

## Dominoes

SERIES EDITORS: BILL BOWLER AND SUE PARMINTER

# *The Turn of the Screw*

HENRY JAMES

Retold by Christine Lindop

**LEVEL TWO ■ 700 HEADWORDS**



Henry James (1843–1916) was born in New York, but lived most of his life in Europe. He started writing as a young man, and his first book, *Roderick Hudson*, appeared in 1875. His best known stories include *Washington Square* (1881) and *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881). There have been several films of his famous ghost story, *The Turn of the Screw* (1898).

OXFORD

## BEFORE READING

1 Match the ghost film pictures and sentences.



- a Hamlet talks to his father's ghost.
- b Casper the friendly ghost looks at the girl who has moved into his room.
- c The four Ghostbusters fight a ghost.
- d A dead man tries to speak to his girlfriend in the film *Ghost*.
- e The headless Rider from *Sleepy Hollow*.
- f Face to face with the unknown in *The Blair Witch Project*.

2 What other ghost stories do you know?

# Chapter 1

## Bly

**W**e were sitting by the fire telling **ghost** stories. 'Would you like to hear a ghost story about two children?' Douglas asked. 'I've never told it to anyone. It's too horrible. It happened to my sister's **governess** a long time ago.'

The woman, Douglas explained, was twenty when she left home to look for work. She went to see a man who needed a governess for his brother's two children. He was a **gentleman** – rich, good-looking, and kind – with an expensive house in London. The children, a boy and a girl, came to live with him after their father died. But he had no wife or children himself, so he sent them to live at Bly, his house in the country, with his **housekeeper**, Mrs Grose. They also had a governess there, at first, but then she died, so the boy went away to school while the little girl stayed at Bly.



**ghost** a dead person that a living person sees or hears

**governess** a woman who lives with and teaches children

**gentleman** a man from a rich family who does not need to work

**housekeeper** a woman who looks after a person's house

*She went to see a man who needed a governess for two children.*

**angel** a very good and beautiful person; in pictures they usually have wings

The rich man now needed a new governess for the girl, and for the boy too during the school holidays. He asked my friend not to worry him by sending him any news, letters, or questions about the children. She had to decide everything for herself.

The young woman thought that this was strange, but she needed the money, and she wanted to please the gentleman. So she agreed – and went to Bly.

This is her story; she wrote it down years later and sent it to Douglas before she died.



**The housekeeper, Mrs Grose, opened the door to me.**

**I** came to Bly one fine afternoon in June. It was a large, old happy house with bright flowers outside.

The housekeeper, Mrs Grose, opened the door to me. And I met the little girl Flora soon after. She was like a beautiful

**angel**, with gold hair and a sweet face. I liked her at once. I was sure too that Mrs Grose – a nice, strong, country woman – would be my friend. She was happy to see me. Perhaps too happy, but I didn't stop there and then to ask myself why.

At dinner I asked about Flora's brother, Miles.

'He will be here on Friday,' said Mrs Grose.

That night they moved Flora's bed into my room, and I spent the next day with her. She was happy to show me the gardens and the house; dancing in her blue dress from one room to another, running up and down the





stairs, and taking me to the top of a big **tower**. And all the time she told me little secrets about each place that we visited.

On Wednesday evening a letter came for me from the children's **uncle**. There was another letter, still in its **envelope**, inside it. The children's uncle wrote to ask me to read this letter, which came from Miles's school, and to decide myself what to do about it without worrying him. I read it that evening, and got very little sleep that night.

'They have **expelled** Miles from his school,' I told Mrs Grose next morning.

She looked at me strangely, worried by the news.

'But what has he done, Miss?'

'They don't say. They only say he cannot go back there. Is he bad for the other boys, do you think?'

'Master Miles? But he's just ten years old!'

She was right; it was hard to believe.

'So is Miles never bad?' I asked her some time later.

'No – I can't say that. But a boy who is never bad is not a real boy for me.'

I agree. Boys must be bad sometimes – but they must not **corrupt** others.' I said.

Mrs Grose gave a strange laugh. 'Are you afraid, Miss? Could the young master corrupt you?' she asked.



**All the time she told me little secrets.**

**tower** a tall, thin part of a building

**uncle** the brother of your father (or mother)

**envelope** a paper cover that you put on a letter before you post it

**expel** to make someone leave a school

**corrupt** to make someone bad

The next day I spoke to Mrs Grose again.

'What was she like, the last governess?'

'Young and beautiful, Miss – like you.'

'He likes us young and beautiful, then,' I said, thinking of the rich gentleman in London.

'Oh he *did*,' replied Mrs Grose. 'He liked everyone that way . . . I mean, he does,' she finished.

'Who were you speaking of just then?' I asked her.

'Oh, the **Master**, of course.'

I went on thinking about the last governess.

'Did she die here?'

'No, Miss. She went home for a holiday, but she never came back. And then the Master told us that she was dead. And now,' said Mrs Grose, 'I must get back to work.'

When Miles arrived, I knew at once that the letter was a terrible mistake. He was a good, sweet child, just like his sister. I spoke to Mrs Grose immediately.

'Anyone can see he is not bad. Look at him!'

She smiled. 'Yes, Miss. So what will you do about the letter now?'

'Nothing,' I said.

'And what will you tell the Master?'

'Nothing.'

'And what will you say to the boy?'

'Nothing!'

'Then I'll help you, Miss,' she said, **kissing** me happily. I knew then that she was my friend.

**master** a name that working people used in the past for the gentleman who gave them a job

**kiss** to touch lovingly with your mouth

And so I began lessons with Miles and Flora. The children were young, strong, and happy, and were always nice to me. But soon something happened at Bly that changed everything.

In those long summer days I often went outside for a walk when the children were in bed. On these evening walks I often thought about how well I was doing my job –

and about the children's uncle in London. Did he ever think of me?

**shock** a very bad surprise

One evening I was walking in the garden and thinking of him when I looked up. Suddenly I got a great **shock**. I saw him there – on top of the tower. Then I got a second shock. The man on the tower was not the Master. I felt cold and afraid. Everything was quiet; nothing moved. Who was this man? Why did I know nothing about him? I could think of no answer to my questions.

How many long minutes did I stand there, looking at him silently? I do not know. I did not speak; he said nothing. The birds in the garden were silent too. But all the time his eyes never left me. And then, suddenly, before I knew it, the tower was empty.

**Who was this man?**



## READING CHECK

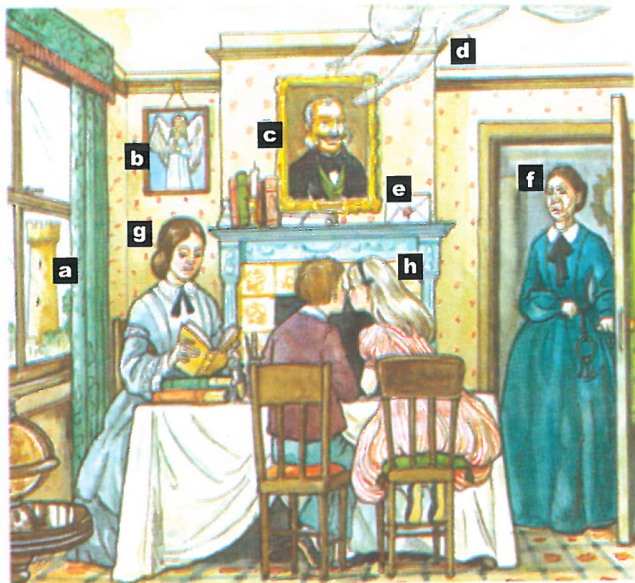
Are these sentences true or false? Tick the boxes.

	True	False
<b>a</b> There are three children in the story.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<b>b</b> They live at Bly, a big country house.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>c</b> Their uncle lives with them in the country.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>d</b> The new governess has to decide everything about the children without telling their uncle.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>e</b> At first she likes everyone and is happy at Bly.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>f</b> Miles leaves his school because he doesn't like it.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>g</b> The first governess died at Bly.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>h</b> One evening the new governess sees a strange man.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

## WORD WORK

1 Match the words in the box with the things in the picture.

- governess  **g**
- gentleman
- ghost
- housekeeper
- kiss
- angel
- envelope
- tower





# a c t i v i t i e s .

**Find the words in the ghosts to complete the sentences.**

a Their **uncle** lives in London.



b Mrs Grose's **mother** is a rich man.



c Why did they **expect** Miles from school?



d Did Miles **compare** other boys there?



e I had a **shock** when I saw a strange man on the tower.



## JESS WHAT

**What happens in the next chapter? Tick three boxes.**

- a The governess sees the strange man on the tower again.
- b She sees a strange dog in the garden.
- c She sees a strange face at a window.
- d She hears strange noises in the night.
- e She feels that there is a strange person in the garden.
- f She hears strange music in the school room.
- g She feels strangely cold in bed.

## Chapter 2

# Peter Quint

**T**hat evening, after seeing the man on the tower, I stayed outside for a long time. I walked in the gardens until late, afraid and full of black **thoughts**. Was there a secret at Bly – a room that people always locked, a **relative** that no one talked about?

It was dark when I came into the house. Mrs Grose met me at the door, happy to see me. She was so good and kind to me and I decided not to worry her. So I said nothing about the man on the tower, and went to bed.

For some days the man on the tower stayed in my thoughts. Who was he? Where did he come from? How did he get into the house? I found no answers to my questions. Neither Mrs Grose nor the other **servants** knew anything about him, I was sure. And so I told myself a story: 'Perhaps a traveller, interested in old houses, saw Bly, climbed the tower to see the **view**, and then went away.' That explained it.

When I was with the children, I forgot all about the man on the tower. Usually a governess is bored with her work after a while, but with Miles and Flora it was different. Working inside the house, or playing outside in the garden, I always found something new and interesting in those children. But one thing about them was still a mystery: Miles never said anything about his school, or about his teachers and friends there. I was sure now that the school letter was a mistake; Miles was a good child, a happy child.

One Sunday it rained all day, so Mrs Grose and I decided to go to church in the evening, when the rain stopped. Before we left, I went to get my **gloves** from the downstairs **dining room**. They were on a chair by the window. As I **picked them up** I had a terrible shock. There was someone outside

**thought**  
something that  
you think

**relative** a person  
in your family

**servant** a person  
who works for  
someone rich

**view** what you  
can see when you  
look down from a  
tower, the top of a  
hill, or a high  
window

**gloves** things  
that you wear to  
keep your hands  
warm

**dining room** the  
room in a house  
where people eat

**pick up** to take  
something in your  
hand

the window. It was the man from the tower. His face was near the glass, and at first he looked hard at me. Then he began to look around the room. Suddenly I knew that he was looking for somebody – and I felt that somebody was not me!

At once I ran out of the room, out of the house and into the garden. I ran round to the dining-room window, but when I got there, I found nobody. I looked around at the trees and the garden, but still I could see no one. I stood at the window and then looked through it into the dining-room – at that moment Mrs Grose came into the room and her white face looked back at me. ‘Why was *she* afraid?’ I asked myself. She ran out of the room, and I waited for her to come to me.

She soon came round the corner of the house and said, ‘What is the matter? You look terrible!’

‘I was so afraid,’ I answered. ‘I saw a man. He was here – looking into the dining-room through the window.’

‘Who was he?’

‘I don’t know.’

***With Miles and  
Flora it was  
different.***



'Was he a gentleman?'

'No. He was a **monster**.'

'Have you seen him before?'

'Yes – once. On the old tower.'

'Let's go to church now,' said Mrs Grose.

'No, I can't go now,' I said. 'I can't leave the children alone with *him*.'

Mrs Grose looked at me again. 'What's he like?'

'He has very red hair, and a long white face with red **whiskers**. His eyes are small, and his mouth is big. He's tall, and he doesn't wear a hat.'

Mrs Grose's face was white, and her mouth fell open, 'But is he handsome?'

'Oh, yes. Very!' I answered.

She waited a second and then said, 'It's Peter Quint – the Master's servant. He was here for some time last year. Then he went.'

'He went? Where?' I asked.

At this question Mrs Grose made a strange, terrible face. 'Who knows where!' she cried. 'He died.'

'Died?' I nearly shouted.

'Yes. Mr Quint is dead.'

We didn't go to church that evening. **Instead** we talked.

'He was looking for someone, you say – but not you?' Suddenly, I knew the answer. 'He wants Miles.'

I knew then that only I could stop him.

'It's strange that the children never talk about Quint.' I went on. 'Why is that?'

'Flora was very young, Miss. I'm sure she doesn't remember him. But don't say anything to **Master** Miles about all this . . . Quint played a lot with him when he was here, put strange thoughts in his young head. He was a bad man, Miss. I knew it – but the master didn't. And he was clever. I was afraid to tell the Master how bad he was.'

**monster** a terrible person (or animal)

**whiskers** long hair growing on the sides of a man's face

**instead** in the place of something

**master** a name that servants used to talk about a rich boy





Quint stayed at Bly for many months, she told me. Then one cold snowy winter night he went drinking in the village, and on the way home he fell and hit his head on the hard road. They found his body the next morning.

I knew now that there was something **evil** at Bly, and that it was my job to **protect** the children from it.

One afternoon Miles stayed inside reading a book and Flora and I went out by the **lake**. I sat on the **grass**, mending one of my gloves, while Flora played. Suddenly I felt sure that we were not alone – there was a third person there, on the other side of the lake. I looked at Flora. A moment ago she was by the water, but now she was standing with her back to the lake. She was very quiet – and I was sure she knew that there was somebody there. Slowly I looked up across the lake to see who it was.

*I felt sure that we were not alone.*

**evil** very bad

**protect** to keep someone from danger

**lake** a large piece of water with land around it

**grass** it is green; gardens and fields have lots of it on the ground

# activities

## READING CHECK

Put these sentences in the correct order. Number them 1–9.

- a  The governess is happy teaching Miles and Flora and forgets the man.
- b  Mrs Grose explains that Quint was a bad man and is now dead.
- c  The governess feels sure there is someone else in the garden with them.
- d  The governess decides to stop something bad happening to Miles and Flora.
- e  The governess sees the man from the tower again through a window.
- f  The governess tries to learn more about the man on the tower.
- g  The governess describes the man to Mrs Grose.
- h  The governess and Flora go into the garden.
- i  Mrs Grose tells the governess the man was Peter Quint.

## WORD WORK

1 Match the words with the correct pictures.



a servants ~~gloves~~ .....



b whiskers .....



c lake .....



d grass .....



e gloves .....



f dining room .....



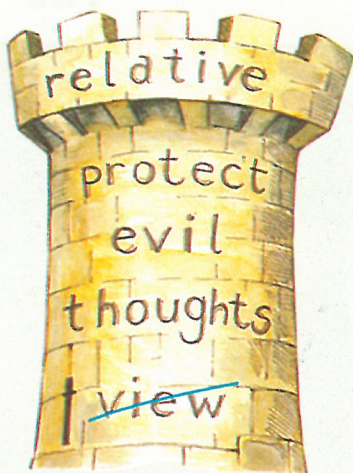
g monster .....



# a c t i v i t i e s .

## 2 Use the words in the tower to complete the sentences.

- a There is a very good view from the tower.
- b There was something really bad at Bly – something .....
- c She wanted to help the children – to ..... them from danger.
- d Their uncle in London was their only .....
- e Her head was full of dark .....



## GUESS WHAT

Which ghost does the governess see next? Tick one picture.



## Chapter 3

# The Woman in Black



**There was a woman on the other side of the lake.**

**stare** to look at somebody for a long time

**close** when two people feel near to each other

**believe** to feel sure that something is true

**I** ran to Mrs Grose as soon as I could. 'Flora's seen something strange in the garden,' I said, 'but she hasn't said anything about it!'

'Then how do you know?' asked Mrs Grose.

'I could see it too. There was a woman, dressed in black, and very evil, on the other side of the lake. It was Miss Jessel, the governess who died – I'm sure of it.'

'What did she do?'

'She **stared** at Flora all

the time. She never looked away once. She wanted Flora. She was beautiful – yes, very beautiful. But she was so evil.'

Mrs Grose took my hand. 'Miss Jessel was evil,' she said. 'They were both evil.'

'Now, Mrs Grose,' I said, 'you must tell me about Quint and Miss Jessel.'

'They were very different,' she said. 'She was a lady, and he was not a gentleman. But they were very **close**. He did what he wanted with her – poor thing!'

'Do you know why she died, Mrs Grose?'

'No – I didn't want to know. I **believe** that she *had* to leave – she couldn't stay here as she was. Not as a governess any more.'



I felt worried and unhappy. Mrs Grose held me close to her and I began to cry. 'Oh, Mrs Grose. It's my job to protect the children from these monsters – but I can't do it! I can't!'

That night Mrs Grose and I talked in my room. Quint and Miss Jessel were both dead long before I came to Bly, but I described them both to her. And so she believed what I told her.

She told me more about Miles and Quint. 'For several months, when Peter Quint lived here, he spent a lot of time with Master Miles, while Flora stayed with Miss Jessel. The young master knew that Quint and Miss Jessel were very close, but he lied to me and said that there was nothing special between them. When I told him not to spend so much time with Quint, because he was just a servant, he laughed. "You're just a servant too!" he said, and that hurt me. Because of that, when you asked me about him, I couldn't truly say that the young master was *never* bad.'

'I see.'

Now I knew that I had to watch Miles very carefully.

For the next few days everything was as usual. The two children were very kind and loving; they told me stories, read to me, **dressed up** as animals or people from earlier times, or played the **piano**. Sometimes I thought about a new school for Miles, but I never did anything about it. A clever boy like Miles didn't need to go back to school just yet.

One evening, very late, I was sitting in my room reading. Suddenly I heard something. Was somebody moving about in the house? I stood up, took a **candle** and left the room, locking the door behind me.

At the top of the stairs my candle **went out**, but by the light from the window I could see somebody on the stairs. It was Quint – and he stared at me just as before. He was an evil, dangerous person, but to my surprise I was not afraid of him.

**dress up** to put on special clothes

**piano** you make music on this big instrument by playing its black and white keys with your fingers

**candle** it burns and gives light; in the past people used them to see at night

**go out** to stop burning

**They dressed up  
as people from  
earlier times.**



**darkness** where  
there is no light

**heart** this is in  
your chest; it  
sends the blood  
round your body

**curtains** people  
close these in  
front of windows  
at night, to stop  
people looking in

We stood there for a long time. I looked at Quint; and he looked at me, but we didn't speak. Then he turned and went down the stairs into the **darkness**.

When I went back to my room, I saw that Flora's bed was empty. My **heart** stopped for a moment, but then I saw Flora coming out from behind the **curtains** at the

window. She looked at me.

‘Where have you been?’ she asked. ‘I woke up, and you weren’t there, so I was looking for you out of the window.’

She crossed the room and I took her in my arms.

‘You thought that I was outside?’ I asked.

‘Well, I thought that someone was,’ smiled Flora.

‘And did you see anyone?’

‘No,’ she answered.

I knew that she was lying. I wanted to look her in the eyes and say, ‘You know that isn’t true. Tell me what you saw,’ but I couldn’t do it. Instead I took her to her bed, and I held her hand while she went to sleep. After that I often walked through the house at night, but I never saw Quint there again. Once I saw a woman sitting on the stairs, with her head in her hands. She **disappeared** before I could see her face, but I knew it was the unhappy Miss Jessel.

Nothing unusual happened for some days. Then one night I woke up suddenly at one o’clock. Flora was not in her bed. I could see her at the window, and she was looking out at something – or someone. I was sure that Miss Jessel was outside, staring back at Flora. Quickly and quietly I left the room. I didn’t want Flora to know what I was doing, but I wanted to see for myself who – or what – was outside.

Where could I go? I thought for a moment, and then went to an empty bedroom at the bottom of the old tower. I crossed the room without a sound and stood next to the window. The moon was bright, and I had a good view of the garden. On the grass outside there was a person who was looking up above me. I was sure that there was someone on top of the tower, and that the person on the grass was looking up at them. I felt ill as I looked. The person on the grass was not Miss Jessel – it was Miles.

**disappear** to go  
away suddenly

## READING CHECK

### 1 Match the first and second parts of these sentences.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>a</b> The governess sees Miss Jessel . . .              | <b>1</b> . . . about Quint and Jessel.                   |
| <b>b</b> Mrs Grose tells the governess . . .               | <b>2</b> . . . by the lake.                              |
| <b>c</b> Miles and Flora are very nice . . .               | <b>3</b> . . . in her bed when the governess comes back. |
| <b>d</b> The governess sees the ghost of Quint . . .       | <b>4</b> . . . Miles in the garden.                      |
| <b>e</b> Flora isn't . . .                                 | <b>5</b> . . . on the stairs one night.                  |
| <b>f</b> The governess sees the ghost of Miss Jessel . . . | <b>6</b> . . . on the stairs with her head in her hands. |
| <b>g</b> One night Flora looks . . .                       | <b>7</b> . . . out of the window                         |
| <b>h</b> The governess looks too and sees . . .            | <b>8</b> . . . to the governess                          |



### 2 Correct the mistakes in these sentences.

- a** Miss Jessel was the ~~housekeeper~~ <sup>governess</sup> at Bly.
- b** Miss Jessel and Quint were both good.
- c** Quint was a gentleman.
- d** Miles didn't spend a lot of time with Quint.
- e** When Quint was with Miles, Flora didn't stay with Miss Jessel.
- f** Miles said that there was something special between Quint and Jessel.
- g** Miles was always nice to Mrs Grose.



# a c t i v i t i e s .


## WORD WORK

Correct the underlined words in these sentences.


- a Miss Jessel starred at Flora.     stared
- b Jessel and Quint were very clone.     .....
- c She took a handle with her to see in the dark.     .....
- d The children decided to press up as Romans and Greeks.     .....
- e She was afraid. Her hearth stopped for a moment.     .....
- f Mrs Grose relieved that Miss Jessel died when having Quint's child.     .....
- g The children played some nice Mozart diana music.     .....
- h One minute the ghost was on the stairs, the next minute it disapproved.     .....
- i Suddenly the light sent out and the room was dark.     .....

## GUESS WHAT

What happens in the next chapter? Tick the boxes.

- a  The governess tells  about her conversation with Miles in his bedroom.



- b   write(s) a letter to the uncle in London.

## Chapter 4

# The End of Summer

The following afternoon I talked with Mrs Grose. We were sitting outside in the afternoon sun; below us the children were walking together on the grass.

‘That’s where I found Miles last night,’ I said. ‘He came to me immediately and I took him to his room.’

I didn’t tell Mrs Grose what I was thinking when we walked into the house. I felt that it had to be Miles, not me, who began talking about the evil at Bly. I described to her what happened in Miles’s room.

I put my hands on Miles’s **shoulders**, kindly but **firmly**, and stared into his eyes.

‘You must tell me. What were you doing out there?’

His beautiful eyes and white teeth were bright in the **moonlight**.

‘If I tell you why, will you understand?’

My heart was in my mouth. At last. Now he would tell me the truth. I waited.

At last he said, ‘I wanted you to think I was bad!’

After that he kissed me, and I nearly cried.

‘I see. But how could you be sure of me seeing you?’

‘I told Flora to look out of the window. “When she sees Flora at the window, she’ll want to look out too,” I thought.’

**shoulder** this is between your neck and your arm

**firmly** strongly

**moonlight** the light from the moon

**accurate** true to real life

**opinion** what you think about someone or something

It was hard for me to give Mrs Grose an **accurate** picture of that night, but I went on trying.

‘Well, Miss!’ cried Mrs Grose. ‘You *have* changed your **opinion** about young Master Miles!’

‘No, I haven’t. I just believe I understand better now. The four of them – Miles, Flora, Quint and Miss Jessel – are very



*Below us the children were together on the grass.*



close and meet all the time. The children never tell us about them, but look at them now. I'm sure that's what they are talking about.'

Mrs Grose watched the children as I went on. Talking about it helped me to understand.

'To us they **seem** beautiful and good – but it's all a **game!**' I turned and looked at her. 'They don't belong to us, they belong to *them!*'

'To Quint and that woman?' Mrs Grose said.

'Yes. Those two want to fill them with evil – that's why they've come back.'

Mrs Grose thought about this for a while. I could see that she was remembering other terrible times. At last she said, 'But what can they do now?'

'Do? They can **destroy** them. They don't know how yet – but they're trying hard. Now we only see them in strange places or high places – on top of the tower, across the lake, outside the window – but they want to get closer. If they have enough time, they will do it.'

Mrs Grose stood up to go into the house. 'Their uncle must stop this. He must take them away. You must write to him and ask him.'

'But how?' I asked. 'What can I say? Shall I say that Bly is full of evil, and that Quint and Miss Jessel have corrupted the children?'

'Yes, if it's true . . .'

'Mrs Grose, you know that the master doesn't want any worries.'

She sat down and put a hand on my arm. 'We need him here!' she said.

I stood up now. I could never ask him, I knew that. And she could see it in my face.

Things went on like this for a month. In the house, in the

**seem** to appear to be

**game** a secret plan or way of playing with other people's feelings

**destroy** to break every part of something or someone





garden, on the lake, the children went on playing their game. I couldn't talk to them about Quint or Miss Jessel. Instead we talked about me. Soon they knew all about my life, my friends and my family.

***The children  
went on playing  
their game.***

For weeks I saw nothing unusual inside or outside the house. Often I thought that something was waiting to happen, but nothing did.

Summer ended and autumn came; the skies were grey and dead leaves fell onto the grass at Bly. Sometimes, when everything was still and quiet, I felt sure that Quint and Jessel were near, but I never saw them.

Sometimes when I was with the children I was sure that Miles and Flora could see – and were happy to see – their ghostly visitors, but I could not see them. Perhaps, when I could not see them, they were saying or showing things to the children – things that were too terrible for me to hear

***'When am I going back to school?'***



or see. At these times the children often asked me about their uncle; *he* was not dangerous to talk about.

'When will he come to see us? Can't we write to him?' they asked.

I agreed, and they wrote to him, but of course I never posted their letters. They were beautiful letters, and I **kept** them. I have them all to this day. Those were difficult days – but soon, and suddenly, things changed.

One Sunday morning we were walking to church. Miles was with me, and Flora and Mrs Grose were in front of us. Suddenly Miles spoke to me.

'When am I going back to school?'

I could not think of anything to say. He went on.

'You can't say that I haven't been good here.'

'No, I can't say that,' I answered.

'Then when am I going?' he asked.

'Were you happy at your last school?' I asked.

'I'm happy anywhere!' he answered. 'But it's not that. I want to see more of life!'

We were nearly at the church. I walked faster; I wanted to get into the church before we could talk any more about school. But before we got there Miles said:

'I want to be with people like me!'

'There aren't many people like you, Miles,' I laughed coldly. Everyone was inside the church now, and we were alone outside.

'Does my uncle know what I'm like?'

'I don't think he is very interested, Miles.'

'Can't we make him understand?'

'How?'

'By asking him to come to Bly.'

'But who will ask him?'

'I will,' said Miles, as he disappeared into the church alone.

**keep** (*past kept*)  
to have in a  
special place



## READING CHECK

### Correct eight more mistakes in the story.

The governess tells Mrs Grose about her night time talk with ~~Flora~~<sup>Miles</sup>. She believes that Miles, Flora, Quint and Miss Jessel aren't very close. She says that Miles and Flora belong to her and Mrs Grose. She is afraid that the two ghosts are getting closer and will fill the children with good thoughts and perhaps kill them in the end. Mrs Grose wants the children's grandfather to come to Bly. The governess doesn't want to tell him about the ghosts. Winter ends and spring comes to Bly house. The children write letters to their uncle, but the governess doesn't send them. On the way to the village shops Miles asks when he can go back to school.

## WORD WORK

### Use the words in the candle to complete the sentences.

- In my opinion Miles and Flora can see the ghosts.
- The governess tries to be ..... when she is telling Mrs Grose what she has seen and done.
- The governess puts her hands on Miles's .....
- Miles's teeth are bright in the .....
- The children ..... to be good, but they are really bad.
- The children play a strange ..... with the governess in which they never talk about Quint or Miss Jessel.





# activities.

- g** The governess ..... the letters the children write to their uncle.
- h** The governess is afraid that Quint and Miss Jessel will ..... Miles and Flora.
- i** The governess ..... tells Mrs Grose that the Master doesn't want any worries.

## GUESS WHAT

Who does the governess speak to in the next chapter? Tick three pictures.



**a** the ghost of Miss Jessel



**b** the ghost of Peter Quint



**c** Mrs Grose



**d** Flora



**e** Miles



**f** the children's uncle in London



**g** the teachers at Miles's old school

## Chapter 5

# The Schoolroom

I didn't follow Miles into church, but sat outside, thinking. Why did they expel him from school? I was afraid to learn the truth. And now Miles knew that I was afraid, he could use my fear to get more **freedom**. He was right. The **correct** thing to do was to talk to his uncle – but I couldn't do it. Miles was winning.

I walked round the church, trying to decide what to do. Then the **idea** came to me that I could leave Bly, the children, everything. Nearly everyone was at church; I could go back to the house, take my things and go.

*I had little time,  
and no carriage*



**freedom** being free

**correct** right

**idea** a plan or a new thought

**carriage** a kind of car with horses; rich people went on journeys in them

I walked back to the house, meeting nobody on the way. But then I saw that my idea was not so clever. I had little time, and no **carriage** to take my things. Unhappily, I sat at the bottom of the stairs – but then I remembered Miss Jessel's ghost sitting in the same place.

I got up and went to the schoolroom. When I opened the

door I had a new shock. There at the table, with her head in her hands, was Miss Jessel. She didn't move at first – then she stood up and looked at me.

She was beautiful, very unhappy, and terribly evil. I thought for a moment that I was wrong to come into *her* room – to surprise her at *her* table. I opened my mouth and shouted, 'You terrible woman!' – but then there was only sunlight in the room, and I knew that I had to stay at Bly.

After the others came back from church, I had a moment alone with Mrs Grose, and told her about my strange **experience**.

'I found Miss Jessel in the schoolroom . . .' I began.

'I believe she is . . .' it was hard for me to go on ' . . . one of the **lost souls**. She wants Flora. I've decided to send for their uncle.'

'Oh Miss, please do,' my friend said firmly.

'I will. It's the only thing to do. If Miles thinks that I'm afraid to talk to his uncle, he will soon **discover** that he's wrong. If his uncle asks why I have done nothing about a new school for Miles, I'll tell him that I can't, because they expelled him from the old one . . .'

'But we don't know why!' said Mrs Grose.

'Mrs Grose, is Miles stupid? Is he untidy? Is he ill? No, it was because he's evil. And that's because his uncle left them here with those people.'

'But the Master didn't know what they were like,' said Mrs Grose. 'And that's my fault.'

I looked at her, and said, 'I'll write tonight.'

That night I sat in my room, with Flora asleep beside me, trying to begin my letter. Outside it was raining and a strong wind was **blowing**. In the end I took a candle and went to Miles's room. I stopped outside the door, and was surprised when Miles said, 'Come in!'

**experience**  
something that  
has happened  
to you

**lost soul** someone  
who cannot find  
rest after they die

**discover** to find or  
learn something  
new

**blow** (*past blew*,  
**blown**) to move  
(of the wind);  
to push air from  
your mouth



***'I want my  
uncle to come.'***

'How did you know that I was there?' I asked him.

'I heard you! You make a lot of noise.'

'So you weren't asleep?'

'No. I was thinking.'

'What were you thinking about, Miles?'

'Oh, you know.'

I was silent for a moment. Then I said, 'Of course you can go back to school. But do you know, Miles, you've never talked to me about your old school, nor about anything that happened at Bly before. Don't you like your life here?'



His face was a little red and he looked tired. 'No, I don't. I want my uncle to come.'

'If he does, he'll take you away,' I said.

'That's what I want,' said Miles. 'You'll have to tell him such a lot of things.'

'And what about you? He'll ask you things too.'

'What things?'

'I don't know. But he can't send you back to your old school.'

'I want to go somewhere new,' Miles said happily. I **imagined** him leaving for a new school – and coming back to Bly three months later, with another letter. The idea was too **awful**. I took him in my arms.

'Dear Miles! Don't you want to tell me anything?'

He knew what I meant, but he said quietly, 'Leave me alone.'

I knew that he wanted me to go, but I didn't want to leave him – or to lose him. When I stood up, I put my hand on his shoulder and said, 'I've just begun a letter to your uncle.'

'Well, then, finish it!' Miles answered.

I waited a minute. 'What happened before you went away to school?'

He didn't speak for a moment, but went on looking at me.

'What happened?'

At last it seemed that perhaps – just perhaps – Miles would tell me what really happened. I fell on my knees beside his bed.

'Dear Miles, I want to help you! That's all,' I knew I was saying too much. 'Can't you help me to **save** you?'

That was it. Immediately there was a strong cold wind, and the room shook. Miles gave a great cry – was he afraid or excited? I jumped to my feet. The room was still and dark, and the windows were closed.

'The candle's gone out!' I cried.

'I blew it out!' said Miles in the moonlight.

**imagine** to see pictures in your head

**awful** terrible

**save** to take someone out of danger

# activities

## READING CHECK

Match the sentences with the people.



- a ... doesn't go to church.
- b ... thinks about leaving Bly.
- c ... is sitting at the desk in the schoolroom.
- d ... decides to write to the uncle.
- e ... believes that Miles is evil.
- f ... didn't tell the uncle that Quint and Jessel were bad.
- g ... sleeps in the room with the governess.
- h ... goes to talk to Miles at night.
- i ... wants to go to a new school.



## WORD WORK

1 Read the diary page and tick the answers.

- a Who is writing?
  - the governess
  - Flora
  - Miss Jessel
- b Who is 'he' in the diary?
  - the Master
  - Miles
  - Quint

October 1898

Poor boy! I see him as a lost soul fighting for freedom.

I have an idea that he is travelling in a big black carriage while a strong wind blows and that he can't get out.

That is how I imagine him. What an awful experience for him. Is it correct for me to save him? Can I discover how to help him?

# a c t i v i t i e s .

## Complete the sentences with words from the diary in Activity 1.

- a Miles blows out the candle.
- b The governess needs a ..... to travel with her things from Bly.
- c Miles doesn't like people telling him what he can do. He likes his .....
- d 'Jessel' is not ..... Her name is 'Jessel'.
- e I have never seen a ghost, but I can ..... what they are like.
- f The children are in danger and the governess wants to ..... them from evil.
- g Have you ever had a ghostly .....
- h The weather was ..... the night that Quint died.
- i Do you have any ..... how the story will end?
- j Some people believe that Dracula is a .....
- k Will the governess ..... what happened at Miles's old school?

## GUESS WHAT

### What happens in the next chapter? Tick the boxes.

- a What happens about the governess's letter to the uncle?
  - 1 She doesn't write it.
  - 2 She writes it but doesn't send it.
  - 3 She writes it and sends it.
- b What does Miles do?
  - 1 He plays the piano for the governess.
  - 2 He asks the governess to play the piano.
  - 3 He meets Quint in the schoolroom.
- c What happens to Flora?
  - 1 She falls into the lake and dies.
  - 2 She takes a boat across the lake.
  - 3 She goes to meet Miss Jessel by the lake.
- d What does the governess do?
  - 1 She tries to save Miles from Quint.
  - 2 She tries to make Flora talk about Miss Jessel.
  - 3 She leaves Bly.



## Chapter 6

# The Lake

The next day, after lessons, Mrs Grose came to me and asked quietly, 'Have you written, Miss?'

'Yes, I've written,' I told her, and it was true – but the letter in its envelope was still in my pocket.

That morning Miles and Flora were both wonderful. They tried hard at their lessons and did everything to please me. When I looked at Miles, I couldn't stop thinking about his last school. Why did they expel him? That was still a mystery.

In the afternoon, after dinner, Miles came and found me.

'Would you like me to play to you?' he asked. Those were his words – but I thought he was really saying, 'You see – if you leave me alone, I will come to you.'

How could I say no? We went hand in hand to the schoolroom. I sat down by the schoolroom fire, and was soon comfortable. Miles sat down at the old piano and played.

I lost all **sense** of time. Was I asleep – or not? I didn't know. But suddenly I was asking myself, 'Where is Flora?' When I asked Miles, he played for a moment longer, and then said, 'Why, my dear, I have no idea!' and began to laugh and sing.

I went to my room, but Flora was not there. I looked into some other rooms upstairs, but I found nobody. She was not with Mrs Grose either; Mrs Grose couldn't believe that she wasn't with me. We then spent some time looking for Flora together, trying to stay **calm**, but we couldn't find her anywhere. I began to feel very afraid.

'Perhaps she is upstairs,' my friend said.

'No, I'm sure that she has gone out, Mrs Grose,' I answered.

'What – without a hat?' Mrs Grose said, staring at me.

'That woman is always without one,' I replied. 'I'm sure she is with *her* – and we must find them.'

**sense** feeling

**calm** not worried



I was ready to go, but Mrs Grose stood still. ‘And where’s the young master?’ she asked.

‘Oh, he’s with Quint – in the schoolroom,’ I replied. ‘It was a clever little plan. Miles played to me while Flora went away.’

‘And you will leave him there with Quint?’ she asked.

‘Yes – it doesn’t matter now.’

Mrs Grose took my hand. ‘Is that because of your letter?’ she said hopefully.

I took the letter from my pocket and put it on the table in the hall. ‘Luke will take it,’ I said. Luke was one of the men servants at Bly.

Now I was on the steps. ‘What about your hat?’ asked Mrs Grose. It was a cold, grey afternoon.

‘Flora has no hat, and I can’t stop for mine,’ I said. ‘Will you come with me – or stay here?’

‘With *them*?’ the poor woman said, and she ran to **join** me. We ran at once across the garden.

***We ran across  
the garden.***



I felt sure that Flora was not near home, and I knew that the lake was her favourite place to visit. Mrs Grose was very **puzzled** when she saw where I was going.

'You're going to the lake, Miss? Do you think she's gone in—?'

'Perhaps, although the water isn't very deep. But I imagine she's gone back to the place where I saw Miss Jessel – and Flora **pretended** not to see her. I always felt that she wanted to go back there alone. And now her brother has helped her to do it.'

'Do you think the children really talk of them?'

'They say things that, if we heard them, would **horrify** us,' I answered.

'And if she *is* there—?'

'Yes?'

'Then Miss Jessel is too?'

'I'm sure. You will see.'

When we got to the lake, we could not see Flora. On the opposite side of the lake there was a grassy **bank**, with trees behind it. Suddenly I knew where Flora was.

'She has crossed the lake in the boat, and has hidden it over there!'

I **pointed** to a possible place.

'But if the boat is there, then where is Flora?' Mrs Grose asked in a worried voice.

'That's what we must find out. We'll have to walk round the lake.'

After ten minutes we arrived at the grassy bank and discovered the boat. To take the boat across the lake was an **incredible** thing for a little girl to do, but Flora did not surprise me any more.

We opened a **gate** in a garden wall, and there was Flora, standing in front of us, smiling. She waited while we walked towards her; and nobody said anything. Then Mrs Grose put

**puzzled** when you can't understand something

**pretend** to try to make somebody believe something

**horrify** to give someone a shock

**bank** the ground at the side of a lake or a river

**point** to show where something is with your finger

**incredible** surprising and very difficult to believe

**gate** a door in a garden

her arms round Flora. I looked at Flora, and she looked at me, and then she spoke.

'Where's Miles?' she asked.

Now I had to speak – to say that name.

'I'll tell you if you tell me—'

'Tell you what?' Flora asked.

Mrs Grose stared at me.

'Where, my dear, is Miss Jessel?'

***Mrs Grose put  
her arms  
round Flora.***





**READING CHECK**

**Tick the correct pictures.**

**a** Miles plays the piano for ...



the governess.



Quint.

**d** The governess leaves her letter to the children's uncle for ...



Mrs Grose to post.



a servant to post.

**b** ... falls asleep in front of the fire.



The governess



Mrs Grose

**e** The governess believes that Flora is near the lake with ...



Miss Jessel.



Miles.

**c** The governess and Mrs Grose look everywhere for ...



Miles.



Flora.

**f** The governess and Mrs Grose find ...



Miss Jessel near the lake.



Flora near the lake.

# a c t i v i t i e s .

## WORD WORK

Use words from Chapter 6 to complete the sentences.

- a I can't believe it. It's incredible.
- b You must go through a g \_\_\_ to get to the lake.
- c I wasn't worried. I was very c \_\_\_.
- d On the other side of the lake there was a grassy b \_\_\_.
- e You mustn't go alone! I'll j \_\_\_ you.
- f Where is she? Can't you say? Then use your finger to p \_\_\_ to her.
- g I have a strange s \_\_\_ that there is a ghost in the room.
- f It was hard to understand and I felt p \_\_\_.
- g I know you can see Miss Jessel. Don't p \_\_\_ you can't!
- h Miss Jessel and Quint are so evil. They h \_\_\_ me.



## GUESS WHAT

What happens in the next chapter?

Tick the boxes.

	Yes	Perhaps	No
a The governess sees Miss Jessel.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
b Mrs Grose sees Miss Jessel.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
c Flora starts to hate the governess.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
d Flora becomes ill.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
e The governess leaves Bly.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
f Mrs Grose leaves Bly with Flora.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
g Miles leaves Bly.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

## Chapter 7

# Flora

**mad** thinking things that are not true

**cruel** unkind and liking to hurt people

**scared** afraid

For the first time I spoke the name 'Miss Jessel' in front of Flora. I had a sense of a glass window breaking and Flora gave me a quick, shocked look. At the same moment Mrs Grose gave a loud cry and a few seconds later I took her arm and cried myself: 'She's there, she's there!'

Miss Jessel was standing in front of us on the opposite bank, in the same place as once before. In a strange way, I felt calm and happy to see her. She was there – so I was not **mad**. **Cruel** as she was, I wanted to thank her for that, and I felt sure that she would understand. She was there for poor **scared** Mrs Grose and most of all she was there for Flora.

Then I looked at Flora and I had a new shock. Flora wasn't looking at Miss Jessel, but at me. I was sure that she could see Miss Jessel, but her eyes and her face said that the evil person there was *me*.

'She's there, you little unhappy thing – there, there, *there*, and you know it!' I cried. 'You can see her as well as you can see me.'





The way that Flora looked at me was horrifying, but this was not my only problem. Now Mrs Grose was staring at me angrily.

‘What a terrible thing, to be sure, Miss! Where do you see anything?’

I pushed her **towards** the lake and pointed across it at Miss Jessel.

‘You don’t see her there? – you mean to say you don’t now – *now*? Only look, dearest woman, *look!*’

She looked, and I think she wanted to see, to help me, but she could see nothing. Miss Jessel was winning, and I was losing.

Mrs Grose joined Flora again.

‘She isn’t there, my dear, and nobody’s there. You never see anything, do you, Flora? It’s all a mistake, and we’ll go home as fast as we can.’

Flora stood next to Mrs Grose, holding her dress. While I looked at her, my beautiful Flora changed. She stopped being a little angel; suddenly she was hard and ugly.

‘I don’t know what you mean,’ she said to me. ‘I see nobody. I see nothing. I never have. I think you’re cruel. I don’t like you.’

She put her arms round Mrs Grose and hid her face in the housekeeper’s skirt. ‘Take me away, take me away – oh, take me away from her!’

‘From me?’

‘From you – from you!’ Flora cried.

Flora’s words seemed to come from Miss Jessel who was still there on the other bank, unmoving.

‘I’ve done my best, but I’ve lost you. Goodbye.’ I shook my head at Flora sadly.

To Mrs Grose I said, ‘Go, go!’ and my good friend left as quickly as she could, taking Flora with her through the gate and back to the house.

What happened next? I do not remember. I know that I found myself some time later on the ground with tears on my face, and that it was nearly dark. I got up and looked at the lake, and then I walked back to the house.

I did not see Flora at the house. She spent the night with Mrs Grose. When I went to my room, I saw that Flora's things were not there.

I will always remember that evening at Bly. It was like no other. Strange things were happening but that night for me had a sweet **sadness**. After I had my tea, I felt cold and sat by the schoolroom fire, thinking. Miles came to the door, stopped and looked at me for a moment. Then he came and sat at the other side of the fire.

We sat there not speaking or moving, but I felt that he wanted to be with me.

Early next morning Mrs Grose came to me with more bad news. After a very difficult night, with little sleep, Flora was ill.

'She'll never speak to me again,' I said to Mrs Grose.

'Oh, Miss,' said Mrs Grose, 'I think she never will. She asks me every three minutes, "Do you think she's coming?"'

'I see,' I answered. 'Has she said anything to you about Miss Jessel?'

'Not a word, Miss.'

'Well, it's all very clever,' I said. 'Now Flora has something to tell her uncle – and then I will have to leave Bly. That's what she wants.'

'That's right,' said Mrs Grose. 'She doesn't ever want to see you again.'

'So why have you come now? To ask me to leave quickly?'

I asked.

'Well, I have a better idea,' I went on, not giving her time

**sadness** an  
unhappy feeling



*'She'll never speak to me again.'*

to answer. 'I nearly left on Sunday, it's true. But it's *you* who must leave now. And you must take Flora with you.'

'But where in the world—?' asked Mrs Grose.

'Away from here,' I said. 'Away from *them*. Away most of all now from me. Take her to London – to her uncle. Leave me here with Miles.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I want to try with Miles. But Flora and Miles must not see each other before she goes. They haven't met since yesterday, have they?'

'No, Miss. She has always been with me, or one of the servants.'

'You see, I think Miles wants to speak to me about Quint. Last night he sat with me for two hours.'

'And did he speak?' asked Mrs Grose.

'No. I waited and waited, but he said nothing. I think I must give him a little more time – a day or two. Perhaps nothing will happen, but you can talk to their uncle, and that will help me too.'

She put out her hand to me.

'I'll go. I'll go today. She must leave Bly.' She looked at me with heavy eyes. 'Your idea's the right one. I will go. I myself—'

'Yes?'

'I can't stay here.'

'You mean you *have* seen—?'

She shook her head. 'No, but I've *heard*—'

'Heard?'

'From Flora. Terrible things – you can't imagine. I don't know where she learnt the words.'

She began to cry.

'Oh, **thank goodness!**' I cried.

'Thank goodness?'

'You see, I am right about it all.'

**thank goodness**

we say this when  
we feel happy  
because  
something good  
has happened



'Yes, Miss, you are. I believe you now. She's a terrible child,' she looked at me thoughtfully. 'But I must go back to her. And I hope that away from Bly, away from *them*, she will be different.'

She was still my friend, then. She could not see Miss Jessel, but she thought that I was right. I felt stronger because of her help.

'My letter to her uncle will arrive in London before you do,' I said.

'No, Miss, it won't,' said my friend. 'Your letter didn't leave the house.'

'Why, what happened to it?'

'I don't know. Master Miles—'

'Did he take it?' I asked her.

'When I came back with Miss Flora yesterday, it wasn't on the table in the hall. Later I asked Luke, but he didn't see or take the letter.' She stopped for a moment, then went on. 'Now I understand what happened at the young master's school. He stole letters!'

'Well, he won't learn very much from my short letter!' I said. 'I just asked to speak to the Master. But leave us, Mrs Grose. I need to see Miles. If he tells me everything, I can save him. And if I can save him—'

'You can save *yourself*?'

My dear friend kissed me and said goodbye.

'I'll save you without his help!' she said as she went.

**READING CHECK**

**What do they say? Complete the sentences.**

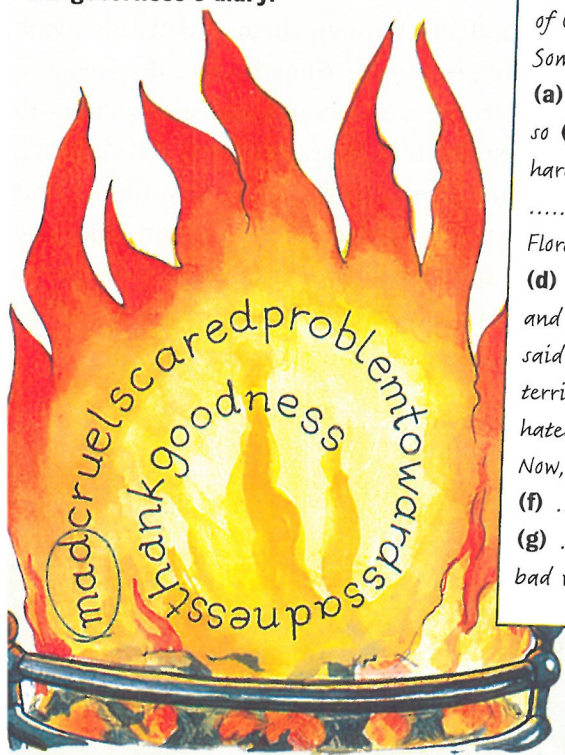


- a The governess says to Flora: 'I know you can see Miss Jessel!'
- b Mrs Grose asks the governess: 'I know you can see Miss Jessel!'
- c ..... ' answers the governess.
- d Flora then says to the governess: '.....'
- e Later Flora asks Mrs Grose: '.....'
- f The governess tells Mrs Grose: '.....'
- g Mrs Grose tells the governess: '.....'

# activities

## WORD WORK

Find the words in the fire to complete the governess's diary.



November 1898

Am I the only person who sees the ghosts of Quint and Jessel?  
 Sometimes I think I am going  
 (a) mad ..... Those ghosts are so (b) ..... They have hard hearts. (c) .....  
 ..... Mrs Grose has taken Flora away from Bly! A great (d) ..... filled my heart and I nearly cried when my dear friend said goodbye. But Flora was becoming a terrible (e) ..... - she hated me and Bly was making her ill.  
 Now, as the year moves (f) ..... its end, I am (g) ..... that something bad will happen to Miles.

## GUESS WHAT

What happens in the next chapter? Match the parts of these sentences.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a Mrs Grose and Flora ...</li> <li>b Miles ...</li> <li>c Miles and the governess ...</li> <li>d The ghost of Quint ...</li> <li>e The governess ...</li> <li>f Miles ...</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 comes to the dining room window.</li> <li>2 dies.</li> <li>3 goes for a long walk.</li> <li>4 have dinner together.</li> <li>5 learns why Miles had to leave school.</li> <li>6 leave Bly.</li> </ul> |
|---|--|

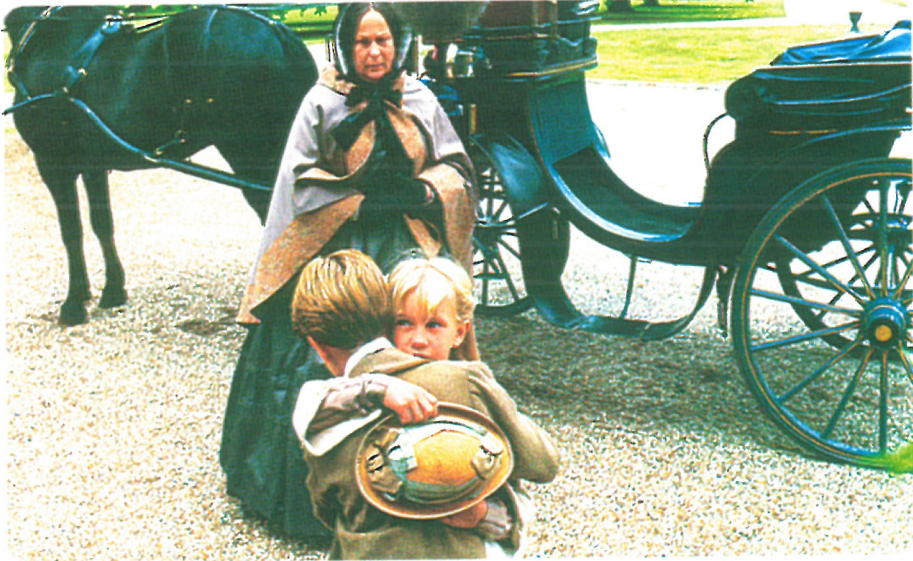
## Chapter 8

# The End

When all their travelling bags were ready, Miles and I said goodbye to Mrs Grose and Flora, and they got into their carriage and left. Without them, I felt really alone and scared at Bly. To give myself something to do, I walked up and down through the whole house, and gave **orders** to the servants. I pretended to be busy, but I had a **sick** heart.

Nobody at the house knew the real story about Flora, but everyone knew that things were different between Miles and me. He didn't come to the schoolroom that morning for his lessons; he had his breakfast early and then went off by himself. Miles wanted freedom, and now he had it.

*They got into their carriage and left.*



**order** words that tell somebody to do something

**sick** ill

We had our meal that evening in the downstairs dining room. While I waited for Miles, I remembered the time I saw Quint outside the window. Things were so different now – much more difficult. Could Quint really destroy Miles? Was



I strong enough to save him? Could the clever boy perhaps save himself? All these thoughts were running through my head when Miles arrived.

Before he sat down at the table, he looked for a time at the food on it. Then he said to me, 'Is she really very ill?'

'Flora?' I answered. 'She is ill, but she will be better soon, I'm sure. London will be good for her. Bly was bad for her, in my opinion.'

'Was Bly suddenly bad for her, then?' he asked, puzzled.

'No – little by little,' I said. 'But going away will change that.'

'I see,' said Miles.

We soon finished our meal; neither of us was very hungry. Then Miles got up and went to the window – the same window which once showed me Quint's awful white face on that earlier **occasion**. Miles stood looking out the window, with his hands in his pockets, and his back to me. Then, when the servant left the room with the plates, he turned to me again and said, 'Well – so we're alone!'

'Of course there are the others too,' I said.

'But they aren't so important, are they?'

When he said this, Miles turned back to the window and rested his head on the glass. I sat down on the **sofa** to wait, but went on looking at him. Something strange and incredible was happening. There were often times when the children hid things together, and I couldn't do or see what they did. I imagined a door, with the children on one side, and me on the other. But now I thought that Miles and I were on the same side of the door, and he couldn't open it. He was looking through the window for something, but for the first time, he couldn't see it, and that gave me hope.

I knew that Miles was worried. But when he turned round he smiled and said to me happily, 'Well, I'm **glad** Bly is good for me!'

**occasion** time

**sofa** a long soft seat for people to sit on together

**glad** happy



'You have seen a lot of Bly today,' I said. 'I hope you enjoyed your walk.'

'Oh yes – I've walked for miles. I've never been so free. But do you like being alone, without me?'

'Not very much – but I enjoy being with you when I can. That's why I'm staying here.'

Miles looked at me.

'You're staying here for that?'

'Yes. I'm staying because I am your friend.

And I will stay until your uncle decides what to do with you. That needn't surprise you.' My voice shook. 'Don't you remember the night of the storm, Miles, when I came and sat on your bed? I said I would do anything in the world for you.'

'Yes, you did – because you wanted *me* to do something for *you*.'

'That's true,' I agreed. 'But, you know, you didn't do it.'

'Oh, yes,' he said quietly. 'You wanted me to tell you something.'

'That's right. Tell me now Miles.'

'Ah, is that why you've stayed?'

'Yes – it is. Just for that.'

Miles waited for a long time. Then he said, 'Do you mean now – here?'

'It's the best place and time,' I said. Miles looked around him, worried. Was he afraid of me? I asked him **gently**, 'Do you want to go out again?'

'Yes, I do – very much.' He smiled at me **bravely**. His face reddened. We were both waiting, afraid. At last Miles said, 'I'll tell you everything. I mean, I'll tell you anything you like. You'll stay here with me, and we'll both be all right, and I *will* tell you – I *will*. But not now.'

'Why not now?'

He turned towards the window again and was very quiet. Then it came to me. He looked like he had something important to say to someone outside. He turned back to me again.

'I have to see Luke,' he said.

I was sorry to hear him tell me such a lie, but I said: 'Go to Luke, then, and I'll wait. But first tell me one little thing. Did you take my letter from the table in the hall yesterday afternoon?'

While I was waiting for his answer, I suddenly jumped to my feet and put my arms around him. I kept Miles with his back to the window – because there on the other side of the glass was Peter Quint. He looked like a **guard** in front of a prison. Now his evil white face with its red whiskers was close to the glass, and he was staring through it. I decided immediately that I had to stop Miles from seeing Quint. I was fighting Quint for Miles.



**gently** softly

**bravely** without showing that you are afraid

**guard** someone who stops prisoners from running away

Miles's face was as white as Quint's. Quietly he said, 'Yes, I took it.'

I held him near me. His heart was **beating** fast. Quint – now like a wild animal – was still at the window.

'What did you take it for?' I asked.

'To open it and see what you said about me.'

My eyes were on Miles's face. He was uncomfortable. He couldn't see Quint. When I looked back at the window, Quint wasn't there. He wasn't there because I was winning. I was so happy.

'And you found nothing?' I said laughing.

'Nothing,' he said with sadness.

I kissed his head.

'Was that the problem you had at school?'

'At school?' Miles asked.

'Did you take letters? Or other things? Is that why you can't go back?'

Miles was thinking about something else. At last he said, 'No, I didn't steal. I said things.'

'Who did you say them to?'

'Only to a few. To the boys that I liked.'

Was he innocent after all? It was a terrible thought. For if he was innocent then what was I?

'And did they say those things to others?'

His worried face looked at the window again. There was nothing there now.

'Oh yes, they spoke to other boys that they liked – and then the teachers heard.'

'But Miles,' I said. 'The teachers didn't tell me what you said.'

Miles looked ill, then looked up at me. 'It was too bad to write, you see.'

I had to be strong again. 'What *were* these things, Miles?' I asked.

**beat** to make the same noise many times; your heart beats faster when you are excited or afraid



Miles turned away, and I jumped to his side again with a cry. Quint's cruel white face was back at the window, and he was fighting. He didn't want Miles to answer. Miles knew somebody was there – but he couldn't see them.

'No more, no more, no more!' I shouted at Quint, and I held Miles very near to me.

'Is Miss Jessel at the window?' asked Miles.

I had to tell him the truth.

'No, it's not Miss Jessel! But it's come to the window for the last time!'

Miles was looking everywhere madly and seeing nothing.

'Is *he* there?'

I was winning, but I had to hear him say it.

'Who do you mean by "he"?''

'Peter Quint – you **devil!**' He looked round the room **desperately**. '*Where?*'

'What does he matter now? I have you, and he has lost you for ever,' I said.

Miles turned to the window again, gave the cry of a dying animal, and fell. I caught him in my arms and held him there with great love and **happiness**, but after a time I began to feel what I truly held.

We were alone, Miles and I, and his little heart, free now, was still and silent.

**devil** evil person

**desperately**  
without hope

**happiness** a  
happy feeling



**READING CHECK**

**Are these sentences true or false?**

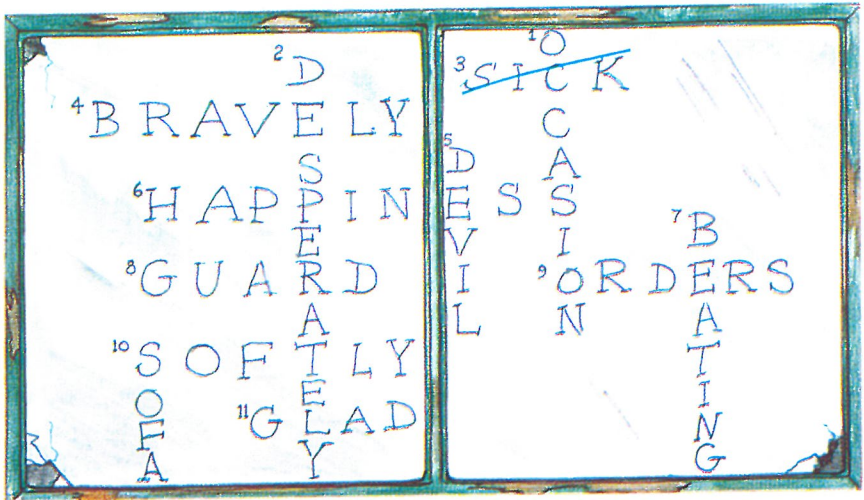
- a The governess was happy after Mrs Grose and Flora left Bly.
- b She told all the servants the truth about Flora and Miles.
- c Miles and the governess talked over dinner.
- d Miles couldn't see Quint's ghost.
- e The governess saw Quint's ghost inside the house.
- f Miles took the governess's letter.
- g Miles said things to the other boys at his school.
- h The governess couldn't stop Miles from dying.

**True False**

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

**WORD WORK**

**Use the words from the window to complete the sentences.**



- a I'm feeling sick .....
- b Yes. I know. Your heart is ..... very fast

# a c t i v i t i e s .



- c I'd like to buy a .....
- d I'll be ..... to help you!



- e I like your ..... suit.  
I decided to dress up in red.
- f You .....



- g On the next ..... wait for my .....  
before you do anything.



- h I ..... want to go to the party.
- i I'll help you. You need some .....  
in your life, my dear!



- j You killed the sea monster so ....., Perseus!
- k And you speak so ....., Andromeda!

## GUESS WHAT

### What happens after the story ends?

- a The children's uncle sells Bly.
- b Flora goes to see a doctor in London and forgets Miss Jessel.
- c Flora comes back to Bly and dies in the lake.
- d No one sees the ghost of Quint in Bly again.
- e People now see the ghost of Miles with the ghost of Quint.
- f Mrs Grose stops working for the uncle.
- g The governess doesn't want to forget the story so she writes it down.

## PROJECT A

# WHAT ARE GHOSTS?

- 1 Do you agree with any of these ideas? Use a dictionary to help you.**



I think that ghosts are the lost souls of dead people. For some reason they can't leave this world to go to heaven or hell.



I don't believe in ghosts.



I think that ghosts show that there is life after death.



I think that ghosts are the thoughts of dying people, or people in danger of dying. They send pictures of themselves into the minds of their friends and people in their family.



When terrible things happen in house, people often see ghosts there later. I think it's because the house 'records' what happens like a video camera. Sensitive people who visit the house later can see those recordings as ghosts.

- 2 Which of the ideas above do you think Henry James (the author of *The Turn of the Screw*) believed? Mark them *HJ*.**
- 3 Work in groups. Ask and answer these questions about ghosts. Use a dictionary to help you.**

### GHOST QUESTIONNAIRE

	Yes	No
<b>a</b> Do you believe in ghosts?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>b</b> Have you seen a ghost?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>c</b> Are you afraid of ghosts?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>d</b> Would you like to meet a ghost?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>e</b> Do you like ghost stories?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>f</b> Do you like films about ghosts?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

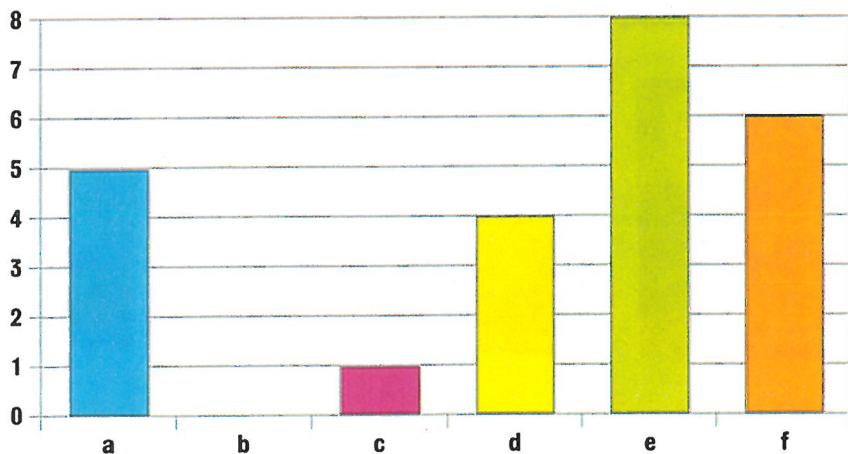


4 Write a report about the ghost questionnaire like this.

I used the ghost questionnaire with my class on Tuesday 27th March

There were eight people in my group.

- a Five people in my group believe in ghosts.
- b Nobody in my group has seen a ghost.
- c One person in my group is afraid of ghosts.
- d Half the people in my group would like to meet a ghost (and the other half wouldn't!).
- e Everybody in my group likes ghost stories.
- f Six people in my group like films about ghosts.



## PROJECT B

# A FAMOUS BUILDING

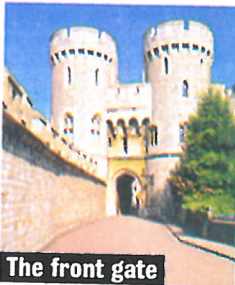
1 Read about this famous building. Put the verbs into the past tense.



### THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE

This building is in Paris, France. The architect Charles Garnier ..... (design) it. Construction ..... (begin) in 1857 and ..... (end) in 1874. The Paris Opera House has a big dome on the roof and lots of arches and statues decorate the outside of it. There is a maze of corridors under the building. People say the Phantom of the Opera ..... (live) here.

2 Read this text and complete the table about Windsor Castle on page 59.

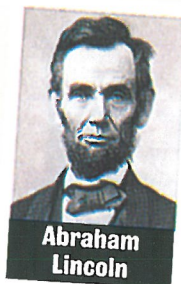


### WINDSOR CASTLE

King William I (1028–87) built a castle here and different kings added to it. The architect Jeffry Wyatville redesigned the round tower in the early nineteenth century. Today Windsor is the country home of the British Royal Family. Many famous British kings and queens lived here, like Henry VIII, Elizabeth I and Charles I. (Some people have seen their ghosts here.) In 1992 a terrible fire destroyed parts of the castle, but the Queen restored it soon after.

<b>What is this building's name?</b>	<i>Windsor Castle</i>
<b>Where is it?</b>	
<b>Who built/designed it, and when?</b>	
<b>What's it like?</b>	
<b>Who lives here now?</b>	
<b>Who lived here before?</b>	
<b>Are there any ghosts?</b>	
<b>What has happened here?</b>	

Use the notes in the table to write about The White House.



<b>What is this building's name?</b>	<i>The White House</i>
<b>Where is it?</b>	<i>In Washington D.C., the USA</i>
<b>Who built/designed it, and when?</b>	<i>The architect James Hoban designed it in 1792, construction 1793-1801</i>
<b>What's it like?</b>	<i>132 rooms, including a library; 140 people can eat in the State Dining Room</i>
<b>Who lives here now?</b>	<i>The President of the USA</i>
<b>Who lived here before?</b>	<i>Abraham Lincoln, Ronald Reagan and Bill Clinton</i>
<b>Are there any ghosts?</b>	<i>Yes – Abraham Lincoln's</i>
<b>What has happened here?</b>	<i>In 1814, fire destroyed most of building, but the President restored it soon after</i>



**4 Think of a famous building in your country. Fill in the details.**

What is this building's name?	
Where is it?	
Who built/designed it, and when?	
What's it like?	
Who lives here now?	
Who lived here before?	
Are there any ghosts?	
What has happened here?	

