

Cambridge English Readers

Starter Level

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The Girl at the Window

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People in the story



Grace is a girl in 1815, and then a girl in a picture.



Sue is a young mother in 2001.



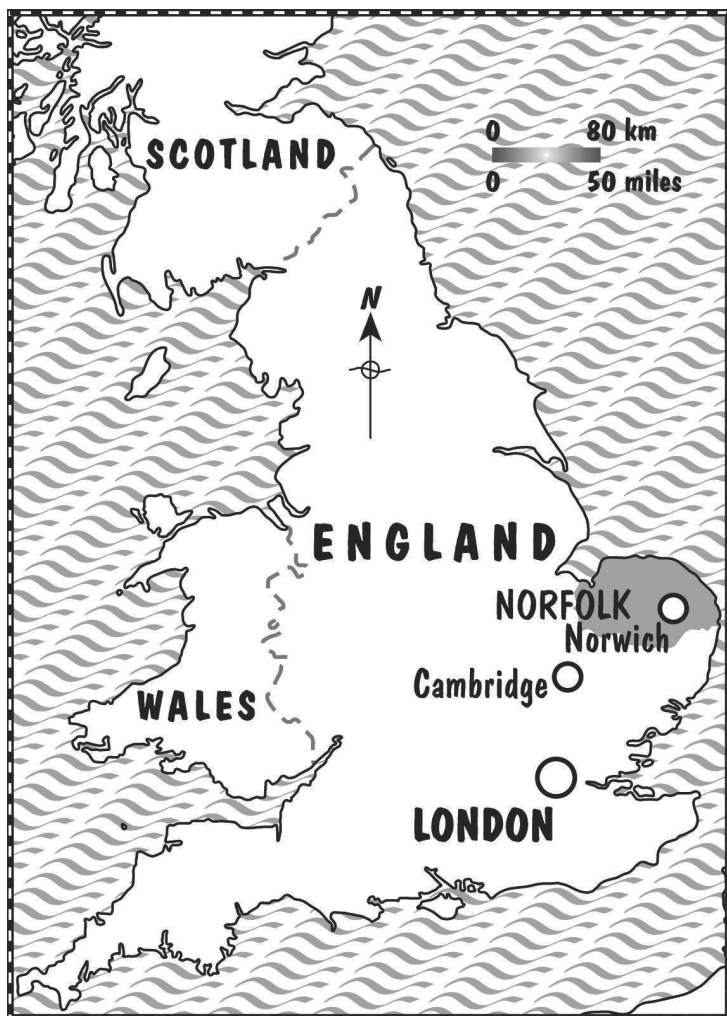
Sammy is Sue's baby girl.



Tommy is Grace's boyfriend.

Mary is Grace and Tommy's baby.

Places in the story



Chapter 1 *Don't take my baby!*

Grace: 1815



‘Tommy! Goodbye. I love you!’

Tommy’s going away. He’s sixteen and he’s a soldier. He’s going to fight Napoleon.

I’m sad without him. But he’s going to come home to me. And we’re going to marry and live here. We’re going to be very happy.

* * *

My name is Grace and I live in Norfolk. I'm sitting at the window and I'm waiting. Waiting for Tommy.

I know a song. It's a happy song and I like singing it. I'm singing it to my baby. My baby's inside me, but she can hear me. I know that. I know she's a girl. We're waiting for Tommy.

'Your father's going to come home, Mary.' I call her Mary. I look out of the window. In my head I see him. I see Tommy and he's looking at me. He has a red jacket and he looks very young. My Tommy. I sing, 'My Tommy's coming home to me.'



* * *

It's nine months now and the women are here. Mary is coming. The women are in front of my bed.

'Good girl, Grace,' they say. Then they say, 'And again. And again. That's it.'

And out you come, Mary. You're very, very small. And you're red and beautiful, and I love you. Oh, I love you!



Then the women say, 'This is a beautiful baby. We're going to find a good home for her.'

'But Mary's my baby,' I say.

'You're a bad girl, Grace,' the women say. 'The baby doesn't have a father.'

'Tommy's the father,' I say. 'Tommy's going to marry me.'

'Tommy's dead,' they say, 'and you're not married. The baby comes with us.'

'NO! Where are you going? What are you doing? That's my baby. You can't take my baby away! Tommy's coming home. He's going to marry me. Mary! MARY! Where's my baby? I want my baby!'

* * *



This is my house. I'm waiting for my baby. People come and people go. People live here and people die here. But I'm always here. I'm waiting for my baby.

* * *

I can hear a baby now.

'Come to Grace, little one. Come to Grace. Grace is waiting for you.'