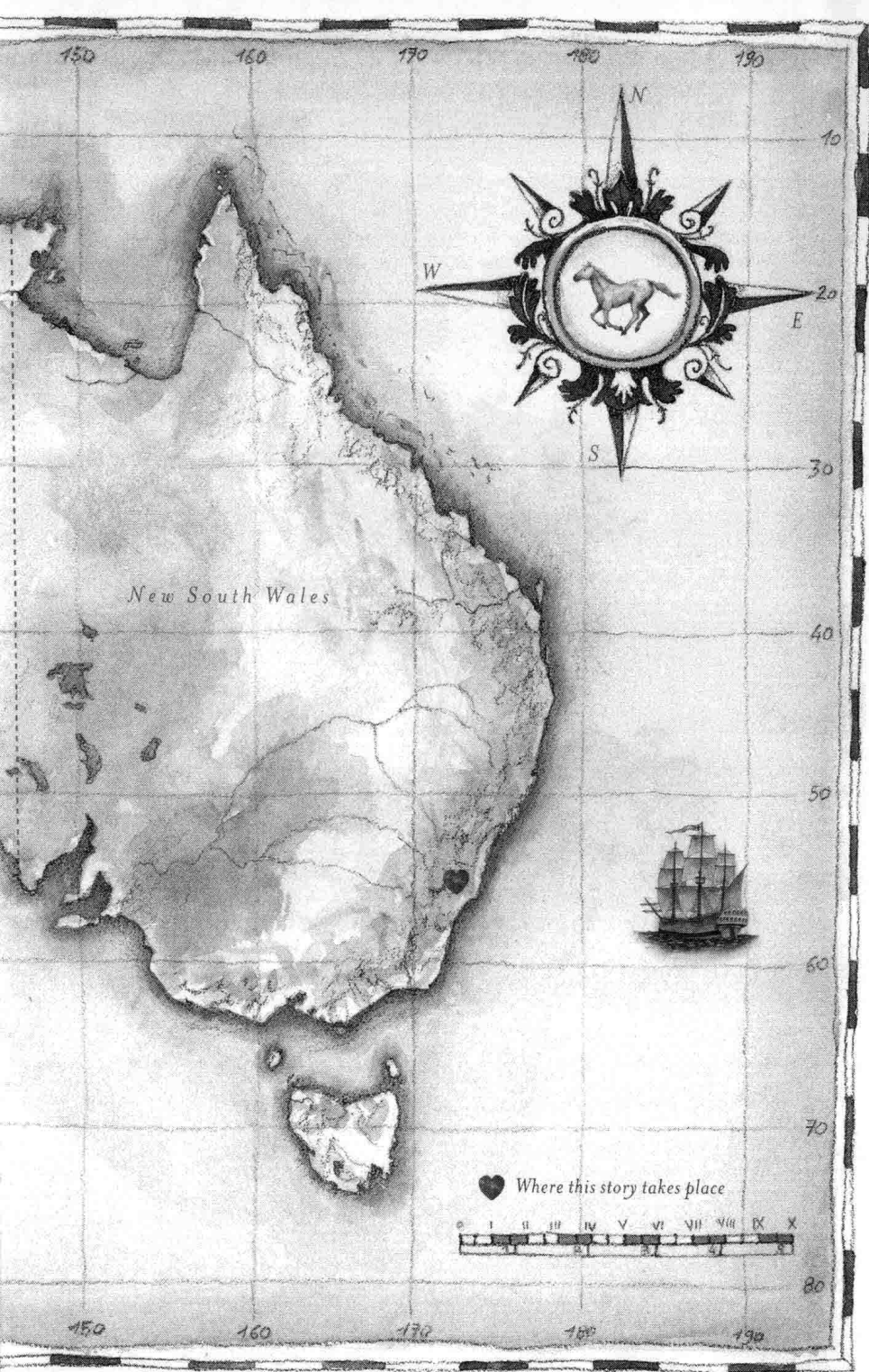
Join Grace again on her adventure in the third of four exciting stories about a convict girl who is given a second chance.

Puffin Books

 *To my mother* 



Grace has arrived in New South Wales to begin her new life as a servant. Share in Grace's gripping adventures as you read this story of an inspiring Australian girl.

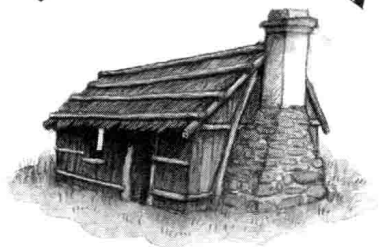






As she sails up the river in Parramatta, Grace's life in London seems far behind her. Sentenced to transportation for stealing a horse, she has journeyed across the world on a convict ship and survived the Factory Above the Gaol. Now she has been chosen by Tom and Beth to be a servant. Separated from her best friend, Hannah, Grace must face the challenges of this strange land alone. Still, amid the wonders and dangers, she finds something that brings her comfort - but also heartache...

1 WATTLE PARK



THE sun was low in the sky and the spring air growing cool when Tom, Grace's new master, rowed the small wooden boat to the river's edge. We must be close now, thought Grace, as she looked around at the cleared land sloping up from the bank.

'It's quite a walk to the property from here,' said Beth, Grace's new mistress, as she stood and rubbed her back. 'But I'll be glad to stretch my legs.'

The boat rocked and swayed in the shallows.

'Careful, my love, or we'll end up in the

water!’ Tom smiled at his wife before turning to Grace. ‘You get out first, and I’ll pass the supplies across.’

Beth and Tom had selected Grace to be their servant from the Factory Above the Gaol in Parramatta only hours earlier. Grace had been sure they wouldn’t choose her – it was clear to Grace that it wasn’t Tom’s idea. He wanted somebody older and stronger, but for some reason Beth had thought Grace was right for her and her husband. At the last minute, Tom had gestured to her to come out of the line of hopeful convicts and join them.

Grace was glad. She had watched Hannah and Liza, her only friends, be chosen as servants that day. The three of them had come so far together, spending five months aboard a convict ship from England before arriving at the colony and being taken to the Factory. The thought of being left behind without them was unbearable.

Now, even though Grace’s heart ached with

missing them, it was a relief to be away from the Factory, with its violence and danger.

Grace clambered out of the boat, her boots sinking into the cold, muddy bottom of the river. Though the river's edge was thick with mud, Grace noticed that it didn't stink the way the shores of the Thames did back in London. It smells clean, she thought. She held out her arms for the goods Tom passed to her – a hessian sack that wriggled, a bucket filled with rope, an iron kettle, some pots and pans, and a sack of flour that she almost dropped in the water. Lastly, Grace watched as Tom carefully carried his pregnant wife from the boat to dry ground. He seems kind, thought Grace.

Grace looked at the land around her. To the far west, above the forest, she could see a range of high blue shimmering hills.

'That's the Blue Mountains you can see, Grace,' said Beth. 'Nobody can cross them 'cause they're so steep and dangerous, so nobody knows what's

on the other side. Could be bloomin' fairies for all we know! And they really are blue.'

Grace thought the land looked magical. Mountains that glow blue! How she wished Hannah was here to see them, too.

Beth helped Tom strap the bundle of pots and pans to his back. Grace picked up the wriggling hessian sack along with the bucket, kettle and flour, and followed Beth and Tom up the trail leading north away from the river. Grace heard a muffled squawking coming from the sack as she walked.

'Careful with the chickens!' Tom snapped.

Grace wanted to do the right thing, and tried hard to carry the chickens without jiggling them.

On one side of the trail she saw a field neatly lined with rows of pale yellow stalks that she guessed must be some sort of crop to eat. It was Grace's first time in the country. Before coming to this new land she had spent all her

life in London – a busy city. She knew about night markets and crowded rookeries and the noise of street life, but nothing about living on the land. Grace was curious about the open, quiet country around her, but also uncertain.

On the other side of the trail, the land was covered in tall brown-barked trees with long pale grass growing underneath. There aren't even any houses here! Grace thought. So far from everything, it felt as if this was a whole different world.

Just as Grace was wondering if she could take another step, Beth turned and spoke to her over her shoulder. 'We're almost there. We'll just beat the dark.'

The trail crossed a shallow creek that was narrow enough for Grace to jump without wetting her feet. Then it opened out to cleared land.

In the distance Grace saw a small cottage, uneven with a bumpy bark roof and a wooden

chimney. It wasn't like the houses she knew in London, which lined up straight and were made of bricks neatly piled one on top of the other.

'Is that really going to be my new home?' Grace whispered to herself. She had never seen anything like it.

'There it is,' said Beth, stopping where she stood. '*Wattle Park*. Bloomin' lovely, isn't it? Tom and I built the house a year ago – using the same bark the natives use. Who would've thought it?'

Beth put her hands on her hips. 'The walls are tree branches plaited like a basket and then filled in with mud. I was always covered in the stuff! The trees we used are called wattles.' She pointed at the lines of shadowy trees. 'They're all around the house and they have the prettiest golden flowers you ever saw. I could've sold them on the streets of London and made a pretty penny. You are lucky you've come in spring, Grace, they will look as lovely as ever.'

Grace could tell by the way Beth was speaking that she was proud of her house.

In the fading light, Grace could make out a shed at one side of the hut, and a fence surrounding an open field. The dark moving shapes she saw in the field looked like they might be sheep, grazing.

‘You go inside, Beth, before it gets much colder, and I’ll take care of things out here,’ said Tom. ‘Grace, you help Beth.’ Tom unloaded the supplies and took the sack of chickens.

‘Welcome to your new home, Grace,’ said Beth, pushing open the front door.

When Beth had lit three slush lamps, Grace saw that the house was made up of one room divided into two by a wall of hessian sacks hung over a wooden frame. The kitchen hearth was at one end and there were two windows, but they held no glass – only shutters made of twigs bundled together. In front of the hearth was a table that looked like it had been a wide