

### CHAPTER III

## THE IMPORTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP TO MARY, COLIN AND DICKON

Mary, Colin and Dickon are children characters in the novel who were close friends. They came from different background of family. Each of them had their own characteristics, attitude and habit before they met one another. Environment and people around them had formed the way they behave. But as they were becoming friends, they were able to learn many things from the relationship.

This study is to reveal the importance of friendship to Mary, Colin and Dickon. Since the analysis concentrates on the relationship among these children and its impact to each of them, the analysis of characters will be discussed primarily. Setting - the element which is closely related to the revelation of the characters - and plot will also be discussed to accomplish the analysis. In order to make it more significant, the analysis will be supported by psychological approach concerned with the forming and development of children's personality as mentioned in the previous chapter.



## A Children's attitude in their interaction with other people and nature

### A.1. Mary's bad attitude towards others

Either Mary, Colin or Dickon had their own attitude towards friendship before they met one another. Each of them had different background of family and environment in which they were brought up. Mary Lenox was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. She had yellow hair and face since she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way to another. India is a place with very hot weather. The sun always shines with the highest intention of its power. It has made India becoming a very dry country. It seems it does not have any fresh air for it is full of dust. But the heat and condition in India did not make Mary's parents stop doing their own business. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy. The business had kept him himself doing things continuously and ignoring the presence of his daughter. He himself was always ill which was probably caused by the harsh weather. Her mother was not the kind of loving and caring mother who would like to pour her only daughter with her tenderness. She had never wanted a little girl at all. She had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had a perfect body, silky hair and beautiful face. Her appearance was very different with the condition of

her daughter, Mary. She was a sickly, fretful and ugly little baby when she was born. Her mother handed her over to the care of an Ayah, Indian nanny. She was unwanted by her mother. Her Ayah was made to understand that the thing which pleased Mrs. Lennox was to keep her baby out of sight as much as possible. Mary had never got a proper love, tenderness and attention from either her father or her mother for they had never talked to her anything in particular; in fact, they had never told her things. She did not know how it was to love and to be loved. She did not know how the warmth of the family was. The only things she ever remembered were the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants. They always obeyed her and gave her everything she wanted to. They always let her doing her own way in everything since her mother would be very angry if she was disturbed by her crying. By the time she was six years old, she was becoming more like animal than human. She was very selfish and tyrannical. No one could stop her from doing anything she wanted to. Her Ayah and other native servants had treated her as a queen. They never rejected whatever she ordered them to do and let her behave improperly. She never thanked them for attending her all days. Even she never considered them as human beings that should be respected. Her Ayah had spoiled her and it had formed her to be a bad-mannered child ever. Nobody could stand to be near her. Even the English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her

very much that she gave up her position in three months. And when other governesses came to try to fill the position, they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. Mary had grown to be an annoying girl. She was supposed to be friend with the governess but she never knew how to respect others. The lack of love and attention from her parents had made her to be a child with no sense and feeling. Her heart was as hard as a stone. She always considered herself a person who never did something wrong for nobody dared to correct her manner. All she knew was everyone must respect and appreciate her and did whatever she wanted. Meanwhile, she did not want to do the same thing in return. She did not need anyone as a friend.

As time went by, Mary was now ten years old. She had grown up physically but her attitude was still the same. Her parents had never changed either. They were still busy with their own business. The Ayah still took care of her until one day she did not come to her and Mary had never known what the reason was. The servant who replaced her was so frightened as Mary threw herself into a passion and kicked and beat her as she said that her Ayah would not come to her anymore. In the same day everything seemed to be mysterious that nothing was done in its regular order and several of native servants seemed missing. Mary did not care with what had happened at that time. She played in the veranda by herself and some natives who passed before her seemed to be hurried

about with scared faces. Everytime she felt angry with herself as she did not do anything right, she would call Saidie, the servant, as a daughter of pig. Her attitude was very indecent for to call a native a pig is the worst insult of all. She had a very bad way of talking to the others. No wonder that nobody wanted to be near her for they are scared to be insulted, beaten and kicked by a ten-year-old bad-mannered girl. She did not even have an affectionate feeling towards her own mother. For ten years she never talked to her and only had a chance to look at her from a distance. All she knew, her mother was a figure with a perfection of beauty and appearance. She had never been held and kissed by her parents. But she had never protested it either since she got used to live without their loving touch. Hence, Mary had grown up to be a very selfish and cold-hearted girl.

India as an under-developed country is very susceptible towards dangerous disease. At that time, cholera was one of the dangerous diseases which could spread rapidly. Cholera was very contagious for it was be able to infect all people in Mary's house. Her Ayah and three other servants were dead and the others had run in terror. That's why everything was not usual on the day when her Ayah did not attend her. Everyone was panic except Mary. She was left in her confusion and bewilderment alone but it later would save her life. She came to dining room to eat biscuits and drink some wine. She never knew how strong it

was. It made her intensely drowsy very soon and she went back to the nursery and shut herself in for she was frightened to hear people were panic. The wine had made her enable to open her eyes and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for quite a long time.

When she woke up, the house was perfectly still. She wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera and all the trouble was over. She wondered who would take care of her since her Ayah had died. She did not feel sad for her nurse's death since she never cared much for everyone. She just felt angry because no one seemed to remember that she was still alive. Everyone was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond of. But Mary was Mary, all she thought was about herself. She felt angry and abandoned but did not care about what happened to her parents and all servants until she was found by two young men. What she asked was not how everyone was but why she was left alone. She was too selfish and had no sensitive feeling. She did not feel anything for being told that she had lost her parents forever. Afterwards, she never missed them even her own mother. As she knew very little of her she could scarcely have been expected to love her or to miss her much when she had gone.

Although Mary was a self-absorbed child who would be able to learn things by herself, she was too young to live alone and she needed to be taken care of. She wanted to know if she was going to nice people,

who would like to be polite and let her doing own way as her Ayah and other native servants had done. She wished it would have come true but it would have not. In the meantime, she stayed at the English clergyman's house before moving to Misselthwate Manor, her uncle's house in England. The clergyman was poor and had five children nearly all the same age. Mary hated their untidy bungalow and was so disagreeable to them that none of the children would like to play with her. They were very naughty and called her 'Mistress Mary, quite contrary' which made her furious. It was the first conflict Mary had to face. She dealt with children of her age who would not obey her commands and were ready to oppose her. She saw now that the condition outside her house was not exactly what she had ever expected all this time.

She knew that she was going to her uncle, Archibald Craven, in Yorkshire England. She never heard about him but she did not care. All she wanted was to go far away from the naughty children. She was stony and very stubborn. Mrs. Crawford, the clergyman's wife tried to be kind to her but she ignored her attention. She never wanted to be touched tenderly as she turned her face when Mrs. Crawford wanted to kiss her goodbye when she was going to sail to England. Mrs. Crawford felt pity for a girl who had no beauty and manner once belonged to her late mother.

She is such a plain child, Mrs. Crawford said pityingly, afterward. And her mother was such a pretty creature. She had a pretty manner, too, and Mary has the most unattractive ways I ever saw in a child. The children call her 'Mistress Mary, quite contrary,' and though it's naughty of them, one can't help understanding it. (15)

Since she had been living in other people's house and had had no nurse, she had begun to feel lonely and to think odd thoughts which were new to her. She had begun to wonder why she had never seemed to belong to anyone when her parents had been alive. She had had everything but no one had taken any notice of her. She did not know this was because she was a disagreeable child. And of course, she never realized she was, and often thought that other people were. However, she had moved to a new place and she would begin a new life from now on.

#### A.2. Dickon's habit and his devotion to nature

Meanwhile in the wide moor near Misselthwate Manor, there was a big happy but humble family, the Sowersby. They lived in a moorland cottage which was full of a swarm of twelve children. The father only got sixteen shilling in a week of working, while the mother was just an ordinary housewife who had abundant love and affection to all her children. She gave her full attention towards the growth of the children.



They never lacked of anything. They had a cottage in the middle of the moor with fresh air and beautiful view. They could enjoy their childhood by playing there as long as they wanted to, and when they got tired and hungry, food was already provided by their beloved mother. Since the family lived moderately, one of the children, Martha, had to work in the big house belonged to Mr. Archibald Craven. They had a nature lover son named Dickon. He loved animals, plants and the moor. He had no peers for all his friends were animals. Actually, he was a loving and friendly boy who was willing to make friends with other children, but his devotion to nature had kept him spending almost all his time in the moor with his animal friends. He liked to enjoy the beauty of nature on the moor but it did not mean that he was introvert and did not like to think of anything but himself. He had brothers and sisters whom he loved but he did not have any chance to build a friendship with other children since he barely met a child of his age around the moor. Hence, he spent most of his days on the moor listening to the singing of the birds, observing the growth of plants and animals, and enjoying the freshness of the air.

Dickon was a funny looking boy about twelve. He looked very clean. His nose turned up, his cheeks were as red as poppies and his eyes were round and blue. He was a common moor boy with a rough and rusty-red head. Everyone who saw him would like him because of his friendly and funny face. He had affectionate feelings towards nature that

he bestowed it to every animals he met. He always tried to make friends with all of them and that made him have his own pony. He would like to share all he had with his pony and to take some grass for it to be eaten. He loved animal and it loved him in return.

He found it on the moor with its mother when it was a little one an' he began to make friends with it an' give it bits o' bread an' pluck young grass for it. And it got to like him it lets him get on its back. Dickon was a kind lad an' animal likes him. (33)

He knew about flowers and other plants as well. He knew the smell, the shape and the colour of almost all flowers. He had observed the way plants grew. He had given his time to take care of animals which needed help. He had taken care of a new-born lamb he had found lying by its death mother among the gorse bushes on the moor. He brought it home, wrapped it in the jacket, let it lie near the fire and fed it with warm milk to make it warmer and stronger. He loved birds very much and had learned how to chirp just exactly like what they usually did. He was able to imitate the sound of many kinds of birds. It seemed he was able to communicate with them very well. When he made a sound almost like robin's twitter, the bird listened a few second, intently, and then it twittered quite as if he were replying to a question. Dickon believed that the birds knew what he meant as well as he did.

I think I do, and they think I do. I've lived on the moor with 'em so long. I've watched 'em break shell an' come out an' fledge an' learn to fly an' begin to sing, till I think I'm one of 'em. Sometimes I think p'raps I'm a bird, or a fox, or a rabbit, or a squirrel, or even a beetle, an' I don't know it. (95)

Dickon felt that he had united with the life of animals on the moor. He had spent most of the time with them. He thought that he was a part of them because he had already known the habitude of each of them as well as he knew his own. He had learned many things from nature and he had socialized with its creatures as well.

Dickon was a child raised in a happy family. They were not rich but they were able to maintain their life. He had a mother who loved him and his brothers and sisters with her kind attention and tenderness. The first major influential influence for a child is his home and family. Dickon had known what love was from his own family. He knew how to love and to be loved although he did not know how it was to have peers. But he had got to know how to please other people. He had taken care of his friends - a crow, a fox, a lamb, squirrels, rabbits, etc - with all his love. The warmth of the family had made him a boy who was willing to share his happiness and affection towards the others. The condition of his surroundings - the moor, animals and plants - had strongly affected his devotion to nature. Nature had given him everything he wanted to know

about. On the other hand, he had given his hands to help nature maintaining its condition so that it could be what it should be. He had taken care of delicate and weak animals without putting them in cages. He became to know how flowers and other plants grew. He also knew how to plant and to take care of them. Nature had been created to provide human's needs, among them were fresh air to breathe properly, the beauty of the creature and a beautiful view. Dickon had got all of them from nature and he had attempted to maintain its continuity. He loved nature as much as it loved him.

### A.3. Colin's ill temper and bad manner towards others

If it had been said that there was no other child who had the same age with Dickon on the moor, it was not completely right. There was a boy who lived in one of hundred rooms in the big house in the middle of Misselthwaite Manor. Every maids in the house knew his presence since he was the only child of Mr. Craven. His name was Colin Craven, a ten-year-old boy who was sick and weak. He never knew any other places but his own room. He had a sharp, delicate face the colour of ivory and his gray eyes seemed too big for it. He had also a lot of hair which tumble over his forehead in heavy locks for he seldom woke up from his bed to comb it. And it had made his thin face seem smaller. He looked very pale

since he had always been ill. His mother had passed away when he was born and it had made his father too wretched to see him. He always thought that his father hated him for causing the death of his beloved wife for he handed him over to the care of the servants for all his life. His father hardly ever came to his room to see him or talk to him. But, generally he did it when Colin was still asleep. Colin's delicate condition and weakness had made him hurt so much that he could not stand to see his own son.

Colin had grown up to be a tyrannical and selfish boy who would like to order his servants to do whatever he wanted them to do. He had not been allowed any servant to speak about him. He had been afraid someone would see him because he was very ill and having to lie down all the time. The thought that his father hated him very much had made him feel abandoned. He thought that it was better for him to be death than to live with his sickness. Besides, he did not want to grow up with a hunchback and weak feet. He had stayed in his room for nearly ten years and he did not want to be moved out of it for it tired him too much. His heart was as weak as his feet. He never knew how to walk and did not want to try for he had not enough strength. He did not want to go outside even in his wheelchair since he was terrified of imagining that people would laugh as they saw him. He did not have any spirit to get well. He had been very pessimistic of his physical condition and day after

day he got surer that he would die very soon. The doctor could not help him much because he did not have any will to get better.

Colin had everything but love. There was no one loving him and giving him support and attention. He was spoiled by all servants in the house. They were made to understand that the only thing which pleased him was never to say 'no' to all his commands. He did not care of anything but his time to die. His father barely stayed at home. He was drown in his own grief of losing his wife and tried to forget it by travelling from one place to another. He had forgotten that he had a son who badly needed his presence. Colin was very lonely and abandoned but he never tried to be friends with people in the house. Nobody dared to come near him and talked to him. The servants even did not dare to enter his room to see him if he did not want to. They had already known what kind of child Colin was. He had an ill-tempered. He would be burst into anger when they talked him over or did something he disliked. And when he was in a terrible passion, there was nobody could stop him because everyone had thrown into a terrible horror of him crying hysterically. Martha, one among the people who were terrified of his horrible passion, said :

.....Tha' doesn't know what he's like when anything vexes him. He's a big lad to cry like a baby, but when he's in a

passion he'll fair scream just to frighten us. He knows us  
daren't call our souls our own. (131)

Colin had lost his mother since he was born and it had made him sometimes hate her. He hated her for leaving him alone. He believed that if she had lived, he should not have been ill all the time. He was sure he should have lived and his father would not have hated to look at him. He believed he would have had a strong and healthy body. He would not have had a lump on the back and his feet should have been as strong as the ones belonged to any other normal children. He thought that if his mother had been there to love him, he would not have been abandoned by his father and he would have loved him with all his heart. The thought of not being loved by his own father had made Colin turn to be a child who had no feeling. He did not care about anyone when he felt something was not like what he had expected. He did not care how terrible the feelings of his servants when he was hysterical. He did not appreciate their attempt to calm him. All he knew was just how to satisfy his own emotion. For all the reasons, there was no one who dared to come near him as a friend. Nobody would stand to be with him for he would send him out of sight. He was too scared to be humiliated by people who knew that he was weak and had a hunchback. Beside, there was no one who would like to sit near him and listen to him saying about death for he had neither hope nor spirit to be alive, healthy and happy.

He was a child who needed endorsement from people who loved him. But he had lost that person since his father never wanted to see him and talk to him to give encouragement to be healthy. The feeling of losing the love of his own father had made Colin need nobody to console and love him so that he would have a strength to continue his life as a healthy boy ever since. He had been a selfish and stubborn boy for he had never heard others' opinion. And he would have stayed the same if nobody dared to criticize his ill-tempered and to tell him that it was not good for him to be hysterical.

## B. The way the children build their relationship

### B.1. Mary's attempt to adapt her with new surroundings

Mary had arrived in England. It means she had to face a new way of life and culture that was different from the one she had known before. As she arrived in London, Mrs. Medlock, her uncle's housekeeper had already been there to bring her along to Misselthwaite Manor in Yorkshire. When she saw Mary, she was shocked to see a plain little creature with sour expression - very different with the beauty of her mother. Mrs. Medlock's opinion was just exactly the same with the others' that Mary was very disagreeable. But, Mary never realized she was and always thought that the others were. And then, she thought



Mrs. Medlock was the most disagreeable person she had ever seen. Her long journey to Yorkshire was faster than she thought since she was too tired to open her eyes. She fell asleep for a quite long time. When she arrived in the manor, she found that the house was very huge with many corridors and hundred rooms. It was the most mysterious house she had ever seen and it was the house in which she would begin her new life.

When she opened her eyes in the morning on the next day, it was because a young housemaid had come into her room to light the fire. The maid whose name was Martha opened the window so that the fresh air would come into the room. Martha was a good-natured-looking creature who was very friendly. Afterwards, Mary saw a great climbing stretch of land which seemed to have no trees on it through the window. It was the moor and she hated it because it seemed so plain. But Martha convinced her that she would like it and she tried to give a description of the beauty of the moor :

.....It's none bare. It's covered wi' growing things as smells sweet. It's fair lovely in spring an' summer when th' gorse an' broom an' heather's in flower. It smells o' honey an' there's such a lot o' fresh air - an' th' sky looks so high an' th' bees an' skylarks makes such a noise hummin' an' singin'. (28)

She talked to Mistress Mary as if they were friends. Mary was puzzled with what the maid had said to her. She found that English servants

were different from the native Indian. The native servants were obsequious and servile and did not presume to talk to their masters as if they were their equal. They were commanded to do things without being allowed to ask about anything. It was not the custom to say 'please' and 'thank you', and when Mary was unsatisfied with what her Ayah had done, she would slapped her without mercy. For so many years, she had never considered her servants as human and it was all because of the Indian custom. It obliged servants always to obey all their mistress' commands and never to protest to the 'punishment' she gave them. They was forbidden to talk to her as well. She had found it different in England. She should respect Martha when she was telling her stories. She had to appreciate her for having attended her. She should treat her in a decent manner and it was not impossible that they might become friends. Mary found something was very different with the job of the native servant who had attended her before and Martha's job. She would not dress her and she did not know how to do it since her Ayah had always done it. But from now on, she had to do it herself and the maid showed her how to button up her dress, to put on her own shoes and stockings, and to pick up things she let fall. She found it easy to put on her own dress.

Mary had learned some things from Martha already but something had not changed yet. She was still a girl who could not control emotion

that she was furious and scolded at Martha when she felt so humiliated because Martha thought she was a native Indian before she saw her. She said something she used to say to the natives when she had got angry with them. She called Martha as a daughter of pig. She suddenly felt terribly lonely and far away from everything she understood and which understood her as she burst into passionate sobbing. But when Martha begged her to stop crying, there was something comfortable and really friendly in her queer Yorkshire speech and sturdy way which had a good effect to Mary. She had got angry with a person who had done nothing to her, even more she was calming her down with her tenderness. Martha was not afraid of her at all, and her way of speaking had made Mary gradually cease crying and became quite.

Martha also told her about Dickon, her little brother who liked to spend most of his time on the moor by himself and played there for hours. His devotion to nature had made him know animals and flowers. Mary had imagined how beautiful the moor was. The birds would be different from the ones in India and it might amuse her to look at them. Beside, she would not find a dry weather full of dust there. The fresh air would make her more comfortable as well. She decided to go outside by herself. In the garden, she met a lonely old gardener, Ben Weatherstaff. He was a gardener who had taken care of Mrs. Craven garden. He had spent all his life to do the gardening and had no time to have friend until

a little girl came to him and asked him about birds, gardens and himself. The little girl was astonished to see him as if he could communicate with a bird. She searched for friends from whom she could ask everything she wanted to know especially about nature. And she had found them : Martha and Ben.

Mary had been out of the house for a few days. She spent almost her entire time on the moor that she woke up one morning knowing what it was to be hungry. The air of the moor had given her stomach better appetite and it would be good for her since she would get some flesh on her bones so that she would not be too skinny. She had known now that the weather was not so harsh like it was in India. She could spend her whole days outside without worrying about the heat of the sun that would burn her skin and made her feel uncomfortable. The air she breathed was so fresh and clean and it was different with the dusty air in India. Even the condition of her environment had made her to be a normal girl with a better appetite. She had been closer to the robin and she followed wherever he went. One day, the robin flew to his dwelling as if he wanted to show her the place where he lived. He lived inside the long ivy-covered wall with no doors. She believed that it was the garden once belonged to her aunt that Martha had told her about. She knew that there was one door on the wall and she was curious to find it.

The moor had given Mary some good things. She had felt as if she had understood a robin and that he had understood her; she had run in the wind until her blood had grown warm; she had been healthily hungry for the first time of her life. She was very excited to enjoy her new place, but the house was so mysterious as she listened to a mysterious sound when she was listening to the wind. It seemed as if a child was crying somewhere inside the house. It was queer for no one had ever mentioned that there was a child lived in days. Beside she never met any child since the first time she arrived there.

The garden which had been locked for ten years and the long corridors and hundred rooms in the house had made Mary wanted to find what were inside them all. The house was six hundred years old on the edge of the moor. There was near a hundred rooms in it and most of them were shut up and locked. There were pictures and fine old furniture and things that had been there for ages. The mysterious setting of this story has the important role in raising its intense beside in the revelation of children's characterization. Readers are brought by the mysterious condition of the house to the wondering what will happen next in Mary's wanderings. Mary was about to prove her curiosity that there was someone crying in the house. When she was in one part of the corridors, there was a door covering with tapestry. She knew that there was someone crying inside, but she could not come in as Mrs. Medlock pulled

her away and brought her back to her room. She had not proved what she believed yet and her curiosity to find out the mysterious crying person was as much as to find the door to come into the garden.

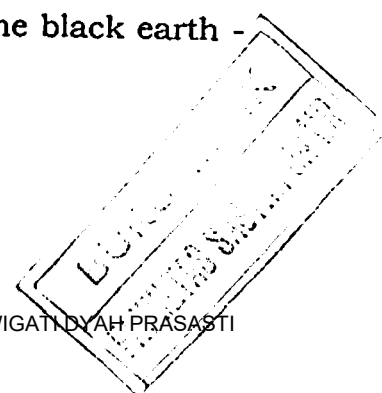
Mary had already had friends, but none of them was a child of her age. She really wanted to see Dickon but her eagerness to find the way in to the garden was bigger. She liked to follow the robin. She observed the way he chirped and twittered for she wanted to imitate his sound. She also observed how he found worm to eat. When the bird looked for a worm on the deep whole, she saw something like a ring of rusty iron or brass. It was more than a ring as she picked it up. It was an old key which looked as if it had been buried a long time. Mary looked at it with almost frightened face as it hung from her finger since it could be a key of the garden's door which had been buried for ten years.

Her curiosity to look for the door of the mysterious garden never stopped. One day when she skipped round all the gardens and round the orchard with a skipping-rope Martha gave her, the robin had followed her and greeted her with a chirp. Mary said to 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 ! (p.73)

Then he flew from his swinging spray of ivy on the top of the wall as if he understood what she wanted. All of a sudden, there was the gust of wind

swung aside some loose ivy trails, and more suddenly she caught it in her hand. She did it because she had seen a round knob of a door which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door. The intense of the story raises more and more because one of Mary's problems of how to find the way to the closed garden was about to be solved. Mary's heart began to thump and her hands to shake a little In her delight and excitement. The only thing she should do was to draw the key out her pocket. The key was fitted and when she turned it, she took a long breath and looked behind her up to see if any one was coming. She stepped in with excitement and there she was at last standing on the secret garden. It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place no one could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses which were so thick that they were matted together. There were neither leaves nor roses. The thin gray or brown branches and sprays looked like a sort of hazy mantle spreading over everything, walls, trees and even brown grass where they had fallen from their fastenings and run along the grown. There seemed to have been grass paths here and there and in one or two corners, there were alcoves of evergreen with stone seats or tall moss-covered flower urns in them. Everything was strange and silent and Mary seemed to be hundreds of miles away from anyone. She believed that it was not a quite dead garden since she found something sticking out of the black earth -



some sharp little pale green points. She believed the garden would revive but she did not know anything about gardening and she needed someone who knew it well to guide her of how to use spade and where to buy seeds. But the most important thing was she should find someone she could ask to come into the secret garden and that person must be trustworthy.

## B.2. Children's attempt to make a true friendship

Mary was very careful in keeping her secret kingdom. She did not want anyone to find out about it, but on the other hand, she needed things to revive it. She asked Martha where she could buy seeds and spade to be used while she was playing outside without letting her know about her little secret. Martha knew the person that could get Mary a set of garden tools and flower-seeds. It was Dickon who would like to help her buying all her needs because he knew much about flowers and gardening. Dickon brought seeds and garden tools with him on the next day he went to the park near the house. He was playing on a rough wooden pipe under the tree when Mary saw him and she soon knew who he was. He was surrounded by his animals and Mary had never seen any boy who would like to seat near the wild things with no fear before. The only person who had no fear to be close to wild animal was the Indian snake charmer. The boy was a funny looking boy she had ever seen. She



liked him even before she met him. She was impressed with Martha's story about his devotion to animals and nature, and then it was her time to know him better. He gave her tools and seeds she needed to plant her garden. She wanted to work on the garden as soon as possible but she did not know how. Dickon seemed to understand her handicap and offered that he would plant the seeds for her by himself. Mary doubted him for she had never trusted anyone before. Beside, she never knew anything about boys whether they could keep a great secret. But Dickon was trustworthy and he tried to convince her.

I'm keepin' secrets all th' time, he said. If I couldn't keep secrets from th' other lads, secret about foxes' cubs, an' birds' nests, an' wild things' holes, there'd be naught safe on th' moor. Aye, I can keep secrets. (96)

As he said that, Mary became to trust him completely. Moreover, she had known who Dickon was. He loved animals and they loved him in return. She believed that they trusted him because he would be able to make them safe. Afterward, she told him about the greatest secret she had ever had : the garden nobody had cared for. She believed no one had any right to take it from her because she cared about it while everyone else did not. She claimed that the garden was hers since she found it by herself and all she could do was to ask her uncle's permission to have it. She was sure he would allow her to take care of it since he was too busy with

his grief to ask question which part of his wide garden she chose. Then, she led him round the laurel path and to the walk where the ivy grew so thickly. Dickon followed her with a queer, almost pitying, look on his face. He felt as if he were being led into a mysterious place. When she stepped to the wall and lifted the hanging ivy, he saw the door. Mary pushed it open and they passed in together. She had showed him the garden no one had ever seen for ten years, the garden that had become Mary's greatest secret ever. Dickon looked round and round about it for he did not believe that there was such a pretty place on the manor. Mary had told him about her secret and she trusted him. It was the beginning of her friendship with the moor boy since the person one can trust to keep something as a secret is only his or her trusted friend. The secret would make their relationship closer for they needed each other by now.

Mary was willing to learn from Dickon of how the gardening was, for she considered herself the only person who would like to see the garden to be alive. She wanted to know more about plants as well. She did not know whether the trees were still alive or not because they all looked gray and dry. But Dickon knew very well that they were as alive as they were. There were just the surface that were dry, but inside they were still green and alive. Yet, still they should have to work hard to cut the dead wood and thick grass away. The grass would spoil the beauty of the garden and had to be replaced by the flowers. They had spade, hoe, and

fork to do the gardening but Mary did not know how to use those tools at all. Dickon showed her how to use fork while he dug about the roots with spade, stirred the earth and let the air in. She was watching him carefully, trying to observe how to use it so that she could do it herself some other time. They were working industriously all that morning. They worked with excitement and tried to know about each other. They were talking and sharing their experiences to each other like any other children usually did with their friends. Mary inquired much about the kinds of flowers because she knew nothing but roses, and Dickon would like to tell about all flowers he knew as detail as he could. He gave her description of the colour, shape and smell of each of them. Mary told him about the way people in India lived in return. They worked and talked until Mary heard the big clock in the courtyard strike the hour of her midday dinner. Before they said goodbye to each other, Mary wanted to make sure that her secret would be safe with Dickon as she asked him one more time whether he could keep it. And once again he convinced her that the secret was safe because he had used to keep every birds' nests as a secret.

Mary had spent most of her time on the garden with Dickon lately. She liked to work together with her new best friend there. She would call the garden her own now since her uncle had allowed her to have any parts of the wide garden around his house she wanted. The friendship

between she and Dickon had been as strong as their eagerness to see the flowers bloomed in the spring. They had become closer and closer everyday. When the spring they had been expected was about to come, the weather was not so good. The rain was pouring down in torrents and the wind was wuthering round the corners and the chimneys of the huge old house in the first night of the springtime. The rain had kept Mary awake for hours, sat up on the bed when something made her turn her head toward the door listening. It was the mysterious crying of a mysterious child she had ever heard before. This time she was too curious to just stay in her bed. She was going to find out what it was and no one would stop her now for all people in the house had already asleep. She was too excited to mind the long and dark corridor she had to pass. She remembered the way to the door covered with tapestry through which the sound had come. The intensity of the story raises because of the mysterious setting presented in the condition of the corridor and Mary's curiosity to find the mysterious crying child. It raises more as Mary opened the door and found that what she had thought was exactly right. There was a young boy lay on the bed in the big room with ancient, handsome furniture in it. She wondered if she was in a real place or she was just dreaming. She saw a boy crying fretfully. He was a boy who had been ill, but he was crying as if he were tired and cross that as if he were in pain. She could not believe that the boy was real and the boy could

not either. Nobody had ever mentioned about the existence of a boy in that house. The boy did not believe she was real because he often had such real dreams and he thought she might be one of them. But both of them were real and, in fact, they were cousins. Mary Lennox had found out that her uncle had a son, whom he had abandoned and who always lay on his bed for all his time because of his sickness. The boy's name was Colin Craven. No wonder if she had not known his existence for he always wanted his servants to keep who he was as a secret. Meanwhile, Colin had not known her coming because the servants did not dare to come near him. He was, in fact, very lonely and abandoned. He needed someone to talk to and share his feelings. He had servants who would like to do that but he had never wanted that. It was probably because all of them were adults that, according to him, would not understand what he had felt deep down inside. He just wanted them to pay their full attention to him and did whatever he commanded. He was too sick to go out and met other children too. Beside, all he thought was his weak condition that, in his own consideration, would be laughed by anyone who had never seen him before and would lead him into the eternal life very soon. He needed a friend so badly to share everything for he talked much about his feelings toward his father and mother to Mary. They soon got along to each other. Mary listened carefully to all his stories. He asked her question about her experiences outside and she gave him her

stories about India, the robin and gardens. He had trusted her since he liked her the first time he saw her. He let her see the picture of his mother. He had considered her to be his best friend without realizing it. He had let her to come near to talk to him and to share stories to each other as if he had already known her very well. He felt so happy to be accompanied by Mary for he did not want her to leave him alone. Mary left him after he fell asleep. Colin's first impression toward Mary shows that he needed someone who understood him well. Since they had the same age, they could communicate easily and share the same interests. Mary's experiences in the garden sounded very interesting in Colin's ears.

She now had two boys as her friends, the moor boy Dickon and her cousin, Colin. She would like to know what kind of a boy her cousin was and the only person who could give her information about him was Martha. She told Mary that Colin was a boy who had the worst physical condition that it would lead him to die very young. He never got fresh air and did nothing but lay on his bed and read pictured-books all days. His life was depended on medicine his doctor gave him regularly. Mary never thought that the boy had ill-tempered until she had a conflict with him herself. She just thought that he was very sick and always cried because of it. But one morning when she did not come to him, he was going into one of his tantrums. She did not come because she was too excited to see the plants in the garden that had already grown and that some flower

buds had shown their points. She was too busy to think of her sickly cousin. Children usually forget something when they feel too much excitement about something else and that was what Mary had done. She spent most of her time in the morning working with Dickon in the garden. She wanted to tell Colin about Dickon and what she had done with him as soon as she went into his room. But when she entered his room, he did not even turn his head toward her when he demanded her to explain what her excuse was for not coming to accompany him. Knowing the reason was because she spent her time with Dickon, he flew into a passion. He felt jealous because Mary would rather spend her time with Dickon in the garden than to accompany him in his room. He insulted Dickon with the worst words he knew. He thought Dickon was the most selfish boy ever for keeping Mary to play in the dirt when he knew his master was by himself. He thought so since he never realized that he was selfish himself. He did not want his cousin to spend her time with another friend. He wanted her to focus all her attention to him. As Mary heard all his words, she flew into a fine passion. She confronted him with her own argument. She knew that her cousin was very selfish and stubborn. She saw him as if she had seen herself when she was in India. She knew very well how to deal with him for she was on his position before. She had to be more stubborn than Colin to confront him and did not let him speak more bad words. She had to make him

understand that he could not treat somebody in a bad way. She made him realize that other people would be more angry as they heard indecent words he said. And her attempt succeeded. When Colin cried hysterically because he thought he had a lump on his back, nobody could calm him down because all of them used soft voices and touch in order to make him not to be offended. But when Mary came into his room and did the same thing as she used to do to confront him, his tantrum had passed. She had never forgotten how it was to be a child no body could stand for her bad manner and attitude, and she was the one who could control a boy who had the same manner like she used to be. The conflict had not make the two children to become enemies. In fact, Colin liked Mary more and started to like Dickon as well for he had heard about him much from her story. He was eager to meet the moor boy as soon as possible. He really wanted to be friend with a boy who loved animals as much as they loved him and devoted nature and knew much about plants. He believed that Dickon would be the second person who would make him spend his days without thinking of death anymore.

Mary thought that the time for Colin to know about the secret garden, a place where she and Dickon worked and spent all days together, had come. He had a right to know about the garden once abandoned after the death of his mother. She wanted to build her relationship with him to be closer as well. Beside, she trusted him as



much as she trusted Dickon. There was no other reason to keep their secret away from him anymore. Finally she told him about it. She let him know the chronology of the way she found the garden - from how she found the key, how she found the door and how she and Dickon tried to revive it. She also told him about apples and cherries blossoms, peach and plum trees and flower buds. Her story had made him curious but he did not know whether he wanted to go out to see it by himself because of his condition. For the meantime, he just wanted her to bring Dickon and his animals into his room. She was glad to hear that because she had planned to introduce the boys to each other from a few days ago but she had not had a chance yet, and now what she had wanted was about to come true. She would soon see her two best friends to be friends to each other too and it excited her very much.

Mary had learned many things since she came to Yorkshire. She had known the culture of the people and had tried to adapt with her new environment. She had learned much from Dickon about gardening when they had become friends. She had observed the way he used some garden tools and she had processed what she had seen that soon she was able to use them by herself. She had learned from him about flowers and other plants. She absorbed all his information because she was a quick learner. She was able to imagine what the flowers would look like although they had not bloomed yet. He told her how to treat wild

animals. She loved them and knew that they loved her in return. Mary had also learned how to speak with Yorkshire accent. It was the greatest observation she had ever done. She tried to learn how to speak with the accent because she wanted to be united with the people there. She had to adapt the way they spoke in order to make her become closer to them. She observed the way Martha and Dickon spoke, listened to the words they said carefully and tried to practice it. It was quite difficult for her when she tried to twist her tongue into speaking Yorkshire. But when she talked to Dickon with his accent, it amused him very much. The little girl had been able to speak English in the Yorkshire accent. Mary tried to speak Yorkshire more often because she knew the local people would be pleased if she knew their speech. It would be an honour for them if the newcomer would like to learn the way they talked for it shown her good intention to adapt with the way people lived.

Colin was a master in the house when his father was away. He wanted Dickon and his animals to come to his room and no one could stop it. He commanded his servants to treat them in a very polite way because they were his guests. Dickon came in smiling his nicest wide smile with a new-born lamb in his arms and the little red fox trotted by his side. He also brought with him squirrels and the crow. Colin stared at him with a stare of wonder and delight. He finally met the boy who always surrounded by animals. All of them were so near to him and they

seemed almost to be part of himself because of his friendliness. Colin was so overwhelmed by his own pleasure and curiosity. He could not believe what he saw. He saw by himself now how Dickon treated his animals with his affection. They were as tame as little kittens. They did whatever he said as if they knew his language. Colin was more amazed when Dickon knew all flowers by their country names when he looked at the pictures in the gardening books and he knew exactly which ones were already growing in the secret garden. Colin was more curious too see the garden when Dickon mentioned the names of the flowers he and Mary had planted.

Colin had begun to love nature. He did not hate the fresh air of the moor anymore. His problem with nature had been solved now. For so long he did not want the window in his room to be opened, but now he wanted it for he really wanted to breathe the fresh air. When it was open wide, he soon could feel the freshness and scents, and birds' song were pouring through. He liked to feel all the freshness through the window, but he thought it would be better if he was on the garden himself. He had a big curiosity to see the secret garden, too. They had become reasons of his coming to the garden that had been a mark of his friendship with Dickon and Mary for they had kept its opening and revival as their secret. He wanted his best friends to bring him to a place he had never seen before. He wanted to lose no time about it, but they were obliged to

wait more than a week because first there came some very windy days and then Colin was threatened with a cold. As everything had been back to normal, the three children went to the garden at last. To save their secret, Colin commanded his servants and gardener to keep away from the long walk by the garden walls. He required nobody to be there or to follow him for he was secure enough in the hands of his best friends.

It is the climax of the story when Colin came in through the garden's door. Eventually Colin saw by himself the garden Mary and Dickon had told him about. The secret garden was not the end but it was the beginning. The garden was as alive as the children's friendship. The friendship between Dickon and Mary started as they worked together to revive it. Colin liked it more because of their stories about its beauty, and he would start his new life and would find his happiness there. Having kept it as a secret, the three of them had become close friends which had given the is meant by a true friendship and it had been one of the impacts of their relationship that will be discussed later in the following sub chapter. It seems the children's curiosities, problems and conflicts has found their ways out afterwards as the story comes to the end.

### C. The impact of friendship to each child

Mary, Colin and Dickon had become close friends. They had seen the secret garden to be alive again for they had spent their time together

there. The garden had become the place where they could do their activities as children - talking, joking, laughing, playing, running, etc. - without worrying that anyone would bother their pleasure. The blooming flowers and blossoms fruit had witnessed the three children enjoying their own world.

Friendship had given Mary, Colin and Dickon a new experience. Each of them had got something valuable they had never known before. The friendship had influenced them especially how to deal with others and nature. It had changed the way they saw their environment and surroundings, and it had made them be what they should be - children who had peers to play with and to share the same interests. Dickon was considered to be the one that had peers after he met Colin and Mary. When he had them as his friend, it made his habit changed. He no longer spent most of his time alone on the moor all days. He had not only had animals as his friends anymore but he also had two best friends now. He would rather play with his new friends in the garden than to be alone on the moor. He also made his friends to get along with his animals. He taught Mary and Colin how to be friends with all these wild creatures. He had made them like one another, therefore, whenever those children played on the garden, the animals would also be there. From his friendship, he knew how to share the same interests with children of his

age. He could play with them and told them everything he knew about animals, plants and nature, and of course, to share a secret.

Before Mary met the boys, she had made friends with older people and a bird. The first time she came to Misselthwaite Manor, she met one of the maids in the house who attended her, Martha, and she liked her very much. From her, she learned how beautiful to have friends was. Although at first she hated the way she talked to her because she spoke to her as if they were equal, she finally could accept her as a friend. The relationship between Mistress Mary and her maid was a friendship between a ten-year-old girl who just arrived in England and needed to know about her new environment, and an older girl who would tell her everything she demanded. Even more, it was like a relationship between two sisters. Martha told her stories about her experiences, her family and all she knew about nature, while Mary listened to her with excitement for the nature in England was different from the one she had known before. But, the most important thing Mary got from her friendship with Martha was that she learned that people were equal. The only thing differed her from Martha was only her status that she was her maid. In fact, she had to appreciate what Martha had done for her. She always brought her breakfast, lunch and dinner everyday and accompanied her to eat them up. She cleaned her room everyday and taught her how to dress up. She should thank her for every assistance she had given her. And when she

needed her help, she had to say 'please' because although she was only a servant she was still a human who should be asked in a polite way. Mary had also learned that she had to respect others when they spoke to her even if they were only servants. She was not supposed to cut Martha's stories when she spoke to her and she had to wait until she finished it when she wanted to give her opinion. She had known that the servants were also human beings. They should be respected and appreciated. She was not as selfish as she used to be. She understood that as human beings servants might do something wrong. Martha had made her realize that she should not easily be offended. Martha's story about the gardens had made her want to spend her days there. She hardly ever played outside when she was in India because of the weather, and that was no such obstacle anymore that could stop her to enjoy the beauty of nature. She breathed much fresh air as she ran in the wind until her blood became warm. It made her healthily hungry for the first time of her life. She ate all food Martha provided her and it had made her have more flesh on her bones. She was not as thin as she used to be and she had felt that she now had been healthier than ever. Her wanderings on the garden had made her get acquaintance with Ben Weatherstaff. He had no friends but a beautiful bird with a red breast. His expression was sour and disagreeable, but when the robin came, he was smiling and looked

nicer. It was from him Mary heard the truth about herself for the first time in her life.

Tha' an' me are a good bit alike, he said. We was wove out the same cloth. We're neither of us good lookin' an' we're both of us as sour as we look. We've got the same nasty tempers, both of us, I'll warrant. (41)

She felt so uncomfortable when she wondered if she was as unattractive as Ben and she also wondered if she looked as sour as he had looked before the robin came. She actually began to wonder also if she was 'nasty temper'. There had been nobody who would have warned her of her bad attitude for the natives just salaamed and submitted to her whatever she did, while her parents had never known what kind of girl she was until they passed away. She did not want people to see her the way she saw Ben anymore. She hated disagreeable and annoying people and liked to see the friendly and amiable ones. For that reason, she wanted to change and become friendly. She was eager to be friends with others and she wanted to start being friends with Martha, Ben and the robin.

Ben had told her how to communicate with the robin. She had to be as friendly as she could so that the robin would feel that he was secure enough to be close to her and that nothing had to be afraid of. She had touch him with love and tenderness - feelings that she never



thought she had before. She spoke to him in a whisper as if he had a feeling and so that he would not fly away from her. She also could imitate his voice in order to make him sure that she was his friend. All that the old gardener had told her, had been done and it made her feel that the robin had understood her as well as she had understood him. From her friendship with Ben, she had found what it was to appreciate and to be sorry for someone. She had been able to appreciate other creature and consider them to be part of her. She loved the robin as much as she loved herself. She had known by now how to love and how to be loved. Her older friends had taught her much about how to behave in good manner and attitude. She had tried to be nice and friendly to every people she met from the time being.

Even though Mary had friends from whom she learned to be a nice girl, she still wanted to make friends with children who had the same age with her. There were some things that she could not get from her friendship with people older than her or from a bird. Children have their own world and they need their peers who have the same interests. Mary wanted to see a twelve-year-old moor boy Dickon. She had heard much about him from his sister, Martha. She wanted to build a friendship with the nature lover boy and she would like to learn from him about nature and many things she had never known before. She was sure that Dickon was a friend she needed : trustworthy, friendly and had the same interest

with her for he loved nature. Mary finally met him when he brought a set of garden tools and flower-seeds she needed to revive the garden. She liked him much when he first saw him and liked him more when she talked to him since he was a boy whom she wanted to be her best friend. He told her everything she wanted to know about flowers, animals, garden, etc. He offered his help to work in the secret garden and plant all seeds for her since he knew she did not know how to use garden tools and how to take care of plants. But Mary was not the kind of a girl who could not stand only watching him doing the gardening by himself while she was doing nothing. She had spent all her time lately on the garden and she wanted to be closer to nature and to take care of her own garden. With Dickon's guidance, she was able to use garden tools and knew the names of the flowers very soon. In general, Mary had learned from local people of Yorkshire about their relationship to one another, their devotion to the freshness and beauty of the moor and their way of speaking. She was a friendly girl now who would like to be closer to the people and appreciate them for she tried to adapt their way of life. She was not selfish anymore for she did not want them to understand her but she was the one who try to do it. She would like to be appreciated, respected and for the next, to be rewarded by others for having good manners and she did not want to be punished for being rude and annoying. She had learned how to evaluate her own behaviour. She had

also understood what a real friend was after she became Dickon's friend. She shared her secret with him for she trusted him completely. That is what a friend is for, a person to whom one can share the secret with without having any suspicion that he or she will tell it to anyone else. Friends are supposed to appreciate each other and listen to every stories either the good or the bad one. It was also done by Mary and Dickon. Both of them appreciate each other that when Mary told him her story about India, he was listening and Mary would do the same thing when he told her about his family or his animals.

Mary was a nice and friendly girl now and everybody would like to be her friend. There was no sour expression anymore and it had been replaced with a big smile and bright eyes on her face. She was not selfish and did not speak rudely for she had a good manner in speaking. She knew how to control her emotion as well. When she met Colin in his room, he liked her instantly. They became friends so soon and he felt as if he had known her very well for years since he trusted her as he told her what he felt for his parents. It was something he had never done before. From her story, he was able to have an imagination of the beauty and freshness of the moor outside. At first, he had hated the fresh air and disliked to go out. But Mary had made him change his mind. He would like the window of his room to be opened so that he could feel the freshness. It was the first thing he got from his friendship that he began

to love nature. His friendship with Mary had also made him have a chance to make friends with the others. Mary introduced him to her close friend Dickon. He liked the way Dickon interacted with animals. For so many years he knew animals only from pictured-books his father had given him. He never saw any wild things before even the birds for he liked neither the window to be opened nor to go out to the garden to enjoy the freshness and scents of the nature. He had new friends now who could tell him much about animals, gardens and its flowers. Their stories had made him eager to see the beauty of all of them.

His friendship with Mary had made him change to be an amiable boy who had no more ill temper. He had realized that his hysterical screaming had been annoying all people in the house. She had made him know that he would get nothing by just screaming when he felt there was something wrong with his body and did not allow anyone to check on it. Moreover, she had proved that there was a lump on his back - the major problem that had caused him crying frequently. She had helped him to overcome his problem of being hysterical too. His cousin had made him realize that there was a hope for him to get better. He was not pessimistic anymore about himself. He laughed much together with Mary and Dickon and had forgotten about his sickness that he thought it would make him die in a very short time. He breathed much fresh air as much as he laughed and it made him feel hungry. He and Mary always ate

together and both of them always made the plate empty briefly. His appetite was getting better and he ate the same portion normal children usually did. It had made him stronger. He had been optimistic about his health and had enough strength to go out to the garden with his two best friends. He wanted to go to the secret garden to see the flowers and other plants there. He was eager to see a place that had become the mark of their friendship since it had been their biggest secret and no one else was supposed to know. Together they went to a place that Mary and Dickon had told him about. When he saw it himself, they stared at him in a wonder. He was very excited to see it. He looked different because a pink glow of colour had actually crept all over him - ivory face, neck, hands and all. He was drawn in a joyful imagination that he would spend most of his time playing together with his best friends in a secret place. Mary and Dickon had given him what he needed. They had brought him to happiness he never felt before. He knew that they would never let him down and had showed him the best place. He knew what good friends were now. The friendship had made him as alive as the plants on the garden. His best friends had made him love to be in the garden to breathe the fresh air and it was very helpful for him to be better because it would make him have better appetite and to be healthier and stronger.

It was in the garden when the three children saw a man glaring at them over the wall from the top of the ladder. It was Ben Weatherstaff



and he had said something which made Colin angry and insulted. He said that the little boy was a poor cripple who had crooked back and feet. It had made Colin challenged to show the old man that he was not. He was helped by Dickon to hold his arms when he was trying to stand upright as straight as an arrow. Mary was supporting him by saying 'you can do it'. It was such a magic when he could do it. The feeling of anger and insulted pride made him forget that he had never stood up before and all of a sudden his body was filled with a power which was almost like unnatural strength. Dickon's hand and Mary's support had given him courage that he could be standing as straight as any children. His friends had trusted him that he could stand upright and had been very helpful in his recovery. He was no longer angry with Ben and considered him to be his friend too for he had made him realize that he was not as weak as he always thought. He had waken him that he still had a strength to stand on his own feet. He was encouraged by his best friends, Mary and Dickon, to walk. They helped him to walk step by step with their hands. He did not only have a strength on his feet but also on his hands. He was able to hold a trowel. Dickon taught him how to use it and it was such a magic that his tiny hand could dig the soil up. He was very excited to work in the garden with his friends. They laughed because of the happiness they felt together. Colin had never been so happy before

and he found so much amusement when he was with his friends. They enjoyed their time together and never bothered of anything else.

Colin had known what love was since he had friends. He no longer hated his mother. He loved her for she had delivered him to the world and did not blame her for leaving him alone because he thought she had given her own life for his. He was also eager to see his father. He wanted him to be the first person, beside Mary, Dickon and Ben, to see him walk. And what he wished were coming true. When Mr. Craven came home, he looked for him in all gardens except the one he had locked for ten years. As he found the door behind the ivy clad and entered it, he looked at a tall and handsome boy in amazement. The boy was glowing with life and his running had sent splendid colour leaping to his face. He was his own son, Colin, and he did not believe what he saw. He was very glad to see his son was so healthy. His condition had affected Mr. Craven's attitude that he realized his deep grief must be stopped for his son's sake. Eventually, the father and son had reconciled their relationship. His gradual change to become a very nice and healthy boy was because of the friendship with Dickon and Mary, and it had made him have a new relationship with his father - the best one.

## **CHAPTER IV**

## **CONCLUSION**