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In the second control of the second control 
Ella Enchanted by Gail Carson Levine. CHAPTER ONE That fool of a fair
into the cake itself. "Ella, what are you doing?" Mother said. "L
o get it down. I started crying while I ate. Mother realized first.
o to bed now?" But against an order I was powerless. If some
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            "Stop eating, Ella," she commar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       one told me to hop on one foot fo
ach moment cost me dear—in breathlessness, nausea, dizzi be broken someday without Lucinda's help. But I didn't kno Mandy was bossy, giving orders almost as often as she dre m me in with more specific instructions, which I would find ly give me an order I knew she didn't mean, I'd say, "Do I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               w how. I didn't even know who my f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       new ways to evade. Often, it was a lon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               aging to frustrate her true wishes. Later,
e. I'm under a spell." I enjoyed the importa
anticipated this. I changed the subject. "I'll
ssion, I punched her. She screamed, and blo
xact instructions, which I followed exactly, while still man
ve to, or Father will slap me." "It's not the same as for m
Ye to, or Fatner Will slap me. "It's not the same as for me? Including me?" I nodded. "Can I try it?" "No." I hadn't and ogres. I had to be the ogre. An hour after my admi wouldn't have anyway. I had learned caution. When I witing up in Mother's bed. If he had been home, I wouldnok the hairs out while she ate and put them back in the bout the fairies that I changed here and there, but so as Father. The next morning, she was awake, but dre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              as almost fifteen, Mother and I caught cold. M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           't have been in her room at all. He didn't like m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e em pty bowl when she was done. The next day
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   nes I made Mother laugh. Except the laugh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ng. With wide-open eyes, she chattered to i
Mother and I had slid down the banister. W
e were alone, we preferred to slide and yell all the w best chance of being granted. The castle had been a he candle grove. The candles were small trees that h life, because I didn't believe she was in danger of d dutiful parent, loyal citizen, steadfast spouse—soun I wished I had been allowed to stand with Mandy and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             down. And run back up for another ride, an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ndoned when King Jerrold was a boy, alth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              been pruned and tied to wires to make th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ng. CHAPTER TWO Leaving behind a grie ded more like the high chancellor than lik
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         the other servants. I pulled out of his gr
Or maybe my fairy godmother would do i
I. But worse was the creak as the coffin I
y face into his chest. Perhaps he appeared to be com
, I was off again, my knee and hand stinging. The big
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ting me, but he was only trying to mu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             gest tree in the graveyard was a weepin ether. Or swim in the River Lucarno. O
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ing at me to obey. Outside the privacy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ing by on review. He looked like his
hind his back, as though the whole country were pass
surprising on such a dark face. "Cousin of mine," the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    rince said, gesturing at the tombsto
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         en crying too, although he had sta
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Chancellor Thomas was making a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   had to leave without dinner so I cou
worried, as if, perhaps, he should h
exactly like him if he were the color of a blue napkin.
u," he said. "Did you want them to wait?" He sounded
cook meet at the market. She talks about you." He lool
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ed sideways at me. "Do you know
were. You make up your own fairy tales and you drop th
We reached Father, who bowed. "Thank you, Highness,
Come, Ella." He bowed to Prince Charmont and climbed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      for accompanying my daughter." (
into the carriage. I had to go. Char
n he closed the door, I caught my skirt, and there was a l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       oud ripping sound. Father winced.
e. He was staring out the window. "A fine affair. All of Fre other was beautiful." His voice was regretful. "I'm sorry s was peaceful. Everything was just as it had been before M basket. I sat on the bed, fighting my need to obey Father's on on the outside and that his insides were ashes mixed w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Il came, everyone who counts any he's dead." Nathan flicked his whip other died. The birds embroidered
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ith coins and a brain. But Mandy ha
I had been told. There was a buzzii
e, seeing how long I could last against the need to do what
he gown wasn't black. She hated black clothing. The great
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             hall was full of people in black. Fathe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              "My poor child, we feel for you." The v
in spots of rouge on the cheeks. With her were two smaller
"Beg pardon," I said. She didn't answer, didn't move, only
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ns of herself, but without the rou
arge front teeth. She held her hand out to me as though she
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  expected me to kiss it or bow over it. I s
es. "Comfort Eleanor in her grief," Dame Olga told her daug
as fine as the palace, where I'm going to live someday. Our
your father made her richer." "We're rich too," Olive said. "
unced, "Forty-two windows and a fireplace in every room. I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  he windows must have cost a trunkful of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    live tried again. "Our appetites are small
If a leg of deer plus a huge mound of wild
tter rum sauce and apricot sauce and peppermint sauce. Th
ed down at a throw rug that used to lie under Mother's chai
dog had just bayed. I felt his throat relax. One of the hunter
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s limped, and I felt a cramp in his calf. The bo
s," Hattie said. "Buggy. But there, you look m
now it seemed pasted on. "I forgive you, ch
ate, saying good-bye to the rest of the guest
ur eyes were popping out." "They looked like an ogre's eye
cently. "They're too small to pop." The smile remained, but
ed to try her recipes sometimes. We'd follow the instruction of that old rug." She turned to stir a pot of soup. "What do
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ns exactly and the dish would be delicious.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ou mean?" "It's just a fairy joke." A fairy rug
saying good-bye. Do you know anyway? Even though she
UR My mouth opened automatically. The spoon descende
fairy soup. Mandy was a fairy! But if Mandy was a fairy, w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ver told you?" "Know what?" "Who my fai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                hy was Mother dead? "You're not a fairy." "W hy not?" "If you were, you would have saved her." "Oh, sweetie, I would have if I could. If she'd left the hair in my dy's arms were around me, and I was crying into the ruffles along the neck of her apron, where I had cried so many times before for smaller re asons. A dro her. She couldn't be a fairy. Fairies were thin and young and beautiful. Mandy was as tall as a fairy was supposed to be, but who ever heard of a fairy snever disappear when other creatures are present." "Can you?" "We can, but we don't. Lucinda is the only one who's rude enou gh and stupic
ve, sobbing so hard I couldn't catch my breath. Then Man
her nose. I pushed out of Mandy's arms for a new look at
ou anything. And—with the exception of Lucinda—fairie?" I carried plates to the sink. "Know what?" "You're a lways trouble." She rinsed a platter. "You dry." "Why?" ortal. That gets them mad too. Lady wouldn't speak to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   fairy." "Oh, that again. No one knows but you. And you'd better keep it a secret." Mandy looked her fiercest. "Why?" She just "Because the dishes are wet, that's why." She saw my surprised face. "Oh, why is there trouble? Two reasons, mostly. P me for a week when her father died." "Why doesn't Lucinda care if people know she's a fairy?" "She likes them to kno nt from a fairy, even if it makes them miserable." "Why did Mother know you're a fairy? Why do I know?" "All the E ds of the Fairies?" "Very few. You're the only one left in Kyrria. And no, love, you c an't do make here of her to the fair the f
awful, but some people are delighted to have a prese
have if she hadn't gotten sick? Are there many Frien
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        st of you will soon enough, but you'll have fairy feet, like your mother did." Mandy can tell, and we ladies hide them under our skirts." I stuck a foot out of my gown
nt." "None of me has grown for a few years." "The re ange by magic. Our men stuff their shoes so no one uld you make my feet grow if you wanted to? Or ..." "We don't do big magic. Lucinda's the only one. It' magination," Mandy repeated. I thought. "The graght, and then I'd have to fix that because I started stronger roof." "Maybe, maybe not. Or maybe I'd course it was. The numskull!" Mandy scoured a ?" "I doubt it, but maybe. Then again, she migh ar " "Where does she live?" I asked If I could
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    I searched for another miracle. Rain pelted the window. "Or could you stop the r s too dangerous." "What's dangerous about ending a storm?" "Maybe nothing, m ss needs rain. The crops need rain." "More," Mandy said. "Maybe a bandit was g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   it. And then maybe the rain I sent would knock down a branch and smash in the cause a flood and people would be killed. That's the problem with big magic. I pot so hard that it clattered and banged against the copper sink. "Tell me how t take away one spell and give you another even worse. The trouble with Lucin
er." "Where does she live?" I asked. If I could
t the broom. "Are all Friends clumsy?" "No, s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               find her, maybe I could persuade her to lift my curse. After all, Mandy could be weet. Fairy blood does not make you clumsy. That's human. You don't see me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           eep track of the whereabouts of Lucinda the Idiot. Watch that bowl!" The order came too late. I go
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        rong. "We're not on s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           u?" I started to sweep, but it wasn't necessary. The pieces of pottery gathered themselves togeth times, though. No sharp bits left on the floor." I stared into the bin. The shards lay there. "Why di
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                opping plates, do
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ve it. "That's about all I do, honey. Small magic that can't hurt anybody. Handy
dn't you turn it back into a bowl?" "The mag future any more than you can. Only gnome
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            You mean fairies can't see the future? If you could, you'd know, wouldn't you?" "We can't see the one of the servants. Mother never used the bell. "Were you my great-grandmother's fairy godmo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ic's too big. Doesn't seem like it, but it is. Could hurt someone. You never kno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  s can, a few of them anyway." A bell tinkled somewhere in the house. Father c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  a came in. "Sir Peter wants vou in the study. miss." "What does he want?" I asked. "He didn't
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 n our fairy godmother?" How old was Mandy, reall
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          anted to talk to me. It was only to be expected. I finished drying a plate, dried another, then a thirn to see that apron." Mandy was frightened too! I took off the apron and left. I stopped just within
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  usly. Bertha was scared of everything. What was there to be afraid of? My fat said. I reached for a fourth dish. "You'd better go," Mandy said. "And he wo
say." She twisted one of her braids anxi
d. "Best not tarry, little mistress," Bertha
the doorway of the study. Father sat in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Mother's chair, examining something in his lap. "Ah, there you are." He looke
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             "Come closer, Ella." I glared at him, resenting the order. Then I took one step forward. It was the
game I played with Mandy, obedience a 
r facing him. "Have you ever seen any
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nd defiance. "I asked you to come closer, Eleanor." "I came closer." "Not ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ıgh. I won't bite you. I only want to get to know you a bit." He walked to me and led me to a chai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          hold it. It's heavy for its size. Here." I decided to drop it since he liked it so much. But I glanced at iniature candle holder. And oh! Strung between a window in each of two towers was a gossamer nted in a window downstairs, a smiling maiden waved a silken scarf. It seemed to be silk, anyway
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       thing as splendid as this?" He passed me the object he'd had in his lap. "Yo
it first, and then I couldn't. I held a po
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     n castle no bigger than my two fists, with six wee towers, each end
thread of china from which hung
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       undry! A man's hose, a robe, a baby's pinafore, all thin as a spider's web. An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      eyes." I heard him pull the heavy drapes shut. I watched through slitted eyes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n't trust him. He placed the castle on the mantel, put in candles, and lit them. "Open your eyes.
Father took it from me. "Close your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          windows glowed yellow-gold, suggesting cheerful fires within. "Ohhh!" I said. Father opened the They're marvelous potters. One of Agulen's students made this. I've always wanted an Agulen, bur room?" "In any room, but in a window." So it could wink out at everyone, inside and on the str "I'm a merchant, Ella. I sell things." For a minute he spoke to himself. "And perhaps I can pass the
ran to look closer. The castle was a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       sparkling wonderland. The flames drew pearly tints out of the white walls, an
drapes and blew out the candles.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Lovely, isn't it?" I nodded. "Where did you get it?" "From the elves. An elf m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     will you put it?" "Where do you want me to put it, Ella?" "In a window." "Not g moment. "I shall tell its buyer to place it in a window." "You're going to se
ut I haven't got any yet." "Where
eet. Father stared at me for a lon
s one off as a genuine Agulen o is Ella?" "A lass who doesn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Who could tell?" He came back to me. "Now you know who I am: Sir Peter, t twish to be interrogated." He was pleased. "You have courage, to speak to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           chant. But who are you?" "A daughter who used to have a mother." He waved that aside. "But wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              "He looked me over. "That's my chin." He touched it, and I drew back. "Strong. Determined."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       mind that the nostrils flare. My eyes, except yours are green. Most of your f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ongs to me. I wonder how it will be on a woman when you grow up." Why did he think it was fine
t's my nose. I hope you don't
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           . "Why must you do something with me?" "I can't leave you to grow up a cook's helper. You mus forting," I said. Father laughed, really laughed, head back, shoulders heaving. What was so funny They meant well, I suppose." Father wiped tears from his eyes. "They didn't mean well. The older
to talk about me as though
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       were a portrait instead of a maiden? "What shall I do with you?" he asked h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      the subject. "What did you think of Dame Olga's daughters?" "They were n t. It made me want to say something nice about the loathsome Hattie and O
t be educated." He chan
? I disliked being laughed a one is an unpleasant conni have to do with anything?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ver like her mother and the younger one is a simpleton. It nev "Perhaps I should send you to finishing school with her dau ghters. You
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              heads to mean well." His voice became thoughtful. "Dame Olga is titled and rich." What did that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ight learn how to walk like the slip of a thing you are and not like a small elephant." Finishing scher it was. They'd try to rid me of my clumsiness, but they wouldn't be able to. So they'd punish m be taught by a governess. If I could find someone ..." "I would much rather have a governess,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ndy. And they'd tell me what to do all the time and I'd have to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                do it, wh
e, and I'd punish them b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ack, and they'd punish me more. "Why can't I just stay here?"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      "I supp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ery hard if I had a governess." "But not otherwise?" His eyeb
Father. I would study v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     mused. He stood and went to the desk where Mother used to work out our h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              se, but I c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ows ro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nishing school. Perhaps small elephants cannot be finished. Perhaps they ..." I stopp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          o now. I have work to do." I left. On my way out, I said, "Perha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            s small el
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ephants ca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ha had made me wear a fashionable gown, and my petiticoat was voluminous. On Fath anaged to settle in my chair, Father signaled to Nathan to pour wine into the goblet. "S to love it. He was going to sell it too. "You may appreciate it more if you drink from it. H ut the goblet was too far away. I had to stand. I stood on my skirts and lost my balance,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         gain. CHAPTER FIVE The next night I had to dine with Father. I as sparrowgrass covered with a tarragon-mustard sauce. In fron e light, Eleanor." He raised it. "It makes the wine sparkle like a ga
ed. He was laughir
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         sitting down
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     as a many-faceted
""Is that all? Just pretty?" "It's very pretty, I s
through the sp
er's plate and mine w
ee how it catches th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       t of his plate w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       When I finally m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                rnet." "It's pretty.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          uppose." I refused
ave you ever tasted
pitching forward. T
pread across the t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              wine?" Mandy never let me. I reached for the goblet and trailed n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               arrowgrass sauce. B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          o stop my fall, I brought my arm crashing down on the table and kn
ablecloth, and Father's doublet was dotted with wine. I steeled mys
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        the goblet. It fell and broke neatly into two pieces, stem severed from body. A red stain s hat was stupid of me," he said, dabbing at his clothes with a napkin. "When you came in, I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ocked i nto Father's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   elbow. He
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     r his rage, bu
saw you couldn't
f. "Your apology
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         manage yourself." Nathan and a serving maid whisked away the tablec cept ed. We will both change our clothes and begin our meal." I returned in a quarter hour, in an everyo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  I said. "That won't put the crystal back together, will it?" he snapped, then collected himse, 
ve let you grow up an oaf." "I'm not an oaf!" Mandy wasn't one to mince words, and she'd neve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         loth and broken al
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             y gown. "It is my fault," Father said, cutting into a sparrowgrass spear. "I r went on. "Someday I may want to take you into civilized company." "I d ass and replaced it with scallops and tomato aspic. "How kind of you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    n't like civilized company." "I may need civilized company to like you. I've made up my mind. It's o to worry. A governess would be much more expensive. And I haven't the time to interview governess st-minute pupil." "I won't go." "You shall do as I say, Eleanor." "I won't go." "Ella ..." He bit into a scallop. They may have said I always have my way. And I do." "I do too," I lied. He grinned at me admiringly. "My d
                                                                                           C lu msy, bumbling, gawky—but never an oaf. Blunderer, lumpkin, fumble-foot—but never an oaf. But you're young enough to learn," Fathe you." I couldn't go. I wouldn't! "You said I could have a governess. Wouldn't that be less expensive than sending me away?" A serving maid whisked away my uneaten sparrowgr school with Dame Olga's daughters." "I won't ..." He continued as though I hadn't spoken. "I'll write a letter to the headmistress, which I shall entrust to you, along with a purse fille
r called me that
ff to finishing sc
es. In two days, you shall go to finishing school with Dame Olga's daughters." "I won't
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            d with enough KJs to stop her protests against a la
and spoke while he chewed. "Your father is not a good man, as aughter is the bravest wench in Kyrria." The smile vanished, an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   have already warned you, unless I miss my guess." I didn't deny it. "They may have said I'm selfish, and I am. They may have said I'm im htened into a hard, thin line. "But she shall go to finishing school if I have to take her there myself. And it will not be a pleasant trip if I have t spring was released, the fist shot out at a hapless puppet. With Father, it wasn't the fist that frightened me; it was the spring, because the spring. I hated being frightened, but I was. "I'll go to finishing school." I couldn't help adding, "But I shall loathe it." His grin was back. "You are free to loat
                                                                                                                                                                      the servants
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 patient, and I am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 o lose time from my trading because of you. Do you understand, Ella?" Angry, Father reminded me of a carnival determined the force of the blow. The anger in his eyes was so tightly coiled that I didn't know what would happen in he or to love, so long as you go." It was a taste of obedience without an order, and I didn't like it any better than the Lucind
                                                                                                                                                                  d his mouth tig
                                                                                                                                                               hows. When the
toy, a leather fist attached to a coiled spring used in puppet's
                                                                                                                                                                ing were tripped
t stop me. It was early evening. In spite of the hour, I went gainst my face. "Sweetie ..." The door opened. It was Ma ight, especially. I won't have you getting sick when you nee dy did Mother marry him?" This question had troubled me since I was o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a started. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a long with me years before, but tonight I ne eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a long with me years before, but tonight I ne eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a long with me years before, but tonight I ne eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a long with me years before, but tonight I ne eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and waited for sleep. But sleep was busy elsewhere. Tears started. I pushed Flora a long with me years before, but tonight I ne eded special comfort. I gathered them on my stomach and stopped its comfort in government of the sensation. But it made me feel better—a little better. Ready to talk anyway. I settled myself back in Mandy's lap. "Why ink about it. "Until she was his wife, Sir Peter was very sweet to Lady. I didn't true them." "I ne ded the box and held me, stroking my forehead. "Ella, pet, try to keep him from learning about the sensation. But it made me feel better—a little better. Ready to talk anyway. I settled myself back in Mandy's hand stopped its comforting journey up and down my forehead. "Ella, pet, try to keep him from learning about the sensation. But it to the form and the form in the form in the form. They had been and the form in the form. They
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spell on you." "Why? What would he do?" "He likes to have his way t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             you." "Mother ordered me not to tell about the curse. But I wouldn't anyway." "That's right." Her hand went back to work on my forehead. I closed my eyes. "What will it be like, do you think?" "At school? Some of the lasses will be lovely. Sit up, sweet. Don't you want your presents?" I had forgotten about the box. But there had been only one. "Presents?"
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