

BACK IN SCHOOL

- 1 Read Part I of the story *The Secret Garden* and answer the question: What did Mary find out about the secret garden which nobody could see?

The Secret Garden

Part I

(from the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett)

The Secret Garden
tells the story of a young girl named Mary Lennox. When

the novel begins, Mary is living in India with her parents. A plague of cholera¹ leaves her an orphan². Soon she is sent to England to live at Misselthwaite Manor³ with her uncle, Mr Archibald Craven.

The episodes that follow introduce Mary and her early life at Misselthwaite Manor, where her uncle leaves her on her own. She sees only Martha, the housemaid⁴, and Ben Weatherstaff, the gardener, in the large, quiet house. Arriving in winter, Mary finds the house and grounds dreary⁵, and does not even want to go outside. But things change when one day she hears of a mysterious garden different from all the rest.

Mary Lennox ['mæəri 'lenəks],
Archibald Craven ['ɑ:tʃɪbɔ:ld 'kreɪvɪn],
Misselthwaite Manor ['mɪslθweɪt 'mænə],
Martha ['mɑ:θə], Dickon ['dɪkɪn],
Ben Weatherstaff ['ben 'weðəstɑ:f]

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle, everybody said she was

¹ **plague** [pleɪɡ] of **cholera** ['kɒlərə] — эпидемия холеры

² **orphan** ['ɔ:fən] — сирота

³ **manor** ['mænə] — поместье

⁴ **housemaid** ['housmeɪd] — служанка, прислуга

⁵ **dreary** ['driəri] — мрачный



stubborn, haughty¹, and the most unpleasant-looking child ever seen. It was true. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression². 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

¹ **stubborn** ['stʌbən] — упрямый; **haughty** ['hɔ:ti] — надменный

² **sour** [sɔ:] **expression** — кислое выражение лица

himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of a nurse. But when the cholera broke out, Mary woke one morning to find that she had neither father nor¹ mother left.

From the window of her room in the manor, she could see a great climbing stretch of land which seemed to have no trees on it, and to look rather like an endless, dull sea.

“What is that?” she said to the housemaid, who had come into her room to light the fire.

“That’s the moor²,” said Martha. “Do you like it?” she asked.

“No,” answered Mary. “I hate it.”

“That’s because you are not used to it,” Martha said. “But you will like it.”

“Who is going to dress me?” asked Mary.

Martha was surprised. “Can’t you put on your own clothes?”

“No,” answered Mary, quite angrily. “I never did in my life. My nurse dressed me, of course.”

“Well,” said Martha, “it’s time you should learn.”

At first each day that passed for Mary was exactly like the others. She pushed away her breakfast and then looked out of the window across to the huge³ moor which seemed to spread out and climb up to the sky.

One day Martha said to Mary, “You wrap up warm and run out and play. It’ll do you good.”

“Out? Why should I go out on a day like this?” Mary replied in her usual naughty way.

“Well, if you don’t go out you’ll have to stay in.” Mary thought that perhaps it would be better to go and see what the gardens were like.

¹ **neither** [ˈnaɪðə] ... **nor** ... — ни ... ни ...

² **moor** [muə] — вересковая пустошь

³ **huge** [hju:dʒ] — огромный

“Who will go with me?” she asked.

“You’ll go by yourself,” Martha answered. “My brother Dickon goes off on the moor by himself and plays for hours. That’s how he made friends with the pony. He found it on the moor with its mother when it was a little one and he began to make friends with it and give it bits of bread and pluck young grass for it. And it got to like him so it follows him about and it lets him get on its back. Dickon’s a kind boy and animals like him.”

It was really this mention of Dickon which made Mary decide to go out. She began to feel an interest in Dickon, and as she had never before been interested in any one but herself, this new feeling was unusual.

“If you go round that way you’ll come to the gardens,” Martha said. She seemed to hesitate¹ a second before she added, “One of the gardens is locked up. No one has been in it for ten years.”

“Why?” asked Mary in surprise.

“Mr Craven had it shut when his wife died so sudden. He won’t let anyone to go inside. It was her garden. He locked the door and dug a hole and buried the key.”

Martha found Mary’s coat and hat for her and showed her the way downstairs. Mary turned down the walk which led to the door in the shrubbery². She thought all the time about the garden which no one had been into for ten years. She wondered what it would look like and whether there were any flowers still alive in it.

At the end of the path she was following, she saw a long wall with ivy³ growing over it. She went toward the wall and found that there was a green door in the ivy, and that it stood open. This was not the closed garden, evidently. Mary went down the path and found herself in

¹ **to hesitate** ['hezɪteɪt] — колебаться

² **shrubby** ['ʃrʌbəri] — кустарник

³ **ivy** ['aɪvi] — плющ

an orchard. There were walls all round it also, and there were bare fruit trees growing in the winter-browned grass. She could see the tops of trees above on the other side of the wall, and when she stood still she saw a bird with a bright red breast sitting on the branch of one of them, and suddenly he burst into his winter song — almost as if he had noticed her and was calling to her.

She stopped and listened to him and somehow his cheerful, friendly little whistle gave her a pleased feeling — even an unpleasant-looking little girl may be lonely, and the big bare moor and big bare gardens had made this one feel as if there was no one left in the world but herself.

“I believe that tree is in the secret garden — I feel sure it is,” she said. “There is a wall round the place and there is no door.”

She walked back to the first garden she had entered and there she found the old gardener, Ben Weatherstaff, digging. He turned about and began to whistle — a low soft whistle. Almost the next moment, she heard a soft little rushing flight through the air — and it was the bird with the red breast flying to them.

“Where have you been, you cheeky little beggar¹?” said the old man to the bird.

“Will he always come when you call him?” Mary asked almost in a whisper. “Aye, that he will. I’ve known him ever since he was a fledgling.”

The robin hopped about busily pecking² the soil. Mary thought his black eyes looked at her with great curiosity. It really seemed as if he were finding out all about her. She went a step nearer to the robin and looked at him very hard.

“I’m lonely,” she said.

She had not known before that this was one of the

¹ **beggar** [ˈbɛgə] — попрошайка

² **to peck** — клевать

things which made her feel sour and cross. She seemed to find it out when the robin looked at her and she looked at the robin.

Just that moment the robin gave a little shake of his wings and flew away.

“He has flown over the wall!” Mary cried out, watching him. “He has flown into the orchard — he has flown across the other wall — into the garden where there is no door!”

“He lives there,” said old Ben, “among the old rose-trees there.”

“I should like to see them,” said Mary. “There must be a door somewhere.”

Ben drove his spade deep and said, “There was ten years ago, but there isn’t now. Nobody can find it.”

The robin sang loudly. “It’s in the garden no one can go into,” Mary said to herself. “It’s in the garden without a door. He lives in there. How I wish I could see what it is like!”

Mary continued to go out, exploring the grounds of Misselthwaite Manor. After a few days spent out of doors, Mary wakened one morning knowing for the first time what it was to be hungry. When she sat down to her breakfast she did not push it away as usual, but took up her spoon and began to eat it and went on eating it until her plate was empty.

One day the rain poured down in torrents¹, and when Mary looked out of her window the moor was almost hidden by gray mist and clouds. There could be no going out today. But Martha told her that her younger brother, Dickon, did not mind the wet². “He goes just the same as if the sun was shining. He once found a little fox cub half

¹ **torrents** [ˈtɒrənts] — потоки (дождевые)

² **to mind** [maɪnd] **the wet** — обращать внимание на сырость

drowned in its hole and he brought it home in his shirt to keep it warm. He's got it at home now."

Mary asked Martha to tell her more about Dickon and his animals. "I like Dickon," said Mary, "even though I've never seen him."

"Well," said Martha. "I've told you that the birds like him and the rabbits and wild sheep and ponies, and the foxes themselves. I wonder, what Dickon would think of you?"

"He wouldn't like me," said Mary in her cold little way. "No one does."

"How do you like yourself?" asked Martha. Mary hesitated, and answered, "Not at all, really."

One day Mary went out into the gardens and there found old Ben Weatherstaff. "Springtime's coming," the gardener said. "Cannot you smell it?"

Mary sniffed the air and said, "I smell something nice and fresh."

"That's the good rich earth," he answered. "It's ready to grow things."

As they talked the robin flew close to them and began to scratch for worms¹ in the soil.

Suddenly Mary saw that in the newly turned soil lay something like a ring. She picked it up, and found herself looking at an old key.

"Perhaps it has been buried for ten years," she said in a whisper. "Perhaps it is the key to the garden!"

After she had looked at the key quite a long time, she walked to the wall and looked at the ivy growing on it. She could not see a door beneath the dark green leaves, but she put the key in her pocket and made up her mind to keep it with her always, so that if she ever found the door, she would be ready.

¹ **worm** [wɔ:m]— червь

Do You Understand The Story?

2 *Answer the questions.*

- 1 How did it happen that Mary had to live at Misselthwaite Manor?
- 2 What did the girl look like and how did she behave at first?
- 3 Did Mary like her new home?
- 4 Who was the first to tell Mary about the locked garden?
- 5 Did Mary feel an interest in the story about the mysterious locked garden?
- 6 Who was Dickon? What did Mary find out about him?
- 7 How did Mary come across the secret garden?
- 8 How did the girl find an old key? Why did she make up her mind to keep it with her?

3 *Look back at the story and find the proof of the following:*

- 1 Mary was stubborn and haughty.
- 2 Mary often felt lonely at Misselthwaite Manor.
- 3 The story of the secret garden made Mary feel interested.
- 4 Mary was willing to find the door to the secret garden.

How Good Is Your English?

(see pp 14 – 15)

What Do You Think?

4 *Think and say:*

- why Mary hated the place in which she had to live at first;
- why she thought about the locked garden all the time;
- why she went out every day exploring the grounds of Misselthwaite Manor;
- why she thought that the key she had found belonged to the secret garden.



How Good Is Your English?



5 Use the proper word from the box.

- 1 She is such a person, always unwilling to change her mind.
- 2 His sudden anddisappearance cannot be explained or understood.
- 3 Is the universe really ?
- 4 Are there only apple trees in the ?
- 5 It was cold outside, so we had to put on warm clothes.
- 6 We dug a to plant a tree.
- 7 What are you cooking? There is a delicious in here.

orchard
stubborn
mysterious
endless
rather
hole
smell

6 Complete the phrases with appropriate nouns.

to mention*the locked garden*.....
 be interested in
 to lock
 to dig
 to enter
 to hide
 to grow

7 Choose the best word to complete the sentences (✓).

- 1 She was a light-minded person who only cared to go to parties and ... herself.
 a) amuse b) understand c) laugh
- 2 The huge moor looked rather like a dull, ... sea.
 a) haughty b) endless c) curious
- 3 They couldn't unlock the garden door because they had no ... to it.
 a) ring b) tool c) key
- 4 Mary ... the air and said that she smelt something nice and fresh.
 a) felt b) sniffed c) breathed

8 *Choose the correct article if necessary (✓).*

- 1 Mary lived in ... India with her parents.
a) - b) an c) the
- 2 She had ... little thin face and ... little thin body.
a) — b) a c) the
- 3 At the end of ... path she was following, the girl saw
a long wall.
a) - b) a c) the
- 4 It seemed to Mary that the robin looked at her with
... curiosity.
a) - b) a c) the
- 5 Dick once found ... little fox and brought it home.
a) - b) a c) the
- 6 She wanted very much to explore ... garden which
Martha had mentioned.
a) - b) a c) the

9 *Report the following statements and questions.*

- 1 "You don't like the moor because you are not used to
it," Martha said.
.....
- 2 "Can't you put on your own clothes?" Martha asked
the girl in surprise.
.....
- 3 "Who will go out for a walk with me?" Mary asked.
.....
- 4 "One of the gardens is locked up. Nobody has been in
it for ten years," Martha said.
.....
- 5 "I'm lonely," Mary said.
.....
- 6 "I like Dickon," said Mary, "even though I've never
seen him."
.....

- 10 *Read Part II of the story **The Secret Garden** and answer the question: What made Mary feel happy?*

The Secret Garden

Part II

(from the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett)

In the morning, as Mary walked around the garden, the robin appeared and she followed him.

“You showed me where the key was yesterday,” she said. “You ought to show me the door today; but I don’t believe you know!”

What happened almost at that moment was magic.

A gust of wind blew aside the ivy. Mary jumped forward and caught it, because underneath she saw a door. Her heart began to beat and her hands to shake a little in excitement. It was the lock of the door which had been closed ten years. Mary put her hand in her pocket, drew out the key, put it in the lock, and turned it. Then she pushed back the door, which opened slowly — slowly.

Then she slipped through it, and shut it behind her, and stood, looking about her and breathing quite fast with excitement, and wonder, and delight.

She was standing inside the secret garden.

It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place any one could imagine. The high walls were covered with the leafless stems¹ of climbing roses. All the ground was covered with grass of a wintry brown and out of it grew rose-bushes. There were other trees in the garden. Mary did not know whether they were dead or alive. Their thin gray branches looked so mysterious. It was different from any other place Mary had ever seen in her life.

“How still² it is!” she whispered. “I am the first person who has spoken in here for ten years.” Even though it was all quite strange and silent, she did not feel lonely at all.

¹ **stem** — стебель

² **still** — зд. тихий, спокойный



“It isn’t a quite dead garden,” she cried out softly to herself. “Some of these roses may be alive. Oh! I can’t tell; but so many other things are alive.”

She did not know anything about gardening, but she thought the small plants she saw needed to breathe. She looked around and found a rather sharp piece of wood and knelt down and dug and weeded until she had made nice little clear places around all the plants. She went from place to place, digging and weeding, until it was past the time for midday dinner. She had been really happy the whole time.

“Martha,” she said when she returned, red-cheeked and bright-eyed, “I wish I had a little spade.” She knew she must be careful of the secret kingdom she had found because Mr Craven would not get a new key and lock it

up forever. She said, “If I had a little spade I could dig somewhere and perhaps make a little garden.”

Martha stopped to think. “The shop at Thwaite sells packages of flower seeds, and little garden sets with a spade and a rake and a fork, all tied together. We could ask Dickon, who often walks over to town, to buy the tools and the seeds.”

“If I have a spade,” Mary thought, “I can make the earth nice and soft and dig up weeds. If I have seeds and can make flowers grow, the garden won’t be dead at all — it will come alive.”

Martha said Dickon would bring the things to the manor when he had bought them. “Oh!” exclaimed Mary. “Then I shall see him! I never saw a boy that foxes and crows love. I want to see him very much.”

For the next week the sun shone on what Mary now called The Secret Garden. It seemed like a fairy place, different from the rest of Mary’s world. Mary was a determined¹ little person, and now she had something interesting to be determined about. She worked and dug and pulled up weeds; it seemed to her a wonderful sort of play. Sometimes she stopped digging to look at the garden and tried to imagine what it would be like when it was covered with thousands of lovely things in bloom².

One day, as Mary walked near the secret garden, she heard a low, whistling sound and wanted to find out what it was. It was a very strange thing indeed. A funny-looking boy of about twelve was sitting under a tree, playing a wooden pipe. His cheeks were as red as poppies, and never had Mary seen such round and such blue eyes in any boy’s face. A brown squirrel was watching him from the tree trunk, a pheasant [‘feznt] peeked out from a nearby bush, and quite near the boy two rabbits were watching and listening to him. He got up slowly, so as not to frighten the animals, and said,

¹ **determined** [dɪ’tɜːmɪnd] — решительный

² **in bloom** [bluːm] — в расцвете

"I'm Dickon. I know that you are Miss Mary."

He spoke to her as if he knew her quite well, but she felt a little shy. As he explained the seeds and the garden tools to her, she wished she could talk as easily and nicely as he did. He showed her seed for all kinds of lovely flowers.

"See here," said Dickon. "I'll plant them for you myself. Where is your garden?"

Mary had never thought of anyone asking her about this. "I don't know anything about boys," she said slowly. "Could you keep a secret, if I told you one? If anyone should find out, I believe I should die!" She said the last sentence quite angrily.

Dickon looked surprised, but answered with a smile, "I'm keeping secrets all the time. If I couldn't keep secrets from the other boys, about birds' nests and wild things' holes, they wouldn't be safe on the moor. Aye, I can keep secrets."

"I've stolen a garden," said Mary, very fast. "It isn't mine. It isn't anybody's. Nobody wants it, nobody cares for it, nobody ever goes into it. Perhaps everything in it is dead already; I don't know." She began to feel as stubborn and naughty as she had ever felt in her life. "Nobody has any right to take it from me when I care about it and they don't." She burst out crying.

"Where is it?" asked Dickon softly.

"Come with me and I'll show you."

She led him to the walk where the ivy grew so thickly. There was a door and Mary pushed it slowly open and they passed in together.

"It's this," she said. "It's a secret garden, and I'm the only one in the world who wants it to be alive."

"I never thought I'd see this place," Dickon said in a whisper. "Martha told me about it once. There'll be nests here in the springtime. It'd be the safest nesting place in England."

Mary put her hand on his arm. “These rosebushes — are they alive? Is that one quite alive — quite?”

Dickon smiled. “It’s as alive as you or me,” he said.

They ran eagerly from bush to bush, and then Dickon noticed the clearings around the young plants and asked Mary if she had done that work.

“Yes,” she said. “But I don’t know anything about gardening.”

“You did right,” said Dickon. “Now they’ll come up like Jack’s beanstalk. There’s a lot of work to do here!”

Mary thought that she had never seen such a funny boy, or such a nice one. “Will you come and help? Oh, do come, Dickon!”

“I’ll come every day if you want me, rain or shine,” he

answered. “But I don’t want to make it look all tidy. It’s nicer like this, all running wild.”

“Don’t let us make it tidy,” said Mary. “It won’t seem like a secret garden if it is tidy.” Then Mary did a strange thing. She asked him a question she had never dreamed of asking any one before.

“Do you like me?” she said.

“That I do. I like you wonderful!”

Then they worked harder than ever, and when it was time for Mary to go, she went slowly to the wall. Then she stopped and went back.

“Whatever happens, you — you never will tell?” she said.

He smiled. “Not me,” he said.

And she was quite sure he wouldn’t.

Jack’s beanstalk. *Jack and the Beanstalk* — a children’s story in which a boy, Jack, sells his mother’s cow for some magic beans¹. The mother, in anger, throws the beans out of the window. The next day a very tall bean plant (the Beanstalk) has grown up into the clouds. Jack climbs it and finds himself in a strange country outside a Giant’s house.

¹ **beans** [bi:nz] — бобы

Do You Understand The Story?

11 *Answer the questions.*

- 1 How did Mary find the door to the secret garden?
- 2 What did she feel when she found herself inside the mysterious secret garden?
- 3 What did the garden look like?
- 4 What did Mary do to bring life to the garden?
- 5 How did Mary meet Dickon?
- 6 What did it seem unusual to Mary in Dickon's appearance and behaviour?
- 7 What did Mary tell Dickon about the secret garden she had discovered?
- 8 Did Dickon agree to help Mary with the garden?
- 9 Did Dickon and Mary want the garden to become tidy?

12 *Describe Mary's feelings:*

- when she was standing inside the garden for the first time;
- when she was trying to bring life to the plants;
- when she was talking to Dickon about her secret.

How Good Is Your English?

(see pp 22—23)

What Do You Think?

13 *Think and say:*

- why Mary's hands shook with excitement when she opened the door to the garden;
- why she began to dig and to weed;
- why she thought she had to be very careful of the secret garden she had found;
- why she told Dickon about her secret;
- why the children did not want the Secret Garden to be too tidy.

14 *Speak about what changed in Mary's life when she found the secret garden.*



How Good Is Your English?



15 Use the proper word from the box.

- 1 He was so, he could hardly sleep.
- 2 It's sometimes very difficult to keep your from friends.
- 3 Does the boy's behaviour seem to you?
- 4 We read that book with real
- 5 The doctors are working very hard to keep him

secret
alive
strange
delight
excited

16 Match the words which are opposite in meaning.

mysterious	real
dangerous	common
thin	fast
careful	thick
slow	together
alive	dull
magic	safe
sad	careless
alone	dead
interesting	merry

17 Choose the best word to complete the sentences (✓).

- 1 Though the garden looked very strange and silent, Mary didn't feel
a) lonely b) delighted c) safe
- 2 She didn't know the boy at all, and felt a little
a) strange b) shy c) sad
- 3 Take care of your garden and ... wild plants which begin to grow very fast in it.
a) clear b) dig c) weed
- 4 The girl suddenly heard a low whistling ... and saw a boy playing a wooden pipe.
a) noise b) sound c) song

18 Use the correct preposition if necessary.

behind
of
for
to
out

- 1 The girl put her hand in her pocket, drew the key and locked the door with it.
- 2 It seemed the girl that the garden was a fairy place, different from the world in which she lived.
- 3 The sun went the clouds, and it suddenly became colder.
- 4 It's good to know that there is somebody who will care the dog while we are away.
- 5 We dream buying our own house somewhere in the countryside.
- 6 The climbed the hill with great difficulty.

19 Report the following statements and questions.

- 1 "Where is your garden?" the boy asked.
.....
- 2 "Can you keep a secret?" Mary asked the boy.
.....
- 3 "I don't know anything about gardening," she said.
.....
- 4 "You did everything right," Dickon said.
.....
- 5 "I'll come every day if you want me to," Dickon said.
.....

20 Past Indefinite? Past Perfect? Choose the correct form of the verb (✓).

- 1 When Mary saw a door in the wall, her heart (began, had begun) to beat.
- 2 It was the most mysterious-looking place the girl ever (saw, had seen).
- 3 Mary did not want to tell anyone about the garden she (found, had found).
- 4 Mary worked hard digging and pulling up weeds, and she sometimes (stopped, had stopped) working to look at the garden.
- 5 Mary led Dickon to the wall where the ivy (grew, had grown) so thickly.