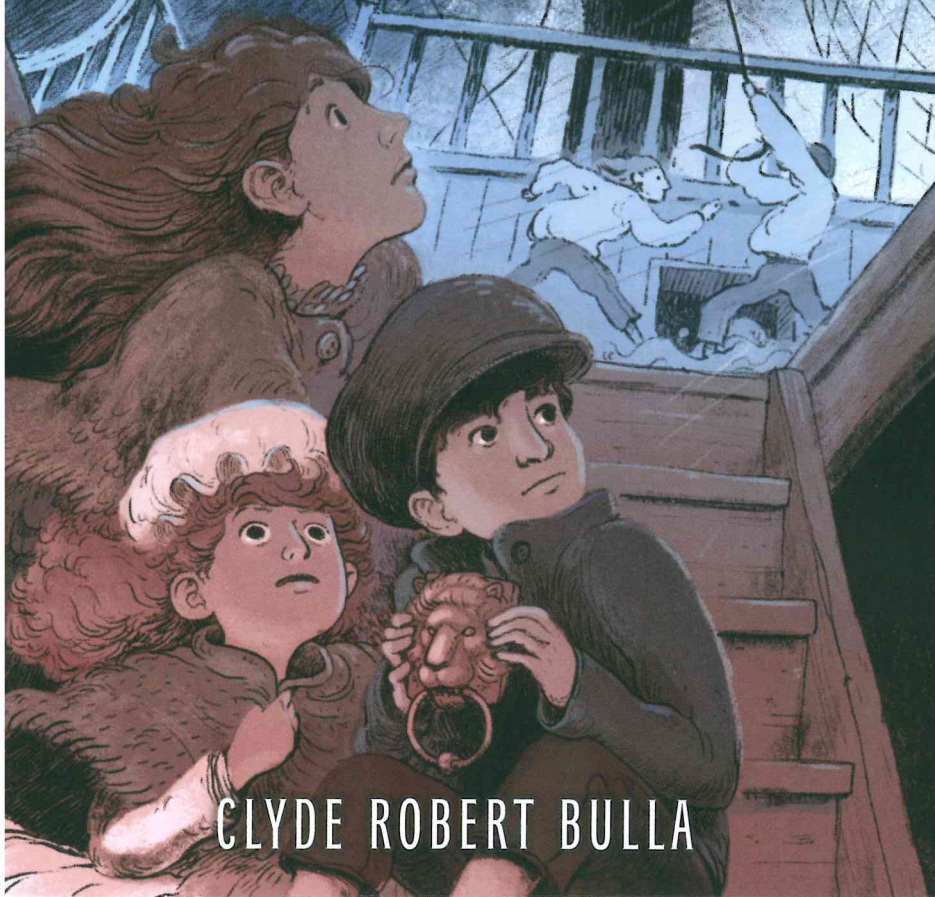


In such a big world, can a small family stay together?

A LION TO GUARD US



CLYDE ROBERT BULLA

To Marilyn Kriney

A Lion to Guard Us

Text copyright © 1981 by Clyde Robert Bulla

Illustrations copyright © 1981 by Michele Chessare

All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information address HarperCollins Children's Books, a division of HarperCollins Publishers, 195 Broadway, New York, NY 10007.

www.harpercollinschildrens.com

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Bulla, Clyde Robert

A lion to guard us.

Summary: Left on their own in London, three impoverished children draw upon all their resources to stay together and make their way to the Virginia colony in search of their father.

I. Chessare, Michelle.

II. Title.

PZ7.B912 Li 1981

[Fic]

80-2455

ISBN 978-0-06-440333-7

20 21 22 PC/BRR 62



Revised paperback edition, 2018

Contents

I	<i>The Sailor Man</i>	I
II	<i>A Story</i>	7
III	<i>Dr. Crider</i>	14
IV	<i>Time and Work</i>	20
V	<i>The House on Philpot Lane</i>	25
VI	<i>Out the Door</i>	30
VII	<i>Night People</i>	35
VIII	<i>A Piece of Luck</i>	41
IX	<i>A Great World</i>	45
X	<i>The Sea Adventure</i>	49
XI	<i>The Hold</i>	55
XII	<i>Near the Sea</i>	59
XIII	<i>The Devil Doll</i>	65

XIV	<i>Brass or Gold?</i>	68
XV	<i>The Storm</i>	72
XVI	<i>Asbore</i>	79
XVII	<i>The Island</i>	82
XVIII	<i>The Smallest House</i>	87
XIX	<i>A Fire at Night</i>	92
XX	<i>A Quarrel</i>	96
XXI	<i>Waiting for Jemmy</i>	100
XXII	<i>The Other Side of the Island</i>	105
XXIII	<i>The Lion's Head</i>	110

The Sailor Man

On a February morning in the year 1609, a small, thin-faced man made his way over London Bridge. He wore a leather jacket and a blue wool stocking cap. His clothes were splashed with mud, and mud sucked at his shoes. He could hardly see for the cold rain in his face.

He had been looking for Fish Street, and here it was, at the end of London Bridge. Now he was looking for a house on Fish Street—a great stone house not far from the bridge.

Here was one with tall chimneys and many windows. It must be the house, he thought. He went around to the back.

A plump, pretty maid opened the door.

"Would this be the Trippett house?" he asked.

She looked at his muddy clothes. "What do you want?"

"A word with Mistress Freebold, if she's about."

"Mistress Freebold? Oh, you mean Annie. You can't see her," said the maid. "She's sick abed."

"Could you just let her know there's someone here from America—?"

"America?" The maid stared into his face. "Then you must be—" She was gone. He heard her crying out, "Amanda, Amanda!"

Someone came running. Someone cried, "Father!" and a girl was there. She looked no more than ten or eleven—a pale little thing with great, dark eyes.

She stopped. She said in bitter disappointment, "You're not my father."

"I shouldn't think so," said the man.

"Ellie said you were from America, and she thought—I thought—"

"So you're James Freebold's girl," he said.

"One of them. I'm Amanda." She asked quickly, "Do you know my father?"

"I do, and I saw him not many weeks ago. We were together in America, in the colony of Virginia. I'm a sailor, you see, and my ship was there—"

"And you saw him." Her eyes were bright again. "Was he well? What did he say?"

"He was well enough, for all I could see. He'd built a house in Jamestown. That's the only town there. When my ship sailed, he asked if I'd stop for a word with his family in London. He thinks of you each day. He prays you will all be together before another year is out."

Tears came to her eyes. "When you see him, will you tell him—?"

"I'll not be seeing him again," the man broke in. "It's a long, hard voyage to Virginia. I'll not be going back."

"Oh," she said.

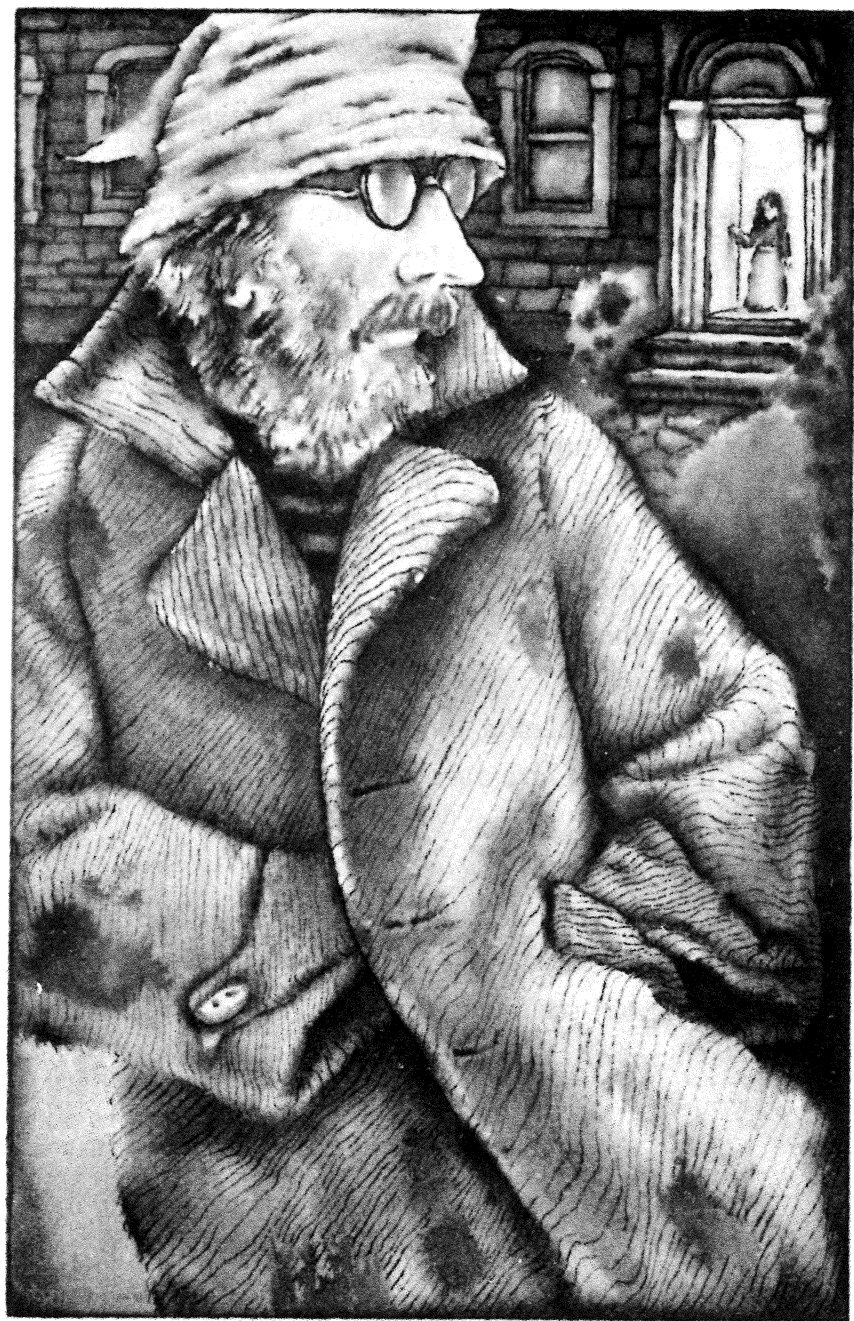
Someone was calling, "Amanda!"

"You're wanted," he said. "I'll take my leave."

"But you'll come again?"

He shook his head. "I've told my tale. Good-day to you."

He left her. He was gone, and she didn't know his name or where to find him again, and there were



a hundred things she hadn't asked. She hadn't even said thank you.

She took a step after him, but Cook's voice called her back. "*A-man-da!*"

She closed the door. She went down the long, cold hall and into the kitchen.

Cook was at the table, beating eggs. Her face was red. Her cap was over one eye.

"Who gave you leave to stand in the door and talk all day?" she said. "Who was that man?"

Ellie the maid came out of the pantry. "Oh, Amanda, was it your father?"

The door to the back stairs opened. A small boy put his head out. "Was it Father?" he asked.

"Jemmy!" cried Amanda. "You know you're not to come in here. No, it wasn't Father."

His head disappeared, and the door closed.

Amanda told Cook and Ellie, "It was a sailor man back from Virginia. He saw my father there. He *talked* to him. Father is well—and he's built a house—and he thinks of us—"

Cook gave a snort. "He does, does he? He thinks of you so much that he sails off and leaves you for three whole years."

"Oh, that's cruel!" said Ellie.

"Hold your tongue, miss," said Cook, "and Amanda, you get back to your work."

She went off into the pantry.

As soon as Cook was gone, Amanda opened the door to the back stairs. The small boy was sitting on the steps. A smaller girl sat beside him.

"It wasn't Father. It was a sailor man," Amanda said. "But he *saw* Father. Just think of that. I'll tell you about it tonight."

"Will it be a story?" asked the boy.

"It will be *like* a story," said Amanda, and she shut the door.

A Story

Mistress Trippett and all her family had had their supper. The servants had been fed. Amanda was in the kitchen alone.

She had just washed the pots and pans and hung them over the fireplace to dry. She looked in at her brother and sister on the back stairs. They were asleep. Jemmy's head was against the wall. Meg's head was against his shoulder.

It hurt her to see them there, like two puppies that nobody wanted. Why couldn't they come into the kitchen and be warm?

But Cook wouldn't have it.

"They'd be under our feet," she said. "They've got their own room. Let them stay in it."

Amanda had stood up to her. "They're not to be shut away in a room all day. It's bad enough to leave them on the stairs. But at least they're next to the kitchen where they won't be so lonely."

She looked at them sleeping there. Jemmy was getting to be a big boy. He would be a fine, strong man like his father. But Meg was too small, too thin.

Amanda woke them. She gave them their supper—beef stew with bread and butter.

"Eat," she said, "while I go to Mother."

Mother was in a room down the hall. Once all four of them had lived in the room. It had been almost like a home.

Now it was a sickroom. The little ones could not stay there. Mistress Trippett had put them into a tiny room in the back of the house, and they slept there at night.

Sometimes Amanda slept with them. Sometimes she sat up all night—half-asleep, half-awake—by her mother's bed.

She carried a lighted candle to the sickroom.



Mother lay with her eyes closed. She had not left her bed since the day before Christmas. That was the day she had fallen on the stairs.

But she had been ill long before that.

Amanda sat by the bed and took her mother's hand. She began to tell her about the man who had come from America, but she soon stopped.

"Why do you talk to her?" Cook had said. "It's like talking to the wall. She doesn't even know you're there."

And it did seem to be true.

Ellie looked in. "Do you want me to sit for a while?"

"Oh, *would* you, Ellie? I want to put the little ones to bed and talk to them a bit."

Amanda went back to Jemmy and Meg. They had eaten their supper. She took them to their room.

They had a pallet for a bed. Mistress Trippett had given them some covers. One was a piece of red velvet curtain, faded and old. Jemmy liked to wear it for a cloak and play the fine gentleman.

Amanda put the candle on the floor. She sat in the middle of the pallet. Jemmy and Meg lay down on either side. She tucked the covers about them to keep out the cold.

"Now," she said, "I'll tell you a story."

"About Father and the lion?" asked Jemmy.

"I've told you that," she said. "I've told you and told you."

"No, you haven't," he said. "Not for a long time."

So Amanda began, "Once a man came to London to seek his fortune."

"That's Father," said Jemmy.

"Yes," she said.

"His name was James Freebold," said Jemmy.

"That's my name, too. That's my real name."

"He met a beautiful maiden with golden hair—"

"That's Mother," said Jemmy.

"—and they were married and had three children."

"Three *fine* children," said Jemmy.

"James Freebold was a carpenter. He could build houses. Do you remember the house we used to have? He built it for us—"

"I know," said Jemmy. "Tell the story."

"There is a land called America," said Amanda. "Some call it the New World. It's across the sea, and it's a beautiful land with rivers and trees and birds. Indians live there, and they wear feathers and shoot with bows and arrows. Some men asked Father

to go there with them to help build houses. They were going to build houses and towns and live in America in a place called—”

“Virginia,” said Meg.

“Yes. You like that name, don’t you, Meggie? Father said even if we were poor in London, we would be rich in Virginia. We would have our own fields and gardens. Remember the song he used to sing?” She sang very softly:

*There are lands a-calling me
From across the wide, blue sea,
And I’ll find a home one day
In a fair land far away.*

“Tell the story,” said Jemmy.

“Well, you and Meg and I had to wait with Mother. Virginia was a wild place. It wasn’t ready for women and children. Father went ahead, and we moved to Mistress Trippett’s, because Mother worked there.”

“You didn’t tell it all,” said Jemmy.

“Yes, I did.”

“No. You left out the lion.”

“Oh,” said Amanda. “There was a door knocker

on the house where we used to live. Before Father went away, he took it off and gave it to us."

"He gave it to me," said Jemmy.

"He gave it to us all. It was a lion's head. He said it was a lion to guard us while he was gone."

Jemmy said again, "He gave it to me." From under the covers he took out a small lion's head made of brass. A brass bar hung from its mouth. He swung the bar back and forth.

"Don't you want to hear about the sailor man?" asked Amanda. "He was here today. He'd been to Virginia, and he saw Father there. Father has a house, and he wants us to come."

"When?"

"We have to wait."

"Why?"

"For Mother to get well. Now go to sleep. You, too, Meg."

She waited until they were asleep before she slipped out of bed. She picked up the candle and went back to Mother's room.

III

Dr. Crider

Ellie said the next morning, "It's been awhile since Mistress came downstairs. This might be the day."

At least once a week Mistress Trippett surprised them in the kitchen to make sure that all was neat and no one was idle.

And just after breakfast, they heard the click of her heels on the front stairs.

"I told you!" whispered Ellie.

The servants stood like soldiers. Mistress Trippett came down into the kitchen. She looked small, even in her high heels and her tall, red wig. Her eyes were like little black beads.



She swept through the kitchen. She peered into the pantry and the cupboards. She opened the door to the back stairs.

Amanda held her breath. Jemmy and Meg were there. Once Mistress Trippett had called them idle brats. But today she almost smiled as she shut the door.

"The children have grown," she said. "How old is the boy?"

"Eight, ma'am," answered Amanda.

"And the girl?"

"Only five, ma'am." Suddenly Amanda felt bold. "Do you think they might come into the kitchen?"

"Why, certainly," said Mistress Trippett, and she swept off upstairs.

Cook's face was like stone. "I'll not have those brats under my feet."

"You will if Mistress says so," said Ellie.

Cook struck at her with a spoon. Ellie jumped out of the way.

Cook suddenly shouted at Amanda, "Don't stand there like a noddy. Fetch some water!"

Amanda took up the water pail and ran.

The pump was on the street, two doors down.

She pumped the pail full. It was a heavy, wooden pail. Filled with water, it was as much as she could lift. Every few steps she had to put it down.

Someone came up beside her. "Amanda!" said a voice.

A man was there. He was dressed in black. His beard was gray, and there were little lines about his mouth that gave him a friendly look.

"Good-day, Dr. Crider," she said.

"Child, you can't carry that." He tried to take the pail, but she held on to it with both hands.

"Thank you, sir, but they wouldn't like it if you carried the water."

"Who wouldn't?"

"Cook and Mistress Trippett."

"They needn't know."

"Mistress looks out the window. She might be looking now. Besides, it's *my* work."

"Why?"

"I'm taking Mother's place." Amanda carried the pail a few steps and set it down again. "Are you here to see Mother?"

"Yes," he said. "How is she?"

"Better, I think. Today she looked brighter."

"Amanda, don't you have a father?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "He's in America."

"America! I never knew that," he said in surprise. "Did he go to the colony in Virginia?"

"Yes, sir. He's in Jamestown."

"America. The New World," said Dr. Crider. "That's an old dream of mine. If I were a young man, I'd be there today."

"We are all going there—my mother and brother and sister and I," she told him. "We're going as soon as Mother is well."

"Are you, indeed?" he said. They had come to the house, and they parted there. He went to the front door, she to the back.

It was more than a week before she saw him again.

Late one afternoon she thought she heard his voice in the hall. She asked Ellie, "Is the doctor here?"

Ellie looked at Cook. They both looked at her, and neither spoke.

"I want to see him," said Amanda. "May I go?"

"Finish your work," said Cook.

The kitchen began to grow dark. Amanda was lighting candles when Dr. Crider came into the

room. He looked tired. The lines in his face were deeper.

"Amanda—" he said.

"Yes, sir?"

"Will you come with me?"

She went with him into the hall. They were alone there.

"I must tell you something," he said.

She looked into his face.

"Amanda, your mother is dead."

She stood still.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I did what I could."

She felt as if she were choking. She put her hands to her mouth.

"Did you hear me, child?"

She nodded.

"Do you want me to tell your brother and sister?"

She tried to speak.

He asked again, "Did you hear me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"And shall I tell your brother and sister?"

She spoke then. "No, sir. It's for me to tell them."

IV

Time and Work

Mistress Trippett said, "It's a sad thing, but time and work will help you forget. Time and work, Amanda."

"Yes, ma'am," said Amanda.

She did her work. That helped her through the days. But at night she lay awake. She tried to think, and she asked herself, What's to be done? What's to be done now?

One day she went out back to feed the chickens. Jemmy and Meg were at work in the garden, clearing off the dry weeds and sticks. Jemmy had been raking. He had left the rake in the path, and Amanda tripped over it.

"Why don't you watch where you leave things!" she shouted. She caught hold of Jemmy and shook him.

His mouth fell open. He looked hurt and surprised.

She ran back into the house. She was almost crying as she bumped into Ellie in the hall.

"I shook Jemmy," she said. "What ever made me do it? I'm the one to look after him and Meg, and I—"

"You *do* look after them," said Ellie.

"No! I don't mend their clothes. I never talk to them anymore—"

Ellie said, "Don't be putting blame on yourself. Life is hard for you now. When you lose someone it's like—like having to find your way again."

Amanda grew quiet. It was true, what Ellie had said.

That night, in bed with Jemmy and Meg, she left the candle burning. She said, "Who wants a story?"

"You said you didn't know any," said Jemmy.

"I didn't, but now I do."

"Is it about Father?" he asked.

"It's more about two sisters and their brother."

"That's you and Meggie and I," he said.

"And one of the sisters was a crosspatch," said Amanda.

"That's you," said Jemmy.

"She'd lost her way," said Amanda.

"What?"

"She'd lost her way, but she found it again, so she wasn't a crosspatch anymore."

"Is that all the story?" he asked.

"No. The brother and sisters lived in the city of London in the country of England. And one day—do you know what they did?"

"What?" he said.

"They went away. They left the city of London and the country of England. They left it all behind them."

He sat up. "Where did they go?"

"They got on a big ship, and they sailed to America. They saw a town. That was Jamestown. They saw a man, and he came to meet them."

"Father!" said Jemmy.

"Father," said Meg.

"When are we going?" asked Jemmy.

"I don't know yet," said Amanda, "but we *are* going. We *are*!"

In the morning she asked Cook, "If it please you, may I go outside?"

"No," said Cook. "Where?"

"To the next street over."

"What's on the next street over?"

"It's where the Virginia Company is."

"The Virginia Company? What may that be?"

"It's the company that sends out ships to America."

"And what's that to you?"

"Jemmy and Meg and I—we're going," said Amanda.

Cook gave a snort. "And I'm going to fly to the moon!"

"If it please you," said Amanda, "the house is on Philpot Lane. That's only a step away. I'll be back in no time at all."

"No, you won't," said Cook, "because you're not going."

All morning Amanda worked. She swept and scrubbed. She mixed the bread and peeled the onions.

Toward noon, Cook shouted in her ear, "You've let the water pail go empty again!"

Amanda took up the pail and ran with it. Outside the back door she looked behind her. No one was watching.

She set the pail behind a currant bush. She picked up her skirts and went flying down the alley.

The House on Philpot Lane

Amanda went straight to the big brick house on Philpot Lane. No one answered her knock. She tried the door, and it opened. She went into a large room where men sat at tables. They were writing, and she could hear the scratch of pens on paper.

She chose the man with the kindest face. "If it please you," she said, "can you tell me about the ships that sail to Virginia?"

He kept on writing. It looked as if he were setting down figures and adding them up.

"I was here once with my mother," she told him. "We wanted to go to Virginia because my father

is there. A man said to come back later."

She thought he hadn't heard. She made ready to say it all again. But he had stopped writing.

"Your father's name?" he asked.

"James Freebold."

He opened a book and ran his finger down the pages. "Yes, he's here."

"We want to go on the next ship," she said.

"There will be ships going next month," he said.

"How many are you?"

"Three."

"Your names?"

"Jemmy and Meg, and I'm Amanda."

"Is Meg your mother?"

"No, sir. My mother is dead. Meg is my sister."

"How old is your sister?"

"Five."

"How old is Jemmy?"

"Eight."

"But—you're only children. You can't go to the New World with no one to look after you."

"I can look after us."

"No, that won't do. We might find someone to look after you on the voyage, but that would take money—"

"I have money," she said.

"How much?"

"I don't know, but—"

"See here, little girl, this is a busy place, and I'm a busy man." He dipped his pen into the ink and went back to writing.

"Please—" she began, but he didn't speak to her or look at her again.

She went home. The pail was still behind the currant bush. She took it to the pump and filled it.

When she carried it into the kitchen, Cook asked, "What kept you?"

Amanda set down the pail of water.

"You went to that place, didn't you?" asked Cook. "Didn't you?"

"Yes," said Amanda.

"Wait till I tell Mistress Trippett."

"I'm going to tell her myself." Amanda started upstairs.

Cook gave a scream. "You can't go up the front stairs!"

Amanda went on. She knocked at the door of Mistress Trippett's sitting room.

"Who is it?" came Mistress Trippett's voice.

"If it please you, ma'am—"

Mistress Trippett opened the door. Her wig was off. She looked angry. "What are *you* doing up here?"

"I wanted to tell you—I went to the house where the Virginia Company is."

"Well?"

"There are ships going to the New World next month."

"Well?"

"Jemmy and Meg and I—we're going."

Mistress Trippett's mouth was thin. "I thought you'd put that nonsense out of your head."

"Oh, no, ma'am. We have to go where Father is."

"Your father doesn't want you. He forgot about you long ago."

"No—" began Amanda.

"Even if he did want you, you'd be a fool to go. Virginia is a terrible place, full of wild Indians and wild beasts. All those tales about the New World and how wonderful it is—they're lies, all lies!"

"But we have to go—"

"You have to do nothing of the kind. I've fed you and put clothes on your back. I've given you

the best home you've ever had. Would you give up all this? Would you go starve in a strange land where you'd never come out alive?"

"Father—"

"What has your father done for you? Ask yourself that. Then ask yourself what *I've* done for you!" And Mistress Trippett slammed the door.

VI

Out the Door

That evening Amanda and Ellie met in the pantry. "I heard Mistress Trippett," said Ellie. "She doesn't want you to go."

"But she knew we were going to the New World," said Amanda. "Mother told her that when we came here."

"She thought you'd forget about it," said Ellie. "She wants to keep you here. You work hard, and you don't eat much. And Jemmy and Meg are coming on. She'll put them to work, too, and you'll all be working free."

"Oh!" said Amanda. "I forgot to ask about the money."

"Money?"

"When Father went away, he sold our house. He gave the money to Mother, and she kept it in a purse. Mistress Trippett has it."

"How do you know?"

"Mother had it on a string around her neck. That day she fell downstairs, Cook and I put her to bed. Mistress Trippett came in, and she took the purse. She said she was keeping it for us."

"You'd best forget about it."

"It's ours, and we need it," said Amanda. "Jemmy and Meg and I—we need it to go on the ship."

"Well, you'd best take care how you ask her," said Ellie. "She's already upset. You'd best wait a long time."

"We can't wait long. The ship sails next month."

But Amanda waited a week. Then she went back upstairs.

This time Mistress Trippett let her into the sitting room. Her oldest son, Randolph, was there. He was a roly-poly man with pale, fishy eyes.

He didn't look at Amanda. "I'll get my coat, Mother, and meet you downstairs," he said, and he went out.

Mistress Trippett was dressed for a party, in

cherry-colored silk. She smiled at herself in the mirror.

"I know why you're here," she said to Amanda. "You came to say you're sorry. You came to say you're going to be a good girl. And if you *are* a good girl, I'll forget the foolish things you said."

"Please, ma'am—"

"Well?" said Mistress Trippett. "I haven't much time."

"Please, ma'am," said Amanda, "will you give me the money?"

Mistress Trippett turned from the mirror. "*What?*"

"The money you kept for us."

"What's that you're saying? The *money*—?"

"It was in the little purse—around Mother's neck."

Mistress Trippett's face had gone white. "And who do you think paid the doctor? Who do you think gave you everything you have? Who do you think kept a roof over your head?"

"But I worked, ma'am," said Amanda, "and Mother, too, as long as she could."

"And now you say I stole your money!"

"I *never* said that!" cried Amanda.



But Mistress Trippett was past hearing. She picked up a book and threw it. It barely missed Amanda's head.

Randolph came running.

Mistress Trippett pointed at Amanda. "Get her out of here! Get her out, before I—"

Randolph seized Amanda and pushed her out of the room.

She ran down into the kitchen.

"What have you done?" asked Cook.

"What did you say to her?" asked Ellie.

"I only asked for the money," said Amanda.

Jemmy and Meg crept out from under the table.

"Amanda—" said Jemmy, and he sounded scared.

Randolph came down the stairs. He said to Cook, "Mother's fainted away. Go help her." He said to Ellie, "Run for the doctor." He saw Amanda. "You little pig, you're the cause of it all. Get out of this house, and take those brats with you. Get out, and don't ever show your face here again!"

He reached for her. He tripped over Jemmy and fell to his knees.

Amanda heard Ellie say, "Oh, run!"

She caught hold of Jemmy and Meg, and they ran, out the back door and into the night.

VII

Night People

They went toward the lights of London Bridge. Amanda could feel her heart thumping. She had a pain in her side from running so fast.

"Are we going over the bridge?" asked Jemmy.

"No," said Amanda.

There was trouble on the bridge. Two wagons had run into each other. One had lost a wheel. The drivers had gotten out and begun to fight.

Amanda led Jemmy and Meg away from the bridge. They saw an inn ahead. Lights shone from the windows. Jemmy pulled Amanda toward it. She pulled back. "We can't go there."

"Why?"

"It's only for those with money."

They walked along the river. On the riverbank, people were sitting about small fires.

"Who are they?" asked Jemmy.

"People with no homes," answered Amanda.

"Like us," said Jemmy.

Some of the people were cooking. The smell of food was in the air.

"I'm hungry," said Jemmy.

"You had your supper," said Amanda.

"I'm glad I'm not *very* hungry," he said.

They came to an old wooden pier. They walked out on it and sat down. The darkness hid them. They could hear the soft splash of the river below.

"Will they come after us?" asked Jemmy.

"No, unless—" A thought had come to Amanda.

"Unless Mistress Trippett dies. Then they'll say I'm to blame, and they'll come after me."

"What will they do if they find you?"

"Put me in jail."

"Would Meg and I go, too?"

"No."

"Where would we go?"

"Jemmy, hush."

"Where would we go, Amanda?"

"You'd go to a place where you work all day and half the night. When you're poor and don't have anywhere else to go, that's what you do."

"Meg's too little."

"So are you."

"No, I'm not. But I don't want to go there. I'd rather go to jail with you."

"We won't be going to jail," she said, "because they won't catch us."

"Where *are* we going?"

"I don't know yet, but we're going to stay together. Do you hear that, Jemmy? Do you hear, Meg?"

"I hear," he said.

Meg said nothing. She'd said nothing since they had left Mistress Trippett's.

Meg was too quiet, too *good*. All her life she'd been pushed away into corners. *Sit there, Meg. Don't move, Meg.* She'd never played like other children. She didn't know how.

A woman was coming slowly toward them with a lantern in her hand. She stopped at the pier, and

the light shone on her face. She was very old. Her eyes looked hollow and wild.

"Give me—give me," she said.

"We've nothing to give," said Amanda.

The old woman held the lantern high. She was looking at Meg.

"It's my little girl," she said.

"No," said Amanda.

The old woman came closer. "Don't you know me, dear?"

"Go away," said Amanda.

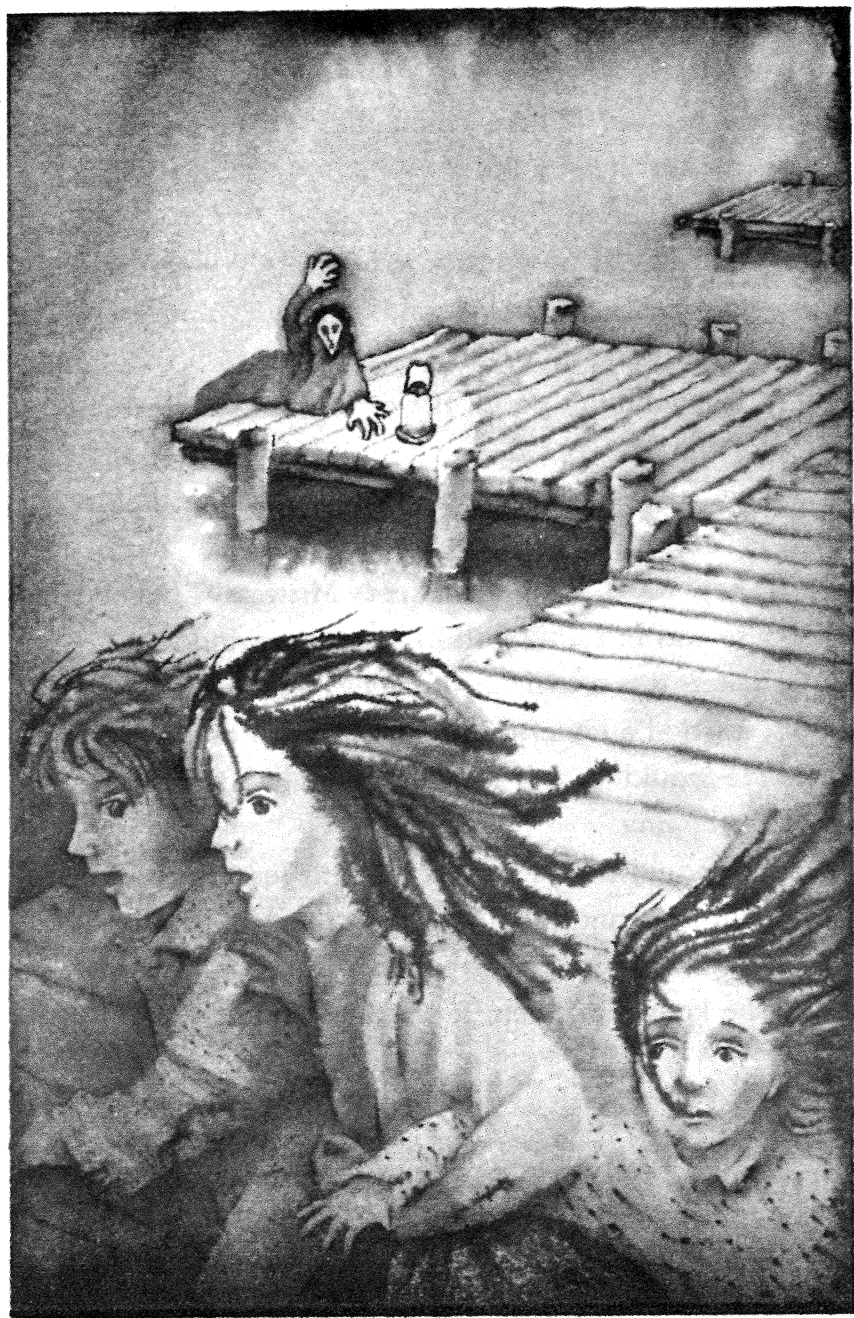
The old woman sat down beside them. She touched Meg's hair. "Come, dear, I'll take you home with me."

"Leave her alone!" Amanda pulled Meg away and took Jemmy's hand.

They left the pier. The old woman called after them, "Wait—wait!" but they didn't stop.

They walked back toward London Bridge. Now Amanda could see that the night people were everywhere. They were in alleys and doorways. They were part of the shadows.

The spring night was not cold, but Amanda was shivering. Where could they go to be away from



these people? Where could they go to be alone, to rest and sleep a little?

They came to Fish Street.

She said, "If we go back to Mistress Trippett's—"

"We can't go back," said Jemmy. "You know what Fat Randolph said."

"We wouldn't go in. If we went into the garden . . . No one goes there after dark. We could hide behind the chicken coops. In the morning, before it gets light, we could be gone."

They walked up the street. Mistress Trippett's house was in sight, with lights in the windows.

There was a man in the alley beside the house. He carried a lantern. He came toward them.

He would go by, Amanda thought. But no. He was stopping.

She could only stand there, with Jemmy holding one of her hands and Meg the other.

"Amanda—?" asked the man.

She knew him then. It was Dr. Crider.

A Piece of Luck

"I've been up and down the street looking for you," said the doctor. "It was a piece of luck I found you. Were you coming back to Mistress Trippett's?"

"No, sir—not to the house," answered Amanda. "Master Randolph put us out."

"So I heard," said Dr. Crider. "And where did Master Randolph think you might go, after dark in the middle of London?"

"We didn't know where to go," said Amanda. "I thought we might find a place behind the house."

"You'd better come with me," he said.

They walked together. The lantern bobbed along, lighting their way.

"If it please you—" began Amanda.

"Yes?"

"Did you see Mistress Trippett tonight?"

"I did. A girl came to fetch me. She said Mistress Trippett was in a faint."

"And she didn't die?"

"Die? Of course not. It was only a fit of temper."

They turned off Fish Street. They walked along a row of wooden houses. Dr. Crider stopped at one of them.

"Where are we?" asked Jemmy.

"I've brought you home with me," said Dr. Crider.

They went inside. A night lamp burned in the hallway.

The house was not poor, but neither was it fine. The rooms were small. The walls were bare.

"Have you had supper?" asked Dr. Crider.

"Yes, sir," answered Amanda.

"Then perhaps you'll sit with me while I have mine." He led them into the kitchen.

They all sat at the table while he drank a mug of milk and ate a cold meat pie. Amanda looked about the kitchen. With Dr. Crider's leave, she

thought, she would sweep up the crumbs. She would polish the copper pots and pans until they shone.

"They said you made Mistress Trippett fall in a faint," said the doctor. "Poor Mistress Trippett, what did you do to her?"

"I only asked for the money."

"What money?"

"Father left it when he went away. Mistress Trippett was keeping it. I don't see why I was wrong to ask for it."

"You weren't wrong," he said.

"But we'll never get it now, and we need it—to go to America. Ships will be going soon."

"How soon?"

"Next month."

He had finished his supper.

"Shall I clear the things away?" she asked.

"No. Sit awhile." He asked, "Is your father happy in the New World?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Doesn't he write to you?"

"He never learned writing or reading," she answered. "None of us ever learned. There may be a school in Jamestown one day, and then—"

"Jamestown," he said. "That's where your father is?"

"Yes, sir." She looked at Jemmy and Meg. They had gone to sleep, with their heads on the table. She was so tired she wanted to lay her head beside theirs.

Dr. Crider pushed back his chair. "Time for bed," he said.

He gave them a room of their own. It had a bed, not just a pallet on the floor.

"Lie down," he said. "There—I'll tuck you in."

That was the last thing Amanda remembered before she went to sleep.

IX

A Great World

It was morning when she woke. Dr. Crider was in the doorway, dressed to go out.

"I'll be back soon," he said. "Do you know how to make breakfast? Of course, you do. Have whatever you can find in the kitchen. I've already eaten."

He was gone.

Jemmy and Meg were still asleep. She went out into the kitchen. A small fire burned in the grate. She swung the kettle over it. Almost at once it began to sing. She set out a plate of biscuits. She made tea in a round blue pot.

Jemmy and Meg came to the door. Their hair

was on end. Their eyes were sleepy.

"Where is this place?" asked Jemmy.

"Don't you remember?" said Amanda. "Dr. Crier brought us here. Come and have your tea. See? Here's a biscuit to dip in it. There's one for you, too, Meg."

They came to the table. Something clanked as Jemmy sat down.

"What was that?" asked Amanda.

"The knock-knock," said Meg.

Jemmy put his hand into his pocket and took out the little brass door knocker.

"Jemmy!" said Amanda. "You had it all the time."

"I keep it in my pocket," he said. "Aren't you glad? Now Mistress Trippett and Fat Randolph won't get it."

"You can't carry it that way," said Amanda. "You'll wear out your pocket."

"How *shall* I carry it?"

"I don't know. We'll think of a way. Put it on the table for now."

He put the lion's head down beside his cup. Amanda thought of what Father had said. "A lion to guard you . . ."

After breakfast she set to work. Jemmy and Meg

helped her, and they cleaned the kitchen.

Amanda said, "Dr. Crider will be surprised."

But when he came in, he hardly looked at the kitchen. For a while he hardly looked at them. He sat down with his hat and cloak on. His eyes were bright, and there was color in his cheeks.

Amanda spoke to him twice before he answered.

"Yes? What is it?"

"Will you have tea?" she asked.

"Tea? No, no," he said. "Amanda—?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Am I an old man?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"I am?"

"I mean—not a *very* old man, but—"

"I know how I must look to you, but don't believe what you see. Today I'm young again. I'm young, Amanda! . . . You don't understand me, do you?"

"No, sir."

"I've just been to see Sir Thomas Smythe on Philpot Lane. We've talked about ships to the New World. Nine are leaving next month. Nine ships, Amanda, leaving in June. And you'll be on one of them."

"I will? Truly?"

"Yes. And Jemmy and Meg, too."

She said, "I know. You went to Mistress Trippett's. You got the money."

"No. Poor Mistress Trippett," he said, "shut up in her big house. Poor Mistress Trippett with her bags of money—let her keep it all. There's a great world outside, and she'll never know it. But *we'll* know it, Amanda."

He was on his feet, walking up and down. "They want me in Jamestown. They *need* me there. They want doctors, and they don't care how old I am. There's nothing to keep me here, and I'm going. We're all going to the New World together!"

The Sea Adventure

The time was short, and there was much to do. Dr. Crider had to sell his house. There were things they needed to buy. He made a list.

"We need sea chests," he said. "One for my medicines, two for our clothes."

"Jemmy and Meg and I—we won't need a chest," said Amanda. "We've no clothes besides what we're wearing."

"This will change," said Dr. Crider.

He took them to a street of shops. There they bought dresses and petticoats, breeches and shirts, shoes and stockings.

"If I had cloth, I could sew for us all," said Amanda.

So they looked at cloth and bought some. She turned away from the stripes and flowers that were so beautiful. She chose plain browns and greens.

And one day, in the dark of the morning, they were on their way. A coach took them along the river to where a boat was waiting. They went aboard.

It was an old tub of a boat, small and crowded with people.

"Are we going to America on *this*?" asked Jemmy.

"No, child," said Dr. Crider. "This is only a packet."

A packet, he told them, was a boat that carried people and mail along the coast. "This will take us to the southwest of England. That is where Plymouth is, and Plymouth is where the ships are."

The packet was slow. It was the evening of the fifth day before they came to the town of Plymouth. Ships, large and small, filled the harbor.

"One of them is ours," said Dr. Crider.

They stayed at an inn that night. When Amanda

woke the next morning, Meg was sleeping beside her. Jemmy was up and leaning out the window. Dr. Crider was gone.

"Come and look," said Jemmy. "You never saw so many ships. And little boats are going out to them and coming back again. I think they're loading things on the ships. Come and see, Amanda. Meg, come and see!"

All three were at the window when Dr. Crider came in.

"News, wonderful news!" he said. "Our ship is the *Sea Adventure*. We're sailing with the admiral!"

They were quiet, looking at him.

"You don't know what that means, do you?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Amanda.

"I'll tell you what it means. There are nine ships sailing to Virginia. Each one has a captain. Do you know what a captain is?"

"The captain is the master," said Jemmy.

"Of course, he is. He is master of his ship. But on our voyage, one man is admiral. The admiral is master of all the captains."

"Like a king?" asked Jemmy.



"Yes, in a way. And the admiral of all nine ships is Sir George Somers. He is sailing on the *Sea Adventure* and we are sailing with him." Dr. Crider pointed out the window. "See the ship with the blue stripe? That's the *Sea Adventure*."

"It's the biggest one," said Jemmy.

"The most beautiful, too," said Dr. Crider, "and she's going to be our home. Think of it. She'll be our home all the way to Virginia!"

Another day, another night, and the ships were ready. They were loaded with food and water. Everyone bound for America was on board. At sunrise on that gray morning—the morning of June 2—the *Sea Adventure* set sail. The other ships swung slowly into line behind her.

Dr. Crider stood on the main deck. Amanda, Jemmy, and Meg stood near him. People on board were weeping as they waved to people on shore.

"Why are they crying?" asked Jemmy.

"Sometimes it's sad to say good-bye," said Amanda.

"I'm glad to be going," said Jemmy. "Aren't you glad?"

She was looking out to sea at the clouds and mist that hid the sky.

He pulled at her sleeve. "Aren't you glad, Amanda?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm glad."

The Hold

Jemmy liked to be on deck. "Why can't we stay up here all the time?" he asked.

"Sometimes it rains. We need a roof over us," said Amanda. "We have to live in the hold."

The hold was the long room below the deck. They lived there with more than a hundred and fifty others. When they all lay down to sleep, they were crowded together like salt fish in a barrel.

Sometimes Amanda lay awake at night. She saw men, women, and children lying all about her. In the candlelight their faces looked odd and pale. She heard them snore and moan and talk in their sleep.

In the middle of the hold was a heap of chests and boxes. Sometimes it moved a little, as if it might tumble down.

Some of the men and women on the voyage were ladies and gentlemen. They lived in rooms beyond a curtain at one end of the hold. Amanda had never seen these rooms. It was said that they had canvas walls and real beds.

Jemmy hated the hold. "The hole," he called it. When he went into it, he held his nose.

"It's just for a few weeks," Amanda told him.

"Yes," said Dr. Crider. "The voyage will be all too short."

He loved the sea. Almost every night he was gone for an hour or two. Often his hair and clothes were wet when he came down into the hold. "I like to stand by the rail and let the waves break in my face," he said.

He loved the ship. He was even happy with the food—hard biscuits, cabbages, and salt beef, salt pork, or salt fish.

"When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted to run away and be a sailor. I wish I had!"

He cared for the sick. Sometimes he was busy day and night.

"Don't you feel tired?" Amanda would ask.

"Never," he would answer.

After a week they sailed into calm waters. The days were warm.

"Now we don't have to stay in the hole," said Jemmy.

He and his sisters were on deck every day. They liked to watch the other ships.

"Will they stay together all the way?" Jemmy asked Dr. Crider.

"They will if they can," said the doctor. He knew the names of the other ships. "There's the *Blessing*," he would say. "That one is the *Catch*—and I see the *Lion* and the *Virginia* . . ."

Once he showed them three men on the deck of the *Sea Adventure*. "There they are," he said, "the captain, the governor, and the admiral. The one with the pink face is Christopher Newport. He is the captain. The thin man is Thomas Gates. He will be governor of Virginia when we land there. The man with the red beard is the admiral—Sir George Somers."

Later that day Amanda was at the rail with Jemmy and Meg when Sir George Somers came by.

"Good-day, Admiral," said Jemmy.

The man looked surprised. Then he laughed. "Good-day, young sailor," he said, and he went on up to his cabin.

"Jemmy!" said Amanda. "How did you dare speak to him?"

"He didn't mind," said Jemmy.

"But he is the admiral!"

Still she felt rather proud of Jemmy. Such a boy would grow up to be a daring man, she thought, and a daring man might have great adventures.