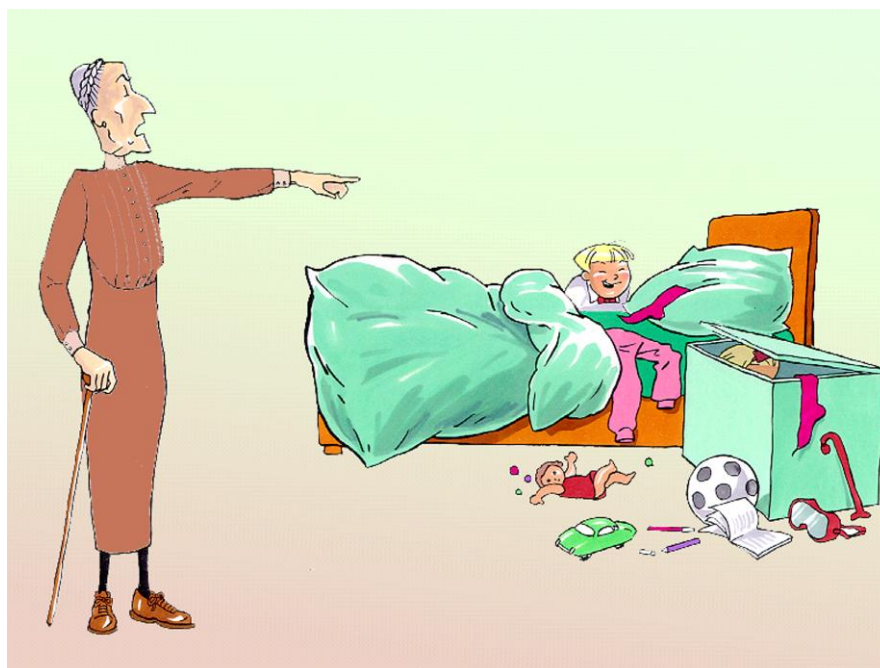


Rose Thorn: A governess who governs



Miss Thorn: *This bedroom is a mess!*

*I think **I'll** ask the children to clean it now. Annabel, Joseph, **will you** go to your bedroom immediately?*

***I won't** tolerate disobedience!*

*Clean your bedroom or **I'll** punish you!*

***I'll** watch you put these clothes back in the wardrobe.*

***You'll** need to make your beds.*

*These toys **won't** get back into the trunk by themselves!*

*Well, where are you? **Shall I** punish you?*

*Hurry up! When you've finished cleaning the bedroom, **I'll** supervise your holiday studies.*



Nan: *Did you hear? You **have to** make your bed!*

Joe: *You **have to** make your bed as well.*

*You also **must** put the toys back in the trunk!*

Nan: *And you **must** put away your clothes!*

Joe: *You **have to** do it too !*

Nan: *And you'll **have to** do lots of schoolwork!*

Joe: *So will you!*

Nan: *You'll **have to** read lots of boring books!*

Joe: *And you'll **have to** do lots of boring sums!*

Nan: *I can't bear it! We **must** put an end to it!*



Rose Thorn: I protest!



Miss Thorn: *This room is a mess!*
Nan: *I bet you we'll **have to** tidy it!*
Joe: *I think you're right!*
Miss Thorn: *Where are you? Stop whispering! Children **must** be seen and not heard!*
Joe: *How old-fashioned!*
Nan: *I'm not putting up with that!*
Miss Thorn: *Come here immediately! Do I **have to** punish you?*
Nan: *Do we **have to** obey?*
Joe: *It would probably be better.*
Miss Thorn: *You have half an hour to clean your bedroom before your lessons.*
Nan: *She's a real pain!*
Joe: *We **have to** get rid of her!*

Nan: *She **must** go!*
Joe: *She **can't** stay any longer!*
Nan: *She **must have been** an awful school teacher!*
Joe: *She **can't have been** much loved by her pupils...*
Nan: *We **must** do something!*
Joe: *Let's go and talk about it with Great-aunt Nan.*
Nan: *You're right! She **can't** let our holiday be spoilt in this way!*

Rose Thorn: A real watchdog



Miss Thorn: Ah ! This is Cerberus, the guard dog.

Cerberus: What does she want?

Miss Thorn: What a lively expression ! He **must** want a little chat with me...

Cerberus: She **must** be joking! Grrr...

Miss Thorn: Oh ! What lovely big teeth!



Cerberus: She **can't** want a bite, surely!

Miss Thorn: What strong muscles ! What a noble stance !

Cerberus: I'll show her how I mark my territory.

Miss Thorn: Oh dear ! He's spraying Lady Snooty's blue roses!

Cerberus! Stop! You **can't** do that!

Cerberus: Too late!

Miss Thorn: Come on Cerberus, sit! You **must** sit!

Cerberus: Why should I?



Miss Thorn: Alright then, beg Cerberus, beg!

Cerberus: Is she calling me a beggar? I **can't** put up with that!

Miss Thorn: Cerberus, stop! Don't bite! Help! Eustache! Lord Snooty!

Rose Thorn: The children's lament



Nan: Great aunt! Great aunt! **Could** you tell Miss Thorn to go away? She's too bossy! We **can't** have any fun when she's around. She always want us to clean our bedroom!

Lady Snooty: But, my darlings, she's quite right to ask you. You **can't** leave your room in a mess!

Joe: Oh ! But Great aunt ! She is so fussy! She wants us to keep our toys in the trunk all the time!

Lady Snooty: Well, dear, you must learn to take care of your things **to be able to** go to boarding school next year...

Nan: But we **can't** play! And she always gives us school work to do anyway!

Lady Snooty: Well, my sweet, **can** you see that this will make your next school year easier?

Joe: But all she gives us to do is spelling, sums and reading boring old books!

Lady Snooty: But my lamb, it's very useful **to be able to** write and count well.

Joe: «You **can't** do this! You must do that!»

Nan: « Or else you'll be punished! »

Joe: Why **can't** we have a holiday?

Nan: We need to play!

Joe: We need to go out!

Nan: We even need to be naughty sometimes.

Please, Great aunt, are you **able to** do anything about it? **Can** you help?



Rose Thorn: An excellent education ...



Lord Snooty: Well, Miss Thorn, how are the children?

Miss Thorn: In need of discipline, My Lord.

Lord Snooty: Certainly! Children **can** be right little beasts without discipline.

Miss Thorn: I **cannot** agree more! They need to be obedient.

Lord Snooty: Of course! They **can't** skip around doing as they please.

Miss Thorn: Naturally! And they must **be able to** tidy their room and spell properly.

Lord Snooty: Absolutely! **Could** you make sure that they improve in all these areas?

Miss Thorn: You **can** depend on me, My Lord. I keep them under tight control.

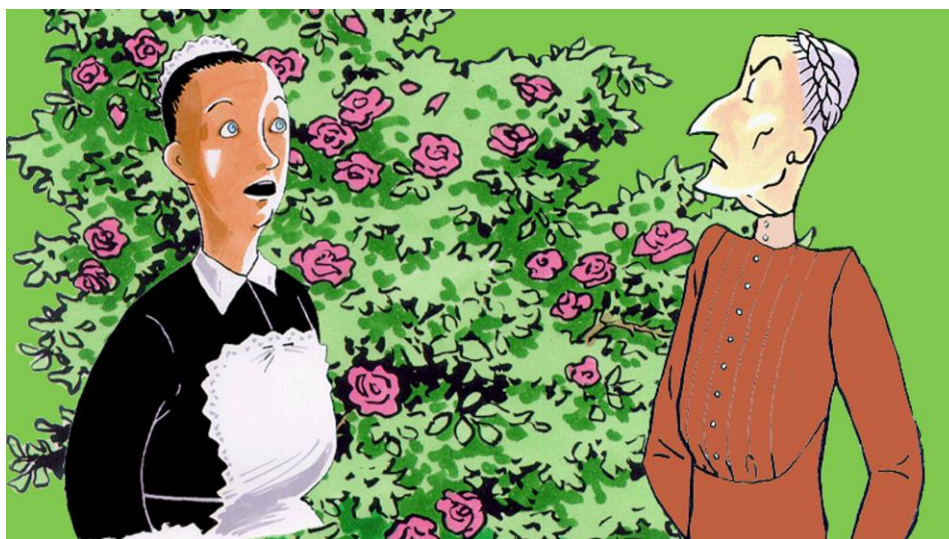


Lord Snooty: What's happening?
What's this noise ?

Ivy: My Lord ! My Lord!
The children have
taken your car!



Rose Thorn: Friction



Miss Thorn: Ivy! **Would** you put away the parasols before it rains? And wait until I come back to decide tomorrow's menu with me.

Ivy: Alright Miss.

Miss Thorn: You **should** have put my mattress on the window-sill to air!

Ivy: But Miss... The rain...

Miss Thorn: Well then, cut a few roses and put them in the big vase in the hall. It **would** make the place a bit brighter!



Ivy: But Miss, **shouldn't** Lady Snooty be in charge of the flowers?

Miss Thorn: I'm afraid that's not for you to decide! What are things coming to? There was a time when servants **would** do what they were told!

Ivy: I wish she **would** go away!

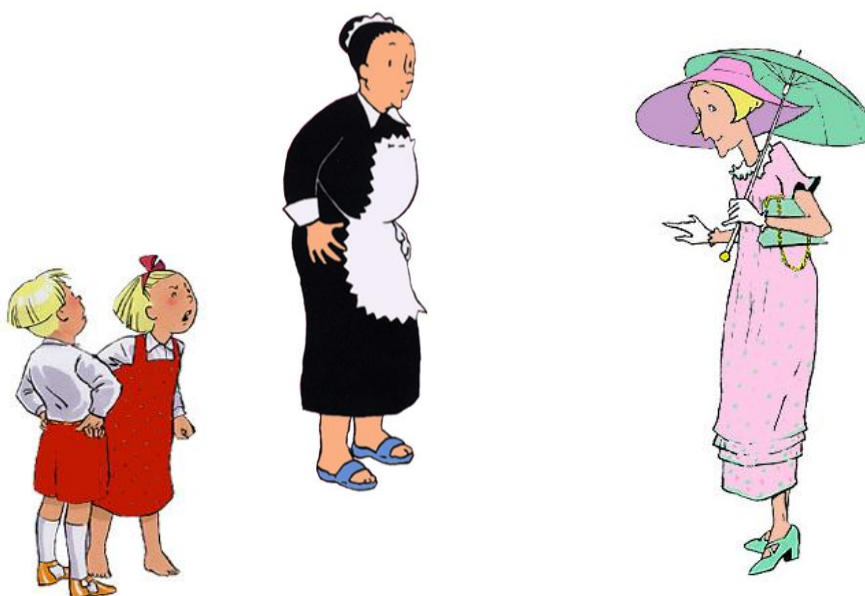
Miss Thorn: What did you say? Speak up!

Ivy: I said: «I'll do my best, Miss»

Miss Thorn: Really? It will make a change then! You **should** be working harder. This is not a holiday, you know!

Ivy: I've had enough! I **shouldn't** have to put up with her. I'll go and complain to Lady Snooty.

Rose Thorn: Recriminations



Ivy: M' Lady, **may** I have a word? It's about Miss Thorn. She **might** be the governess here, but that doesn't give her the right to order me about or criticise my work. She **might** do better to concentrate on her own job, rather than telling me how to do mine!

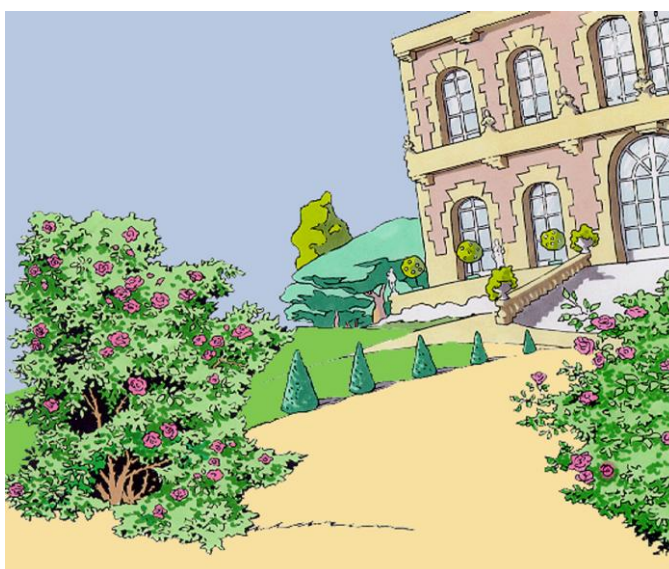
Lady Snooty: Well, well, how strange... Why would she want to supervise your work?

Ivy: I **may** give you my notice if she keeps on harrassing me. Please, ask her to stop, or else to go!

Nan: Yes, Great Aunt, we want her to go too. **Might** she be sent away?

Joe: It **might** be a good idea to get rid of her. She annoys everybody!!

Lady Snooty: Alright my dears, I'll speak to her, but you'll have to be a bit more patient. She **may** improve! I would be sorry to lose her. She knows so much about flowers!



Rose Thorn: A (very bad) surprise!



Miss Thorn is taking a walk in the park of Bellevue Manor while the children do some revision. She thinks that they **should** be more obedient, so she has given them a list of dates to learn as a punishment. She **would have** given them lines as well, but she wants them to have time to do some sums.

«She **should** come back soon», says Joe. Despite the fact that they are a little bit afraid of Miss Thorn, the children have prepared a rather unpleasant surprise for her: Nan soaked an old sponge in water. Joe climbed on a chair and balanced the sponge on top of the study door. If Miss Thorn opens the door, the sponge **should** fall on her head.

They **would** love Miss Thorn to come back now. «**I'd** prefer to know when she's coming so that I can be prepared» says Joe, so they go to the open window and try to see where she is. Miss Thorn is in the garden and she catches sight of the children at the window. «Have you learnt your dates already?», she shouts. «I **should** have given you more! Come down immediately and I'll give you a test!»

But Nan and Joe just stand there laughing. Miss Thorn is furious. «I **wouldn't** laugh if I were you», she screams. «Wait until I get there!». She rushes up the stairs, while the children take their position near the door. «It **shouldn't** be long now! », says Nan.



Rose Thorn: Other complaints!



Lady Snooty: *Good afternoon, my dear Miss Thorn. Are you enjoying the good weather? You **might** think of taking the children for a picnic. But you look upset. **May** I do something for you?*

Rose Thorn: *Ah ! Lady Snooty! I understand that children should enjoy their holiday, but this is not an excuse for bad behaviour and stupid jokes. You **mightn't** be aware of the extent of Joe and Annabel's misconduct, but I have to tell you that they are confined to their bedroom until they apologise for their latest prank.*

Lady Snooty: *Oh dear! I'm so sorry! I **might** be able to help. I'll go and talk to them immediately and make sure that you receive a full apology. **May** I assume that the state of your hair is the result of the children's deplorable behaviour?*



Rose Thorn: An unwanted bath ...!



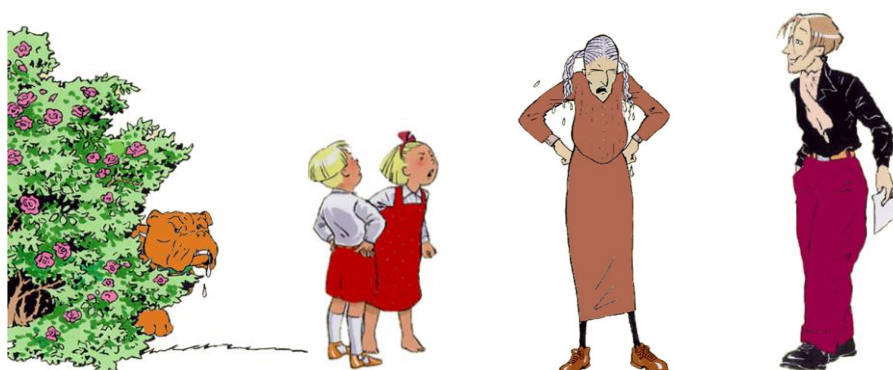
Miss Thorn, still furious because of the sponge incident, strides into the park. How **could** the children behave in that way?! She **won't** accept their apology unless they really grovel. She tramps towards the lake, slips on wet leaves and falls in the water. Unfortunately, Miss Thorn excellent education did not include swimming lessons....

«Help, help, Eustache!», screams the governess, hoping that the gardener **can** hear her. Eustache doesn't respond, but Cerberus does! The dog jumps into the water and swims towards Miss Thorn. When he reaches her, he tries to push her towards the shore and he **might** have been successful if she hadn't panicked. However, she grabs Cerberus round the neck and thrashes about so much that he is not **able to** help. In fact, unless someone comes to their help quickly, they **will** both drown!

It's then that the children, who were looking for the governess to apologise, arrive at the lake. «Help! I **can't** swim!», screams Miss Thorn. «We **have to** find a long branch and pull her out!» says Nan. They hold the branch towards Miss Thorn. «You **should** stop thrashing about and hold on to this», shouts Joe, «We **will** pull you out!»

Miss Thorn takes hold of the branch, but the dog bites into it and holds on too. «Cerberus, let go of the branch, you **can** swim!» exclaim Joe. But the dog is too exhausted to swim and he **won't** let go. «They're so heavy, I don't know how long we'll be **able to** hold on», pants Nan.

Meanwhile Simon, his nose stuck in a book, is approaching the lake. He is looking for a quiet place where he **might** read in peace. When he hears the commotion, he rushes to the rescue. He pulls on the branch until Miss Thorn and Cerberus s are **able to** stand on firm ground. They are saved!



Rose Thorn: Entente cordiale

Lady Snooty, the children and their governess have agreed to sign a list of promises that they intend to keep.



I, Lady Snooty, promise that I **shall** take more care of my relatives than of my roses.



We, Annabel (Nan) and Joe have agreed to the following:

- We **won't** play stupid tricks on people
- We **must** read at least one book during the holidays
- We **will** be respectful of others



I, Rose Thorn, agree that:

- I **cannot** tell other adults how to do their job
- I **should** only punish children if they've been really naughty
- People, including myself, **may** take a holiday from time to time.

