

LADDER EDITION
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This Ladder Edition was adapted to
an English vocabulary of 1,000 words.

YL 106



THE SECRET GARDEN

Frances Hodgson Burnett



The Secret Garden

BY
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

A Ladder Edition at the 1,000-word Level

Adapted by Ron Davidson

—
YOHAN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

THE SECRET GARDEN

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The Ladder Series titles are especially prepared books by well-known authors. They have been made easier to read for the enjoyment of readers for whom English is not their native language.

The series is built on a “ladder” of five steps—from 1,000 to 5,000 different English words. Although the books have been shortened, they keep the ideas and facts found in the originals.

This book uses 1,000 English words. If there are some words in the book above this step, they will be marked with a star (*) and will be explained in the word list at the back of the book or in a note at the bottom of the page on which they appear.

The publisher hopes the reader will enjoy this series, while going up the “ladder” to more difficult reading.

ABOUT THE WORDS USED

In putting this story into 1,000 words, the publisher has used the words and the “step” given in *The New Horizon Ladder Dictionary*. The following beginnings and endings have been used in this book, although some of the words in this form are not in the 1,000-word “step.” It is assumed that the reader will be familiar with the base form of the word and will be able to understand the

form of the word used in this book, or be able easily to look it up.

<i>Beginnings</i>	<i>Endings</i>		
a-	-able	-ful	-ness
de-	-age	-ible	-’s
en-	-als	-ic	-s(es)
ex-	-ance	-ing	-ship
ill-	-ant	-ion	-teen
out-	-ary	-ist	-th
over-	-ed	-ity	-tion
re-	-ee	-less	-ture
self-	-en	-ly	-ure
un-	-er	-men	-ways
under-	-ess	-ment	-wise
			-y

In addition, where words are formed which can be understood from the meanings of their parts, these have also been used. So, since “after” and “noon” are both in the 2,000 word list, the word “afternoon” is used in the book without being explained. Also, names of places, people, common terms for food, and titles of books are used without explanation. To leave them out would cause some of the meaning of the story to be lost; to explain each word would cause the reader to spend so much time with the explanations that he might lose interest in the story.



About the Book and Author

Frances Hodgson Burnett was born in Manchester, England in 1849 and moved to America in 1865.

She wrote more than forty books but her most famous were *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886) and *The Secret Garden* (1911).

In *The Secret Garden*, Mary Lennox is brought back from India to England after the death of her parents. She is lonely and unwanted. Then one day she finds the key to a secret garden and, as if by magic, her life starts to change for the better.

The Secret Garden is one of the best-loved books ever written for young people. It is a story of fear and joy, loneliness and friendship, but more than that it is a story about something that Mary calls magic. Magic that can come into all our lives, if we ask for it.

Rewriter's Comment

Many of the people in this book speak 'Yorkshire' which is an old type of English spoken in Yorkshire. Although they try not to use it when speaking to non-Yorkshire people, sometimes they can not help it. When this happens I have written the Yorkshire first and followed up with normal English in parentheses, e.g. "There's **nowt** (nothing) wrong with him."

Most English people still understand Yorkshire although it is rarely spoken outside of the north of England.

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Chapter 1

Misselthwaite Manor

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle, everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. She had been born in India of English parents where she had lived until her parents died suddenly of sickness.

Their deaths did not really upset Mary as she had not known them very well. Her father worked away most of the time and her mother had little time for her. Mary was looked after by Indian servants who were afraid they would lose their jobs if she became upset. She was allowed to do whatever she liked.

She had an uncle in England and she was going live with him in Misselthwaite Manor, Yorkshire.* Most children would have been full of wonder about going to a new country but Mary was not interested. In fact, nothing really interested her, she just hoped that the people there would let her have her own way as her servants had in India.

When she arrived in London she met Mrs Medlock who had been sent by Mary's uncle, Archibald Craven. Mary did not like the look of Mrs Medlock but this was no surprise as she did not like people in general. Mrs Medlock did not think much of her, either.

Since her parents had died and she had no servants Mary had begun to feel lonely. She wondered why she had never seemed to belong to anyone, even when her mother and father were alive. Other children seemed to belong to their mothers and fathers, but she had never seemed to be anyone's little girl. She had had servants, food and clothes, but no one had taken an interest in her. She did not know that this was because she was a disagreeable child; but then again, she did not know that she was disagreeable. She thought that other people were, but she did not know that she was so herself.

Mrs Medlock and Mary got on the train from London. Mary had nothing to read or look at. She just sat, with her arms crossed, looking plain and unhappy.

"A more selfish looking child I have never seen in my life," thought Mrs Medlock.

To pass the time she decided to tell Mary about her new home.

"Do you know anything about your uncle?"

"No," said Mary.

"Misselthwaite Manor?"

"No," replied Mary.

"It's a strange place."

Mary was not interested. Mrs Medlock decided to continue anyway.

"It's a grand, big place, but cold and dark. The house is six hundred years old, and it's on the edge of the moor.* There're nearly a hundred rooms in it, though most of them are locked* up. And there're gardens all around it."

Mary found herself listening even though she did not want to. She sat still and tried hard not to look interested.

"Well," said Mrs Medlock, "What do you think?"

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

Mrs Medlock laughed and said,

"You sound like an old woman. Aren't you interested?"

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

"That's right enough," said Mrs Medlock. "It doesn't."

After a while Mrs Medlock continued, "Mr Craven's got a lump* on his back. That started him off wrong. For all his money and his fine home he was never happy till he married."

Mary looked up. She had not known that Mr Craven was married.

"She was a pretty young thing," continued Mrs Medlock, "and he did anything to please her. No-

body thought that she would marry him, but she did. People said she had done it for the money, but anyone who saw them knew she hadn't. When she died—"

"Oh! did she die?" Mary asked without meaning to. She had just remembered a story about a poor hunchback* and a beautiful girl. It made her feel very sorry for Mr Archibald Craven.

"Yes, she died," Mrs Medlock answered. "And it made him stranger than ever. He cares about nobody and nothing. Most of the time he's away. When he is at Misselthwaite he shuts himself up in the West Wing and won't let anyone see him except Pitcher, the head servant."

This did not make Mary feel cheerful. A house with a hundred rooms nearly all shut up, a house on the edge of a moor—whatever a moor was—sounded very disagreeable. She looked out the window. The rain was falling. If only the pretty wife was still alive, she might have been some fun.

"There won't be anyone there for you to talk to," continued Mrs Medlock. "You'll have to play by yourself. You'll be told what rooms you can go into and which one's you can't. Outside there's plenty of gardens but in the house you are not to go looking about in places you're not supposed to. Mr Craven won't have it."

"I shall not go looking about," said Mary who was her disagreeable self again. Just as she had suddenly felt sorry for Mr Craven, she stopped feeling sorry

and began to think that he deserved everything that had happened to him. The movement of the train made her tired. She closed her eyes and before long she was asleep. She woke up a few hours later with Mrs Medlock shaking her and saying,

“This is Thwaite station. We get off here. We’ve got a long drive ahead of us.” Outside the station was a carriage,* and a footman helped Mary into it. It was still raining hard and everything was shining and wet. As they drove off Mary looked out of the window. She was not a fearful child, but she did wonder what sort of place it was that she was going to. A house with most of the rooms locked. A house on the edge of a moor.

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

“If you look out the window you’ll soon see,” the woman answered. “We’ve got to drive five miles across Missel Moor before we get to the Manor. It’s a dark night though, so you won’t see much.”

Mary looked out of the window. They were on a road lined with trees. After a while the carriage slowed down as if they were going up-hill, and there were no more trees at the roadside. It was completely dark on both sides.

“We’re on the moor now,” said Mrs Medlock.

As Mary’s eyes grew used to the dark she could see that the road they were on cut through some low bushes.* A wind was blowing that made a strange, low, rushing sound.

"It's—it's not the sea is it?" said Mary looking around at Mrs Medlock.

"No, it isn't," answered Mrs Medlock. "It's just miles and miles of wild land where very little grows or lives."

"It sounds like the sea to me," said Mary.

"That's the wind blowing through the bushes," said Mrs Medlock. "It's a wild place and not one I like, although there are plenty of people that do."

"I don't like it," said Mary to herself, "I don't like it at all."

After a while they passed some gates. Mary sat forward expectantly but they were still two miles from the house itself. At last they drove into a clearing and stopped before a large house. It had the biggest door that Mary had ever seen. It opened into a large dark hall that made her feel very small as she looked around.

A servant had opened the door for them and next to him stood a thin, old man who said to Mrs Medlock, "You are to take her to her room. He doesn't want to see her. He's going to London in the morning."

"Yes, Mr Pitcher," replied Mrs Medlock.

Mrs Medlock then led Mary up some stairs* and down two long corridors,* until they came to a door. They entered a room with a fire in it and some food on the table.

"Well here you are!" said Mrs Medlock, "This room and the one next to it are where you will

live—and you must keep to them. Don't forget that."

This is how Mary Lennox arrived at Misselthwaite Manor. She had never felt so disagreeable in all her life.



Chapter 2

Martha

After her journey Mary quickly fell asleep. When she awoke in the morning a young servant-girl was lighting the fire in her room. She watched her for a few minutes then looked around. Everything in the room was old. It had nothing in it to interest her. Mary looked out of the window. The land was flat, with no trees.

“What is that?” she said pointing out of the window.

Martha, the young servant-girl, looked up.

“That’s the moor,” she said with a friendly smile, “Do you like it?”

“No,” answered Mary. “I don’t like it at all.”

“That’s because you’re not used to it. It looks big and empty now. But you will like it.”

“Do you?” asked Mary.

“Yes,” said Martha, “I love it. It’s not empty at all. It’s covered with living things that grow and smell sweet. In the spring and summer it’s lovely.”

Mary was surprised at Martha. The native ser-