

were probably architectural absurdities, redeemed **in** a measure indeed **by not being wholly** disengaged **nor of a height too pretentious, dating, in their gingerbread antiquity, from a romantic revival that was already a respectable past I admired them, had fancies about them, for we could all profit in a degree, especially when they loomed through the dusk, by the grandeur of their actual battlements; yet it was not at such an elevation that the figure I had so often invoked seemed most in place.**

It produced in me, this figure, in the clear twilight, I remember, two distinct gasps of emotion, which were, sharply, the shock of my first and that of my second surprise. My second was a violent perception of the mistake of my first: the man who met my eyes was not the person I had precipitately supposed. There came to me thus a bewilderment of vision of which, after these years, there is no living view that I can hope to give. An unknown man in a lonely place is a permitted object of fear to a young woman privately bred; and the figure that faced me was—a few more seconds assured me—as little anyone else I knew as it was the image that had been in my mind. I had not seen it in Harley Street—I had not seen it anywhere. The place, moreover, in the strangest way in the world, had, on the instant, and by the very fact of its appearance, become a solitude. To me at least, making my statement here with a deliberation with which I have never made it, the whole feeling of the moment returns. It was as if, while I took in—what I did take in—all the rest of the scene, had been stricken with death. I can hear again, as I write, the intense hush in which the sounds of evening dropped. The rooks stopped cawing in the golden sky and the friendly hour lost, for the minute, all its voice. But there was no other change in nature, unless indeed it were a change that I saw with a stranger sharpness. The gold was still in the sky, the clearness in the air, and the man who looked at me over the battlements was as definite as a picture in a frame. That's how I thought, with

extraordinary quickness, of each person that he might have **been and that he was** not. We were confronted across our distance quite long enough for me to ask myself with intensity who then he was and to feel, as an effect **of my inability to** say, a wonder that in **a** few instants more became intense.

The great question, or one of these, is, afterwards, I know, with regard to **certain matters, the question of how long they have lasted. Well, this matter of mine,** think what you will of it, lasted while *I* caught at a dozen possibilities, none of which made a difference for the better, that *I* could see, in there **having** been in the house—and for how long, above *all?*—a person of whom *I* was in **ignorance.** It lasted while I just bridled a little with the sense that my **office** demanded that **there should be no such ignorance and no such person. It lasted while this visitant, at all events--and** there was a touch of the strange freedom, as **Z remember, in the sign of familiarity of his wearing no hat--seemed to fix me,** from his position, with just the question, just the scrutiny through the fading **light, that his own presence provoked. We were too far** apart to **call to each other, but there was a moment, at which, at shorter range, some challenge between us,** breaking **the hush, would have been the right result of our straight mutual stare. He was in one of the angles, the one away from the house, very erect, as it struck** me, and with both hands on the ledge. So *I* saw him as *I* see the letters *I* form on **this page; then, exactly, after a minute, as if to add to the spectacle, he slowly changed his place--passed, looking at the hard all the while, to the opposite corner of the platform. Yes, I had the sharpest sense that during this transit he never took his eyes from me, and Z can see at this moment the way his hand, as he went, passed from one of the crenelations to the next. He stopped at the other corner, but less long, and even as he turned away still** markedly fixed me. He **turned away; that was all Z knew.**

เนื้อความต่อไปนี้ตัดตอนมาจากบทที่ 5 เป็นตอนที่ครูผู้ดูแลบรรยายลักษณะของ ปีเตอร์ ควินท์ ให้นางโกรสฟัง

Oh, she let me know as soon as, round the corner **of the house, she loomed again into view. ‘What in the name of goodness is the matter-?’ She was now flushed and out of breath.**

I said nothing till she came quite near. ‘With me?’ Z must have made a wonderful face. ‘Do I show it?’

‘You’re as white as a sheet. You look awful.’

I considered, I could meet on this, without scruple, any innocence. My need to respect the bloom of Mrs. Grose’s had dropped, without a rustle, from my shoulders, and if I wavered for the instant it was not with what I kept back. I put out my hand to her and she took it; I held her hard a little, liking to feel her close to me. There was a kind of support in the shy heave of her surprise. ‘You came for me for church, of course, but I can’t go.’

‘Has anything happened?’

‘Yes. You must know now. Did I look very queer?’

‘Through this window? Dreadful!’

. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I’ve been frightened.’ Mrs. Grose’s eyes expressed plainly that she had no wish to be, yet also that she knew too well her place not to be ready to share with me any marked inconvenience. Oh, it was quite settled that she must share! ‘Just what you saw from the dining-room a minute ago was the effect of that. What I saw-just before--was much worse. ’

Her hand tightened. ‘What was it?’

‘An extraordinary man. Looking in. ’

‘What extraordinary man ?’

‘I haven’t the least idea.’

Mrs. Grose **gazed** round us in vain. ‘Then where is he gone?’

‘I know still less. ’

‘Have you seen **him before?**’

‘Yes—once. **On the old tower.**’

She could only look at me harder. ‘Do you mean he’s a stranger?’

‘**Oh, very much !**’

‘**Yet you didn’t tell me?**’

‘**No—for reasons. But now that you’re guessed--**’

Mrs. Grose’s round eyes encountered this charge. ‘**Ah, I haven’t guessed!**’

she said very simply. ‘How can I if you don’t imagine?’

‘**I don’t in the very least.**’

‘**You’ve seen him nowhere but on the tower?**’

‘**And on this spot just now.**’

Mrs. Grose looked round again. ‘**What was he doing on the tower?**’

‘**Only standing there and looking down at me.**’

She thought a minute. ‘Was he a gentleman?’

I found Z had no need to think. ‘No. ’ She gazed in deeper wonder. ‘No. ’

‘**Then nobody about the place? Nobody from the village?**’

‘**Nobody--nobody. I didn’t tell you, but I made sure.**’

She breathed a vague relief : this was, oddly, so much to the good. It

only went indeed a little way. ‘But if he isn’t a gentleman-’

‘**What is he? He’s a horror.**’

‘**A horror?**’

‘**He’s -God help me if I know what he is!**’

Mrs. Grose looked round once more; she fixed her eyes on the duskiest distance, then, pulling herself together, turned to me with abrupt **inconsequence.**

‘It’s time we should be at church.’

‘Oh, I’m not *fit* for church!’

‘Won ’t it do you good? ’

‘It won’t do them—!’” I nodded at the house.

‘The children ? ’

‘I can’t leave them **now**. ’

‘You ‘re afraid-? ’

I spoke boldly. ‘I’m afraid of him. ’

Mrs. **Grose’s** large face showed me, at this, for the first time, the far-away faint glimmer of a consciousness more acute : I somehow made out in it the delayed dawn of an idea I myself had not given her and that was as yet quite obscure to me. It comes back to me that I thought instantly of this as something I **could** get from her; and I felt it to be connected with the desire she presently showed **to** know more. ‘When was **it-on the tower?**’

‘About the middle **of** the mbnth. At this same hour. ’

‘Almost at dark,’ said Mrs. Grose.

‘Oh no, not nearly, I saw him as I see you.’

‘Then how did he get **in?**’

‘And how did he get out?’ I laughed, ‘I had **no** opportunity to ask him! This evening, you see, ’ I pursued, ‘he has not been able to get in. ’

‘**He** only peeps ? ’

‘I hope it will be confined to that!’ She had now let go my hand; she turned away a little. I waited an instant; then I brought **out** : ‘Go to church. **Good-bye. I must watch.**”

Slowly she faced me again. ‘Do you fear for them ?’

We met in another **long look**. ‘**Don’t you?**’ **Instead of answering she came** nearer to the window and, for a minute, applied her face to the glass. ‘You see how he could see, ’ I meanwhile went on.

She didn't move. 'How long was he *here?*'

'Till I came out. I came to meet him.'

Mrs. Grose at last turned round, and there was still more in her face. 'I *couldn't have come out.*'

'Neither could I!' I laughed again. 'But I did come. *I have my duty.*'

'So have *I mine,*' she replied; after which she added: 'What is he like?'

'I've been dying to tell you. But he's like nobody.'

'Nobody?' she echoed.

'He has no hat.' Then seeing in her face that she already, in this, with a deeper dismay, *found a touch of picture, I quickly added stroke to stroke.* 'He has red hair, very red, close-curling, *and a pale face, long in shape, with straight, good features and little, rather queer whiskers that are as red as his hair.* His eyebrows are, somehow, darker; they *look* particularly arched and as if they *might move it a good deal.* His eyes are sharp, *strangeawfully,* but I only *know clearly* that they're rather small and very fixed. His mouth's wide, and his *lips are thin,* and except for his little *whiskers he's quite clean-haven.* He gives me a sort of *sense of looking like an actor.*'

'*An actor!*' It was impossible to resemble one less, at least, than Mrs. Grose at that moment.

'*I've never seen one, but so I suppose them. He' tall, active, erect,*' I continued, 'but never--no, *never!*—gentleman.'

My companion's face had blanched as I went on; her round eyes started and her mild mouth gaped. 'A gentleman?' *she gasped, confounded, stupefied:* 'a gentleman he?'

'You know him then?'

She visibly tried to hold herself. 'But he is handsome?'

I saw the way to help her. 'Remarkably!'

'And dressed-?'

'In somebody's clothes. They're smart, but they're not his own. '

She broke into a breathless affirmative groan. 'They're the master's!'

I caught it up. 'You do know him?'

She faltered but a second. 'Quint!' she cried.

'Quint! '

'Peter Quint—his own man, his valet, when he was here!'

'When the master was?'

Gaping still, but meeting me, she pieced it all together. 'He never wore his hat, but he did wear--well, there were waist-coats missed! They were both here--last year. Then the master went, and Quint was alone.'

I followed, but halting a little. 'Alone?'

'Alone with us. ' Then, as from a deeper depth. 'In charge, ' she added.

'And what became of him?'

She hung fire so long that I was still more mystified. 'He went too,' she brought out at last.

'Went where?'

Her expression, at this, became extraordinary. 'God knows where! He died. '

'Died? ' I almost shrieked.

She seemed fairly to square herself, plant herself more firmly to utter the wonder of it. 'Yes, Mr. Quint is dead. '

เนื้อความต่อไปนี้ตัดตอนมาจากบทที่ 10 เป็นตอนที่ครูผู้ดูแลพบกับพฤติกรรมแปลก ๆ ของเด็ก ๆ

I remained a while at the top of the stair, but with the effect presently of understanding that when my visitor had gone, he had gone: then *I* returned to my room. **The foremost thing I saw there by the light of the candle I had left burning was that Flora's little bed was empty; and on this I caught my breath with all the terror that, five minutes before, I had been able to resist. I dashed at the place in which I had left her lying and over which (for the small silk counterpane and the sheets were disarranged), the white curtains had been deceivingly pulled forward; then my step, to my unutterable relief, produced an answering sound: I perceived** an agitation of the window—*blind*, and the child, ducking down, emerged rosily from the other side of it. She stood there in so much of her *candour and so little* of her nightgown, with her pink bare feet and the golden glow of her curls. She looked intensely grave, and I had never had such a sense of losing an advantage acquired (the thrill of which had just been so prodigious), as on my Consciousness that she addressed me with a reproach. 'You naughty: where have you been?'—instead of challenging her own h-regularity *I* found myself arraigned and explaining. She herself explained, **for** that matter, with the loveliest, eagerest simplicity. She had known suddenly, as she lay there, that *I* was out of the room, and had jumped up to see what had become of me. *I* had *dropped*, with the joy of her reappearance, back into my *chair—feeling* then, and then **only**, a little faint; and she had pattered straight over to me, thrown herself upon my knee, given herself to be held with the flame of the candle full in the wonderful little face that was still flushed with **sleep**. *I* remember closing my eyes an instant, yieldingly, consciously, as before the excess *of* something beautiful that shone out of the blue of her own. 'You were looking for me **out of the window?**' *I* said, 'You thought *I* might be walking in the grounds?'

'Well, you know, Z thought someone was'—*she never blanched as she* smiled out that at **me**.

O, how I looked at her now! 'And **did you see anyone?**'

'Ah, no!' she returned, almost, with the full privilege of childish in consequence, resentfully, though with a long sweetness in her little drawl of the negative.

At **that moment, in the state of my nerves,** I absolutely believed she lied; **and if I once more closed my eyes it was before the dazzle of the three or four possible ways in which I might take this up. One of these, for a moment, tempted me with such singular intensity that, to withstand it, I must have gripped my little' girl with a spasm that, wonderfully, she submitted to without a cry or a sign of fright. Why not break out at her on the spot and have it all over?-give it to her straight to her lovely little lighted face? 'You see, you see, you know that you do and that you already quite suspect I believe it; therefore why not frankly confess it to me, so that we may at least Jive with it together and learn perhaps, in the strangeness of our fate, where we are and what it means?' This solicitation dropped, alas, as it come; if I could immediately have succumbed to it I might have spared myself-well, you'll see what instead of succumbing I sprang again to my feet, looked at her bed and took a helpless middle way. 'Why did you pull the curtain over the place to make me think you were still there?'**

Flora luminously considered; after which, with her little divine smile : 'Because I don't like to frighten you!'

'But if I had, by your idea, gone out-?'

She absolutely declined to be puzzled; she turned her eyes to the flame of the candle as if the question were as irrelevant, or at any rate as impersonal, as Mrs. Marcet or nine-times-nine. 'Oh, but you know,' she quite adequately answered, 'that you might come back, you dear, and that you have!' And after a little, when she had got into bed, I had, for a long time, by almost sitting on her to hold her hand, to prove that I recognized the pertinence of my return.

You may imagine the general complexion, from that moment, of my nights. I repeatedly sat up till Z didn't know when; *I* selected moments when my roommate unmistakably slept, and, stealing **out, took** noiseless turns in the *passage' and even pushed as far as to where I had last met Quint. But I never met him there again; and Z may as well say at once that Z on no other occasion saw him* in the house. *I* just missed, on the staircase, on **the** other hand, a different adventure. Looking down it from the top I once recognized the presence of a woman seated on one of the lower steps with her back presented to me, her body **half bowed and her head, in an attitude of woe, in her hands. I had been there but** an instant, however, **when** she vanished without looking round at me. I knew, **none the less, exactly** what dreadful face she had to show; and Z wondered whether, if instead of being above Z had been below, Z should have had, for going up, the same nerve Z had lately shown Quint. Well, there continued to be plenty of chance for nerve. On the eleventh night after my latest encounter with that gentleman—they were all numbered *now*—*I* had an alarm that perilously skirted it and that indeed, from the particular quality of its unexpectedness, proved quite my sharpest shock. It was precisely the first night during this series that, weary **with watching**, I had felt that *I might* again without laxity lay myself down at my old hour. I slept immediately and, as Z afterwards knew, till about one o'clock; but when I woke it was to sit straight up as completely roused as if a hand had **shook me. I had left a light burning, but it was now out, and I felt an instant** certainly that Flora had extinguished it. This brought me to my feet and straight, in the darkness, to her bed, which Z found she had left. A glance at the window enlightened me further, and the striking **of** a match completed the picture.

The child had again got *up*—*this* time blowing out the taper, and had again, **for some purpose of observation or response, squeezed in behind the blind** and was peering out into the night. That she now saw—as she had not, I had

satisfied myself, **the previous** time-was proved to **me by the** fact that **she was** disturbed neither **by** my reillumination **nor by the haste I made to get into** slippers **and into a wrap. Hidden, protected, absorbed, she evidently rested on the sill-the casement opened forward--and gave herself up. There was a great still moon to help her, and this fact had counted in my quick decision. She was face to face with the** apparition we had met at **the** lake, and could **now** communicate with it as she had not then **been** able to do. What I, on my side, had to care for was, **without disturbing her, to reach, from the corridor, some other window in the same quarter. I got to the door without her hearing me, I got out of it, closed it and listened, from the other side, for some sound from her. While I stood in the passage I had my eyes on her brother's door, which was but ten steps off and which,** indescribably, produced **in me** a **renewal of the strange impulse that I lately spoke of as my temptation. What if I should go straight in and march to his window?—what if, by risking to his boyish bewilderment a revelation of my motive, I should throw across the rest of the mystery the long halter of my boldness ?**

This thought held me sufficiently to make me cross to this threshold and pause again. I preternaturally listened; I figured **to myself** what might **portentously be; I wondered if his bed were also empty and he too were secretly at watch. It was a deep, soundless minute, at the end of which my impulse failed.** He was quiet; **he might be innocent; the risk was hideous; I turned away. There was a figure in the grounds—a figure prowling for a sight, the visitor with whom Flora was engaged; but it was not the visitor most concerned with my boy. I hesitated afresh, but on other grounds and only a few seconds; then I had made my choice. There were empty rooms at Bly, and it was only a question of choosing the right one. The right one suddenly presented itself to me as the lower one—though high above the garden in the solid comer of the house that I have**

spoken of as the old tower. This was a large, square chamber, arranged with some state as a bedroom, the extravagant size of which made it so inconvenient that it had not for years, though kept by Mrs. Grose in exemplary order, been occupied. I had often admired it and I knew my way about in it; I had only, after just faltering at the first chill gloom of its disuse, to pass across it and unbolt as quietly as I could one of the shutters. Achieving this transit, I uncovered the glass without a sound and, applying my face to the pane, was able, the darkness without being much less than within, to see that I commanded the right direction. Then I saw something more. The moon made -the night extraordinarily penetrable and showed me on the lawn a person, diminished by distance, who stood there motionless and as if fascinated, looking up to where I had appeared-looking, that is, not so much straight at me as at something that was apparently above me. There was clearly another person above me-there was a person on the tower; but the presence on the lawn was not in the least what I had conceived and had confidently hurried to meet. The presence on the lawn-I felt sick as I made it out -was poor little Miles himself.

เนื้อความต่อไปนี้ตัดตอนมาจากบทสุดท้าย เป็นตอนที่ไมลส์ขาดใจตายใน
อ้อมแขนของครูผู้ดูแล

My sense of how he received this suffered for a minute from something that I can describe only as a fierce split of my attention- stroke that at first, as I sprang straight up, reduced me to the mere blind movement of getting hold of him, drawing him close and, while I just fell for support against the nearest piece of furniture, instinctively keeping him with his back to the window. The appearance was full upon us that I had already had to deal with here : Peter Quint had come into view like a sentinel before a prison. The next thing I saw

was that, from outside, he had reached the window, and then I knew that, close to the glass and glaring in through it, he offered once more to the room his white face of damnation. It represents but grossly what took place within me at the sight to say on the second on my decision was made; yet I believe that no woman so overwhelmed ever in so short a time recovered her grasp of the act. It came to me in the very horror of the immediate presence that the act would be, seeing and facing what I saw and faced, to keep the boy himself unaware. The inspiration-I can call it by no other name-was that I felt how voluntarily, how transcendently, I might. It was like fighting with a demon for a human soul, and when I had fairly so appraised it I saw how the human soul--held out, in the tremor of my hands, at arms' length--ad a perfect dew of sweat on a lovely childish forehead. The face that was close to mine was as white as the face against the glass, and out of it presently came a sound, not low nor weak, but as if from much farther away, that I drank life a waft of fragrance.

'Yes—I took it.'

At this, with a moan of joy, I enfolded, I drew. him close; and while I held him to my breast, where I could feel in the sudden fever of his little body the tremendous pulse of his little heart, I kept my eyes on the thing at the window and saw it move and shift its posture. I have likened it to a sentinel, but its slow wheel, for a moment, was rather the prow of a baffled beast. My present quickened courage, however, was such that, not too much to let it through, I had to shade, as it were, my flame. Meanwhile the glare of the face was again at the window, the scoundrel fixed as if to watch and wait. It was the very confidence that I might now defy him, as well as the positive certitude, by this time, of the child's unconsciousness, that made me go on. 'What did you take it for?'

'To see what you said about me.'

'You opened the letter?'

‘I opened it. ’

My eyes were now, as I held him off a little again, on Miles’s own face, *in which the collapse of mockery showed me how complete was the ravage of uneasiness.* What was prodigious was that at last, by my success, his sense was sealed and his communication stopped : he knew that he was in presence, but *knew not of what, and knew still less that I also was and that I did know.* And what *did* this strain of trouble matter *when my eyes went back* to the window only to see that the air was clear again *and—by my personal triumph—the influence quenched?* There was nothing there. I felt that the cause was mine and that I should surely get all. ‘And you found nothing!’+ Jet my elation out.

He gave the most mournful, thoughtful little *headshake*. ‘Nothing. ’

‘Nothing, nothing!’ I almost shouted in my joy.

‘Nothing, nothing,’ he sadly repeated.

I kissed his forehead; it was drenched. ‘So what have you done with it?’

‘I’ve burnt it. ’

‘*Burnt it?*’ It was *now or never.* ‘*Is that what you did at school?*’

Oh, what this brought up! ‘At school?’

‘*Did you take letters ?-or other things ?* ’

‘*Other things?* ’ *He appeared now to be thinking of something far off and that reached him only through the pressure of his anxiety.* Yet it did reach him.

‘Did I steal? ’

I felt myself redden to the roots of my hair as well as wonder if it were *more strange to put to a gentleman such a question or to see him take it with allowances that gave the very distance of his fall in the world.* ‘*Was it for that you mightn’t go back?*’

The only thing he felt was rather a dreary little surprise. ‘*Did you know I mightn’t go back?* ’

'I know everything. '

He gave me at this the longest and strangest look. Everything?'

'Everything. Therefore did you-?' But I couldn't say it again.

Miles could, very simply. 'No, I didn't steal. '

My face must have shown him I believed him utterly; yet my hands-but it was for pure tendernesshook him as if to ask him why, if it was all for nothing, he had condemned me to months of torment. 'What then did you do?'

He looked in vague pain all round the top of the room and drew his breath, two or three times over, as if with difficulty. He might have been standing at the bottom of the sea and raising his eyes to some faint green twilight. 'Well—I I said things. '

'Only that?'

'They thought it was enough!'

'To turn you out for?'

'Never, truly, had a person 'turned out' shown so little to explain it as this little person! He appeared to weigh my question, but in a manner quite detached and almost helpless. 'Well, I suppose I oughtn't.'

'But to whom did you say them?'

He evidently tried to remember, but it dropped—he had lost it. 'I don't know!'

He almost smiled at me in the desolation of his surrender, which was indeed practically, by this time, so complete that I ought to have left it there. But I was infatuated--I was blind with victory, though even then the very effect that was to have brought him so much nearer was already that of added separation.

'Was it to everyone?' I asked.

'No, it was only to-' But he gave a sick little headshake. 'I don't remember their names. '

‘Were they **then so many?**’

‘No—only **a few. Those I liked.**’

Those he liked? *I seemed to float not into clearness*, but into a darker obscure, and within a *minute* there had **come to me out of my very** pity **the** appalling **alarm of his being** perhaps **innocent. It was for the instant confounding** and bottomless, for if he were innocent, what then on earth **was** I? Paralysed, while it lasted, by the mere brush of the question, *I* let him go a little, so that, with a deepdrawn sigh, he turned away from me again; which as he faced **towards the clear window, I suffered, feeling that I had nothing now there to keep him from.** ‘**And** did they repeat what you said?’ I went on after **a** moment.

He was **soon** at **some** distance from me, still breathing hard and again with **the** air, though now without anger for it, of being confined against his will. Once more, as he had **done before, he looked up at the** dim **day** as *if*, of what had **hitherto sustained him, nothing was left but an unspeakable anxiety.** ‘**Oh yes,**’ **he** nevertheless replied—‘they must have repeated them. **To those they liked,**’ **he added.**

There was, somehow, less of **it** than *I* had expected; but *I* turned it over. ‘**And these things came round-?**’

‘**To** the masters? **Oh** yes!’ **he** answered very simply. ‘**But I didn’t know** they’d tell. ’

‘The masters? They didn’t—they’ve never told. That’s why *I* ask you.’

He turned to me again his little beautiful **fevered** face. ‘Yes, it was too **bad.** ’

‘Too bad?’

‘What I supposed I sometimes said. To write home.’

I can’t name the exquisite pathos of **the** contradiction given to such a **speech** by such a speaker; *I* only know that the next instant *I* heard myself throw

off with homely **force** : **'Stuff and nonsense!'** But the next after that I must have sounded stem enough. **'What were these things?'**

My sternness was all for his judge, his executioner; yet it made him avert himself again, and that movement made me, with a single bound and **an irrepressible cry, spring straight upon him. For there again, against the glass, as if** to blight his confession and stay his answer, was the hideous author **of our woe** -the white face of damnation. I felt a **sick swim at** the drop of my victory and all **the return of my battle, so that the wildness of my veritable leap only served** as a great betrayal. I saw him, from the midst of my act, meet it with a divination, and on the perception that even **now** he only **guessed,** and that **the window was still to his own eyes free.** I let the impulse flame up to convert the climax of his dismay into **the very proof of his liberation. 'No more, no more, no more!'** I shrieked, as I tried to press him against me, to my visitant.

'Is she here?' Miles panted as he caught with his sealed eyes the direction of my words. Then as his strange **'she'** staggered me and, with a gasp, I echoed it. **'Miss Jessel, Miss Jessel!'** he with a sudden fury gave me back.

I seized, stupefied, his supposition some sequel to what we had done to Flora, but this made me only want to show him that it was better still than that. 'It's not Miss Jessel! But it's at the window-straight before us. lit's there—the coward horror, there for the last time!

At this, after a second in which his head made the movement of a baffled dog's on a scent and then gave a frantic little shake for air and light, he was at me in a white rage, bewildered, glaring vainly over the place and missing wholly, **though it now, to my sense, filled the room like the taste of poison, the wide overwhelming presence. 'It's he?'**

I was so determined to have all my proof that I flashed into ice to challenge him. **'Whom do you mean by 'he'?''**

‘Peter Quint-you devil!’ His face gave again, round the room, its convulsed supplication. ‘Where ? ’

They are in my ears still, his supreme surrender of the name and his tribute to my devotion. ‘What does he matter now, my own?—*what will* he ever matter? I have you.’ *I* launched at the beast, ‘but he has lost you for ever!’ Then, for the demonstration of my work, ‘There, there!’ *I* said to Miles.

But he had already jerked straight round, stared, glared again, and seen out but the quiet day. With the stroke of the loss *I* was so proud of he uttered the cry of a creature *hurled over an abyss, and the grasp with which I recovered him* might have been that of catching him in his fall. *I* caught *him*, yes, *I* held *him*—it may imagined *with what a passion; but at the end of a minute I began to feel what it truly was that I held. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.*

คำถาม

1. จงบอกถึงภูมิหลังและลักษณะนิสัยของครูผู้ดูแล
2. อะไรเป็นแรงจูงใจให้ครูผู้ดูแลยอมรับงานที่มีข้อแม้ประหลาดเช่นนี้
3. จงกล่าวถึงการปรากฏตัวของ ปีเตอร์ ควินท์ ในครั้งแรก
4. ทำไมนางโกรสจึงคล้อยตามคำบอกเล่าของครูผู้ดูแลเกี่ยวกับการปรากฏตัวของปีศาจทั้งสองตน
5. ทำไม เฮนรี เจมส์ จึงเน้นเกี่ยวกับเรื่องความบริสุทธิ์ ไร้เดียงสาของเด็กทั้งสองคน
6. ทำไม เฮนรี เจมส์ จึงให้ *The Turn of the Screw* เป็นเรื่องที่เล่าจากมุมมองของครูผู้ดูแล
7. ทำไมไมลส์จึงขโมยจดหมายไป
8. ทำไมฟลอราจึงลัมเจ็บ
9. ครูผู้ดูแลตั้งใจหรือไม่ที่จะบีบบังคับจิตใจของเด็ก
10. ท่านคิดว่าในเรื่องนี้ใครเป็นผู้ผิด