

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1



MicMac

Anne of Avonlea

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B2



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

ANNE DE AVONLEA

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

Anne of Avonlea

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L. M. Montgomery

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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L. M. Montgomery (1874–1942)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR — Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 — Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 — Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

Como usar o glossário

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link Back to B1 retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

Sobre este livro

Anne de Avonlea dá continuidade à história de Anne Shirley, agora com 16 anos, enquanto ela inicia sua carreira como professora na escola de Avonlea, na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. O romance cobre dois anos de sua vida, dos 16 aos 18, durante os quais ela enfrenta os desafios de educar alunos diversos, sem perder seu espírito imaginativo. Além do ensino, Anne se envolve na Sociedade de Melhoramentos de Avonlea, um grupo de jovens que tenta embelezar a cidade, muitas vezes com resultados cômicos. Novos personagens enriquecem a narrativa: o excêntrico Sr. Harrison, que se muda para a antiga casa dos Irving; os gêmeos Dora e Davy, que vão morar com Marilla Cuthbert; e o gentil e sonhador Paul Irving, um aluno que lembra Anne de sua própria infância. O conflito central está na luta de Anne para equilibrar suas responsabilidades com seu desejo de aventura e beleza, enquanto amadurece de uma garota caprichosa para uma jovem ponderada. O cenário continua sendo o idílico e pastoral Avonlea, com suas paisagens exuberantes e comunidade unida. O tom é caloroso, humorístico e

nostálgico, mesclando as descrições líricas características de Montgomery com lições sutis sobre paciência, amizade e a passagem do tempo. Os relacionamentos de Anne se aprofundam, especialmente com almas afins como Diana Barry e a idosa Srta. Lavendar Lewis, cujas tristezas e alegrias ocultas são gradualmente reveladas. O romance explora temas de mudança, pertencimento e a natureza agridoce do crescimento, mantendo o charme e o otimismo que definem o mundo de Anne.

Nota editorial

A tradução para o português e a versão Reading Comprehension B1 foram geradas com apoio de inteligência artificial e submetidas a revisão editorial.

Em caso de dúvida ou observações, fale conosco.

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An Irate Neighbor

Pt/En A tall, slim girl who was almost seventeen years old sat on the red sandstone doorstep of a farmhouse on Prince Edward Island one afternoon in August. She had serious gray eyes and auburn hair. She was determined to translate many lines of Virgil.

Pt/En But the August afternoon was better for dreaming than for studying. The blue haze on the harvest fields, the wind in the poplars, and the red poppies against the dark firs in the orchard all encouraged her to dream. Soon she put down her book and looked at the clouds. She imagined herself as a schoolteacher who would inspire students to become future leaders.

Pt/En Anne had rosy ideas about what a teacher could do. She dreamed that in forty years, a famous person, perhaps a college president or Canadian prime minister, would thank her for inspiring him. But this dream was interrupted.

Pt/En A little Jersey cow ran down the lane and soon Mr. Harrison appeared in the yard.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison jumped over the fence without opening the gate. He looked angry. Anne stood up, surprised. She had seen him before but never met him. He was their new neighbor.

Pt/En In early April, before Anne came home from Queen's, Mr. Robert Bell sold his farm and moved to Charlottetown. His farm was next to the Cuthbert place on the west. It was bought by a man named J. A. Harrison, but people only knew his name and that he was from New Brunswick. After a month in Avonlea, he was known as an odd person. Mrs. Rachel Lynde called him a crank. She was an outspoken lady. Mr. Harrison was different from other people, which is what makes a crank.

Pt/En First, Mr. Harrison lived alone and said he did not want women around his home. The women of Avonlea told terrible stories about how he kept his house and cooked. He hired a boy named John Henry Carter from White Sands. John Henry started the stories. There were no set meal times at Mr. Harrison's house. Mr. Harrison ate when he was hungry. If John Henry was there, he ate too. If not, he had to wait until Mr. Harrison was hungry again. John Henry said he would have starved if he

did not go home on Sundays to eat a big meal. His mother also gave him a basket of food to take back on Monday mornings.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison did not wash the dishes unless it rained on a Sunday. Then he washed them all at once in a big barrel of rainwater and left them to dry by themselves.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison was also known as being stingy. When asked to give money for the minister's salary, he said he would wait to see how much good he got from the preaching first. He did not believe in buying something without knowing its value. When Mrs. Lynde asked for money for missions, he said there were more heathens among the old gossips in Avonlea than anywhere else. He would give money to help them if she would lead the effort. Mrs. Lynde left and said it was lucky that Mrs. Robert Bell was dead, because she would be sad to see how dirty her house was now.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde told Marilla Cuthbert angrily that Mrs. Bell used to clean the kitchen floor every second day. But now the floor was so dirty that Mrs. Lynde had to lift her skirts when she walked across it.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison had a parrot called Ginger. Nobody in Avonlea had ever kept a parrot before, so this was not considered very respectable. The parrot swore a lot and once bit a piece out of John Henry Carter's neck when he bent too close to the cage. John Henry's mother showed the mark to everyone when he went home on Sundays.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison stood speechless with anger in front of Anne. He was short, fat, and bald. His round face was purple with rage and his blue eyes were almost sticking out. Anne thought he was the ugliest person she had ever seen.

Pt/En Suddenly Mr. Harrison found his voice.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said angrily that he would not accept this any longer. He said this was the third time it had happened. He had warned Anne's aunt the last time not to let it happen again, but she had let it happen. He wanted to know what she meant by it.

Pt/En Anne asked Mr. Harrison to explain the trouble in her most dignified manner. She had been practicing this for when school started, but it did not affect the angry Mr. Harrison.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison complained that there was plenty of trouble. He said that he had found Anne's aunt's Jersey cow in his oats again, only half an hour ago. He said it was the third time; he had found her on Tuesday and yesterday. He had come to the house and told the aunt not to let it happen again, but she did. He asked where the aunt was. He wanted to see her for a minute and give her a piece of his mind.

Pt/En Anne replied that if he meant Miss Marilla Cuthbert, she was not her aunt, and she had gone to East Grafton to see a very ill distant relative. Anne said she was sorry that her cow had broken into his oats. She explained that the cow was hers, not Miss Cuthbert's. Matthew had given her the cow three years ago when it was a little calf, and he had bought it from Mr. Bell.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison responded that being sorry was not helpful. He told Anne to go and look at the damage the cow had caused. He said the cow had trampled the oats from the center to the edge of the field.

Pt/En Anne repeated that she was very sorry. But she suggested that if he kept his fences in better repair, Dolly might not have broken in. She said it was his part of the fence that *separated* his oatfield from their pasture, and she had noticed that it was not in very good condition.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison became even angrier. He said his fence was fine and that even a jail fence could not keep a cow like that out. He called Anne a redheaded snippet and told her that she should be watching her cow to keep it out of other people's grain instead of sitting around reading yellow-covered novels. He looked sharply at the tan-colored Virgil book by Anne's feet.

Pt/En Anne's hair was a sensitive subject for her. At that moment, something else was also red.

Pt/En She said she would rather have red hair than almost no hair, except for a small fringe around her ears.

Pt/En Her comment worked because Mr. Harrison was very sensitive about being bald. He became so angry he could not speak, only stare. Anne calmed down and used her advantage.

Pt/En Anne said she could understand Mr. Harrison because she had imagination. She could imagine how hard it was to find a cow in his oats.

She promised not to hold a grudge and gave her word that Dolly would never enter his oats again.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison muttered that the cow had better not come back. He left angrily, and Anne heard him complaining to himself until he was far away.

Pt/En Anne was very upset. She walked across the yard and closed the bad Jersey cow in the milking pen.

Pt/En Anne thought that the cow could not get out unless she broke the fence. She looked quiet now. Anne guessed that she had made herself sick from eating oats. She wished she had sold the cow to Mr. Shearer when he wanted it last week, but she had thought it was better to wait until the auction of the stock and sell them all together. She believed that Mr. Harrison was a strange person. There was definitely nothing like a kindred spirit about him.

Pt/En Anne always watched for kindred spirits.

Pt/En When Anne came back from the house, Marilla Cuthbert was driving into the yard. Anne hurried to prepare tea. They talked about the matter while having tea.

Pt/En Marilla said she would be happy when the auction was over. It was too much responsibility to have so many animals around the place with only Martin, who was not reliable, to take care of them. He had not come back yet, even though he promised to return last night if she gave him the day off to go to his aunt's funeral. She did not know how many aunts he had; that was the fourth one who had died since he started working there a year ago. She would be very thankful when the crops were harvested and Mr. Barry took over the farm. They would have to keep Dolly locked in the pen until Martin came, because she needed to be put in the back pasture, and the fences there needed to be fixed. She said it was a world of trouble, as Rachel said. Poor Mary Keith was dying, and she did not know what would happen to her two children. Mary had a brother in British Columbia and she had written to him about them, but she had not heard from him yet.

Pt/En She asked what the children were like and how old they were.

Pt/En The answer was that they were six years old and twins.

Pt/En Anne said she had always been interested in twins because Mrs. Hammond had so many, and she asked if they were pretty.

Pt/En The person explained that the children were very dirty, so it was hard to tell. Davy had been making mud pies, and Dora went to call him inside. Davy pushed Dora's head into the biggest pie. Because she cried, he got into the pie himself to show her it was nothing to cry about. Mary said Dora was a good child but Davy was very mischievous. Davy had never had any proper upbringing because his father died when he was a baby and Mary had been sick almost ever since.

Pt/En Anne said she always felt sorry for children without proper upbringing, noting that she herself had none until Marilla took her in. She hoped their uncle would take care of them, and asked what relation Mrs. Keith was to the speaker.

Pt/En Marilla said that no one in the world was named Mary. It was her husband, who was their third cousin. She saw Mrs. Lynde coming through the yard and thought she would come to hear about Mary.

Pt/En Anne begged Marilla not to tell Mrs. Lynde about Mr. Harrison and the cow.

Pt/En Marilla promised, but the promise was unnecessary because as soon as Mrs. Lynde was seated, she began to speak.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde said that she had seen Mr. Harrison chasing their Jersey cow out of his oats when she was coming home from Carmody. She thought he looked very angry and asked if he had made a big fuss.

Pt/En Anne and Marilla exchanged amused smiles secretly. Few things in Avonlea ever escaped Mrs. Lynde's attention. Only that morning, Anne had said something.

Pt/En Anne joked that even if someone went to their room at midnight, locked the door, pulled the blind, and sneezed, Mrs. Lynde would still ask about their cold the next day.

Pt/En Marilla admitted that he probably did, explaining that she was away at the time and that he had spoken firmly to Anne.

Pt/En Anne called him a very disagreeable man and tossed her red hair resentfully.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel solemnly agreed, saying she had known there would be trouble when Robert Bell sold his farm to a man from New Brunswick. She complained that too many strangers were coming to Avonlea, and soon it would not be safe to sleep in their beds.

Pt/En Marilla asked what other strangers were planning to move into the area.

Pt/En Rachel asked if Anne had heard about the Donnell family, who had rented Peter Sloane's old house. Peter had hired the man to run his mill. They came from down east and nobody knew anything about them. Then the lazy Timothy Cotton family would move from White Sands and they would be a burden on the public. He was sick and a *thief*, and his wife was unable to do any work. She even washed her dishes while sitting down.

Pt/En Mrs. George Pye had taken her husband's orphan nephew, Anthony Pye. He would go to Anne's school, so Anne should expect trouble. Another new pupil would be Paul Irving, who was coming from the United States to live with his grandmother. Anne remembered his father, Stephen Irving, who had jilted Lavendar Lewis over at Grafton.

Pt/En Marilla said she did not think he had jilted her. There had been a quarrel, and she thought both sides were to blame.

Pt/En Rachel said that anyway, Stephen had not married Lavendar. Lavendar had been very strange ever since, living alone in a little stone house she called Echo Lodge. Stephen had gone to the United States, gone into business with his uncle, and married a Yankee. He had never been home since, although his mother had visited him once or twice. His wife had died two years ago, and he was sending the boy home to his mother for a while. The boy was ten years old, and Rachel was not sure if he would be a good *student*. You could never be sure about those Yankees.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde thought that people who were not born or raised on Prince Edward Island were probably not good. She had a special dislike for Yankees because her husband had been cheated out of ten dollars by an employer in Boston. She believed that the whole United States was responsible for that cheating.

Pt/En Marilla said that having a new student would be good for the school. She said if the boy was like his father, he would be fine. Steve Irving was the nicest boy from that area, although some people thought he was proud. Marilla thought Mrs. Irving would be happy to have her child with her, because she had been very lonely since her husband died.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel said that the boy might be fine, but he would be different from the other children in Avonlea. She said that as if it was the final point. Then she asked Anne about starting a Village Improvement Society.

Pt/En Anne said she had talked about it with some of the young people at the last Debating Club. They thought it would be a good idea, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan also liked it. Anne explained that many villages already have such societies.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel warned Anne that she would have problems if she started such a society. She advised Anne to leave the idea alone, because people do not like to be improved.

Pt/En Anne said that they did not want to improve the people, but the village itself. There were many things that could be done to make Avonlea more beautiful. For example, if they could persuade Mr. Levi Boulter to take down that old house on his farm, that would be an improvement.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel agreed that the old ruin was ugly and had been a problem for the village. She said that if Anne and her group could get Levi Boulter to do something for the public without payment, she would like to see it. She did not want to discourage Anne, but she thought the idea might come from a magazine. She advised Anne to focus on her school instead. However, she knew Anne would do what she decided.

Pt/En The firmness of Anne's lips showed that Mrs. Rachel was probably correct. Anne really wanted to start the Improvement Society. Gilbert Blythe, who would teach at White Sands but come home every weekend, was very excited about it. Most other people were happy to join anything that meant meetings and fun. Only Anne and Gilbert had a clear idea of what the improvements would be. They had planned an ideal Avonlea in their minds.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel had more news to share.

Pt/En She told Anne that the Carmody school had been given to a girl named Priscilla Grant. She asked if Anne had gone to Queen's Academy with a girl of that name.

Pt/En Anne said yes, and she was very happy that Priscilla would teach at Carmody. Her gray eyes shone like evening stars. Mrs. Lynde wondered again if Anne was really pretty or not.

Selling in Haste and Repenting at Leisure

Pt/En The next afternoon, Anne drove to Carmody to go shopping. She took her friend Diana Barry with her. Diana was a member of the Improvement Society. The two girls talked mainly about the Society during the trip.

Pt/En As they passed the Avonlea hall, Diana said the first thing they should do is paint the building. The hall looked bad and needed paint. Diana thought they should do that even before trying to get Mr. Levi Boulder to remove his house. Diana's father said they would never succeed because Mr. Boulder was too mean to spend the time.

Pt/En Anne said that maybe the boys could take down the house if they agreed to move the boards and cut them up for *firewood*. She said they should try their best and be happy with slow *progress*. They could not fix everything at once. First, they needed to teach people to want improvements.

Pt/En Diana did not really understand what it meant to educate public sentiment, but it sounded good. She felt proud to be part of a group that had such a *goal*.

Pt/En Diana said she thought of something they could do last night. There is a *triangular* piece of land where the roads from Carmody, Newbridge, and White Sands meet. It is covered with young spruce trees. She asked if it would be nice to clear them out and leave only the two or three birch trees.

Pt/En Anne agreed happily that it was splendid. She suggested putting a rustic seat under the birches. When spring came, they would make a flower-bed in the middle and plant geraniums.

Pt/En Diana said they would need to stop old Mrs. Hiram Sloane's cow from going on the road, or it would eat their geraniums. She began to understand Anne's idea about educating public sentiment. Then she pointed to the old Boulter house, calling it a ruin. She said an old house with missing windows reminded her of something dead with its eyes removed.

Pt/En Anne said thoughtfully that an old, empty house seemed very sad. She imagined it thinking about its past and missing its old happiness. Marilla had told her that a big family lived there long ago, and it was pretty with a garden and roses. It was full of children, laughter, and songs. Now it was empty and only the wind came through. She thought it must feel lonely. Perhaps on moonlit nights, the ghosts of the children and the roses and songs returned, and for a while the house could dream it was young and happy again.

Pt/En Diana shook her head.

Pt/En Diana *disagreed*. She said she no longer imagined things like that about places. She reminded Anne how cross their mothers were when they imagined ghosts in the Haunted Wood. Even now, she felt uncomfortable going through that woods after dark. If she started imagining such things about the old Boulter house, she would be afraid to pass it. Besides, those children were not dead; they were all grown up and *successful*, and one was a butcher. And anyway, flowers and songs could not have ghosts.

Pt/En Anne felt a little sadness inside. She loved Diana very much and they were always good friends. But she had learned long ago that when she wanted to go into her world of imagination, she had to go by herself. The path to that world was *magical*, and even her closest friend could not follow her.

Pt/En While the girls were in Carmody, a short thunderstorm began. It did not last long, and the drive home was very nice. They went through lanes where raindrops sparkled on the branches and through small valleys where the wet ferns smelled spicy. But when they turned into the Cuthbert lane, Anne saw something that made the beautiful view less nice for her.

Pt/En In front of them on the right was Mr. Harrison's large field of late oats. The field was wet and full of growth. And there, standing in the middle of it, up to her smooth sides in the thick plants, and looking at them calmly over the *oat* tops, was a Jersey cow.

Pt/En Anne let go of the reins and stood up. Her lips became tight, which was not a good sign for the cow that was eating the wrong plants. She did not say a word. She climbed down quickly over the wheels and went across the fence before Diana understood what was happening.

Pt/En Diana shouted for Anne to come back. She said that Anne would ruin her dress in the wet grain. But Anne did not hear her. Diana thought that Anne would never get the cow out by herself, so she decided to go and help her.

Pt/En Anne ran quickly through the grain. Diana got down from the horse, tied it to a post, lifted her skirt over her shoulders, climbed the fence, and ran after Anne. Diana could run faster because Anne's skirt was wet and sticking to her. Soon Diana caught up with Anne. They left a path through the field that would upset Mr. Harrison when he saw it.

Pt/En Diana, who was out of breath, asked Anne to stop. She said that she was out of breath and that Anne was completely wet.

Pt/En Anne said that she had to get the cow out of the field before Mr. Harrison saw it. She said she did not care if she got wet, as long as they could do that.

Pt/En The cow did not want to leave the good grass. When the two tired girls came near, the cow turned and ran quickly to the other side of the field.

Pt/En Anne shouted to Diana to run and stop the cow.

Pt/En Diana ran. Anne tried to run too, but the cow ran around the field as if it was crazy. Diana thought the cow was crazy. It took ten minutes to stop the cow and *push* it through the corner gap into the lane.

Pt/En Anne was very angry at that moment. She saw a buggy stopped just outside the lane. Inside were Mr. Shearer and his son, and they were both smiling.

Pt/En Mr. Shearer laughed and said that Anne should have sold him the cow when he wanted to buy it the week before.

Pt/En Anne, with a red face and *messy* hair, said she would sell the cow now if he wanted it. She said he could have it right then.

Pt/En They agreed. Mr. Shearer would give twenty dollars for the cow, as he had offered before, and his son could drive it to Carmody. The cow would go to town with other cows that evening because Mr. Reed wanted a Jersey cow.

Pt/En After five minutes, Jim Shearer and the Jersey cow walked up the road. Anne, who often acted without thinking, drove along the Green Gables lane with her twenty dollars.

Pt/En Diana asked what Marilla would say.

Pt/En Anne said that Marilla would not care because Dolly was her own cow and would probably not sell for more than twenty dollars at the auction. However, she worried that if Mr. Harrison saw the grain, he would know the cow had been in his field again. She had given him her word of honor that this would not happen. Anne learned a lesson: she should not give her word of honor about cows. A cow that could jump over or break through a fence could not be trusted.

Pt/En Marilla had gone to Mrs. Lynde's house. When she came back, she already knew everything about Dolly's sale because Mrs. Lynde had seen most of it from her window and guessed the rest.

Pt/En Marilla said that it was probably good that the cow was gone, even though Anne often acted without thinking. She did not understand how the cow escaped. She thought the cow must have broken some boards off the fence.

Pt/En Anne said that she did not think of looking but she would go and see now. Martin had never come back yet. Perhaps more of his aunts had died. She thought it was like Mr. Peter Sloane and the octogenarians. One evening Mrs. Sloane was reading a newspaper and asked Mr. Sloane what an octogenarian was. Mr. Sloane said he did not know but they must be very sickly creatures because you never heard of them except when they were dying. Anne said that was the way with Martin's aunts.

Pt/En Marilla said in disgust that Martin was just like all the other French people. You could not depend on them for a day. While Marilla was looking over Anne's purchases from Carmody, she heard a loud *scream* from the barnyard. A minute later, Anne ran into the kitchen, wringing her hands.

Pt/En Marilla asked Anne what was the matter now.

Pt/En Anne cried out, saying that it was terrible and all her fault. She wondered if she would ever learn to stop and think before doing reckless

things. Mrs. Lynde had always told her she would do something dreadful one day, and now she had done it.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne she was the most exasperating girl and demanded to know what she had done.

Pt/En Anne sold Mr. Harrison's Jersey cow, the one he bought from Mr. Bell, to Mr. Shearer. Dolly is in the milking pen right now.

Pt/En Marilla asked Anne if she was dreaming.

Pt/En Anne said she wished it were a dream, but it is real and like a nightmare. Mr. Harrison's cow is now in Charlottetown. She thought she had finished getting into trouble, but this is the worst one ever. She asked what she can do.

Pt/En Marilla said there is nothing else to do except go talk to Mr. Harrison. They can offer him their own Jersey cow in exchange if he does not want money, because their cow is just as good as his.

Pt/En Anne moaned that she was sure Mr. Harrison would be very angry and unpleasant about it.

Pt/En She said that he would probably be angry. He seemed like an irritable man. She offered to go and explain to him if Anne wanted.

Pt/En Anne said no, she was not that mean. She said it was her fault and she would not let her friend take the punishment. She would go herself and go immediately. The sooner it was over, the better, because it would be very humiliating.

Pt/En Anne got her hat and the twenty dollars. As she was leaving, she saw a nut cake on the pantry table. She had baked it that morning. It was a very tasty cake with pink icing and walnuts. She had planned to serve it on Friday evening when the young people of Avonlea were meeting at Green Gables to organize the Improvement Society. But she decided that Mr. Harrison was more important than that. She thought the cake would soften anyone's heart, especially someone who had to cook for himself. So she put it in a box to take to Mr. Harrison as a peace offering.

Pt/En She thought that this was true only if Mr. Harrison let her speak. She knew how people felt when they were going to be executed.

Mr. Harrison at Home

Pt/En Mr. Harrison's house was old-fashioned. It had low eaves and was painted white. It was set against a thick group of spruce trees.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison was sitting on his veranda, which had vines on it. He was in his shirt sleeves and smoking his pipe. When he saw Anne coming, he suddenly jumped up, ran inside, and closed the door. He did this because he was surprised and felt very embarrassed about his angry behavior the day before. This made Anne lose almost all of her courage.

Pt/En Anne knocked on the door and thought sadly that if Mr. Harrison was already so angry, he would be even angrier when he learned what she had done.

Pt/En However, Mr. Harrison opened the door. He smiled in an embarrassed way and asked her to come in. His voice was friendly but a little nervous. He had put his pipe away and put on his coat. He politely offered Anne a very dusty chair. The welcome would have been fine, but there was a parrot looking through the bars of its cage with mean golden eyes. As soon as Anne sat down, the parrot spoke.

Pt/En The parrot asked why that redheaded little girl was coming there.

Pt/En It was difficult to tell whether Mr. Harrison or Anne had a redder face.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison told Anne not to pay attention to the parrot. He said that Ginger always talks nonsense. He got the parrot from his brother, who was a sailor. Sailors sometimes use bad language, and parrots copy what they hear.

Pt/En Poor Anne thought about this, but remembering why she came stopped her from being angry. She could not be rude to Mr. Harrison now, because she had sold his Jersey cow without telling him. Even so, the parrot's rude word "redheaded snippet" still hurt her, but she did not act as quietly as she usually did.

Pt/En Anne said firmly that she had come to tell him something. She said it was about the Jersey cow.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison asked nervously if the cow had gone into his oats again. Then he said it did not matter if she had; he had been too quick to anger the day before.

Pt/En Anne sighed and said that if only that were the *problem*. But it was much worse. She started to say something but did not finish.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison was surprised and asked if Anne meant that the cow had *gotten* into his wheat.

Pt/En Anne said no, not the wheat, but she started to say something else.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison then asked if the cow had broken into his cabbages, which he was growing for an exhibition.

Pt/En Anne said it was not the cabbages. She came to tell him everything, but asked him not to interrupt because it made her nervous. She wanted to tell her story without him saying anything until she finished. She thought to herself that after she finished, he would probably have a lot to say.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison agreed not to say another word and he kept his promise. However, Ginger, the parrot, was not silent and kept calling Anne a redheaded snippet from time to time, which made Anne very *frustrated*.

Pt/En Anne told Mr. Harrison that she had shut her Jersey cow in their pen the day before. The next morning she went to Carmody and when she returned she saw a Jersey cow in Mr. Harrison's oats. She and Diana chased it out, which was very difficult. She was tired and wet. At that moment Mr. Shearer came by and offered to buy the cow. She sold it to him for twenty dollars without thinking. She knew it was wrong not to wait and ask Marilla, but she often acts without thinking. Mr. Shearer took the cow away to ship it on the afternoon train.

Pt/En Ginger the parrot spoke the words "redheaded snippet" in a tone of deep *disrespect*.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison stood up and, with a very angry expression, carried Ginger's cage into the next room and closed the door. Ginger made a lot of noise, *shouting* and swearing, but when left alone, he became quiet and sulky.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison apologized and asked Anne to continue. He said that his brother, who was a sailor, had never taught the bird any manners.

Pt/En Anne told Mr. Harrison that after she went home and had tea, she went to the milking pen and found her own cow still shut inside. So she realized that it was Mr. Harrison's cow that she had sold to Mr. Shearer.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison was very surprised at the unexpected result and said it was very extraordinary.

Pt/En Anne said sadly that it was not surprising for her to cause trouble for herself and others. She was known for that. She thought she might have grown out of it by now, but she had not. She asked Mr. Harrison to forgive her, knowing it was too late to get his cow back. She offered him money or her own cow instead.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison replied quickly that she should not worry about it. It was not important. Accidents can happen. He admitted he was sometimes too hasty and spoke his thoughts directly. He said that if the cow had been in his cabbages, it would be different, but it was not, so everything was fine. He would rather take her cow because she wanted to get rid of it.

Pt/En Anne thanked Mr. Harrison and said she was very happy that he was not angry.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said he guessed Anne was very scared to come and tell him after the trouble he had made the day before. But she should not worry about him; he was just a very honest old man who often said what he thought, even if it was *direct*.

Pt/En Anne said that Mrs. Lynde was also like that. She said it before she could stop herself.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison asked who, and then said not to tell him he was like that old gossip. He said he was not at all like her. Then he asked what was in the box.

Pt/En Anne said it was a cake, speaking in a *playful* way. She felt relieved because Mr. Harrison was unexpectedly friendly, and her mood became very light. She said she brought it for him because she thought he did not have cake very often.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison agreed that he did not have cake often, and he really liked it. He thanked her and said it looked good on top. He hoped it was good *throughout*.

Pt/En Anne said confidently and happily that it was good. She admitted that in the past she had made cakes that were not good, as Mrs. Allan could *confirm*, but this one was fine. She had made it for the Improvement Society, but she could make another one for them.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said that Anne must help him eat it. He would put the kettle on and they would have a cup of tea. He asked how that would be.

Pt/En Anne asked doubtfully if Mr. Harrison would let her make the tea.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison chuckled.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said that he could see she didn't have much confidence in his tea-making ability. He told her she was wrong; he could make tea as well as anyone. But he let her make it herself. He added that fortunately it rained last Sunday, so there were plenty of clean dishes.

Pt/En Anne quickly got up and started to work. She washed the teapot several times before putting the tea to steep. Then she swept the stove and set the table, taking the dishes from the pantry. The pantry was very dirty, which horrified Anne, but she said nothing. Mr. Harrison told her where to find the bread, butter, and a can of peaches. Anne decorated the table with flowers from the garden and tried not to notice the stains on the tablecloth. Soon the tea was ready. Anne sat opposite Mr. Harrison, poured tea for him, and talked freely about her school, friends, and plans. She could hardly believe what was happening.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison brought Ginger back because he thought the bird would be lonely. Anne offered Ginger a walnut, but the parrot was hurt and refused to be friends. He sat on his perch looking sad, with his feathers fluffed up so he looked like a green and gold ball.

Pt/En Anne asked Mr. Harrison why he called the parrot Ginger. She thought the name did not fit the bird's beautiful feathers.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison explained that his brother, a sailor, named the parrot Ginger. The name might have something to do with the bird's

temper. Mr. Harrison said he cared a lot about Ginger, even though the parrot had faults. The bird had cost him a lot of trouble because he swore and could not stop. Some people did not like parrots, but Mr. Harrison did. He said Ginger was good company and he would never give him up.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said the last part in a strong voice, as if he thought Anne might try to make him give up Ginger. But Anne started to like the strange, fussy little man. By the end of the meal, they were quite good friends. Mr. Harrison learned about the Improvement Society and said he approved of it.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said that was the right idea. He told Anne to go ahead, because there was a lot of room for improvement in the town and also in the people.

Pt/En Anne strongly *disagreed* with Mr. Harrison's comment. She thought Avonlea was a beautiful place and the people there were also very nice. To herself or her close friends, she might have admitted that Avonlea had some small problems, but she did not like hearing a stranger say that.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said that Anne seemed to have a quick temper, which he believed matched her hair color. He said Avonlea was a good enough place, but he asked Anne to admit that it had some problems.

Pt/En Anne said she liked Avonlea even more because of its imperfections. She did not like perfect places or people because they would be uninteresting. She mentioned that Mrs. Milton White said she had never met a perfect person, but she had heard a lot about her husband's first wife. Anne asked if it was not uncomfortable to be married to a man whose first wife was perfect.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison answered that it would be even more uncomfortable to be married to the perfect wife.

Pt/En After they finished tea, Anne insisted on washing the dishes. Mr. Harrison told her there were plenty of dishes to use for weeks. Anne also wanted to sweep the floor, but she did not see a broom and did not ask because she was afraid there might not be one.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison suggested that Anne come talk to him sometimes. He said it was not far and neighbors should be friendly. He was interested

in her society and thought there would be fun. He asked who they would tackle first.

Pt/En Anne answered in a dignified way that they were not going to interfere with people, only improve places. She thought Mr. Harrison was making fun of the project.

Pt/En After she left, Mr. Harrison watched her from the window. He saw a young, slim girl walking happily across the fields in the evening light.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison spoke aloud to himself. He said he was a difficult, lonely, bad-tempered old man, but there was something about Anne that made him feel young again. It was such a nice feeling that he wanted to have it again sometimes.

Pt/En The parrot Ginger mocked Anne by referring to her as a redheaded snippet.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison shook his fist at the parrot.

Pt/En He called the parrot an ornery bird and muttered that he almost wished he had wrung its neck when his brother the sailor brought it home. He asked if it would never stop getting him into trouble.

Pt/En Anne ran home happily and told Marilla about her adventures. Marilla had been worried by her long absence and was about to go look for her.

Pt/En Anne concluded happily that it was a pretty good world after all. She said that Mrs. Lynde had complained the other day that it was not much of a world and that whenever you looked forward to something pleasant you were sure to be disappointed. Anne thought that might be true, but there was a good side too: the bad things do not always turn out as bad as you expect. She had looked forward to a very unpleasant experience when she went to Mr. Harrison's, but instead he was quite kind and she almost had a nice time. She thought they could become good friends if they made allowances for each other, and everything turned out for the best. However, she said she would never again sell a cow without making sure to whom she belonged, and she did not like parrots.

Different Opinions

Pt/En One evening at sunset, Jane Andrews, Gilbert Blythe, and Anne Shirley were lingering by a fence in the shadow of gently swaying spruce boughs, where a wood cut known as the Birch Path joined the main road. Jane had been up to spend the afternoon with Anne, who walked part of the way home with her. At the fence they met Gilbert, and all three were talking about the next day, which was the first of September and the schools would open. Jane would go to Newbridge and Gilbert to White Sands.

Pt/En Anne sighed and said that her friends had an advantage over her. They would teach children who did not know them, but she had to teach her old schoolmates. Mrs. Lynde warned that her *students* might not respect her as they would a stranger unless she was very *strict* from the beginning. However, Anne did not think a teacher should be *strict*. She felt it was a big responsibility.

Pt/En Jane said comfortably that she thought they would be fine. Jane did not worry about being a good influence. She planned to earn her salary fairly, make the trustees happy, and get on the School Inspector's honor list. She had no other *goals*. She said the most important thing was to keep order, and a teacher had to be a little *strict* to do that. If her *students* did not obey, she would punish them.

Pt/En Anne asked how she would punish them.

Pt/En Jane answered that she would give them a good whipping.

Pt/En Anne cried out in shock that Jane would not do that, and that she could not.

Pt/En Jane said firmly that she could and would whip children if they deserved it.

Pt/En Anne said with equal decision that she could never whip a child. She did not believe in it at all.

Pt/En Anne continued that Miss Stacy never whipped any of them and had perfect order, while Mr. Phillips whipped constantly and had no order. She said if she could not manage without whipping, she would not teach

school. She believed there were better ways, like winning pupils' affections so they would want to obey.

Pt/En Practical Jane asked what if that did not work.

Pt/En Anne answered that she would not whip them anyway, as it would not help. She begged Jane not to whip her pupils, no matter what they did.

Pt/En Jane asked Gilbert what he thought about it. She wanted to know if he believed that some children really needed a whipping sometimes.

Pt/En Anne said that whipping any child was a cruel and barbarous thing to do. Her face was red because she felt strongly about it.

Pt/En Gilbert spoke slowly. He did not want to say what he truly thought because he wanted to meet Anne's expectations. He said that there were arguments for both sides. He did not believe in whipping children very often. He agreed with Anne that usually there were better ways to manage children, and *physical* punishment should only be used as a final *option*. But he also agreed with Jane that sometimes there was a child who could not be influenced any other way and who would benefit from a whipping. His rule was to use *physical* punishment only as a last resort.

Pt/En Gilbert tried to satisfy both Anne and Jane, but in the end he pleased nobody. Jane showed her *disagreement* by tossing her head.

Pt/En Jane said that she would whip her *students* when they were bad. She believed that whipping was the quickest and easiest way to teach them a lesson.

Pt/En Anne looked at Gilbert with disappointment.

Pt/En Anne said firmly that she would never whip a child. She was sure it was not right or necessary.

Pt/En Jane asked what would happen if a boy answered *rudely* when told to do something.

Pt/En Anne said she would keep him after school and talk to him kindly but firmly. She believed there is good in every person, and a teacher must find and develop it. She remembered her professor at

Queen's saying that. She asked if one could find good by whipping. She said influencing children correctly was more important than teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, as Professor Rennie said.

Pt/En Jane said that the Inspector tests the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and will not give a good report if they do not meet his standard.

Pt/En Anne said strongly that she would rather have her students love her and remember her as a real helper than be on the honor roll.

Pt/En Gilbert asked if she would not punish children when they behaved badly.

Pt/En Anne replied that she supposed she would have to punish them, though she would hate it. She said she could keep them in during recess, make them stand on the floor, or give them lines to write.

Pt/En Jane said slyly that she supposed Anne would not punish the girls by making them sit with the boys.

Pt/En Gilbert and Anne looked at each other and smiled awkwardly. Long ago, Anne had been punished by being made to sit beside Gilbert, and the results had been sad and unpleasant.

Pt/En Jane said philosophically that time would tell which way was best as they parted.

Pt/En Anne walked home slowly through Birch Path, Violet Vale, and Lover's Lane, enjoying the evening and thinking seriously about her new duties starting the next day. When she arrived at Green Gables, she heard Mrs. Lynde's loud voice from the kitchen.

Pt/En Anne thought that Mrs. Lynde had come to give her advice about tomorrow, but she decided not to go inside because she found Mrs. Lynde's advice too strong. Instead, she planned to visit Mr. Harrison.

Pt/En Anne had visited Mr. Harrison several times since the cow incident. They were good friends, though Anne sometimes found his directness difficult. Ginger still suspiciously called her "redheaded snippet." Mr. Harrison tried to teach Ginger to say nice things, but Ginger was not fooled.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison would say flattering things like "Bless my soul, here's that pretty little girl again" when Anne came, but Ginger ignored these tricks. Anne never learned about the compliments Mr. Harrison said about her when she was not there.

Pt/En When Anne came up the veranda steps, Mr. Harrison greeted her and asked if she had been collecting switches for the next day.

Pt/En Anne answered indignantly that she would never use a switch in her school. She said she would only use a pointer for pointing. She always took things seriously, which made her a good target for teasing.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison then asked if she meant to use a strap instead. He said that a switch hurts more at the time but a strap causes longer pain.

Pt/En Anne replied that she would not use anything of the sort and would not whip her pupils.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison was genuinely astonished and asked how she intended to keep order then.

Pt/En Anne said that she would govern by affection.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said that Anne's idea would not work. He believed that if you do not punish children, you spoil them. When he was a *student*, his teacher whipped him every day because the teacher thought that if he was not doing something wrong, he was planning to do something wrong.

Pt/En Anne said that teaching methods had changed since Mr. Harrison's schooldays.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said that human nature had not changed. He warned Anne that she would never control the children unless she was ready to punish them. He said it was impossible.

Pt/En Anne said she would try her own method first. She had a strong will and liked to keep her ideas.

Pt/En Mr. Harrison said that Anne was very stubborn. He added that someday when she got angry, which people with her hair were very likely to do, she would forget her kind ideas and hit someone. He told her she was too young and childish to be a teacher.

Pt/En Anne went to bed that night feeling very pessimistic. She slept badly and was so pale and sad at breakfast the next morning that Marilla worried and made her drink hot ginger tea. Anne drank it, but she did not think it would help. She wished it were a magic drink that could give her age and experience.

Pt/En Anne asked Marilla what would happen if she failed.

Pt/En Marilla replied that Anne would not fail completely in one day, and there were many more days ahead. She said Anne's *problem* was that she expected to teach the children everything and fix all their faults immediately, and if she could not, she would think she had failed.

A Full-fledged Schoolma'am

Pt/En When Anne reached the school that morning, she had walked the Birch Path without seeing its beauty. Everything was quiet. The previous teacher had trained the children to be in their seats when she arrived. When Anne entered, she saw rows of bright, curious faces. She hung up her hat and faced her pupils, hoping she did not look as scared and foolish as she felt, and that they would not see her trembling.

Pt/En She stayed up until almost midnight writing a speech for her students. She improved it with great care and then memorized it. It was a good speech with excellent ideas about helping each other and working hard for knowledge. The problem was that she could not remember any of it when she started.

Pt/En After what seemed like a very long time (but was really only about ten seconds), she said weakly for the students to take their Testaments. Then she sat down quickly, relieved by the noise of the desks. While the children read, she tried to calm herself and looked at the group of young students beginning their journey to adulthood.

Pt/En She knew most of the children well. Her former classmates had left the year before, but the others had been to school with her except the youngest students and ten new children. Anne was secretly more interested in these ten than in the ones she already knew. They might be ordinary, but maybe one of them was a genius. That was an exciting idea.

Pt/En Anthony Pye sat alone at a corner desk. He had a dark, unhappy face and stared at Anne with unfriendly black eyes. Anne decided immediately that she would win his love and defeat the Pye family completely.

Pt/En In the other corner, another new boy sat with Arty Sloane. He looked cheerful, with a snub nose, freckled face, and big light blue eyes with pale lashes. Anne thought he was probably the DonNELL boy. His sister sat across with Mary Bell. Anne wondered what kind of mother would send a child to school in a faded pink silk dress with too much lace, dirty white shoes, silk stockings, and a huge pink ribbon on her curly hair. The girl seemed very pleased with herself.

Pt/En Anne thought that a pale little girl with smooth, silky, light brown hair was Annetta Bell. Her parents moved their house fifty yards north, so now they were in Avonlea. Three pale little girls in one seat were the Cottons. A small beauty with long brown curls and hazel eyes, who was looking at Jack Gills over her book, was Prillie Rogerson. Her father remarried and brought her from her grandmother's. A tall, awkward girl in the back with too many feet and hands was Barbara Shaw, who came to live with an aunt. People would write on the porch wall if she walked down the aisle without falling.

Pt/En When Anne saw the boy at the front desk, she felt a thrill. She knew he was Paul Irving and that Mrs. Rachel Lynde was right that he would be different from other Avonlea children. Anne realized he was different from other children anywhere, and that there was a spirit like her own looking at her from his dark blue eyes.

Pt/En Paul was ten but looked eight. He had a beautiful face with delicate features and chestnut curls. His mouth was full but not pouting, with crimson lips. He had a serious, thoughtful expression, but when Anne smiled at him, he smiled back, lighting up his whole face. The smile was natural and showed his rare personality. Without speaking, Anne and Paul became fast friends.

Pt/En The day went by like a dream. Anne could not remember it clearly later. It felt like someone else was teaching. She heard classes and worked math problems automatically. The children behaved well except for two cases. Morley Andrews had trained crickets in the aisle. Anne made him stand on the platform and took his crickets. She set them free later, but Morley thought she kept them.

Pt/En The other troublemaker was Anthony Pye. He poured water down Aurelia Clay's neck. Anne kept him in during recess and talked to him about being a gentleman. She said gentlemen do not pour water down ladies' necks. She wanted all her boys to be gentlemen. Anthony was not moved and whistled as he left. Anne sighed but remembered that winning a Pye's affection takes time. She hoped Anthony might be nice behind his sullenness.

Pt/En After school ended and the children left, Anne sat down tiredly. Her head hurt and she felt very discouraged. There was no real reason to be discouraged because nothing very bad happened, but Anne was very

tired and thought she would never like teaching. She thought it would be terrible to do something she didn't like every day for forty years. Anne thought about crying now or waiting until she was home in her own room. Before she decided, she heard footsteps and a rustling sound on the porch. A lady appeared. Anne remembered a recent comment by Mr. Harrison about an overdressed woman he saw in a store. He said she looked like a head-on collision between a fashion plate and a nightmare.

Pt/En The lady was very richly dressed in a light blue summer silk dress. It had many puffs, frills, and gathers wherever possible. She wore a very large white hat with three long, thin ostrich feathers. A pink veil with many big black dots hung from the hat to her shoulders and floated behind her. She wore all the jewelry that could fit on one small woman, and she smelled very strongly of perfume.

Pt/En The lady introduced herself as Mrs. H. B. Donnell and said she came to see Anne about something Clarice Almira told her when she came home for dinner. She said it annoyed her very much.

Pt/En Anne apologized and tried to remember anything that happened that morning with the Donnell children.

Pt/En Mrs. Donnell said that Clarice Almira told her Anne pronounced their name as 'DONnell.' She said the correct pronunciation is 'DonNELL' with the accent on the last syllable. She hoped Anne would remember this in the future.

Pt/En Anne said she would try, holding back a strong urge to laugh. She knew from her own experience that having your name spelled wrong was very unpleasant, and she thought it must be even worse to have it pronounced wrong.

Pt/En Mrs. Donnell agreed that it was certainly worse. She also mentioned that Clarice Almira had told her that Anne called her son Jacob.

Pt/En Anne protested that the boy had told her his name was Jacob.

Pt/En Mrs. Donnell said she might have expected that, in a tone suggesting that children were not grateful in this degenerate age. She explained that the boy had such plebeian tastes. When he was born, she wanted to call him St. Clair because it sounded aristocratic, but his father insisted on Jacob after his uncle, who was a rich old bachelor. She

agreed because the uncle was rich. But when the boy was five, the uncle got married and had three sons. Mrs. Donnell thought this was very ungrateful. From that day, she decided no more Jacobs and began calling her son St. Clair. She was determined he would be called St. Clair, even though his father continued to call him Jacob and the boy himself preferred the common name. She insisted that Anne call him St. Clair, with the accent on the last syllable of Donnell, and never Jacob.

Pt/En When Mrs. Donnell had left, Anne locked the school door and went home. At the bottom of the hill, she met Paul Irving by the Birch Path. He gave her a bunch of small wild orchids, which the children in Avonlea called rice lilies.

Pt/En He shyly told Anne that he found some flowers in Mr. Wright's field. He came back to give them to her because he thought she was the kind of lady who would like them, and because he liked her.

Pt/En Anne called him a darling and took the flowers. Paul's words felt like magic; her discouragement and tiredness disappeared, and hope came back to her heart. She walked lightly through the Birch Path, feeling the sweetness of her flowers like a blessing.

Pt/En Marilla wanted to know how Anne got along.

Pt/En Anne said that if Marilla asked her that question a month later, she might be able to answer. But at the moment, she didn't know herself because she was too close to it. Her thoughts felt stirred up and unclear. The only thing she was sure of was that she taught Clifffe Wright that A is A. He never knew it before. She wondered if it was something important to start a soul on a path that might lead to Shakespeare and Paradise Lost.

Pt/En Later, Mrs. Lynde came to give more encouragement. She had stopped the schoolchildren at her gate and asked them how they liked their new teacher.

Pt/En The speaker said that every student said they liked Anne very much, except Anthony Pye. He admitted that Anthony said Anne was not good, just like all female teachers. The speaker noted that this was typical of the Pye family, but told Anne not to worry.

Pt/En Anne said quietly that she was not going to worry and that she would make Anthony Pye like her through patience and kindness.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel said cautiously that you could never be sure about a Pye, as they often acted contrary. She then said that the woman named Donnell would not get any Donnell from her, insisting the name was pronounced Donnell and always had been. She called the woman crazy for having a pug dog named Queenie that ate at the table, and said she would be afraid of a judgment if she did that. She mentioned that Thomas said Mr. Donnell was sensible and hardworking, but he did not have good judgment in choosing a wife.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men . . . and women

Pt/En It was a September day on Prince Edward Island hills. A crisp wind blew from the sea over the sand dunes. A long red road wound through fields and woods, sometimes passing by thick spruce trees, sometimes through a plantation of young maples with ferns underneath, sometimes dipping into a hollow where a brook appeared and disappeared, and sometimes going through open sunshine between goldenrod and asters. The air was full of the sound of many crickets. A plump brown pony walked along the road, and behind him were two girls, full of the simple and joyful feeling of being young and alive.

Pt/En Anne exclaimed that the day felt like one left from Eden and sighed with happiness. She said the air had magic and pointed out the purple color in the harvest valley and the smell of dying fir coming from a hollow where Mr. Eben Wright was cutting fence poles. She quoted partly from Wordsworth and partly from herself, saying that it was bliss to be alive on such a day and that smelling dying fir was heaven. She wondered if there would be dying fir in heaven, but thought that heaven would not be perfect without the scent. She suggested that perhaps in heaven, the aroma would exist without the death, and that delicious smell must be the souls of the firs, and in heaven there would only be souls.

Pt/En Diana said that trees do not have souls, but she liked the smell of dead fir. She planned to make a cushion and fill it with fir needles. She told Anne that she should make one too.

Pt/En Anne said she might make a cushion and use it for her naps. Then she would dream she was a dryad or a woodnymph. But at that moment, she was happy to be Anne Shirley, the teacher at Avonlea, driving on a beautiful, friendly day.

Pt/En Diana said it was a lovely day, but they had a difficult job ahead. She asked Anne why she had agreed to visit the people on this road. Almost all the difficult people in Avonlea lived along it. They would probably be treated as if they were asking for money for themselves. It was the worst road of all.

Pt/En Anne explained that was why she chose it. She said that Gilbert and Fred would have taken this road if they had asked. But she felt responsible for the A.V.I.S., because she was the first to suggest it. So she thought she should do the most unpleasant things. She was sorry for Diana, but Diana did not have to say anything at the difficult houses. Anne would do all the talking. She said Mrs. Lynde did not know whether to approve of their plan. She approved when she remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Allan supported it. But the fact that village improvement societies started in the United States was a point against it. So she was *undecided*, and only success would make Mrs. Lynde approve. Priscilla was going to write a paper for their next meeting, and Anne expected it to be good, because her aunt was a clever writer and it probably ran in the family. Anne said she would never forget the excitement she felt when she learned that Mrs. Charlotte E. Morgan was Priscilla's aunt. It seemed wonderful to be a friend of the girl whose aunt wrote "Edgewood Days" and "The Rosebud Garden."

Pt/En Diana asked where Mrs. Morgan lived.

Pt/En Priscilla is coming to the Island for a visit next summer and will try to arrange a meeting. Anne thinks it sounds too good to be true but it's nice to think about before sleep.

Pt/En The Avonlea Village Improvement Society was created. Gilbert Blythe was the president, Fred Wright was the vice-president, Anne Shirley was the secretary, and Diana Barry was the treasurer. They called themselves the 'Improvers.' They planned to meet every two weeks at members' homes. They knew they could not do much improvement so late in the year, but they wanted to plan for next summer, collect ideas, and educate people.

Pt/En Some people disapproved and made jokes. Mr. Elisha Wright said the group should be called the 'Courting Club.' Mrs. Hiram Sloane said she heard the Improvers wanted to plough roadsides and plant geraniums. Mr. Levi Boulter warned that the Improvers would make everyone rebuild their houses. Mr. James Spencer asked them to shovel the church hill. Eben Wright said he hoped the Improvers would make old Josiah Sloane trim his whiskers. Mr. Lawrence Bell said he would whitewash his barns but would not hang lace curtains in the cow stable windows. Mr. Major Spencer asked an Improver if milk-stands would have to be hand-painted next summer.

Pt/En Even with the jokes, the Society began work. At the second meeting, Oliver Sloane suggested they collect money to re-shingle and paint the hall. Julia Bell supported the idea. Everyone agreed. Anne wrote it in the minutes. Then they chose a committee. Gertie Pye said Jane Andrews should lead it. Jane then put Gertie and others on the committee. They decided who would ask for money on which road. Anne and Diana took the Newbridge road, Gilbert and Fred took the White Sands road, and Jane and Gertie took the Carmody road.

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An Irate Neighbor

PT A tall, slim girl, "half-past sixteen," with serious gray eyes and hair which her friends called auburn, had sat down on the broad red sandstone doorstep of a Prince Edward Island farmhouse one ripe afternoon in August, firmly resolved to construe so many lines of Virgil.

PT But an August afternoon, with blue hazes scarfing the harvest slopes, little winds whispering elfishly in the poplars, and a dancing splendor of red poppies outflaming against the dark coppice of young firs in a corner of the cherry orchard, was fitter for dreams than dead languages. The Virgil soon slipped unheeded to the ground, and Anne, her chin propped on her clasped hands, and her eyes on the splendid mass of fluffy clouds that were heaping up just over Mr. J. A. Harrison's house like a great white mountain, was far away in a delicious world where a certain schoolteacher was doing a wonderful work, shaping the destinies of future statesmen, and inspiring youthful minds and hearts with high and lofty ambitions.

PT To be sure, if you came down to harsh facts . . . which, it must be confessed, Anne seldom did until she had to . . . it did not seem likely that there was much promising material for celebrities in Avonlea school; but you could never tell what might happen if a teacher used her influence for good. Anne had certain rose-tinted ideals of what a teacher might accomplish if she only went the right way about it; and she was in the midst of a delightful scene, forty years hence, with a famous personage . . . just exactly what he was to be famous for was left in convenient haziness, but Anne thought it would be rather nice to have him a college president or a Canadian premier . . . bowing low over her wrinkled hand and assuring her that it was she who had first kindled his ambition, and that all his success in life was due to the lessons she had instilled so long ago in Avonlea school. This pleasant vision was shattered by a most unpleasant interruption.

PT A demure little Jersey cow came scuttling down the lane and five seconds later Mr. Harrison arrived . . . if "arrived" be not too mild a term to describe the manner of his irruption into the yard.

PT He bounced over the fence without waiting to open the gate, and angrily confronted astonished Anne, who had risen to her feet and stood

looking at him in some bewilderment. Mr. Harrison was their new righthand neighbor and she had never met him before, although she had seen him once or twice.

PT In early April, before Anne had come home from Queen's, Mr. Robert Bell, whose farm adjoined the Cuthbert place on the west, had sold out and moved to Charlottetown. His farm had been bought by a certain Mr. J. A. Harrison, whose name, and the fact that he was a New Brunswick man, were all that was known about him. But before he had been a month in Avonlea he had won the reputation of being an odd person . . . "a crank," Mrs. Rachel Lynde said. Mrs. Rachel was an outspoken lady, as those of you who may have already made her acquaintance will remember. Mr. Harrison was certainly different from other people . . . and that is the essential characteristic of a crank, as everybody knows.

PT In the first place he kept house for himself and had publicly stated that he wanted no fools of women around his diggings. Feminine Avonlea took its revenge by the gruesome tales it related about his house-keeping and cooking. He had hired little John Henry Carter of White Sands and John Henry started the stories. For one thing, there was never any stated time for meals in the Harrison establishment. Mr. Harrison "got a bite" when he felt hungry, and if John Henry were around at the time, he came in for a share, but if he were not, he had to wait until Mr. Harrison's next hungry spell. John Henry mournfully averred that he would have starved to death if it wasn't that he got home on Sundays and got a good filling up, and that his mother always gave him a basket of "grub" to take back with him on Monday mornings.

PT As for washing dishes, Mr. Harrison never made any pretence of doing it unless a rainy Sunday came. Then he went to work and washed them all at once in the rainwater hogshead, and left them to drain dry.

PT Again, Mr. Harrison was "close." When he was asked to subscribe to the Rev. Mr. Allan's salary he said he'd wait and see how many dollars' worth of good he got out of his preaching first . . . he didn't believe in buying a pig in a poke. And when Mrs. Lynde went to ask for a contribution to missions . . . and incidentally to see the inside of the house . . . he told her there were more heathens among the old woman gossips in Avonlea than anywhere else he knew of, and he'd cheerfully contribute to a mission for Christianizing them if she'd undertake it. Mrs. Rachel got

herself away and said it was a mercy poor Mrs. Robert Bell was safe in her grave, for it would have broken her heart to see the state of her house in which she used to take so much pride.

PT "Why, she scrubbed the kitchen floor every second day," Mrs. Lynde told Marilla Cuthbert indignantly, "and if you could see it now! I had to hold up my skirts as I walked across it."

PT Finally, Mr. Harrison kept a parrot called Ginger. Nobody in Avonlea had ever kept a parrot before; consequently that proceeding was considered barely respectable. And such a parrot! If you took John Henry Carter's word for it, never was such an unholy bird. It swore terribly. Mrs. Carter would have taken John Henry away at once if she had been sure she could get another place for him. Besides, Ginger had bitten a piece right out of the back of John Henry's neck one day when he had stooped down too near the cage. Mrs. Carter showed everybody the mark when the luckless John Henry went home on Sundays.

PT All these things flashed through Anne's mind as Mr. Harrison stood, quite speechless with wrath apparently, before her. In his most amiable mood Mr. Harrison could not have been considered a handsome man; he was short and fat and bald; and now, with his round face purple with rage and his prominent blue eyes almost sticking out of his head, Anne thought he was really the ugliest person she had ever seen.

PT All at once Mr. Harrison found his voice.

PT "I'm not going to put up with this," he spluttered, "not a day longer, do you hear, miss. Bless my soul, this is the third time, miss . . . the third time! Patience has ceased to be a virtue, miss. I warned your aunt the last time not to let it occur again . . . and she's let it . . . she's done it . . . what does she mean by it, that is what I want to know. That is what I'm here about, miss."

PT "Will you explain what the trouble is?" asked Anne, in her most dignified manner. She had been practicing it considerably of late to have it in good working order when school began; but it had no apparent effect on the irate J. A. Harrison.

PT "Trouble, is it? Bless my soul, trouble enough, I should think. The trouble is, miss, that I found that Jersey cow of your aunt's in my oats again, not half an hour ago. The third time, mark you. I found her in last

Tuesday and I found her in yesterday. I came here and told your aunt not to let it occur again. She has let it occur again. Where's your aunt, miss? I just want to see her for a minute and give her a piece of my mind . . . a piece of J. A. Harrison's mind, miss."

PT "If you mean Miss Marilla Cuthbert, she is not my aunt, and she has gone down to East Grafton to see a distant relative of hers who is very ill," said Anne, with due increase of dignity at every word. "I am very sorry that my cow should have broken into your oats . . . she is my cow and not Miss Cuthbert's . . . Matthew gave her to me three years ago when she was a little calf and he bought her from Mr. Bell."

PT "Sorry, miss! Sorry isn't going to help matters any. You'd better go and look at the havoc that animal has made in my oats . . . trampled them from center to circumference, miss."

PT "I am very sorry," repeated Anne firmly, "but perhaps if you kept your fences in better repair Dolly might not have broken in. It is your part of the line fence that separates your oatfield from our pasture and I noticed the other day that it was not in very good condition."

PT "My fence is all right," snapped Mr. Harrison, angrier than ever at this carrying of the war into the enemy's country. "The jail fence couldn't keep a demon of a cow like that out. And I can tell you, you redheaded snippet, that if the cow is yours, as you say, you'd be better employed in watching her out of other people's grain than in sitting round reading yellow-covered novels," . . . with a scathing glance at the innocent tan-colored Virgil by Anne's feet.

PT Something at that moment was red besides Anne's hair . . . which had always been a tender point with her.

PT "I'd rather have red hair than none at all, except a little fringe round my ears," she flashed.

PT The shot told, for Mr. Harrison was really very sensitive about his bald head. His anger choked him up again and he could only glare speechlessly at Anne, who recovered her temper and followed up her advantage.

PT "I can make allowance for you, Mr. Harrison, because I have an imagination. I can easily imagine how very trying it must be to find a cow in your oats and I shall not cherish any hard feelings against you for the

things you've said. I promise you that Dolly shall never break into your oats again. I give you my word of honor on that point."

PT "Well, mind you she doesn't," muttered Mr. Harrison in a somewhat subdued tone; but he stamped off angrily enough and Anne heard him growling to himself until he was out of earshot.

PT Grievously disturbed in mind, Anne marched across the yard and shut the naughty Jersey up in the milking pen.

PT "She can't possibly get out of that unless she tears the fence down," she reflected. "She looks pretty quiet now. I daresay she has sickened herself on those oats. I wish I'd sold her to Mr. Shearer when he wanted her last week, but I thought it was just as well to wait until we had the auction of the stock and let them all go together. I believe it is true about Mr. Harrison being a crank. Certainly there's nothing of the kindred spirit about him ."

PT Anne had always a weather eye open for kindred spirits.

PT Marilla Cuthbert was driving into the yard as Anne returned from the house, and the latter flew to get tea ready. They discussed the matter at the tea table.

PT "I'll be glad when the auction is over," said Marilla. "It is too much responsibility having so much stock about the place and nobody but that unreliable Martin to look after them. He has never come back yet and he promised that he would certainly be back last night if I'd give him the day off to go to his aunt's funeral. I don't know how many aunts he has got, I am sure. That's the fourth that's died since he hired here a year ago. I'll be more than thankful when the crop is in and Mr. Barry takes over the farm. We'll have to keep Dolly shut up in the pen till Martin comes, for she must be put in the back pasture and the fences there have to be fixed. I declare, it is a world of trouble, as Rachel says. Here's poor Mary Keith dying and what is to become of those two children of hers is more than I know. She has a brother in British Columbia and she has written to him about them, but she hasn't heard from him yet."

PT "What are the children like? How old are they?"

PT "Six past . . . they're twins."

PT "Oh, I've always been especially interested in twins ever since Mrs. Hammond had so many," said Anne eagerly. "Are they pretty?"

PT "Goodness, you couldn't tell . . . they were too dirty. Davy had been out making mud pies and Dora went out to call him in. Davy pushed her headfirst into the biggest pie and then, because she cried, he got into it himself and wallowed in it to show her it was nothing to cry about. Mary said Dora was really a very good child but that Davy was full of mischief. He has never had any bringing up you might say. His father died when he was a baby and Mary has been sick almost ever since."

PT "I'm always sorry for children that have no bringing up," said Anne soberly. "You know I hadn't any till you took me in hand. I hope their uncle will look after them. Just what relation is Mrs. Keith to you?"

PT "Mary? None in the world. It was her husband . . . he was our third cousin. There's Mrs. Lynde coming through the yard. I thought she'd be up to hear about Mary."

PT "Don't tell her about Mr. Harrison and the cow," implored Anne.

PT Marilla promised; but the promise was quite unnecessary, for Mrs. Lynde was no sooner fairly seated than she said,

PT "I saw Mr. Harrison chasing your Jersey out of his oats today when I was coming home from Carmody. I thought he looked pretty mad. Did he make much of a rumpus?"

PT Anne and Marilla furtively exchanged amused smiles. Few things in Avonlea ever escaped Mrs. Lynde. It was only that morning Anne had said,

PT "If you went to your own room at midnight, locked the door, pulled down the blind, and sneezed , Mrs. Lynde would ask you the next day how your cold was!"

PT "I believe he did," admitted Marilla. "I was away. He gave Anne a piece of his mind."

PT "I think he is a very disagreeable man," said Anne, with a resentful toss of her ruddy head.

PT "You never said a truer word," said Mrs. Rachel solemnly. "I knew there'd be trouble when Robert Bell sold his place to a New Brunswick

man, that's what. I don't know what Avonlea is coming to, with so many strange people rushing into it. It'll soon not be safe to go to sleep in our beds."

PT "Why, what other strangers are coming in?" asked Marilla.

PT "Haven't you heard? Well, there's a family of Donnells, for one thing. They've rented Peter Sloane's old house. Peter has hired the man to run his mill. They belong down east and nobody knows anything about them. Then that shiftless Timothy Cotton family are going to move up from White Sands and they'll simply be a burden on the public. He is in consumption . . . when he isn't stealing . . . and his wife is a slack-twisted creature that can't turn her hand to a thing. She washes her dishes sitting

PT down . Mrs. George Pye has taken her husband's orphan nephew, Anthony Pye. He'll be going to school to you, Anne, so you may expect trouble, that's what. And you'll have another strange pupil, too. Paul Irving is coming from the States to live with his grandmother. You remember his father, Marilla . . . Stephen Irving, him that jilted Lavendar Lewis over at Grafton?"

PT "I don't think he jilted her. There was a quarrel . . . I suppose there was blame on both sides."

PT "Well, anyway, he didn't marry her, and she's been as queer as possible ever since, they say . . . living all by herself in that little stone house she calls Echo Lodge. Stephen went off to the States and went into business with his uncle and married a Yankee. He's never been home since, though his mother has been up to see him once or twice. His wife died two years ago and he's sending the boy home to his mother for a spell. He's ten years old and I don't know if he'll be a very desirable pupil. You can never tell about those Yankees."

PT Mrs Lynde looked upon all people who had the misfortune to be born or brought up elsewhere than in Prince Edward Island with a decided can-any-good-thing-come-out-of-Nazareth air. They might be good people, of course; but you were on the safe side in doubting it. She had a special prejudice against "Yankees." Her husband had been cheated out of ten dollars by an employer for whom he had once worked in Boston and neither angels nor principalities nor powers could have convinced Mrs. Rachel that the whole United States was not responsible for it.

PT "Avonlea school won't be the worse for a little new blood," said Marilla drily, "and if this boy is anything like his father he'll be all right. Steve Irving was the nicest boy that was ever raised in these parts, though some people did call him proud. I should think Mrs. Irving would be very glad to have the child. She has been very lonesome since her husband died."

PT "Oh, the boy may be well enough, but he'll be different from Avonlea children," said Mrs. Rachel, as if that clinched the matter. Mrs. Rachel's opinions concerning any person, place, or thing, were always warranted to wear. "What's this I hear about your going to start up a Village Improvement Society, Anne?"

PT "I was just talking it over with some of the girls and boys at the last Debating Club," said Anne, flushing. "They thought it would be rather nice . . . and so do Mr. and Mrs. Allan. Lots of villages have them now."

PT "Well, you'll get into no end of hot water if you do. Better leave it alone, Anne, that's what. People don't like being improved."

PT "Oh, we are not going to try to improve the people . It is Avonlea itself. There are lots of things which might be done to make it prettier. For instance, if we could coax Mr. Levi Boulter to pull down that dreadful old house on his upper farm wouldn't that be an improvement?"

PT "It certainly would," admitted Mrs. Rachel. "That old ruin has been an eyesore to the settlement for years. But if you Improvers can coax Levi Boulter to do anything for the public that he isn't to be paid for doing, may I be there to see and hear the process, that's what. I don't want to discourage you, Anne, for there may be something in your idea, though I suppose you did get it out of some rubbishy Yankee magazine; but you'll have your hands full with your school and I advise you as a friend not to bother with your improvements, that's what. But there, I know you'll go ahead with it if you've set your mind on it. You were always one to carry a thing through somehow."

PT Something about the firm outlines of Anne's lips told that Mrs. Rachel was not far astray in this estimate. Anne's heart was bent on forming the Improvement Society. Gilbert Blythe, who was to teach in White Sands but would always be home from Friday night to Monday morning, was enthusiastic about it; and most of the other folks were willing to go in for anything that meant occasional meetings and

consequently some "fun." As for what the "improvements" were to be, nobody had any very clear idea except Anne and Gilbert. They had talked them over and planned them out until an ideal Avonlea existed in their minds, if nowhere else.

PT Mrs. Rachel had still another item of news.

PT "They've given the Carmody school to a Priscilla Grant. Didn't you go to Queen's with a girl of that name, Anne?"

PT "Yes, indeed. Priscilla to teach at Carmody! How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Anne, her gray eyes lighting up until they looked like evening stars, causing Mrs. Lynde to wonder anew if she would ever get it settled to her satisfaction whether Anne Shirley were really a pretty girl or not.

Selling in Haste and Repenting at Leisure

PT Anne drove over to Carmody on a shopping expedition the next afternoon and took Diana Barry with her. Diana was, of course, a pledged member of the Improvement Society, and the two girls talked about little else all the way to Carmody and back.

PT "The very first thing we ought to do when we get started is to have that hall painted," said Diana, as they drove past the Avonlea hall, a rather shabby building set down in a wooded hollow, with spruce trees hooding it about on all sides. "It's a disgraceful looking place and we must attend to it even before we try to get Mr. Levi Boulder to pull his house down. Father says we'll never succeed in doing that. Levi Boulter is too mean to spend the time it would take."

PT "Perhaps he'll let the boys take it down if they promise to haul the boards and split them up for him for kindling wood," said Anne hopefully. "We must do our best and be content to go slowly at first. We can't expect to improve everything all at once. We'll have to educate public sentiment first, of course."

PT Diana wasn't exactly sure what educating public sentiment meant; but it sounded fine and she felt rather proud that she was going to belong to a society with such an aim in view.

PT "I thought of something last night that we could do, Anne. You know that three-cornered piece of ground where the roads from Carmody and Newbridge and White Sands meet? It's all grown over with young spruce; but wouldn't it be nice to have them all cleared out, and just leave the two or three birch trees that are on it?"

PT "Splendid," agreed Anne gaily. "And have a rustic seat put under the birches. And when spring comes we'll have a flower-bed made in the middle of it and plant geraniums."

PT "Yes; only we'll have to devise some way of getting old Mrs. Hiram Sloane to keep her cow off the road, or she'll eat our geraniums up," laughed Diana. "I begin to see what you mean by educating public sentiment, Anne. There's the old Boulter house now. Did you ever see such a rookery? And perched right close to the road too. An old house

with its windows gone always makes me think of something dead with its eyes picked out."

PT "I think an old, deserted house is such a sad sight," said Anne dreamily. "It always seems to me to be thinking about its past and mourning for its old-time joys. Marilla says that a large family was raised in that old house long ago, and that it was a real pretty place, with a lovely garden and roses climbing all over it. It was full of little children and laughter and songs; and now it is empty, and nothing ever wanders through it but the wind. How lonely and sorrowful it must feel! Perhaps they all come back on moonlit nights . . . the ghosts of the little children of long ago and the roses and the songs . . . and for a little while the old house can dream it is young and joyous again."

PT Diana shook her head.

PT "I never imagine things like that about places now, Anne. Don't you remember how cross mother and Marilla were when we imagined ghosts into the Haunted Wood? To this day I can't go through that bush comfortably after dark; and if I began imagining such things about the old Boulter house I'd be frightened to pass it too. Besides, those children aren't dead. They're all grown up and doing well . . . and one of them is a butcher. And flowers and songs couldn't have ghosts anyhow."

PT Anne smothered a little sigh. She loved Diana dearly and they had always been good comrades. But she had long ago learned that when she wandered into the realm of fancy she must go alone. The way to it was by an enchanted path where not even her dearest might follow her.

PT A thunder-shower came up while the girls were at Carmody; it did not last long, however, and the drive home, through lanes where the raindrops sparkled on the boughs and little leafy valleys where the drenched ferns gave out spicy odors, was delightful. But just as they turned into the Cuthbert lane Anne saw something that spoiled the beauty of the landscape for her.

PT Before them on the right extended Mr. Harrison's broad, gray-green field of late oats, wet and luxuriant; and there, standing squarely in the middle of it, up to her sleek sides in the lush growth, and blinking at them calmly over the intervening tassels, was a Jersey cow!

PT Anne dropped the reins and stood up with a tightening of the lips that boded no good to the predatory quadruped. Not a word said she, but she climbed nimbly down over the wheels, and whisked across the fence before Diana understood what had happened.

PT "Anne, come back," shrieked the latter, as soon as she found her voice. "You'll ruin your dress in that wet grain . . . ruin it. She doesn't hear me! Well, she'll never get that cow out by herself. I must go and help her, of course."

PT Anne was charging through the grain like a mad thing. Diana hopped briskly down, tied the horse securely to a post, turned the skirt of her pretty gingham dress over her shoulders, mounted the fence, and started in pursuit of her frantic friend. She could run faster than Anne, who was hampered by her clinging and drenched skirt, and soon overtook her. Behind them they left a trail that would break Mr. Harrison's heart when he should see it.

PT "Anne, for mercy's sake, stop," panted poor Diana. "I'm right out of breath and you are wet to the skin."

PT "I must . . . get . . . that cow . . . out . . . before . . . Mr. Harrison . . . sees her," gasped Anne. "I don't . . . care . . . if I'm . . . drowned . . . if we . . . can . . . only . . . do that."

PT But the Jersey cow appeared to see no good reason for being hustled out of her luscious browsing ground. No sooner had the two breathless girls got near her than she turned and bolted squarely for the opposite corner of the field.

PT "Head her off," screamed Anne. "Run, Diana, run."

PT Diana did run. Anne tried to, and the wicked Jersey went around the field as if she were possessed. Privately, Diana thought she was. It was fully ten minutes before they headed her off and drove her through the corner gap into the Cuthbert lane.

PT There is no denying that Anne was in anything but an angelic temper at that precise moment. Nor did it soothe her in the least to behold a buggy halted just outside the lane, wherein sat Mr. Shearer of Carmody and his son, both of whom wore a broad smile.

PT "I guess you'd better have sold me that cow when I wanted to buy her last week, Anne," chuckled Mr. Shearer.

PT "I'll sell her to you now, if you want her," said her flushed and disheveled owner. "You may have her this very minute."

PT "Done. I'll give you twenty for her as I offered before, and Jim here can drive her right over to Carmody. She'll go to town with the rest of the shipment this evening. Mr. Reed of Brighton wants a Jersey cow."

PT Five minutes later Jim Shearer and the Jersey cow were marching up the road, and impulsive Anne was driving along the Green Gables lane with her twenty dollars.

PT "What will Marilla say?" asked Diana.

PT "Oh, she won't care. Dolly was my own cow and it isn't likely she'd bring more than twenty dollars at the auction. But oh dear, if Mr. Harrison sees that grain he will know she has been in again, and after my giving him my word of honor that I'd never let it happen! Well, it has taught me a lesson not to give my word of honor about cows. A cow that could jump over or break through our milk-pen fence couldn't be trusted anywhere."

PT Marilla had gone down to Mrs. Lynde's, and when she returned knew all about Dolly's sale and transfer, for Mrs. Lynde had seen most of the transaction from her window and guessed the rest.

PT "I suppose it's just as well she's gone, though you do do things in a dreadful headlong fashion, Anne. I don't see how she got out of the pen, though. She must have broken some of the boards off."

PT "I didn't think of looking," said Anne, "but I'll go and see now. Martin has never come back yet. Perhaps some more of his aunts have died. I think it's something like Mr. Peter Sloane and the octogenarians. The other evening Mrs. Sloane was reading a newspaper and she said to Mr. Sloane, 'I see here that another octogenarian has just died. What is an octogenarian, Peter?' And Mr. Sloane said he didn't know, but they must be very sickly creatures, for you never heard tell of them but they were dying. That's the way with Martin's aunts."

PT "Martin's just like all the rest of those French," said Marilla in disgust. "You can't depend on them for a day." Marilla was looking over Anne's Carmody purchases when she heard a shrill shriek in the

barnyard. A minute later Anne dashed into the kitchen, wringing her hands.

PT "Anne Shirley, what's the matter now?"

PT "Oh, Marilla, whatever shall I do? This is terrible. And it's all my fault. Oh, will I ever learn to stop and reflect a little before doing reckless things? Mrs. Lynde always told me I would do something dreadful some day, and now I've done it!"

PT "Anne, you are the most exasperating girl! what is it you've done?"

PT "Sold Mr. Harrison's Jersey cow . . . the one he bought from Mr. Bell . . . to Mr. Shearer! Dolly is out in the milking pen this very minute."

PT "Anne Shirley, are you dreaming?"

PT "I only wish I were. There's no dream about it, though it's very like a nightmare. And Mr. Harrison's cow is in Charlottetown by this time. Oh, Marilla, I thought I'd finished getting into scrapes, and here I am in the very worst one I ever was in in my life. What can I do?"

PT "Do? There's nothing to do, child, except go and see Mr. Harrison about it. We can offer him our Jersey in exchange if he doesn't want to take the money. She is just as good as his."

PT "I'm sure he'll be awfully cross and disagreeable about it, though," moaned Anne.

PT "I daresay he will. He seems to be an irritable sort of a man. I'll go and explain to him if you like."

PT "No, indeed, I'm not as mean as that," exclaimed Anne. "This is all my fault and I'm certainly not going to let you take my punishment. I'll go myself and I'll go at once. The sooner it's over the better, for it will be terribly humiliating."

PT Poor Anne got her hat and her twenty dollars and was passing out when she happened to glance through the open pantry door. On the table reposed a nut cake which she had baked that morning . . . a particularly toothsome concoction iced with pink icing and adorned with walnuts. Anne had intended it for Friday evening, when the youth of Avonlea were to meet at Green Gables to organize the Improvement Society. But what were they compared to the justly offended Mr. Harrison? Anne thought

that cake ought to soften the heart of any man, especially one who had to do his own cooking, and she promptly popped it into a box. She would take it to Mr. Harrison as a peace offering.

PT "That is, if he gives me a chance to say anything at all," she thought ruefully, as she climbed the lane fence and started on a short cut across the fields, golden in the light of the dreamy August evening. "I know now just how people feel who are being led to execution."

Mr. Harrison at Home

PT Mr. Harrison's house was an old-fashioned, low-eaved, whitewashed structure, set against a thick spruce grove.

PT Mr. Harrison himself was sitting on his vineshaded veranda, in his shirt sleeves, enjoying his evening pipe. When he realized who was coming up the path he sprang suddenly to his feet, bolted into the house, and shut the door. This was merely the uncomfortable result of his surprise, mingled with a good deal of shame over his outburst of temper the day before. But it nearly swept the remnant of her courage from Anne's heart.

PT "If he's so cross now what will he be when he hears what I've done," she reflected miserably, as she rapped at the door.

PT But Mr. Harrison opened it, smiling sheepishly, and invited her to enter in a tone quite mild and friendly, if somewhat nervous. He had laid aside his pipe and donned his coat; he offered Anne a very dusty chair very politely, and her reception would have passed off pleasantly enough if it had not been for the telltale of a parrot who was peering through the bars of his cage with wicked golden eyes. No sooner had Anne seated herself than Ginger exclaimed,

PT "Bless my soul, what's that redheaded snippet coming here for?"

PT It would be hard to say whose face was the redder, Mr. Harrison's or Anne's.

PT "Don't you mind that parrot," said Mr. Harrison, casting a furious glance at Ginger. "He's . . . he's always talking nonsense. I got him from my brother who was a sailor. Sailors don't always use the choicest language, and parrots are very imitative birds."

PT "So I should think," said poor Anne, the remembrance of her errand quelling her resentment. She couldn't afford to snub Mr. Harrison under the circumstances, that was certain. When you had just sold a man's Jersey cow offhand, without his knowledge or consent you must not mind if his parrot repeated uncomplimentary things. Nevertheless, the "redheaded snippet" was not quite so meek as she might otherwise have been.

PT "I've come to confess something to you, Mr. Harrison," she said resolutely. "It's . . . it's about . . . that Jersey cow."

PT "Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Harrison nervously, "has she gone and broken into my oats again? Well, never mind . . . never mind if she has. It's no difference . . . none at all, I . . . I was too hasty yesterday, that's a fact. Never mind if she has."

PT "Oh, if it were only that," sighed Anne. "But it's ten times worse. I don't . . ."

PT "Bless my soul, do you mean to say she's got into my wheat?"

PT "No . . . no . . . not the wheat. But . . ."

PT "Then it's the cabbages! She's broken into my cabbages that I was raising for Exhibition, hey?"

PT "It's not the cabbages, Mr. Harrison. I'll tell you everything . . . that is what I came for—but please don't interrupt me. It makes me so nervous. Just let me tell my story and don't say anything till I get through—and then no doubt you'll say plenty," Anne concluded, but in thought only.

PT "I won't say another word," said Mr. Harrison, and he didn't. But Ginger was not bound by any contract of silence and kept ejaculating, "Redheaded snippet" at intervals until Anne felt quite wild.

PT "I shut my Jersey cow up in our pen yesterday. This morning I went to Carmody and when I came back I saw a Jersey cow in your oats. Diana and I chased her out and you can't imagine what a hard time we had. I was so dreadfully wet and tired and vexed—and Mr. Shearer came by that very minute and offered to buy the cow. I sold her to him on the spot for twenty dollars. It was wrong of me. I should have waited and consulted Marilla, of course. But I'm dreadfully given to doing things without thinking—everybody who knows me will tell you that. Mr. Shearer took the cow right away to ship her on the afternoon train."

PT "Redheaded snippet," quoted Ginger in a tone of profound contempt.

PT At this point Mr. Harrison arose and, with an expression that would have struck terror into any bird but a parrot, carried Ginger's cage into an adjoining room and shut the door. Ginger shrieked, swore, and otherwise

conducted himself in keeping with his reputation, but finding himself left alone, relapsed into sulky silence.

PT "Excuse me and go on," said Mr. Harrison, sitting down again. "My brother the sailor never taught that bird any manners."

PT "I went home and after tea I went out to the milking pen. Mr. Harrison," . . . Anne leaned forward, clasping her hands with her old childish gesture, while her big gray eyes gazed imploringly into Mr. Harrison's embarrassed face . . . "I found my cow still shut up in the pen. It was your cow I had sold to Mr. Shearer."

PT "Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Harrison, in blank amazement at this unlooked-for conclusion. "What a very extraordinary thing!"

PT "Oh, it isn't in the least extraordinary that I should be getting myself and other people into scrapes," said Anne mournfully. "I'm noted for that. You might suppose I'd have grown out of it by this time . . . I'll be seventeen next March . . . but it seems that I haven't. Mr. Harrison, is it too much to hope that you'll forgive me? I'm afraid it's too late to get your cow back, but here is the money for her . . . or you can have mine in exchange if you'd rather. She's a very good cow. And I can't express how sorry I am for it all."

PT "Tut, tut," said Mr. Harrison briskly, "don't say another word about it, miss. It's of no consequence . . . no consequence whatever. Accidents will happen. I'm too hasty myself sometimes, miss . . . far too hasty. But I can't help speaking out just what I think and folks must take me as they find me. If that cow had been in my cabbages now . . . but never mind, she wasn't, so it's all right. I think I'd rather have your cow in exchange, since you want to be rid of her."

PT "Oh, thank you, Mr. Harrison. I'm so glad you are not vexed. I was afraid you would be."

PT "And I suppose you were scared to death to come here and tell me, after the fuss I made yesterday, hey? But you mustn't mind me, I'm a terrible outspoken old fellow, that's all . . . awful apt to tell the truth, no matter if it is a bit plain."

PT "So is Mrs. Lynde," said Anne, before she could prevent herself.

PT "Who? Mrs. Lynde? Don't you tell me I'm like that old gossip," said Mr. Harrison irritably. "I'm not . . . not a bit. What have you got in that box?"

PT "A cake," said Anne archly. In her relief at Mr. Harrison's unexpected amiability her spirits soared upward feather-light. "I brought it over for you . . . I thought perhaps you didn't have cake very often."

PT "I don't, that's a fact, and I'm mighty fond of it, too. I'm much obliged to you. It looks good on top. I hope it's good all the way through."

PT "It is," said Anne, gaily confident. "I have made cakes in my time that were not , as Mrs. Allan could tell you, but this one is all right. I made it for the Improvement Society, but I can make another for them."

PT "Well, I'll tell you what, miss, you must help me eat it. I'll put the kettle on and we'll have a cup of tea. How will that do?"

PT "Will you let me make the tea?" said Anne dubiously.

PT Mr. Harrison chuckled.

PT "I see you haven't much confidence in my ability to make tea. You're wrong . . . I can brew up as good a jorum of tea as you ever drank. But go ahead yourself. Fortunately it rained last Sunday, so there's plenty of clean dishes."

PT Anne hopped briskly up and went to work. She washed the teapot in several waters before she put the tea to steep. Then she swept the stove and set the table, bringing the dishes out of the pantry. The state of that pantry horrified Anne, but she wisely said nothing. Mr. Harrison told her where to find the bread and butter and a can of peaches. Anne adorned the table with a bouquet from the garden and shut her eyes to the stains on the tablecloth. Soon the tea was ready and Anne found herself sitting opposite Mr. Harrison at his own table, pouring his tea for him, and chatting freely to him about her school and friends and plans. She could hardly believe the evidence of her senses.

PT Mr. Harrison had brought Ginger back, averring that the poor bird would be lonesome; and Anne, feeling that she could forgive everybody and everything, offered him a walnut. But Ginger's feelings had been grievously hurt and he rejected all overtures of friendship. He sat moodily

on his perch and ruffled his feathers up until he looked like a mere ball of green and gold.

PT "Why do you call him Ginger?" asked Anne, who liked appropriate names and thought Ginger accorded not at all with such gorgeous plumage.

PT "My brother the sailor named him. Maybe it had some reference to his temper. I think a lot of that bird though . . . you'd be surprised if you knew how much. He has his faults of course. That bird has cost me a good deal one way and another. Some people object to his swearing habits but he can't be broken of them. I've tried . . . other people have tried. Some folks have prejudices against parrots. Silly, ain't it? I like them myself. Ginger's a lot of company to me. Nothing would induce me to give that bird up . . . nothing in the world, miss."

PT Mr. Harrison flung the last sentence at Anne as explosively as if he suspected her of some latent design of persuading him to give Ginger up. Anne, however, was beginning to like the queer, fussy, fidgety little man, and before the meal was over they were quite good friends. Mr. Harrison found out about the Improvement Society and was disposed to approve of it.

PT "That's right. Go ahead. There's lots of room for improvement in this settlement . . . and in the people too."

PT "Oh, I don't know," flashed Anne. To herself, or to her particular cronies, she might admit that there were some small imperfections, easily removable, in Avonlea and its inhabitants. But to hear a practical outsider like Mr. Harrison saying it was an entirely different thing. "I think Avonlea is a lovely place; and the people in it are very nice, too."

PT "I guess you've got a spice of temper," commented Mr. Harrison, surveying the flushed cheeks and indignant eyes opposite him. "It goes with hair like yours, I reckon. Avonlea is a pretty decent place or I wouldn't have located here; but I suppose even you will admit that it has some faults?"

PT "I like it all the better for them," said loyal Anne. "I don't like places or people either that haven't any faults. I think a truly perfect person would be very uninteresting. Mrs. Milton White says she never met a perfect person, but she's heard enough about one . . . her husband's first

wife. Don't you think it must be very uncomfortable to be married to a man whose first wife was perfect?"

PT "It would be more uncomfortable to be married to the perfect wife," declared Mr. Harrison, with a sudden and inexplicable warmth.

PT When tea was over Anne insisted on washing the dishes, although Mr. Harrison assured her that there were enough in the house to do for weeks yet. She would dearly have loved to sweep the floor also, but no broom was visible and she did not like to ask where it was for fear there wasn't one at all.

PT "You might run across and talk to me once in a while," suggested Mr. Harrison when she was leaving. "'Tisn't far and folks ought to be neighborly. I'm kind of interested in that society of yours. Seems to me there'll be some fun in it. Who are you going to tackle first?"

PT "We are not going to meddle with people . . . it is only places we mean to improve," said Anne, in a dignified tone. She rather suspected that Mr. Harrison was making fun of the project.

PT When she had gone Mr. Harrison watched her from the window . . . a lithe, girlish shape, tripping lightheartedly across the fields in the sunset afterglow.

PT "I'm a crusty, lonesome, crabbed old chap," he said aloud, "but there's something about that little girl makes me feel young again . . . and it's such a pleasant sensation I'd like to have it repeated once in a while."

PT "Redheaded snippet," croaked Ginger mockingly.

PT Mr. Harrison shook his fist at the parrot.

PT "You ornery bird," he muttered, "I almost wish I'd wrung your neck when my brother the sailor brought you home. Will you never be done getting me into trouble?"

PT Anne ran home blithely and recounted her adventures to Marilla, who had been not a little alarmed by her long absence and was on the point of starting out to look for her.

PT "It's a pretty good world, after all, isn't it, Marilla?" concluded Anne happily. "Mrs. Lynde was complaining the other day that it wasn't much of a world. She said whenever you looked forward to anything pleasant you

were sure to be more or less disappointed . . . perhaps that is true. But there is a good side to it too. The bad things don't always come up to your expectations either . . . they nearly always turn out ever so much better than you think. I looked forward to a dreadfully unpleasant experience when I went over to Mr. Harrison's tonight; and instead he was quite kind and I had almost a nice time. I think we're going to be real good friends if we make plenty of allowances for each other, and everything has turned out for the best. But all the same, Marilla, I shall certainly never again sell a cow before making sure to whom she belongs. And I do not like parrots!"

Different Opinions

PT One evening at sunset, Jane Andrews, Gilbert Blythe, and Anne Shirley were lingering by a fence in the shadow of gently swaying spruce boughs, where a wood cut known as the Birch Path joined the main road. Jane had been up to spend the afternoon with Anne, who walked part of the way home with her; at the fence they met Gilbert, and all three were now talking about the fateful morrow; for that morrow was the first of September and the schools would open. Jane would go to Newbridge and Gilbert to White Sands.

PT "You both have the advantage of me," sighed Anne. "You're going to teach children who don't know you, but I have to teach my own old schoolmates, and Mrs. Lynde says she's afraid they won't respect me as they would a stranger unless I'm very cross from the first. But I don't believe a teacher should be cross. Oh, it seems to me such a responsibility!"

PT "I guess we'll get on all right," said Jane comfortably. Jane was not troubled by any aspirations to be an influence for good. She meant to earn her salary fairly, please the trustees, and get her name on the School Inspector's roll of honor. Further ambitions Jane had none. "The main thing will be to keep order and a teacher has to be a little cross to do that. If my pupils won't do as I tell them I shall punish them."

PT "How?"

PT "Give them a good whipping, of course."

PT "Oh, Jane, you wouldn't," cried Anne, shocked. "Jane, you couldn't!"

PT "Indeed, I could and would, if they deserved it," said Jane decidedly.

PT "I could never whip a child," said Anne with equal decision. "I don't believe in it at

PT all . Miss Stacy never whipped any of us and she had perfect order; and Mr. Phillips was always whipping and he had no order at all. No, if I can't get along without whipping I shall not try to teach school. There are

better ways of managing. I shall try to win my pupils' affections and then they will want to do what I tell them."

PT "But suppose they don't?" said practical Jane.

PT "I wouldn't whip them anyhow. I'm sure it wouldn't do any good. Oh, don't whip your pupils, Jane dear, no matter what they do."

PT "What do you think about it, Gilbert?" demanded Jane. "Don't you think there are some children who really need a whipping now and then?"

PT "Don't you think it's a cruel, barbarous thing to whip a child . . . any child?" exclaimed Anne, her face flushing with earnestness.

PT "Well," said Gilbert slowly, torn between his real convictions and his wish to measure up to Anne's ideal, "there's something to be said on both sides. I don't believe in whipping children much. I think, as you say, Anne, that there are better ways of managing as a rule, and that corporal punishment should be a last resort. But on the other hand, as Jane says, I believe there is an occasional child who can't be influenced in any other way and who, in short, needs a whipping and would be improved by it. Corporal punishment as a last resort is to be my rule."

PT Gilbert, having tried to please both sides, succeeded, as is usual and eminently right, in pleasing neither. Jane tossed her head.

PT "I'll whip my pupils when they're naughty. It's the shortest and easiest way of convincing them."

PT Anne gave Gilbert a disappointed glance.

PT "I shall never whip a child," she repeated firmly. "I feel sure it isn't either right or necessary."

PT "Suppose a boy sauced you back when you told him to do something?" said Jane.

PT "I'd keep him in after school and talk kindly and firmly to him," said Anne. "There is some good in every person if you can find it. It is a teacher's duty to find and develop it. That is what our School Management professor at Queen's told us, you know. Do you suppose you could find any good in a child by whipping him? It's far more important to influence the children aright than it is even to teach them the three R's, Professor Rennie says."

PT "But the Inspector examines them in the three R's, mind you, and he won't give you a good report if they don't come up to his standard," protested Jane.

PT "I'd rather have my pupils love me and look back to me in after years as a real helper than be on the roll of honor," asserted Anne decidedly.

PT "Wouldn't you punish children at all, when they misbehaved?" asked Gilbert.

PT "Oh, yes, I suppose I shall have to, although I know I'll hate to do it. But you can keep them in at recess or stand them on the floor or give them lines to write."

PT "I suppose you won't punish the girls by making them sit with the boys?" said Jane slyly.

PT Gilbert and Anne looked at each other and smiled rather foolishly. Once upon a time, Anne had been made to sit with Gilbert for punishment and sad and bitter had been the consequences thereof.

PT "Well, time will tell which is the best way," said Jane philosophically as they parted.

PT Anne went back to Green Gables by way of Birch Path, shadowy, rustling, fern-scented, through Violet Vale and past Willowmere, where dark and light kissed each other under the firs, and down through Lover's Lane . . . spots she and Diana had so named long ago. She walked slowly, enjoying the sweetness of wood and field and the starry summer twilight, and thinking soberly about the new duties she was to take up on the morrow. When she reached the yard at Green Gables Mrs. Lynde's loud, decided tones floated out through the open kitchen window.

PT "Mrs. Lynde has come up to give me good advice about tomorrow," thought Anne with a grimace, "but I don't believe I'll go in. Her advice is much like pepper, I think . . . excellent in small quantities but rather scorching in her doses. I'll run over and have a chat with Mr. Harrison instead."

PT This was not the first time Anne had run over and chatted with Mr. Harrison since the notable affair of the Jersey cow. She had been there several evenings and Mr. Harrison and she were very good friends,

although there were times and seasons when Anne found the outspokenness on which he prided himself rather trying. Ginger still continued to regard her with suspicion, and never failed to greet her sarcastically as "redheaded snippet." Mr. Harrison had tried vainly to break him of the habit by jumping excitedly up whenever he saw Anne coming and exclaiming,

PT "Bless my soul, here's that pretty little girl again," or something equally flattering. But Ginger saw through the scheme and scorned it. Anne was never to know how many compliments Mr. Harrison paid her behind her back. He certainly never paid her any to her face.

PT "Well, I suppose you've been back in the woods laying in a supply of switches for tomorrow?" was his greeting as Anne came up the veranda steps.

PT "No, indeed," said Anne indignantly. She was an excellent target for teasing because she always took things so seriously. "I shall never have a switch in my school, Mr. Harrison. Of course, I shall have to have a pointer, but I shall use it for pointing only."

PT "So you mean to strap them instead? Well, I don't know but you're right. A switch stings more at the time but the strap smarts longer, that's a fact."

PT "I shall not use anything of the sort. I'm not going to whip my pupils."

PT "Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Harrison in genuine astonishment, "how do you lay out to keep order then?"

PT "I shall govern by affection, Mr. Harrison."

PT "It won't do," said Mr. Harrison, "won't do at all, Anne. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' When I went to school the master whipped me regular every day because he said if I wasn't in mischief just then I was plotting it."

PT "Methods have changed since your schooldays, Mr. Harrison."

PT "But human nature hasn't. Mark my words, you'll never manage the young fry unless you keep a rod in pickle for them. The thing is impossible."

PT "Well, I'm going to try my way first," said Anne, who had a fairly strong will of her own and was apt to cling very tenaciously to her theories.

PT "You're pretty stubborn, I reckon," was Mr. Harrison's way of putting it. "Well, well, we'll see. Someday when you get riled up . . . and people with hair like yours are desperate apt to get riled . . . you'll forget all your pretty little notions and give some of them a whaling. You're too young to be teaching anyhow . . . far too young and childish."

PT Altogether, Anne went to bed that night in a rather pessimistic mood. She slept poorly and was so pale and tragic at breakfast next morning that Marilla was alarmed and insisted on making her take a cup of scorching ginger tea. Anne sipped it patiently, although she could not imagine what good ginger tea would do. Had it been some magic brew, potent to confer age and experience, Anne would have swallowed a quart of it without flinching.

PT "Marilla, what if I fail!"

PT "You'll hardly fail completely in one day and there's plenty more days coming," said Marilla. "The trouble with you, Anne, is that you'll expect to teach those children everything and reform all their faults right off, and if you can't you'll think you've failed."

A Full-fledged Schoolma'am

PT When Anne reached the school that morning . . . for the first time in her life she had traversed the Birch Path deaf and blind to its beauties . . . all was quiet and still. The preceding teacher had trained the children to be in their places at her arrival, and when Anne entered the schoolroom she was confronted by prim rows of "shining morning faces" and bright, inquisitive eyes. She hung up her hat and faced her pupils, hoping that she did not look as frightened and foolish as she felt and that they would not perceive how she was trembling.

PT She had sat up until nearly twelve the preceding night composing a speech she meant to make to her pupils upon opening the school. She had revised and improved it painstakingly, and then she had learned it off by heart. It was a very good speech and had some very fine ideas in it, especially about mutual help and earnest striving after knowledge. The only trouble was that she could not now remember a word of it.

PT After what seemed to her a year . . . about ten seconds in reality . . . she said faintly, "Take your Testaments, please," and sank breathlessly into her chair under cover of the rustle and clatter of desk lids that followed. While the children read their verses Anne marshalled her shaky wits into order and looked over the array of little pilgrims to the Grownup Land.

PT Most of them were, of course, quite well known to her. Her own classmates had passed out in the preceding year but the rest had all gone to school with her, excepting the primer class and ten newcomers to Avonlea. Anne secretly felt more interest in these ten than in those whose possibilities were already fairly well mapped out to her. To be sure, they might be just as commonplace as the rest; but on the other hand there might be a genius among them. It was a thrilling idea.

PT Sitting by himself at a corner desk was Anthony Pye. He had a dark, sullen little face, and was staring at Anne with a hostile expression in his black eyes. Anne instantly made up her mind that she would win that boy's affection and discomfit the Pyes utterly.

PT In the other corner another strange boy was sitting with Arty Sloane. . . a jolly looking little chap, with a snub nose, freckled face, and big, light blue eyes, fringed with whitish lashes . . . probably the DonNELL

boy; and if resemblance went for anything, his sister was sitting across the aisle with Mary Bell. Anne wondered what sort of mother the child had, to send her to school dressed as she was. She wore a faded pink silk dress, trimmed with a great deal of cotton lace, soiled white kid slippers, and silk stockings. Her sandy hair was tortured into innumerable kinky and unnatural curls, surmounted by a flamboyant bow of pink ribbon bigger than her head. Judging from her expression she was very well satisfied with herself.

PT A pale little thing, with smooth ripples of fine, silky, fawn-colored hair flowing over her shoulders, must, Anne thought, be Annetta Bell, whose parents had formerly lived in the Newbridge school district, but, by reason of hauling their house fifty yards north of its old site were now in Avonlea. Three pallid little girls crowded into one seat were certainly Cottons; and there was no doubt that the small beauty with the long brown curls and hazel eyes, who was casting coquettish looks at Jack Gills over the edge of her Testament, was Prillie Rogerson, whose father had recently married a second wife and brought Prillie home from her grandmother's in Grafton. A tall, awkward girl in a back seat, who seemed to have too many feet and hands, Anne could not place at all, but later on discovered that her name was Barbara Shaw and that she had come to live with an Avonlea aunt. She was also to find that if Barbara ever managed to walk down the aisle without falling over her own or somebody else's feet the Avonlea scholars wrote the unusual fact up on the porch wall to commemorate it.

PT But when Anne's eyes met those of the boy at the front desk facing her own, a queer little thrill went over her, as if she had found her genius. She knew this must be Paul Irving and that Mrs. Rachel Lynde had been right for once when she prophesied that he would be unlike the Avonlea children. More than that, Anne realized that he was unlike other children anywhere, and that there was a soul subtly akin to her own gazing at her out of the very dark blue eyes that were watching her so intently.

PT She knew Paul was ten but he looked no more than eight. He had the most beautiful little face she had ever seen in a child . . . features of exquisite delicacy and refinement, framed in a halo of chestnut curls. His mouth was delicious, being full without pouting, the crimson lips just softly touching and curving into finely finished little corners that narrowly escaped being dimpled. He had a sober, grave, meditative expression, as

if his spirit was much older than his body; but when Anne smiled softly at him it vanished in a sudden answering smile, which seemed an illumination of his whole being, as if some lamp had suddenly kindled into flame inside of him, irradiating him from top to toe. Best of all, it was involuntary, born of no external effort or motive, but simply the outflashing of a hidden personality, rare and fine and sweet. With a quick interchange of smiles Anne and Paul were fast friends forever before a word had passed between them.

PT The day went by like a dream. Anne could never clearly recall it afterwards. It almost seemed as if it were not she who was teaching but somebody else. She heard classes and worked sums and set copies mechanically. The children behaved quite well; only two cases of discipline occurred. Morley Andrews was caught driving a pair of trained crickets in the aisle. Anne stood Morley on the platform for an hour and . . . which Morley felt much more keenly . . . confiscated his crickets. She put them in a box and on the way from school set them free in Violet Vale; but Morley believed, then and ever afterwards, that she took them home and kept them for her own amusement.

PT The other culprit was Anthony Pye, who poured the last drops of water from his slate bottle down the back of Aurelia Clay's neck. Anne kept Anthony in at recess and talked to him about what was expected of gentlemen, admonishing him that they never poured water down ladies' necks. She wanted all her boys to be gentlemen, she said. Her little lecture was quite kind and touching; but unfortunately Anthony remained absolutely untouched. He listened to her in silence, with the same sullen expression, and whistled scornfully as he went out. Anne sighed; and then cheered herself up by remembering that winning a Pye's affections, like the building of Rome, wasn't the work of a day. In fact, it was doubtful whether some of the Pyes had any affections to win; but Anne hoped better things of Anthony, who looked as if he might be a rather nice boy if one ever got behind his sullenness.

PT When school was dismissed and the children had gone Anne dropped wearily into her chair. Her head ached and she felt woefully discouraged. There was no real reason for discouragement, since nothing very dreadful had occurred; but Anne was very tired and inclined to believe that she would never learn to like teaching. And how terrible it would be to be doing something you didn't like every day for . . . well, say

forty years. Anne was of two minds whether to have her cry out then and there, or wait till she was safely in her own white room at home. Before she could decide there was a click of heels and a silken swish on the porch floor, and Anne found herself confronted by a lady whose appearance made her recall a recent criticism of Mr. Harrison's on an overdressed female he had seen in a Charlottetown store. "She looked like a head-on collision between a fashion plate and a nightmare."

PT The newcomer was gorgeously arrayed in a pale blue summer silk, puffed, frilled, and shirred wherever puff, frill, or shirring could possibly be placed. Her head was surmounted by a huge white chiffon hat, bedecked with three long but rather stringy ostrich feathers. A veil of pink chiffon, lavishly sprinkled with huge black dots, hung like a flounce from the hat brim to her shoulders and floated off in two airy streamers behind her. She wore all the jewelry that could be crowded on one small woman, and a very strong odor of perfume attended her.

PT "I am Mrs. DonNELL . . . Mrs. H. B. DonNELL," announced this vision, "and I have come in to see you about something Clarice Almira told me when she came home to dinner today. It annoyed me excessively ."

PT "I'm sorry," faltered Anne, vainly trying to recollect any incident of the morning connected with the Donnell children.

PT "Clarice Almira told me that you pronounced our name DONnell. Now, Miss Shirley, the correct pronunciation of our name is DonNELL . . . accent on the last syllable. I hope you'll remember this in future."

PT "I'll try to," gasped Anne, choking back a wild desire to laugh. "I know by experience that it's very unpleasant to have one's name spelled wrong and I suppose it must be even worse to have it pronounced wrong."

PT "Certainly it is. And Clarice Almira also informed me that you call my son Jacob."

PT "He told me his name was Jacob," protested Anne.

PT "I might well have expected that," said Mrs. H. B. Donnell, in a tone which implied that gratitude in children was not to be looked for in this degenerate age. "That boy has such plebeian tastes, Miss Shirley. When he was born I wanted to call him St. Clair . . . it sounds so aristocratic,

doesn't it? But his father insisted he should be called Jacob after his uncle. I yielded, because Uncle Jacob was a rich old bachelor. And what do you think, Miss Shirley? When our innocent boy was five years old Uncle Jacob actually went and got married and now he has three boys of his own. Did you ever hear of such ingratitude? The moment the invitation to the wedding . . . for he had the impertinence to send us an invitation, Miss Shirley . . . came to the house I said, 'No more Jacobs for me, thank you.' From that day I called my son St. Clair and St. Clair I am determined he shall be called. His father obstinately continues to call him Jacob, and the boy himself has a perfectly unaccountable preference for the vulgar name. But St. Clair he is and St. Clair he shall remain. You will kindly remember this, Miss Shirley, will you not? Thank you. I told Clarice Almira that I was sure it was only a misunderstanding and that a word would set it right. Donnell. . . accent on the last syllable . . . and St. Clair . . . on no account Jacob. You'll remember? Thank you."

PT When Mrs. H. B. DonNELL had skimmed away Anne locked the school door and went home. At the foot of the hill she found Paul Irving by the Birch Path. He held out to her a cluster of the dainty little wild orchids which Avonlea children called "rice lillies."

PT "Please, teacher, I found these in Mr. Wright's field," he said shyly, "and I came back to give them to you because I thought you were the kind of lady that would like them, and because . . ." he lifted his big beautiful eyes . . . "I like you, teacher."

PT "You darling," said Anne, taking the fragrant spikes. As if Paul's words had been a spell of magic, discouragement and weariness passed from her spirit, and hope upwelled in her heart like a dancing fountain. She went through the Birch Path light-footedly, attended by the sweetness of her orchids as by a benediction.

PT "Well, how did you get along?" Marilla wanted to know.

PT "Ask me that a month later and I may be able to tell you. I can't now . . . I don't know myself . . . I'm too near it. My thoughts feel as if they had been all stirred up until they were thick and muddy. The only thing I feel really sure of having accomplished today is that I taught Cliffie Wright that A is A. He never knew it before. Isn't it something to have started a soul along a path that may end in Shakespeare and Paradise Lost?"

PT Mrs. Lynde came up later on with more encouragement. That good lady had waylaid the schoolchildren at her gate and demanded of them how they liked their new teacher.

PT "And every one of them said they liked you splendid, Anne, except Anthony Pye. I must admit he didn't. He said you 'weren't any good, just like all girl teachers.' There's the Pye leaven for you. But never mind."

PT "I'm not going to mind," said Anne quietly, "and I'm going to make Anthony Pye like me yet. Patience and kindness will surely win him."

PT "Well, you can never tell about a Pye," said Mrs. Rachel cautiously. "They go by contraries, like dreams, often as not. As for that DonNELL woman, she'll get no DonNELLing from me, I can assure you. The name is DONnell and always has been. The woman is crazy, that's what. She has a pug dog she calls Queenie and it has its meals at the table along with the family, eating off a china plate. I'd be afraid of a judgment if I was her. Thomas says Donnell himself is a sensible, hard-working man, but he hadn't much gumption when he picked out a wife, that's what."

All Sorts and Conditions of Men . . . and women

PT A September day on Prince Edward Island hills; a crisp wind blowing up over the sand dunes from the sea; a long red road, winding through fields and woods, now looping itself about a corner of thick set spruces, now threading a plantation of young maples with great feathery sheets of ferns beneath them, now dipping down into a hollow where a brook flashed out of the woods and into them again, now basking in open sunshine between ribbons of golden-rod and smoke-blue asters; air athrill with the pipings of myriads of crickets, those glad little pensioners of the summer hills; a plump brown pony ambling along the road; two girls behind him, full to the lips with the simple, priceless joy of youth and life.

PT "Oh, this is a day left over from Eden, isn't it, Diana?" . . . and Anne sighed for sheer happiness. "The air has magic in it. Look at the purple in the cup of the harvest valley, Diana. And oh, do smell the dying fir! It's coming up from that little sunny hollow where Mr. Eben Wright has been cutting fence poles. Bliss is it on such a day to be alive; but to smell dying fir is very heaven. That's two thirds Wordsworth and one third Anne Shirley. It doesn't seem possible that there should be dying fir in heaven, does it? And yet it doesn't seem to me that heaven would be quite perfect if you couldn't get a whiff of dead fir as you went through its woods. Perhaps we'll have the odor there without the death. Yes, I think that will be the way. That delicious aroma must be the souls of the firs . . . and of course it will be just souls in heaven."

PT "Trees haven't souls," said practical Diana, "but the smell of dead fir is certainly lovely. I'm going to make a cushion and fill it with fir needles. You'd better make one too, Anne."

PT "I think I shall . . . and use it for my naps. I'd be certain to dream I was a dryad or a woodnymph then. But just this minute I'm well content to be Anne Shirley, Avonlea schoolma'am, driving over a road like this on such a sweet, friendly day."

PT "It's a lovely day but we have anything but a lovely task before us," sighed Diana. "Why on earth did you offer to canvass this road, Anne? Almost all the cranks in Avonlea live along it, and we'll probably be

treated as if we were begging for ourselves. It's the very worst road of all."

PT "That is why I chose it. Of course Gilbert and Fred would have taken this road if we had asked them. But you see, Diana, I feel myself responsible for the A.V.I.S., since I was the first to suggest it, and it seems to me that I ought to do the most disagreeable things. I'm sorry on your account; but you needn't say a word at the cranky places. I'll do all the talking . . . Mrs. Lynde would say I was well able to. Mrs. Lynde doesn't know whether to approve of our enterprise or not. She inclines to, when she remembers that Mr. and Mrs. Allan are in favor of it; but the fact that village improvement societies first originated in the States is a count against it. So she is halting between two opinions and only success will justify us in Mrs. Lynde's eyes. Priscilla is going to write a paper for our next Improvement meeting, and I expect it will be good, for her aunt is such a clever writer and no doubt it runs in the family. I shall never forget the thrill it gave me when I found out that Mrs. Charlotte E. Morgan was Priscilla's aunt. It seemed so wonderful that I was a friend of the girl whose aunt wrote 'Edgewood Days' and 'The Rosebud Garden.'"

PT "Where does Mrs. Morgan live?"

PT "In Toronto. And Priscilla says she is coming to the Island for a visit next summer, and if it is possible Priscilla is going to arrange to have us meet her. That seems almost too good to be true—but it's something pleasant to imagine after you go to bed."

PT The Avonlea Village Improvement Society was an organized fact. Gilbert Blythe was president, Fred Wright vice-president, Anne Shirley secretary, and Diana Barry treasurer. The "Improvers," as they were promptly christened, were to meet once a fortnight at the homes of the members. It was admitted that they could not expect to affect many improvements so late in the season; but they meant to plan the next summer's campaign, collect and discuss ideas, write and read papers, and, as Anne said, educate the public sentiment generally.

PT There was some disapproval, of course, and . . . which the Improvers felt much more keenly . . . a good deal of ridicule. Mr. Elisha Wright was reported to have said that a more appropriate name for the organization would be Courting Club. Mrs. Hiram Sloane declared she had heard the Improvers meant to plough up all the roadsides and set

them out with geraniums. Mr. Levi Boulter warned his neighbors that the Improvers would insist that everybody pull down his house and rebuild it after plans approved by the society. Mr. James Spencer sent them word that he wished they would kindly shovel down the church hill. Eben Wright told Anne that he wished the Improvers could induce old Josiah Sloane to keep his whiskers trimmed. Mr. Lawrence Bell said he would whitewash his barns if nothing else would please them but he would not hang lace curtains in the cowstable windows. Mr. Major Spencer asked Clifton Sloane, an Improver who drove the milk to the Carmody cheese factory, if it was true that everybody would have to have his milk-stand hand-painted next summer and keep an embroidered centerpiece on it.

PT In spite of . . . or perhaps, human nature being what it is, because of . . . this, the Society went gamely to work at the only improvement they could hope to bring about that fall. At the second meeting, in the Barry parlor, Oliver Sloane moved that they start a subscription to re-shingle and paint the hall; Julia Bell seconded it, with an uneasy feeling that she was doing something not exactly ladylike. Gilbert put the motion, it was carried unanimously, and Anne gravely recorded it in her minutes. The next thing was to appoint a committee, and Gertie Pye, determined not to let Julia Bell carry off all the laurels, boldly moved that Miss Jane Andrews be chairman of said committee. This motion being also duly seconded and carried, Jane returned the compliment by appointing Gertie on the committee, along with Gilbert, Anne, Diana, and Fred Wright. The committee chose their routes in private conclave. Anne and Diana were told off for the Newbridge road, Gilbert and Fred for the White Sands road, and Jane and Gertie for the Carmody road.

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Um Vizinho Irritado

En Numa tarde madura de agosto, uma moça alta e esbelta de cerca de dezesseis anos e meio sentou-se no amplo degrau de arenito vermelho de uma fazenda da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Ela tinha olhos cinzentos sérios e cabelos castanho-avermelhados, e estava firmemente decidida a traduzir vários versos de Virgílio.

En Mas aquela tarde de agosto, com a névoa azul envolvendo as encostas da colheita, ventinhos sussurrando nos choupos e papoulas vermelhas ardendo contra os abetos escuros no canto do pomar de cerejeiras, parecia mais adequada para sonhos do que para línguas mortas. Logo a obra de Virgílio escorregou despercebida ao chão. Anne, com o queixo apoiado nas mãos entrelaçadas, contemplava as grandes nuvens brancas que se amontoavam sobre a casa do Sr. J. A. Harrison. Ela estava longe, num mundo encantador onde ela, professora, realizava um trabalho maravilhoso—moldando os destinos de futuros estadistas e inspirando mentes jovens com ambições elevadas.

En Se considerássemos os fatos duros—o que Anne raramente fazia até ser necessário—parecia haver pouco material promissor para celebridades na escola de Avonlea. No entanto, nunca se sabia o que poderia acontecer se uma professora usasse sua influência para o bem. Anne tinha ideais cor-de-rosa do que uma professora poderia realizar se agisse da maneira correta. Ela estava no meio de uma cena encantadora quarenta anos depois: uma personagem famosa—exatamente pelo que seria famosa ficava convenientemente vago, embora Anne achasse que seria bom se ele fosse presidente de faculdade ou primeiro-ministro canadense—curvando-se sobre sua mão enrugada e assegurando-lhe que foi ela quem primeiro acendeu sua ambição, e que todo o seu sucesso se devia às lições que ela havia incutido há muito tempo na escola de Avonlea. Esta visão agradável foi desfeita por uma interrupção muito desagradável.

En Uma pacata vaquinha Jersey veio correndo pelo caminho, e cinco segundos depois o Sr. Harrison chegou—embora 'chegou' possa ser um termo suave demais para a maneira de sua irrupção no quintal.

En Ele pulou a cerca sem esperar para abrir o portão e confrontou com raiva a atônita Anne, que se levantou e ficou olhando para ele em

perplexidade. O Sr. Harrison era o novo vizinho da direita; ela nunca o tinha conhecido antes, embora o tivesse visto uma ou duas vezes.

En No início de abril, antes de Anne voltar para casa vindo de Queen's, o Sr. Robert Bell vendeu sua fazenda, que fazia fronteira com a propriedade dos Cuthbert a oeste, e mudou-se para Charlottetown. A fazenda foi comprada por um certo Sr. J. A. Harrison, cujo nome e origem em New Brunswick eram tudo o que se sabia sobre ele. No entanto, dentro de um mês de sua chegada em Avonlea, ele ganhou a reputação de ser uma pessoa estranha, um excêntrico, segundo a Sra. Rachel Lynde. A Sra. Rachel era uma senhora franca, como os leitores devem se lembrar. O Sr. Harrison era certamente diferente das outras pessoas, e isso, como todos sabem, é a característica essencial de um excêntrico.

En Em primeiro lugar, o Sr. Harrison cuidava da casa sozinho e declarou publicamente que não queria mulheres tolas por perto. As mulheres de Avonlea retaliaram espalhando histórias terríveis sobre sua arrumação e culinária. Ele havia contratado o pequeno John Henry Carter, de White Sands, que começou as histórias. Não havia horários fixos para as refeições na casa dos Harrison. O Sr. Harrison comia quando sentia fome, e se John Henry estivesse presente, ele compartilhava a refeição; caso contrário, ele tinha que esperar até que o Sr. Harrison ficasse com fome novamente. John Henry afirmou, melancolicamente, que teria morrido de fome se não fosse para casa aos domingos para uma refeição substancial, e sua mãe sempre lhe dava uma cesta de comida para levar de volta nas segundas-feiras de manhã.

En Quanto a lavar a louça, o Sr. Harrison nunca fingia fazê-lo, a menos que ocorresse um domingo chuvoso. Então ele lavava tudo de uma vez no barril de água da chuva e deixava escorrer para secar.

En Além disso, o Sr. Harrison era considerado mesquinho. Quando solicitado a contribuir para o salário do Reverendo Allan, ele disse que esperaria para ver quanto benefício espiritual receberia da pregação primeiro; ele não acreditava em comprar gato por lebre. E quando a Sra. Lynde o abordou para uma contribuição missionária, ele disse a ela que havia mais pagãos entre as fofoqueiras idosas de Avonlea do que em qualquer outro lugar, e ele doaria alegremente para uma missão de cristianização se ela a liderasse. A Sra. Lynde foi embora, comentando que era uma misericórdia que a pobre Sra. Robert Bell estivesse segura

em seu túmulo, pois o estado de sua casa, outrora orgulho, teria partido seu coração.

En A Sra. Lynde contou indignada a Marilla Cuthbert que a Sra. Bell costumava esfregar o chão da cozinha a cada dois dias, mas agora o chão estava tão sujo que ela tinha que levantar as saias ao atravessá-lo.

En Em Avonlea, ninguém nunca havia tido um papagaio antes, então o Sr. Harrison possuir um chamado Ginger era considerado pouco respeitável. Segundo John Henry Carter, Ginger era uma ave de boca suja que praguejava terrivelmente. Um dia, quando John Henry se inclinou muito perto da gaiola, Ginger arrancou um pedaço da nuca dele. A Sra. Carter mostrava a cicatriz para todos aos domingos e teria tirado John Henry de lá se pudesse encontrar outro lugar para ele.

En Enquanto o Sr. Harrison estava diante dela, aparentemente sem palavras de raiva, esses pensamentos passaram pela mente de Anne. Mesmo no seu melhor, o Sr. Harrison não era bonito — ele era baixo, gordo e careca. Agora, com seu rosto redondo roxo e seus olhos azuis proeminentes quase saindo das órbitas, Anne achou que ele era a pessoa mais feia que já tinha visto.

En De repente, o Sr. Harrison encontrou sua voz.

En O Sr. Harrison gaguejou que não toleraria mais isso, nem um único dia. Declarou que era a terceira vez que acontecia e que a paciência havia deixado de ser uma virtude. Ele havia avisado a tia de Anne da última vez para não deixar que acontecesse novamente, mas ela deixou. Ele queria saber o que ela queria dizer com aquilo, e era por isso que estava ali.

En Anne perguntou, da maneira mais digna possível, qual era o problema. Ela vinha praticando aquela maneira para tê-la pronta para o início das aulas, mas isso não teve efeito sobre o irritado Sr. Harrison.

En O Sr. Harrison reclamou que já havia problemas suficientes; ele encontrou a vaca Jersey da tia de Anne em sua plantação de aveia novamente meia hora atrás, pela terceira vez. Ele já havia dito à tia para não deixar isso acontecer de novo, mas ela deixou. Ele exigiu vê-la para dar uma parte de sua opinião.

En Anne o corrigiu, afirmando que a Srta. Marilla Cuthbert não era sua tia e havia ido para East Grafton visitar um parente muito doente. Ela

expressou pesar que sua vaca tivesse invadido a plantação de aveia dele, explicando que a vaca era dela, não da Srta. Cuthbert, pois Matthew a dera a ela há três anos, quando era um bezerro comprado do Sr. Bell.

En O Sr. Harrison retrucou que o pesar não era útil; ele insistiu que ela fosse ver o dano que a vaca havia causado, descrevendo a aveia pisoteada do centro à circunferência.

En Anne repetiu suas desculpas, mas sugeriu que, se ele mantivesse suas cercas em melhor estado, Dolly talvez não tivesse invadido. Ela observou que a parte da cerca divisória entre a plantação de aveia e o pasto deles estava em más condições, o que ela notara no outro dia.

En O Sr. Harrison ficou mais irritado, insistindo que sua cerca estava boa e que nem mesmo uma cerca de prisão poderia impedir uma vaca demoníaca como aquela. Ele chamou Anne de 'moleca ruiva' e a aconselhou a cuidar de sua vaca em vez de ler romances de capa amarela, olhando com desprezo para o Virgílio de cor castanha aos pés dela.

En Naquele momento, outra coisa estava vermelha além do cabelo de Anne, que sempre foi uma questão sensível para ela.

En Anne respondeu asperamente que preferia ter cabelo vermelho a não ter nenhum, exceto por uma pequena franja ao redor das orelhas.

En O comentário acertou em cheio, pois o Sr. Harrison era muito sensível em relação à sua careca. A raiva o sufocou, deixando-o sem palavras, e ele só conseguiu olhar fixamente para Anne, que recuperou a calma e aproveitou a vantagem.

En Anne disse que podia ser compreensiva com o Sr. Harrison porque tinha imaginação. Ela conseguia imaginar facilmente como devia ser difícil encontrar uma vaca na sua plantação de aveia, e não guardaria mágoas. Ela deu sua palavra de honra de que Dolly nunca mais invadiria a aveia dele.

En O Sr. Harrison resmungou em um tom um tanto contido que era melhor não, mas saiu batendo os pés com raiva, e Anne o ouviu resmungando consigo mesmo até que ele estivesse fora do alcance auditivo.

En Anne estava profundamente perturbada. Ela atravessou o quintal e fechou a vaca Jersey travessa no curral de ordenha.

En Anne pensou que a vaca não poderia escapar a menos que derrubasse a cerca. A vaca parecia calma agora, e Anne suspeitava que ela tinha ficado doente por comer aveia. Ela se arrependeu de não tê-la vendido ao Sr. Shearer na semana anterior, mas achou melhor esperar pelo leilão de gado. Ela concluiu que o Sr. Harrison era de fato uma pessoa estranha, e que não havia nada de espírito afim nele.

En Anne estava sempre em busca de espíritos afins.

En Quando Anne voltou da casa, Marilla Cuthbert entrou de carro no quintal. Anne preparou o chá rapidamente, e elas discutiram o assunto enquanto comiam.

En Marilla disse que ficaria contente quando o leilão terminasse. Era muita responsabilidade ter tantos animais com apenas o Martin, que não era confiável, para cuidar deles. Ele não tinha voltado, apesar de ter prometido que voltaria se ela lhe desse o dia de folga para o funeral de outra tia. Ela não sabia quantas tias ele tinha; essa era a quarta desde que começou a trabalhar há um ano. Ela ficaria grata quando a colheita estivesse feita e o Sr. Barry assumisse a fazenda. Eles teriam que manter a Dolly trancada no curral até o Martin chegar, porque as cercas do pasto dos fundos precisavam de reparos. Ela declarou que era um mundo de problemas. A pobre Mary Keith estava morrendo, e ela não sabia o que seria de seus dois filhos. Mary tinha um irmão na Colúmbia Britânica e havia escrito para ele sobre eles, mas não teve resposta.

En Ela perguntou sobre a aparência e as idades das crianças.

En Eles tinham seis anos e eram gêmeos.

En Anne expressou seu interesse de longa data por gêmeos devido aos muitos da Sra. Hammond, e perguntou se esses gêmeos eram bonitos.

En As crianças estavam muito sujas de brincar na lama. Davy tinha feito tortas de lama e, quando Dora o chamou para entrar, ele empurrou o rosto dela em uma torta. Depois ele mesmo pulou nela para mostrar que não era motivo para chorar. Mary descreveu Dora como boazinha, mas Davy como travesso. Davy não tinha tido uma educação adequada; seu pai morreu quando ele era bebê e Mary estava doente desde então.

En Anne expressou simpatia por crianças sem educação adequada, mencionando sua própria falta até os cuidados de Marilla. Ela esperava que o tio cuidasse delas e perguntou sobre a relação da Sra. Keith com o interlocutor.

En Marilla explicou que ninguém no mundo chamado Maria existia; na verdade, era o marido dela, que era primo em terceiro grau deles. Ela percebeu a Sra. Lynde se aproximando pelo quintal e esperava que ela viesse para ouvir sobre Maria.

En Anne implorou a Marilla para não mencionar o Sr. Harrison e a vaca para a Sra. Lynde.

En Marilla deu sua palavra, mas foi desnecessário porque a Sra. Lynde mal havia se sentado quando começou a falar.

En A Sra. Lynde relatou ter visto o Sr. Harrison perseguir a vaca Jersey deles para fora de sua plantação de aveia no caminho de volta de Carmody. Ele parecia bastante irritado, e ela perguntou se ele tinha feito uma grande confusão.

En Anne e Marilla trocaram olhares secretos divertidos. Muito pouco em Avonlea escapava da atenção da Sra. Lynde. Naquela manhã, Anne havia feito um comentário.

En Anne observou que, mesmo que alguém fosse para o próprio quarto à meia-noite, trancasse a porta, abaixasse a persiana e espirrasse, a Sra. Lynde perguntaria a eles no dia seguinte sobre o resfriado.

En Marilla admitiu que ele provavelmente tinha dito o que pensava para Anne, explicando que ela havia estado ausente na ocasião.

En Anne declarou que achava ele um homem muito desagradável, balançando o cabelo ruivo com ressentimento.

En A Sra. Rachel concordou solenemente, dizendo que sabia que haveria problemas quando Robert Bell vendeu sua fazenda para um homem de New Brunswick. Ela lamentou que tantos estranhos estivessem vindo para Avonlea que logo não seria seguro dormir em suas camas.

En Marilla perguntou que outros estranhos estavam vindo.

En Rachel perguntou se Anne tinha ouvido falar da família Donnell, que havia alugado a antiga casa de Peter Sloane. Peter havia contratado o homem para administrar seu moinho. Eles vinham do leste e ninguém sabia nada sobre eles. Então a preguiçosa família Timothy Cotton planejava se mudar de White Sands e seria um fardo para o público. Timothy estava doente e era um ladrão, e sua esposa era inútil. Ela até lavava a louça sentada.

En A Sra. George Pye havia acolhido o sobrinho órfão de seu marido, Anthony Pye. Ele frequentaria a escola de Anne, então Anne deveria esperar problemas. Outro novo aluno era Paul Irving, vindo dos Estados Unidos para morar com sua avó. Anne se lembrava de seu pai, Stephen Irving, que havia rejeitado Lavendar Lewis em Grafton.

En Marilla disse que não acreditava que ele a tivesse rejeitado. Houve uma briga, e ela achava que ambos os lados estavam errados.

En Rachel disse que, de qualquer forma, Stephen não havia se casado com Lavendar. Ela se tornara muito estranha, morando sozinha em uma pequena casa de pedra chamada Echo Lodge. Stephen havia ido para os Estados Unidos, entrado em negócios com seu tio e se casado com uma ianque. Ele nunca mais voltara para casa, embora sua mãe o tivesse visitado uma ou duas vezes. Sua esposa morreria dois anos atrás, e ele estava enviando o menino para casa de sua mãe por um tempo. O menino tinha dez anos, e Rachel não tinha certeza se ele seria um bom aluno. Nunca se podia ter certeza sobre aqueles ianques.

En A Sra. Lynde via com suspeita qualquer pessoa que não tivesse nascido ou sido criada na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, como se perguntasse se algo de bom poderia vir de Nazaré. Eles poderiam ser boas pessoas, mas era mais seguro duvidar. Ela tinha um preconceito particular contra ianques porque seu marido havia sido enganado em dez dólares por um empregador em Boston. Nada poderia convencê-la de que todos os Estados Unidos não eram culpados.

En Marilla observou que um pouco de sangue novo beneficiaria a escola de Avonlea, e que se o garoto se parecesse com o pai, ele seria aceitável. Ela lembrou que Steve Irving tinha sido o melhor garoto criado naquela região, embora alguns o considerassem orgulhoso. Ela supôs que a Sra. Irving ficaria feliz em ter o filho consigo, já que estava muito solitária desde a morte do marido.

En A Sra. Rachel admitiu que o garoto poderia ser bom, mas inevitavelmente seria diferente das crianças locais, e falou como se isso fosse a palavra final. Suas opiniões sobre qualquer assunto eram invariavelmente confiáveis. Ela então perguntou sobre o suposto plano de Anne de fundar uma Sociedade de Melhoramento da Vila.

En Anne corou e explicou que estava discutindo a ideia com alguns jovens no último Clube de Debates. Eles acharam que seria bem legal, e o Sr. e a Sra. Allan concordaram. Ela observou que muitas aldeias agora tinham tais sociedades.

En A Sra. Rachel advertiu que Anne encontraria problemas se levasse o plano adiante. Ela aconselhou a deixar o assunto de lado, já que as pessoas geralmente se ressentiam de serem melhoradas.

En Anne esclareceu que eles não pretendiam melhorar as pessoas, mas sim a própria aldeia. Muitas coisas poderiam ser feitas para realçar sua beleza. Por exemplo, se conseguissem persuadir o Sr. Levi Boulter a demolir aquela terrível casa velha em sua fazenda superior, isso certamente seria uma melhoria.

En A Sra. Rachel concordou que melhorar as ruínas antigas seria bom, já que elas eram uma monstruosidade há anos. Ela duvidou que Anne e a sociedade conseguissem convencer Levi Boulter a fazer trabalho público não remunerado, mas disse que gostaria de ver isso. Ela aconselhou Anne a focar na escola, mas reconheceu que Anne provavelmente persistiria se tivesse decidido fazer isso.

En A expressão determinada de Anne confirmou o julgamento da Sra. Rachel. Anne estava determinada a formar a Sociedade de Melhoramentos. Gilbert Blythe, que lecionaria em White Sands mas voltaria para casa nos fins de semana, compartilhava seu entusiasmo. A maioria dos outros estava interessada principalmente nos aspectos sociais. Apenas Anne e Gilbert tinham uma visão clara das melhorias, tendo planejado uma Avonlea idealizada em suas mentes.

En A Sra. Rachel tinha mais uma notícia para compartilhar.

En A Sra. Rachel disse a Anne que a escola de Carmody tinha sido dada a uma Priscilla Grant, e perguntou se Anne tinha estudado na Academia Queen's com ela.

En Anne exclamou alegremente que era maravilhoso que Priscilla fosse ensinar em Carmody. Seus olhos cinzentos se iluminaram, parecendo estrelas da noite, o que fez a Sra. Lynde questionar mais uma vez se Anne era realmente bonita.

Vender com Pressa e Arrepende-se com Calma

En Na tarde seguinte, Anne foi de carro até Carmody para fazer compras, acompanhada por Diana Barry. Diana era uma membro comprometida da Sociedade de Melhorias, e as duas garotas discutiram pouco mais durante toda a viagem até Carmody e de volta.

En Ao passarem pelo decadente salão de Avonlea, situado em uma clareira arborizada cercada por abetos, Diana declarou que pintá-lo deveria ser sua primeira prioridade. Ela o descreveu como um edifício de aparência vergonhosa que exigia atenção antes mesmo de tentarem persuadir o Sr. Levi Boulder a demolir sua casa. O pai dela acreditava que eles nunca conseguiriam porque Levi Boulter era muito mesquinho para gastar o tempo necessário.

En Anne sugeriu esperançosamente que o Sr. Boulter poderia permitir que os meninos desmontassem a casa se concordassem em remover as tábuas e rachá-las para lenha. Ela enfatizou a necessidade de fazer o melhor e ser paciente com o progresso lento, reconhecendo que não poderiam melhorar tudo de uma vez e que primeiro deveriam educar a opinião pública.

En Diana não tinha certeza do que significava "educar a opinião pública", mas parecia impressionante, e ela se orgulhava de pertencer a uma sociedade com um objetivo tão nobre.

En Diana compartilhou uma ideia que tivera na noite anterior: o terreno triangular onde as estradas de Carmody, Newbridge e White Sands convergem. Estava coberto de abetos jovens, e ela perguntou se não seria adorável limpá-los, deixando apenas as duas ou três bétulas que cresciam ali.

En Anne concordou alegremente, achando a ideia esplêndida. Ela propôs colocar um banco rústico sob as bétulas e, na primavera, fazer um canteiro de flores no centro para gerânios.

En Diana riu, observando que eles precisariam manter a vaca da Sra. Hiram Sloane longe da estrada, ou os gerânios seriam comidos. Ela disse que estava começando a entender a ideia de Anne sobre educar o sentimento público. Ela então apontou para a velha casa Boulter,

chamando-a de ruína. Ela descreveu uma casa velha com janelas faltando como uma criatura morta com os olhos removidos.

En Anne disse sonhadoramente que uma casa velha e abandonada parecia muito triste, como se estivesse de luto por suas alegrias passadas. Ela lembrou da história de Marilla de que uma grande família morava lá, com um lindo jardim e rosas. Estava cheia de crianças, risos e canções. Agora estava vazia, apenas o vento vagava por ela. Ela imaginava os fantasmas daquelas crianças, rosas e canções retornando em noites de luar, deixando a casa sonhar em ser jovem e feliz novamente.

En Diana balançou a cabeça.

En Diana disse que não imaginava mais essas coisas. Ela lembrou Anne de como suas mães ficaram zangadas quando imaginaram fantasmas no Bosque Assombrado. Ainda hoje ela se sentia desconfortável lá depois do anoitecer. Ela disse que se começasse a imaginar essas coisas sobre a velha casa Boulter, teria medo de passar por ela. Além disso, aquelas crianças não estavam mortas; todas cresceram e eram bem-sucedidas, uma era açougueiro. Além disso, flores e canções não poderiam ter fantasmas.

En Anne conteve um pequeno suspiro. Ela gostava muito de Diana e elas sempre foram boas amigas. No entanto, ela já havia percebido há muito tempo que, quando entrava no mundo da imaginação, precisava ir sozinha. O caminho até lá era uma trilha mágica que nem mesmo sua amiga mais próxima podia seguir.

En Enquanto as garotas estavam em Carmody, uma tempestade passou, mas foi breve. O passeio para casa foi agradável, por vielas onde as gotas de chuva brilhavam nos galhos e por pequenos vales onde as samambaias molhadas exalavam um aroma picante. No entanto, assim que viraram na estrada dos Cuthbert, Anne viu algo que estragou a paisagem para ela.

En À frente delas, à direita, ficava o vasto campo de aveia tardia do Sr. Harrison, úmido e viçoso. E lá, bem no meio, com os flancos lisos submersos na vegetação abundante, piscando calmamente para elas por cima das pontas da aveia, estava uma vaca Jersey.

En Anne largou as rédeas e se levantou, com os lábios se apertando de uma maneira que não era um bom presságio para a vaca invasora. Sem dizer uma palavra, ela desceu agilmente pelas rodas e atravessou a cerca antes que Diana percebesse o que estava acontecendo.

En Diana gritou para Anne voltar, avisando que ela estragaria o vestido no grão molhado. Mas Anne não a ouviu. Diana concluiu que Anne nunca conseguiria tirar a vaca sozinha e decidiu que precisava ir ajudá-la.

En Anne correu descontroladamente pelo trigo. Diana desceu rapidamente, amarrou o cavalo a um poste, levantou a saia de chita sobre os ombros, subiu a cerca e saiu atrás de Anne. Como a saia de Anne estava molhada e grudada nela, Diana conseguiu correr mais rápido e logo a alcançou. Elas deixaram um rastro de trigo pisado que perturbaria profundamente o Sr. Harrison quando ele visse.

En Diana, sem fôlego, implorou a Anne que parasse. Ela disse que estava exausta e que Anne estava encharcada.

En Anne ofegou que precisava tirar a vaca de lá antes que o Sr. Harrison a visse. Ela acrescentou que não se importava de ficar encharcada se conseguissem.

En No entanto, a vaca jersey não queria sair da grama deliciosa. Assim que as duas garotas sem fôlego se aproximaram, ela se virou e correu direto para o canto mais distante do campo.

En Anne gritou para Diana interceptar a vaca e correr o mais rápido que pudesse.

En Diana correu atrás da vaca. Anne também tentou, mas a malvada Jersey galopou pelo campo como se estivesse possuída. Diana acreditava em particular que a criatura estava possuída. Levou dez minutos inteiros para conseguir interceptá-la e levá-la pelo vão da esquina até o beco do Cuthbert.

En Não há como negar que Anne estava com um temperamento nada angelical naquele momento. E não a acalmou nem um pouco ver uma charrete parada do lado de fora do beco, com o Sr. Shearer de Carmody e seu filho sentados dentro, ambos com sorrisos largos.

En O Sr. Shearer riu baixinho e comentou que Anne teria feito melhor em vender a vaca para ele na semana anterior, quando ele quis comprá-la.

En Sua dona, corada e despenteada, respondeu que venderia a vaca para ele agora se ele a quisesse, e que ele poderia levá-la naquele exato minuto.

En O Sr. Shearer concordou, dizendo que daria vinte dólares pela vaca como havia oferecido antes, e que Jim poderia levá-la para Carmody. Ela iria para a cidade com o restante do carregamento naquela noite, pois o Sr. Reed de Brighton queria uma vaca Jersey.

En Cinco minutos depois, Jim Shearer e a vaca Jersey marcharam pela estrada, e Anne, agindo impulsivamente como sempre, dirigiu pelo caminho de Green Gables com seus vinte dólares.

En Diana se perguntou o que Marilla pensaria.

En Anne afirmou que Marilla não se preocuparia, pois Dolly era sua própria vaca e dificilmente alcançaria mais de vinte dólares no leilão. No entanto, ela temia que o Sr. Harrison notasse o grão em seu campo e percebesse que a vaca havia invadido novamente, apesar de Anne ter dado sua palavra de honra de que isso não aconteceria. Ela concluiu que havia aprendido uma lição: nunca dar a palavra de honra em relação a vacas. Afinal, uma vaca capaz de pular ou romper a cerca do curral não poderia ser confiável em lugar nenhum.

En Marilla havia visitado a casa da Sra. Lynde e, ao retornar, já estava completamente informada sobre a venda e a transferência de Dolly, pois a Sra. Lynde testemunhara a maior parte da transação de sua janela e inferira o restante.

En Marilla comentou que talvez fosse melhor que a vaca tivesse ido embora, embora Anne tivesse tendência a agir de uma forma terrivelmente impulsiva. Ela não conseguia entender como a vaca havia escapado, supondo que devia ter quebrado algumas tábuas do curral.

En Anne observou que não tinha pensado em olhar, mas iria ver agora. Martin ainda não havia voltado. Talvez mais tias dele tivessem morrido. Ela comparou a situação ao Sr. Peter Sloane e os octogenários. Uma noite, a Sra. Sloane estava lendo um jornal e perguntou ao marido o que era um octogenário. Ele respondeu que não sabia, mas imaginava

que deviam ser criaturas muito doentias, pois nunca se ouvia falar deles a não ser no contexto de morte. Anne disse que era exatamente essa a situação com as tias de Martin.

En Marilla expressou desgosto, dizendo que Martin era igual a todos os outros franceses, e não se podia confiar neles nem por um dia. Enquanto examinava as compras de Anne em Carmody, um grito agudo veio do curral. Momentos depois, Anne correu para a cozinha, torcendo as mãos.

En Marilla exigiu saber qual era o problema agora.

En Anne exclamou que era terrível e inteiramente culpa dela. Ela se perguntou se algum dia aprenderia a parar e refletir antes de agir de forma imprudente. A Sra. Lynde sempre previra que ela faria algo terrível um dia, e agora ela tinha feito.

En Marilla disse a Anne que ela era a garota mais exasperante e exigiu saber o que ela tinha feito.

En Anne anunciou que havia vendido a vaca Jersey do Sr. Harrison—aquela que ele havia comprado do Sr. Bell—para o Sr. Shearer, e que Dolly agora estava na sala de ordenha.

En Marilla perguntou a Anne se ela estava sonhando.

En Anne respondeu que desejava que fosse um sonho, mas era real e parecia um pesadelo. A vaca do Sr. Harrison já estava em Charlottetown. Ela pensara que havia terminado de se meter em encrencas, mas esta era a pior até agora, e perguntou o que poderia fazer.

En Marilla disse que não havia nada a fazer senão ir falar com o Sr. Harrison. Eles poderiam oferecer a ele sua própria vaca Jersey em troca se ele não quisesse o dinheiro, já que a vaca deles era tão boa quanto a dele.

En Anne gemeu que tinha certeza de que o Sr. Harrison ficaria muito bravo e desagradável com a situação.

En Ela sugeriu que ele provavelmente ficaria bravo, já que parecia ser um homem irritadiço, e se ofereceu para ir explicar a ele se Anne desejasse.

En Anne recusou, insistindo que não era tão mesquinha. Declarou que a culpa era inteiramente dela e que não permitiria que sua amiga levasse a punição. Resolveu ir ela mesma imediatamente, acreditando que quanto mais cedo terminasse, melhor, pois seria profundamente humilhante.

En Anne preparou-se para sair com seu chapéu e os vinte dólares, mas ao passar pela despensa, notou um bolo de nozes que havia assado naquela manhã. Era um bolo delicioso com glacê rosa e nozes, originalmente destinado à reunião de sexta-feira à noite dos jovens de Avonlea para formar a Sociedade de Melhoramentos. No entanto, decidiu que apaziguar o justamente irritado Sr. Harrison era mais importante. Acreditando que o bolo poderia amolecer até mesmo um homem que cozinhava para si, colocou-o em uma caixa para oferecer como um gesto de paz.

En Ela refletiu pesadamente que esse plano dependia de o Sr. Harrison permitir que ela falasse. Enquanto subia a cerca e tomava um atalho pelos campos, banhados pela luz dourada de uma sonhadora noite de agosto, sentiu que entendia as emoções daqueles que são levados à execução.

O Sr. Harrison em Casa

En A casa do Sr. Harrison era um prédio antigo com beiradas baixas, pintado de branco, e situado contra um bosque denso de abetos.

En O Sr. Harrison estava sentado em sua varanda sombreada por videiras, em mangas de camisa, fumando seu cachimbo noturno. Quando viu Anne se aproximar, levantou-se abruptamente, correu para dentro e fechou a porta. Isso se deveu à sua surpresa e vergonha pelo seu rompante anterior, e quase fez com que a coragem restante de Anne desaparecesse.

En Enquanto batia, Anne pensou miseravelmente que, se ele já estava tão irritado, seria ainda pior quando soubesse o que ela fizera.

En Mas o Sr. Harrison abriu a porta com um sorriso envergonhado, convidando-a a entrar com um tom ameno e amigável, embora um tanto nervoso. Ele tinha guardado o cachimbo e vestido o paletó; ofereceu a Anne uma cadeira muito empoeirada educadamente. A recepção poderia ter sido agradável não fosse um papagaio espiando através das grades da gaiola com olhos dourados maliciosos. Assim que Anne se sentou, Ginger falou.

En O papagaio perguntou por que aquela garotinha ruiva estava vindo ali.

En Era difícil dizer se o Sr. Harrison ou Anne tinha o rosto mais vermelho.

En O Sr. Harrison insistiu que Anne ignorasse o papagaio, explicando que Ginger só falava bobagens. Ele havia conseguido a ave de seu irmão, um marinheiro, e observou que a linguagem dos marinheiros nem sempre era refinada, enquanto os papagaios eram propensos à imitação.

En Anne suprimiu sua raiva, lembrando que sua missão exigia humildade. Tendo vendido a vaca Jersey do Sr. Harrison sem permissão, ela não podia se dar ao luxo de ofendê-lo. Ainda assim, o insulto do papagaio doeu, e sua submissão não foi totalmente genuína.

En Anne declarou resolutamente que tinha vindo fazer uma confissão sobre a vaca Jersey.

En O Sr. Harrison perguntou nervosamente se a vaca havia novamente danificado sua aveia, mas rapidamente descartou a ideia, admitindo que havia sido precipitado no dia anterior.

En Anne suspirou, lamentando que o problema não era tão trivial; na verdade, era muito pior. Ela começou a falar, então hesitou.

En O Sr. Harrison expressou surpresa e perguntou se Anne queria dizer que a vaca tinha entrado no trigal dele.

En Anne respondeu que não era o trigo, mas começou a dizer outra coisa.

En O Sr. Harrison então perguntou se a vaca tinha invadido seus repolhos, que ele estava cultivando para uma exposição.

En Anne disse que não eram os repolhos. Ela explicou que tinha vindo para contar tudo, mas pediu que ele não interrompesse porque a deixava nervosa. Ela queria contar sua história sem que ele falasse até que ela terminasse, acrescentando consigo mesma que, depois que ela terminasse, ele provavelmente teria muito a dizer.

En O Sr. Harrison prometeu não dizer mais nenhuma palavra e manteve sua promessa. No entanto, o papagaio Ginger não ficou em silêncio e repetidamente chamou Anne de 'ruivinha', o que deixou Anne muito frustrada.

En Anne disse ao Sr. Harrison que no dia anterior ela havia confinado sua vaca Jersey no cercado deles. Na manhã seguinte, ela havia ido a Carmody e, ao retornar, descobrira uma vaca Jersey no campo de aveia do Sr. Harrison. Com a ajuda de Diana, ela havia expulsado o animal, uma tarefa que se mostrou extremamente difícil. Ela estava completamente molhada, exausta e irritada quando o Sr. Shearer passou e se ofereceu para comprar a vaca. Impulsivamente, ela a vendeu por vinte dólares. Ela reconheceu que deveria ter esperado para consultar Marilla, mas frequentemente age sem pensar, como aqueles que a conhecem podem atestar. O Sr. Shearer levou a vaca imediatamente para embarcá-la no trem da tarde.

En Ginger repetiu a frase "ruivinha" em um tom que expressava profundo desdém.

En Naquele momento, o Sr. Harrison se levantou e, com um olhar que teria assustado qualquer pássaro que não fosse um papagaio, moveu a gaiola de Ginger para o quarto ao lado e fechou a porta. Ginger gritou, xingou e geralmente se comportou de acordo com seu caráter notório, mas quando ficou sozinho, tornou-se mal-humorado e quieto.

En O Sr. Harrison se desculpou e pediu que Anne continuasse. Ele observou que seu irmão, que era marinheiro, nunca havia incutido boas maneiras no pássaro.

En Anne explicou que, depois de ir para casa e tomar chá, ela havia visitado o curral de ordenha e descoberto sua própria vaca ainda encerrada lá. Ela então percebeu, inclinando-se para a frente com as mãos entrelaçadas e seus olhos cinzentos implorando, que era a vaca do Sr. Harrison que ela havia vendido ao Sr. Shearer.

En O Sr. Harrison ficou surpreso com o resultado inesperado e o declarou muito extraordinário.

En Anne observou tristemente que não era surpreendente ela causar problemas, pois era conhecida por isso. Ela acrescentou que faria dezessete anos em março, mas ainda não havia superado tal comportamento. Pediu ao Sr. Harrison que a perdoasse, sabendo que era tarde demais para recuperar a vaca dele, e ofereceu-lhe compensação ou a própria vaca em troca.

En O Sr. Harrison rapidamente descartou as preocupações dela, dizendo que não era importante e que acidentes acontecem. Ele admitiu que às vezes era muito apressado e falava o que pensava diretamente, mas observou que se a vaca estivesse em seus repolhos, seria diferente. Como não estava, tudo bem. Ele concordou em aceitar a vaca dela em troca, já que ela queria se livrar dela.

En Anne agradeceu ao Sr. Harrison e expressou alívio por ele não estar zangado, como ela temia que pudesse estar.

En O Sr. Harrison comentou que imaginava que Anne estava com muito medo de admitir o erro após o barulho que ele fizera no dia anterior, mas ela não deveria se preocupar com ele. Ele se descreveu como um velho excessivamente honesto que muitas vezes falava de forma direta.

En Anne inadvertidamente comentou que a Sra. Lynde também era assim.

En O Sr. Harrison negou irritadamente ser como aquela fofoqueira, a Sra. Lynde, e perguntou o que havia na caixa.

En Anne disse brincando que era um bolo. Aliviada pela inesperada simpatia dele, seu ânimo se elevou. Ela explicou que trouxe o bolo para ele porque presumiu que ele não comia bolo com frequência.

En O Sr. Harrison admitiu que raramente comia bolo e gostava muito. Agradeceu a ela e expressou esperança de que o bolo, que parecia bom por cima, também fosse bom por dentro.

En Anne garantiu confiantemente que estava bom. Ela reconheceu que já havia feito bolos ruins no passado, como a Sra. Allan podia confirmar, mas este estava bom. Ela disse que o havia feito para a Sociedade de Melhoramentos, mas poderia fazer outro para eles.

En O Sr. Harrison propôs que Anne o ajudasse a comer. Ele disse que colocaria a chaleira no fogo para que pudessem tomar chá e perguntou o que ela achava disso.

En Anne perguntou hesitantemente se o Sr. Harrison permitiria que ela fizesse o chá.

En O Sr. Harrison soltou uma risadinha baixa.

En O Sr. Harrison reconheceu a falta de confiança dela em suas habilidades de fazer chá, mas insistiu que era perfeitamente capaz. No entanto, permitiu que ela prosseguisse, mencionando que a chuva do domingo anterior havia garantido uma oferta de louça limpa.

En Anne rapidamente começou a trabalhar, lavando o bule várias vezes antes de infundir o chá. Ela limpou o fogão, arrumou a mesa e pegou louças da despensa, que a horrorizou com seu estado, mas ela permaneceu em silêncio. O Sr. Harrison a orientou para o pão, a manteiga e uma lata de pêssegos. Ela arrumou um buquê do jardim na mesa, tentando ignorar as manchas na toalha. Logo o chá ficou pronto, e Anne se viu sentada em frente ao Sr. Harrison, servindo o chá para ele e conversando livremente sobre sua escola, amigos e planos. Ela mal podia acreditar na realidade da situação.

En O Sr. Harrison devolveu o Ginger, explicando que o pássaro ficaria solitário. Anne, em um clima de perdão, ofereceu-lhe uma noz. No entanto, os sentimentos de Ginger estavam profundamente magoados e ele recusou qualquer gesto amigável. Ele se sentou melancolicamente em seu poleiro, arrepiando as penas até se assemelhar a uma bola verde e dourada.

En Anne perguntou por que o papagaio se chamava Ginger. Ela apreciava nomes adequados e sentia que Ginger não combinava com as esplêndidas penas do pássaro.

En O Sr. Harrison explicou que seu irmão, um marinheiro, havia nomeado o papagaio. O nome poderia se referir ao temperamento da ave. Ele admitiu que se importava profundamente com Ginger apesar de seus defeitos. O papagaio lhe causara despesas consideráveis, e seu hábito de xingar era difícil de eliminar; muitos tentaram e falharam. Algumas pessoas tinham preconceitos injustos contra papagaios, mas o Sr. Harrison gostava deles. Ginger era boa companhia, e ele nunca desistiria da ave.

En O Sr. Harrison disse a última parte de forma incisiva, como se temesse que Anne tentasse convencê-lo a desistir do Ginger. No entanto, Anne começou a gostar do homem estranho e ansioso. No final da refeição, eles se tornaram bons amigos. O Sr. Harrison soube da Sociedade de Melhoramentos e pareceu inclinado a apoiá-la.

En O Sr. Harrison concordou que ela deveria prosseguir, observando que havia muito espaço para melhorias na cidade, bem como nas pessoas.

En Anne reagiu bruscamente. Ela poderia admitir em particular a uma amiga próxima que Avonlea e seus habitantes tinham alguns pequenos defeitos, mas ouvir um estranho como o Sr. Harrison criticá-lo era bem diferente. Ela declarou que achava Avonlea encantador e seu povo muito agradável.

En Observando as bochechas coradas e os olhos indignados de Anne, o Sr. Harrison sugeriu que ela tinha um temperamento forte, o que ele associava à cor do cabelo dela. Ele admitiu que Avonlea era razoavelmente boa, ou não teria se estabelecido ali, mas a desafiou a admitir que tinha imperfeições.

En Anne permaneceu leal, dizendo que valorizava Avonlea ainda mais por seus defeitos. Ela não gostava de lugares ou pessoas impecáveis, pois seriam monótonos. Ela contou que a Sra. Milton White afirmou nunca ter conhecido uma pessoa perfeita, embora tivesse ouvido muito sobre a primeira esposa de seu marido. Anne questionou se não seria desconfortável ser casada com um homem cuja primeira esposa era perfeita.

En O Sr. Harrison respondeu com um calor súbito e inexplicável que ser casado com a esposa perfeita seria ainda mais desconfortável.

En Após o chá, Anne insistiu em lavar a louça apesar da garantia do Sr. Harrison de que havia bastante para durar semanas. Ela também adoraria varrer o chão, mas não viu vassoura e não perguntou, com medo de que não houvesse nenhuma.

En O Sr. Harrison sugeriu que Anne viesse conversar de vez em quando. Comentou que não era longe e que vizinhos deveriam ser amigáveis. Ele estava um tanto interessado na sociedade dela e achava que seria divertido. Perguntou quem eles planejavam abordar primeiro.

En Anne respondeu com dignidade que eles pretendiam melhorar lugares, não interferir com as pessoas. Ela suspeitava que o Sr. Harrison estava zombando do projeto deles.

En Após sua partida, o Sr. Harrison observou da janela. Ele viu uma figura esbelta e jovem caminhando alegremente pelos campos no brilho do pôr do sol.

En O Sr. Harrison murmurou para si mesmo que era um velho rabugento, solitário e mal-humorado, mas havia algo em Anne que o fazia sentir-se jovem novamente. Era uma sensação tão agradável que ele esperava experimentá-la ocasionalmente.

En O papagaio, Ginger, zombou dela chamando-a de pirralha ruiva.

En O Sr. Harrison balançou o punho para o papagaio.

En O Sr. Harrison murmurou que o papagaio era um pássaro mal-humorado e que quase desejou ter torcido seu pescoço quando seu irmão, o marinheiro, o trouxe para casa. Ele se perguntou se o papagaio algum dia pararia de lhe causar problemas.

En Anne correu alegremente para casa e contou suas aventuras a Marilla, que ficara bastante alarmada com sua longa ausência e estava prestes a sair para procurá-la.

En Anne concluiu alegremente que era um mundo bastante bom, afinal. Ela lembrou que a Sra. Lynde havia reclamado que sempre que você esperava algo agradável, tinha certeza de se decepcionar. Mas Anne observou que o mesmo era verdade para as coisas ruins: elas muitas vezes acabavam melhores do que o esperado. Ela temera sua visita ao Sr. Harrison, mas ele fora gentil e ela quase gostou. Ela acreditava que, se fizessem concessões um ao outro, poderiam se tornar bons amigos. No entanto, ela resolveu nunca mais vender uma vaca sem verificar a propriedade, e declarou que não gostava de papagaios.

Opiniões Diferentes

En Uma tarde ao pôr do sol, Jane Andrews, Gilbert Blythe e Anne Shirley demoraram-se junto a uma cerca à sombra de galhos de abeto que balançavam suavemente, onde uma clareira conhecida como Caminho das Bétulas encontrava a estrada principal. Jane passara a tarde com Anne, que a acompanhou parte do caminho de volta para casa. Na cerca, encontraram Gilbert, e os três discutiram o dia seguinte fatídico: primeiro de setembro, quando as escolas reabririam. Jane iria para Newbridge, e Gilbert para White Sands.

En Anne suspirou, dizendo que suas amigas tinham uma vantagem porque ensinariam crianças que não as conheciam, enquanto ela ensinaria seus próprios colegas de classe. A Sra. Lynde havia alertado que seus alunos poderiam não respeitá-la como respeitariam uma estranha, a menos que ela fosse muito rígida desde o início, mas Anne achava que um professor não deveria ser severo. Ela considerava isso uma grande responsabilidade.

En Jane disse confortavelmente que acreditava que se sairiam bem. Ela não se preocupava em ser uma influência positiva; seus objetivos eram ganhar seu salário de forma justa, satisfazer os curadores e conseguir um lugar na lista de honra do Inspetor Escolar. Ela não tinha mais ambições. Ela afirmou que manter a ordem era a prioridade, o que às vezes exigia que um professor fosse rígido. Se seus alunos desobedecessem, ela os puniria.

En Anne perguntou como ela os puniria.

En Jane respondeu que daria uma surra completa neles.

En Anne gritou de choque, insistindo que Jane não faria e não poderia fazer tal coisa.

En Jane afirmou com convicção que ela poderia e iria recorrer ao castigo corporal se as crianças o merecessem.

En Anne declarou com igual firmeza que nunca conseguiria bater em uma criança, pois não acreditava nessa prática.

En Anne explicou que a Srta. Stacy nunca usava a palmatória, mas mantinha uma ordem perfeita, enquanto o Sr. Phillips a usava

constantemente sem disciplina. Ela afirmou que, se não conseguisse lidar sem bater, não ensinaria; ela acreditava em conquistar o afeto dos alunos para que obedecessem de bom grado.

En A prática Jane perguntou o que aconteceria se esse método falhasse.

En Anne respondeu que não recorreria à palmada de qualquer forma, convencida de que seria ineficaz. Ela implorou a Jane que não batesse em seus alunos em hipótese alguma.

En Jane perguntou a Gilbert qual era sua opinião sobre o assunto, especificamente se ele acreditava que algumas crianças ocasionalmente precisavam de punição física.

En Anne declarou apaixonadamente que surrar qualquer criança era uma prática cruel e bárbara, seu rosto corando de intensidade.

En Gilbert respondeu hesitante, dividido entre suas próprias crenças e seu desejo de impressionar Anne, reconhecendo argumentos válidos de ambos os lados. Ele concordou com Anne que a punição corporal raramente deveria ser usada e que métodos melhores geralmente existiam, mas concedeu a Jane que algumas crianças poderiam precisar dela como último recurso, e ele adotaria isso como sua regra.

En Ao tentar satisfazer ambos, Gilbert acabou não agradando a nenhum, como muitas vezes acontece. Jane expressou seu descontentamento balançando a cabeça.

En Jane afirmou que surraria seus alunos quando eles se comportassem mal, considerando essa a maneira mais rápida e direta de discipliná-los.

En Anne lançou um olhar desapontado na direção de Gilbert.

En Anne repetiu firmemente que nunca chicotearia uma criança, insistindo que não era nem certo nem necessário.

En Jane perguntou o que aconteceria se um menino respondesse de forma rude quando mandado fazer algo.

En Anne explicou que manteria o menino depois da aula e falaria com ele de forma gentil, mas firme. Ela acreditava que toda pessoa tinha algo de bom, e era dever do professor encontrar e desenvolver isso, como

seu professor em Queen's havia ensinado. Ela questionou se chicotear poderia trazer algum bem, e enfatizou que influenciar as crianças corretamente era mais importante do que ensinar os três Rs, de acordo com o Professor Rennie.

En Jane apontou que o Inspetor examinava as crianças nos três Rs e não daria um bom relatório se elas não atingissem seu padrão.

En Anne declarou que preferiria que seus alunos a tivessem em afetuosa consideração e a vissem como um apoio genuíno nos anos posteriores, em vez de ser listada no quadro de honra.

En Gilbert perguntou se ela se absteria de punir completamente as crianças quando elas se comportassem mal.

En Anne reconheceu que provavelmente teria que impor punições, apesar de sua aversão a isso. Ela mencionou opções como manter os alunos durante o recreio, fazê-los ficar em pé no chão ou atribuir-lhes linhas para copiar.

En Jane comentou sorratamente que Anne provavelmente não recorreria a fazer as meninas sentarem com os meninos como forma de punição.

En Gilbert e Anne trocaram um olhar um tanto constrangedor, lembrando-se da vez em que Anne foi disciplinada ao ser colocada sentada ao lado de Gilbert, uma experiência que resultou em consequências tristes e amargas.

En Jane filosoficamente observou que o tempo revelaria qual abordagem era superior enquanto se despediam.

En Anne voltou para Green Gables pelo caminho cênico, refletindo sobre suas próximas tarefas de ensino. Quando chegou ao quintal, ouviu a voz alta da Sra. Lynde vinda da cozinha.

En Anne suspeitou que a Sra. Lynde tinha vindo oferecer conselhos sobre o dia seguinte, mas achou os conselhos da Sra. Lynde avassaladores. Ela decidiu visitar o Sr. Harrison em vez disso.

En Anne havia visitado o Sr. Harrison várias vezes desde o incidente da vaca. Eles eram bons amigos, embora Anne às vezes achasse sua franqueza desafiadora. Ginger continuava a chamá-la sarcasticamente

de 'ruivinha'. O Sr. Harrison tentou ensinar cumprimentos educados a Ginger, mas Ginger não se deixou enganar.

En O Sr. Harrison costumava dizer coisas lisonjeiras como comentar sobre a aparência de Anne, mas Ginger percebia o truque. Anne permanecia alheia aos elogios que o Sr. Harrison fazia em sua ausência.

En Enquanto Anne subia os degraus da varanda, o Sr. Harrison a cumprimentou e perguntou se ela tinha estado juntando varas para o dia seguinte.

En Anne respondeu indignada que nunca usaria uma vara em sua escola. Ela usaria apenas uma ponteira, e somente para apontar.

En O Sr. Harrison então sugeriu que ela poderia usar uma correia, observando que, embora uma vara arda mais imediatamente, uma correia causa uma dor mais duradoura.

En Anne insistiu que não usaria nada do tipo e não chicotearia seus alunos.

En O Sr. Harrison, genuinamente admirado, perguntou como ela planejava manter a ordem.

En Anne declarou que governaria por afeto.

En O Sr. Harrison discordou, afirmando que o método de Anne não funcionaria. Ele acreditava no velho provérbio sobre poupar a vara e estragar a criança. Ele lembrou que, quando era estudante, seu professor o chicoteava diariamente, explicando que, se ele não estivesse metido em confusão naquele momento, estava tramando algo.

En Anne observou que os métodos de ensino haviam progredido desde os tempos de escola do Sr. Harrison.

En O Sr. Harrison retrucou que a natureza humana não havia mudado. Ele alertou Anne que ela nunca conseguiria controlar as crianças sem manter o castigo preparado, classificando a tarefa como impossível.

En Anne, possuindo uma vontade forte e uma tendência a se agarrar tenazmente às suas teorias, insistiu que tentaria primeiro sua própria abordagem.

En O Sr. Harrison comentou que Anne era bastante teimosa. Ele sugeriu que, quando ela eventualmente perdesse a paciência — como pessoas com a cor de cabelo dela eram muito propensas a fazer —, ela abandonaria seus ideais gentis e disciplinaria alguém fisicamente. Ele também expressou que ela era jovem e infantil demais para ser professora.

En Naquela noite, Anne foi para a cama em um estado de espírito profundamente pessimista. Ela dormiu mal e apareceu tão pálida e triste no café da manhã seguinte que Marilla ficou preocupada e insistiu que ela bebesse uma xícara de chá de gengibre fumegante. Anne o bebeu obedientemente, embora duvidasse que faria algum bem. Ela refletiu que, se o chá fosse uma poção mágica capaz de conceder idade e experiência, ela teria consumido um litro sem hesitar.

En Anne perguntou a Marilla o que aconteceria se ela falhasse.

En Marilla respondeu que Anne dificilmente falharia completamente em um único dia, e que havia muitos dias pela frente. Ela apontou que a dificuldade de Anne estava em esperar ensinar tudo às crianças e corrigir todos os seus defeitos de uma só vez — e se ela não conseguisse, consideraria a si mesma um fracasso.

Uma Professora de Verdade

En Naquela manhã, ao chegar à escola, Anne havia percorrido o Caminho das Bétulas alheia aos seus encantos. A sala de aula estava silenciosa e quieta; o professor anterior havia treinado as crianças para estarem em seus lugares quando ela chegasse. Quando Anne entrou, foi recebida por fileiras ordenadas de rostos matinais radiantes e olhos inquisitivos. Ela tirou o chapéu e enfrentou seus alunos, esperando interiormente não parecer tão assustada e inepta quanto se sentia, e que seu tremor passasse despercebido.

En Na noite anterior, Anne havia ficado acordada até quase meia-noite compondo um discurso que pretendia proferir para seus alunos no primeiro dia de aula. Ela trabalhou meticulosamente para revisá-lo e aprimorá-lo e, em seguida, o memorizou completamente. O discurso estava bem elaborado e continha ideias admiráveis sobre assistência mútua e a busca sincera pelo conhecimento. No entanto, quando o momento chegou, ela descobriu que não conseguia se lembrar de uma única palavra.

En Depois do que pareceu uma eternidade—embora na realidade apenas cerca de dez segundos—ela conseguiu proferir um pedido fraco para que pegassem seus Testamentos e, em seguida, afundou sem fôlego em sua cadeira, aliviada pelo ruído e barulho das tampas das carteiras. Enquanto as crianças liam seus versículos, Anne reuniu seus pensamentos dispersos e examinou a assembleia de jovens peregrinos embarcando em sua jornada para a vida adulta.

En A maioria das crianças era bem conhecida por ela, pois seus próprios colegas de classe haviam saído no ano anterior, mas os outros haviam estudado com ela, exceto a turma de alfabetização e dez recém-chegados a Avonlea. Anne secretamente se sentia mais atraída por esses dez do que por aqueles cujo potencial ela já podia prever. Eles poderiam se revelar comuns, mas também existia a possibilidade empolgante de que um deles pudesse ser um gênio.

En Em uma carteira de canto estava Anthony Pye, sozinho, com um rosto escuro e carrancudo e olhos negros hostis fixos em Anne. Ela resolveu instantaneamente conquistar seu afeto e, assim, desconcertar toda a família Pye.

En No canto oposto, outro menino desconhecido estava sentado com Arty Sloane. Ele tinha uma aparência alegre, com nariz arrebitado, rosto sardento e olhos grandes e azuis claros emoldurados por cílios claros. Anne presumiu que ele era o menino DonNELL e, se a semelhança servisse de indicação, a garota do outro lado do corredor com Mary Bell era sua irmã. Anne questionou silenciosamente que tipo de mãe enviaria uma criança para a escola com tal vestimenta: um vestido rosa desbotado de seda enfeitado com excesso de renda de algodão, sapatilhas de pelica branca sujas, meias de seda e, ainda, seus cabelos castanho-arenosos torturados em cachos artificiais encimados por um laço rosa extravagante maior que sua cabeça. A expressão da garota sugeria que ela estava bastante satisfeita consigo mesma.

En Anne identificou uma garota pálida com cabelo sedoso cor de camurça como Annetta Bell, cuja família havia se mudado para Avonlea ao deslocar sua casa cinquenta jardas ao norte. Três garotas pálidas em um banco eram as Cottons. Uma pequena beleza com longos cachos castanhos e olhos avelã, flertando com Jack Gills sobre seu Testamento, era Prillie Rogerson, recentemente trazida para casa da avó após o novo casamento de seu pai. Uma garota alta e desajeitada no fundo, aparentemente com muitos membros, era Barbara Shaw, agora morando com uma tia. Anne descobriria mais tarde que, se Barbara conseguisse andar pelo corredor sem tropeçar, os alunos registrariam o evento na parede da varanda.

En Quando Anne encontrou o olhar do garoto na mesa da frente, sentiu uma emoção estranha, como se tivesse encontrado um espírito afim. Ela sabia que devia ser Paul Irving, e a Sra. Rachel Lynde tinha razão ao dizer que ele seria diferente das crianças de Avonlea. Anne percebeu que ele era diferente de qualquer criança que já conhecera, e que uma alma muito parecida com a sua a olhava de seus olhos azuis escuros.

En Paul tinha dez anos, mas parecia oito. Tinha um rosto bonito com traços delicados e cachos castanhos. Sua boca era cheia sem ser beicinho, com lábios carmesins suavemente tocantes. Ele tinha uma expressão séria e pensativa, mas quando Anne sorriu para ele, ele respondeu com um sorriso iluminador que parecia acender todo o seu ser. O sorriso era involuntário e genuíno, revelando uma personalidade

rara e doce. Sem uma palavra, Anne e Paul se tornaram grandes amigos através daquela troca de sorrisos.

En O dia passou como um sonho, e Anne não conseguia se lembrar claramente depois. Parecia que outra pessoa estava ensinando. Ela mecanicamente ouvia as aulas, fazia contas e ditava cópias. As crianças se comportaram bem, exceto por dois incidentes. Morley Andrews foi pego com grilos treinados no corredor. Anne fez ele ficar na plataforma e confiscou os grilos, o que o incomodou mais. Mais tarde, ela os soltou no Vale Violeta, mas Morley sempre acreditou que ela os guardou para si.

En O outro encrenqueiro era Anthony Pye, que derramou água de sua garrafa de ardósia no pescoço de Aurelia Clay. Anne o deixou de castigo no recreio e deu uma palestra sobre como ser um cavalheiro, dizendo que cavalheiros nunca derramam água no pescoço das senhoras. Ela queria que todos os seus meninos fossem cavalheiros. Anthony permaneceu impassível, ouviu soturnamente e assobiou desdenhosamente ao sair. Anne suspirou, mas lembrou a si mesma que conquistar o afeto de um Pye, como construir Roma, levava tempo. Ela esperava que Anthony pudesse ser legal por baixo de sua taciturnidade.

En Quando a escola terminou e as crianças foram embora, Anne caiu exausta em sua cadeira. Sua cabeça doía e ela se sentia profundamente desanimada. Não havia motivo real para desânimo, já que nada muito sério havia acontecido; mas Anne estava muito cansada e inclinada a acreditar que nunca aprenderia a gostar de ensinar. E quão terrível seria fazer algo que você não gosta todos os dias por, digamos, quarenta anos. Anne ponderou se deveria chorar ali mesmo ou esperar até estar segura em seu próprio quarto branco em casa. Antes que pudesse decidir, ouviu um clique de saltos e um farfalhar sedoso no chão da varanda, e se viu confrontada por uma senhora cuja aparência a lembrou de um comentário recente do Sr. Harrison sobre uma mulher excessivamente vestida que ele vira em uma loja em Charlottetown. Ele dissera que ela parecia uma colisão frontal entre uma gravura de moda e um pesadelo.

En A recém-chegada estava esplendidamente vestida com uma seda azul clara de verão, com babados, franzidos e pregas onde quer que tal decoração pudesse ser colocada. Sua cabeça era coroada por um enorme chapéu de chiffon branco, adornado com três longas, mas bastante finas, penas de avestruz. Um véu de chiffon rosa, densamente

salpicado de grandes bolas pretas, pendia da aba do chapéu até os ombros e flutuava em duas fitas arejadas atrás dela. Ela usava todas as joias que podiam ser amontoadas em uma mulher pequena, e um odor muito forte de perfume a acompanhava.

En A visão anunciou que ela era a Sra. H. B. Donnell e que viera ver Anne sobre algo que Clarice Almira lhe contara quando voltou para casa para o almoço naquele dia. Isso a irritara excessivamente.

En Anne gaguejou um pedido de desculpas, tentando em vão recordar qualquer incidente da manhã que envolvesse as crianças Donnell.

En A Sra. Donnell disse que Clarice Almira lhe contara que Anne pronunciara o sobrenome deles como DONnell. Ela explicou que a pronúncia correta é DonNELL, com o acento na última sílaba, e esperava que Anne se lembrasse disso no futuro.

En Anne respondeu que tentaria, suprimindo uma forte vontade de rir. Ela disse que sabia por experiência própria como era desagradável ter o nome escrito incorretamente e imaginava que devia ser ainda pior tê-lo pronunciado errado.

En A Sra. Donnell concordou que era de fato pior. Ela então mencionou que Clarice Almira a informara que Anne vinha chamando seu filho de Jacob.

En Anne protestou que o próprio menino lhe dissera que seu nome era Jacob.

En A Sra. Donnell comentou que já esperava tamanha ingratidão das crianças nos dias de hoje. Ela explicou que seu filho tinha gostos muito comuns. Quando ele nasceu, ela desejava chamá-lo de St. Clair porque soava aristocrático, mas o pai insistiu em Jacob, em homenagem ao tio solteiro e rico. Ela concordou porque o tio era rico. No entanto, quando o menino completou cinco anos, o tio se casou e teve três filhos, o que a Sra. Donnell considerou profundamente ingrato. A partir daquele dia, ela decidiu chamar seu filho de St. Clair e estava determinada a que ele fosse chamado assim, apesar do uso contínuo de Jacob pelo pai e da própria preferência inexplicável do menino pelo nome vulgar. Ela instruiu Anne a chamá-lo de St. Clair e a lembrar que o sobrenome Donnell era

acentuado na última sílaba. Agradeceu a Anne e expressou confiança de que uma palavra sua resolveria a questão.

En Depois que a Sra. Donnell partiu, Anne trancou a porta da escola e foi para casa. Ao pé da colina, encontrou Paul Irving perto do Caminho das Bétulas. Ele lhe ofereceu um ramo de delicadas orquídeas selvagens, que as crianças de Avonlea chamavam de lírios de arroz.

En O menino explicou timidamente que havia encontrado as flores no campo do Sr. Wright e voltara para dá-las a Anne porque acreditava que ela era o tipo de pessoa que as apreciaria, e também porque sentia afeto por ela.

En Anne carinhosamente o chamou de querido e aceitou as flores perfumadas. As palavras de Paul agiram como um encanto, dissipando seu desânimo e cansaço, e a esperança brotou dentro dela como uma fonte vivaz. Ela caminhou levemente pelo Caminho das Bétulas, acompanhada pelo doce aroma de suas orquídeas como se fosse uma bênção.

En Marilla perguntou a Anne como ela havia se saído durante o dia.

En Anne respondeu que talvez pudesse responder em um mês, mas no momento estava muito imersa para saber. Seus pensamentos pareciam confusos, como se mexidos até ficarem espessos. A única realização de que tinha certeza era ter ensinado a Clifflie Wright que A é A—ele não sabia disso antes. Ela refletiu se era significativo guiar uma alma por um caminho que poderia levar a Shakespeare e ao Paraíso Perdido.

En Mais tarde, a Sra. Lynde chegou com encorajamento adicional. Ela havia interceptado as crianças da escola em seu portão e perguntado como elas se sentiam em relação à sua nova professora.

En O orador relatou que todos os alunos, exceto Anthony Pye, disseram que gostavam muito de Anne. Anthony afirmou que Anne não era melhor do que qualquer outra professora. O orador atribuiu essa atitude à teimosia da família Pye e aconselhou Anne a não se preocupar.

En Anne respondeu calmamente que não se importaria com a opinião de Anthony. Ela expressou sua determinação em conquistá-lo com paciência e gentileza.

En A Sra. Rachel comentou que nunca se podia prever o comportamento de um Pye, pois muitas vezes agiam de forma contrária. Ela então insistiu que o nome da mulher era Donnell, e não DonNELL, e a chamou de louca por deixar seu cachorro pug comer à mesa em um prato de porcelana. Acrescentou que teria medo de punição divina se fizesse tal coisa. Segundo Thomas, o Sr. Donnell era sensato e trabalhador, mas tinha pouco julgamento ao escolher uma esposa.

Todos os Tipos e Condições de Homens... e Mulheres

En A cena descrevia um dia de setembro na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, com um vento fresco soprando do mar sobre as dunas de areia. Uma longa estrada vermelha serpenteava por campos e bosques, passando por abetos, bordos com samambaias, um riacho reluzindo numa depressão e sol aberto entre varas-de-ouro e ásteres. O ar vibrava com o canto dos grilos. Um pônei marrom e roliço trotava, seguido por duas garotas que estavam cheias da simples alegria da juventude e da vida.

En Anne exclamou que o dia parecia um resquício do Éden e suspirou de pura felicidade. Ela disse que o ar parecia mágico e apontou a cor púrpura no vale da colheita e o cheiro de abeto moribundo vindo de uma depressão onde o Sr. Eben Wright estava cortando postes de cerca. Ela citou uma linha modificada de Wordsworth, dizendo que era uma bênção estar vivo em um dia assim, mas cheirar abeto moribundo era o paraíso. Ela se perguntou se o céu poderia ter abeto moribundo, mas sentiu que não seria perfeito sem aquele cheiro. Ela especulou que talvez no céu o aroma existisse sem a morte, e que o cheiro delicioso devia ser as almas dos abetos, que permaneceriam no céu.

En Diana comentou que as árvores não tinham alma, mas apreciava o cheiro do abeto seco. Ela pretendia fazer uma almofada recheada com agulhas de abeto e aconselhou Anne a fazer o mesmo.

En Anne considerou fazer uma almofada para suas sonecas, pois provavelmente inspiraria sonhos de ser uma dríade ou ninfa da floresta. No entanto, naquele momento, ela estava perfeitamente satisfeita em ser Anne Shirley, a professora de Avonlea, dirigindo por uma estrada tão agradável num dia encantador.

En Diana suspirou, observando que, embora o dia estivesse lindo, a tarefa delas estava longe de ser agradável. Ela questionou por que Anne se voluntariou para percorrer aquela estrada em particular, observando que quase todos os moradores difíceis de Avonlea moravam ao longo dela, e que provavelmente seriam tratadas como se estivessem pedindo para si mesmas. Era a pior estrada possível.

En Anne explicou que era exatamente por isso que a havia escolhido. Ela reconheceu que Gilbert e Fred teriam pegado aquela estrada se fossem convidados, mas sentia uma responsabilidade pessoal pela A.V.I.S. já que foi a primeira a sugeri-la. Portanto, acreditava que deveria enfrentar as tarefas mais desagradáveis. Ela pediu desculpas a Diana, mas garantiu que Diana não precisaria falar nas casas difíceis; Anne faria toda a conversa, como a Sra. Lynde diria que ela era perfeitamente capaz. Em relação à Sra. Lynde, ela estava incerta se deveria aprovar o empreendimento delas. Ela se inclinava à aprovação ao lembrar que o Sr. e a Sra. Allan o apoiavam, mas o fato de que as sociedades de melhoramento de vilarejos se originaram nos Estados Unidos contava contra. Então ela estava hesitante, e somente o sucesso as justificaria aos seus olhos. Priscilla deveria escrever um artigo para a próxima reunião, e Anne esperava que fosse bom, já que sua tia era uma escritora habilidosa e o talento provavelmente corria na família. Anne lembrou a emoção que sentiu ao descobrir que a Sra. Charlotte E. Morgan era tia de Priscilla. Parecia maravilhoso ser amiga da garota cuja tia havia escrito "Edgewood Days" e "The Rosebud Garden".

En Diana perguntou sobre o local de residência da Sra. Morgan.

En Anne comentou que Priscilla estava em Toronto e havia mencionado que viria à Ilha para uma visita no próximo verão, e que, se possível, ela organizaria um encontro. Parecia quase bom demais para ser verdade, mas era um pensamento agradável para se ter antes de dormir.

En A Sociedade de Melhoramentos da Vila de Avonlea tornou-se realidade. Gilbert Blythe foi eleito presidente, Fred Wright vice-presidente, Anne Shirley secretária e Diana Barry tesoureira. Os membros, que foram prontamente batizados de 'Melhoradores', planejavam se encontrar quinzenalmente nas casas uns dos outros. Eles reconheciam que não poderiam realizar muitas melhorias tão tarde na temporada, mas pretendiam planejar para o verão seguinte, reunir ideias, escrever e ler artigos e, como Anne disse, cultivar o sentimento público.

En Houve, é claro, alguma desaprovação e, o que os Melhoradores sentiram mais intensamente, uma boa dose de ridicularização. Foi relatado que o Sr. Elisha Wright dissera que um nome mais apropriado para a organização seria Clube do Namoro. A Sra. Hiram Sloane declarou que ouvira que os Melhoradores pretendiam arar todas as

margens das estradas e plantar gerânios. O Sr. Levi Boulter advertiu seus vizinhos de que a sociedade insistiria que todos derrubassem suas casas e as reconstruíssem de acordo com planos aprovados. O Sr. James Spencer enviou um pedido para que eles, por gentileza, nivelassem a colina da igreja. Eben Wright disse a Anne que desejava que os Melhoradores pudessem convencer o velho Josiah Sloane a aparar suas costeletas. O Sr. Lawrence Bell disse que cairia seus celeiros se nada mais os agradasse, mas não penduraria cortinas de renda nas janelas do estábulo das vacas. O Sr. Major Spencer perguntou a Clifton Sloane, um Melhorador que levava o leite para a fábrica de queijo de Carmody, se era verdade que todos teriam que mandar pintar à mão seus suportes de leite no próximo verão e manter uma toalha de centro bordada sobre eles.

En Apesar do ridículo — ou talvez por causa dele, dada a natureza humana — a sociedade começou corajosamente a única melhoria que poderia realizar naquele outono. Na segunda reunião, realizada na sala de visitas dos Barry, Oliver Sloane propôs que iniciassem uma subscrição para recolocar as telhas e pintar o salão. Julia Bell apoiou a moção, apesar de um sentimento desconfortável de que estava fazendo algo não exatamente feminino. Gilbert colocou a moção em votação, foi aprovada por unanimidade, e Anne registrou solenemente em sua ata. Em seguida, precisavam nomear um comitê. Gertie Pye, determinada a não deixar Julia Bell levar toda a glória, propôs corajosamente que a Srta. Jane Andrews fosse presidente. Essa moção também foi devidamente apoiada e aprovada, e Jane retribuiu nomeando Gertie para o comitê, junto com Gilbert, Anne, Diana e Fred Wright. O comitê escolheu suas rotas em particular. Anne e Diana foram designadas para a estrada de Newbridge, Gilbert e Fred para a estrada de White Sands, e Jane e Gertie para a estrada de Carmody.

An Irate Neighbor

Pt/En

Português

Numa tarde madura de agosto, uma moça alta e esbelta de cerca de dezesseis anos e meio sentou-se no amplo degrau de arenito vermelho de uma fazenda da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Ela tinha olhos cinzentos sérios e cabelos castanho-avermelhados, e estava firmemente decidida a traduzir vários versos de Virgílio.

Original English

A tall, slim girl, "half-past sixteen," with serious gray eyes and hair which her friends called auburn, had sat down on the broad red sandstone doorstep of a Prince Edward Island farmhouse one ripe afternoon in August, firmly resolved to construe so many lines of Virgil.

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Pt/En

Português

Mas aquela tarde de agosto, com a névoa azul envolvendo as encostas da colheita, ventinhos sussurrando nos choupos e papoulas vermelhas ardendo contra os abetos escuros no canto do pomar de cerejeiras, parecia mais adequada para sonhos do que para línguas mortas. Logo a obra de Virgílio escorregou despercebida ao chão. Anne, com o queixo apoiado nas mãos entrelaçadas, contemplava as grandes nuvens brancas que se amontoavam sobre a casa do Sr. J. A. Harrison. Ela estava longe, num mundo encantador onde ela, professora, realizava um trabalho maravilhoso—moldando os destinos de futuros estadistas e inspirando mentes jovens com ambições elevadas.

Original English

But an August afternoon, with blue hazes scarfing the harvest slopes, little winds whispering elfishly in the poplars, and a dancing splendor of red poppies outflaming against the dark coppice of young firs in a corner of the cherry orchard, was fitter for dreams than dead languages. The Virgil soon slipped unheeded to the ground, and Anne, her chin propped on her clasped hands, and her eyes on the splendid mass of fluffy clouds that were heaping up just over Mr. J. A. Harrison's house like a great white mountain, was far away in a delicious world where a certain schoolteacher

was doing a wonderful work, shaping the destinies of future statesmen, and inspiring youthful minds and hearts with high and lofty ambitions.

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Pt/En

Português

Se considerássemos os fatos duros—o que Anne raramente fazia até ser necessário—parecia haver pouco material promissor para celebridades na escola de Avonlea. No entanto, nunca se sabia o que poderia acontecer se uma professora usasse sua influência para o bem. Anne tinha ideais cor-de-rosa do que uma professora poderia realizar se agisse da maneira correta. Ela estava no meio de uma cena encantadora quarenta anos depois: uma personagem famosa—exatamente pelo que seria famosa ficava convenientemente vago, embora Anne achasse que seria bom se ele fosse presidente de faculdade ou primeiro-ministro canadense—curvando-se sobre sua mão enrugada e assegurando-lhe que foi ela quem primeiro acendeu sua ambição, e que todo o seu sucesso se devia às lições que ela havia inculcido há muito tempo na escola de Avonlea. Esta visão agradável foi desfeita por uma interrupção muito desagradável.

Original English

To be sure, if you came down to harsh facts . . . which, it must be confessed, Anne seldom did until she had to . . . it did not seem likely that there was much promising material for celebrities in Avonlea school; but you could never tell what might happen if a teacher used her influence for good. Anne had certain rose-tinted ideals of what a teacher might accomplish if she only went the right way about it; and she was in the midst of a delightful scene, forty years hence, with a famous personage . . . just exactly what he was to be famous for was left in convenient haziness, but Anne thought it would be rather nice to have him a college president or a Canadian premier . . . bowing low over her wrinkled hand and assuring her that it was she who had first kindled his ambition, and that all his success in life was due to the lessons she had instilled so long ago in Avonlea school. This pleasant vision was shattered by a most unpleasant interruption.

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Pt/En

Português

Uma pacata vaquinha Jersey veio correndo pelo caminho, e cinco segundos depois o Sr. Harrison chegou—embora 'chegou' possa ser um termo suave demais para a maneira de sua irrupção no quintal.

Original English

A demure little Jersey cow came scuttling down the lane and five seconds later Mr. Harrison arrived . . . if "arrived" be not too mild a term to describe the manner of his irruption into the yard.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele pulou a cerca sem esperar para abrir o portão e confrontou com raiva a atônita Anne, que se levantou e ficou olhando para ele em perplexidade. O Sr. Harrison era o novo vizinho da direita; ela nunca o tinha conhecido antes, embora o tivesse visto uma ou duas vezes.

Original English

He bounced over the fence without waiting to open the gate, and angrily confronted astonished Anne, who had risen to her feet and stood looking at him in some bewilderment. Mr. Harrison was their new righthand neighbor and she had never met him before, although she had seen him once or twice.

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Pt/En

Português

No início de abril, antes de Anne voltar para casa vindo de Queen's, o Sr. Robert Bell vendeu sua fazenda, que fazia fronteira com a propriedade dos Cuthbert a oeste, e mudou-se para Charlottetown. A fazenda foi comprada por um certo Sr. J. A. Harrison, cujo nome e origem em New Brunswick eram tudo o que se sabia sobre ele. No entanto, dentro de um mês de sua chegada em Avonlea, ele ganhou a reputação de ser uma pessoa estranha, um excêntrico, segundo a Sra. Rachel Lynde. A Sra. Rachel era uma senhora franca, como os leitores devem se lembrar. O Sr. Harrison era certamente diferente das outras pessoas, e isso, como todos sabem, é a característica essencial de um excêntrico.

Original English

In early April, before Anne had come home from Queen's, Mr. Robert Bell, whose farm adjoined the Cuthbert place on the west, had sold out and moved to Charlottetown. His farm had been bought by a certain Mr. J. A. Harrison, whose name, and the fact that he was a New Brunswick man, were all that was known about him. But before he had been a month in Avonlea he had won the reputation of being an odd person . . . "a crank," Mrs. Rachel Lynde said. Mrs. Rachel was an outspoken lady, as those of you who may have already made her acquaintance will remember. Mr. Harrison was certainly different from other people . . . and that is the essential characteristic of a crank, as everybody knows.

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Pt/En

Português

Em primeiro lugar, o Sr. Harrison cuidava da casa sozinho e declarou publicamente que não queria mulheres tolas por perto. As mulheres de Avonlea retaliaram espalhando histórias terríveis sobre sua arrumação e culinária. Ele havia contratado o pequeno John Henry Carter, de White Sands, que começou as histórias. Não havia horários fixos para as refeições na casa dos Harrison. O Sr. Harrison comia quando sentia fome, e se John Henry estivesse presente, ele compartilhava a refeição; caso contrário, ele tinha que esperar até que o Sr. Harrison ficasse com fome novamente. John Henry afirmou, melancolicamente, que teria morrido de fome se não fosse para casa aos domingos para uma refeição substancial, e sua mãe sempre lhe dava uma cesta de comida para levar de volta nas segundas-feiras de manhã.

Original English

In the first place he kept house for himself and had publicly stated that he wanted no fools of women around his diggings. Feminine Avonlea took its revenge by the gruesome tales it related about his house-keeping and cooking. He had hired little John Henry Carter of White Sands and John Henry started the stories. For one thing, there was never any stated time for meals in the Harrison establishment. Mr. Harrison "got a bite" when he felt hungry, and if John Henry were around at the time, he came in for a share, but if he were not, he had to wait until Mr. Harrison's next hungry spell. John Henry mournfully averred that he would have starved to death if it wasn't that he got home on Sundays and got a good filling up, and that his mother always gave him a basket of "grub" to take back with him on

Monday mornings.

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Pt/En

Português

Quanto a lavar a louça, o Sr. Harrison nunca fingia fazê-lo, a menos que ocorresse um domingo chuvoso. Então ele lavava tudo de uma vez no barril de água da chuva e deixava escorrer para secar.

Original English

As for washing dishes, Mr. Harrison never made any pretence of doing it unless a rainy Sunday came. Then he went to work and washed them all at once in the rainwater hogshead, and left them to drain dry.

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Pt/En

Português

Além disso, o Sr. Harrison era considerado mesquinho. Quando solicitado a contribuir para o salário do Reverendo Allan, ele disse que esperaria para ver quanto benefício espiritual receberia da pregação primeiro; ele não acreditava em comprar gato por lebre. E quando a Sra. Lynde o abordou para uma contribuição missionária, ele disse a ela que havia mais pagãos entre as fofoqueiras idosas de Avonlea do que em qualquer outro lugar, e ele doaria alegremente para uma missão de cristianização se ela a liderasse. A Sra. Lynde foi embora, comentando que era uma misericórdia que a pobre Sra. Robert Bell estivesse segura em seu túmulo, pois o estado de sua casa, outrora orgulho, teria partido seu coração.

Original English

Again, Mr. Harrison was "close." When he was asked to subscribe to the Rev. Mr. Allan's salary he said he'd wait and see how many dollars' worth of good he got out of his preaching first . . . he didn't believe in buying a pig in a poke. And when Mrs. Lynde went to ask for a contribution to missions . . . and incidentally to see the inside of the house . . . he told her there were more heathens among the old woman gossips in Avonlea than anywhere else he knew of, and he'd cheerfully contribute to a mission for Christianizing them if she'd undertake it. Mrs. Rachel got herself away and said it was a mercy poor Mrs. Robert Bell was safe in her grave, for it would have broken her heart to see the state of her house in which she used to take so much pride.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Lynde contou indignada a Marilla Cuthbert que a Sra. Bell costumava esfregar o chão da cozinha a cada dois dias, mas agora o chão estava tão sujo que ela tinha que levantar as saias ao atravessá-lo.

Original English

"Why, she scrubbed the kitchen floor every second day," Mrs. Lynde told Marilla Cuthbert indignantly, "and if you could see it now! I had to hold up my skirts as I walked across it."

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Pt/En

Português

Em Avonlea, ninguém nunca havia tido um papagaio antes, então o Sr. Harrison possuir um chamado Ginger era considerado pouco respeitável. Segundo John Henry Carter, Ginger era uma ave de boca suja que praguejava terrivelmente. Um dia, quando John Henry se inclinou muito perto da gaiola, Ginger arrancou um pedaço da nuca dele. A Sra. Carter mostrava a cicatriz para todos aos domingos e teria tirado John Henry de lá se pudesse encontrar outro lugar para ele.

Original English

Finally, Mr. Harrison kept a parrot called Ginger. Nobody in Avonlea had ever kept a parrot before; consequently that proceeding was considered barely respectable. And such a parrot! If you took John Henry Carter's word for it, never was such an unholy bird. It swore terribly. Mrs. Carter would have taken John Henry away at once if she had been sure she could get another place for him. Besides, Ginger had bitten a piece right out of the back of John Henry's neck one day when he had stooped down too near the cage. Mrs. Carter showed everybody the mark when the luckless John Henry went home on Sundays.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto o Sr. Harrison estava diante dela, aparentemente sem palavras de raiva, esses pensamentos passaram pela mente de Anne. Mesmo no seu melhor, o Sr. Harrison não era bonito — ele era baixo, gordo e careca. Agora, com seu rosto redondo roxo e seus olhos azuis proeminentes quase saindo das órbitas, Anne achou que ele era a pessoa mais feia que já tinha visto.

Original English

All these things flashed through Anne's mind as Mr. Harrison stood, quite speechless with wrath apparently, before her. In his most amiable mood Mr. Harrison could not have been considered a handsome man; he was short and fat and bald; and now, with his round face purple with rage and his prominent blue eyes almost sticking out of his head, Anne thought he was really the ugliest person she had ever seen.

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Pt/En

Português

De repente, o Sr. Harrison encontrou sua voz.

Original English

All at once Mr. Harrison found his voice.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison gaguejou que não toleraria mais isso, nem um único dia. Declarou que era a terceira vez que acontecia e que a paciência havia deixado de ser uma virtude. Ele havia avisado a tia de Anne da última vez para não deixar que acontecesse novamente, mas ela deixou. Ele queria saber o que ela queria dizer com aquilo, e era por isso que estava ali.

Original English

"I'm not going to put up with this," he spluttered, "not a day longer, do you hear, miss. Bless my soul, this is the third time, miss . . . the third time! Patience has ceased to be a virtue, miss. I warned your aunt the last time not to let it occur again . . . and she's let it . . . she's done it . . . what does

she mean by it, that is what I want to know. That is what I'm here about, miss."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou, da maneira mais digna possível, qual era o problema. Ela vinha praticando aquela maneira para tê-la pronta para o início das aulas, mas isso não teve efeito sobre o irritado Sr. Harrison.

Original English

"Will you explain what the trouble is?" asked Anne, in her most dignified manner. She had been practicing it considerably of late to have it in good working order when school began; but it had no apparent effect on the irate J. A. Harrison.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison reclamou que já havia problemas suficientes; ele encontrou a vaca Jersey da tia de Anne em sua plantação de aveia novamente meia hora atrás, pela terceira vez. Ele já havia dito à tia para não deixar isso acontecer de novo, mas ela deixou. Ele exigiu vê-la para dar uma parte de sua opinião.

Original English

"Trouble, is it? Bless my soul, trouble enough, I should think. The trouble is, miss, that I found that Jersey cow of your aunt's in my oats again, not half an hour ago. The third time, mark you. I found her in last Tuesday and I found her in yesterday. I came here and told your aunt not to let it occur again. She has let it occur again. Where's your aunt, miss? I just want to see her for a minute and give her a piece of my mind . . . a piece of J. A. Harrison's mind, miss."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne o corrigiu, afirmando que a Srta. Marilla Cuthbert não era sua tia e havia ido para East Grafton visitar um parente muito doente. Ela expressou pesar que sua vaca tivesse invadido a plantação de aveia dele, explicando que a vaca era dela, não da Srta. Cuthbert, pois Matthew a dera a ela há três anos, quando era um bezerro comprado do Sr. Bell.

Original English

"If you mean Miss Marilla Cuthbert, she is not my aunt, and she has gone down to East Grafton to see a distant relative of hers who is very ill," said Anne, with due increase of dignity at every word. "I am very sorry that my cow should have broken into your oats . . . she is my cow and not Miss Cuthbert's . . . Matthew gave her to me three years ago when she was a little calf and he bought her from Mr. Bell."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison retrucou que o pesar não era útil; ele insistiu que ela fosse ver o dano que a vaca havia causado, descrevendo a aveia pisoteada do centro à circunferência.

Original English

"Sorry, miss! Sorry isn't going to help matters any. You'd better go and look at the havoc that animal has made in my oats . . . trampled them from center to circumference, miss."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne repetiu suas desculpas, mas sugeriu que, se ele mantivesse suas cercas em melhor estado, Dolly talvez não tivesse invadido. Ela observou que a parte da cerca divisória entre a plantação de aveia e o pasto deles estava em más condições, o que ela notara no outro dia.

Original English

"I am very sorry," repeated Anne firmly, "but perhaps if you kept your fences in better repair Dolly might not have broken in. It is your part of the

line fence that separates your oatfield from our pasture and I noticed the other day that it was not in very good condition."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison ficou mais irritado, insistindo que sua cerca estava boa e que nem mesmo uma cerca de prisão poderia impedir uma vaca demoníaca como aquela. Ele chamou Anne de 'moleca ruiva' e a aconselhou a cuidar de sua vaca em vez de ler romances de capa amarela, olhando com desprezo para o Virgílio de cor castanha aos pés dela.

Original English

"My fence is all right," snapped Mr. Harrison, angrier than ever at this carrying of the war into the enemy's country. "The jail fence couldn't keep a demon of a cow like that out. And I can tell you, you redheaded snippet, that if the cow is yours, as you say, you'd be better employed in watching her out of other people's grain than in sitting round reading yellow-covered novels," . . . with a scathing glance at the innocent tan-colored Virgil by Anne's feet.

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Pt/En

Português

Naquele momento, outra coisa estava vermelha além do cabelo de Anne, que sempre foi uma questão sensível para ela.

Original English

Something at that moment was red besides Anne's hair . . . which had always been a tender point with her.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu asperamente que preferia ter cabelo vermelho a não ter nenhum, exceto por uma pequena franja ao redor das orelhas.

Original English

"I'd rather have red hair than none at all, except a little fringe round my ears," she flashed.

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Pt/En

Português

O comentário acertou em cheio, pois o Sr. Harrison era muito sensível em relação à sua careca. A raiva o sufocou, deixando-o sem palavras, e ele só conseguiu olhar fixamente para Anne, que recuperou a calma e aproveitou a vantagem.

Original English

The shot told, for Mr. Harrison was really very sensitive about his bald head. His anger choked him up again and he could only glare speechlessly at Anne, who recovered her temper and followed up her advantage.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que podia ser compreensiva com o Sr. Harrison porque tinha imaginação. Ela conseguia imaginar facilmente como devia ser difícil encontrar uma vaca na sua plantação de aveia, e não guardaria mágoas. Ela deu sua palavra de honra de que Dolly nunca mais invadiria a aveia dele.

Original English

"I can make allowance for you, Mr. Harrison, because I have an imagination. I can easily imagine how very trying it must be to find a cow in your oats and I shall not cherish any hard feelings against you for the things you've said. I promise you that Dolly shall never break into your oats again. I give you my word of honor on that point."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison resmungou em um tom um tanto contido que era melhor não, mas saiu batendo os pés com raiva, e Anne o ouviu resmungando consigo mesmo até que ele estivesse fora do alcance auditivo.

Original English

"Well, mind you she doesn't," muttered Mr. Harrison in a somewhat subdued tone; but he stamped off angrily enough and Anne heard him growling to himself until he was out of earshot.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne estava profundamente perturbada. Ela atravessou o quintal e fechou a vaca Jersey travessa no curral de ordenha.

Original English

Grievously disturbed in mind, Anne marched across the yard and shut the naughty Jersey up in the milking pen.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne pensou que a vaca não poderia escapar a menos que derrubasse a cerca. A vaca parecia calma agora, e Anne suspeitava que ela tinha ficado doente por comer aveia. Ela se arrependeu de não tê-la vendido ao Sr. Shearer na semana anterior, mas achou melhor esperar pelo leilão de gado. Ela concluiu que o Sr. Harrison era de fato uma pessoa estranha, e que não havia nada de espírito afim nele.

Original English

"She can't possibly get out of that unless she tears the fence down," she reflected. "She looks pretty quiet now. I daresay she has sickened herself on those oats. I wish I'd sold her to Mr. Shearer when he wanted her last week, but I thought it was just as well to wait until we had the auction of the stock and let them all go together. I believe it is true about Mr. Harrison being a crank. Certainly there's nothing of the kindred spirit about him ."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne estava sempre em busca de espíritos afins.

Original English

Anne had always a weather eye open for kindred spirits.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando Anne voltou da casa, Marilla Cuthbert entrou de carro no quintal. Anne preparou o chá rapidamente, e elas discutiram o assunto enquanto comiam.

Original English

Marilla Cuthbert was driving into the yard as Anne returned from the house, and the latter flew to get tea ready. They discussed the matter at the tea table.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse que ficaria contente quando o leilão terminasse. Era muita responsabilidade ter tantos animais com apenas o Martin, que não era confiável, para cuidar deles. Ele não tinha voltado, apesar de ter prometido que voltaria se ela lhe desse o dia de folga para o funeral de outra tia. Ela não sabia quantas tias ele tinha; essa era a quarta desde que começou a trabalhar há um ano. Ela ficaria grata quando a colheita estivesse feita e o Sr. Barry assumisse a fazenda. Eles teriam que manter a Dolly trancada no curral até o Martin chegar, porque as cercas do pasto dos fundos precisavam de reparos. Ela declarou que era um mundo de problemas. A pobre Mary Keith estava morrendo, e ela não sabia o que seria de seus dois filhos. Mary tinha um irmão na Colúmbia Britânica e havia escrito para ele sobre eles, mas não teve resposta.

Original English

"I'll be glad when the auction is over," said Marilla. "It is too much responsibility having so much stock about the place and nobody but that

unreliable Martin to look after them. He has never come back yet and he promised that he would certainly be back last night if I'd give him the day off to go to his aunt's funeral. I don't know how many aunts he has got, I am sure. That's the fourth that's died since he hired here a year ago. I'll be more than thankful when the crop is in and Mr. Barry takes over the farm. We'll have to keep Dolly shut up in the pen till Martin comes, for she must be put in the back pasture and the fences there have to be fixed. I declare, it is a world of trouble, as Rachel says. Here's poor Mary Keith dying and what is to become of those two children of hers is more than I know. She has a brother in British Columbia and she has written to him about them, but she hasn't heard from him yet."

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Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou sobre a aparência e as idades das crianças.

Original English

"What are the children like? How old are they?"

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Pt/En

Português

Eles tinham seis anos e eram gêmeos.

Original English

"Six past . . . they're twins."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou seu interesse de longa data por gêmeos devido aos muitos da Sra. Hammond, e perguntou se esses gêmeos eram bonitos.

Original English

"Oh, I've always been especially interested in twins ever since Mrs. Hammond had so many," said Anne eagerly. "Are they pretty?"

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Pt/En

Português

As crianças estavam muito sujas de brincar na lama. Davy tinha feito tortas de lama e, quando Dora o chamou para entrar, ele empurrou o rosto dela em uma torta. Depois ele mesmo pulou nela para mostrar que não era motivo para chorar. Mary descreveu Dora como boazinha, mas Davy como travesso. Davy não tinha tido uma educação adequada; seu pai morreu quando ele era bebê e Mary estava doente desde então.

Original English

"Goodness, you couldn't tell . . . they were too dirty. Davy had been out making mud pies and Dora went out to call him in. Davy pushed her headfirst into the biggest pie and then, because she cried, he got into it himself and wallowed in it to show her it was nothing to cry about. Mary said Dora was really a very good child but that Davy was full of mischief. He has never had any bringing up you might say. His father died when he was a baby and Mary has been sick almost ever since."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou simpatia por crianças sem educação adequada, mencionando sua própria falta até os cuidados de Marilla. Ela esperava que o tio cuidasse delas e perguntou sobre a relação da Sra. Keith com o interlocutor.

Original English

"I'm always sorry for children that have no bringing up," said Anne soberly. "You know I hadn't any till you took me in hand. I hope their uncle will look after them. Just what relation is Mrs. Keith to you?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla explicou que ninguém no mundo chamado Maria existia; na verdade, era o marido dela, que era primo em terceiro grau deles. Ela percebeu a Sra. Lynde se aproximando pelo quintal e esperava que ela viesse para ouvir sobre Maria.

Original English

"Mary? None in the world. It was her husband . . . he was our third cousin. There's Mrs. Lynde coming through the yard. I thought she'd be up to hear about Mary."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne implorou a Marilla para não mencionar o Sr. Harrison e a vaca para a Sra. Lynde.

Original English

"Don't tell her about Mr. Harrison and the cow," implored Anne.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla deu sua palavra, mas foi desnecessário porque a Sra. Lynde mal havia se sentado quando começou a falar.

Original English

Marilla promised; but the promise was quite unnecessary, for Mrs. Lynde was no sooner fairly seated than she said,

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Lynde relatou ter visto o Sr. Harrison perseguir a vaca Jersey deles para fora de sua plantação de aveia no caminho de volta de Carmody. Ele parecia bastante irritado, e ela perguntou se ele tinha feito uma grande confusão.

Original English

"I saw Mr. Harrison chasing your Jersey out of his oats today when I was coming home from Carmody. I thought he looked pretty mad. Did he make much of a rumpus?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne e Marilla trocaram olhares secretos divertidos. Muito pouco em Avonlea escapava da atenção da Sra. Lynde. Naquela manhã, Anne havia feito um comentário.

Original English

Anne and Marilla furtively exchanged amused smiles. Few things in Avonlea ever escaped Mrs. Lynde. It was only that morning Anne had said,

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Pt/En

Português

Anne observou que, mesmo que alguém fosse para o próprio quarto à meia-noite, trancasse a porta, abaixasse a persiana e espirrasse, a Sra. Lynde perguntaria a eles no dia seguinte sobre o resfriado.

Original English

"If you went to your own room at midnight, locked the door, pulled down the blind, and sneezed , Mrs. Lynde would ask you the next day how your cold was!"

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla admitiu que ele provavelmente tinha dito o que pensava para Anne, explicando que ela havia estado ausente na ocasião.

Original English

"I believe he did," admitted Marilla. "I was away. He gave Anne a piece of his mind."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou que achava ele um homem muito desagradável, balançando o cabelo ruivo com ressentimento.

Original English

"I think he is a very disagreeable man," said Anne, with a resentful toss of her ruddy head.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel concordou solenemente, dizendo que sabia que haveria problemas quando Robert Bell vendeu sua fazenda para um homem de New Brunswick. Ela lamentou que tantos estranhos estivessem vindo para Avonlea que logo não seria seguro dormir em suas camas.

Original English

"You never said a truer word," said Mrs. Rachel solemnly. "I knew there'd be trouble when Robert Bell sold his place to a New Brunswick man, that's what. I don't know what Avonlea is coming to, with so many strange people rushing into it. It'll soon not be safe to go to sleep in our beds."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou que outros estranhos estavam vindo.

Original English

"Why, what other strangers are coming in?" asked Marilla.

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Pt/En

Português

Rachel perguntou se Anne tinha ouvido falar da família Donnell, que havia alugado a antiga casa de Peter Sloane. Peter havia contratado o homem para administrar seu moinho. Eles vinham do leste e ninguém sabia nada sobre eles. Então a preguiçosa família Timothy Cotton planejava se mudar de White Sands e seria um fardo para o público. Timothy estava doente e era um ladrão, e sua esposa era inútil. Ela até lavava a louça sentada.

Original English

"Haven't you heard? Well, there's a family of Donnells, for one thing. They've rented Peter Sloane's old house. Peter has hired the man to run his mill. They belong down east and nobody knows anything about them. Then that shiftless Timothy Cotton family are going to move up from White Sands and they'll simply be a burden on the public. He is in consumption . . . when he isn't stealing . . . and his wife is a slack-twisted creature that can't turn her hand to a thing. She washes her dishes sitting

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. George Pye havia acolhido o sobrinho órfão de seu marido, Anthony Pye. Ele frequentaria a escola de Anne, então Anne deveria esperar problemas. Outro novo aluno era Paul Irving, vindo dos Estados Unidos para morar com sua avó. Anne se lembrava de seu pai, Stephen Irving, que havia rejeitado Lavendar Lewis em Grafton.

Original English

down . Mrs. George Pye has taken her husband's orphan nephew, Anthony Pye. He'll be going to school to you, Anne, so you may expect trouble, that's what. And you'll have another strange pupil, too. Paul Irving is

coming from the States to live with his grandmother. You remember his father, Marilla . . . Stephen Irving, him that jilted Lavendar Lewis over at Grafton?"

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse que não acreditava que ele a tivesse rejeitado. Houve uma briga, e ela achava que ambos os lados estavam errados.

Original English

"I don't think he jilted her. There was a quarrel . . . I suppose there was blame on both sides."

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Pt/En

Português

Rachel disse que, de qualquer forma, Stephen não havia se casado com Lavendar. Ela se tornara muito estranha, morando sozinha em uma pequena casa de pedra chamada Echo Lodge. Stephen havia ido para os Estados Unidos, entrado em negócios com seu tio e se casado com uma ianque. Ele nunca mais voltara para casa, embora sua mãe o tivesse visitado uma ou duas vezes. Sua esposa morrera dois anos atrás, e ele estava enviando o menino para casa de sua mãe por um tempo. O menino tinha dez anos, e Rachel não tinha certeza se ele seria um bom aluno. Nunca se podia ter certeza sobre aqueles ianques.

Original English

"Well, anyway, he didn't marry her, and she's been as queer as possible ever since, they say . . . living all by herself in that little stone house she calls Echo Lodge. Stephen went off to the States and went into business with his uncle and married a Yankee. He's never been home since, though his mother has been up to see him once or twice. His wife died two years ago and he's sending the boy home to his mother for a spell. He's ten years old and I don't know if he'll be a very desirable pupil. You can never tell about those Yankees."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Lynde via com suspeita qualquer pessoa que não tivesse nascido ou sido criada na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, como se perguntasse se algo de bom poderia vir de Nazaré. Eles poderiam ser boas pessoas, mas era mais seguro duvidar. Ela tinha um preconceito particular contra ianques porque seu marido havia sido enganado em dez dólares por um empregador em Boston. Nada poderia convencê-la de que todos os Estados Unidos não eram culpados.

Original English

Mrs Lynde looked upon all people who had the misfortune to be born or brought up elsewhere than in Prince Edward Island with a decided can-any-good-thing-come-out-of-Nazareth air. They might be good people, of course; but you were on the safe side in doubting it. She had a special prejudice against "Yankees." Her husband had been cheated out of ten dollars by an employer for whom he had once worked in Boston and neither angels nor principalities nor powers could have convinced Mrs. Rachel that the whole United States was not responsible for it.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla observou que um pouco de sangue novo beneficiaria a escola de Avonlea, e que se o garoto se parecesse com o pai, ele seria aceitável. Ela lembrou que Steve Irving tinha sido o melhor garoto criado naquela região, embora alguns o considerassem orgulhoso. Ela supôs que a Sra. Irving ficaria feliz em ter o filho consigo, já que estava muito solitária desde a morte do marido.

Original English

"Avonlea school won't be the worse for a little new blood," said Marilla drily, "and if this boy is anything like his father he'll be all right. Steve Irving was the nicest boy that was ever raised in these parts, though some people did call him proud. I should think Mrs. Irving would be very glad to have the child. She has been very lonesome since her husband died."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel admitiu que o garoto poderia ser bom, mas inevitavelmente seria diferente das crianças locais, e falou como se isso fosse a palavra final. Suas opiniões sobre qualquer assunto eram invariavelmente confiáveis. Ela então perguntou sobre o suposto plano de Anne de fundar uma Sociedade de Melhoramento da Vila.

Original English

"Oh, the boy may be well enough, but he'll be different from Avonlea children," said Mrs. Rachel, as if that clinched the matter. Mrs. Rachel's opinions concerning any person, place, or thing, were always warranted to wear. "What's this I hear about your going to start up a Village Improvement Society, Anne?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne corou e explicou que estava discutindo a ideia com alguns jovens no último Clube de Debates. Eles acharam que seria bem legal, e o Sr. e a Sra. Allan concordaram. Ela observou que muitas aldeias agora tinham tais sociedades.

Original English

"I was just talking it over with some of the girls and boys at the last Debating Club," said Anne, flushing. "They thought it would be rather nice . . . and so do Mr. and Mrs. Allan. Lots of villages have them now."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel advertiu que Anne encontraria problemas se levasse o plano adiante. Ela aconselhou a deixar o assunto de lado, já que as pessoas geralmente se ressentiam de serem melhoradas.

Original English

"Well, you'll get into no end of hot water if you do. Better leave it alone, Anne, that's what. People don't like being improved."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne esclareceu que eles não pretendiam melhorar as pessoas, mas sim a própria aldeia. Muitas coisas poderiam ser feitas para realçar sua beleza. Por exemplo, se conseguissem persuadir o Sr. Levi Boulter a demolir aquela terrível casa velha em sua fazenda superior, isso certamente seria uma melhoria.

Original English

"Oh, we are not going to try to improve the people . It is Avonlea itself. There are lots of things which might be done to make it prettier. For instance, if we could coax Mr. Levi Boulter to pull down that dreadful old house on his upper farm wouldn't that be an improvement?"

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel concordou que melhorar as ruínas antigas seria bom, já que elas eram uma monstruosidade há anos. Ela duvidou que Anne e a sociedade conseguissem convencer Levi Boulter a fazer trabalho público não remunerado, mas disse que gostaria de ver isso. Ela aconselhou Anne a focar na escola, mas reconheceu que Anne provavelmente persistiria se tivesse decidido fazer isso.

Original English

"It certainly would," admitted Mrs. Rachel. "That old ruin has been an eyesore to the settlement for years. But if you Improvers can coax Levi Boulter to do anything for the public that he isn't to be paid for doing, may I be there to see and hear the process, that's what. I don't want to discourage you, Anne, for there may be something in your idea, though I suppose you did get it out of some rubbishy Yankee magazine; but you'll have your hands full with your school and I advise you as a friend not to bother with your improvements, that's what. But there, I know you'll go ahead with it if you've set your mind on it. You were always one to carry a thing through somehow."

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Pt/En

Português

A expressão determinada de Anne confirmou o julgamento da Sra. Rachel. Anne estava determinada a formar a Sociedade de Melhoramentos. Gilbert Blythe, que lecionaria em White Sands mas voltaria para casa nos fins de semana, compartilhava seu entusiasmo. A maioria dos outros estava interessada principalmente nos aspectos sociais. Apenas Anne e Gilbert tinham uma visão clara das melhorias, tendo planejado uma Avonlea idealizada em suas mentes.

Original English

Something about the firm outlines of Anne's lips told that Mrs. Rachel was not far astray in this estimate. Anne's heart was bent on forming the Improvement Society. Gilbert Blythe, who was to teach in White Sands but would always be home from Friday night to Monday morning, was enthusiastic about it; and most of the other folks were willing to go in for anything that meant occasional meetings and consequently some "fun." As for what the "improvements" were to be, nobody had any very clear idea except Anne and Gilbert. They had talked them over and planned them out until an ideal Avonlea existed in their minds, if nowhere else.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel tinha mais uma notícia para compartilhar.

Original English

Mrs. Rachel had still another item of news.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel disse a Anne que a escola de Carmody tinha sido dada a uma Priscilla Grant, e perguntou se Anne tinha estudado na Academia Queen's com ela.

Original English

"They've given the Carmody school to a Priscilla Grant. Didn't you go to Queen's with a girl of that name, Anne?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou alegremente que era maravilhoso que Priscilla fosse ensinar em Carmody. Seus olhos cinzentos se iluminaram, parecendo estrelas da noite, o que fez a Sra. Lynde questionar mais uma vez se Anne era realmente bonita.

Original English

"Yes, indeed. Priscilla to teach at Carmody! How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Anne, her gray eyes lighting up until they looked like evening stars, causing Mrs. Lynde to wonder anew if she would ever get it settled to her satisfaction whether Anne Shirley were really a pretty girl or not.

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Selling in Haste and Repenting at Leisure

Pt/En

Português

Na tarde seguinte, Anne foi de carro até Carmody para fazer compras, acompanhada por Diana Barry. Diana era uma membro comprometida da Sociedade de Melhorias, e as duas garotas discutiram pouco mais durante toda a viagem até Carmody e de volta.

Original English

Anne drove over to Carmody on a shopping expedition the next afternoon and took Diana Barry with her. Diana was, of course, a pledged member of the Improvement Society, and the two girls talked about little else all the way to Carmody and back.

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Pt/En

Português

Ao passarem pelo decadente salão de Avonlea, situado em uma clareira arborizada cercada por abetos, Diana declarou que pintá-lo deveria ser sua primeira prioridade. Ela o descreveu como um edifício de aparência vergonhosa que exigia atenção antes mesmo de tentarem persuadir o Sr. Levi Boulder a demolir sua casa. O pai dela acreditava que eles nunca conseguiriam porque Levi Boulter era muito mesquinho para gastar o tempo necessário.

Original English

"The very first thing we ought to do when we get started is to have that hall painted," said Diana, as they drove past the Avonlea hall, a rather shabby building set down in a wooded hollow, with spruce trees hooding it about on all sides. "It's a disgraceful looking place and we must attend to it even before we try to get Mr. Levi Boulder to pull his house down. Father says we'll never succeed in doing that. Levi Boulter is too mean to spend the time it would take."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne sugeriu esperançosamente que o Sr. Boulter poderia permitir que os meninos desmontassem a casa se concordassem em remover as tábuas e rachá-las para lenha. Ela enfatizou a necessidade de fazer o melhor e ser paciente com o progresso lento, reconhecendo que não poderiam melhorar tudo de uma vez e que primeiro deveriam educar a opinião pública.

Original English

"Perhaps he'll let the boys take it down if they promise to haul the boards and split them up for him for kindling wood," said Anne hopefully. "We must do our best and be content to go slowly at first. We can't expect to improve everything all at once. We'll have to educate public sentiment first, of course."

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Pt/En

Português

Diana não tinha certeza do que significava "educar a opinião pública", mas parecia impressionante, e ela se orgulhava de pertencer a uma sociedade com um objetivo tão nobre.

Original English

Diana wasn't exactly sure what educating public sentiment meant; but it sounded fine and she felt rather proud that she was going to belong to a society with such an aim in view.

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Pt/En

Português

Diana compartilhou uma ideia que tivera na noite anterior: o terreno triangular onde as estradas de Carmody, Newbridge e White Sands convergem. Estava coberto de abetos jovens, e ela perguntou se não seria adorável limpá-los, deixando apenas as duas ou três bétulas que cresciam ali.

Original English

"I thought of something last night that we could do, Anne. You know that three-cornered piece of ground where the roads from Carmody and Newbridge and White Sands meet? It's all grown over with young spruce; but wouldn't it be nice to have them all cleared out, and just leave the two or three birch trees that are on it?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne concordou alegremente, achando a ideia esplêndida. Ela propôs colocar um banco rústico sob as bétulas e, na primavera, fazer um canteiro de flores no centro para gerânios.

Original English

"Splendid," agreed Anne gaily. "And have a rustic seat put under the birches. And when spring comes we'll have a flower-bed made in the middle of it and plant geraniums."

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Pt/En

Português

Diana riu, observando que eles precisariam manter a vaca da Sra. Hiram Sloane longe da estrada, ou os gerânios seriam comidos. Ela disse que estava começando a entender a ideia de Anne sobre educar o sentimento público. Ela então apontou para a velha casa Boulter, chamando-a de ruína. Ela descreveu uma casa velha com janelas faltando como uma criatura morta com os olhos removidos.

Original English

"Yes; only we'll have to devise some way of getting old Mrs. Hiram Sloane to keep her cow off the road, or she'll eat our geraniums up," laughed Diana. "I begin to see what you mean by educating public sentiment, Anne. There's the old Boulter house now. Did you ever see such a rookery? And perched right close to the road too. An old house with its windows gone always makes me think of something dead with its eyes picked out."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse sonhadamente que uma casa velha e abandonada parecia muito triste, como se estivesse de luto por suas alegrias passadas. Ela lembrou da história de Marilla de que uma grande família morava lá, com um lindo jardim e rosas. Estava cheia de crianças, risos e canções. Agora estava vazia, apenas o vento vagava por ela. Ela imaginava os fantasmas daquelas crianças, rosas e canções retornando em noites de luar, deixando a casa sonhar em ser jovem e feliz novamente.

Original English

"I think an old, deserted house is such a sad sight," said Anne dreamily. "It always seems to me to be thinking about its past and mourning for its old-time joys. Marilla says that a large family was raised in that old house long ago, and that it was a real pretty place, with a lovely garden and roses climbing all over it. It was full of little children and laughter and songs; and now it is empty, and nothing ever wanders through it but the wind. How lonely and sorrowful it must feel! Perhaps they all come back on moonlit nights . . . the ghosts of the little children of long ago and the roses and the songs . . . and for a little while the old house can dream it is young and joyous again."

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Pt/En

Português

Diana balançou a cabeça.

Original English

Diana shook her head.

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Pt/En

Português

Diana disse que não imaginava mais essas coisas. Ela lembrou Anne de como suas mães ficaram zangadas quando imaginaram fantasmas no Bosque Assombrado. Ainda hoje ela se sentia desconfortável lá depois do anoitecer. Ela disse que se comesse a imaginar essas coisas sobre a velha casa Boulter, teria medo de passar por ela. Além disso, aquelas crianças não estavam mortas; todas cresceram e eram bem-sucedidas, uma era açougueiro. Além disso, flores e canções não poderiam ter fantasmas.

Original English

"I never imagine things like that about places now, Anne. Don't you remember how cross mother and Marilla were when we imagined ghosts into the Haunted Wood? To this day I can't go through that bush comfortably after dark; and if I began imagining such things about the old Boulter house I'd be frightened to pass it too. Besides, those children aren't dead. They're all grown up and doing well . . . and one of them is a butcher. And flowers and songs couldn't have ghosts anyhow."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne conteve um pequeno suspiro. Ela gostava muito de Diana e elas sempre foram boas amigas. No entanto, ela já havia percebido há muito tempo que, quando entrava no mundo da imaginação, precisava ir sozinha. O caminho até lá era uma trilha mágica que nem mesmo sua amiga mais próxima podia seguir.

Original English

Anne smothered a little sigh. She loved Diana dearly and they had always been good comrades. But she had long ago learned that when she wandered into the realm of fancy she must go alone. The way to it was by an enchanted path where not even her dearest might follow her.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto as garotas estavam em Carmody, uma tempestade passou, mas foi breve. O passeio para casa foi agradável, por vias onde as gotas de chuva brilhavam nos galhos e por pequenos vales onde as samambaias molhadas exalavam um aroma picante. No entanto, assim que viraram na estrada dos Cuthbert, Anne viu algo que estragou a paisagem para ela.

Original English

A thunder-shower came up while the girls were at Carmody; it did not last long, however, and the drive home, through lanes where the raindrops sparkled on the boughs and little leafy valleys where the drenched ferns gave out spicy odors, was delightful. But just as they turned into the Cuthbert lane Anne saw something that spoiled the beauty of the landscape for her.

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Pt/En

Português

À frente delas, à direita, ficava o vasto campo de aveia tardia do Sr. Harrison, úmido e viçoso. E lá, bem no meio, com os flancos lisos submersos na vegetação abundante, piscando calmamente para elas por cima das pontas da aveia, estava uma vaca Jersey.

Original English

Before them on the right extended Mr. Harrison's broad, gray-green field of late oats, wet and luxuriant; and there, standing squarely in the middle of it, up to her sleek sides in the lush growth, and blinking at them calmly over the intervening tassels, was a Jersey cow!

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Pt/En

Português

Anne largou as rédeas e se levantou, com os lábios se apertando de uma maneira que não era um bom presságio para a vaca invasora. Sem dizer uma palavra, ela desceu agilmente pelas rodas e atravessou a cerca antes que Diana percebesse o que estava acontecendo.

Original English

Anne dropped the reins and stood up with a tightening of the lips that boded no good to the predatory quadruped. Not a word said she, but she climbed nimbly down over the wheels, and whisked across the fence before Diana understood what had happened.

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Pt/En

Português

Diana gritou para Anne voltar, avisando que ela estragaria o vestido no grão molhado. Mas Anne não a ouviu. Diana concluiu que Anne nunca conseguiria tirar a vaca sozinha e decidiu que precisava ir ajudá-la.

Original English

"Anne, come back," shrieked the latter, as soon as she found her voice. "You'll ruin your dress in that wet grain . . . ruin it. She doesn't hear me! Well, she'll never get that cow out by herself. I must go and help her, of course."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne correu descontroladamente pelo trigo. Diana desceu rapidamente, amarrou o cavalo a um poste, levantou a saia de chita sobre os ombros, subiu a cerca e saiu atrás de Anne. Como a saia de Anne estava molhada e grudada nela, Diana conseguiu correr mais rápido e logo a alcançou. Elas deixaram um rastro de trigo pisado que perturbaria profundamente o Sr. Harrison quando ele visse.

Original English

Anne was charging through the grain like a mad thing. Diana hopped briskly down, tied the horse securely to a post, turned the skirt of her pretty

gingham dress over her shoulders, mounted the fence, and started in pursuit of her frantic friend. She could run faster than Anne, who was hampered by her clinging and drenched skirt, and soon overtook her. Behind them they left a trail that would break Mr. Harrison's heart when he should see it.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Diana, sem fôlego, implorou a Anne que parasse. Ela disse que estava exausta e que Anne estava encharcada.

Original English

"Anne, for mercy's sake, stop," panted poor Diana. "I'm right out of breath and you are wet to the skin."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne ofegou que precisava tirar a vaca de lá antes que o Sr. Harrison a visse. Ela acrescentou que não se importava de ficar encharcada se conseguissem.

Original English

"I must . . . get . . . that cow . . . out . . . before . . . Mr. Harrison . . . sees her," gasped Anne. "I don't . . . care . . . if I'm . . . drowned . . . if we . . . can . . . only . . . do that."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

No entanto, a vaca jersey não queria sair da grama deliciosa. Assim que as duas garotas sem fôlego se aproximaram, ela se virou e correu direto para o canto mais distante do campo.

Original English

But the Jersey cow appeared to see no good reason for being hustled out of her luscious browsing ground. No sooner had the two breathless girls got

near her than she turned and bolted squarely for the opposite corner of the field.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne gritou para Diana interceptar a vaca e correr o mais rápido que pudesse.

Original English

"Head her off," screamed Anne. "Run, Diana, run."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Diana correu atrás da vaca. Anne também tentou, mas a malvada Jersey galopou pelo campo como se estivesse possuída. Diana acreditava em particular que a criatura estava possuída. Levou dez minutos inteiros para conseguir interceptá-la e levá-la pelo vão da esquina até o beco do Cuthbert.

Original English

Diana did run. Anne tried to, and the wicked Jersey went around the field as if she were possessed. Privately, Diana thought she was. It was fully ten minutes before they headed her off and drove her through the corner gap into the Cuthbert lane.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Não há como negar que Anne estava com um temperamento nada angelical naquele momento. E não a acalmou nem um pouco ver uma charrete parada do lado de fora do beco, com o Sr. Shearer de Carmody e seu filho sentados dentro, ambos com sorrisos largos.

Original English

There is no denying that Anne was in anything but an angelic temper at that precise moment. Nor did it soothe her in the least to behold a buggy

halted just outside the lane, wherein sat Mr. Shearer of Carmody and his son, both of whom wore a broad smile.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Shearer riu baixinho e comentou que Anne teria feito melhor em vender a vaca para ele na semana anterior, quando ele quis comprá-la.

Original English

"I guess you'd better have sold me that cow when I wanted to buy her last week, Anne," chuckled Mr. Shearer.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Sua dona, corada e despenteada, respondeu que venderia a vaca para ele agora se ele a quisesse, e que ele poderia levá-la naquele exato minuto.

Original English

"I'll sell her to you now, if you want her," said her flushed and disheveled owner. "You may have her this very minute."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Shearer concordou, dizendo que daria vinte dólares pela vaca como havia oferecido antes, e que Jim poderia levá-la para Carmody. Ela iria para a cidade com o restante do carregamento naquela noite, pois o Sr. Reed de Brighton queria uma vaca Jersey.

Original English

"Done. I'll give you twenty for her as I offered before, and Jim here can drive her right over to Carmody. She'll go to town with the rest of the shipment this evening. Mr. Reed of Brighton wants a Jersey cow."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Cinco minutos depois, Jim Shearer e a vaca Jersey marcharam pela estrada, e Anne, agindo impulsivamente como sempre, dirigiu pelo caminho de Green Gables com seus vinte dólares.

Original English

Five minutes later Jim Shearer and the Jersey cow were marching up the road, and impulsive Anne was driving along the Green Gables lane with her twenty dollars.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Diana se perguntou o que Marilla pensaria.

Original English

"What will Marilla say?" asked Diana.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne afirmou que Marilla não se preocuparia, pois Dolly era sua própria vaca e dificilmente alcançaria mais de vinte dólares no leilão. No entanto, ela temia que o Sr. Harrison notasse o grão em seu campo e percebesse que a vaca havia invadido novamente, apesar de Anne ter dado sua palavra de honra de que isso não aconteceria. Ela concluiu que havia aprendido uma lição: nunca dar a palavra de honra em relação a vacas. Afinal, uma vaca capaz de pular ou romper a cerca do curral não poderia ser confiável em lugar nenhum.

Original English

"Oh, she won't care. Dolly was my own cow and it isn't likely she'd bring more than twenty dollars at the auction. But oh dear, if Mr. Harrison sees that grain he will know she has been in again, and after my giving him my word of honor that I'd never let it happen! Well, it has taught me a lesson not to give my word of honor about cows. A cow that could jump over or break through our milk-pen fence couldn't be trusted anywhere."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla havia visitado a casa da Sra. Lynde e, ao retornar, já estava completamente informada sobre a venda e a transferência de Dolly, pois a Sra. Lynde testemunhara a maior parte da transação de sua janela e inferira o restante.

Original English

Marilla had gone down to Mrs. Lynde's, and when she returned knew all about Dolly's sale and transfer, for Mrs. Lynde had seen most of the transaction from her window and guessed the rest.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla comentou que talvez fosse melhor que a vaca tivesse ido embora, embora Anne tivesse tendência a agir de uma forma terrivelmente impulsiva. Ela não conseguia entender como a vaca havia escapado, supondo que devia ter quebrado algumas tábuas do curral.

Original English

"I suppose it's just as well she's gone, though you do do things in a dreadful headlong fashion, Anne. I don't see how she got out of the pen, though. She must have broken some of the boards off."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne observou que não tinha pensado em olhar, mas iria ver agora. Martin ainda não havia voltado. Talvez mais tias dele tivessem morrido. Ela comparou a situação ao Sr. Peter Sloane e os octogenários. Uma noite, a Sra. Sloane estava lendo um jornal e perguntou ao marido o que era um octogenário. Ele respondeu que não sabia, mas imaginava que deviam ser criaturas muito doentias, pois nunca se ouvia falar deles a não ser no contexto de morte. Anne disse que era exatamente essa a situação com as tias de Martin.

Original English

"I didn't think of looking," said Anne, "but I'll go and see now. Martin has never come back yet. Perhaps some more of his aunts have died. I think it's something like Mr. Peter Sloane and the octogenarians. The other evening Mrs. Sloane was reading a newspaper and she said to Mr. Sloane, 'I see here that another octogenarian has just died. What is an octogenarian, Peter?' And Mr. Sloane said he didn't know, but they must be very sickly creatures, for you never heard tell of them but they were dying. That's the way with Martin's aunts."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla expressou desgosto, dizendo que Martin era igual a todos os outros franceses, e não se podia confiar neles nem por um dia. Enquanto examinava as compras de Anne em Carmody, um grito agudo veio do curral. Momentos depois, Anne correu para a cozinha, torcendo as mãos.

Original English

"Martin's just like all the rest of those French," said Marilla in disgust. "You can't depend on them for a day." Marilla was looking over Anne's Carmody purchases when she heard a shrill shriek in the barnyard. A minute later Anne dashed into the kitchen, wringing her hands.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla exigiu saber qual era o problema agora.

Original English

"Anne Shirley, what's the matter now?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou que era terrível e inteiramente culpa dela. Ela se perguntou se algum dia aprenderia a parar e refletir antes de agir de forma imprudente. A Sra. Lynde sempre previra que ela faria algo terrível um dia, e agora ela tinha feito.

Original English

"Oh, Marilla, whatever shall I do? This is terrible. And it's all my fault. Oh, will I ever learn to stop and reflect a little before doing reckless things? Mrs. Lynde always told me I would do something dreadful some day, and now I've done it!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse a Anne que ela era a garota mais exasperante e exigiu saber o que ela tinha feito.

Original English

"Anne, you are the most exasperating girl! what is it you've done?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne anunciou que havia vendido a vaca Jersey do Sr. Harrison—aquela que ele havia comprado do Sr. Bell—para o Sr. Shearer, e que Dolly agora estava na sala de ordenha.

Original English

"Sold Mr. Harrison's Jersey cow . . . the one he bought from Mr. Bell . . . to Mr. Shearer! Dolly is out in the milking pen this very minute."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou a Anne se ela estava sonhando.

Original English

"Anne Shirley, are you dreaming?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que desejava que fosse um sonho, mas era real e parecia um pesadelo. A vaca do Sr. Harrison já estava em Charlottetown. Ela pensara que havia terminado de se meter em encrencas, mas esta era a pior até agora, e perguntou o que poderia fazer.

Original English

"I only wish I were. There's no dream about it, though it's very like a nightmare. And Mr. Harrison's cow is in Charlottetown by this time. Oh, Marilla, I thought I'd finished getting into scrapes, and here I am in the very worst one I ever was in in my life. What can I do?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse que não havia nada a fazer senão ir falar com o Sr. Harrison. Eles poderiam oferecer a ele sua própria vaca Jersey em troca se ele não quisesse o dinheiro, já que a vaca deles era tão boa quanto a dele.

Original English

"Do? There's nothing to do, child, except go and see Mr. Harrison about it. We can offer him our Jersey in exchange if he doesn't want to take the money. She is just as good as his."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne gemeu que tinha certeza de que o Sr. Harrison ficaria muito bravo e desagradável com a situação.

Original English

"I'm sure he'll be awfully cross and disagreeable about it, though," moaned Anne.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela sugeriu que ele provavelmente ficaria bravo, já que parecia ser um homem irritadiço, e se ofereceu para ir explicar a ele se Anne desejasse.

Original English

"I daresay he will. He seems to be an irritable sort of a man. I'll go and explain to him if you like."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne recusou, insistindo que não era tão mesquinha. Declarou que a culpa era inteiramente dela e que não permitiria que sua amiga levasse a punição. Resolveu ir ela mesma imediatamente, acreditando que quanto mais cedo terminasse, melhor, pois seria profundamente humilhante.

Original English

"No, indeed, I'm not as mean as that," exclaimed Anne. "This is all my fault and I'm certainly not going to let you take my punishment. I'll go myself and I'll go at once. The sooner it's over the better, for it will be terribly humiliating."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne preparou-se para sair com seu chapéu e os vinte dólares, mas ao passar pela despensa, notou um bolo de nozes que havia assado naquela manhã. Era um bolo delicioso com glacê rosa e nozes, originalmente destinado à reunião de sexta-feira à noite dos jovens de Avonlea para formar a Sociedade de Melhoramentos. No entanto, decidiu que apaziguar o justamente irritado Sr. Harrison era mais importante. Acreditando que o bolo poderia amolecer até mesmo um homem que cozinhava para si, colocou-o em uma caixa para oferecer como um gesto de paz.

Original English

Poor Anne got her hat and her twenty dollars and was passing out when she happened to glance through the open pantry door. On the table reposed a nut cake which she had baked that morning . . . a particularly toothsome concoction iced with pink icing and adorned with walnuts. Anne had intended it for Friday evening, when the youth of Avonlea were to meet at Green Gables to organize the Improvement Society. But what were they compared to the justly offended Mr. Harrison? Anne thought that cake ought to soften the heart of any man, especially one who had to do his own cooking, and she promptly popped it into a box. She would take it to Mr. Harrison as a peace offering.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela refletiu pesarosamente que esse plano dependia de o Sr. Harrison permitir que ela falasse. Enquanto subia a cerca e tomava um atalho pelos campos, banhados pela luz dourada de uma sonhadora noite de agosto, sentiu que entendia as emoções daqueles que são levados à execução.

Original English

"That is, if he gives me a chance to say anything at all," she thought ruefully, as she climbed the lane fence and started on a short cut across the fields, golden in the light of the dreamy August evening. "I know now just how people feel who are being led to execution."

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Mr. Harrison at Home

Pt/En

Português

A casa do Sr. Harrison era um prédio antigo com beiradas baixas, pintado de branco, e situado contra um bosque denso de abetos.

Original English

Mr. Harrison's house was an old-fashioned, low-eaved, whitewashed structure, set against a thick spruce grove.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison estava sentado em sua varanda sombreada por videiras, em mangas de camisa, fumando seu cachimbo noturno. Quando viu Anne se aproximar, levantou-se abruptamente, correu para dentro e fechou a porta. Isso se deveu à sua surpresa e vergonha pelo seu rompante anterior, e quase fez com que a coragem restante de Anne desaparecesse.

Original English

Mr. Harrison himself was sitting on his vineshaded veranda, in his shirt sleeves, enjoying his evening pipe. When he realized who was coming up the path he sprang suddenly to his feet, bolted into the house, and shut the door. This was merely the uncomfortable result of his surprise, mingled with a good deal of shame over his outburst of temper the day before. But it nearly swept the remnant of her courage from Anne's heart.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto batia, Anne pensou miseravelmente que, se ele já estava tão irritadiço, seria ainda pior quando soubesse o que ela fizera.

Original English

"If he's so cross now what will he be when he hears what I've done," she reflected miserably, as she rapped at the door.

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Pt/En

Português

Mas o Sr. Harrison abriu a porta com um sorriso envergonhado, convidando-a a entrar com um tom ameno e amigável, embora um tanto nervoso. Ele tinha guardado o cachimbo e vestido o paletó; ofereceu a Anne uma cadeira muito empoeirada educadamente. A recepção poderia ter sido agradável não fosse um papagaio espiando através das grades da gaiola com olhos dourados maliciosos. Assim que Anne se sentou, Ginger falou.

Original English

But Mr. Harrison opened it, smiling sheepishly, and invited her to enter in a tone quite mild and friendly, if somewhat nervous. He had laid aside his pipe and donned his coat; he offered Anne a very dusty chair very politely, and her reception would have passed off pleasantly enough if it had not been for the telltale of a parrot who was peering through the bars of his cage with wicked golden eyes. No sooner had Anne seated herself than Ginger exclaimed,

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Pt/En

Português

O papagaio perguntou por que aquela garotinha ruiva estava vindo ali.

Original English

"Bless my soul, what's that redheaded snippet coming here for?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Era difícil dizer se o Sr. Harrison ou Anne tinha o rosto mais vermelho.

Original English

It would be hard to say whose face was the redder, Mr. Harrison's or Anne's.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison insistiu que Anne ignorasse o papagaio, explicando que Ginger só falava bobagens. Ele havia conseguido a ave de seu irmão, um marinheiro, e observou que a linguagem dos marinheiros nem sempre era refinada, enquanto os papagaios eram propensos à imitação.

Original English

"Don't you mind that parrot," said Mr. Harrison, casting a furious glance at Ginger. "He's . . . he's always talking nonsense. I got him from my brother who was a sailor. Sailors don't always use the choicest language, and parrots are very imitative birds."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne suprimiu sua raiva, lembrando que sua missão exigia humildade. Tendo vendido a vaca Jersey do Sr. Harrison sem permissão, ela não podia se dar ao luxo de ofendê-lo. Ainda assim, o insulto do papagaio doeu, e sua submissão não foi totalmente genuína.

Original English

"So I should think," said poor Anne, the remembrance of her errand quelling her resentment. She couldn't afford to snub Mr. Harrison under the circumstances, that was certain. When you had just sold a man's Jersey cow offhand, without his knowledge or consent you must not mind if his parrot repeated uncomplimentary things. Nevertheless, the "redheaded snippet" was not quite so meek as she might otherwise have been.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou resolutamente que tinha vindo fazer uma confissão sobre a vaca Jersey.

Original English

"I've come to confess something to you, Mr. Harrison," she said resolutely. "It's . . . it's about . . . that Jersey cow."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison perguntou nervosamente se a vaca havia novamente danificado sua aveia, mas rapidamente descartou a ideia, admitindo que havia sido precipitado no dia anterior.

Original English

"Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Harrison nervously, "has she gone and broken into my oats again? Well, never mind . . . never mind if she has. It's no difference . . . none at all, I . . . I was too hasty yesterday, that's a fact. Never mind if she has."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne suspirou, lamentando que o problema não era tão trivial; na verdade, era muito pior. Ela começou a falar, então hesitou.

Original English

"Oh, if it were only that," sighed Anne. "But it's ten times worse. I don't . . ."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison expressou surpresa e perguntou se Anne queria dizer que a vaca tinha entrado no trigo dele.

Original English

"Bless my soul, do you mean to say she's got into my wheat?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que não era o trigo, mas começou a dizer outra coisa.

Original English

"No . . . no . . . not the wheat. But . . ."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison então perguntou se a vaca tinha invadido seus repolhos, que ele estava cultivando para uma exposição.

Original English

"Then it's the cabbages! She's broken into my cabbages that I was raising for Exhibition, hey?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que não eram os repolhos. Ela explicou que tinha vindo para contar tudo, mas pediu que ele não interrompesse porque a deixava nervosa. Ela queria contar sua história sem que ele falasse até que ela terminasse, acrescentando consigo mesma que, depois que ela terminasse, ele provavelmente teria muito a dizer.

Original English

"It's not the cabbages, Mr. Harrison. I'll tell you everything . . . that is what I came for—but please don't interrupt me. It makes me so nervous. Just let me tell my story and don't say anything till I get through—and then no doubt you'll say plenty," Anne concluded, but in thought only.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison prometeu não dizer mais nenhuma palavra e manteve sua promessa. No entanto, o papagaio Ginger não ficou em silêncio e repetidamente chamou Anne de 'ruivinha', o que deixou Anne muito frustrada.

Original English

"I won't say another word," said Mr. Harrison, and he didn't. But Ginger was not bound by any contract of silence and kept ejaculating, "Redheaded snippet" at intervals until Anne felt quite wild.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse ao Sr. Harrison que no dia anterior ela havia confinado sua vaca Jersey no cercado deles. Na manhã seguinte, ela havia ido a Carmody e, ao retornar, descobrira uma vaca Jersey no campo de aveia do Sr. Harrison. Com a ajuda de Diana, ela havia expulsado o animal, uma tarefa que se mostrou extremamente difícil. Ela estava completamente molhada, exausta e irritada quando o Sr. Shearer passou e se ofereceu para comprar a vaca. Impulsivamente, ela a vendeu por vinte dólares. Ela reconheceu que deveria ter esperado para consultar Marilla, mas frequentemente age sem pensar, como aqueles que a conhecem podem atestar. O Sr. Shearer levou a vaca imediatamente para embarcá-la no trem da tarde.

Original English

"I shut my Jersey cow up in our pen yesterday. This morning I went to Carmody and when I came back I saw a Jersey cow in your oats. Diana and I chased her out and you can't imagine what a hard time we had. I was so dreadfully wet and tired and vexed—and Mr. Shearer came by that very minute and offered to buy the cow. I sold her to him on the spot for twenty dollars. It was wrong of me. I should have waited and consulted Marilla, of course. But I'm dreadfully given to doing things without thinking—everybody who knows me will tell you that. Mr. Shearer took the cow right away to ship her on the afternoon train."

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Pt/En

Português

Ginger repetiu a frase "ruivinha" em um tom que expressava profundo desdém.

Original English

"Redheaded snippet," quoted Ginger in a tone of profound contempt.

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Pt/En

Português

Naquele momento, o Sr. Harrison se levantou e, com um olhar que teria assustado qualquer pássaro que não fosse um papagaio, moveu a gaiola de Ginger para o quarto ao lado e fechou a porta. Ginger gritou, xingou e geralmente se comportou de acordo com seu caráter notório, mas quando ficou sozinho, tornou-se mal-humorado e quieto.

Original English

At this point Mr. Harrison arose and, with an expression that would have struck terror into any bird but a parrot, carried Ginger's cage into an adjoining room and shut the door. Ginger shrieked, swore, and otherwise conducted himself in keeping with his reputation, but finding himself left alone, relapsed into sulky silence.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison se desculpou e pediu que Anne continuasse. Ele observou que seu irmão, que era marinheiro, nunca havia incutido boas maneiras no pássaro.

Original English

"Excuse me and go on," said Mr. Harrison, sitting down again. "My brother the sailor never taught that bird any manners."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que, depois de ir para casa e tomar chá, ela havia visitado o curral de ordenha e descoberto sua própria vaca ainda encerrada lá. Ela então percebeu, inclinando-se para a frente com as mãos entrelaçadas e seus olhos cinzentos implorando, que era a vaca do Sr. Harrison que ela havia vendido ao Sr. Shearer.

Original English

"I went home and after tea I went out to the milking pen. Mr. Harrison," . . . Anne leaned forward, clasping her hands with her old childish gesture, while her big gray eyes gazed imploringly into Mr. Harrison's embarrassed face . . . "I found my cow still shut up in the pen. It was your cow I had sold to Mr. Shearer."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison ficou surpreso com o resultado inesperado e o declarou muito extraordinário.

Original English

"Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Harrison, in blank amazement at this unlooked-for conclusion. "What a very extraordinary thing!"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne observou tristemente que não era surpreendente ela causar problemas, pois era conhecida por isso. Ela acrescentou que faria dezessete anos em março, mas ainda não havia superado tal comportamento. Pediu ao Sr. Harrison que a perdoasse, sabendo que era tarde demais para recuperar a vaca dele, e ofereceu-lhe compensação ou a própria vaca em troca.

Original English

"Oh, it isn't in the least extraordinary that I should be getting myself and other people into scrapes," said Anne mournfully. "I'm noted for that. You might suppose I'd have grown out of it by this time . . . I'll be seventeen next

March . . . but it seems that I haven't. Mr. Harrison, is it too much to hope that you'll forgive me? I'm afraid it's too late to get your cow back, but here is the money for her . . . or you can have mine in exchange if you'd rather. She's a very good cow. And I can't express how sorry I am for it all."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison rapidamente descartou as preocupações dela, dizendo que não era importante e que acidentes acontecem. Ele admitiu que às vezes era muito apressado e falava o que pensava diretamente, mas observou que se a vaca estivesse em seus repolhos, seria diferente. Como não estava, tudo bem. Ele concordou em aceitar a vaca dela em troca, já que ela queria se livrar dela.

Original English

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Harrison briskly, "don't say another word about it, miss. It's of no consequence . . . no consequence whatever. Accidents will happen. I'm too hasty myself sometimes, miss . . . far too hasty. But I can't help speaking out just what I think and folks must take me as they find me. If that cow had been in my cabbages now . . . but never mind, she wasn't, so it's all right. I think I'd rather have your cow in exchange, since you want to be rid of her."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne agradeceu ao Sr. Harrison e expressou alívio por ele não estar zangado, como ela temia que pudesse estar.

Original English

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Harrison. I'm so glad you are not vexed. I was afraid you would be."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison comentou que imaginava que Anne estava com muito medo de admitir o erro após o barulho que ele fizera no dia anterior, mas ela não deveria se preocupar com ele. Ele se descreveu como um velho excessivamente honesto que muitas vezes falava de forma direta.

Original English

"And I suppose you were scared to death to come here and tell me, after the fuss I made yesterday, hey? But you mustn't mind me, I'm a terrible outspoken old fellow, that's all . . . awful apt to tell the truth, no matter if it is a bit plain."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne inadvertidamente comentou que a Sra. Lynde também era assim.

Original English

"So is Mrs. Lynde," said Anne, before she could prevent herself.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison negou irritadamente ser como aquela fofoqueira, a Sra. Lynde, e perguntou o que havia na caixa.

Original English

"Who? Mrs. Lynde? Don't you tell me I'm like that old gossip," said Mr. Harrison irritably. "I'm not . . . not a bit. What have you got in that box?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse brincando que era um bolo. Aliviada pela inesperada simpatia dele, seu ânimo se elevou. Ela explicou que trouxe o bolo para ele porque presumiu que ele não comia bolo com frequência.

Original English

"A cake," said Anne archly. In her relief at Mr. Harrison's unexpected amiability her spirits soared upward feather-light. "I brought it over for you . . . I thought perhaps you didn't have cake very often."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison admitiu que raramente comia bolo e gostava muito. Agradeceu a ela e expressou esperança de que o bolo, que parecia bom por cima, também fosse bom por dentro.

Original English

"I don't, that's a fact, and I'm mighty fond of it, too. I'm much obliged to you. It looks good on top. I hope it's good all the way through."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne garantiu confiantemente que estava bom. Ela reconheceu que já havia feito bolos ruins no passado, como a Sra. Allan podia confirmar, mas este estava bom. Ela disse que o havia feito para a Sociedade de Melhoramentos, mas poderia fazer outro para eles.

Original English

"It is," said Anne, gaily confident. "I have made cakes in my time that were not , as Mrs. Allan could tell you, but this one is all right. I made it for the Improvement Society, but I can make another for them."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison propôs que Anne o ajudasse a comer. Ele disse que colocaria a chaleira no fogo para que pudessem tomar chá e perguntou o que ela achava disso.

Original English

"Well, I'll tell you what, miss, you must help me eat it. I'll put the kettle on and we'll have a cup of tea. How will that do?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou hesitantemente se o Sr. Harrison permitiria que ela fizesse o chá.

Original English

"Will you let me make the tea?" said Anne dubiously.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison soltou uma risadinha baixa.

Original English

Mr. Harrison chuckled.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison reconheceu a falta de confiança dela em suas habilidades de fazer chá, mas insistiu que era perfeitamente capaz. No entanto, permitiu que ela prosseguisse, mencionando que a chuva do domingo anterior havia garantido uma oferta de louça limpa.

Original English

"I see you haven't much confidence in my ability to make tea. You're wrong . . . I can brew up as good a jorum of tea as you ever drank. But go ahead

yourself. Fortunately it rained last Sunday, so there's plenty of clean dishes."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne rapidamente começou a trabalhar, lavando o bule várias vezes antes de infundir o chá. Ela limpou o fogão, arrumou a mesa e pegou louças da despensa, que a horrorizou com seu estado, mas ela permaneceu em silêncio. O Sr. Harrison a orientou para o pão, a manteiga e uma lata de pêssegos. Ela arrumou um buquê do jardim na mesa, tentando ignorar as manchas na toalha. Logo o chá ficou pronto, e Anne se viu sentada em frente ao Sr. Harrison, servindo o chá para ele e conversando livremente sobre sua escola, amigos e planos. Ela mal podia acreditar na realidade da situação.

Original English

Anne hopped briskly up and went to work. She washed the teapot in several waters before she put the tea to steep. Then she swept the stove and set the table, bringing the dishes out of the pantry. The state of that pantry horrified Anne, but she wisely said nothing. Mr. Harrison told her where to find the bread and butter and a can of peaches. Anne adorned the table with a bouquet from the garden and shut her eyes to the stains on the tablecloth. Soon the tea was ready and Anne found herself sitting opposite Mr. Harrison at his own table, pouring his tea for him, and chatting freely to him about her school and friends and plans. She could hardly believe the evidence of her senses.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison devolveu o Ginger, explicando que o pássaro ficaria solitário. Anne, em um clima de perdão, ofereceu-lhe uma noz. No entanto, os sentimentos de Ginger estavam profundamente magoados e ele recusou qualquer gesto amigável. Ele se sentou melancolicamente em seu poleiro, arrepiando as penas até se assemelhar a uma bola verde e dourada.

Original English

Mr. Harrison had brought Ginger back, averring that the poor bird would be lonesome; and Anne, feeling that she could forgive everybody and everything, offered him a walnut. But Ginger's feelings had been grievously hurt and he rejected all overtures of friendship. He sat moodily on his perch and ruffled his feathers up until he looked like a mere ball of green and gold.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou por que o papagaio se chamava Ginger. Ela apreciava nomes adequados e sentia que Ginger não combinava com as esplêndidas penas do pássaro.

Original English

"Why do you call him Ginger?" asked Anne, who liked appropriate names and thought Ginger accorded not at all with such gorgeous plumage.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison explicou que seu irmão, um marinheiro, havia nomeado o papagaio. O nome poderia se referir ao temperamento da ave. Ele admitiu que se importava profundamente com Ginger apesar de seus defeitos. O papagaio lhe causara despesas consideráveis, e seu hábito de xingar era difícil de eliminar; muitos tentaram e falharam. Algumas pessoas tinham preconceitos injustos contra papagaios, mas o Sr. Harrison gostava deles. Ginger era boa companhia, e ele nunca desistiria da ave.

Original English

"My brother the sailor named him. Maybe it had some reference to his temper. I think a lot of that bird though . . . you'd be surprised if you knew how much. He has his faults of course. That bird has cost me a good deal one way and another. Some people object to his swearing habits but he can't be broken of them. I've tried . . . other people have tried. Some folks have prejudices against parrots. Silly, ain't it? I like them myself. Ginger's a lot of company to me. Nothing would induce me to give that bird up . . . nothing in the world, miss."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison disse a última parte de forma incisiva, como se temesse que Anne tentasse convencê-lo a desistir do Ginger. No entanto, Anne começou a gostar do homem estranho e ansioso. No final da refeição, eles se tornaram bons amigos. O Sr. Harrison soube da Sociedade de Melhoramentos e pareceu inclinado a apoiá-la.

Original English

Mr. Harrison flung the last sentence at Anne as explosively as if he suspected her of some latent design of persuading him to give Ginger up. Anne, however, was beginning to like the queer, fussy, fidgety little man, and before the meal was over they were quite good friends. Mr. Harrison found out about the Improvement Society and was disposed to approve of it.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison concordou que ela deveria prosseguir, observando que havia muito espaço para melhorias na cidade, bem como nas pessoas.

Original English

"That's right. Go ahead. There's lots of room for improvement in this settlement . . . and in the people too."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne reagiu bruscamente. Ela poderia admitir em particular a uma amiga próxima que Avonlea e seus habitantes tinham alguns pequenos defeitos, mas ouvir um estranho como o Sr. Harrison criticá-lo era bem diferente. Ela declarou que achava Avonlea encantador e seu povo muito agradável.

Original English

"Oh, I don't know," flashed Anne. To herself, or to her particular cronies, she might admit that there were some small imperfections, easily removable, in Avonlea and its inhabitants. But to hear a practical outsider

like Mr. Harrison saying it was an entirely different thing. "I think Avonlea is a lovely place; and the people in it are very nice, too."

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Pt/En

Português

Observando as bochechas coradas e os olhos indignados de Anne, o Sr. Harrison sugeriu que ela tinha um temperamento forte, o que ele associava à cor do cabelo dela. Ele admitiu que Avonlea era razoavelmente boa, ou não teria se estabelecido ali, mas a desafiou a admitir que tinha imperfeições.

Original English

"I guess you've got a spice of temper," commented Mr. Harrison, surveying the flushed cheeks and indignant eyes opposite him. "It goes with hair like yours, I reckon. Avonlea is a pretty decent place or I wouldn't have located here; but I suppose even you will admit that it has some faults?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne permaneceu leal, dizendo que valorizava Avonlea ainda mais por seus defeitos. Ela não gostava de lugares ou pessoas impecáveis, pois seriam monótonos. Ela contou que a Sra. Milton White afirmou nunca ter conhecido uma pessoa perfeita, embora tivesse ouvido muito sobre a primeira esposa de seu marido. Anne questionou se não seria desconfortável ser casada com um homem cuja primeira esposa era perfeita.

Original English

"I like it all the better for them," said loyal Anne. "I don't like places or people either that haven't any faults. I think a truly perfect person would be very uninteresting. Mrs. Milton White says she never met a perfect person, but she's heard enough about one . . . her husband's first wife. Don't you think it must be very uncomfortable to be married to a man whose first wife was perfect?"

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison respondeu com um calor súbito e inexplicável que ser casado com a esposa perfeita seria ainda mais desconfortável.

Original English

"It would be more uncomfortable to be married to the perfect wife," declared Mr. Harrison, with a sudden and inexplicable warmth.

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Pt/En

Português

Após o chá, Anne insistiu em lavar a louça apesar da garantia do Sr. Harrison de que havia bastante para durar semanas. Ela também adoraria varrer o chão, mas não viu vassoura e não perguntou, com medo de que não houvesse nenhuma.

Original English

When tea was over Anne insisted on washing the dishes, although Mr. Harrison assured her that there were enough in the house to do for weeks yet. She would dearly have loved to sweep the floor also, but no broom was visible and she did not like to ask where it was for fear there wasn't one at all.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison sugeriu que Anne viesse conversar de vez em quando. Comentou que não era longe e que vizinhos deveriam ser amigáveis. Ele estava um tanto interessado na sociedade dela e achava que seria divertido. Perguntou quem eles planejavam abordar primeiro.

Original English

"You might run across and talk to me once in a while," suggested Mr. Harrison when she was leaving. "'Tisn't far and folks ought to be neighborly. I'm kind of interested in that society of yours. Seems to me there'll be some fun in it. Who are you going to tackle first?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu com dignidade que eles pretendiam melhorar lugares, não interferir com as pessoas. Ela suspeitava que o Sr. Harrison estava zombando do projeto deles.

Original English

"We are not going to meddle with people . . . it is only places we mean to improve," said Anne, in a dignified tone. She rather suspected that Mr. Harrison was making fun of the project.

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Pt/En

Português

Após sua partida, o Sr. Harrison observou da janela. Ele viu uma figura esbelta e jovem caminhando alegremente pelos campos no brilho do pôr do sol.

Original English

When she had gone Mr. Harrison watched her from the window . . . a lithe, girlish shape, tripping lightheartedly across the fields in the sunset afterglow.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison murmurou para si mesmo que era um velho rabugento, solitário e mal-humorado, mas havia algo em Anne que o fazia sentir-se jovem novamente. Era uma sensação tão agradável que ele esperava experimentá-la ocasionalmente.

Original English

"I'm a crusty, lonesome, crabbed old chap," he said aloud, "but there's something about that little girl makes me feel young again . . . and it's such a pleasant sensation I'd like to have it repeated once in a while."

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Pt/En

Português

O papagaio, Ginger, zombou dela chamando-a de pirralha ruiva.

Original English

"Redheaded snippet," croaked Ginger mockingly.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison balançou o punho para o papagaio.

Original English

Mr. Harrison shook his fist at the parrot.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison murmurou que o papagaio era um pássaro mal-humorado e que quase desejou ter torcido seu pescoço quando seu irmão, o marinheiro, o trouxe para casa. Ele se perguntou se o papagaio algum dia pararia de lhe causar problemas.

Original English

"You ornery bird," he muttered, "I almost wish I'd wrung your neck when my brother the sailor brought you home. Will you never be done getting me into trouble?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne correu alegremente para casa e contou suas aventuras a Marilla, que ficara bastante alarmada com sua longa ausência e estava prestes a sair para procurá-la.

Original English

Anne ran home blithely and recounted her adventures to Marilla, who had been not a little alarmed by her long absence and was on the point of

starting out to look for her.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne concluiu alegremente que era um mundo bastante bom, afinal. Ela lembrou que a Sra. Lynde havia reclamado que sempre que você esperava algo agradável, tinha certeza de se decepcionar. Mas Anne observou que o mesmo era verdade para as coisas ruins: elas muitas vezes acabavam melhores do que o esperado. Ela temera sua visita ao Sr. Harrison, mas ele fora gentil e ela quase gostou. Ela acreditava que, se fizessem concessões um ao outro, poderiam se tornar bons amigos. No entanto, ela resolveu nunca mais vender uma vaca sem verificar a propriedade, e declarou que não gostava de papagaios.

Original English

"It's a pretty good world, after all, isn't it, Marilla?" concluded Anne happily. "Mrs. Lynde was complaining the other day that it wasn't much of a world. She said whenever you looked forward to anything pleasant you were sure to be more or less disappointed . . . perhaps that is true. But there is a good side to it too. The bad things don't always come up to your expectations either . . . they nearly always turn out ever so much better than you think. I looked forward to a dreadfully unpleasant experience when I went over to Mr. Harrison's tonight; and instead he was quite kind and I had almost a nice time. I think we're going to be real good friends if we make plenty of allowances for each other, and everything has turned out for the best. But all the same, Marilla, I shall certainly never again sell a cow before making sure to whom she belongs. And I do not like parrots!"

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Different Opinions

Pt/En

Português

Uma tarde ao pôr do sol, Jane Andrews, Gilbert Blythe e Anne Shirley demoraram-se junto a uma cerca à sombra de galhos de abeto que balançavam suavemente, onde uma clareira conhecida como Caminho das Bétulas encontrava a estrada principal. Jane passara a tarde com Anne, que a acompanhou parte do caminho de volta para casa. Na cerca,

encontraram Gilbert, e os três discutiram o dia seguinte fatídico: primeiro de setembro, quando as escolas reabririam. Jane iria para Newbridge, e Gilbert para White Sands.

Original English

One evening at sunset, Jane Andrews, Gilbert Blythe, and Anne Shirley were lingering by a fence in the shadow of gently swaying spruce boughs, where a wood cut known as the Birch Path joined the main road. Jane had been up to spend the afternoon with Anne, who walked part of the way home with her; at the fence they met Gilbert, and all three were now talking about the fateful morrow; for that morrow was the first of September and the schools would open. Jane would go to Newbridge and Gilbert to White Sands.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne suspirou, dizendo que suas amigas tinham uma vantagem porque ensinariam crianças que não as conheciam, enquanto ela ensinaria seus próprios colegas de classe. A Sra. Lynde havia alertado que seus alunos poderiam não respeitá-la como respeitariam uma estranha, a menos que ela fosse muito rígida desde o início, mas Anne achava que um professor não deveria ser severo. Ela considerava isso uma grande responsabilidade.

Original English

"You both have the advantage of me," sighed Anne. "You're going to teach children who don't know you, but I have to teach my own old schoolmates, and Mrs. Lynde says she's afraid they won't respect me as they would a stranger unless I'm very cross from the first. But I don't believe a teacher should be cross. Oh, it seems to me such a responsibility!"

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Pt/En

Português

Jane disse confortavelmente que acreditava que se saíam bem. Ela não se preocupava em ser uma influência positiva; seus objetivos eram ganhar seu salário de forma justa, satisfazer os curadores e conseguir um lugar na lista de honra do Inspetor Escolar. Ela não tinha mais ambições. Ela afirmou que manter a ordem era a prioridade, o que às vezes exigia que

um professor fosse rígido. Se seus alunos desobedecessem, ela os puniria.

Original English

"I guess we'll get on all right," said Jane comfortably. Jane was not troubled by any aspirations to be an influence for good. She meant to earn her salary fairly, please the trustees, and get her name on the School Inspector's roll of honor. Further ambitions Jane had none. "The main thing will be to keep order and a teacher has to be a little cross to do that. If my pupils won't do as I tell them I shall punish them."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou como ela os puniria.

Original English

"How?"

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Pt/En

Português

Jane respondeu que daria uma surra completa neles.

Original English

"Give them a good whipping, of course."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne gritou de choque, insistindo que Jane não faria e não poderia fazer tal coisa.

Original English

"Oh, Jane, you wouldn't," cried Anne, shocked. "Jane, you couldn'T !"

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Pt/En

Português

Jane afirmou com convicção que ela poderia e iria recorrer ao castigo corporal se as crianças o merecessem.

Original English

"Indeed, I could and would, if they deserved it," said Jane decidedly.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou com igual firmeza que nunca conseguiria bater em uma criança, pois não acreditava nessa prática.

Original English

"I could never whip a child," said Anne with equal decision. "I don't believe in it at

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Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que a Srta. Stacy nunca usava a palmatória, mas mantinha uma ordem perfeita, enquanto o Sr. Phillips a usava constantemente sem disciplina. Ela afirmou que, se não conseguisse lidar sem bater, não ensinaria; ela acreditava em conquistar o afeto dos alunos para que obedecessem de bom grado.

Original English

all . Miss Stacy never whipped any of us and she had perfect order; and Mr. Phillips was always whipping and he had no order at all. No, if I can't get along without whipping I shall not try to teach school. There are better ways of managing. I shall try to win my pupils' affections and then they will want to do what I tell them."

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Pt/En

Português

A prática Jane perguntou o que aconteceria se esse método falhasse.

Original English

"But suppose they don't?" said practical Jane.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que não recorreria à palmada de qualquer forma, convencida de que seria ineficaz. Ela implorou a Jane que não batesse em seus alunos em hipótese alguma.

Original English

"I wouldn't whip them anyhow. I'm sure it wouldn't do any good. Oh, don't whip your pupils, Jane dear, no matter what they do."

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Pt/En

Português

Jane perguntou a Gilbert qual era sua opinião sobre o assunto, especificamente se ele acreditava que algumas crianças ocasionalmente precisavam de punição física.

Original English

"What do you think about it, Gilbert?" demanded Jane. "Don't you think there are some children who really need a whipping now and then?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou apaixonadamente que surrar qualquer criança era uma prática cruel e bárbara, seu rosto corando de intensidade.

Original English

"Don't you think it's a cruel, barbarous thing to whip a child . . . any child?" exclaimed Anne, her face flushing with earnestness.

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert respondeu hesitante, dividido entre suas próprias crenças e seu desejo de impressionar Anne, reconhecendo argumentos válidos de ambos os lados. Ele concordou com Anne que a punição corporal raramente deveria ser usada e que métodos melhores geralmente existiam, mas concedeu a Jane que algumas crianças poderiam precisar dela como último recurso, e ele adotaria isso como sua regra.

Original English

"Well," said Gilbert slowly, torn between his real convictions and his wish to measure up to Anne's ideal, "there's something to be said on both sides. I don't believe in whipping children much . I think, as you say, Anne, that there are better ways of managing as a rule, and that corporal punishment should be a last resort. But on the other hand, as Jane says, I believe there is an occasional child who can't be influenced in any other way and who, in short, needs a whipping and would be improved by it. Corporal punishment as a last resort is to be my rule."

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Pt/En

Português

Ao tentar satisfazer ambos, Gilbert acabou não agradando a nenhum, como muitas vezes acontece. Jane expressou seu descontentamento balançando a cabeça.

Original English

Gilbert, having tried to please both sides, succeeded, as is usual and eminently right, in pleasing neither. Jane tossed her head.

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Pt/En

Português

Jane afirmou que surraria seus alunos quando eles se comportassem mal, considerando essa a maneira mais rápida e direta de discipliná-los.

Original English

"I'll whip my pupils when they're naughty. It's the shortest and easiest way of convincing them."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne lançou um olhar desapontado na direção de Gilbert.

Original English

Anne gave Gilbert a disappointed glance.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne repetiu firmemente que nunca chicotearia uma criança, insistindo que não era nem certo nem necessário.

Original English

"I shall never whip a child," she repeated firmly. "I feel sure it isn't either right or necessary."

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Pt/En

Português

Jane perguntou o que aconteceria se um menino respondesse de forma rude quando mandado fazer algo.

Original English

"Suppose a boy sauced you back when you told him to do something?" said Jane.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que manteria o menino depois da aula e falaria com ele de forma gentil, mas firme. Ela acreditava que toda pessoa tinha algo de bom, e era dever do professor encontrar e desenvolver isso, como seu professor em Queen's havia ensinado. Ela questionou se chicotear poderia trazer algum bem, e enfatizou que influenciar as crianças corretamente era mais importante do que ensinar os três Rs, de acordo com o Professor Rennie.

Original English

"I'd keep him in after school and talk kindly and firmly to him," said Anne. "There is some good in every person if you can find it. It is a teacher's duty to find and develop it. That is what our School Management professor at Queen's told us, you know. Do you suppose you could find any good in a child by whipping him? It's far more important to influence the children aright than it is even to teach them the three R's, Professor Rennie says."

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Pt/En

Português

Jane apontou que o Inspetor examinava as crianças nos três Rs e não daria um bom relatório se elas não atingissem seu padrão.

Original English

"But the Inspector examines them in the three R's, mind you, and he won't give you a good report if they don't come up to his standard," protested Jane.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou que preferiria que seus alunos a tivessem em afetuosa consideração e a vissem como um apoio genuíno nos anos posteriores, em vez de ser listada no quadro de honra.

Original English

"I'd rather have my pupils love me and look back to me in after years as a real helper than be on the roll of honor," asserted Anne decidedly.

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert perguntou se ela se absteria de punir completamente as crianças quando elas se comportassem mal.

Original English

"Wouldn't you punish children at all, when they misbehaved?" asked Gilbert.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne reconheceu que provavelmente teria que impor punições, apesar de sua aversão a isso. Ela mencionou opções como manter os alunos durante o recreio, fazê-los ficar em pé no chão ou atribuir-lhes linhas para copiar.

Original English

"Oh, yes, I suppose I shall have to, although I know I'll hate to do it. But you can keep them in at recess or stand them on the floor or give them lines to write."

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Pt/En

Português

Jane comentou sorrateiramente que Anne provavelmente não recorreria a fazer as meninas sentarem com os meninos como forma de punição.

Original English

"I suppose you won't punish the girls by making them sit with the boys?" said Jane slyly.

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert e Anne trocaram um olhar um tanto constrangedor, lembrando-se da vez em que Anne foi disciplinada ao ser colocada sentada ao lado de Gilbert, uma experiência que resultou em consequências tristes e amargas.

Original English

Gilbert and Anne looked at each other and smiled rather foolishly. Once upon a time, Anne had been made to sit with Gilbert for punishment and sad and bitter had been the consequences thereof.

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Pt/En

Português

Jane filosoficamente observou que o tempo revelaria qual abordagem era superior enquanto se despediam.

Original English

"Well, time will tell which is the best way," said Jane philosophically as they parted.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne voltou para Green Gables pelo caminho cênico, refletindo sobre suas próximas tarefas de ensino. Quando chegou ao quintal, ouviu a voz alta da Sra. Lynde vinda da cozinha.

Original English

Anne went back to Green Gables by way of Birch Path, shadowy, rustling, fern-scented, through Violet Vale and past Willowmere, where dark and light kissed each other under the firs, and down through Lover's Lane . . . spots she and Diana had so named long ago. She walked slowly, enjoying the sweetness of wood and field and the starry summer twilight, and thinking soberly about the new duties she was to take up on the morrow. When she reached the yard at Green Gables Mrs. Lynde's loud, decided tones floated out through the open kitchen window.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne suspeitou que a Sra. Lynde tinha vindo oferecer conselhos sobre o dia seguinte, mas achou os conselhos da Sra. Lynde avassaladores. Ela decidiu visitar o Sr. Harrison em vez disso.

Original English

"Mrs. Lynde has come up to give me good advice about tomorrow," thought Anne with a grimace, "but I don't believe I'll go in. Her advice is much like pepper, I think . . . excellent in small quantities but rather scorching in her doses. I'll run over and have a chat with Mr. Harrison instead."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne havia visitado o Sr. Harrison várias vezes desde o incidente da vaca. Eles eram bons amigos, embora Anne às vezes achasse sua franqueza desafiadora. Ginger continuava a chamá-la sarcasticamente de 'ruivinha'. O Sr. Harrison tentou ensinar cumprimentos educados a Ginger, mas Ginger não se deixou enganar.

Original English

This was not the first time Anne had run over and chatted with Mr. Harrison since the notable affair of the Jersey cow. She had been there several evenings and Mr. Harrison and she were very good friends, although there were times and seasons when Anne found the outspokenness on which he prided himself rather trying. Ginger still continued to regard her with suspicion, and never failed to greet her sarcastically as "redheaded snippet." Mr. Harrison had tried vainly to break him of the habit by jumping excitedly up whenever he saw Anne coming and exclaiming,

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison costumava dizer coisas lisonjeiras como comentar sobre a aparência de Anne, mas Ginger percebia o truque. Anne permanecia alheia aos elogios que o Sr. Harrison fazia em sua ausência.

Original English

"Bless my soul, here's that pretty little girl again," or something equally flattering. But Ginger saw through the scheme and scorned it. Anne was never to know how many compliments Mr. Harrison paid her behind her back. He certainly never paid her any to her face.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Anne subia os degraus da varanda, o Sr. Harrison a cumprimentou e perguntou se ela tinha estado juntando varas para o dia seguinte.

Original English

"Well, I suppose you've been back in the woods laying in a supply of switches for tomorrow?" was his greeting as Anne came up the veranda steps.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu indignada que nunca usaria uma vara em sua escola. Ela usaria apenas uma ponteira, e somente para apontar.

Original English

"No, indeed," said Anne indignantly. She was an excellent target for teasing because she always took things so seriously. "I shall never have a switch in my school, Mr. Harrison. Of course, I shall have to have a pointer, but I shall use it for pointing only ."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison então sugeriu que ela poderia usar uma correia, observando que, embora uma vara arda mais imediatamente, uma correia causa uma dor mais duradoura.

Original English

"So you mean to strap them instead? Well, I don't know but you're right. A switch stings more at the time but the strap smarts longer, that's a fact."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne insistiu que não usaria nada do tipo e não chicotearia seus alunos.

Original English

"I shall not use anything of the sort. I'm not going to whip my pupils."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison, genuinamente admirado, perguntou como ela planejava manter a ordem.

Original English

"Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Harrison in genuine astonishment, "how do you lay out to keep order then?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou que governaria por afeto.

Original English

"I shall govern by affection, Mr. Harrison."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison discordou, afirmando que o método de Anne não funcionaria. Ele acreditava no velho provérbio sobre poupar a vara e estragar a criança. Ele lembrou que, quando era estudante, seu professor o chicoteava diariamente, explicando que, se ele não estivesse metido em confusão naquele momento, estava tramando algo.

Original English

"It won't do," said Mr. Harrison, "won't do at all, Anne. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' When I went to school the master whipped me regular every day because he said if I wasn't in mischief just then I was plotting it."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne observou que os métodos de ensino haviam progredido desde os tempos de escola do Sr. Harrison.

Original English

"Methods have changed since your schooldays, Mr. Harrison."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison retrucou que a natureza humana não havia mudado. Ele alertou Anne que ela nunca conseguiria controlar as crianças sem manter o castigo preparado, classificando a tarefa como impossível.

Original English

"But human nature hasn't. Mark my words, you'll never manage the young fry unless you keep a rod in pickle for them. The thing is impossible."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne, possuindo uma vontade forte e uma tendência a se agarrar tenazmente às suas teorias, insistiu que tentaria primeiro sua própria abordagem.

Original English

"Well, I'm going to try my way first," said Anne, who had a fairly strong will of her own and was apt to cling very tenaciously to her theories.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Harrison comentou que Anne era bastante teimosa. Ele sugeriu que, quando ela eventualmente perdesse a paciência — como pessoas com a cor de cabelo dela eram muito propensas a fazer —, ela abandonaria seus ideais gentis e disciplinaria alguém fisicamente. Ele também expressou que ela era jovem e infantil demais para ser professora.

Original English

"You're pretty stubborn, I reckon," was Mr. Harrison's way of putting it. "Well, well, we'll see. Someday when you get riled up . . . and people with hair like yours are desperate apt to get riled . . . you'll forget all your pretty little notions and give some of them a whaling. You're too young to be teaching anyhow . . . far too young and childish."

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Pt/En

Português

Naquela noite, Anne foi para a cama em um estado de espírito profundamente pessimista. Ela dormiu mal e apareceu tão pálida e triste no café da manhã seguinte que Marilla ficou preocupada e insistiu que ela bebesse uma xícara de chá de gengibre fumegante. Anne o bebeu obedientemente, embora duvidasse que faria algum bem. Ela refletiu que, se o chá fosse uma poção mágica capaz de conceder idade e experiência, ela teria consumido um litro sem hesitar.

Original English

Altogether, Anne went to bed that night in a rather pessimistic mood. She slept poorly and was so pale and tragic at breakfast next morning that Marilla was alarmed and insisted on making her take a cup of scorching ginger tea. Anne sipped it patiently, although she could not imagine what good ginger tea would do. Had it been some magic brew, potent to confer age and experience, Anne would have swallowed a quart of it without flinching.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou a Marilla o que aconteceria se ela falhasse.

Original English

"Marilla, what if I fail!"

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu que Anne dificilmente falharia completamente em um único dia, e que havia muitos dias pela frente. Ela apontou que a dificuldade de Anne estava em esperar ensinar tudo às crianças e corrigir todos os seus defeitos de uma só vez — e se ela não conseguisse, consideraria a si mesma um fracasso.

Original English

"You'll hardly fail completely in one day and there's plenty more days coming," said Marilla. "The trouble with you, Anne, is that you'll expect to teach those children everything and reform all their faults right off, and if you can't you'll think you've failed."

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A Full-fledged Schoolma'am

Pt/En

Português

Naquela manhã, ao chegar à escola, Anne havia percorrido o Caminho das Bétulas alheia aos seus encantos. A sala de aula estava silenciosa e quieta; o professor anterior havia treinado as crianças para estarem em seus lugares quando ela chegasse. Quando Anne entrou, foi recebida por fileiras ordenadas de rostos matinais radiantes e olhos inquisitivos. Ela tirou o chapéu e enfrentou seus alunos, esperando interiormente não parecer tão assustada e inepta quanto se sentia, e que seu tremor passasse despercebido.

Original English

When Anne reached the school that morning . . . for the first time in her life she had traversed the Birch Path deaf and blind to its beauties . . . all was quiet and still. The preceding teacher had trained the children to be in their places at her arrival, and when Anne entered the schoolroom she was confronted by prim rows of "shining morning faces" and bright, inquisitive eyes. She hung up her hat and faced her pupils, hoping that she did not look as frightened and foolish as she felt and that they would not perceive how she was trembling.

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Pt/En

Português

Na noite anterior, Anne havia ficado acordada até quase meia-noite compondo um discurso que pretendia proferir para seus alunos no primeiro dia de aula. Ela trabalhou meticulosamente para revisá-lo e aprimorá-lo e, em seguida, o memorizou completamente. O discurso estava bem elaborado e continha ideias admiráveis sobre assistência mútua e a busca sincera pelo conhecimento. No entanto, quando o momento chegou, ela descobriu que não conseguia se lembrar de uma única palavra.

Original English

She had sat up until nearly twelve the preceding night composing a speech she meant to make to her pupils upon opening the school. She had revised and improved it painstakingly, and then she had learned it off by heart. It was a very good speech and had some very fine ideas in it, especially about mutual help and earnest striving after knowledge. The only trouble was that she could not now remember a word of it.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois do que pareceu uma eternidade—embora na realidade apenas cerca de dez segundos—ela conseguiu proferir um pedido fraco para que pegassem seus Testamentos e, em seguida, afundou sem fôlego em sua cadeira, aliviada pelo ruído e barulho das tampas das carteiras. Enquanto as crianças liam seus versículos, Anne reuniu seus pensamentos dispersos e examinou a assembleia de jovens peregrinos embarcando em sua jornada para a vida adulta.

Original English

After what seemed to her a year . . . about ten seconds in reality . . . she said faintly, "Take your Testaments, please," and sank breathlessly into her chair under cover of the rustle and clatter of desk lids that followed. While the children read their verses Anne marshalled her shaky wits into order and looked over the array of little pilgrims to the Grownup Land.

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Pt/En

Português

A maioria das crianças era bem conhecida por ela, pois seus próprios colegas de classe haviam saído no ano anterior, mas os outros haviam estudado com ela, exceto a turma de alfabetização e dez recém-chegados a Avonlea. Anne secretamente se sentia mais atraída por esses dez do que por aqueles cujo potencial ela já podia prever. Eles poderiam se revelar comuns, mas também existia a possibilidade empolgante de que um deles pudesse ser um gênio.

Original English

Most of them were, of course, quite well known to her. Her own classmates had passed out in the preceding year but the rest had all gone to school with her, excepting the primer class and ten newcomers to Avonlea. Anne secretly felt more interest in these ten than in those whose possibilities were already fairly well mapped out to her. To be sure, they might be just as commonplace as the rest; but on the other hand there might be a genius among them. It was a thrilling idea.

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Pt/En

Português

Em uma carteira de canto estava Anthony Pye, sozinho, com um rosto escuro e carrancudo e olhos negros hostis fixos em Anne. Ela resolveu instantaneamente conquistar seu afeto e, assim, desconcertar toda a família Pye.

Original English

Sitting by himself at a corner desk was Anthony Pye. He had a dark, sullen little face, and was staring at Anne with a hostile expression in his black eyes. Anne instantly made up her mind that she would win that boy's affection and discomfit the Pyes utterly.

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Pt/En

Português

No canto oposto, outro menino desconhecido estava sentado com Arty Sloane. Ele tinha uma aparência alegre, com nariz arrebitado, rosto sardento e olhos grandes e azuis claros emoldurados por cílios claros. Anne presumiu que ele era o menino DonNELL e, se a semelhança servisse de indicação, a garota do outro lado do corredor com Mary Bell era sua irmã. Anne questionou silenciosamente que tipo de mãe enviaria uma criança para a escola com tal vestimenta: um vestido rosa desbotado de seda enfeitado com excesso de renda de algodão, sapatilhas de pelica branca sujas, meias de seda e, ainda, seus cabelos castanho-arenosos torturados em cachos artificiais encimados por um laço rosa extravagante maior que sua cabeça. A expressão da garota sugeria que ela estava bastante satisfeita consigo mesma.

Original English

In the other corner another strange boy was sitting with Arty Sloane. . . a jolly looking little chap, with a snub nose, freckled face, and big, light blue eyes, fringed with whitish lashes . . . probably the DonNELL boy; and if resemblance went for anything, his sister was sitting across the aisle with Mary Bell. Anne wondered what sort of mother the child had, to send her to school dressed as she was. She wore a faded pink silk dress, trimmed with a great deal of cotton lace, soiled white kid slippers, and silk stockings. Her sandy hair was tortured into innumerable kinky and unnatural curls, surmounted by a flamboyant bow of pink ribbon bigger than her head. Judging from her expression she was very well satisfied with herself.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne identificou uma garota pálida com cabelo sedoso cor de camurça como Annetta Bell, cuja família havia se mudado para Avonlea ao deslocar sua casa cinquenta jardas ao norte. Três garotas pálidas em um banco eram as Cottons. Uma pequena beleza com longos cachos castanhos e olhos avelã, flertando com Jack Gills sobre seu Testamento, era Prillie Rogerson, recentemente trazida para casa da avó após o novo casamento de seu pai. Uma garota alta e desajeitada no fundo, aparentemente com muitos membros, era Barbara Shaw, agora morando com uma tia. Anne descobriria mais tarde que, se Barbara conseguisse andar pelo corredor sem tropeçar, os alunos registrariam o evento na parede da varanda.

Original English

A pale little thing, with smooth ripples of fine, silky, fawn-colored hair flowing over her shoulders, must, Anne thought, be Annetta Bell, whose parents had formerly lived in the Newbridge school district, but, by reason of hauling their house fifty yards north of its old site were now in Avonlea. Three pallid little girls crowded into one seat were certainly Cottons; and there was no doubt that the small beauty with the long brown curls and hazel eyes, who was casting coquettish looks at Jack Gills over the edge of her Testament, was Prillie Rogerson, whose father had recently married a second wife and brought Prillie home from her grandmother's in Grafton. A tall, awkward girl in a back seat, who seemed to have too many feet and hands, Anne could not place at all, but later on discovered that her name was Barbara Shaw and that she had come to live with an Avonlea aunt. She was also to find that if Barbara ever managed to walk down the aisle without falling over her own or somebody else's feet the Avonlea scholars wrote the unusual fact up on the porch wall to commemorate it.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando Anne encontrou o olhar do garoto na mesa da frente, sentiu uma emoção estranha, como se tivesse encontrado um espírito afim. Ela sabia que devia ser Paul Irving, e a Sra. Rachel Lynde tinha razão ao dizer que ele seria diferente das crianças de Avonlea. Anne percebeu que ele era diferente de qualquer criança que já conhecera, e que uma alma muito

parecida com a sua a olhava de seus olhos azuis escuros.

Original English

But when Anne's eyes met those of the boy at the front desk facing her own, a queer little thrill went over her, as if she had found her genius. She knew this must be Paul Irving and that Mrs. Rachel Lynde had been right for once when she prophesied that he would be unlike the Avonlea children. More than that, Anne realized that he was unlike other children anywhere, and that there was a soul subtly akin to her own gazing at her out of the very dark blue eyes that were watching her so intently.

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Pt/En

Português

Paul tinha dez anos, mas parecia oito. Tinha um rosto bonito com traços delicados e cachos castanhos. Sua boca era cheia sem ser beicinho, com lábios carmesins suavemente tocantes. Ele tinha uma expressão séria e pensativa, mas quando Anne sorriu para ele, ele respondeu com um sorriso iluminador que parecia acender todo o seu ser. O sorriso era involuntário e genuíno, revelando uma personalidade rara e doce. Sem uma palavra, Anne e Paul se tornaram grandes amigos através daquela troca de sorrisos.

Original English

She knew Paul was ten but he looked no more than eight. He had the most beautiful little face she had ever seen in a child . . . features of exquisite delicacy and refinement, framed in a halo of chestnut curls. His mouth was delicious, being full without pouting, the crimson lips just softly touching and curving into finely finished little corners that narrowly escaped being dimpled. He had a sober, grave, meditative expression, as if his spirit was much older than his body; but when Anne smiled softly at him it vanished in a sudden answering smile, which seemed an illumination of his whole being, as if some lamp had suddenly kindled into flame inside of him, irradiating him from top to toe. Best of all, it was involuntary, born of no external effort or motive, but simply the outflashing of a hidden personality, rare and fine and sweet. With a quick interchange of smiles Anne and Paul were fast friends forever before a word had passed between them.

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Pt/En

Português

O dia passou como um sonho, e Anne não conseguia se lembrar claramente depois. Parecia que outra pessoa estava ensinando. Ela mecanicamente ouvia as aulas, fazia contas e ditava cópias. As crianças se comportaram bem, exceto por dois incidentes. Morley Andrews foi pego com grilos treinados no corredor. Anne fez ele ficar na plataforma e confiscou os grilos, o que o incomodou mais. Mais tarde, ela os soltou no Vale Violeta, mas Morley sempre acreditou que ela os guardou para si.

Original English

The day went by like a dream. Anne could never clearly recall it afterwards. It almost seemed as if it were not she who was teaching but somebody else. She heard classes and worked sums and set copies mechanically. The children behaved quite well; only two cases of discipline occurred. Morley Andrews was caught driving a pair of trained crickets in the aisle. Anne stood Morley on the platform for an hour and . . . which Morley felt much more keenly . . . confiscated his crickets. She put them in a box and on the way from school set them free in Violet Vale; but Morley believed, then and ever afterwards, that she took them home and kept them for her own amusement.

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Pt/En

Português

O outro encrenqueiro era Anthony Pye, que derramou água de sua garrafa de ardósia no pescoço de Aurelia Clay. Anne o deixou de castigo no recreio e deu uma palestra sobre como ser um cavalheiro, dizendo que cavalheiros nunca derramam água no pescoço das senhoras. Ela queria que todos os seus meninos fossem cavalheiros. Anthony permaneceu impassível, ouviu soturnamente e assobiou desdenhosamente ao sair. Anne suspirou, mas lembrou a si mesma que conquistar o afeto de um Pye, como construir Roma, levava tempo. Ela esperava que Anthony pudesse ser legal por baixo de sua taciturnidade.

Original English

The other culprit was Anthony Pye, who poured the last drops of water from his slate bottle down the back of Aurelia Clay's neck. Anne kept Anthony in at recess and talked to him about what was expected of gentlemen, admonishing him that they never poured water down ladies' necks. She

wanted all her boys to be gentlemen, she said. Her little lecture was quite kind and touching; but unfortunately Anthony remained absolutely untouched. He listened to her in silence, with the same sullen expression, and whistled scornfully as he went out. Anne sighed; and then cheered herself up by remembering that winning a Pye's affections, like the building of Rome, wasn't the work of a day. In fact, it was doubtful whether some of the Pyes had any affections to win; but Anne hoped better things of Anthony, who looked as if he might be a rather nice boy if one ever got behind his sullenness.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando a escola terminou e as crianças foram embora, Anne caiu exausta em sua cadeira. Sua cabeça doía e ela se sentia profundamente desanimada. Não havia motivo real para desânimo, já que nada muito sério havia acontecido; mas Anne estava muito cansada e inclinada a acreditar que nunca aprenderia a gostar de ensinar. E quão terrível seria fazer algo que você não gosta todos os dias por, digamos, quarenta anos. Anne ponderou se deveria chorar ali mesmo ou esperar até estar segura em seu próprio quarto branco em casa. Antes que pudesse decidir, ouviu um clique de saltos e um farfalhar sedoso no chão da varanda, e se viu confrontada por uma senhora cuja aparência a lembrou de um comentário recente do Sr. Harrison sobre uma mulher excessivamente vestida que ele vira em uma loja em Charlottetown. Ele dissera que ela parecia uma colisão frontal entre uma gravura de moda e um pesadelo.

Original English

When school was dismissed and the children had gone Anne dropped wearily into her chair. Her head ached and she felt woefully discouraged. There was no real reason for discouragement, since nothing very dreadful had occurred; but Anne was very tired and inclined to believe that she would never learn to like teaching. And how terrible it would be to be doing something you didn't like every day for . . . well, say forty years. Anne was of two minds whether to have her cry out then and there, or wait till she was safely in her own white room at home. Before she could decide there was a click of heels and a silken swish on the porch floor, and Anne found herself confronted by a lady whose appearance made her recall a recent criticism of Mr. Harrison's on an overdressed female he had seen in a Charlottetown store. "She looked like a head-on collision between a fashion plate and a nightmare."

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Pt/En

Português

A recém-chegada estava esplendidamente vestida com uma seda azul clara de verão, com babados, franzidos e pregas onde quer que tal decoração pudesse ser colocada. Sua cabeça era coroada por um enorme chapéu de chiffon branco, adornado com três longas, mas bastante finas, penas de avestruz. Um véu de chiffon rosa, densamente salpicado de grandes bolas pretas, pendia da aba do chapéu até os ombros e flutuava em duas fitas arejadas atrás dela. Ela usava todas as joias que podiam ser amontoadas em uma mulher pequena, e um odor muito forte de perfume a acompanhava.

Original English

The newcomer was gorgeously arrayed in a pale blue summer silk, puffed, frilled, and shirred wherever puff, frill, or shirring could possibly be placed. Her head was surmounted by a huge white chiffon hat, bedecked with three long but rather stringy ostrich feathers. A veil of pink chiffon, lavishly sprinkled with huge black dots, hung like a flounce from the hat brim to her shoulders and floated off in two airy streamers behind her. She wore all the jewelry that could be crowded on one small woman, and a very strong odor of perfume attended her.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A visão anunciou que ela era a Sra. H. B. Donnell e que viera ver Anne sobre algo que Clarice Almira lhe contara quando voltou para casa para o almoço naquele dia. Isso a irritara excessivamente.

Original English

"I am Mrs. DonNELL . . . Mrs. H. B. DonNELL," announced this vision, "and I have come in to see you about something Clarice Almira told me when she came home to dinner today. It annoyed me excessively ."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne gaguejou um pedido de desculpas, tentando em vão recordar qualquer incidente da manhã que envolvesse as crianças Donnell.

Original English

"I'm sorry," faltered Anne, vainly trying to recollect any incident of the morning connected with the Donnell children.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Donnell disse que Clarice Almira lhe contara que Anne pronunciara o sobrenome deles como DONnell. Ela explicou que a pronúncia correta é DonNELL, com o acento na última sílaba, e esperava que Anne se lembrasse disso no futuro.

Original English

"Clarice Almira told me that you pronounced our name DONnell. Now, Miss Shirley, the correct pronunciation of our name is DonNELL . . . accent on the last syllable. I hope you'll remember this in future."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que tentaria, suprimindo uma forte vontade de rir. Ela disse que sabia por experiência própria como era desagradável ter o nome escrito incorretamente e imaginava que devia ser ainda pior tê-lo pronunciado errado.

Original English

"I'll try to," gasped Anne, choking back a wild desire to laugh. "I know by experience that it's very unpleasant to have one's name spelled wrong and I suppose it must be even worse to have it pronounced wrong."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Donnell concordou que era de fato pior. Ela então mencionou que Clarice Almira a informara que Anne vinha chamando seu filho de Jacob.

Original English

"Certainly it is. And Clarice Almira also informed me that you call my son Jacob."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne protestou que o próprio menino lhe dissera que seu nome era Jacob.

Original English

"He told me his name was Jacob," protested Anne.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Donnell comentou que já esperava tamanha ingratidão das crianças nos dias de hoje. Ela explicou que seu filho tinha gostos muito comuns. Quando ele nasceu, ela desejava chamá-lo de St. Clair porque soava aristocrático, mas o pai insistiu em Jacob, em homenagem ao tio solteiro e rico. Ela concordou porque o tio era rico. No entanto, quando o menino completou cinco anos, o tio se casou e teve três filhos, o que a Sra. Donnell considerou profundamente ingrato. A partir daquele dia, ela decidiu chamar seu filho de St. Clair e estava determinada a que ele fosse chamado assim, apesar do uso contínuo de Jacob pelo pai e da própria preferência inexplicável do menino pelo nome vulgar. Ela instruiu Anne a chamá-lo de St. Clair e a lembrar que o sobrenome Donnell era acentuado na última sílaba. Agradeceu a Anne e expressou confiança de que uma palavra sua resolveria a questão.

Original English

"I might well have expected that," said Mrs. H. B. Donnell, in a tone which implied that gratitude in children was not to be looked for in this degenerate age. "That boy has such plebeian tastes, Miss Shirley. When he was born I wanted to call him St. Clair . . . it sounds so aristocratic, doesn't it? But his

father insisted he should be called Jacob after his uncle. I yielded, because Uncle Jacob was a rich old bachelor. And what do you think, Miss Shirley? When our innocent boy was five years old Uncle Jacob actually went and got married and now he has three boys of his own. Did you ever hear of such ingratitude? The moment the invitation to the wedding . . . for he had the impertinence to send us an invitation, Miss Shirley . . . came to the house I said, 'No more Jacobs for me, thank you.' From that day I called my son St. Clair and St. Clair I am determined he shall be called. His father obstinately continues to call him Jacob, and the boy himself has a perfectly unaccountable preference for the vulgar name. But St. Clair he is and St. Clair he shall remain. You will kindly remember this, Miss Shirley, will you not? Thank you. I told Clarice Almira that I was sure it was only a misunderstanding and that a word would set it right. Donnell. . . accent on the last syllable . . . and St. Clair . . . on no account Jacob. You'll remember? Thank you."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Depois que a Sra. Donnell partiu, Anne trancou a porta da escola e foi para casa. Ao pé da colina, encontrou Paul Irving perto do Caminho das Bétulas. Ele lhe ofereceu um ramo de delicadas orquídeas selvagens, que as crianças de Avonlea chamavam de lírios de arroz.

Original English

When Mrs. H. B. DonNELL had skimmed away Anne locked the school door and went home. At the foot of the hill she found Paul Irving by the Birch Path. He held out to her a cluster of the dainty little wild orchids which Avonlea children called "rice lillies."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O menino explicou timidamente que havia encontrado as flores no campo do Sr. Wright e voltara para dá-las a Anne porque acreditava que ela era o tipo de pessoa que as apreciaria, e também porque sentia afeto por ela.

Original English

"Please, teacher, I found these in Mr. Wright's field," he said shyly, "and I came back to give them to you because I thought you were the kind of lady

that would like them, and because . . ." he lifted his big beautiful eyes . . . "I like you, teacher."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne carinhosamente o chamou de querido e aceitou as flores perfumadas. As palavras de Paul agiram como um encanto, dissipando seu desânimo e cansaço, e a esperança brotou dentro dela como uma fonte vivaz. Ela caminhou levemente pelo Caminho das Bétulas, acompanhada pelo doce aroma de suas orquídeas como se fosse uma bênção.

Original English

"You darling," said Anne, taking the fragrant spikes. As if Paul's words had been a spell of magic, discouragement and weariness passed from her spirit, and hope upwelled in her heart like a dancing fountain. She went through the Birch Path light-footedly, attended by the sweetness of her orchids as by a benediction.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou a Anne como ela havia se saído durante o dia.

Original English

"Well, how did you get along?" Marilla wanted to know.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que talvez pudesse responder em um mês, mas no momento estava muito imersa para saber. Seus pensamentos pareciam confusos, como se mexidos até ficarem espessos. A única realização de que tinha certeza era ter ensinado a Clifflie Wright que A é A—ele não sabia disso antes. Ela refletiu se era significativo guiar uma alma por um caminho que poderia levar a Shakespeare e ao Paraíso Perdido.

Original English

"Ask me that a month later and I may be able to tell you. I can't now . . . I don't know myself . . . I'm too near it. My thoughts feel as if they had been all stirred up until they were thick and muddy. The only thing I feel really sure of having accomplished today is that I taught Clifflie Wright that A is A. He never knew it before. Isn't it something to have started a soul along a path that may end in Shakespeare and Paradise Lost?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Mais tarde, a Sra. Lynde chegou com encorajamento adicional. Ela havia interceptado as crianças da escola em seu portão e perguntado como elas se sentiam em relação à sua nova professora.

Original English

Mrs. Lynde came up later on with more encouragement. That good lady had waylaid the schoolchildren at her gate and demanded of them how they liked their new teacher.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O orador relatou que todos os alunos, exceto Anthony Pye, disseram que gostavam muito de Anne. Anthony afirmou que Anne não era melhor do que qualquer outra professora. O orador atribuiu essa atitude à teimosia da família Pye e aconselhou Anne a não se preocupar.

Original English

"And every one of them said they liked you splendid, Anne, except Anthony Pye. I must admit he didn't. He said you 'weren't any good, just like all girl teachers.' There's the Pye leaven for you. But never mind."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu calmamente que não se importaria com a opinião de Anthony. Ela expressou sua determinação em conquistá-lo com paciência e gentileza.

Original English

"I'm not going to mind," said Anne quietly, "and I'm going to make Anthony Pye like me yet. Patience and kindness will surely win him."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel comentou que nunca se podia prever o comportamento de um Pye, pois muitas vezes agiam de forma contrária. Ela então insistiu que o nome da mulher era Donnell, e não DonNELL, e a chamou de louca por deixar seu cachorro pug comer à mesa em um prato de porcelana. Acrescentou que teria medo de punição divina se fizesse tal coisa. Segundo Thomas, o Sr. Donnell era sensato e trabalhador, mas tinha pouco julgamento ao escolher uma esposa.

Original English

"Well, you can never tell about a Pye," said Mrs. Rachel cautiously. "They go by contraries, like dreams, often as not. As for that DonNELL woman, she'll get no DonNELLing from me, I can assure you. The name is DONnell and always has been. The woman is crazy, that's what. She has a pug dog she calls Queenie and it has its meals at the table along with the family, eating off a china plate. I'd be afraid of a judgment if I was her. Thomas says Donnell himself is a sensible, hard-working man, but he hadn't much gumption when he picked out a wife, that's what."

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All Sorts and Conditions of Men . . . and women

Pt/En

Português

A cena descrevia um dia de setembro na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, com um vento fresco soprando do mar sobre as dunas de areia. Uma longa estrada vermelha serpenteava por campos e bosques, passando por abetos, bordos com samambaias, um riacho reluzindo numa depressão e sol aberto entre varas-de-ouro e ásteres. O ar vibrava com o canto dos grilos. Um pônei marrom e roliço trotava, seguido por duas garotas que estavam cheias da simples alegria da juventude e da vida.

Original English

A September day on Prince Edward Island hills; a crisp wind blowing up over the sand dunes from the sea; a long red road, winding through fields and woods, now looping itself about a corner of thick set spruces, now threading a plantation of young maples with great feathery sheets of ferns beneath them, now dipping down into a hollow where a brook flashed out of the woods and into them again, now basking in open sunshine between ribbons of golden-rod and smoke-blue asters; air athrill with the pipings of myriads of crickets, those glad little pensioners of the summer hills; a plump brown pony ambling along the road; two girls behind him, full to the lips with the simple, priceless joy of youth and life.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou que o dia parecia um resquício do Éden e suspirou de pura felicidade. Ela disse que o ar parecia mágico e apontou a cor púrpura no vale da colheita e o cheiro de abeto moribundo vindo de uma depressão onde o Sr. Eben Wright estava cortando postes de cerca. Ela citou uma linha modificada de Wordsworth, dizendo que era uma bênção estar vivo em um dia assim, mas cheirar abeto moribundo era o paraíso. Ela se perguntou se o céu poderia ter abeto moribundo, mas sentiu que não seria perfeito sem aquele cheiro. Ela especulou que talvez no céu o aroma existisse sem a morte, e que o cheiro delicioso devia ser as almas dos abetos, que permaneceriam no céu.

Original English

"Oh, this is a day left over from Eden, isn't it, Diana?" . . . and Anne sighed for sheer happiness. "The air has magic in it. Look at the purple in the cup of the harvest valley, Diana. And oh, do smell the dying fir! It's coming up

from that little sunny hollow where Mr. Eben Wright has been cutting fence poles. Bliss is it on such a day to be alive; but to smell dying fir is very heaven. That's two thirds Wordsworth and one third Anne Shirley. It doesn't seem possible that there should be dying fir in heaven, does it? And yet it doesn't seem to me that heaven would be quite perfect if you couldn't get a whiff of dead fir as you went through its woods. Perhaps we'll have the odor there without the death. Yes, I think that will be the way. That delicious aroma must be the souls of the firs . . . and of course it will be just souls in heaven."

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Pt/En

Português

Diana comentou que as árvores não tinham alma, mas apreciava o cheiro do abeto seco. Ela pretendia fazer uma almofada recheada com agulhas de abeto e aconselhou Anne a fazer o mesmo.

Original English

"Trees haven't souls," said practical Diana, "but the smell of dead fir is certainly lovely. I'm going to make a cushion and fill it with fir needles. You'd better make one too, Anne."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne considerou fazer uma almofada para suas sonecas, pois provavelmente inspiraria sonhos de ser uma dríade ou ninfa da floresta. No entanto, naquele momento, ela estava perfeitamente satisfeita em ser Anne Shirley, a professora de Avonlea, dirigindo por uma estrada tão agradável num dia encantador.

Original English

"I think I shall . . . and use it for my naps. I'd be certain to dream I was a dryad or a woodnymph then. But just this minute I'm well content to be Anne Shirley, Avonlea schoolma'am, driving over a road like this on such a sweet, friendly day."

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Pt/En

Português

Diana suspirou, observando que, embora o dia estivesse lindo, a tarefa delas estava longe de ser agradável. Ela questionou por que Anne se voluntariou para percorrer aquela estrada em particular, observando que quase todos os moradores difíceis de Avonlea moravam ao longo dela, e que provavelmente seriam tratadas como se estivessem pedindo para si mesmas. Era a pior estrada possível.

Original English

"It's a lovely day but we have anything but a lovely task before us," sighed Diana. "Why on earth did you offer to canvass this road, Anne? Almost all the cranks in Avonlea live along it, and we'll probably be treated as if we were begging for ourselves. It's the very worst road of all."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que era exatamente por isso que a havia escolhido. Ela reconheceu que Gilbert e Fred teriam pegado aquela estrada se fossem convidados, mas sentia uma responsabilidade pessoal pela A.V.I.S. já que foi a primeira a sugeri-la. Portanto, acreditava que deveria enfrentar as tarefas mais desagradáveis. Ela pediu desculpas a Diana, mas garantiu que Diana não precisaria falar nas casas difíceis; Anne faria toda a conversa, como a Sra. Lynde diria que ela era perfeitamente capaz. Em relação à Sra. Lynde, ela estava incerta se deveria aprovar o empreendimento delas. Ela se inclinava à aprovação ao lembrar que o Sr. e a Sra. Allan o apoiavam, mas o fato de que as sociedades de melhoramento de vilarejos se originaram nos Estados Unidos contava contra. Então ela estava hesitante, e somente o sucesso as justificaria aos seus olhos. Priscilla deveria escrever um artigo para a próxima reunião, e Anne esperava que fosse bom, já que sua tia era uma escritora habilidosa e o talento provavelmente corria na família. Anne lembrou a emoção que sentiu ao descobrir que a Sra. Charlotte E. Morgan era tia de Priscilla. Parecia maravilhoso ser amiga da garota cuja tia havia escrito "Edgewood Days" e "The Rosebud Garden".

Original English

"That is why I chose it. Of course Gilbert and Fred would have taken this road if we had asked them. But you see, Diana, I feel myself responsible

for the A.V.I.S., since I was the first to suggest it, and it seems to me that I ought to do the most disagreeable things. I'm sorry on your account; but you needn't say a word at the cranky places. I'll do all the talking . . . Mrs. Lynde would say I was well able to. Mrs. Lynde doesn't know whether to approve of our enterprise or not. She inclines to, when she remembers that Mr. and Mrs. Allan are in favor of it; but the fact that village improvement societies first originated in the States is a count against it. So she is halting between two opinions and only success will justify us in Mrs. Lynde's eyes. Priscilla is going to write a paper for our next Improvement meeting, and I expect it will be good, for her aunt is such a clever writer and no doubt it runs in the family. I shall never forget the thrill it gave me when I found out that Mrs. Charlotte E. Morgan was Priscilla's aunt. It seemed so wonderful that I was a friend of the girl whose aunt wrote 'Edgewood Days' and 'The Rosebud Garden.'"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Diana perguntou sobre o local de residência da Sra. Morgan.

Original English

"Where does Mrs. Morgan live?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne comentou que Priscilla estava em Toronto e havia mencionado que viria à Ilha para uma visita no próximo verão, e que, se possível, ela organizaria um encontro. Parecia quase bom demais para ser verdade, mas era um pensamento agradável para se ter antes de dormir.

Original English

"In Toronto. And Priscilla says she is coming to the Island for a visit next summer, and if it is possible Priscilla is going to arrange to have us meet her. That seems almost too good to be true—but it's something pleasant to imagine after you go to bed."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sociedade de Melhoramentos da Vila de Avonlea tornou-se realidade. Gilbert Blythe foi eleito presidente, Fred Wright vice-presidente, Anne Shirley secretária e Diana Barry tesoureira. Os membros, que foram prontamente batizados de 'Melhoradores', planejavam se encontrar quinzenalmente nas casas uns dos outros. Eles reconheciam que não poderiam realizar muitas melhorias tão tarde na temporada, mas pretendiam planejar para o verão seguinte, reunir ideias, escrever e ler artigos e, como Anne disse, cultivar o sentimento público.

Original English

The Avonlea Village Improvement Society was an organized fact. Gilbert Blythe was president, Fred Wright vice-president, Anne Shirley secretary, and Diana Barry treasurer. The "Improvers," as they were promptly christened, were to meet once a fortnight at the homes of the members. It was admitted that they could not expect to affect many improvements so late in the season; but they meant to plan the next summer's campaign, collect and discuss ideas, write and read papers, and, as Anne said, educate the public sentiment generally.

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Pt/En

Português

Houve, é claro, alguma desaprovação e, o que os Melhoradores sentiram mais intensamente, uma boa dose de ridicularização. Foi relatado que o Sr. Elisha Wright dissera que um nome mais apropriado para a organização seria Clube do Namoro. A Sra. Hiram Sloane declarou que ouvira que os Melhoradores pretendiam arar todas as margens das estradas e plantar gerânios. O Sr. Levi Boulter advertiu seus vizinhos de que a sociedade insistiria que todos derrubassem suas casas e as reconstruíssem de acordo com planos aprovados. O Sr. James Spencer enviou um pedido para que eles, por gentileza, nivelassem a colina da igreja. Eben Wright disse a Anne que desejava que os Melhoradores pudessem convencer o velho Josiah Sloane a aparar suas costeletas. O Sr. Lawrence Bell disse que cairia seus celeiros se nada mais os agradasse, mas não penduraria cortinas de renda nas janelas do estábulo das vacas. O Sr. Major Spencer perguntou a Clifton Sloane, um Melhorador que levava o leite para a fábrica de queijo de Carmody, se era verdade que todos teriam que mandar pintar à mão seus suportes de leite

no próximo verão e manter uma toalha de centro bordada sobre eles.

Original English

There was some disapproval, of course, and . . . which the Improvers felt much more keenly . . . a good deal of ridicule. Mr. Elisha Wright was reported to have said that a more appropriate name for the organization would be Courting Club. Mrs. Hiram Sloane declared she had heard the Improvers meant to plough up all the roadsides and set them out with geraniums. Mr. Levi Boulter warned his neighbors that the Improvers would insist that everybody pull down his house and rebuild it after plans approved by the society. Mr. James Spencer sent them word that he wished they would kindly shovel down the church hill. Eben Wright told Anne that he wished the Improvers could induce old Josiah Sloane to keep his whiskers trimmed. Mr. Lawrence Bell said he would whitewash his barns if nothing else would please them but he would not hang lace curtains in the cowstable windows. Mr. Major Spencer asked Clifton Sloane, an Improver who drove the milk to the Carmody cheese factory, if it was true that everybody would have to have his milk-stand hand-painted next summer and keep an embroidered centerpiece on it.

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Pt/En

Português

Apesar do ridículo — ou talvez por causa dele, dada a natureza humana — a sociedade começou corajosamente a única melhoria que poderia realizar naquele outono. Na segunda reunião, realizada na sala de visitas dos Barry, Oliver Sloane propôs que iniciassem uma subscrição para recolocar as telhas e pintar o salão. Julia Bell apoiou a moção, apesar de um sentimento desconfortável de que estava fazendo algo não exatamente feminino. Gilbert colocou a moção em votação, foi aprovada por unanimidade, e Anne registrou solenemente em sua ata. Em seguida, precisavam nomear um comitê. Gertie Pye, determinada a não deixar Julia Bell levar toda a glória, propôs corajosamente que a Srta. Jane Andrews fosse presidente. Essa moção também foi devidamente apoiada e aprovada, e Jane retribuiu nomeando Gertie para o comitê, junto com Gilbert, Anne, Diana e Fred Wright. O comitê escolheu suas rotas em particular. Anne e Diana foram designadas para a estrada de Newbridge, Gilbert e Fred para a estrada de White Sands, e Jane e Gertie para a estrada de Carmody.

Original English

In spite of . . . or perhaps, human nature being what it is, because of . . . this, the Society went gamely to work at the only improvement they could hope to bring about that fall. At the second meeting, in the Barry parlor, Oliver Sloane moved that they start a subscription to re-shingle and paint the hall; Julia Bell seconded it, with an uneasy feeling that she was doing something not exactly ladylike. Gilbert put the motion, it was carried unanimously, and Anne gravely recorded it in her minutes. The next thing was to appoint a committee, and Gertie Pye, determined not to let Julia Bell carry off all the laurels, boldly moved that Miss Jane Andrews be chairman of said committee. This motion being also duly seconded and carried, Jane returned the compliment by appointing Gertie on the committee, along with Gilbert, Anne, Diana, and Fred Wright. The committee chose their routes in private conclave. Anne and Diana were told off for the Newbridge road, Gilbert and Fred for the White Sands road, and Jane and Gertie for the Carmody road.

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Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

adulthood 'ædʌlθʊd (1 occurrence)

Português: idade adulta

Simple English: the stage of being an adult

Example: *Young students are beginning their journey to adulthood.*

Uses in this book:

1. While the children read, she tried to calm herself and looked at the group of young students beginning their journey to adulthood. [Back to B1](#)

automatically ,ɔ:tə'mætɪkli (1 occurrence)

Português: automaticamente

Simple English: Done without thinking or control, by itself.

Example: *He automatically breathed in air.*

Uses in this book:

1. She heard classes and worked math problems automatically. [Back to B1](#)

barrel 'bærəl (1 occurrence)

Português: barril

Simple English: a large round container for liquids

Example: *He washed them in a big barrel of rainwater.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then he washed them all at once in a big barrel of rainwater and left them to dry by themselves. [Back to B1](#)

confirm /kən'fɜ:rm/ (1 occurrence)

Português: confirmar

Simple English: To show something is true by providing proof clearly.

Example: *Can you confirm the time for our appointment tomorrow?*

Uses in this book:

1. She admitted that in the past she had made cakes that were not good, as Mrs. Allan could confirm, but this one was fine. [Back to B1](#)

defeat /dɪ'fi:t/ (1 occurrence)

Português: derrota; derrotar; vencer

Simple English: To win against someone in a war, game, or contest.

Example: *Our team managed to defeat the rivals in the championship match last week.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne decided immediately that she would win his love and defeat the Pye family completely. [Back to B1](#)

definitely 'defɪnɪtli (1 occurrence)

Português: definitivamente

Simple English: without any doubt

Example: *She definitely likes chocolate.*

Uses in this book:

1. There was definitely nothing like a kindred spirit about him. [Back to B1](#)

direct /dɪ'rekt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: direto; direcionar; dirigir

Simple English: To instruct actors and organize scenes in a movie, play, or show.

Example: *He was hired to direct the next big theater production this season.*

Uses in this book:

1. But she should not worry about him; he was just a very honest old man who often said what he thought, even if it was direct. [Back to B1](#)

directness *də'rektnəs* (1 occurrence)

Português: franqueza

Simple English: the quality of being direct and honest

Example: *Anne sometimes found his directness difficult.*

Uses in this book:

1. They were good friends, though Anne sometimes found his directness difficult. [Back to B1](#)

disagreed *,dɪsə'grɪ:d* (6 occurrences)

Português: discordou

Simple English: to have a different opinion

Example: *Professor Porter disagreed.*

Uses in this book:

1. Diana disagreed. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne strongly disagreed with Mr. Harrison's comment. [Back to B1](#)

3. Anne disagreed strongly.

4. Anne disagreed with Marilla.

5. Anne disagreed strongly.

disagreement *,dɪsə'grɪ:mənt* (1 occurrence)

Português: discordância

Simple English: a situation where people have different opinions

Example: *He showed his disagreement by not obeying.*

Uses in this book:

1. Jane showed her disagreement by tossing her head. [Back to B1](#)

disrespect *dɪsrɪ'spekt* (2 occurrences)

Português: desrespeito

Simple English: A lack of respect or rude behavior.

Example: *His disrespect offended many people.*

Uses in this book:

1. Ginger the parrot spoke the words "redheaded snippet" in a tone of deep disrespect. [Back to B1](#)

2. The house was already clean, but Anne thought any dust would be a disrespect to Mrs. Morgan.

exist *ɪg'zɪst* (3 occurrences)

Português: existir

Simple English: To be real or alive.

Example: *Aliens might exist on other planets.*

Uses in this book:

1. She suggested that perhaps in heaven, the aroma would exist without the death, and that delicious smell must be the souls of the firs, and in heaven there would only be souls. [Back to B1](#)
2. Priscilla asked how it was possible that a garden could exist back there.
3. She did not think it could still exist.

firewood *'faɪərwʊd* (1 occurrence)

Português: lenha

Simple English: Wood used for making fire.

Example: *They cut boards into firewood for the fire.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne said that maybe the boys could take down the house if they agreed to move the boards and cut them up for firewood. [Back to B1](#)

firmness *'fɜːrminəs* (1 occurrence)

Português: firmeza

Simple English: The quality of being strong and steady.

Example: *Her firmness showed she was serious.*

Uses in this book:

1. The firmness of Anne's lips showed that Mrs. Rachel was probably correct. [Back to B1](#)

focus 'foukəs (1 occurrence)

Português: focar

Simple English: To pay attention to one thing.

Example: *He wanted to focus on their safety first.*

Uses in this book:

1. She advised Anne to focus on her school instead. [Back to B1](#)

food fu:d (14 occurrences)

Português: comida

Simple English: things to eat

Example: *His mother also gave him a basket of food to take back on Monday mornings.*

Uses in this book:

1. His mother also gave him a basket of food to take back on Monday mornings. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne brought the food to him and sat sadly while he ate it happily, without regret.
3. They sat down and enjoyed Anne's food, including the simple sandwiches, which their healthy appetites appreciated after all the fresh air and exercise.
4. The food was perfectly cooked, but it would not stay that way for long.
5. She suggested that they carry the food in and finish the meal.

frustrated 'frʌstreɪtɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: frustrado

Simple English: Feeling angry or upset because of problems.

Example: *It made loud sounds because it was frustrated.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, Ginger, the parrot, was not silent and kept calling Anne a redheaded snipet from time to time, which made Anne very frustrated. [Back to B1](#)

goal *goul* (2 occurrences)

Português: objetivo

Simple English: A result you want to achieve.

Example: *Her goal is to learn English this year.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt proud to be part of a group that had such a goal. [Back to B1](#)
2. She does not exactly want to make people know more, though she knows that is the noblest goal, but she would love to make them have a nicer time because of her.

goals *goulz* (1 occurrence)

Português: objetivos

Simple English: Things a person wants to achieve.

Example: *Her goal is to learn English.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had no other goals. [Back to B1](#)

gotten *'gotn* (5 occurrences)

Português: chegado

Simple English: Past form of get, meaning to reach or arrive.

Example: *He has gotten to the top of the hill.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Harrison was surprised and asked if Anne meant that the cow had gotten into his wheat. [Back to B1](#)
2. She decided to forgive Davy for his next mistake, whatever it might be, because he had gotten back at Ginger for her.
3. He asked if Ruby Gillis had gotten the Carmody school.
4. Davy suggested that maybe he had gotten out of the wrong side of the bed.
5. Marilla asked Anne what nonsense had gotten into her and demanded to know who that woman was.

hardworking *'hard,wɜrkɪŋ* (3 occurrences)

Português: trabalhador

Simple English: Putting a lot of effort and time into work.

Example: *The old man could teach them to be good and hardworking.*

Uses in this book:

1. She mentioned that Thomas said Mr. Donnell was sensible and hardworking, but he did not have good judgment in choosing a wife. [Back to B1](#)
2. Dora was a hardworking child who liked to help with small tasks like feeding chickens, picking up chips, and wiping dishes.
3. His wife Rachel was a gentle, patient, and hardworking nurse.

haze *heɪz* (1 occurrence)

Português: névoa

Simple English: a light mist or fog

Example: *A blue haze covered the harvest fields.*

Uses in this book:

1. The blue haze on the harvest fields, the wind in the poplars, and the red poppies against the dark firs in the orchard all encouraged her to dream. [Back to B1](#)

inspire */ɪn'spaɪər/* (2 occurrences)

Português: inspirar

Simple English: To cause something to be created by giving ideas.

Example: *The author wanted to inspire young readers with her adventurous stories.*

Uses in this book:

1. She imagined herself as a schoolteacher who would inspire students to become future leaders. [Back to B1](#)
2. She did not inspire big ambitions, but she showed them how to live well, with truth, courtesy, and kindness.

interfere ˌɪntərˈfɪər (3 occurrences)

Português: interferir

Simple English: To get involved in a situation when you should not.

Example: *Please do not interfere in their argument.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne answered in a dignified way that they were not going to interfere with people, only improve places. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Rachel said firmly that she would not interfere with Marilla, and Marilla should not interfere with her.

join dʒɔɪn (2 occurrences)

Português: participar

Simple English: To become part of a group or activity.

Example: *I want to join the basketball team.*

Uses in this book:

1. Most other people were happy to join anything that meant meetings and fun. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne tried very hard to join the conversation for her guests, but she had lost all her energy.

leaders ˈliːdərz (1 occurrence)

Português: líderes

Simple English: People who guide or are in charge of a group.

Example: *The village leaders talked about leaving.*

Uses in this book:

1. She imagined herself as a schoolteacher who would inspire students to become future leaders. [Back to B1](#)

lucky ˈlʌki (5 occurrences)

Português: sortudo

Simple English: having good luck

Example: *He felt lucky to win the prize.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Lynde left and said it was lucky that Mrs. Robert Bell was dead, because she would be sad to see how dirty her house was now. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said it was lucky that Mrs. Morgan was coming while Miss Stacy was there.
3. She said it was lucky that she had made sponge cake and doughnuts.
4. He was born to be ruled, and it was lucky that a clever manager like Rachel ruled him.
5. John Henry said they were not so lucky.

magical *'mædʒɪkəl* (2 occurrences)

Português: mágico

Simple English: related to magic or a special power

Example: *The story told about magical creatures.*

Uses in this book:

1. The path to that world was magical, and even her closest friend could not follow her. [Back to B1](#)
2. The echoes came back, sounding like many small, magical people were copying her laughter in the purple woods and along the edges of the fir trees.

math *mæθ* (3 occurrences)

Português: matemática

Simple English: The study of numbers and calculations.

Example: *He was good at math.*

Uses in this book:

1. She heard classes and worked math problems automatically. [Back to B1](#)
2. When Barbara Shaw came to the desk with a math problem, she tripped over the coal bucket.
3. Anne and her students were working on math and grammar in the school.

memorized *'mɛmərəɪzd* (1 occurrence)

Português: decorado

Simple English: Learned something so well that you can remember it perfectly.

Example: *She sounded like she had memorized her words.*

Uses in this book:

1. She improved it with great care and then memorized it. [Back to B1](#)

messy *'mes.i* (8 occurrences)

Português: bagunçado

Simple English: Not clean or tidy.

Example: *Her desk is always messy.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne, with a red face and messy hair, said she would sell the cow now if he wanted it. [Back to B1](#)
2. The bed was a little messy.
3. Marilla gently touched Anne's messy, shiny hair.
4. Anne opened the letter quickly and looked over the contents, which were somewhat messy and not well written.
5. As a result, many farms now had smooth green grass where there used to be messy bushes and plants.

mocked *mɒkt* (1 occurrence)

Português: zombou

Simple English: Made fun of someone in a rude way.

Example: *The boy mocked his friend by copying how he talks.*

Uses in this book:

1. The parrot Ginger mocked Anne by referring to her as a redheaded snippet. [Back to B1](#)

oat *out* (1 occurrence)

Português: aveia

Simple English: A plant used for food, often for animals.

Example: *The cow was standing in a field of oats.*

Uses in this book:

1. And there, standing in the middle of it, up to her smooth sides in the thick plants, and looking at them calmly over the oat tops, was a Jersey cow. [Back to B1](#)

option *'ɒpʃən* (1 occurrence)

Português: opção

Simple English: A choice you can make.

Example: *His only option was to go back to get more money.*

Uses in this book:

1. He agreed with Anne that usually there were better ways to manage children, and physical punishment should only be used as a final option. [Back to B1](#)

ordinary *'ɔ:rdə,nəri* (5 occurrences)

Português: comum

Simple English: Normal or usual; not special.

Example: *They live an ordinary life in a small town.*

Uses in this book:

1. They might be ordinary, but maybe one of them was a genius. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Morgan was a famous woman, and a visit from her was not an ordinary event.
3. Around the next turn they saw, not a palace, but a small house that was almost as surprising as a palace would have been in this area of ordinary wooden farmhouses that all looked similar.
4. Anne said her own name makes her think of ordinary things like bread and butter, patchwork, and chores.
5. She remembered that Diana had also once said she would never get engaged in an ordinary way, but she had changed.

payment 'peɪmənt (1 occurrence)

Português: pagamento

Simple English: Money given for work or something you buy.

Example: *Werper thought about what his payment would be.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said that if Anne and her group could get Levi Boulter to do something for the public without payment, she would like to see it. [Back to B1](#)

persuade /pə'sweɪd/ (3 occurrences)

Português: persuadir; convencer

Simple English: To convince someone to do something through effective reasoning.

Example: *I tried to persuade my friend to join the gym with me.*

Uses in this book:

1. For example, if they could persuade Mr. Levi Boulter to take down that old house on his farm, that would be an improvement. [Back to B1](#)

2. Mr. Harrison refused to give any money, and Anne could not persuade him.

3. Carrie Sloane suggested that he visits Louisa Spencer at White Sands, and maybe Louisa could persuade him not to rent his fences.

physical 'fɪzɪkəl (2 occurrences)

Português: físico

Simple English: Related to the body or things you can touch.

Example: *Physical exercise is good for health.*

Uses in this book:

1. He agreed with Anne that usually there were better ways to manage children, and physical punishment should only be used as a final option. [Back to B1](#)

2. His rule was to use physical punishment only as a last resort. [Back to B1](#)

playful *'pleɪfəl* (3 occurrences)

Português: brincalhão

Simple English: Full of fun and games.

Example: *The puppy was very playful with the children.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne said it was a cake, speaking in a playful way. [Back to B1](#)
2. Dora's hazel eyes were gentle and mild; Davy's were playful and dancing like an elf's.
3. Then he turned and smiled at Anne with a mix of playful and gentle emotion.

preferred *pɪ'fɜːrd* (3 occurrences)

Português: preferiu

Simple English: Liked one thing more than another.

Example: *She preferred tea over coffee.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was determined he would be called St. Clair, even though his father continued to call him Jacob and the boy himself preferred the common name. [Back to B1](#)
2. Marilla said she preferred a calm life without such ups and downs, but her experience with Anne and the twins made her less certain.
3. He preferred to live with Marilla even if she was economical with jam, because Anne was there.

prime */praɪm/* (1 occurrence)

Português: privilegiada; principal; auge

Simple English: First in importance, rank, or quality.

Example: *This is the prime example of how teamwork leads to great success.*

Uses in this book:

1. She dreamed that in forty years, a famous person, perhaps a college president or Canadian prime minister, would thank her for inspiring him. [Back to B1](#)

problem *'pra:bləm* (12 occurrences)

Português: problema

Simple English: something difficult or wrong

Example: *He had a problem with the new rule.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Rachel agreed that the old ruin was ugly and had been a problem for the village. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne sighed and said that if only that were the problem. [Back to B1](#)
3. She said Anne's problem was that she expected to teach the children everything and fix all their faults immediately, and if she could not, she would think she had failed. [Back to B1](#)
4. The problem was that she could not remember any of it when she started. [Back to B1](#)
5. When Barbara Shaw came to the desk with a math problem, she tripped over the coal bucket.

progress */'pra:grɛs/* (1 occurrence)

Português: progresso; andamento; progredir

Simple English: Gradual movement toward achieving a specific goal.

Example: *We need to keep track of our progress in the project each week.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said they should try their best and be happy with slow progress. [Back to B1](#)

push *pʊʃ* (1 occurrence)

Português: empurrar

Simple English: to move something by pressing it with force

Example: *She tried to push the door open.*

Uses in this book:

1. It took ten minutes to stop the cow and push it through the corner gap into the lane. [Back to B1](#)

remarried ,ri:ˈmærið (2 occurrences)

Português: casou-se novamente

Simple English: married again after being divorced or widowed

Example: *Her father remarried last year.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her father remarried and brought her from her grandmother's. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then she asked how Paul would like to have a new mother if his father remarried.

rude ru:d (4 occurrences)

Português: grosseiro

Simple English: Not polite or showing bad manners.

Example: *He did not mean to be rude.*

Uses in this book:

1. She could not be rude to Mr. Harrison now, because she had sold his Jersey cow without telling him. [Back to B1](#)
2. Even so, the parrot's rude word "redheaded snippet" still hurt her, but she did not act as quietly as she usually did. [Back to B1](#)
3. The rest of their trip went well, with only a few rude responses.
4. Anthony Pye walked to his seat with his usual rude confidence, and she saw him whisper to his neighbor and then look at her with a smile.

rudely ˈru:dli (2 occurrences)

Português: grosseiramente

Simple English: In a way that is not polite or respectful.

Example: *The crowd shouted rudely because they were angry.*

Uses in this book:

1. Jane asked what would happen if a boy answered rudely when told to do something. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anthony answered rudely that he did it.

scream /skri:m/ (2 occurrences)

Português: gritar; grito

Simple English: To make a loud, sharp cry expressing strong emotion.

Example: *She couldn't help but scream when she saw the spider in her room.*

Uses in this book:

1. While Marilla was looking over Anne's purchases from Carmody, she heard a loud scream from the barnyard. [Back to B1](#)
2. Three of them fainted, two girls had hysterics, and Tommy Blewett did nothing but scream loudly the whole time.

separated 'sep.ər.eɪ.tɪd (3 occurrences)

Português: separado

Simple English: Kept apart from others.

Example: *They were separated into different groups.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said it was his part of the fence that separated his oatfield from their pasture, and she had noticed that it was not in very good condition. [Back to B1](#)
2. When he grows up, he will go back to his father and they will never be separated again.
3. People said Miss Lavendar had been engaged to Stephan Irving, Paul's father, when they were young, but they had argued and separated.

shouting 'ʃaʊtɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: gritando

Simple English: speaking very loudly to express emotions

Example: *He was shouting insults during the fight.*

Uses in this book:

1. Ginger made a lot of noise, shouting and swearing, but when left alone, he became quiet and sulky. [Back to B1](#)

strict /strikt/ (6 occurrences)

Português: estrita; rigoroso; rígidas

Simple English: Absolute rules that must always be obeyed.

Example: *The school has strict rules about student behavior during classes.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Lynde warned that her students might not respect her as they would a stranger unless she was very strict from the beginning. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, Anne did not think a teacher should be strict. [Back to B1](#)
3. She said the most important thing was to keep order, and a teacher had to be a little strict to do that. [Back to B1](#)
4. Marilla said she did not want to be too strict with the child.
5. Marilla was not there, and she would have been shocked because she taught the twins strict religious lessons.

student 'studənt (10 occurrences)

Português: estudante

Simple English: a person who learns at school or university

Example: *She is a good student in the class.*

Uses in this book:

1. The boy was ten years old, and Rachel was not sure if he would be a good student. [Back to B1](#)
2. Marilla said that having a new student would be good for the school. [Back to B1](#)
3. When he was a student, his teacher whipped him every day because the teacher thought that if he was not doing something wrong, he was planning to do something wrong. [Back to B1](#)
4. The speaker said that every student said they liked Anne very much, except Anthony Pye. [Back to B1](#)
5. He had learned more in the weeks he had been teaching than in all his years as a student.

students *'stju:dənts* (19 occurrences)

Português: estudantes

Simple English: people who learn at school or university

Example: *The students asked many questions during the lesson.*

Uses in this book:

1. She imagined herself as a schoolteacher who would inspire students to become future leaders. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Lynde warned that her students might not respect her as they would a stranger unless she was very strict from the beginning. [Back to B1](#)
3. If her students did not obey, she would punish them. [Back to B1](#)
4. Jane said that she would whip her students when they were bad. [Back to B1](#)
5. Anne said strongly that she would rather have her students love her and remember her as a real helper than be on the honor roll. [Back to B1](#)

successful *sək'sesfəl* (4 occurrences)

Português: bem-sucedido

Simple English: Having a good result or achieving a goal.

Example: *She was successful in passing the exam.*

Uses in this book:

1. Besides, those children were not dead; they were all grown up and successful, and one was a butcher. [Back to B1](#)
2. Maybe this was because he had been too successful in business, which often makes people unpopular.
3. If he looked successful, the other party would be less likely to cheat him.
4. A successful mid-year exam was held, and Anne's students did very well.

tests *tɛsts* (1 occurrence)

Português: testes

Simple English: Activities to check strength or skill.

Example: *There were tests of strength and skill, and running races.*

Uses in this book:

1. Jane said that the Inspector tests the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and will not give a good report if they do not meet his standard.

[Back to B1](#)

thief *θi:f* (1 occurrence)

Português: ladrão

Simple English: A person who steals things.

Example: *Bluber called someone a dirty thief.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was sick and a thief, and his wife was unable to do any work. [Back to B1](#)

throughout */θru:ˈaʊt/* (3 occurrences)

Português: ao longo

Simple English: During the entire period of an event or process.

Example: *We traveled throughout the country to explore its beauty and culture.*

Uses in this book:

1. He hoped it was good throughout. [Back to B1](#)
2. He explained that a person has to fight something throughout life.
3. Anne said that she would wish for spring all the time, in everyone's heart, and throughout their whole lives.

tiredness *ˈtaɪərdnəs* (1 occurrence)

Português: cansaço

Simple English: The state of being very tired.

Example: *He felt weakness and tiredness.*

Uses in this book:

1. Paul's words felt like magic; her discouragement and tiredness disappeared, and hope came back to her heart. [Back to B1](#)

triangular *traɪˈæŋgjələr* (1 occurrence)

Português: triangular

Simple English: having three sides and three angles

Example: *There is a triangular piece of land.*

Uses in this book:

1. There is a triangular piece of land where the roads from Carmody, Newbridge, and White Sands meet. [Back to B1](#)

troublemaker ˈtrʌbl,mɛɪkər (1 occurrence)

Português: criador de problemas

Simple English: a person who causes problems

Example: *The other troublemaker was Anthony Pye.*

Uses in this book:

1. The other troublemaker was Anthony Pye. [Back to B1](#)

typical ˈtɪpɪkəl (1 occurrence)

Português: típico

Simple English: Normal or usual for someone or something.

Example: *It is typical for cats to sleep a lot.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker noted that this was typical of the Pye family, but told Anne not to worry. [Back to B1](#)

unclear ʌnˈkliər (1 occurrence)

Português: incerto

Simple English: Not easy to understand or know.

Example: *It is unclear what she means.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her thoughts felt stirred up and unclear. [Back to B1](#)

undecided ʌnˈdɪsaɪdɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: indeciso

Simple English: not having made a choice or decision

Example: *She was undecided about what to do.*

Uses in this book:

1. So she was undecided, and only success would make Mrs. Lynde approve. [Back to B1](#)

unfriendly ʌnˈfrɛndli (2 occurrences)

Português: não amigável

Simple English: Not kind or pleasant.

Example: *The dog looked unfriendly to strangers.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had a dark, unhappy face and stared at Anne with unfriendly black eyes.

[Back to B1](#)

2. The next day, Mr. Joshua Pye, who was unfriendly and quiet, started painting.

upbringing ˈʌpˌbrɪŋɪŋ (2 occurrences)

Português: criação

Simple English: The way someone is raised by their family

Example: *His upbringing taught him to be honest.*

Uses in this book:

1. Davy had never had any proper upbringing because his father died when he was a baby and Mary had been sick almost ever since. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne said she always felt sorry for children without proper upbringing, noting that she herself had none until Marilla took her in. [Back to B1](#)

weekend ˈwi:kˌɛnd (1 occurrence)

Português: final de semana

Simple English: Saturday and Sunday

Example: *We like to relax on the weekend.*

Uses in this book:

1. Gilbert Blythe, who would teach at White Sands but come home every weekend, was very excited about it. [Back to B1](#)