



'If you can reach them,' said Emily, 'I'd rather not let go of this branch.'

Ada took the pencil from behind Emily's ear and the paper from her pocket and unfolded it. Then she turned her attention back to the Greenhouse of Harmony and the two figures she had spotted sitting inside.

They were great apes, with dark brown faces and beautiful orange-brown fur. Both were neatly and fashionably dressed. Ada sketched both of them carefully and was just folding the paper up to put back in Emily's pocket when she heard a key rattling in a lock. She stayed very still as, below, the door to the Even-More-Secret Garden opened and Maltravers entered, pushing a wooden wheelbarrow. Approaching the greenhouse, he took his keys and unlocked the glass door.

'The Wildman of Putney and the Wife of Barnes,' Maltravers said, in his thin, wheedling voice, 'just look at you! Those west-London intellectual weavers who rescued you certainly

have excellent taste in clothes. They should fetch a pretty penny at the Gormless market.'

He reached out and took the Wildman of Putney's top hat, trying it on for size before dropping it into the wheelbarrow.

'I'm sure you weren't this well dressed when the intellectual weavers found you in that travelling circus.' He untied the Wife of Barnes's bonnet and pulled the shawl from her shoulders. She looked up at him with sad but kindly eyes.



THE WILD MAN OF PUTNEY

'I'm surprised the weavers let you come.' Maltravers laughed unpleasantly as he took the rest of their clothes and piled them in the wheelbarrow. 'But then a personal invitation from the famous Lord Goth is very persuasive, I find.'

He reached into the pocket of the Wildman of Putney's embroidered waistcoat, took out a gilt-edged card and placed it in the pocket of his own waistcoat.



THE WIFE OF BARNES