



Welcome to Misselthwaite, Miss Mary.



Miss Mary is to be taken directly to her room. Mr Craven gave his orders.

He won't see the child.



Not tonight?

Not ever.



Here you are.



This room is where you'll live. Please, keep to it: you heard Pitcher, Mr Craven won't see you, and the rest of us certainly don't need a girl in the way. You'll have the huge park to yourself, and that'll have to do.

Good night, Miss Mary.



CHAPTER II

THE CRYING
IN THE NIGHT



What's all this grey outside?



That there? That's th' moor!

It's big an' bare now, but it's fair lovely in spring! It's covered wi' growin' things - gorse an' broom an' heather.

It smells o' honey.

I just love it. I wouldn't live away from th' moor for anythin'!

You are a very strange housemaid.

Are you going to be my servant?



I'm Mrs Medlock's servant...

...and my name's Martha.

I'm to wait on you, but you won't need much waitin' on.

...

Who is going to dress me?



Eh? Canna' tha'... I mean, can't you put on your own clothes?



In India, only the servants dress themselves.

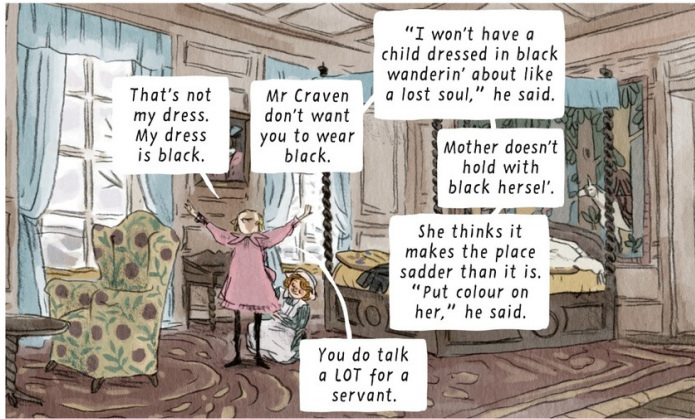


Did nobody taught you then?!



Well, it's time tha' should learn!

"Tha' cannot begin younger," as my mother always says.



That's not my dress. My dress is black.

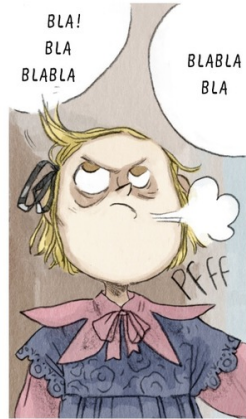
Mr Craven don't want you to wear black.

"I won't have a child dressed in black wanderin' about like a lost soul," he said.

Mother doesn't hold with black hersel'.

She thinks it makes the place sadder than it is. "Put colour on her," he said.

You do talk a LOT for a servant.



BLA!
BLA
BLABLA

BLABLA
BLA

Pfff



There y' are. You can put your shoes on now.



Eh? Tha' can't do that neither?

My Ayah did it for me.



It was the custom in India.

Well, it's lucky you came home, then!

