

This is not a word-for-word transcript

Language focus: Zero, 1st, 2nd conditionals

Mary narrator

There was nothing but a few **sacks** and the rope in the locked room. My uncle has returned and is very angry about Mr Bassat's visit. He **storms out** of the house and sets off across the moor. Suddenly I have a mad plan. I put on my shoes and follow him.

Mary

He's walking too fast. I can't keep up. It's no good - he's disappeared!

It's getting dark. I must go back. Do I go right or left here? I don't remember this stream...
Oh no! I'm totally lost!

Vicar

Hello, what are you doing out on the moor?

Mary

I'm lost,

Vicar

Where are you going?

Mary

Jamaica Inn.

Vicar

That's the other side of the moor, but you're **exhausted!** Come back with me. You can rest and I'll take you back.

Mary

You're very kind.

Mary narrator

He looks strange. His hair is white, and his eyes are pale. His voice is young, though.

Vicar

I'm Francis Davey, Vicar of Altarnun. Please, come.

Vicar

Are you feeling better now?

Mary

Yes, thank you.

Mary narrator

He has white hair and his eyes are like a blind man's – and yet his voice is gentle.

Vicar

It was lucky I ran into you. Why were you on the moor tonight?

Mary narrator

Suddenly I want to tell him everything.

Mary

It's terrible! You've probably heard **rumours**. They come at night, with their wagons. That first night there were six or seven of them. They brought huge boxes - they put them in a room by the bar. A man was killed: I saw the rope - Oh! What have I done? I shouldn't have said anything!

Vicar

Don't worry – **I won't tell anyone if you don't want me to.**

Mary

But what should I do?

Vicar

Wait. Watch your uncle. **When the wagons come, tell me immediately.**

Mary

What about the man who was killed? Can't we do something about that?

Vicar

I think not. **If there was a body, the police would surely investigate** – but that's unlikely now. Could it be your imagination? All you saw was a piece of rope.

Mary

I heard my uncle **threaten** him.

Vicar

People threaten others every day. Listen. You can talk to me any time.

Mary narrator

He drives me home. My uncle has been drinking. He stays drunk for five days. Today it's sunny, so I am out on the moor again.

Mary

Where do these **ponies** come from?

Jem

Hey! Mary!

Mary

Oh, hello!

Jem

I didn't expect you so soon!

Mary

I didn't plan to come this way.

Jem

So what's been happening at Jamaica Inn?

Mary

We had a visit from Mr Bassat.

Jem

Did you now?, How much do you know Mary?

Mary

I just want to get my aunt away. Your brother can drink himself to death for all I care.

Jem

So the smuggling doesn't shock you? What about murder, though?

Mary

I don't know what you mean.

Jem

Why are you so silent, Mary? Even a child would know something was going on at Jamaica Inn. 'We're bad, us Merlyns - and Jem is the worst.' Is that what you're thinking?

Mary

Something like that, but I'm not afraid of you. **I'd even like you if you didn't remind me of your brother.**

Jem

I'm better looking!

Mary

I must get back.

Jem

Are you coming with me to Launceston on Christmas Eve? I want to sell this pony.

Mary

And if you're caught selling a stolen pony, I'll go to prison like you...

Jem

I won't be caught...Come, don't you like a bit of excitement?

Mary

Well... Where shall we meet?

Mary narrator

It's late when I get back and my uncle is lying drunk in the kitchen – surrounded by empty bottles. My aunt is in bed.

Joss

Who's there? Put away that knife!

Mary

Uncle Joss, it's me, Mary.

Joss

Mary, where are they?

Mary

There's no one here. What's wrong, Uncle Joss?

Joss

They can't hurt me now. They're all dead. Sit by me, Mary. It's this drink! I've killed men with my own hands. **But when I'm drunk I'm afraid.** I see them in my dreams, floating on the water. The ship. It was on the rocks but the water was flat and they were coming into the shore alive! We had to kill them all. One woman – she was holding on to some wood with her child. The water was only up to her shoulder. She cried out to me to help her. I took a

stone and smashed her with it. I watched her and her child **drown** in four feet of water. We killed them all with stones and rocks.

Mary narrator

My blood turns cold, and I feel sick. My uncle is a murderer, that I suspected, but what he has just told me **chills me to the bone**. What terrible crime will he carry out next?

Join me next time when I go to the horse market with Jem, but things don't go to plan.

Vocabulary

sacks

large strong bags which are used to store things

disturb

to upset badly

storm out

leave a room quickly and angrily

rumour

information or a story that people talk about but that may not be true

threaten

tell someone you will hurt them

ponies (singular: pony)

small horses

drown

die under water because you can't breathe

chills me to the bone

frightens me very much