Text from Book:

 “That’s not Daddy,” she said. “It’s somebody else.”

The shape, tossed and bent under the wind, lifted the latch of the gate, and they could see that it belonged to a woman, who was holding her hat on with one hand and carrying a bag in the other. As they watched, Jane and Michael saw a curious thing happen.

 As soon as the shape was inside the gate the wind seemed to catch her up into the air and fling her at the house. It was as though it had flung her first at the gate, waited for her to open it, and then lifted and thrown her, bag and all, at the front door.

The watching children heard a terrific bang, and as she landed the whole house shook. “How funny! I’ve never seen that happen before,” said Michael. “Let’s go and see who it is!” said Jane, and taking Michael’s arm she drew him away from the window, through the Nursery and out on to the landing. From there they always had a good view of anything that happened in the front hall. Presently they saw their Mother coming out of the drawing room with a visitor following her.

Jane and Michael could see that the newcomer had shiny black hair—“Rather like a wooden Dutch doll,” whispered Jane. And that she was thin, with large feet and hands, and small, rather peering blue eyes.

 “You’ll find that they are very nice children,” Mrs Banks was saying. Michael’s elbow gave a sharp dig at Jane’s ribs. “And that they give no trouble at all,” continued Mrs Banks uncertainly, as if she herself didn’t really believe what she was saying.

 They heard the visitor sniff as though she didn’t either. So Mrs Banks said quickly: “The nursery is upstairs—” And she led the way towards the staircase, talking all the time, without stopping once. And because she was doing that Mrs Banks did not notice what was happening behind her, but Jane and Michael, watching from the top landing, had an excellent view of the extraordinary thing the visitor now did. Certainly she followed Mrs Banks upstairs, but not in the usual way. With her large bag in her hands she slid gracefully up the banisters, and arrived at the landing at the same time as Mrs Banks. Such a thing, Jane and Michael knew, had never been done before. Down, of course, for they had often done it themselves. But up — never!

They gazed curiously at the strange new visitor. “Well, that’s all settled, then.” A sigh of relief came from the children’s Mother. “Quite. As long as I’m satisfied,” said the other, wiping her nose with a large red and white bandanna handkerchief. “

When their Mother had gone, Jane and Michael edged towards Mary Poppins, who stood, still as a post, with her hands folded in front of her. “How did you come?” Jane asked. “It looked just as if the wind blew you here.” “It did,” said Mary Poppins briefly.

And she proceeded to unwind her muffler from her neck and to take off her hat, which she hung on one of the bedposts.