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The Secret Garden

Frances Hodgson Burnett

Published by **Puffin**

Sample extract from *The Secret Garden* includes:

Introduction by Sophie Dahl
Who's who in *The Secret Garden*
Extract from *The Secret Garden*
Biography of Frances Hodgson Burnett

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INTRODUCTION BY
SOPHIE DAHL

The Secret Garden is a book at whose root courses magic, and it is that magic which has kept it fresh and alive for the generations of readers who are lucky enough to stumble upon it. I discovered the book when I was nine, the same age as the heroine, Mary Lennox, when she is orphaned and sent from India to live with her shadowy uncle, Archibald Craven, in a house that nestles amidst the Yorkshire moors, a house steeped in mystery.

Mary was not an immediately appealing character; and therein lay her charm. She was cross and sour, lonely and, like the garden she discovered, desperately in need of tending. One fateful day, a robin leads her to a rusted key, and there begins her true journey. She is accompanied by Dickon, a boy beloved by all, and Colin, whose cries rattle down the corridors in the night, like those of a ghost. As the children create a world exempt from prying adult eyes, they begin to blossom and unfurl like the garden they have brought to life. It is through this living abundant

force that the sad grey corners of Misselthwaite Manor are given breath, fuelling the house and its occupants with hope and renewed life.

The prospect of such a place was bewitching and never quite lost its gleam. I relish secret places, even as I slink into boring grownuphood. When I was nine I had two such places: the airing cupboard in the laundry room, which was warm and smelled of lavender, on whose floor I would curl up and read till I fell into a cramped but comfortable sleep; and at the end of our garden there was another hidden place, by a compost heap, where my friends and I played pirates, and built camps and spaceships, which we truly believed would fly. Secret places can be found everywhere, in the city or in wide open spaces – you just have to look, as Mary did. In secret places we can think and imagine, we can feel angry or sad in peace. There is something to be said for just *being*, without worrying about offending anyone.

Even the most cynical reader would be hard pressed to remain unmoved by *The Secret Garden*. There is an old-fashioned tenderness and joy to it; the sense that magic happens if you are observant and quiet and know it will. As Colin says, 'Of course there must be lots of magic in the world, but people don't know what it is like, or how to make it. Perhaps the beginning is just to say nice things are going to happen until you make them happen.'

Be carried away by this magic, it will transport you . . .

WHO'S WHO IN *THE SECRET GARDEN*

India

Mary Lennox – Born in India to English parents, Mary grows up there a neglected, sickly and thoroughly unpleasant child. When Mary is nine, her parents die of cholera (a dangerous disease caught from dirty food or water) and she is sent to live with her uncle in Yorkshire, England.

Mr and Mrs Lennox – Mary's parents, who die in the first chapter. When alive, neither paid much attention to Mary. Mrs Lennox is often called the Memsahib by her Indian servants.

Saidie (Mary's Ayah) – Mary's Indian nurse, whom Mary bullies unmercifully, and who also dies of cholera.

Colonel McGrew and Barney – Two of the British army officers who rescue Mary after her parents and Ayah have died.

The Crawfords – An English family Mary stays with for a few days before leaving for England. Their son Basil gives Mary the nickname Mistress Mary Quite Contrary.

Yorkshire

Archibald Craven – The reclusive owner of Misselthwaite Manor, and Mary's uncle. Ten years after his wife's death, he is still grieving for her.

Colin Craven – Archibald Craven's ten-year-old son. His mother died giving birth to him, and since then his father has barely been able to look at Colin. When Mary arrives at Misselthwaite Manor, Colin is a spoiled, bedridden and unloved child, who believes himself to be an invalid doomed to die before he grows up.

Lilias Craven – Colin's dead mother.

Dr Craven – Cousin of Archibald Craven and doctor to Colin.

Martha Phoebe Sowerby – Young, down-to-earth Yorkshire housemaid who befriends Mary and introduces her to the rest of the Sowerbys.

Ben Weatherstaff – Old, outwardly grumpy gardener with a heart of gold.

Mrs Medlock, Mr Pitcher, Mr Roach, Betty Butterworth and Martin – Other servants at Misselthwaite Manor.

Dickon Sowerby – Martha's twelve-year-old brother, Dickon. He loves and can charm wild creatures, and guides Mary and Colin in bringing the secret garden to life.

Susan Sowerby – Martha and Dickon's mother, a brave, kindly and generous woman who takes Mary and Colin under her wing.

Phil, Jane, Susan, Ann, Elizabeth, Ellen and six more Sowerbys – The rest of Martha and Dickon's many brothers and sisters.

Jem Fettleworth, Bess Fettleworth and Bob Haworth – Local villagers.

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1

There is No One Left

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle, everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Memsahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah

and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Memsahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen really to want to know how to read books, she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

'Why did you come?' she said to the strange woman. 'I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me.'

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come, and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and

scared faces. But no one would tell her anything, and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

'Pig! Pig! Daughter of Pigs!' she said, because to call a native a pig is the worst insult of all.

She was grinding her teeth and saying this over and over again when she heard her mother come out on the veranda with someone. She was with a fair young man, and they stood talking together in low strange voices. Mary knew the fair young man who looked like a boy. She had heard that he was a very young officer who had just come from England. The child stared at him, but she stared most at her mother. She always did this when she had a chance to see her, because the Memsahib – Mary used to call her that oftener than anything else – was such a tall, slim, pretty person and wore such lovely clothes. Her hair was like curly silk and she had a delicate little nose which seemed to be disdaining things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her clothes were thin and floating, and Mary said they were 'full of lace'. They looked fuller of lace than ever this morning, but her eyes were not

laughing at all. They were large and scared and lifted imploringly to the fair boy officer's face.

'Is it so very bad? Oh, is it?' Mary heard her say.

'Awfully,' the young man answered in a trembling voice. 'Awfully, Mrs Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago.'

The Memsahib wrung her hands.

'Oh, I know I ought!' she cried. 'I only stayed to go to that silly dinner-party. What a fool I was!'

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

'What is it? What is it?' Mrs Lennox gasped.

'Someone has died,' answered the boy officer. 'You did not say it had broken out among your servants.'

'I did not know!' the Memsahib cried. 'Come with me! Come with me!' and she turned and ran into the house.

After that, appalling things happened, and the mysteriousness of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera had broken out in its most fatal form and people were dying like flies. The Ayah had been taken ill in the night, and it was because she had just died that the servants had wailed in the huts. Before the next day three other servants were dead and others had run away in terror. There was panic on every side, and dying people in all the bungalows.

During the confusion and bewilderment of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery and was forgotten by everyone. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately cried and slept through the hours. She only knew that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and frightening sounds. Once she crept into the dining-room and found it empty, though a partly finished meal was on the table and chairs and plates looked as if they had been hastily pushed back when the diners rose suddenly for some reason. The child ate some fruit and biscuits, and being thirsty she drank a glass of wine which stood nearly filled. It was sweet, and she did not know how strong it was. Very soon it made her intensely drowsy, and she went back to her nursery and shut herself in again, frightened by cries she heard in the huts and by the hurrying sound of feet. The wine made her so sleepy that she could scarcely keep her eyes open, and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for a long time.

Many things happened during the hours in which she slept so heavily, but she was not disturbed by the wails and the sound of things being carried in and out of the bungalow.

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard neither voices nor footsteps, and

wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera and all the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead. There would be a new Ayah, and perhaps she would know some new stories. Mary had been rather tired of the old ones. She did not cry because her nurse had died. She was not an affectionate child and had never cared much for anyone. The noise and hurrying about and wailing over the cholera had frightened her, and she had been angry because no one seemed to remember that she was alive. Everyone was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but themselves. But if everyone had got well again, surely someone would remember and come to look for her.

But no one came, and as she lay waiting the house seemed to grow more and more silent. She heard something rustling on the matting, and when she looked down she saw a little snake gliding along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt her, and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He slipped under the door as she watched him.

'How queer and quiet it is,' she said. 'It sounds as if there was no one in the bungalow but me and the snake.'

Almost the next minute she heard footsteps in the compound, and then on the veranda. They were men's

footsteps, and the men entered the bungalow and talked in low voices. No one went to meet or speak to them, and they seemed to open doors and look into rooms.

'What desolation!' she heard one voice say. 'That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child, too. I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her.'

Mary was standing in the middle of the nursery when they opened the door a few minutes later. She looked an ugly, cross little thing and was frowning because she was beginning to be hungry and feel disgracefully neglected. The first man who came in was a large officer she had once seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled that he almost jumped back.

'Barney!' he cried out. 'There is a child here! A child alone! In a place like this! Mercy on us, who is she?'

'I am Mary Lennox,' the little girl said, drawing herself up stiffly. She thought the man was very rude to call her father's bungalow 'A place like this!' 'I fell asleep when everyone had the cholera and I have only just wakened up. Why does nobody come?'

'It is the child no one ever saw!' exclaimed the man, turning to his companions. 'She has actually been forgotten!'

'Why was I forgotten?' Mary said, stamping her foot. 'Why does nobody come?'

The young man whose name was Barney looked at her

very sadly. Mary even thought she saw him wink his eyes as if to wink tears away.

'Poor little kid!' he said. 'There is nobody left to come.'

It was in that strange and sudden way that Mary found out that she had neither father nor mother left; that they had died and been carried away in the night, and that the few native servants who had not died also had left the house as quickly as they could get out of it, none of them even remembering that there was a Missie Sahib. That was why the place was so quiet. It was true that there was no one in the bungalow but herself and the little rustling snake.

2
Mistress Mary Quite Contrary

Mary had liked to look at her mother from a distance, and she had thought her very pretty, but as she knew very little of her, she could scarcely have been expected to love her or to miss her very much when she was gone. She did not miss her at all, in fact, and as she was a self-absorbed child she gave her entire thought to herself, as she had always done. If she had been older she would no doubt have been very anxious at being left alone in the world, but she was very young, and as she had always been taken care of, she supposed she always would be. What she thought was that she would like to know if she was going to nice people, who would be polite to her and give her her own way as her Ayah and the other native servants had done.

She knew that she was not going to stay at the English clergyman's house where she was taken at first. She did not want to stay. The English clergyman was poor and he had five children all nearly the same age and they wore shabby clothes and were always quarrelling and snatching

toys from each other. Mary hated their untidy bungalow and was so disagreeable to them that after the first day or two nobody would play with her. By the second day they had given her a nickname which made her furious.

It was Basil who thought of it first. Basil was a little boy with impudent blue eyes and a turned-up nose, and Mary hated him. She was playing by herself under a tree, just as she had been playing the day the cholera broke out. She was making heaps of earth and paths for a garden and Basil came and stood near to watch her. Presently he got rather interested and suddenly made a suggestion.

'Why don't you put a heap of stones there and pretend it is a rockery?' he said. 'There in the middle,' and he leaned over her to point.

'Go away!' cried Mary. 'I don't want boys. Go away!'

For a moment Basil looked angry, and then he began to tease. He was always teasing his sisters. He danced round and round her and made faces and sang and laughed.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle shells,
And marigolds all in a row.

He sang it until the other children heard and laughed, too; and the crosser Mary got, the more they sang 'Mistress

Mary Quite Contrary'; and after that as long as she stayed with them they called her 'Mistress Mary Quite Contrary' when they spoke of her to each other, and often when they spoke to her.

'You are going to be sent home,' Basil said to her, 'at the end of the week. And we're glad of it.'

'I am glad of it, too,' answered Mary. 'Where is home?'

'She doesn't know where home is!' said Basil, with seven-year-old scorn. 'It's England, of course. Our grandmamma lives there, and our sister Mabel was sent to her last year. You are not going to your grandmamma. You have none. You are going to your uncle. His name is Mr Archibald Craven.'

'I don't know anything about him,' snapped Mary.

'I know you don't,' Basil answered. 'You don't know anything. Girls never do. I heard Father and Mother talking about him. He lives in a great, big, desolate old house in the country, and no one goes near him. He's so cross he won't let them, and they wouldn't come if he would let them. He's a hunchback, and he's horrid.'

'I don't believe you,' said Mary; and she turned her back and stuck her fingers in her ears, because she would not listen any more.

But she thought over it a great deal afterward; and when Mrs Crawford told her that night that she was going to sail away to England in a few days and going to her uncle, Mr Archibald Craven, who lived at Misselthwaite Manor,

she looked so stony and stubbornly uninterested that they did not know what to think about her. They tried to be kind to her, but she only turned her face away when Mrs Crawford attempted to kiss her, and held herself stiffly when Mr Crawford patted her shoulder.

'She is such a plain child,' Mrs Crawford said pityingly afterward. 'And her mother was such a pretty creature. She had a very pretty manner, too, and Mary has the most unattractive ways I ever saw in a child. The children call her "Mistress Mary Quite Contrary", and though it's naughty of them, one can't help understanding it.'

'Perhaps if her mother had carried her pretty face and her pretty manners oftener into the nursery, Mary might have learned some pretty ways, too. It is very sad, now the poor beautiful thing is gone, to remember that many people never even knew that she had a child at all.'

'I believe she scarcely ever looked at her,' sighed Mrs Crawford. 'When her Ayah was dead there was no one to give a thought to the little thing. Think of the servants running away and leaving her all alone in that deserted bungalow. Colonel McGrew said he nearly jumped out of his skin when he opened the door and found her standing by herself in the middle of the room.'

Mary made the long voyage to England under the care of an officer's wife, who was taking her children to leave them in a boarding-school. She was very much absorbed in her own little boy and girl, and was rather glad to hand

the child over to the woman Mr Archibald Craven sent to meet her in London. The woman was his housekeeper at Misselthwaite Manor, and her name was Mrs Medlock. She was a stout woman, with very red cheeks and sharp black eyes. She wore a very purple dress, a black silk mantle with jet fringes on it, and a black bonnet with purple velvet flowers which stuck up and trembled when she moved her head. Mary did not like her at all, but as she very seldom liked people, there was nothing remarkable in that; besides which it was very evident Mrs Medlock did not think much of her.

'My word! she's a plain little piece of goods!' she said. 'And we'd heard that her mother was a beauty. She hasn't handed much of it down, has she, ma'am?'

'Perhaps she will improve as she grows older,' the officer's wife said good-naturedly. 'If she were not so sallow and had a nicer expression, her features are rather good. Children alter so much.'

'She'll have to alter a good deal,' answered Mrs Medlock. 'And there's nothing likely to improve children at Misselthwaite – if you ask me!'

They thought Mary was not listening because she was standing a little apart from them at the window of the private hotel they had gone to. She was watching the passing buses and cabs and people, but she heard quite well and was made very curious about her uncle and the place he lived in. What sort of a place was it,

and what would he be like? What was a hunchback? She had never seen one. Perhaps there were none in India.

Since she had been living in other people's houses and had had no Ayah, she had begun to feel lonely and to think queer thoughts which were new to her. She had begun to wonder why she had never seemed to belong to anyone even when her father and mother had been alive. Other children seemed to belong to their fathers and mothers, but she had never seemed to really be anyone's little girl. She had had servants, and food and clothes, but no one had taken any notice of her. She did not know that this was because she was a disagreeable child; but then, of course, she did not know she was disagreeable. She often thought that other people were, but she did not know that she was so herself.

She thought Mrs Medlock the most disagreeable person she had ever seen, with her common, highly coloured face and her common fine bonnet. When the next day they set out on their journey to Yorkshire, she walked through the station to the railway carriage with her head up and trying to keep as far away from her as she could, because she did not want to seem to belong to her. It would have made her very angry to think people imagined she was her little girl.

But Mrs Medlock was not in the least disturbed by her and her thoughts. She was the kind of woman who would 'stand no nonsense from young ones'. At least,

that is what she would have said if she had been asked. She had not wanted to go to London just when her sister Maria's daughter was going to be married, but she had a comfortable, well-paid place as housekeeper at Misselthwaite Manor, and the only way in which she could keep it was to do at once what Mr Archibald Craven told her to do. She never dared even to ask a question.

'Captain Lennox and his wife died of the cholera,' Mr Craven had said in his short, cold way. 'Captain Lennox was my wife's brother and I am their daughter's guardian. The child is to be brought here. You must go to London and bring her yourself.'

So she packed her small trunk and made the journey.

Mary sat in her corner of the railway carriage and looked plain and fretful. She had nothing to read or to look at, and she had folded her thin little black-gloved hands in her lap. Her black dress made her look yellower than ever, and her limp light hair straggled from under her black crêpe hat.

'A more marred-looking young one I never saw in my life,' Mrs Medlock thought. (Marred is a Yorkshire word and means spoiled and pettish.) She had never seen a child who sat so still without doing anything; and at last she got tired of watching her and began to talk in a brisk, hard voice.

'I suppose I may as well tell you something about where

you are going to,' she said. 'Do you know anything about your uncle?'

'No,' said Mary.

'Never heard your father and mother talk about him?'

'No,' said Mary, frowning. She frowned because she remembered that her father and mother had never talked to her about anything in particular. Certainly they had never told her things.

'Humph,' muttered Mrs Medlock, staring at her queer, unresponsive little face. She did not say any more for a few moments, and then she began again.

'I suppose you might as well be told something – to prepare you. You are going to a queer place.'

Mary said nothing at all, and Mrs Medlock looked rather discomfited by her apparent indifference, but after taking a breath, she went on.

'Not but that it's a grand big place in a gloomy way, and Mr Craven's proud of it in his way – and that's gloomy enough, too. The house is six hundred years old, and it's on the edge of the moor, and there's near a hundred rooms in it, though most of them's shut up and locked. And there's pictures and fine old furniture and things that's been there for ages, and there's a big park round it and gardens and trees with branches trailing to the ground – some of them.' She paused and took another breath. 'But there's nothing else,' she ended suddenly.

Mary had begun to listen in spite of herself. It all

sounded so unlike India, and anything new rather attracted her. But she did not intend to look as if she were interested. That was one of her unhappy, disagreeable ways. So she sat still.

'Well,' said Mrs Medlock. 'What do you think of it?'

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

That made Mrs Medlock laugh a short sort of laugh.

'Eh!' she said. 'But you are like an old woman. Don't you care?'

'It doesn't matter,' said Mary, 'whether I care nor not.'

'You are right enough there,' said Mrs Medlock. 'It doesn't. What you're to be kept at Misselthwaite Manor for I don't know, unless because it's the easiest way. *He's* not going to trouble himself about you, that's sure and certain. He never troubles himself about no one.'

She stopped herself as if she had just remembered something in time.

'He's got a crooked back,' she said. 'That set him wrong. He was a sour young man and got no good of all his money and big place till he was married.'

Mary's eyes turned towards her, in spite of her intention not to seem to care. She had never thought of the hunchback's being married, and she was a trifle surprised. Mrs Medlock saw this, and as she was a talkative woman, she continued with more interest. This was one way of passing some of the time, at any rate.

'She was a sweet, pretty thing, and he'd have walked the world over to get her a blade o' grass she wanted. Nobody thought she'd marry him, but she did, and people said she married him for his money. But she didn't – she didn't,' positively. 'When she died –'

Mary gave a little involuntary jump.

'Oh! did she die?' she exclaimed, quite without meaning to. She had just remembered a French fairy story she had once read called *Riquet à la Houppe*. It had been about a poor hunchback and a beautiful princess, and it had made her suddenly sorry for Mr Archibald Craven.

'Yes, she died,' Mrs Medlock answered. 'And it made him queerer than ever. He cares about nobody. He won't see people. Most of the time he goes away, and when he is at Misselthwaite he shuts himself up in the West Wing and won't let anyone but Pitcher see him. Pitcher's an old fellow, but he took care of him when he was a child and he knows his ways.'

It sounded like something in a book, and it did not make Mary feel cheerful. A house with a hundred rooms, nearly all shut up and with their doors locked – a house on the edge of a moor – whatsoever a moor was – sounded dreary. A man with a crooked back who shut himself up also! She stared out of the window with her lips pinched together, and it seemed quite natural that the rain should have begun to pour down in grey slanting lines and splash and stream down the window-panes. If the pretty wife

had been alive, she might have made things cheerful by being something like her own mother and by running in and out and going to parties as she had done in frocks 'full of lace'. But she was not there any more.

'You needn't expect to see him, because ten to one you won't,' said Mrs Medlock. 'And you mustn't expect that there will be people to talk to you. You'll have to play about and look after yourself. You'll be told what rooms you can go into and what rooms you're to keep out of. There's gardens enough. But when you're in the house don't go wandering and poking about. Mr Craven won't have it.'

'I shall not want to go poking about,' said sour little Mary; and just as suddenly as she had begun to be rather sorry for Mr Archibald Craven, she began to cease to be sorry and to think he was unpleasant enough to deserve all that had happened to him.

And she turned her face towards the streaming panes of the window of the railway carriage and gazed out at the grey rain-storm which looked as if it would go on for ever and ever. She watched it so long and steadily that the greyness grew heavier and heavier before her eyes and she fell asleep.

AUTHOR FILE

NAME: Frances Eliza Hodgson Burnett
BORN: 24 November 1849 in Manchester, England
DIED: 29 October 1924 in Plandome, New York
NATIONALITY: originally English, but took American citizenship in 1905
LIVED: mainly in England and the USA
MARRIED: twice – once to Dr Swan Burnett (married 1873, divorced 1898), and once to Stephen Townsend (married 1900, divorced 1902)
CHILDREN: two sons, Lionel and Vivian, from her first marriage

What was she like?
Frances was determined, talented and unconventional. She rose from poverty to become a rich and famous writer, but being a celebrity was not always easy for her. In those days women rarely worked, let alone supported their families as Frances did. Because of this, many newspapers and magazines wrote about her private life.

Where did she grow up?
She was born in a wealthy neighbourhood of Manchester, but this comfortable life didn't last. In 1854, only a few years after Frances's birth, her father died. Without him the family business began to fail, and Frances and her family had to move to a poorer neighbourhood.

When Frances was a teenager, she, her mother, and her four brothers and sisters emigrated to Knoxville, Tennessee. Frances's uncle was already living there, and the family hoped that he would help them start a new life. But, when he refused, their situation became desperate. Frances decided to try to earn money by selling her stories to magazines – the family were so poor that she had to earn the money to buy the paper and stamps she needed to submit her first story by picking and selling wild grapes. Soon she was selling five or six stories a month, and was launched on her career.

What did she do apart from writing books?
Frances loved making gardens and growing things, and meeting and talking with other writers. She was also a religious woman, although (as with many other things in her life) her beliefs were not of the conventional sort.

***Where did Frances get the idea for* The Secret Garden?**
She probably got the idea for the secret garden itself from her own walled garden in Kent, and the character of Colin may have been inspired by a tragedy in her own life. In 1890 Frances's teenage son Lionel died. It's likely that when she wrote about Colin, Frances was thinking of her own dead son – and that what happens to Colin is what she wished could have happened to Lionel.

What other books did she write?

Two other books that Frances wrote for children are *A Little Princess* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (both available in Puffin Classics). She also wrote many plays and bestselling romantic books for grown-ups, but these are not often read today.

If they're English, why are Mary's parents living and working in India?

When *The Secret Garden* was written, Britain directly ruled about 60 per cent of the countries we know today as India, Pakistan and Bangladesh, and had a strong influence over the other 40 per cent (which was ruled by many different princes and kings, sometimes called rajahs).

But these countries are thousands of miles away from Britain! How did this happen?

These countries produced many things, such as cotton, spices and tea, which people in Europe wanted to buy. At first (around 1600), British people visited simply as traders, but over time these traders became more and more powerful and began to seize more and more land for themselves.

What was India like when Mary would have been living there?

Probably not a very happy place. Most British people who lived there believed that they were better than the Indians. Unsurprisingly, the Indians didn't agree. And while most British lived comfortably, life was hard for many Indians, many of whom wanted to rule themselves and for the British to leave – there were demonstrations, and sometimes fighting. This made the British people fearful. It's likely that Mary and her parents would have lived in a special village together with other British people and would not have had any Indian friends.

What are the Yorkshire moors like?

Huge, high, open spaces with lots of low-growing plants like heather, and few trees. They are not 'natural' places, but were created over thousands of years by people grazing their animals there. Gradually, special plants and creatures evolved to live in these conditions.

What is the meaning of these Yorkshire words in* The Secret Garden*?

aye – yes
clemmin' – going hungry
graidely (sometimes spelt **gradely**) – good or very good
lass – girl or young woman
moithered (sometimes spelt **mithered**) – bothered, annoyed
mun(not) – must (not)
nesh – weak, delicate
nowt – nothing
wick – alive, lively