

"Please, tell me your name," the officer says quietly.

"Esmeralda," the girl answers.

The young ladies laugh at this strange name, but Phoebus notices only Esmeralda.

"Monsieur Torterue gave that ugly hunchback a good flogging. I hope you aren't afraid now in the streets at night."

"No, sir," Esmeralda says, smiling at Phoebus. She looks more beautiful than ever.

"Call for me if you are. I will help you, day or night," Phoebus says bravely.

"You seem happy with this gypsy girl," says Fleur-de-Lys.

"And why not?" asks Phoebus.

The other young ladies laugh at these words. But Fleur-de-Lys turns her face away from Phoebus as her eyes fill with tears.

Bérangère calls, "Sister, come and see the goat's trick." The little girl has been in a corner of the yard, playing with Djali. Around its neck, the goat always carries a little bag of letters on pieces of wood. Bérangère has thrown the letters on the ground and the goat has made a word with them.

The young ladies hurry over to look at the little goat's trick.

"Did the goat do that?" asks Fleur-de-Lys when she sees the word on the ground.

"Yes, sister."

The letters spell P H O E B U S.

"The goat has written your name, Phoebus!" cries one of the young ladies to the officer. "She's a witch."

"You have a wonderful memory," Fleur-de-Lys says to Esmeralda. Then she begins to cry and hurries through a door into the house.

"Leave us immediately, gypsy witch," shouts one of Fleur-de-Lys's friends.

Esmeralda hurries through the gate into the street, followed by Djali.



*"The goat has written your name, Phoebus!"*