

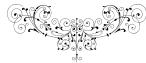
Deleted or Altered Scenes from
The Governess



A Huntington Saga series novel

—
Book One
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Volume One



Ellise C. Weaver

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First Edition

Author's Note:

These deleted or altered scenes are part of the original manuscript for *The Governess*. They were either removed because the story was growing too large, or altered as needed to clarify the characters' trust issues better. The chapter headings may not match up with existing chapter headings simply because things were altered.

As you will see, much has changed as Miss Carly was once 'Lady Carly'. Also, Carly's experience with Lord Digby was originally planned for a friend, Philippa, but I decided he would be easier to hate if he had spurned Carly instead of a distant friend. I felt that this was accomplished and established Carly's hesitation for becoming involved with a nobleman better than I had before. This was also addressed because of feedback I received from a wonderful, helpful friend who read my original manuscript. Thanks, Cheryl H.!

I welcome your thoughts and comments on these scenes and on *The Governess* at any time. Thanks for reading!

Ellise

This was one of the original first chapters. Most of it was saved and used, but some was missing from what you've read.

Chapter 1

Huntington Manor

Had Miss Carly known danger lurked about every corner and would cause her to fight for her very life, she would not have come to Huntington Manor. At the young age of nineteen, Carly had much living, learning, and loving yet to do...



Goodness, will I ever arrive, Carly asked herself, for she had been traveling for hours in the musty interior of the coach to her first post as governess. The last two days of travel had seemed endless. She was determined to bear her discomforts well and not complain though she was sore and tired from the drive in the rickety old coach. But who was present to hear of her complaints?

No one. She was alone. No dear Susannah to keep her company. No dear Susannah at all.

Fear has a way of creeping into one's life when lonely. Carly dismissed the disturbing emotions and chose instead to be hopeful; hopeful of a happy life in the months and years to come; and hopeful in the here and now for a breath of fresh air. She blew out an impatient breath. Fretfully picking at a stray thread on her coat sleeve, her nerves were on edge creating mischief with her idle mind.

As Carly's coach came up over a misty rise, her breath was taken away as she beheld for the first time the splendor of what was to be her new home. Carly looked on in awe at the silent strength and beauty which Huntington Manor, this aged stone house, bestowed upon the unsuspecting observer with its peaks and windows abounding. The vast roofline peeked through the

impressive ancient trees which shimmered with dewy green growth.

"It's beautiful," Carly whispered in approval.

Sunrise had worked its magic and still burned morning mists away. Carly spied water glistening nearby. Not sure if it was a lake or small pond, she watched as a flock of birds landed on the sparkling surface, flapping wings sending out sprays of silver droplets. Rainbows danced like prisms against the splashes. *Enchanting*, she thought. Looking about her, gorgeous countryside rose and fell in swells. Tingles erupted down her arms as she thrilled at nature's best.

The many chimneys of the grand estate worked busily puffing smoke from the cozy interior to the cool, crisp morning outside the ancient walls. *At least I shall be warm.* She was glad of her snug travel clothes and the blanket, rough and smelly as it was, imparted by the friendly coachman earlier this brisk spring morning. Shivering, she watched as they wound lazily toward the great house, the road winding through lush green woods and then back into open country. *Completely charming*, she awed. Undulating waves of new green grasses spread out before her upon which fleecy white sheep grazed. Age-old stone walls rose and fell along the rolling fields keeping the sheep from wandering into tender new crops just beginning to grow.

Sighing came naturally to Carly these days, but thankfully this sigh was one of contentment, taking pleasure in what she saw before her. If this was to be her home, then surely she was blessed. She prayed she would be happy here.

Earlier in the week, her sister, Susannah, had left for her own governess posting as Carly, herself, was doing now. Gladness filled her grateful heart they had each other still.

Moisture gathered in her eyes at the memory of their parting. "Oh, dear Susannah." Gripping now at the handkerchief Susannah had given her at their separation, she wiped at her tears, taking courage in her sister's favorite scent of lavender that still clung to the lace. Brevity of separation did not make her long for her sister any less.

Blinking back tears for courage sake, she again prayed for Susannah's safety and well being. Always she had done so for her beloved sister, but of late with more fervency, for they were now

orphans having to make their own way in the world, relying upon the kindnesses of others to help them stay warm, clothed, and fed.

Reflecting upon her life, Carly realized how grateful she was that wise parents had gifted to her a means of supporting herself by teaching her the importance of hard work, a love of learning, as well as fostering in her a strong sense of independence. For, in all her nineteen years, Carly would never have supposed she would one day end up a governess to someone else's children.

Her loving father and mother had learned early in their marriage what it meant to work hard for what one cherished in life, for they had come from completely different backgrounds. Her mother had come from a titled, landed family; her father, a poor one. Her maternal grandparents disapproved of the marriage entirely, considering him unworthy of their daughter, Lady Gabrielle Cavanaugh. Because her mother married for love and not for a gentleman's riches, she was disinherited, leaving them with little else but their love for each other to sustain them through the difficult times ahead.

Young and inexperienced, her parents were compelled to make useful sorts of persons of themselves. Having only one occupation of which he desired, her father decided to serve both God and his fellowman by searching out a position as vicar in a small village. Carly had always respected her father's choice. She was proud of him and knew his parishioners loved his compassionate heart and strength of character. God takes care of His own, or so her father had always said. Carly agreed wholeheartedly.

Although Carly had been raised a vicar's daughter, she had been taught to be a lady. Her mother was, after all, well versed in the subject. She had been expected to set a proper example for all around her, especially for her little sister. It had never worked around Billy, her closest neighbor. Somehow, he had always come away from her yard with a large welt upon his cheek, or worse, a bloody nose! Her mother often found her patience overcome by Carly's tempestuous ways. She giggled.

Truly though, her mother's tutelage had become a blessing, for who knew that both parents would die so young? The small inheritance her mother's parents had provided for their granddaughters had augmented their education and improved their

limited introduction to local society, brief as it was. It had been the only contact their grandparents had granted under the circumstances. Yet, they remained unspoiled, for their natures had been decided long ago.

Carly tucked a few strands of wayward hair back into the somewhat severe chignon underneath her bonnet. Then, folding the tattered quilt, she smoothed her dull brown, rather wrinkled, traveling clothes. She contemplated the meager, but comfortable supply of clothing she had been able to assemble for her new position. Upon the deaths of their parents, so closely together, Carly and her sister had worn their mourning clothing for nearly two years. Deciding to start afresh in new positions as governesses, they were disappointed to find they had outgrown most of their lovely gowns that had been made by their own hands.

Unsuccessful in finding husbands, the girls listened as their mother explained to them, "Beauty does nothing to help one find a husband when there is no fortune to be had and a year of mourning ahead." Their remaining funds had dissolved during their mother's illness, and so, they were left to themselves. Over the ensuing months of preparations for this inevitable moment, they mended and sewed what they could to provide themselves with serviceable, if not attractive, gowns. Everything else was left to an appreciative neighbor, a widow with six daughters of her own to clothe.

Death comes to every household it seems, even to this grand estate. Lord Huntington was a widower and had two young children in need of a governess. His young wife had died, without warning, two years ago. No other information had been shared concerning her death. Carly's brows knit together as she contemplated what life must be like at this manor house having experienced the loss of their beloved mistress. She shook her head in compassion for their sorrow, distressed at having known grief so well herself.

"Oh!" Carly cried, jolted by a bump in the lane. She was sure such an offense would be remedied, for as she drew nearer the estate, she could see extensive groomed gardens and dressed grounds. Everything was meticulous. Huntington Manor was more immense and grand than Carly had imagined. As the coach came to an abrupt halt, the coachman jumped down from his seat. Carly could hear the sound of his boots on the cobblestones

crunching bits of sand beneath the soles of his feet. Her heart racing, the door flung open wide, and in rushed an inviting surge of fresh morning air. Carly breathed in the freshness with a deep sigh. Relief from cramped limbs showed upon her face as she stretched her arms and craned her neck back, gazing up at the grandeur rising above her.

The coachman nodded his head in understanding towards her. The manor house overwhelmed everyone, it seemed. As he helped her down, Carly thanked him and took a deep breath.

Here was her moment of truth.

This was originally a part of:

Chapter 4

The Best of Manners

Creighton sat staring, surprised at this slip of a thing. Recovering himself, he said, unconvincingly, “I am sure you are quite capable, Lady Carly.” Taking a drink from his goblet, he wiped at his mouth with his napkin and continued, “But, I insist upon the help; for I believe your duties will become less tiresome with aid, or so I have experienced in the past.”

Her nostrils flared, “Already you think me incapable of handling your children?”

Now her face was red. How she wore her feelings upon her face!

Just as if he had said ‘yes’ out loud, he looked her over carefully, making her squirm. “I would rather give you a fighting chance, Lady Carly.”

Suddenly irritated with the continued use of her title, Carly shook her head, exclaiming, “My lord, I insist upon a less formal title, *please*. Miss Blakemore will do, or rather *Carly*, which I am quite used to. I am simply not used to being referred to as Lady Carly.”

Creighton looked at her, calculating. She *was* naïve. She *was* innocent. Why had this responsibility fallen to him? Nevertheless, he would inform her. Impatiently, he stated, too flippantly perhaps, “You are young; and, I think, inexperienced with society.”

Taken aback, Carly exclaimed, “Wh...what do you mean? Not at all.”

“The world at large can be quite cruel, and I think you have yet to experience that.”

“What does that have to do with my title?”

Creighton watched her carefully as his meaning dawned upon her.

"Oh..." Carly thought of how titles certainly have their advantages in certain circles. Her family's title had never meant anything to her before; except for the occasional ball and party she was expected to attend because of it. The inheritance that had helped raise her and her sister had come from that world of gentility she was so keen upon forgetting. This household, of course, functioned in that world of snobbish peerage that would judge a person according to their wealth, title, and position in society. Carly smoothed her skirts. Deciding she wanted nothing to do with this class structure, she continued, "I do not wish to be a part of people's lives that would judge a person simply for their particular title or the amount of riches they have or have not."

"You choose to bury your head in the sand like an ostrich then?"

"No. I simply think it foolish to take a person's value so lightly."

With appreciation for her sensible words, Lord Huntington nodded his head, considering her opinion. "You are more wise than I believed."

Did she see admiration in his expression? Only unwillingly, she was sure. "Thank you, my lord."

"Yet, you respect *my* title?"

"Of course. You are my employer. I wish to satisfy you and keep my position."

Her frank honesty made Creighton laugh out loud, to Lady Carly's shock. *This is refreshing*, he thought. He could see that she was startled by his unexpected laughter. But then, even the butler and footmen were. "You are honest as well as wise." He surprised even himself.

Still recovering from this spent emotion from the earl, Carly whispered, "I do try my best."

"And yet you argue with me? Good!" Creighton was genuinely amazed by her. Pleasantly so. He motioned to the butler to go ahead with the next course. "But, I must say, as your employer, I act also as a sort of guardian to you, Lady Carly. It is in your best interest to use your title, at least while you are in my household."

"But I do not see why—well, yes, I see why—but I do not feel it right."

"You will, in time, Lady Carly. Now, please accept my attention to detail on your behalf and do not dispute the point."

Hesitantly, Carly nodded in compliance to his greater wisdom upon this subject, feeling perturbed by his arrogance. She tried a different topic, one of more importance to her presently. "I look forward to meeting your children, my lord."

All pleasantries were over.

She noticed the scowl returning to his face as Lord Huntington continued eating, ignoring her completely. "In fact, I would much prefer getting right to work starting my day tomorrow with introductions to the children."

Irksome. That's what she is. Truly irksome, Creighton thought.

This was originally a part of:

Chapter 6

Two Little Indians

Having loved horses from a young age, she had thrived upon the freedom the majestic creatures gave her to travel far and wide, as well as the simple pleasure of the great animal's personality and companionship. Indeed, she would be blessed if she were to benefit from this independence again, for during her formative years, if she had not been walking, she had been riding. Her father had inherited his father's prized stallion, and they had also grown up with a quiet, good-natured mare that pulled their dog cart with delight. The availability of two horses had been a godsend and was thus incorporated into their lessons from a young age.

This was originally a part of:

Chapter 7

The Softest Petal

Smiling contentedly to herself, she made a mental note to remember to take a flower basket with her next time, and perhaps take the children into these extensive gardens to pick flowers, understand their names, and make beautiful bouquets together. Finding her way back to the wonderfully aromatic kitchen, she asked Penny in passing, "Might not there be a vase to fill with this spray of flowers?"

Penny exuberantly showed Carly the wide-ranging, beautiful collection of vases and pots. "You are very welcome to use them at any time, especially if you would grace the kitchens as well. I simply love flowers."

Ah ha! she thought to herself with glee. *More welcomed places for flora!* Optimistic again about her future, she joyfully found her way to her chambers where she put the fragrant, sumptuous flowers to be enjoyed for several days to come.

This was originally part of:

Chapter 8

Corset & Curls

A strange sensation began at that moment to gather in her chest, a feeling of compassion to fix what was amiss, or at the very least, mend hearts that had been broken.

Carly wondered if she was equivalent to the task at hand, the fear of this great man growing more in her heart.

This was originally a part of:

Chapter 15

Staring

The new gown Carly was stitching was coming along splendidly. It would be simple, but it would fit her much better than any other she owned. "I think it quite lovely," she said to herself. The green fabric would complement her eye color, a comment that would have been made by her mother, if she were here. Deftly, her fingers sewed the tiny stitches so they were hardly noticeable. Within the week, she was sure to be finished.

Carly had felt numerous occasions to pray in gratitude for the plentiful blessings she was receiving. So long had she and her sister been scraping a living, she had almost forgotten what gift *bounty* was?

Elspeth would often join her in her off time, asking questions of her project. Carly was determined that she must make the most of this little girl's interest in sewing and start her upon it very soon. She must ask permission to take the children to town on an outing to procure a sampler for Elspeth and maybe something for Jonathon that would ignite his interests.

Smiling to herself, she enjoyed her quiet solitude, humming softly.

This was originally part of:

Chapter 17

Bare Chest

Early the next morning, Carly raced across the countryside on horseback. From time to time she would come across a beautiful flowering hedge which she would check out on both sides for obstacles determining which hedges she could safely jump over on horseback. She must memorize these locations. Carly missed the local horse competitions that she and Susannah had entered each year since they were old enough to enter with their father. They each had won many ribbons and trophies over the years because of their skills on horseback. Unfortunately, they had had to sell their two horses back home. Carly was determined to enjoy her privileges and simple pleasures every day. Were there local competitions here, she wondered. "I must ask Joe."

Having discovered the lake on her first day, Carly wondered what other treasures were to be found, and was determined to discover all that she could of her new home. There was so much more to explore. This estate was grand and beautifully kept. It would be anyone's dream come true to own such grounds as these, she was sure.

Enjoying the scenery with its rolling green hills, Carly contemplated how the hedges, though growing wild, looked as though they were well manicured. She stopped to take samples of the flowers, taking in their freshness and beautifully sun-kissed scents. The bees were busily buzzing about their work while Carly stood watching them labor in wonderment. Clover Girl, as Carly had come to call her, was chomping on some well-deserved juicy grasses.

Spying a stream running through a thicket of trees, Carly allowed Clover Girl to get a drink while she threw some rocks into

the water, enjoying the plunk and splash they made. Sighing, she remounted Clover Girl to further explore the countryside.

Off she went again at full speed, this time jumping over the hedges that she had just joyfully explored.

This was originally part of:

Chapter 18

Hiccups

And was changed for the purpose of establishing more intrigue and increasing the reasons for which Carly did not trust noblemen.

Carly was led to a room she had never before seen. It was tucked away upstairs for privacy. On their way to this room, Millesant explained to Carly that this was where the seamstresses came to prepare new wardrobes. The seamstress had everything she needed supplied for her here in this room. Privacy curtains and dividing screens would be set up for fittings, she explained. Outside the door, Millesant said excitedly, "Do go in and enjoy yourself, milady. I cannot wait to see you in your pretty new things. We will have so much fun, will we not?" Clapping her hands together eagerly, she then gave Carly a hug and was off on her way. Carly was catching Millesant's excitement as she entered the room and shut the door behind her.

Mrs. Thompson, the housekeeper, came over to the door where Carly shyly stood and locked the door behind her, "So nice to see you today, my lady," and taking Carly motheringly by the arm, led her over to a young girl. "Lady Carly, this is my granddaughter, Miss Deborah Thompson, my eldest son's daughter." As they curtsied to each other, she then added, "This lovely young lady is Lady Carly, Deborah, for whom your services have been requested."

Carly could hardly believe Lord Huntington would go to so much trouble—and expense—for her alone. As guilty as she felt, Carly was strangely eager, too.

Miss Thompson said, "How do you do, Lady Carly?"

"I am fine, thank you." Carly suddenly realized this young girl was the very one she had seen giggling with Lord Huntington in the salon. *So, he does dallily with servants.*

Carly scolded herself for thinking so ill of either of them.

Mrs. Thompson again proudly chimed in, "I highly recommend Miss Thompson's services and skills."

I'm sure you do. Again, unkind thoughts. *I must be better.*

Beaming a pleased smile towards her granddaughter, Mrs. Thompson announced, "She has been sewing for many ladies in the area, as well as Lord Huntington's late wife, for," she looked at her granddaughter for help, "how long dear?"

"I would say, at least five years, grandmamma."

"Yes, at least. We are both so excited about this wardrobe, are we not Deborah?" Deborah nodded vigorously, beaming from ear to ear. "Deborah is a magical seamstress, my dear, and she will have you outfitted in no time at all. Most importantly, we will have you well-prepared for the Dowager Lady Huntington's arrival and the inevitable balls and parties that will accompany her stay."

"Balls...and parties?" Carly forgot all else. In fact, she had completely forgotten anything about such matters.

"Why, yes, my dear; and we have been instructed to make several ball gowns for you as your presence will be required at those special events."

"Tell me, please, Mrs. Thompson. Why would the master require me, the governess, to be present at any of these events, in your good opinion?"

Delighted at Lady Carly's request for her assessment, Mrs. Thompson struggled with her normally unequivocal loyalty to her master. This young lady had a way about her that made Mrs. Thompson wish to protect and care for her, which she was altogether surprised by. "Well, I would rather not speculate, my dear."

"Please, I wish only to understand Lord Huntington as best as possible."

The housekeeper seemed to contemplate this subject for a moment, taking in Lady Carly's pleading eyes, before saying, "Well, you are the youngest governess he has ever engaged." Her lips set sternly as she contemplated previous years. "Of course, Lady Huntington, his late wife, seemed to delight in employing

young governesses, trying to tempt him, unsuccessfully, of course. Always a gentleman, he was," suddenly cautious at realizing her gossip, she continued into safer territory.

"All the governesses Lord Huntington appointed were much older and less inclined to attend *any* social events. They made it clear they were not happy here. I believe this opportunity may be an attempt by the master to help make you feel more at home than maybe the others were. They seemed to...well, let us just say, they kept to their rooms if they were not with the children. They seemed to fear," she seemed flustered all at once, like she was afraid to say more that would influence Carly against Lord Huntington. "Never mind. Do not trouble yourself, my lady, for you are to enjoy living here. It is all our hope. I believe this an answer to your question."

Trying her best to distract the governess, Mrs. Thompson enthusiastically continued, "Let us show you what we had in mind, shall we not? Lord Huntington has asked that the materials prepared should complement your beautiful hair and complexion, even selecting some himself." Carly's eyes grew large at this shared information, quite astounded. "Let us show you the colors and fabrics we have picked out for you to choose from."

Carly thought about the words Mrs. Thompson had shared, and wondered yet again about her master. His temper and his temptations. And the contrasting goodness... Concerns tumbled around in her head because of an experience that had forewarned her about any sort of familiarity with masters of great families. Philippa, a particularly beautiful friend, had been wooed and flirted with by the local squire's son, Lord Peter Digby. His attentions and expensive presents to her, including many beautiful gowns for the parties she was invited to attend, had been an indicator to everyone in the neighborhood of his intentions towards this lovely young lady. Even the most lowly of persons knew an offering of clothing was intimately personal for a gift to a young lady. Her hopes for an ennobled marriage to the gentleman she loved grew exponentially.

However, as many sad stories repeat themselves throughout time, her hopes and dreams were soon dashed away as news of his arranged marriage to Lady Regina Freneaux spread like wildfire amongst the astonished citizenry. Carly and Susannah had spent

much discussion over the cruel casualty of love Philippa had become. Observing her never to be quite the same again, the sisters vowed never to allow such a tragedy to happen to them.

To make matters worse—to make the sister's even more wary of gentry—the younger brother, Anthony, had soon been found to have several illegitimate offspring around the countryside.

Noblemen, indeed!

Why this should cross Carly's mind now was disturbing, for Lord Huntington only had kind intentions, did he not?

Deciding to put these compelling thoughts aside, she was led to the numerous bolts of fabrics that were laid out on tables on the other side of this special room. Carly resolutely made an additional vow to herself that she would not suffer the same fate as Philippa.

The room smelled exactly like *Tabby's*, a notions shop from home. Laces, ribbons, bows, sheer fabrics, gauzes, buttons; so many things to look at and pick from were laid out before her. "Now, let us stand you here in front of this mirror before the window to get the best lighting, shall we not?"

Mrs. Thompson and her granddaughter seemed over exuberant. Helping her up onto a platform, they held up and draped over Carly's shoulders color after color to see what they thought. Brilliant jewel tones; light, gauzy, beautiful pastels; such stunning colors and attractive fabrics she had never before seen. Miss Thompson showed Carly the sewing dummies that already held the most fashionably styled gowns displaying patterns of a pish-posh of leftover fabrics hanging on them for her to choose from.

As she nervously picked, they pushed her behind the dressing panels to try the samples on. They helped her button up and before the mirror she would go again and again. Capturing the spirit of excitement that was exuding from grandmother and granddaughter, she looked at herself in the mirror and felt just like a princess must feel to be so spoiled. Almost as if she were hearing her mother's voice, she thought the word, "*Enjoy*," and so she did. All of the sample gowns had to be pinned in through her torso and shoulders but let out a little through the bust line. So the ladies talked and laughed, planned and pinned and had a lovely morning until dinner was brought to the door with a knock.

As they sat down to luncheon, Carly thought, *Maybe I am wrong about Miss Deborah*, feeling utterly guilty. *She is such a nice girl.* Deciding to believe just that, she said aloud, "I do not believe I have ever had so much fun. Thank you both for making this an especially fun day for me and, hopefully for you, as well."

Grandmother and granddaughter looked at each other and smiled back at Carly. They were not used to working with ladies of her station that had the humility inherent to this young lady. Already a joy to work with, she was so much different than Lady Huntington ever had been, for she had been a spoiled and cranky thing, bossing and whimpering, screaming if she ever received a poke with a pin and throwing things in her tantrums. Lady Carly had been poked several times and had not said one word about it, only jumping in reaction.

Carly was to have all new under things, nightclothes, stockings, shoes, hats, coats, purses, muffs, and gloves. A complete revamping of her wardrobe would be achieved by the time they finished with her. As exciting as this was, she still cautioned herself thinking of Philippa. She reminded herself that sometimes bad things happen to good people.

When luncheon was finished, they went back to work. What a long day it turned out to be, exhausting even, but by the end of it, Miss Thompson had most of her decisions made of what she needed to prepare for Lady Carly. When completed for the day, Miss Thompson said, "I will get started right away, and we will have our first fitting two days hence. Will that suffice, Lady Carly?"

"Two days?" Carly exclaimed.

But now, Miss Thompson looked worried, "It is the best I can do, milady."

Carly gently took Miss Thompson's hands in her own. "Surely, you are a miracle worker, Miss Thompson. I certainly do not expect you to work yourself to the bone. Take your time, please, and do not rush on my account. Even I have been working on new gowns for myself and have but only completed one."

Throwing her arms about them both, Carly gave Miss Thompson and Mrs. Thompson a big hug each before saying, "I have enjoyed my day with both of you. Thank you so very much. Truly, how can I thank you enough?"

The two ladies looked at each other, and Miss Thompson said, "Your sincere gratitude, Lady Carly, is more than I have ever had from the mistress." She looked down shame-faced at the floor and back up again, "What I mean to say is...thank you for your thoughtfulness in reference to timing. It can be wearying work, and I do appreciate your kindness in thinking of me."

"Of course, my dear. I have plenty to wear." Carly could not admit to this dear girl that all her clothing was on the snug side, but for her one finished gown. She would not have her work herself to death. "Do not trouble yourself to finish with undo haste. I shall be pleased to visit simply to see how you are making progress and to enjoy your pleasant company, Miss Thompson; that is, if it would be welcome?"

"Of course, my lady."

"I might even be able to help if you wish it?"

"Truly, miss, you are a delight to work with, I can tell you right now. And... thank you. I cannot wait to see these gowns finished on you myself."

Mrs. Thompson chimed in cheerfully, "Nor I."

Carly simply hugged them again, smiling, and walked dreamily out of the room.

Determined to make Miss Thompson her newest friend, Carly was convinced of her innocence...regardless of Lord Huntington's.

This was originally a part of:

Chapter 20

Broken Mirror

Preparations were steadily moving forward for Jonathon's treasure hunt. Elspeth had excitedly informed Carly that her Uncle Hayden would have been a good resource to ask questions because he *was* a pirate...or at least a descendant of one.

Carly merely laughed at Elspeth's excitement and warned her again of the importance of secrecy. The clandestine pirate ship was being built elsewhere and would be delivered by wagon when Carly was ready for it.

Also, two huge frames had been contracted and were painstakingly being created to be placed upon the wall of the Long Gallery where other portraits of Huntington children were held. She prayed Jonathon's heart would open completely again because of the efforts being made in his behalf. She wanted this little boy to love and embrace life as much as he possibly could. She also prayed for his father, hoping his heart might be softened towards his children. These were righteous desires, she believed, and she just knew a loving Father in heaven would help.



The halls were filled with light, beautiful music as Carly played the harp. Feeling a bit rusty, for it had been awhile, she was sure she could change that now. The sounds were entrancing as servants went about their work. Melodies softly lilted about as if fairies were dusting the halls and banisters with their tiny, playful feet, helping the servants dust and clean. Carly enjoyed the sound, the peacefulness it brought to her heart and mind. It filled her with serenity and calmness.

Not so for Creighton.

He was having difficulty concentrating on his work for he could hear the lovely music and singing from time to time and would stop and listen in admiration of Lady Carly's talents. Lady Carly was intruding into his thoughts frequently throughout each day, which annoyed him greatly. Why had he given her permission to use the music room, he questioned?

Throwing down his steel pen, he exited the house prepared to ride until his mind was cleared of all thoughts of her.

This was originally part of:

Chapter 22

Deceit

A treasure hunt causes a certain excitement. This hunt would be Jonathon's alone. Carly had promised Elspeth an afternoon of playing with their hair if she would cooperate.

Elspeth was appeased.

As Carly placed the clues about the house, Mrs. Thompson eagerly helped. Glad to see Lady Carly's zealous interest in the children, she had quickly done all she could to help this young lady be successful in the master's employ.

This was originally a part of:

Chapter 23

Treasure Hunt

These extra clues were placed after the Spyglass was found and before the Portrait Gallery scenes.

*"Displayed behind glass
You cannot touch
Family Heirlooms
Now treasured much"*

Elspeth jumped up and down, clapping her hands together, "I know, I know..." suddenly stopping her cheer as she realized she had almost guessed when it was not her clue to discover at all. Her embarrassed little face told of her feelings and that she wanted to help at least one time.

Jonathon, the good brother that he was, always thinking of his little sister, asked, "Would you like to make this guess, Elspeth?"

Sheepishly, she shook her head and said, "No thank you, Jonathon. This is your adventure."

"But what good is an adventure not shared, Ellie?"

All smiles, she hugged her brother and said, "Do you think it might be the Heirloom Hutch in the family salon?"

Smiling an encouraging, proud smile at his little sister, he said, "That is exactly what I was thinking too. Shall we go and look for ourselves?"

"Yes...let's!"

Carly beamed proudly as she watched the children, hand-in-hand, carefully descend from the attics. They truly cared one

for another, these two little children that she had quickly learned to love. She could not be more proud of their loving hearts than she was at this moment. Carly handed the lamp off to Mrs. Thompson, who seemed to show up out of nowhere again. Giving an extra squeeze to the housekeeper's hand, Carly smiled her gratitude, her own enthusiasm showing.

As they made their way to the family sitting room, Jonathon and Elspeth quickly made a beeline to the hutch that displayed old family valuables that were locked safely within. To the front of the hutch, two notes were attached. The first was a clue, the second, a surprising second note from their father, which Jonathon excitedly tore open first. After reading it, he glanced up into the hutch, his mouth dropping open. Mrs. Thompson moved forward when Carly nodded for her to do so, and taking her household keys from her apron pocket, unlocked the hutch for them. Jonathon looked at Miss Blakemore with trepidation.

Encouragingly, she said, "It is an especially treasured gift from your father to you, Jonathon. You can take the pocket watch out and look at it whenever you get permission to do so, but then it shall remain locked safely in here until you are old enough to decide for yourself what you shall do with it."

"I cannot believe father has given grandfather's special pocket watch to *me*. I know that he has always treasured it himself, so much so that even he refuses to handle it. No. I think I should not touch it Miss Blakemore." It was obvious that Jonathon felt it was out of his reach, that he was unworthy of touching it.

Carly encouraged, "Carefully take it out with us here, Jonathon. Open it and look at it, and then we shall put it away." Jonathon put on a brave face again. Carefully he reached into the glass and gingerly took hold of the watch. He laid it in the palm of his hand and looked at the exquisite detail etched upon the gold. Turning it over, he could see that no surface had been forgotten in its intricate design. Cautiously, he opened it and read aloud the inscription. "It says on the inside, '*To my love, forever. E.*'" His brows furrowing, he said, "How will Grandmother feel about me having this?"

"If it pleases your father to have given it to you, I think it could only please her as well."

He continued to gaze at the clock face and the fine craftsmanship. "I shall treasure it always." Watchfully placing it back into its velvet case, he allowed it to be locked safely within the hutch. "I am quite surprised at my father's goodness to me this day."

Carly hugged Jonathon to her, and said, "He does love you very much, Jonathon." He looked up into her face wishing to believe her every word. The hunger for his father's love was too much for her to bear. Quickly, a bit too cheerfully, she asked, "So what is your next clue?"

"I forgot...let me read it to you. It says:

Castles must have their defense.

With these in hand,

Battles are now the offense."

"And what do you think of that clue?" Carly smiled down at him, lovingly stroking his handkerchiefed head and placing his hat back upon it.

"Well, let me think..." He paced the salon floor for a minute rereading the clue. He stopped, and looked at Miss Blakemore, "I have never before set foot in the armory." By Miss Blakemore's smile, he could tell that he had guessed correctly again. He smiled back at her, all excitement back upon his face.

Drawing his sword, he calmly said, "We shall find these weapon stores and take them for ourselves!! Aaarrggh!" Elspeth giggled and clapped at his performance. Jonathon led the way to the bowels of the house, his tangible enthusiasm returning.

As the stairs led deeper and deeper into the depths of the house, Carly mused that she had never discovered these places before, for Mrs. Thompson had placed these notes for her. She was excited to discover new rooms and things.

As they entered the armory, she was struck by its magnificence. Munitions of every kind, of every age, were arranged as if a museum had been set up. They walked about the room in awe, each of them.

Mrs. Thompson whispered into Lady Carly's ear, "I hope you will approve of where I have put the notes, my lady?"

Carly followed Mrs. Thompson's look to where she had put them, and where Jonathon had just discovered them. A tall gun cabinet with protective glass encased several magnificent pistols and flintlocks of various ages. On either side of the case, a tall suit of armor was placed as if guarding them. Carly nodded her agreement to the housekeeper and whispered back, "Is that the pistol Lord Huntington was talking about?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Very good then."

Jonathon saw that there were two notes again and excitedly, yet warily opened first the one from his father. Knowing that guns were not normally gifted to boys, Jonathon was not surprised that he did not get to touch this particular gift. But his eyes grew misty, and his fingers traced the gun through the glass longingly. He whispered, "A pistol? My very own pistol? I cannot believe it! And this was great-grandfather's, whom father was named after."

Elsbeth did not say a word understanding dawning upon her little mind that this must be awfully special. She could only stare at the pistol too.

After several minutes, Jonathon finally read the next clue. He read:

This was the original scene of Jonathon thanking his father for his spyglass, but now more. This was part of:

Chapter 24

Haunted by Him

Since I took the above passages out, the following scene had more things for Jonathon to thank his father for.

Jonathon stood quietly holding Miss Blakemore's hand as she knocked upon the study door. She squeezed his hand, trying to reassure him in his desire to thank his father for the spyglass and family heirlooms that he had received days ago as gifts from his father during the treasure hunt. But now he was so nervous.

"Come in," he heard his father say behind the heavy, wooden doors.

Miss Blakemore opened the door and ushered him into the room just ahead of her. He didn't mean to be a coward, to wish to be behind her to hang on to her skirts, like a silly little boy. He did not mean to wish for his blanket and pillow to ward off the censure he would see in his father's expression. It always brought pain to his heart. Rarely did Jonathon have an opportunity to even be here in the Study, and now that he was here, he was too nervous to look around at all the curiosities that normally would hold his interest. As they finally reached his father's desk, his governess said, "Jonathon wishes to speak with you, my lord." His tongue tied, his hands turned sweaty. He watched as Miss Blakemore curtsied to his father and began to retreat from the room. Jonathon panicked, pleading with his eyes for her to stay. Thank goodness, she understood! Instead of withdrawing, she stood aside to support him. He was relieved. He could do *anything* now.

Lord Huntington nodded his head towards Jonathon, asking, "What did you wish to speak with me about, Jonathon?"

What had he practiced in his room? The words evaded him. He stuttered, "I...I wished... to...to *thank* you, father," oh, good, he remembered! "For...for the spyglass you gave me this week during the treasure hunt." Suddenly remembering the hope gained this week, realizing again that it was only with his father's permission these things had occurred, he gained confidence, in his next words. "I will cherish it always and wanted you to know how much it means to me, father."

Gladness actually showed upon his father's face. "And you have played with the spyglass?"

"Oh, yes, father!" He smiled. "Even Ellie has enjoyed it."

"Good, good. I'm glad you are sharing."

His father's smile was less scary than his frown. Jonathon was grateful for it now.

His father motioned him forward, "I am glad you have enjoyed it then. Tell me, do you think you shall enjoy the spyglass on any future escapades?"

With more enthusiasm, Jonathon offered, "Oh, yes, father! As a matter-of-fact, Ellie and I are travelling to India today." His father's smile encouraged more conversation. "We plan to spy elephants and tigers. Possibly even a cobra. But do not worry, you. I shall always protect Ellie."

His father's chuckle was priceless. His father's large hand tousled his hair. Jonathon beamed up at him with joy.

"And what of the pocket watch?"

Sobering just a little, he answered, "I am only hoping that grandmamma will approve, for I daresay, I will always value it, sir." His eyes were luminous with emotion because his father had shared such prized possessions with him.

This did not go unnoticed by Lord Huntington who was surprised to see such emotion from a boy on account of a pocket watch. But it was what he had wished in giving it in the first place—that it would be cherished. He was glad to see it. Looking at Miss Blakemore, he could see that she was intent upon his son's welfare, fully supporting his show of gratitude. She was *proud* of his son!

"Grandmother will be glad that it is now yours, Johnny. You will have to tell her about it, won't you?"

"Yes, father, I will." His eyes sparkled.

“And what of the pistol? Shall you look forward to someday honing that skill?”

Jonathon sucked in his breathe, trying his best to control his emotion. As he gained control, he smiled proudly at his father, his shoulders squaring off proudly. “Yes, father. And I do hope that it will be you that will show me how to sharpen those particular skills.”

Creighton nodded his head in appreciation of this request. Smiling at his grateful son, he felt glad that he was so delighted at his gifts shared. Standing, he came around the desk and quietly shook Jonathon’s hand. Tousling his hair, they looked at each other with an understanding that Carly felt sure was helping to further heal them both. At least, that was what she was praying for, fervently!

“I remember a good adventure or two with that spyglass.”

Jonathon could see his father’s mind working away at memories, dusting them off to rediscover. He could almost smell the dust.

Beaming up into his father’s face, he could not know his father was already planning to revisit his old days of safari adventures. But this time, with his children.

Jonathon left the Study, determined that the gleam in his father’s eye held a promise of something good. He was not sure what, but he was sure it was good.

Yes. Something good was occurring in their home, in their family. And he liked it.



It seemed that all the wonderfully laid plans had worked their magic. Carly was so amazed at the immediate transformation in Jonathon. Even Elspeth noticed the difference and praised him for it.

He simply beamed.

No more gloom. No more sadness. No more pensive daydreams that seemed impossible to fulfill.

Carly knew that he had received much needed reassurance from the one he needed it most; and that he was, indeed, loved. Carly thrilled at the success and the change in him.

At every turn, she encouraged the children, praised them, and loved them. Often, she made sure there was well-earned playtime upon the pirate ship. Carly exacted from the children the best of manners and the following of rules and lessons completed, but she thoroughly enjoyed showering her affections upon these two delightful children.

Several times already, they had included the ship into their lessons by confiscating the globe from the study for their own purposes upon the ship and plotted their own course on trade routes around the world. They explored, through their studies, the different textiles and spices, etc., that were traded upon these routes and studied further what would have been exchanged at these ports as well.

Carly found that the children were avid learners, devouring the fun way in which they were learning their lessons on these excursions. They would picnic upon the ship, pretending that they were eating the foreign foods from the various lands they visited. In fact, May had gone as far as to plan around these expeditions, planning meals from her vast knowledge of cuisine from foreign lands. Of course, there were the favourites...and the not so favourites.

Life was good at Huntington Manor.



Many ladies and gentlemen of rank and position had called at Huntington Manor since the master's return from London. Carly was curious about these people. The ladies seemed most desperate for Lord Huntington's presence, his attentions. One in particular.

He, however, seemed bored by the whole affair.

Why?

Would the master not remarry and give these sweet children a mother? He should, Carly thought.

How judgmental I am?

Some of the ladies seemed quite upset at Carly's presence when accidentally come upon in a secret garden or room.

Disdain was something Carly was getting used to in this house of important people. But she did not care. She had her charges and her growing friends amongst the servants. She was content.

Or so she told herself...

"After you have loosened the soil quite well, smooth it again, like this. Very good, children. Very good." Carly and the children were each smoothing their small plot of dirt that had lots of room for growing plants around them.

"Now, poke either your finger or the trowel handle down into the dirt just so...yes, very good...to make a little home for your seed. Yes, like that. Very good! Place a pumpkin seed into that same hole. Now, cover it gently with more dirt and gently pat." Lots of patting followed. "Gently, children," she chuckled. "Well done! Is this not fun?"

The children both nodded with smiles on their faces. "I do enjoy this very much, Miss Blakemore," Jonathon said excitedly, rubbing his nose and smudging dirt upon it. In truth, he had taken great pleasure in this activity today, which brought immense satisfaction to Carly as well.

"Jonathon, will you please hand me that watering can. Thank you. Now, just like this," watering her mounds of dirt, she then said, "give your seeds a good drink of water. They need lots of water and sun to grow. Here you are, your turn," handing the watering can back to Jonathon, he watered his mounds of dirt. He then handed Elspeth the watering can, and they watched her do the same, rather awkwardly. They could smell the change in the soil as it turned to rich, blackish-brown mud.

The children pleasantly smiled up at Carly with a sense of accomplishment, and she clapped her hands so they would follow suit. "You have both planted your first seeds! How does that make you feel? Did you enjoy digging in the dirt?"

"Oh yes! I would like to do this again, Miss Blakemore. May we?"

"Yes, of course, Jonathon. We can do more pumpkin seeds or flower seeds, which would you like?"

Elspeth had been frowning at the dirt caught under her fingernails until she heard this, and excitedly clapping her hands,

she jumped up and down, exclaiming, "Flowers! Oh, pretty flowers, please!"

Carly and Jonathon looked at each other and smiled. "Looks like flowers it shall be." And they all laughed.



Carly was enjoying making floral arrangements on a regular basis, for there were gardens upon gardens of flowers and greenery to choose from at her adored new home. The head gardener, Mr. Fitzsimmons, gladly provided baskets of clippings for her as well, so she found lots of opportunities to be with nature to her heart's content. The house was all the more beautiful for it, and the fresh fragrances wafted throughout the many rooms.

The servants, as well as Lord Huntington, had all welcomed the pleasant beauty, brought from the outdoors, inside. So many rooms had benefited from the bright, beautiful colors and fragrances from the outdoors. Carly was in her element.

Lady Carly's talents were becoming appreciated more and more by everyone in the household, for she had also been practicing the pianoforte and the harp as well. Her musical talents and most especially her voice, were influential in lifting everyone's spirits, for even though this household was a mostly happy and contented one, servants getting along and all, one could not help humming and smiling at each other as they went about their business of the day. And so it was with much joy that Lady Carly's growing presence continued in this house.

This was originally in:

Chapter 29

Brooding

Why should she feel to be blamed? He was the guilty party. She would ignore him as he ignored her. Simple.

Besides her daydreaming, Carly and Susannah continued to write each other frequently through the weeks, both thoroughly enjoying their correspondence. Carly would stop whatever she was doing in order to plop down on her sofa and read to her heart's content about the life Susannah was now leading. Seemingly happy and content, she gave Carly great relief. Writing of possibilities in visiting one another, it seemed it would be awhile since Susannah was going on holiday with her new family, the Radford's, to Bath in Somerset. Excitement filled Carly's heart for her sister since she knew they had never been to any of the locations this holiday would take Susannah and her family. She determined in her heart her sister would have an excellent experience.

Back to the daydreaming again...

Carly busied herself writing her letter.

Coming Soon!

If you enjoyed the

Deleted or Altered Scenes from The Governess

A Huntington Saga series novel

—*—
Book One
—*—

Volume One

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