

## Chapter 3

### Martha

When Mary woke the next morning, there was a servant in the room. The child sat up and looked out of the window. It was very strange. There were no trees, only red-blue grass.

'What's that?' she asked the servant.

'That's the moor,' answered the girl. 'Do you like it?'

'No,' said Mary, 'I hate it.'

'That's because you don't know it,' the servant girl answered. 'I love it. In the spring and summer there are flowers everywhere. It's very beautiful.'

'What's your name?' asked Mary.

hate	לשנוא
spring	אביב
summer	קיץ

'Martha Sowerby,' said the girl.

'You're a strange servant,' Mary said. Martha was very different from the servants in India. Indian servants did not speak much.

Martha laughed. She had a round face and she looked kind.

'Are you going to be my servant?' Mary asked.

'I'll help you sometimes,' said Martha.

'Who's going to dress me?' asked Mary.

Martha opened her eyes very wide. 'Can't you put your clothes on?' she asked.

'No,' said Mary crossly. 'My Indian servant always dressed me.'

'You'll have to learn,' said Martha.

Mary suddenly felt very angry and unhappy. She started to cry.

'Don't cry!' Martha said. 'Please don't cry.' Her voice was kind and Mary stopped crying.

'I'll bring you your clothes and help you with them,' Martha said. She went to a cupboard and took some clothes out. There was a white dress and a white coat.

different	שונה	cupboard	ארון
India	הודו	dress	שמלה
round	עגולות		
dress	להלביש		
wide	רחב		
clothes	בגדים		
crossly	ברוגז		