

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1



MicMac

Anne of Green Gables

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B2



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

ANNE DE GREEN GABLES

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

Anne of Green Gables

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L. M. Montgomery

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
Support

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Autor

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

Ambientado no final do século XIX na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, Canadá, Anne de Green Gables narra as aventuras de Anne Shirley, uma órfã de 11 anos imaginativa e tagarela. Enviada por engano para viver com os irmãos de meia-idade Matthew e Marilla Cuthbert, que pretendiam adotar um menino para ajudar na fazenda Green Gables, na cidade fictícia de Avonlea. Apesar da relutância inicial, Marilla concorda em deixar Anne ficar, e o romance acompanha sua integração na comunidade. A imaginação vívida de Anne e sua tendência a se meter em confusões—como tingir o cabelo de verde, quebrar uma lousa na cabeça de um menino e embebedar acidentalmente sua amiga—criam conflito e charme. Os conflitos centrais incluem a luta de Anne para controlar seu temperamento e seu desejo de ser amada e aceita. Personagens principais incluem o gentil mas tímido Matthew, a severa mas justa Marilla, a amiga íntima Diana Barry e seu rival transformado em amigo Gilbert Blythe. A história progride pelos anos escolares de Anne, suas conquistas acadêmicas e seu crescente vínculo com os Cuthberts. O tom

é caloroso, humorístico e nostálgico, mesclando descrições caprichosas da natureza com momentos comoventes de crescimento e pertencimento. O romance termina com Anne decidindo ficar em Avonlea para cuidar de Marilla após a morte de Matthew, abrindo mão de uma bolsa de estudos para frequentar a faculdade, mas a resolução final de seu futuro permanece em aberto.

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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Mrs. Rachel Lynde is Surprised

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived in a hollow near the main road in Avonlea. A small brook flowed past her house. The brook was usually calm by the time it reached her home. This was because Mrs. Rachel watched everything from her window. She paid close attention to anything unusual and always wanted to know why things happened.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel Lynde was a very busy and capable woman. She managed her own affairs and also paid attention to other people's lives. She was a good housekeeper and was involved in many community activities, like the Sewing Circle and the Sunday-school. She also helped the Church Aid Society. Even with all this, she spent hours knitting and watching the road that went through the hollow and up a hill. Avonlea was on a peninsula, so everyone entering or leaving had to use that road, passing by her watchful eye.

Pt/En It was a warm afternoon in early June. Mrs. Rachel was sitting by her window. Her orchard was full of pink and white flowers, and bees were buzzing. Her husband, Thomas Lynde, who was known as "Rachel Lynde's husband," was planting turnips. Mrs. Rachel knew that Matthew Cuthbert should also have been planting his turnips that day. She knew this because she had heard Matthew tell someone the evening before that he planned to do it the next afternoon.

Pt/En However, Mrs. Rachel saw Matthew Cuthbert driving his buggy with his horse. It was half-past three in the afternoon, a busy time. Matthew was wearing his best clothes, including a white collar, which meant he was going somewhere important and probably far away. Mrs. Rachel wondered where he was going and why.

Pt/En Usually, Mrs. Rachel could guess why someone was going somewhere. But Matthew Cuthbert was very shy and rarely left home. He disliked meeting new people or going to places where he had to talk. Seeing him dressed up and driving in a buggy suggested something unusual was happening. Mrs. Rachel thought hard, but she could not figure it out, and it spoiled her afternoon.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde decided she would visit Green Gables after her meal to ask Marilla why Matthew had gone to town. She was confused because Matthew did not usually go to town at this time of year, and he

never visited people. She thought he would not dress up and take the buggy just to buy turnip seeds or to find a doctor. She felt sure something must have happened to make him leave. Mrs. Lynde wanted to know what had made Matthew Cuthbert leave Avonlea that day.

Pt/En After her meal, Mrs. Rachel Lynde started walking to Green Gables, which was not far away. The Cuthbert house was about a quarter of a mile up the road. However, the long, winding lane made the journey longer. Matthew Cuthbert's father had built the house far from other people, on the edge of his land. Green Gables was hidden from the main road where most other houses in Avonlea were built close together. Mrs. Rachel Lynde did not think living in such a place was proper.

Pt/En As she walked along the grassy lane, bordered by wild roses, Mrs. Rachel said that the Cuthberts were just staying at home. She thought it was not surprising that Matthew and Marilla were a bit strange, living so far away by themselves. She felt that trees were not good company and preferred looking at people. She supposed they were happy because they were used to living like that, as people can get used to anything.

Pt/En With that thought, Mrs. Rachel walked from the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. The yard was very green, *tidy*, and well-kept, with large willow trees on one side and tall poplar trees on the other. There were no fallen leaves or stones visible because Mrs. Rachel would have noticed them. She privately believed that Marilla Cuthbert cleaned the yard as often as she cleaned her house. The ground was so clean that one could have eaten a meal from it.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel knocked on the kitchen door and was invited inside. The kitchen at Green Gables was a pleasant room, but it was so extremely clean that it looked like an unused *formal* room. Its windows faced east and west. Sunlight came through the west window, looking out *onto* the backyard. The east window, which offered a view of white cherry trees and slender birch trees by the brook, was covered with green vines. Marilla Cuthbert sat there, knitting. She was always a little suspicious of sunshine, finding it too lively for a world that needed to be taken seriously. The table behind her was set for supper.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel noticed everything on the table. She saw three plates, so she thought Marilla was expecting someone to join Matthew for

tea. However, the dishes were ordinary, and there was only one kind of cake. This meant the guests were not very important. But Mrs. Rachel was confused because Matthew was wearing a white collar and the sorrel horse was ready. It was a strange mystery for quiet Green Gables.

Pt/En Marilla greeted Mrs. Rachel and said it was a nice evening. She asked Mrs. Rachel to sit down and asked how her family was.

Pt/En Marilla Cuthbert and Mrs. Rachel had a friendship that had always existed between them, even though they were very different people.

Pt/En Marilla was a tall, thin woman with dark hair that had some gray in it. Her hair was tied back tightly. She seemed like a person with little experience and strict rules, but her mouth showed she might have had a sense of humor.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel replied that her family was well. She said she was worried about Marilla's family because she saw Matthew leave that day and thought he might be going to the doctor.

Pt/En Marilla understood why Mrs. Rachel had come. She knew her neighbor was very curious about Matthew leaving home without a clear reason.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel told Marilla she was feeling fine, even though she had a bad headache the day before. She explained that Matthew had gone to Bright River because they were expecting a young boy from an orphanage in Nova Scotia, who was arriving by train that night.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel was extremely surprised by Marilla's news. She was so shocked that she could not speak for five seconds. She found it hard to believe that Marilla was joking, but she almost had to think so.

Pt/En When Mrs. Rachel could speak again, she asked Marilla if she was serious.

Pt/En Marilla replied that she was, speaking as if bringing boys from orphanages in Nova Scotia was a normal part of farm work in Avonlea, instead of something very unusual.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel was very surprised. She could not believe it. Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert were going to adopt a boy from an orphanage!

She thought the world was changing very fast and that she would not be surprised by anything anymore.

Pt/En She asked Marilla why she had decided to do such a thing, showing she did not approve.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel felt that the Cuthberts should have asked her opinion first, and she did not agree with their decision.

Pt/En Marilla explained that they had been thinking about it all winter. Mrs. Alexander Spencer was getting a girl from an orphanage and had offered to find a boy for them. Matthew, who was sixty and had heart problems, needed help on the farm. It was hard to find good workers because young boys often left for better jobs. Marilla did not want a boy from London, preferring a Canadian boy. They had asked Mrs. Spencer to find a smart boy, about ten or eleven years old, who could help with chores and also go to school. They received a telegram saying the boy would arrive that night by train, and Matthew had gone to meet him.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel believed in saying what she thought. Now that she understood the news, she was ready to share her opinion.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel told Marilla that she thought it was a very unwise and risky decision to bring a strange child into their home. She explained that they knew nothing about the child, his parents, or what he would be like. Mrs. Rachel also mentioned a story she read about a boy from an orphanage who deliberately set fire to a house.

Pt/En She added that the boy almost burned the family in their beds. Mrs. Rachel also told Marilla about another adopted boy who used to steal and eat eggs. She said that if Marilla had asked her opinion, she would have strongly advised against taking the child.

Pt/En Marilla did not seem upset or worried by Mrs. Rachel's words and continued knitting.

Pt/En Marilla admitted that she had some worries too, but Matthew really wanted to adopt the child. She felt it was her duty to agree because Matthew rarely insisted on anything. Marilla also said that there are risks in many things in life, even in having one's own children, and that the child would not be too different from them since Nova Scotia was close to the Island.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel said she hoped it would work out well, but she made it clear she still had doubts. She warned Marilla that if the child burned down Green Gables or poisoned the well, she had told her so. She recalled a story about a girl from an orphanage who did something similar, causing a whole family to die.

Pt/En Marilla told Mrs. Rachel that they would not adopt a girl. She explained that she would never agree to raise a girl and thought it was strange that Mrs. Spencer would. Marilla added that Mrs. Spencer would adopt many children if she decided to.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel wanted to wait for Matthew to return with the orphan boy. However, she realized he would not arrive for at least two hours. She decided to visit Robert Bell to share the news, as she enjoyed causing excitement. Mrs. Rachel left, which made Marilla feel a little better because Mrs. Rachel's negative thoughts had been making her worried.

Pt/En Once outside, Mrs. Rachel expressed her surprise, thinking she might be dreaming. She felt sorry for the young orphan. Mrs. Rachel believed Matthew and Marilla did not understand children and would expect too much from the boy. She thought it was strange to imagine a child at Green Gables, as Matthew and Marilla were already adults when the house was built. She felt very sorry for the orphan and said she would not want to be in his situation.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel spoke these thoughts to the rose bushes. If she had seen the child waiting at the Bright River station at that moment, she would have felt even more pity for him.

Matthew Cuthbert is surprised

Pt/En Matthew Cuthbert rode his horse, the sorrel mare, for eight miles to Bright River. The road was pleasant, passing by farms and through small forests with blooming wild plum trees. The air smelled sweet from apple orchards, and the distant meadows looked misty and colorful.

Pt/En The little birds sang as if it was the only summer day of the whole year.

Pt/En Matthew enjoyed his drive, but he did not like meeting women. On Prince Edward Island, people were expected to nod to everyone they met on the road, even strangers. Matthew found this difficult.

Pt/En Matthew felt uncomfortable around most women, except Marilla and Mrs. Rachel. He thought they were secretly laughing at him. He looked unusual, with a large body, long gray hair, and a full brown beard. He had looked similar for many years.

Pt/En When Matthew arrived at Bright River, there was no train. He thought he was too early. He tied his horse and went to the station. The platform was empty except for a girl sitting at the end. Matthew walked past her quickly without looking. If he had looked, he would have seen she was waiting very eagerly for someone.

Pt/En Matthew spoke to the stationmaster, who was closing the ticket office to go home for supper. Matthew asked him if the five-thirty train would arrive soon.

Pt/En The station official told Matthew that the five-thirty train had already left 30 minutes ago. He explained that a little girl had arrived for him. She was sitting outside on the roof tiles. When the official suggested she go into the waiting room, she seriously said she preferred to stay outside because she felt there was more room for her imagination. The official thought she was a very interesting child.

Pt/En Matthew replied that he was not expecting a girl. He said he had come for a boy, who was supposed to arrive. He mentioned that Mrs. Alexander Spencer was bringing the boy from Nova Scotia for him.

Pt/En The stationmaster whistled.

Pt/En The stationmaster suggested there might be a mistake. He said Mrs. Spencer had arrived with the girl and given her to his care. He added that Mrs. Spencer had told him Matthew and his sister were adopting the girl from an orphanage and would come for her soon. He stated that this was all the information he had and that he had no other orphans there.

Pt/En Matthew said he did not understand the situation. He wished Marilla was there to help him deal with it.

Pt/En The station-master told Matthew to ask the girl herself. He said she could explain and perhaps they did not have the type of boy Matthew wanted.

Pt/En The station-master walked away, feeling hungry. Matthew felt it was very hard for him to approach a strange orphan girl and ask why she was not a boy. He felt unhappy and slowly walked towards her on the platform.

Pt/En The girl was about eleven years old. She wore a short, tight, and ugly dress, a faded hat, and had two thick braids of very red hair. Her face was small, pale, and thin, with many freckles. She had a large mouth and large eyes that changed color.

Pt/En Someone who looked closely might have seen that she had a pointed chin, lively eyes, a sweet mouth, and a broad forehead. This suggested that she was an interesting person, not an ordinary child, and Matthew felt shy because of her.

Pt/En Matthew did not have to speak first. As soon as the girl saw he was coming to her, she stood up. She held an old bag in one hand and offered the other hand to Matthew.

Pt/En The girl asked Mr. Matthew Cuthbert if he was from Green Gables. She was happy he had arrived. She said she had thought about staying overnight in a cherry tree if he had not come for her. She thought it would be nice to sleep in a tree with white flowers in the moonlight.

Pt/En Matthew held the girl's hand. He decided he would take her home. He thought Marilla should tell her there was a mistake. He knew she could not stay at Bright River, so he would wait to explain everything until they were home at Green Gables.

Pt/En Matthew shyly said he was sorry he was late. He told her to come and offered to take her bag.

Pt/En The girl said she could carry her bag because it was not heavy, even though it held all her things. She wanted to carry it herself because she knew how to hold it so the handle would not break. She was glad Matthew had come, but she also thought sleeping in a cherry tree would have been nice. She knew they had a long drive to Green Gables, about eight miles, and she liked driving. She felt it was wonderful that she was going to live with them and belong to them, as she had never belonged to anyone before. She said being in an orphanage was the worst experience, even though she was only there for four months. She explained that it was hard to imagine things in the orphanage, so she imagined stories about the other children, like one girl being a princess. She said she imagined these things at night because she was too busy during the day, and she thought this was why she was so thin. She wished she was plump and had dimples.

Pt/En The girl stopped talking when they reached the buggy. She did not speak again until they had driven out of the village and down a hill. The road was cut deep into the soil, and the banks beside them, covered with cherry and birch trees, were much higher than their heads.

Pt/En The child reached out and broke off a branch from a wild plum tree that was next to the buggy.

Pt/En She asked Matthew if he found the tree beautiful and what it made him think of, describing it as white and lacy.

Pt/En Matthew answered that he did not know.

Pt/En She explained that the tree reminded her of a bride in a white dress with a veil. She said she had never seen a bride but could imagine one. She thought she would probably never get married because she felt she was not pretty enough, but she hoped to have a white dress one day, which she considered the best happiness. She loved nice clothes and had never owned a pretty dress. She mentioned that she felt ashamed of her old, plain dress when she left the orphanage, as all the orphans had to wear similar dresses made from a material called wincey. She preferred to believe a merchant gave the material out of kindness rather than because he could not sell it. She imagined wearing a beautiful pale blue silk dress and a fancy hat, along with jewelry and gloves, which

made her feel better during her train journey. She enjoyed the trip to the island and was not seasick, unlike Mrs. Spencer, who was busy watching her to make sure she did not fall off the boat. She thought it was good she kept moving around if it helped Mrs. Spencer. She wanted to see everything on the boat because she might not get another chance. She loved the island already because it had many blooming cherry trees and was a very pretty place. She had always heard Prince Edward Island was beautiful and had imagined living there. She found the red roads funny and asked Mrs. Spencer why they were red, but Mrs. Spencer told her to stop asking so many questions. She wondered what made the roads red.

Pt/En Matthew replied that he did not know.

Pt/En Anne said it was wonderful to learn new things. She felt happy to be alive because the world was interesting. She thought it would be boring if people knew everything. She asked if the listener wanted her to stop talking, as people often told her she talked too much. She said she could stop if she decided to, but it was difficult.

Pt/En Matthew was surprised to find he was enjoying himself. He liked people who talked a lot, as long as they did the talking themselves. He had never expected to enjoy talking with a little girl. He found most little girls shy and timid, but this girl was different. Even though he found it hard to understand her quick thoughts, he liked her talking. So, he shyly said that he did not mind.

Pt/En Matthew told Anne she could talk as much as she liked and that he did not mind.

Pt/En Anne was very happy and said she knew they would get along well. She was relieved to talk without being told that children should only be seen and not heard, which happened to her often. She also mentioned that people laughed at her for using big words, but she felt she needed them to explain her big ideas.

Pt/En Matthew replied that what she said seemed reasonable.

Pt/En Anne told Matthew that Mrs. Spencer thought she talked too much. Mrs. Spencer had also told Anne that her new home was called Green Gables. Anne was very happy to hear this because she loved trees, and Green Gables had many. She remembered the sad, small trees at the asylum, which looked like orphans. She felt sorry for them

and wished they could grow in a big forest. She asked Matthew if there was a brook near Green Gables.

Pt/En Matthew replied that there was a brook right below the house.

Pt/En Anne was surprised and said it had always been one of her dreams to live near a brook. She felt very happy at that moment, but not perfectly happy. She then asked Matthew about the color of her hair.

Pt/En Anne moved one of her long, *shiny* braids over her shoulder to show Matthew. Matthew was not used to judging hair colors, but this one was easy to see.

Pt/En Matthew said that her hair was red.

Pt/En The girl let her braid fall back. She sighed deeply, as if she felt all the *sadness* in the world.

Pt/En The girl sadly said her hair was red and explained this was why she could not be happy. She said she could imagine away other things she did not like, like freckles, green eyes, and being thin. But she could not imagine away her red hair. She tried to imagine it was black, but knew it was red, which made her very sad. She thought this would be her lifelong sorrow. She remembered reading about a girl in a book who also had a lifelong sorrow, but it was not red hair. The girl asked Matthew what an "alabaster brow" was.

Pt/En Matthew told her he could not say what an alabaster brow was. He felt confused, like he did when he was young and tried a merry-go-round for the first time.

Pt/En The girl said that whatever an alabaster brow was, it must be nice because the girl in the book was very beautiful. She asked Matthew if he had ever thought about how it would feel to be extremely beautiful.

Pt/En Matthew honestly admitted that he had not thought about that.

Pt/En Anne asked if the other person had ever thought about what they would prefer to be: extremely beautiful, very clever, or perfectly good.

Pt/En The other person replied that they did not know exactly.

Pt/En Anne said she could not decide either and thought it was unlikely she would ever be any of those things, especially perfectly good. Suddenly, she called out to Mr. Cuthbert.

Pt/En This was not what Mrs. Spencer had said. The child had not fallen out of the buggy, and Matthew had not done anything surprising. They had just turned a corner in the road and arrived at the "Avenue."

Pt/En The "Avenue" was a road about four or five hundred yards long. It was covered by large apple trees planted many years ago. Above, there was a long roof of white, sweet-smelling flowers. Below the branches, the air was like a soft, dark light. Far ahead, a bit of the sunset sky looked like a colourful window at the end of a church aisle.

Pt/En The child was so amazed by the beauty of the sky that she could not speak. She sat back in the buggy, looking up at the sky with her hands together. Even when they drove past a small village, she stayed silent. She kept looking far away at the sunset, seeing wonderful pictures in the bright sky. She did not say anything as they drove through the village and for three more miles. It was clear that she could be quiet for a long time, just as she could talk a lot.

Pt/En Matthew thought she might be tired and hungry because she was so quiet. He spoke to her, saying that they did not have much further to go, only about one more mile.

Pt/En The girl stopped thinking about her dreams. She sighed deeply and looked at Matthew. Her eyes seemed far away, as if she had been guided by stars.

Pt/En She quietly asked Mr. Cuthbert what the beautiful white place was that they had just passed through.

Pt/En After thinking for a moment, Matthew said that she must mean the Avenue. He agreed that it was a pretty place.

Pt/En Anne told Mr. Cuthbert that the place was more than pretty or beautiful. She said it was wonderful and perfect, better than she could imagine. It made her feel a strange, pleasant ache in her chest. She asked if he ever felt that way.

Pt/En Mr. Cuthbert replied that he could not remember ever feeling such an ache.

Pt/En Anne explained that she felt this way often when she saw something very beautiful. She thought the name "the Avenue" for the lovely place was not good. She suggested calling it "the White Way of Delight" instead, saying she liked to imagine new names for places and people she didn't like. She mentioned changing a girl's name from Hepzibah Jenkins to Rosalia DeVere. Anne was happy and sad about having only one mile left to go home. She was sad because the drive was pleasant and she was sorry when nice things ended, as she often found that what came next was not as good. However, she was glad to think of going home, as she had never had a real home. The thought of having a home again gave her that pleasant ache. She then noticed something pretty.

Pt/En They drove over a hill and saw a pond below. It was long and winding, like a river. A bridge crossed it. The water had many beautiful colors, like purple, pink, and green, with other shades that were hard to name. Above the bridge, the pond was dark and reflected the shadows of fir and maple trees. A wild plum tree leaned over the bank. Frogs were singing from the marsh. A small gray house with a light in the window was visible near an apple orchard on a hill.

Pt/En Matthew told Anne that the pond belonged to the Barry family.

Pt/En Anne said she did not like the name. She decided to call it the "Lake of Shining Waters" because she felt a special feeling, a thrill, when she found the right name. She asked Matthew if he ever felt a thrill.

Pt/En Matthew thought about it.

Pt/En Matthew replied that he did get a thrill when he saw the ugly white grubs in the cucumber beds, which he hated.

Pt/En Anne did not think that was the same kind of thrill. She wondered if there was a connection between grubs and lakes of shining waters. She then asked why other people called it Barry's pond.

Pt/En Matthew explained that people called it Barry's pond because Mr. Barry lived in a house nearby called Orchard Slope. He mentioned that a large bush hid the house from view, and to get there, they had to go over the bridge and around the road, making it a longer trip.

Pt/En Anne asked if Mr. Barry had any little girls. She said they were not very little, but about her size.

Pt/En The other person told her that Mr. Barry had one daughter who was about eleven years old, and her name was Diana.

Pt/En Anne took a deep breath and said that Diana was a perfectly lovely name.

Pt/En The other person thought the name Diana sounded a bit strange, preferring names like Jane or Mary. They explained that a schoolmaster who was staying with them named her Diana when she was born.

Pt/En Anne wished a schoolmaster had named her. As they reached a bridge, she closed her eyes because she was afraid bridges might break. She imagined them folding like a jack-knife. She always opened her eyes near the middle to see if it happened. She liked the rumbling sound the bridge made. After crossing, she looked back and said good night to the Lake of Shining Waters, thinking it looked like it was smiling.

Pt/En Matthew spoke after they drove up a hill and turned a corner.

Pt/En He said they were almost home and pointed towards Green Gables.

Pt/En The girl stopped him, asking him not to tell her where it was. She wanted to guess.

Pt/En She looked around. They were on a hill. The sky was still light after sunset. She saw a church tower, a valley, and farms. Her eyes moved quickly, looking for something. Finally, she saw a white house far away, with trees around it. A bright star shone in the sky above the house.

Pt/En She asked if that house was Green Gables and pointed to it.

Pt/En Matthew happily hit the horse's back with the reins.

Pt/En Matthew said that Anne had guessed correctly. He thought Mrs. Spencer had described it well enough for Anne to understand.

Pt/En Anne replied that Mrs. Spencer had not described it clearly. She said that what Mrs. Spencer said could have been about many other places, and she had no real idea what it looked like. But as soon as she saw it, she felt it was home. She felt like she was dreaming and had pinched herself many times because she was afraid it was not real. She

decided to stop pinching herself to enjoy the dream longer. She confirmed that it was real and they were almost home.

Pt/En Anne was happy and quiet. Matthew felt uneasy. He was glad Marilla would tell Anne that the home she wanted was not for her. They drove past Lynde's Hollow and up the lane to Green Gables. By the time they arrived, Matthew felt worried about telling Anne the bad news. He was thinking about how disappointed the child would be. He felt like he was hurting something innocent when he thought about her happy look disappearing, similar to how he felt when he had to kill a young animal.

Pt/En The yard was very dark when they entered it, and the poplar leaves made a soft rustling sound all around.

Pt/En Anne told Matthew to listen to the trees talking in their sleep. She said that the trees must have nice dreams.

Pt/En Anne held her bag, which had all her things, and followed Matthew into the house.

Marilla Cuthbert is Surprised

Pt/En Marilla walked quickly to the door when Matthew opened it. She stopped, surprised, when she saw the strange little girl with red hair and bright eyes.

Pt/En Marilla asked Matthew who the girl was and where the boy was.

Pt/En Matthew explained sadly that there was no boy, only the girl.

Pt/En He nodded to the child. He realized he did not even know her name.

Pt/En Marilla insisted that there should have been a boy. She explained that they had asked Mrs. Spencer to bring a boy.

Pt/En The person speaking said that Mrs. Spencer did not bring a boy, but brought the girl instead. He had asked at the station, and he had to bring the girl home because she could not be left there, no matter who made the mistake.

Pt/En Marilla exclaimed that this was a bad situation.

Pt/En While they were talking, the child listened quietly and watched them. Her happy expression disappeared. Suddenly, she seemed to understand what they were saying. She dropped her bag, took a step forward, and clasped her hands.

Pt/En Anne cried out that they did not want her because she was not a boy. She felt that nobody had ever wanted her and that this good situation could not last. She was very sad and said she was going to cry.

Pt/En Anne started to cry very hard. She sat down at the table, put her face in her arms, and cried stormily. Marilla and Matthew looked at each other, not knowing what to do or say. Finally, Marilla spoke.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne that there was no need to cry so much.

Pt/En Anne quickly raised her head, showing her tear-covered face and shaking lips. She told Marilla that there was a need to cry. She explained that anyone would cry if they were an orphan, came to a place they thought would be home, and then found out they were not wanted because they were not a boy. She said this was the most terrible thing that had ever happened to her.

Pt/En Marilla's serious face softened a little, showing a small, reluctant smile.

Pt/En The speaker told the child to stop crying. They said the child would not be sent away that night and would have to stay until the situation was looked into. The speaker then asked for the child's name.

Pt/En The child paused for a short time.

Pt/En The child asked if they could please be called Cordelia.

Pt/En The speaker questioned if Cordelia was the child's name.

Pt/En The child explained that Cordelia was not exactly their name, but they really wanted to be called that because it was a very elegant name.

Pt/En Marilla asked the girl what she meant and what her name was if it wasn't Cordelia.

Pt/En The girl said her name was Anne Shirley but asked Marilla to call her Cordelia. She explained that her name did not matter much if she was only staying for a short time, and that Anne was not a romantic name.

Pt/En Marilla *disagreed*, saying that Anne was a good, plain, sensible name and that the girl should not be ashamed of it.

Pt/En Anne explained that she was not ashamed of Anne, but she preferred Cordelia. She said she had always imagined her name was Cordelia, or sometimes Geraldine when she was younger. She asked Marilla to spell Anne with an E if she was going to call her Anne.

Pt/En Marilla asked why the spelling of the name made a difference.

Pt/En Anne explained that spelling her name with an "e" (A-n-n-e) made it look much nicer and more special. She said that when people hear a name, she can see it in her mind like a printed word. She told them that if they called her Anne with an "e", she would be happy and would not mind not being called Cordelia.

Pt/En Marilla asked Anne, who was spelled with an "e", how the mistake happened. She wanted to know why they had asked for a boy but received a girl, and if there were no boys at the *orphanage*.

Pt/En Anne replied that there were many boys, but Mrs. Spencer had clearly asked for a girl about eleven years old. The person in charge at the orphanage thought Anne would be suitable. Anne was very happy about this and could not sleep the night before. She then asked Matthew why he had not told her at the station that they did not want her, saying it would not be so hard if she had not seen the beautiful places on the way.

Pt/En Marilla asked Matthew what the girl meant, looking at him with surprise.

Pt/En Matthew quickly said that Anne was just talking about something they had discussed during their drive. He told Marilla he was going to put the horse away and asked her to have tea ready when he returned.

Pt/En Marilla asked Matthew if Mrs. Spencer had brought anyone else with her, after Matthew had left the room.

Pt/En Anne explained that Mrs. Spencer brought a five-year-old girl named Lily Jones, who was very beautiful with nut-brown hair. Anne then asked if they would keep her if she was also beautiful with nut-brown hair.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne they did not want a girl because they needed a boy to help Matthew on the farm. She also told Anne to take off her hat and said she would put it and Anne's bag on the hall table.

Pt/En Anne took off her hat quietly. When Matthew returned, they sat down for supper, but Anne could not eat. She tried to eat some bread and butter and jam, but she did not eat much.

Pt/En Marilla noticed that Anne was not eating and spoke to her sharply, as if it was a big problem. Anne sighed.

Pt/En Anne explained that she could not eat because she was feeling very sad and hopeless. She asked Marilla if she could eat when she felt like that.

Pt/En Marilla replied that she had never felt that way, so she could not say.

Pt/En Anne then asked Marilla if she had ever tried to imagine feeling very sad and hopeless.

Pt/En Marilla said that she had not.

Pt/En Anne told Marilla that if she had not tried to imagine it, she could not understand how bad it felt. Anne described the feeling as very uncomfortable. She said that when she felt like this, food would get stuck in her throat and she could not swallow anything, not even a chocolate caramel. She remembered having one chocolate caramel two years ago and how delicious it was. She often dreamed about having many chocolate caramels but always woke up before she could eat them. Anne hoped Marilla would not be upset because she could not eat, even though the food looked very nice.

Pt/En Matthew thought Anne looked tired. He told Marilla that it would be best to put her to bed.

Pt/En Marilla was thinking about where Anne would sleep. She had prepared a bed for a boy, but it did not seem right for a girl. The spare room was not suitable for a child they did not know well. So, the only option was the room in the east gable. Marilla lit a candle and asked Anne to follow her. Anne, feeling tired, took her hat and bag and followed Marilla to the very clean room.

Pt/En Marilla placed the candle on a small table and pulled back the bed covers.

Pt/En Marilla asked Anne if she had a nightgown.

Pt/En Anne nodded to say yes.

Pt/En Anne explained she had two night-dresses. The woman at the orphanage made them. She said they were very small and she did not like them. But she knew she could still dream even in simple clothes.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne to get undressed and go to bed fast. Marilla would take the candle away because she was worried Anne might start a fire if she tried to put it out herself.

Pt/En After Marilla left, Anne looked around the room. The walls and floor were bare. There was a bed, a small table with a pin-cushion and a mirror, a window, and a wash-stand. The room felt very cold and strict. Anne quickly took off her clothes, put on the small nightgown, and got into bed. She hid her face in the pillow and pulled the covers over her head. When Marilla returned for the candle, Anne's clothes were messy on the floor and the bed looked disturbed.

Pt/En Marilla carefully picked up Anne's clothes and put them neatly on a chair. Then, she took the candle and went to the bed.

Pt/En Marilla said good night to Anne. She spoke a little awkwardly, but she was not unkind.

Pt/En Anne's pale face and large eyes suddenly appeared from under her blankets.

Pt/En She asked Marilla why she called it a good night, saying it was the worst night she had ever experienced.

Pt/En Then she hid under the blankets again.

Pt/En Marilla went to the kitchen to wash the supper dishes. Matthew was smoking, which showed he was worried. He rarely smoked because Marilla disliked it, but sometimes he felt he needed to, and Marilla understood that he needed a way to express his feelings.

Pt/En Marilla said angrily that this was a bad situation. She explained that it happened because they sent a message instead of going themselves. She thought Richard Spencer's family had changed the message. Marilla decided that one of them must visit Mrs. Spencer the next day and that the girl would have to be sent back to the children's home.

Pt/En Matthew said he supposed so, but he did not sound happy about it.

Pt/En Marilla asked Matthew if he was sure and if he knew it for certain.

Pt/En Matthew told Marilla that the girl was very nice and it would be a shame to send her away because she really wanted to stay.

Pt/En Marilla was very surprised and asked Matthew if he really thought they should keep the girl.

Pt/En Marilla was extremely surprised, as if Matthew had said he wanted to stand on his head.

Pt/En Matthew felt uncomfortable and said that they could not really be expected to keep the child.

Pt/En Marilla asked what good the child would be to them.

Pt/En Matthew suddenly said that they might be some good to her.

Pt/En Marilla told Matthew that she believed the child had bewitched him and that he clearly wanted to keep her.

Pt/En Matthew insisted that she was an interesting child and told Marilla she should have heard her talk when they came from the station.

Pt/En Marilla said that Anne talked too much and she did not like children who talked a lot. Marilla also said she did not want an orphan girl, and if she did, Anne was not the type she would choose. She felt there was something strange about Anne and wanted her sent back right away.

Pt/En Matthew suggested that they could hire a French boy to help them, and that Anne could be company for Marilla.

Pt/En Marilla replied that she was not lonely and was not going to keep Anne.

Pt/En Matthew said that it was up to Marilla, and then he said he was going to bed.

Pt/En Matthew went to bed. Marilla also went to bed, looking very serious. Upstairs, in the east gable, a lonely child who wanted friends cried herself to sleep.

Morning at Green Gables

Pt/En Anne woke up in the morning. Bright sunshine came through the window. Outside, she saw something white and soft moving against the blue sky.

Pt/En For a short time, Anne did not know where she was. She felt happy at first, but then she remembered something bad. She was at Green Gables, and the people there did not want her because she was not a boy.

Pt/En It was morning, and a cherry-tree outside her window had many flowers. Anne quickly got out of bed. She pushed open the window, which was stiff and made a noise, as if it had not been opened for a long time.

Pt/En Anne knelt by the window and looked at the beautiful June morning. Her eyes were shining with happiness. She thought about how lovely the place was. She decided to imagine she was going to stay there, because there was a lot of space for her imagination.

Pt/En A large cherry-tree grew very close to the house, and its branches touched the walls. The tree was covered in so many white blossoms that almost no leaves could be seen. On both sides of the house were orchards with apple and cherry trees, also covered in blossoms. The grass was dotted with yellow dandelions. In the garden below, purple lilac flowers smelled very sweet, and their scent drifted up to Anne's window on the morning breeze.

Pt/En Below the garden was a green field with clover. A brook ran in a hollow where many white birch trees grew, along with ferns and other plants. Beyond the field was a hill with spruce and fir trees. A gap in the hill showed the end of a small house.

Pt/En To the left, there were big barns. Further away, over green fields, Anne could see a sparkling blue part of the sea.

Pt/En Anne's eyes, which loved beauty, looked at everything and took it all in. She had seen many ugly places in her life, but this place was as beautiful as she had ever imagined.

Pt/En She knelt there, enjoying the beautiful nature around her. She was surprised when someone put a hand on her shoulder. Marilla had come quietly and the young dreamer did not hear her.

Pt/En Marilla told her it was time to get dressed.

Pt/En Marilla did not know how to speak to the child. Because she felt unsure, she was often sharp and brief, even when she did not mean to be.

Pt/En Anne stood up and took a deep breath.

Pt/En Anne said that everything outside was wonderful and waved her hand.

Pt/En Marilla said the tree was large and bloomed well, but its fruit was never very good, being small and wormy.

Pt/En Anne explained she was not just talking about the tree, which she found lovely, but about everything: the garden, the orchard, the brook, and the woods. She asked if Marilla felt love for the world on such a morning and mentioned she could hear the brook laughing. Anne thought brooks were cheerful and always seemed to laugh, even under the ice in winter. She was happy there was a brook near Green Gables, saying it made a difference to her even if she might not stay. She felt she would always like remembering the brook, even if she never saw it again. Anne said she was not deeply sad that morning because she could never be sad in the morning, and she thought mornings were splendid. However, she also felt sad because she had imagined that Marilla really wanted her to stay forever, which had been a comfort. She found that the worst part of imagining things was when the imagination had to end, which was painful.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne to get dressed quickly and come downstairs for breakfast. She instructed Anne to wash her face, comb her hair, leave the window open, and turn back her bedclothes. Marilla wanted Anne to be as fast as possible.

Pt/En Anne was very quick and came downstairs in ten minutes. Her clothes were neat, her hair was brushed and braided, and her face was washed. She felt she had done everything Marilla asked. However, she had forgotten to turn back the bedclothes.

Pt/En Anne announced that she was hungry and that the world did not seem as bad as it did the night before. She was happy it was a *sunny* morning, but she also liked rainy mornings because they were interesting and allowed for imagination. She felt it was easier to be cheerful on a *sunny* day, especially when she had many troubles to deal with. She thought that reading about sad things and imagining being *brave* was different from actually experiencing them.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne to stop talking, saying that she spoke too much for a little girl.

Pt/En After Marilla told her to be quiet, Anne stopped talking so much that her silence made Marilla feel a little nervous. Matthew also stayed quiet, which was normal for him. The meal was very quiet.

Pt/En As Anne ate, she seemed far away, looking out the window without really seeing. Marilla felt nervous. She thought Anne's mind was in a dream world, not present. Marilla wondered if anyone would want a child like that.

Pt/En Matthew wanted to keep Anne, which Marilla found strange. Marilla knew Matthew wanted her to stay, just like the night before. Matthew had a quiet way of deciding something and sticking to it very strongly, even without talking about it.

Pt/En When the meal finished, Anne stopped dreaming and offered to wash the dishes.

Pt/En Marilla asked Anne if she could wash dishes properly, sounding *unsure*.

Pt/En Anne replied that she was quite good at it, but better at looking after children because she had a lot of experience. She said it was a shame Marilla did not have any children for her to care for.

Pt/En Marilla said she did not want more children to look after because Anne was already a problem. She thought Matthew was a very silly man.

Pt/En Anne replied that she thought Matthew was lovely and very kind. She said he liked her talking and that she felt he was a kindred spirit when she first saw him.

Pt/En Marilla told them they were both strange kindred spirits. She *instructed* Anne to wash the dishes carefully and then go upstairs to

make her bed. Marilla also said she would drive to White Sands to see Mrs. Spencer and that Anne would go with her to decide what should happen to her.

Pt/En Anne washed the dishes well, as Marilla noticed. She then made her bed, but not very well because she did not know how to handle a feather bed. After it was done, Marilla told her she could go outside and play until dinner.

Pt/En Anne quickly went to the door, looking happy and excited. But at the door, she stopped, turned around, came back, and sat down by the table. Her happiness disappeared as if it had been put out.

Pt/En Marilla asked what was wrong.

Pt/En Anne said she did not dare to go outside. She felt that if she could not stay at Green Gables, there was no point in loving it. She explained that if she went out and became friends with the trees, flowers, orchard, and brook, she would love them even more, which would make it harder to leave. She felt that nature was calling her to come out and play. However, she decided it was better not to go, because loving things that she would have to leave was painful. She had hoped to live at Green Gables and love many things without being separated from them, but that dream was gone. She said she was now accepting her fate and did not want to go out for fear of changing her mind. She then asked for the name of the geranium on the windowsill.

Pt/En Marilla told her it was the apple-scented geranium.

Pt/En Anne clarified that she meant a personal name, not the type of plant. She asked if Marilla had given it a name and, if not, if she could name it Bonny while she was there.

Pt/En Marilla replied that she did not mind but questioned the reason for naming a geranium.

Pt/En Anne said that she liked things to have handles, even flowers like geraniums, because it made them seem more like people. She thought that calling a flower just its name might hurt its feelings, just like she would not like to be called only "a woman" all the time. She decided to name a geranium "Bonny". She also named a cherry tree outside her window "Snow Queen" because it was very white when it was in blossom,

and she said that one could imagine it was still in blossom even when it was not.

Pt/En Marilla thought that she had never seen or heard anything like Anne. She said that Anne was interesting, as Matthew had mentioned. Marilla felt she was already wondering what Anne would say next and thought Anne might be casting a spell on her, like she had on Matthew. Marilla noticed Matthew's look when he left, which showed he felt the same way he had expressed the night before. She wished Matthew would talk more about things so she could argue with him and make him understand, but she did not know what to do with someone who only looked.

Pt/En When Marilla returned from the cellar, Anne was thinking deeply with her chin in her hands and her eyes looking at the sky. Marilla left Anne in this state until it was time for their early dinner.

Pt/En Marilla asked Matthew if she could use the horse and buggy that afternoon.

Pt/En Matthew nodded and looked at Anne with a sad expression. Marilla saw this look and said seriously:

Pt/En Marilla told Matthew she would drive to White Sands to sort things out. She said she would take Anne with her, and Mrs. Spencer would likely arrange for Anne to be sent back to Nova Scotia *immediately*. Marilla also promised to set out their tea and return home in time to milk the cows.

Pt/En Matthew did not say anything, and Marilla felt that her words were wasted. She thought it was very *annoying* when a man did not answer back.

Pt/En Matthew got the horse ready and Marilla and Anne left. Matthew opened the gate for them. As they drove slowly out, he said something, but it seemed he was not speaking to anyone in particular.

Pt/En Matthew explained that a boy named Jerry Buote from the Creek had visited him that morning, and he had told Jerry he would probably hire him for the summer.

Pt/En Marilla did not answer. Instead, she hit the horse hard with her whip. The horse, which was not used to this, quickly ran down the lane

very fast. Marilla looked back and saw Matthew leaning over the gate, watching them go with a sad look.

Anne's History

Pt/En Anne told Marilla that she had decided to enjoy their drive. She believed that if you decide to enjoy something, you usually can. She would not think about returning to the asylum. She noticed a small wild rose and thought it was beautiful. She wondered if roses could talk and share nice things. She liked the color pink but said red-haired people could not wear it. She asked Marilla if she knew anyone whose red hair changed color as they grew older.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne that she had never known anyone like that and did not think it would happen to her.

Pt/En Anne sighed.

Pt/En Anne said that this was another hope gone. She explained that she often repeated a sentence from a book to comfort herself when she was disappointed: "My life is a perfect graveyard of buried hopes."

Pt/En Marilla replied that she did not understand how that sentence could be comforting.

Pt/En Anne explained that she liked the name because it sounded romantic, like a character in a book. She thought a "graveyard full of buried hopes" was very romantic and was happy to have one. She then asked if they would travel across the Lake of Shining Waters that day.

Pt/En The other person replied that they were not going over Barry's pond, which they understood was Anne's Lake of Shining Waters. They said they would go by the shore road instead.

Pt/En Anne thought the "shore road" sounded nice and imagined it clearly in her mind. She also liked the name "White Sands" but preferred "Avonlea" because it sounded like music. She asked how far White Sands was.

Pt/En The person told Anne that White Sands was five miles away. They suggested that since she wanted to talk, she should talk about herself and share what she knew.

Pt/En Anne eagerly replied that what she knew about herself was not very interesting. She believed it would be much more interesting if she could tell them what she imagined about herself.

Pt/En Marilla told Anne she did not want her imagination. She wanted only facts. She asked Anne where she was born and how old she was.

Pt/En Anne said she was eleven years old as of last March. She explained that she was born in Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia. Her father, Walter Shirley, was a teacher at the Bolingbroke High School, and her mother's name was Bertha Shirley. Anne thought these were lovely names and was glad her parents did not have names like Jedediah.

Pt/En Marilla said that a person's name did not matter as long as they behaved well.

Pt/En Anne thought about names. She said that even if her father had been called Jedediah, he could still have been a good man, but it would have been difficult. Her mother, who also taught at the High School, stopped teaching when she married. Mrs. Thomas said Anne's parents were like babies and very poor. They lived in a small yellow house in Bolingbroke, which Anne had often imagined with flowers and white curtains. Anne was born in that house. Mrs. Thomas thought Anne was a very ugly baby, but her mother thought she was beautiful. Anne's mother died of fever when Anne was only three months old, and her father died four days later from the same illness. This left Anne an orphan. Mrs. Thomas took her in, although she was poor and had a husband who drank. Mrs. Thomas raised Anne. Anne wondered if being raised by Mrs. Thomas made her different from other people, because Mrs. Thomas would sometimes ask her how she could be bad when she had raised her by hand.

Pt/En Mr. and Mrs. Thomas moved to Marysville, and Anne lived with them until she was eight. She helped care for their four younger children. Then, Mr. Thomas died when he fell under a train. His mother offered to take care of Mrs. Thomas and the children, but not Anne. Mrs. Thomas did not know what to do with Anne. Mrs. Hammond, from further up the river, came and offered to take Anne because she was good with children. Anne went to live with the Hammonds in a lonely place among tree stumps. Mr. Hammond worked at a sawmill, and Mrs. Hammond had eight children, including three sets of twins. Anne felt she could not have lived there without her imagination.

Pt/En Anne told Mrs. Hammond something very firmly when the last pair arrived. She said she was very tired of carrying them.

Pt/En Anne explained that she lived with Mrs. Hammond for over two years. Then, Mr. Hammond died, and Mrs. Hammond stopped keeping house. She sent her children to live with other family members and moved to the United States. Anne had to go to an asylum in Hopeton because no one else would take her. The asylum staff said they were too full, but they had to accept her. She stayed there for four months until Mrs. Spencer came.

Pt/En Anne finished speaking with a sigh of relief. It was clear she did not enjoy talking about her difficult experiences in a world that did not want her.

Pt/En Marilla asked Anne if she had ever gone to school while driving the horse down the road.

Pt/En Anne replied that she had not gone to school very much. She attended a little the last year she was with Mrs. Thomas. When she lived up river, the school was too far to walk in winter, and there was a summer vacation, so she could only attend in spring and fall. She did go to school while she was at the asylum. Anne could read quite well and knew many poems by heart. She loved poetry that made her feel excited. She mentioned a poem called 'The Downfall of Poland' that was very thrilling. Although she was only in the Fourth Reader, older girls let her read from their Fifth Reader books.

Pt/En Marilla asked Anne if Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Hammond had been kind to her. She watched Anne carefully.

Pt/En Anne hesitated and her face became red with embarrassment. She explained that the women intended to be kind. She said that when people try to be good, it's okay if they are not perfect all the time. Anne mentioned that they had problems, like a husband who drank too much and having twins many times. She felt sure they wanted to be good to her.

Pt/En Marilla stopped asking questions and thought deeply. She felt sorry for Anne because she had a difficult and unloved childhood, full of hard work, poverty, and neglect. Marilla understood why Anne was so happy about the idea of a real home. She thought it was a shame Anne had to leave. Marilla wondered if she should let Anne stay, to please Matthew, who wanted her to stay. She thought Anne seemed like a nice, easy-to-teach child.

Pt/En Marilla thought Anne talked too much, but believed she could learn to talk less. She also thought that what Anne said was polite and not rude. Marilla decided Anne seemed like a well-behaved person, and her family was probably nice.

Pt/En The road by the sea was described as wild and lonely. On one side, there were thick pine trees that had grown strong from fighting the wind. On the other side, there were steep red cliffs close to the road. At the bottom of the cliffs, there were rocks and small sandy areas with pretty pebbles. Beyond that was the blue, shining sea, where seagulls flew with their wings shining in the sun.

Pt/En Anne thought the sea was wonderful. She remembered a trip to the shore from Marysville that she enjoyed a lot and dreamed about for years. She felt this shore was even better than the one in Marysville. She liked the gulls and imagined being one, flying over the water all day and returning to a nest at night. She then asked about a large house they were approaching.

Pt/En The person told Anne that the house was the White Sands Hotel, run by Mr. Kirke. They explained that the summer season had not yet begun, but many Americans visited the shore during the summer and found it very pleasant.

Pt/En Anne said sadly that she had been afraid it was Mrs. Spencer's home. She did not want to arrive there because it felt like the end of everything.

Marilla Makes Up Her Mind

Pt/En They did arrive at Mrs. Spencer's house in White Sands Cove. Mrs. Spencer opened the door, looking both surprised and happy to see them.

Pt/En Mrs. Spencer exclaimed that they were the last people she expected that day but was very glad to see them. She invited them to put their horse in the stable and asked Anne how she was.

Pt/En Anne said she was as well as could be expected, but she did not smile. She seemed very unhappy.

Pt/En Marilla told Mrs. Spencer that they would rest the horse for a short time, but she wanted to go home early. Marilla explained that there had been a mistake. She and Matthew had asked Mrs. Spencer to bring them a boy from the orphanage, and they had told Mrs. Spencer's brother, Robert, that they wanted a boy who was ten or eleven years old.

Pt/En Mrs. Spencer was upset and told Marilla that she could not believe it. She said that Robert had sent his daughter, Nancy, with a message, and Nancy had said that Marilla wanted a girl. Mrs. Spencer asked her daughter, Flora Jane, if this was true.

Pt/En Flora Jane confirmed that Nancy had indeed said that Miss Cuthbert wanted a girl.

Pt/En Mrs. Spencer apologized and said she was very sorry. She explained that it was not her fault and that she had done her best, thinking she was following instructions. She mentioned that Nancy was a very careless and flighty person.

Pt/En Marilla said that it was their own mistake because they did not go to Mrs. Spencer directly. She explained that a mistake had been made and they needed to fix it. Marilla asked if they could send the child back to the asylum, thinking they would accept her again.

Pt/En Mrs. Spencer thought they probably would take Anne back. However, she mentioned that Mrs. Peter Blewett had visited her the day before. Mrs. Blewett had said she wanted a little girl to help her because she had a large family and found it difficult to get help. Mrs. Spencer felt it was a good sign and that Anne would be perfect for them.

Pt/En Marilla did not seem to think that this was a matter of luck or fate. She saw it as a way to get rid of the orphan she did not want, but she did not feel thankful for this opportunity.

Pt/En Marilla only knew Mrs. Peter Blewett by seeing her. She described her as a small woman with a sharp face and a thin body. Marilla had heard that Mrs. Peter was a very hard worker and a harsh boss. Former servants had told frightening stories about her bad temper, her meanness, and her children, who were described as rude and always arguing. Marilla felt worried about giving Anne to Mrs. Peter.

Pt/En Marilla said she would go inside and they could discuss the situation further.

Pt/En Mrs. Spencer saw Mrs. Blewett arriving and invited her inside. She took her guests into a cold room and said they could decide about the adoption right away. She asked Miss Cuthbert to sit in an armchair and Anne on an ottoman, telling Anne not to move. Mrs. Spencer then asked Flora Jane to make tea and check the oven, and she greeted Mrs. Blewett, introducing her to Miss Cuthbert.

Pt/En Mrs. Spencer left briefly and opened the blinds. Anne sat very still on the ottoman, watching Mrs. Blewett. Anne wondered if this sharp-faced woman would take care of her. She felt sad and thought she might cry. When Mrs. Spencer returned, she looked happy and ready to deal with any problems.

Pt/En Mrs. Spencer told Mrs. Blewett that there seemed to be a mistake about the girl. She explained that she thought Mr. and Miss Cuthbert wanted a girl to adopt, but it appeared they actually wanted a boy. Mrs. Spencer suggested that if Mrs. Blewett was still interested, Anne would be a good choice for her.

Pt/En Mrs. Blewett looked at Anne carefully from her head to her feet.

Pt/En Mrs. Blewett asked Anne what her name was and how old she was.

Pt/En The shy child said her name was Anne Shirley and that she was eleven years old. She did not ask them to spell her name correctly.

Pt/En Mrs. Blewett thought Anne did not look strong but was wiry, which she considered good. She told Anne that if she took her, Anne

would have to be good, smart, and respectful, and work to earn her keep. Mrs. Blewett said she was tired from looking after her baby and could take Anne home right away.

Pt/En Marilla looked at Anne and felt sad seeing the child's pale face and unhappy look. She felt that if she did not help Anne, she would always regret it. Marilla also disliked Mrs. Blewett and did not want to send a sensitive child like Anne to her. She decided she could not be responsible for that.

Pt/En Marilla told Mrs. Blewett that she and Matthew had not completely decided not to keep Anne. She said Matthew wanted to keep her. Marilla explained she had only come to find out about the mistake. She decided she should take Anne home to discuss it with Matthew. Marilla said that if they decided not to keep Anne, they would send her to Mrs. Blewett the next night. If they did not send her, it would mean Anne was staying with them. She asked if this plan was okay with Mrs. Blewett.

Pt/En Mrs. Blewett replied unhappily that she supposed it would have to be that way.

Pt/En While Marilla was talking, Anne's face changed. Her look of sadness disappeared, and she began to feel hopeful. Her eyes became bright. Anne looked completely different. A moment later, when Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Blewett left to get a recipe, Anne quickly ran to Marilla.

Pt/En Anne asked Marilla in a quiet whisper if she had really said that Anne might stay at Green Gables. She was afraid that speaking louder might ruin the wonderful idea. She wanted to know if she had heard correctly or if she had only imagined it.

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Mrs. Rachel Lynde is Surprised

PT Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped down into a little hollow, fringed with alders and ladies' eardrops and traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old Cuthbert place; it was reputed to be an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade; but by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency and decorum; it probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys and wherefores thereof.

PT There are plenty of people in Avonlea and out of it, who can attend closely to their neighbor's business by dint of neglecting their own; but Mrs. Rachel Lynde was one of those capable creatures who can manage their own concerns and those of other folks into the bargain. She was a notable housewife; her work was always done and well done; she "ran" the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday-school, and was the strongest prop of the Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary. Yet with all this Mrs. Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen window, knitting "cotton warp" quilts—she had knitted sixteen of them, as Avonlea housekeepers were wont to tell in awed voices—and keeping a sharp eye on the main road that crossed the hollow and wound up the steep red hill beyond. Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula jutting out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence with water on two sides of it, anybody who went out of it or into it had to pass over that hill road and so run the unseen gauntlet of Mrs. Rachel's all-seeing eye.

PT She was sitting there one afternoon in early June. The sun was coming in at the window warm and bright; the orchard on the slope below the house was in a bridal flush of pinky-white bloom, hummed over by a myriad of bees. Thomas Lynde—a meek little man whom Avonlea people called "Rachel Lynde's husband"—was sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field beyond the barn; and Matthew Cuthbert ought to have been sowing his on the big red brook field away over by Green Gables. Mrs. Rachel knew that he ought because she had heard him tell Peter

Morrison the evening before in William J. Blair's store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip seed the next afternoon. Peter had asked him, of course, for Matthew Cuthbert had never been known to volunteer information about anything in his whole life.

PT And yet here was Matthew Cuthbert, at half-past three on the afternoon of a busy day, placidly driving over the hollow and up the hill; moreover, he wore a white collar and his best suit of clothes, which was plain proof that he was going out of Avonlea; and he had the buggy and the sorrel mare, which betokened that he was going a considerable distance. Now, where was Matthew Cuthbert going and why was he going there?

PT Had it been any other man in Avonlea, Mrs. Rachel, deftly putting this and that together, might have given a pretty good guess as to both questions. But Matthew so rarely went from home that it must be something pressing and unusual which was taking him; he was the shyest man alive and hated to have to go among strangers or to any place where he might have to talk. Matthew, dressed up with a white collar and driving in a buggy, was something that didn't happen often. Mrs. Rachel, ponder as she might, could make nothing of it and her afternoon's enjoyment was spoiled.

PT "I'll just step over to Green Gables after tea and find out from Marilla where he's gone and why," the worthy woman finally concluded. "He doesn't generally go to town this time of year and he never visits; if he'd run out of turnip seed he wouldn't dress up and take the buggy to go for more; he wasn't driving fast enough to be going for a doctor. Yet something must have happened since last night to start him off. I'm clean puzzled, that's what, and I won't know a minute's peace of mind or conscience until I know what has taken Matthew Cuthbert out of Avonlea today."

PT Accordingly after tea Mrs. Rachel set out; she had not far to go; the big, rambling, orchard-embowered house where the Cuthberts lived was a scant quarter of a mile up the road from Lynde's Hollow. To be sure, the long lane made it a good deal further. Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy and silent as his son after him, had got as far away as he possibly could from his fellow men without actually retreating into the woods when he founded his homestead. Green Gables was built at the furthest edge of his cleared land and there it was to this day, barely visible from the main

road along which all the other Avonlea houses were so sociably situated. Mrs. Rachel Lynde did not call living in such a place living at all.

PT "It's just staying , that's what," she said as she stepped along the deep-rutted, grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes. "It's no wonder Matthew and Marilla are both a little odd, living away back here by themselves. Trees aren't much company, though dear knows if they were there'd be enough of them. I'd ruther look at people. To be sure, they seem contented enough; but then, I suppose, they're used to it. A body can get used to anything, even to being hanged, as the Irishman said."

PT With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she was of the opinion that Marilla Cuthbert swept that yard over as often as she swept her house. One could have eaten a meal off the ground without overbrimming the proverbial peck of dirt.

PT Mrs. Rachel rapped smartly at the kitchen door and stepped in when bidden to do so. The kitchen at Green Gables was a cheerful apartment—or would have been cheerful if it had not been so painfully clean as to give it something of the appearance of an unused parlor. Its windows looked east and west; through the west one, looking out on the back yard, came a flood of mellow June sunlight; but the east one, whence you got a glimpse of the bloom white cherry-trees in the left orchard and nodding, slender birches down in the hollow by the brook, was greened over by a tangle of vines. Here sat Marilla Cuthbert, when she sat at all, always slightly distrustful of sunshine, which seemed to her too dancing and irresponsible a thing for a world which was meant to be taken seriously; and here she sat now, knitting, and the table behind her was laid for supper.

PT Mrs. Rachel, before she had fairly closed the door, had taken a mental note of everything that was on that table. There were three plates laid, so that Marilla must be expecting some one home with Matthew to tea; but the dishes were everyday dishes and there was only crab-apple preserves and one kind of cake, so that the expected company could not be any particular company. Yet what of Matthew's white collar and the

sorrel mare? Mrs. Rachel was getting fairly dizzy with this unusual mystery about quiet, unmysterious Green Gables.

PT "Good evening, Rachel," Marilla said briskly. "This is a real fine evening, isn't it? Won't you sit down? How are all your folks?"

PT Something that for lack of any other name might be called friendship existed and always had existed between Marilla Cuthbert and Mrs. Rachel, in spite of—or perhaps because of—their dissimilarity.

PT Marilla was a tall, thin woman, with angles and without curves; her dark hair showed some gray streaks and was always twisted up in a hard little knot behind with two wire hairpins stuck aggressively through it. She looked like a woman of narrow experience and rigid conscience, which she was; but there was a saving something about her mouth which, if it had been ever so slightly developed, might have been considered indicative of a sense of humor.

PT "We're all pretty well," said Mrs. Rachel. "I was kind of afraid you weren't, though, when I saw Matthew starting off today. I thought maybe he was going to the doctor's."

PT Marilla's lips twitched understandingly. She had expected Mrs. Rachel up; she had known that the sight of Matthew jaunting off so unaccountably would be too much for her neighbor's curiosity.

PT "Oh, no, I'm quite well although I had a bad headache yesterday," she said. "Matthew went to Bright River. We're getting a little boy from an orphan asylum in Nova Scotia and he's coming on the train tonight."

PT If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds. It was un-supposable that Marilla was making fun of her, but Mrs. Rachel was almost forced to suppose it.

PT "Are you in earnest, Marilla?" she demanded when voice returned to her.

PT "Yes, of course," said Marilla, as if getting boys from orphan asylums in Nova Scotia were part of the usual spring work on any well-regulated Avonlea farm instead of being an unheard of innovation.

PT Mrs. Rachel felt that she had received a severe mental jolt. She thought in exclamation points. A boy! Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert of all people adopting a boy! From an orphan asylum! Well, the world was certainly turning upside down! She would be surprised at nothing after this! Nothing!

PT "What on earth put such a notion into your head?" she demanded disapprovingly.

PT This had been done without her advice being asked, and must perforce be disapproved.

PT "Well, we've been thinking about it for some time—all winter in fact," returned Marilla. "Mrs. Alexander Spencer was up here one day before Christmas and she said she was going to get a little girl from the asylum over in Hopeton in the spring. Her cousin lives there and Mrs. Spencer has visited here and knows all about it. So Matthew and I have talked it over off and on ever since. We thought we'd get a boy. Matthew is getting up in years, you know—he's sixty—and he isn't so spry as he once was. His heart troubles him a good deal. And you know how desperate hard it's got to be to get hired help. There's never anybody to be had but those stupid, half-grown little French boys; and as soon as you do get one broke into your ways and taught something he's up and off to the lobster canneries or the States. At first Matthew suggested getting a Home boy. But I said 'no' flat to that. 'They may be all right—I'm not saying they're not—but no London street Arabs for me,' I said. 'Give me a native born at least. There'll be a risk, no matter who we get. But I'll feel easier in my mind and sleep sounder at nights if we get a born Canadian.' So in the end we decided to ask Mrs. Spencer to pick us out one when she went over to get her little girl. We heard last week she was going, so we sent her word by Richard Spencer's folks at Carmody to bring us a smart, likely boy of about ten or eleven. We decided that would be the best age—old enough to be of some use in doing chores right off and young enough to be trained up proper. We mean to give him a good home and schooling. We had a telegram from Mrs. Alexander Spencer today—the mail-man brought it from the station—saying they were coming on the five-thirty train tonight. So Matthew went to Bright River to meet him. Mrs. Spencer will drop him off there. Of course she goes on to White Sands station herself."

PT Mrs. Rachel prided herself on always speaking her mind; she proceeded to speak it now, having adjusted her mental attitude to this amazing piece of news.

PT "Well, Marilla, I'll just tell you plain that I think you're doing a mighty foolish thing—a risky thing, that's what. You don't know what you're getting. You're bringing a strange child into your house and home and you don't know a single thing about him nor what his disposition is like nor what sort of parents he had nor how he's likely to turn out. Why, it was only last week I read in the paper how a man and his wife up west of the Island took a boy out of an orphan asylum and he set fire to the house at night—set it on

PT purpose, Marilla—and nearly burnt them to a crisp in their beds. And I know another case where an adopted boy used to suck the eggs—they couldn't break him of it. If you had asked my advice in the matter—which you didn't do, Marilla—I'd have said for mercy's sake not to think of such a thing, that's what."

PT This Job's comforting seemed neither to offend nor to alarm Marilla. She knitted steadily on.

PT "I don't deny there's something in what you say, Rachel. I've had some qualms myself. But Matthew was terrible set on it. I could see that, so I gave in. It's so seldom Matthew sets his mind on anything that when he does I always feel it's my duty to give in. And as for the risk, there's risks in pretty near everything a body does in this world. There's risks in people's having children of their own if it comes to that—they don't always turn out well. And then Nova Scotia is right close to the Island. It isn't as if we were getting him from England or the States. He can't be much different from ourselves."

PT "Well, I hope it will turn out all right," said Mrs. Rachel in a tone that plainly indicated her painful doubts. "Only don't say I didn't warn you if he burns Green Gables down or puts strychnine in the well—I heard of a case over in New Brunswick where an orphan asylum child did that and the whole family died in fearful agonies. Only, it was a girl in that instance."

PT "Well, we're not getting a girl," said Marilla, as if poisoning wells were a purely feminine accomplishment and not to be dreaded in the case of a boy. "I'd never dream of taking a girl to bring up. I wonder at

Mrs. Alexander Spencer for doing it. But there, she wouldn't shrink from adopting a whole orphan asylum if she took it into her head."

PT Mrs. Rachel would have liked to stay until Matthew came home with his imported orphan. But reflecting that it would be a good two hours at least before his arrival she concluded to go up the road to Robert Bell's and tell the news. It would certainly make a sensation second to none, and Mrs. Rachel dearly loved to make a sensation. So she took herself away, somewhat to Marilla's relief, for the latter felt her doubts and fears reviving under the influence of Mrs. Rachel's pessimism.

PT "Well, of all things that ever were or will be!" ejaculated Mrs. Rachel when she was safely out in the lane. "It does really seem as if I must be dreaming. Well, I'm sorry for that poor young one and no mistake. Matthew and Marilla don't know anything about children and they'll expect him to be wiser and steadier than his own grandfather, if so be's he ever had a grandfather, which is doubtful. It seems uncanny to think of a child at Green Gables somehow; there's never been one there, for Matthew and Marilla were grown up when the new house was built—if they ever were children, which is hard to believe when one looks at them. I wouldn't be in that orphan's shoes for anything. My, but I pity him, that's what."

PT So said Mrs. Rachel to the wild rose bushes out of the fulness of her heart; but if she could have seen the child who was waiting patiently at the Bright River station at that very moment her pity would have been still deeper and more profound.

Matthew Cuthbert is surprised

PT Matthew Cuthbert and the sorrel mare jogged comfortably over the eight miles to Bright River. It was a pretty road, running along between snug farmsteads, with now and again a bit of balsamy fir wood to drive through or a hollow where wild plums hung out their filmy bloom. The air was sweet with the breath of many apple orchards and the meadows sloped away in the distance to horizon mists of pearl and purple; while

PT "The little birds sang as if it were The one day of summer in all the year."

PT Matthew enjoyed the drive after his own fashion, except during the moments when he met women and had to nod to them—for in Prince Edward island you are supposed to nod to all and sundry you meet on the road whether you know them or not.

PT Matthew dreaded all women except Marilla and Mrs. Rachel; he had an uncomfortable feeling that the mysterious creatures were secretly laughing at him. He may have been quite right in thinking so, for he was an odd-looking personage, with an ungainly figure and long iron-gray hair that touched his stooping shoulders, and a full, soft brown beard which he had worn ever since he was twenty. In fact, he had looked at twenty very much as he looked at sixty, lacking a little of the grayness.

PT When he reached Bright River there was no sign of any train; he thought he was too early, so he tied his horse in the yard of the small Bright River hotel and went over to the station house. The long platform was almost deserted; the only living creature in sight being a girl who was sitting on a pile of shingles at the extreme end. Matthew, barely noting that it was a girl, sidled past her as quickly as possible without looking at her. Had he looked he could hardly have failed to notice the tense rigidity and expectation of her attitude and expression. She was sitting there waiting for something or somebody and, since sitting and waiting was the only thing to do just then, she sat and waited with all her might and main.

PT Matthew encountered the stationmaster locking up the ticket office preparatory to going home for supper, and asked him if the five-thirty train would soon be along.

PT "The five-thirty train has been in and gone half an hour ago," answered that brisk official. "But there was a passenger dropped off for you—a little girl. She's sitting out there on the shingles. I asked her to go into the ladies' waiting room, but she informed me gravely that she preferred to stay outside. 'There was more scope for imagination,' she said. She's a case, I should say."

PT "I'm not expecting a girl," said Matthew blankly. "It's a boy I've come for. He should be here. Mrs. Alexander Spencer was to bring him over from Nova Scotia for me."

PT The stationmaster whistled.

PT "Guess there's some mistake," he said. "Mrs. Spencer came off the train with that girl and gave her into my charge. Said you and your sister were adopting her from an orphan asylum and that you would be along for her presently. That's all I know about it—and I haven't got any more orphans concealed hereabouts."

PT "I don't understand," said Matthew helplessly, wishing that Marilla was at hand to cope with the situation.

PT "Well, you'd better question the girl," said the station-master carelessly. "I dare say she'll be able to explain—she's got a tongue of her own, that's certain. Maybe they were out of boys of the brand you wanted."

PT He walked jauntily away, being hungry, and the unfortunate Matthew was left to do that which was harder for him than bearding a lion in its den—walk up to a girl—a strange girl—an orphan girl—and demand of her why she wasn't a boy. Matthew groaned in spirit as he turned about and shuffled gently down the platform towards her.

PT She had been watching him ever since he had passed her and she had her eyes on him now. Matthew was not looking at her and would not have seen what she was really like if he had been, but an ordinary observer would have seen this: A child of about eleven, garbed in a very short, very tight, very ugly dress of yellowish-gray wincey. She wore a faded brown sailor hat and beneath the hat, extending down her back, were two braids of very thick, decidedly red hair. Her face was small, white and thin, also much freckled; her mouth was large and so were her eyes, which looked green in some lights and moods and gray in others.

PT So far, the ordinary observer; an extraordinary observer might have seen that the chin was very pointed and pronounced; that the big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity; that the mouth was sweet-lipped and expressive; that the forehead was broad and full; in short, our discerning extraordinary observer might have concluded that no commonplace soul inhabited the body of this stray woman-child of whom shy Matthew Cuthbert was so ludicrously afraid.

PT Matthew, however, was spared the ordeal of speaking first, for as soon as she concluded that he was coming to her she stood up, grasping with one thin brown hand the handle of a shabby, old-fashioned carpet-bag; the other she held out to him.

PT "I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?" she said in a peculiarly clear, sweet voice. "I'm very glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me and I was imagining all the things that might have happened to prevent you. I had made up my mind that if you didn't come for me to-night I'd go down the track to that big wild cherry-tree at the bend, and climb up into it to stay all night. I wouldn't be a bit afraid, and it would be lovely to sleep in a wild cherry-tree all white with bloom in the moonshine, don't you think? You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn't you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning, if you didn't to-night."

PT Matthew had taken the scrawny little hand awkwardly in his; then and there he decided what to do. He could not tell this child with the glowing eyes that there had been a mistake; he would take her home and let Marilla do that. She couldn't be left at Bright River anyhow, no matter what mistake had been made, so all questions and explanations might as well be deferred until he was safely back at Green Gables.

PT "I'm sorry I was late," he said shyly. "Come along. The horse is over in the yard. Give me your bag."

PT "Oh, I can carry it," the child responded cheerfully. "It isn't heavy. I've got all my worldly goods in it, but it isn't heavy. And if it isn't carried in just a certain way the handle pulls out—so I'd better keep it because I know the exact knack of it. It's an extremely old carpet-bag. Oh, I'm very glad you've come, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry-tree. We've got to drive a long piece, haven't we? Mrs. Spencer said it was eight miles. I'm glad because I love driving. Oh, it seems so

wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you. I've never belonged to anybody—not really. But the asylum was the worst. I've only been in it four months, but that was enough. I don't suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum, so you can't possibly understand what it is like. It's worse than anything you could imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked of me to talk like that, but I didn't mean to be wicked. It's so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it? They were good, you know—the asylum people. But there is so little scope for the imagination in an asylum—only just in the other orphans. It was pretty interesting to imagine things about them—to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of a belted earl, who had been stolen away from her parents in her infancy by a cruel nurse who died before she could confess. I used to lie awake at nights and imagine things like that, because I didn't have time in the day. I guess that's why I'm so thin—I am dreadful thin, ain't I? There isn't a pick on my bones. I do love to imagine I'm nice and plump, with dimples in my elbows."

PT With this Matthew's companion stopped talking, partly because she was out of breath and partly because they had reached the buggy. Not another word did she say until they had left the village and were driving down a steep little hill, the road part of which had been cut so deeply into the soft soil, that the banks, fringed with blooming wild cherry-trees and slim white birches, were several feet above their heads.

PT The child put out her hand and broke off a branch of wild plum that brushed against the side of the buggy.

PT "Isn't that beautiful? What did that tree, leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?" she asked.

PT "Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

PT "Why, a bride, of course—a bride all in white with a lovely misty veil. I've never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody will ever want to marry me—unless it might be a foreign missionary. I suppose a foreign missionary mightn't be very particular. But I do hope that some day I shall have a white dress. That is my highest ideal of earthly bliss. I just love pretty clothes. And I've never had a pretty dress in my life that I can remember—but of course it's all the more to look forward to, isn't it? And then I can imagine that I'm dressed gorgeously. This morning when I

left the asylum I felt so ashamed because I had to wear this horrid old wincey dress. All the orphans had to wear them, you know. A merchant in Hopeton last winter donated three hundred yards of wincey to the asylum. Some people said it was because he couldn't sell it, but I'd rather believe that it was out of the kindness of his heart, wouldn't you? When we got on the train I felt as if everybody must be looking at me and pitying me. But I just went to work and imagined that I had on the most beautiful pale blue silk dress—because when you are imagining you might as well imagine something worth while—and a big hat all flowers and nodding plumes, and a gold watch, and kid gloves and boots. I felt cheered up right away and I enjoyed my trip to the Island with all my might. I wasn't a bit sick coming over in the boat. Neither was Mrs. Spencer although she generally is. She said she hadn't time to get sick, watching to see that I didn't fall overboard. She said she never saw the beat of me for prowling about. But if it kept her from being seasick it's a mercy I did prowl, isn't it? And I wanted to see everything that was to be seen on that boat, because I didn't know whether I'd ever have another opportunity. Oh, there are a lot more cherry-trees all in bloom! This Island is the bloomiest place. I just love it already, and I'm so glad I'm going to live here. I've always heard that Prince Edward Island was the prettiest place in the world, and I used to imagine I was living here, but I never really expected I would. It's delightful when your imaginations come true, isn't it? But those red roads are so funny. When we got into the train at Charlottetown and the red roads began to flash past I asked Mrs. Spencer what made them red and she said she didn't know and for pity's sake not to ask her any more questions. She said I must have asked her a thousand already. I suppose I had, too, but how you going to find out about things if you don't ask questions? And what does make the roads red?"

PT "Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

PT "Well, that is one of the things to find out sometime. Isn't it splendid to think of all the things there are to find out about? It just makes me feel glad to be alive—it's such an interesting world. It wouldn't be half so interesting if we know all about everything, would it? There'd be no scope for imagination then, would there? But am I talking too much? People are always telling me I do. Would you rather I didn't talk? If you say so I'll stop. I can stop when I make up my mind to it, although it's difficult."

PT Matthew, much to his own surprise, was enjoying himself. Like most quiet folks he liked talkative people when they were willing to do the talking themselves and did not expect him to keep up his end of it. But he had never expected to enjoy the society of a little girl. Women were bad enough in all conscience, but little girls were worse. He detested the way they had of sidling past him timidly, with sidewise glances, as if they expected him to gobble them up at a mouthful if they ventured to say a word. That was the Avonlea type of well-bred little girl. But this freckled witch was very different, and although he found it rather difficult for his slower intelligence to keep up with her brisk mental processes he thought that he "kind of liked her chatter." So he said as shyly as usual:

PT "Oh, you can talk as much as you like. I don't mind."

PT "Oh, I'm so glad. I know you and I are going to get along together fine. It's such a relief to talk when one wants to and not be told that children should be seen and not heard. I've had that said to me a million times if I have once. And people laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas you have to use big words to express them, haven't you?"

PT "Well now, that seems reasonable," said Matthew.

PT "Mrs. Spencer said that my tongue must be hung in the middle. But it isn't—it's firmly fastened at one end. Mrs. Spencer said your place was named Green Gables. I asked her all about it. And she said there were trees all around it. I was gladder than ever. I just love trees. And there weren't any at all about the asylum, only a few poor weeny-teeny things out in front with little whitewashed cagey things about them. They just looked like orphans themselves, those trees did. It used to make me want to cry to look at them. I used to say to them, 'Oh, you poor little things! If you were out in a great big woods with other trees all around you and little mosses and Junebells growing over your roots and a brook not far away and birds singing in you branches, you could grow, couldn't you? But you can't where you are. I know just exactly how you feel, little trees.' I felt sorry to leave them behind this morning. You do get so attached to things like that, don't you? Is there a brook anywhere near Green Gables? I forgot to ask Mrs. Spencer that."

PT "Well now, yes, there's one right below the house."

PT "Fancy. It's always been one of my dreams to live near a brook. I never expected I would, though. Dreams don't often come true, do they? Wouldn't it be nice if they did? But just now I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can't feel exactly perfectly happy because—well, what color would you call this?"

PT She twitched one of her long glossy braids over her thin shoulder and held it up before Matthew's eyes. Matthew was not used to deciding on the tints of ladies' tresses, but in this case there couldn't be much doubt.

PT "It's red, ain't it?" he said.

PT The girl let the braid drop back with a sigh that seemed to come from her very toes and to exhale forth all the sorrows of the ages.

PT "Yes, it's red," she said resignedly. "Now you see why I can't be perfectly happy. Nobody could who has red hair. I don't mind the other things so much—the freckles and the green eyes and my skinniness. I can imagine them away. I can imagine that I have a beautiful rose-leaf complexion and lovely starry violet eyes. But I cannot imagine that red hair away. I do my best. I think to myself, 'Now my hair is a glorious black, black as the raven's wing.' But all the time I know it is just plain red and it breaks my heart. It will be my lifelong sorrow. I read of a girl once in a novel who had a lifelong sorrow but it wasn't red hair. Her hair was pure gold rippling back from her alabaster brow. What is an alabaster brow? I never could find out. Can you tell me?"

PT "Well now, I'm afraid I can't," said Matthew, who was getting a little dizzy. He felt as he had once felt in his rash youth when another boy had enticed him on the merry-go-round at a picnic.

PT "Well, whatever it was it must have been something nice because she was divinely beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it must feel like to be divinely beautiful?"

PT "Well now, no, I haven't," confessed Matthew ingenuously.

PT "I have, often. Which would you rather be if you had the choice—divinely beautiful or dazzlingly clever or angelically good?"

PT "Well now, I—I don't know exactly."

PT "Neither do I. I can never decide. But it doesn't make much real difference for it isn't likely I'll ever be either. It's certain I'll never be angelically good. Mrs. Spencer says—oh, Mr. Cuthbert! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!!!"

PT That was not what Mrs. Spencer had said; neither had the child tumbled out of the buggy nor had Matthew done anything astonishing. They had simply rounded a curve in the road and found themselves in the "Avenue."

PT The "Avenue," so called by the Newbridge people, was a stretch of road four or five hundred yards long, completely arched over with huge, wide-spreading apple-trees, planted years ago by an eccentric old farmer. Overhead was one long canopy of snowy fragrant bloom. Below the boughs the air was full of a purple twilight and far ahead a glimpse of painted sunset sky shone like a great rose window at the end of a cathedral aisle.

PT Its beauty seemed to strike the child dumb. She leaned back in the buggy, her thin hands clasped before her, her face lifted rapturously to the white splendor above. Even when they had passed out and were driving down the long slope to Newbridge she never moved or spoke. Still with rapt face she gazed afar into the sunset west, with eyes that saw visions trooping splendidly across that glowing background. Through Newbridge, a bustling little village where dogs barked at them and small boys hooted and curious faces peered from the windows, they drove, still in silence. When three more miles had dropped away behind them the child had not spoken. She could keep silence, it was evident, as energetically as she could talk.

PT "I guess you're feeling pretty tired and hungry," Matthew ventured to say at last, accounting for her long visitation of dumbness with the only reason he could think of. "But we haven't very far to go now—only another mile."

PT She came out of her reverie with a deep sigh and looked at him with the dreamy gaze of a soul that had been wondering afar, star-led.

PT "Oh, Mr. Cuthbert," she whispered, "that place we came through—that white place—what was it?"

PT "Well now, you must mean the Avenue," said Matthew after a few moments' profound reflection. "It is a kind of pretty place."

PT "Pretty? Oh, pretty doesn't seem the right word to use. Nor beautiful, either. They don't go far enough. Oh, it was wonderful—wonderful. It's the first thing I ever saw that couldn't be improved upon by imagination. It just satisfies me here"—she put one hand on her breast—"it made a queer funny ache and yet it was a pleasant ache. Did you ever have an ache like that, Mr. Cuthbert?"

PT "Well now, I just can't recollect that I ever had."

PT "I have it lots of time—whenever I see anything royally beautiful. But they shouldn't call that lovely place the Avenue. There is no meaning in a name like that. They should call it—let me see—the White Way of Delight. Isn't that a nice imaginative name? When I don't like the name of a place or a person I always imagine a new one and always think of them so. There was a girl at the asylum whose name was Hepzibah Jenkins, but I always imagined her as Rosalia De Vere. Other people may call that place the Avenue, but I shall always call it the White Way of Delight. Have we really only another mile to go before we get home? I'm glad and I'm sorry. I'm sorry because this drive has been so pleasant and I'm always sorry when pleasant things end. Something still pleasanter may come after, but you can never be sure. And it's so often the case that it isn't pleasanter. That has been my experience anyhow. But I'm glad to think of getting home. You see, I've never had a real home since I can remember. It gives me that pleasant ache again just to think of coming to a really truly home. Oh, isn't that pretty!"

PT They had driven over the crest of a hill. Below them was a pond, looking almost like a river so long and winding was it. A bridge spanned it midway and from there to its lower end, where an amber-hued belt of sand-hills shut it in from the dark blue gulf beyond, the water was a glory of many shifting hues—the most spiritual shadings of crocus and rose and ethereal green, with other elusive tintings for which no name has ever been found. Above the bridge the pond ran up into fringing groves of fir and maple and lay all darkly translucent in their wavering shadows. Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank like a white-clad girl tip-toeing to her own reflection. From the marsh at the head of the pond came the clear, mournfully-sweet chorus of the frogs. There was a little gray house peering around a white apple orchard on a slope beyond and,

although it was not yet quite dark, a light was shining from one of its windows.

PT "That's Barry's pond," said Matthew.

PT "Oh, I don't like that name, either. I shall call it—let me see—the Lake of Shining Waters. Yes, that is the right name for it. I know because of the thrill. When I hit on a name that suits exactly it gives me a thrill. Do things ever give you a thrill?"

PT Matthew ruminated.

PT "Well now, yes. It always kind of gives me a thrill to see them ugly white grubs that spade up in the cucumber beds. I hate the look of them."

PT "Oh, I don't think that can be exactly the same kind of a thrill. Do you think it can? There doesn't seem to be much connection between grubs and lakes of shining waters, does there? But why do other people call it Barry's pond?"

PT "I reckon because Mr. Barry lives up there in that house. Orchard Slope's the name of his place. If it wasn't for that big bush behind it you could see Green Gables from here. But we have to go over the bridge and round by the road, so it's near half a mile further."

PT "Has Mr. Barry any little girls? Well, not so very little either—about my size."

PT "He's got one about eleven. Her name is Diana."

PT "Oh!" with a long indrawing of breath. "What a perfectly lovely name!"

PT "Well now, I dunno. There's something dreadful heathenish about it, seems to me. I'd ruther Jane or Mary or some sensible name like that. But when Diana was born there was a schoolmaster boarding there and they gave him the naming of her and he called her Diana."

PT "I wish there had been a schoolmaster like that around when I was born, then. Oh, here we are at the bridge. I'm going to shut my eyes tight. I'm always afraid going over bridges. I can't help imagining that perhaps just as we get to the middle, they'll crumple up like a jack-knife and nip us. So I shut my eyes. But I always have to open them for all when I think we're getting near the middle. Because, you see, if the bridge did crumple

up I'd want to see it crumple. What a jolly rumble it makes! I always like the rumble part of it. Isn't it splendid there are so many things to like in this world? There we're over. Now I'll look back. Good night, dear Lake of Shining Waters. I always say good night to the things I love, just as I would to people. I think they like it. That water looks as if it was smiling at me."

PT When they had driven up the further hill and around a corner Matthew said:

PT "We're pretty near home now. That's Green Gables over—"

PT "Oh, don't tell me," she interrupted breathlessly, catching at his partially raised arm and shutting her eyes that she might not see his gesture. "Let me guess. I'm sure I'll guess right."

PT She opened her eyes and looked about her. They were on the crest of a hill. The sun had set some time since, but the landscape was still clear in the mellow afterglow. To the west a dark church spire rose up against a marigold sky. Below was a little valley and beyond a long, gently-rising slope with snug farmsteads scattered along it. From one to another the child's eyes darted, eager and wistful. At last they lingered on one away to the left, far back from the road, dimly white with blossoming trees in the twilight of the surrounding woods. Over it, in the stainless southwest sky, a great crystal-white star was shining like a lamp of guidance and promise.

PT "That's it, isn't it?" she said, pointing.

PT Matthew slapped the reins on the sorrel's back delightedly.

PT "Well now, you've guessed it! But I reckon Mrs. Spencer described it so's you could tell."

PT "No, she didn't—really she didn't. All she said might just as well have been about most of those other places. I hadn't any real idea what it looked like. But just as soon as I saw it I felt it was home. Oh, it seems as if I must be in a dream. Do you know, my arm must be black and blue from the elbow up, for I've pinched myself so many times today. Every little while a horrible sickening feeling would come over me and I'd be so afraid it was all a dream. Then I'd pinch myself to see if it was real—until suddenly I remembered that even supposing it was only a dream I'd

better go on dreaming as long as I could; so I stopped pinching. But it is real and we're nearly home."

PT With a sigh of rapture she relapsed into silence. Matthew stirred uneasily. He felt glad that it would be Marilla and not he who would have to tell this waif of the world that the home she longed for was not to be hers after all. They drove over Lynde's Hollow, where it was already quite dark, but not so dark that Mrs. Rachel could not see them from her window vantage, and up the hill and into the long lane of Green Gables. By the time they arrived at the house Matthew was shrinking from the approaching revelation with an energy he did not understand. It was not of Marilla or himself he was thinking of the trouble this mistake was probably going to make for them, but of the child's disappointment. When he thought of that rapt light being quenched in her eyes he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was going to assist at murdering something—much the same feeling that came over him when he had to kill a lamb or calf or any other innocent little creature.

PT The yard was quite dark as they turned into it and the poplar leaves were rustling silkily all round it.

PT "Listen to the trees talking in their sleep," she whispered, as he lifted her to the ground. "What nice dreams they must have!"

PT Then, holding tightly to the carpet-bag which contained "all her worldly goods," she followed him into the house.

Marilla Cuthbert is Surprised

PT Marilla came briskly forward as Matthew opened the door. But when her eyes fell of the odd little figure in the stiff, ugly dress, with the long braids of red hair and the eager, luminous eyes, she stopped short in amazement.

PT "Matthew Cuthbert, who's that?" she ejaculated. "Where is the boy?"

PT "There wasn't any boy," said Matthew wretchedly. "There was only her ."

PT He nodded at the child, remembering that he had never even asked her name.

PT "No boy! But there must have been a boy," insisted Marilla. "We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring a boy."

PT "Well, she didn't. She brought her . I asked the station-master. And I had to bring her home. She couldn't be left there, no matter where the mistake had come in."

PT "Well, this is a pretty piece of business!" ejaculated Marilla.

PT During this dialogue the child had remained silent, her eyes roving from one to the other, all the animation fading out of her face. Suddenly she seemed to grasp the full meaning of what had been said. Dropping her precious carpet-bag she sprang forward a step and clasped her hands.

PT "You don't want me!" she cried. "You don't want me because I'm not a boy! I might have expected it. Nobody ever did want me. I might have known it was all too beautiful to last. I might have known nobody really did want me. Oh, what shall I do? I'm going to burst into tears!"

PT Burst into tears she did. Sitting down on a chair by the table, flinging her arms out upon it, and burying her face in them, she proceeded to cry stormily. Marilla and Matthew looked at each other deprecatingly across the stove. Neither of them knew what to say or do. Finally Marilla stepped lamely into the breach.

PT "Well, well, there's no need to cry so about it."

PT "Yes, there is need!" The child raised her head quickly, revealing a tear-stained face and trembling lips. " You would cry, too, if you were an orphan and had come to a place you thought was going to be home and found that they didn't want you because you weren't a boy. Oh, this is the most tragical thing that ever happened to me!"

PT Something like a reluctant smile, rather rusty from long disuse, mellowed Marilla's grim expression.

PT "Well, don't cry any more. We're not going to turn you out-of-doors to-night. You'll have to stay here until we investigate this affair. What's your name?"

PT The child hesitated for a moment.

PT "Will you please call me Cordelia?" she said eagerly.

PT " Call you Cordelia? Is that your name?"

PT "No-o-o, it's not exactly my name, but I would love to be called Cordelia. It's such a perfectly elegant name."

PT "I don't know what on earth you mean. If Cordelia isn't your name, what is?"

PT "Anne Shirley," reluctantly faltered forth the owner of that name, "but, oh, please do call me Cordelia. It can't matter much to you what you call me if I'm only going to be here a little while, can it? And Anne is such an unromantic name."

PT "Unromantic fiddlesticks!" said the unsympathetic Marilla. "Anne is a real good plain sensible name. You've no need to be ashamed of it."

PT "Oh, I'm not ashamed of it," explained Anne, "only I like Cordelia better. I've always imagined that my name was Cordelia—at least, I always have of late years. When I was young I used to imagine it was Geraldine, but I like Cordelia better now. But if you call me Anne please call me Anne spelled with an E."

PT "What difference does it make how it's spelled?" asked Marilla with another rusty smile as she picked up the teapot.

PT "Oh, it makes such a difference. It looks so much nicer. When you hear a name pronounced can't you always see it in your mind, just as if it was printed out? I can; and A-n-n looks dreadful, but A-n-n-e looks so

much more distinguished. If you'll only call me Anne spelled with an E I shall try to reconcile myself to not being called Cordelia."

PT "Very well, then, Anne spelled with an E, can you tell us how this mistake came to be made? We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring us a boy. Were there no boys at the asylum?"

PT "Oh, yes, there was an abundance of them. But Mrs. Spencer said distinctly that you wanted a girl about eleven years old. And the matron said she thought I would do. You don't know how delighted I was. I couldn't sleep all last night for joy. Oh," she added reproachfully, turning to Matthew, "why didn't you tell me at the station that you didn't want me and leave me there? If I hadn't seen the White Way of Delight and the Lake of Shining Waters it wouldn't be so hard."

PT "What on earth does she mean?" demanded Marilla, staring at Matthew.

PT "She—she's just referring to some conversation we had on the road," said Matthew hastily. "I'm going out to put the mare in, Marilla. Have tea ready when I come back."

PT "Did Mrs. Spencer bring anybody over besides you?" continued Marilla when Matthew had gone out.

PT "She brought Lily Jones for herself. Lily is only five years old and she is very beautiful and had nut-brown hair. If I was very beautiful and had nut-brown hair would you keep me?"

PT "No. We want a boy to help Matthew on the farm. A girl would be of no use to us. Take off your hat. I'll lay it and your bag on the hall table."

PT Anne took off her hat meekly. Matthew came back presently and they sat down to supper. But Anne could not eat. In vain she nibbled at the bread and butter and pecked at the crab-apple preserve out of the little scalloped glass dish by her plate. She did not really make any headway at all.

PT "You're not eating anything," said Marilla sharply, eyeing her as if it were a serious shortcoming. Anne sighed.

PT "I can't. I'm in the depths of despair. Can you eat when you are in the depths of despair?"

PT "I've never been in the depths of despair, so I can't say," responded Marilla.

PT "Weren't you? Well, did you ever try to imagine you were in the depths of despair?"

PT "No, I didn't."

PT "Then I don't think you can understand what it's like. It's very uncomfortable feeling indeed. When you try to eat a lump comes right up in your throat and you can't swallow anything, not even if it was a chocolate caramel. I had one chocolate caramel once two years ago and it was simply delicious. I've often dreamed since then that I had a lot of chocolate caramels, but I always wake up just when I'm going to eat them. I do hope you won't be offended because I can't eat. Everything is extremely nice, but still I cannot eat."

PT "I guess she's tired," said Matthew, who hadn't spoken since his return from the barn. "Best put her to bed, Marilla."

PT Marilla had been wondering where Anne should be put to bed. She had prepared a couch in the kitchen chamber for the desired and expected boy. But, although it was neat and clean, it did not seem quite the thing to put a girl there somehow. But the spare room was out of the question for such a stray waif, so there remained only the east gable room. Marilla lighted a candle and told Anne to follow her, which Anne spiritlessly did, taking her hat and carpet-bag from the hall table as she passed. The hall was fearsomely clean; the little gable chamber in which she presently found herself seemed still cleaner.

PT Marilla set the candle on a three-legged, three-cornered table and turned down the bedclothes.

PT "I suppose you have a nightgown?" she questioned.

PT Anne nodded.

PT "Yes, I have two. The matron of the asylum made them for me. They're fearfully skimpy. There is never enough to go around in an asylum, so things are always skimpy—at least in a poor asylum like ours. I hate skimpy night-dresses. But one can dream just as well in them as in lovely trailing ones, with frills around the neck, that's one consolation."

PT "Well, undress as quick as you can and go to bed. I'll come back in a few minutes for the candle. I daren't trust you to put it out yourself. You'd likely set the place on fire."

PT When Marilla had gone Anne looked around her wistfully. The whitewashed walls were so painfully bare and staring that she thought they must ache over their own bareness. The floor was bare, too, except for a round braided mat in the middle such as Anne had never seen before. In one corner was the bed, a high, old-fashioned one, with four dark, low-turned posts. In the other corner was the aforesaid three-corner table adorned with a fat, red velvet pin-cushion hard enough to turn the point of the most adventurous pin. Above it hung a little six-by-eight mirror. Midway between table and bed was the window, with an icy white muslin frill over it, and opposite it was the wash-stand. The whole apartment was of a rigidity not to be described in words, but which sent a shiver to the very marrow of Anne's bones. With a sob she hastily discarded her garments, put on the skimpy nightgown and sprang into bed where she burrowed face downward into the pillow and pulled the clothes over her head. When Marilla came up for the light various skimpy articles of raiment scattered most untidily over the floor and a certain tempestuous appearance of the bed were the only indications of any presence save her own.

PT She deliberately picked up Anne's clothes, placed them neatly on a prim yellow chair, and then, taking up the candle, went over to the bed.

PT "Good night," she said, a little awkwardly, but not unkindly.

PT Anne's white face and big eyes appeared over the bedclothes with a startling suddenness.

PT "How can you call it a good night when you know it must be the very worst night I've ever had?" she said reproachfully.

PT Then she dived down into invisibility again.

PT Marilla went slowly down to the kitchen and proceeded to wash the supper dishes. Matthew was smoking—a sure sign of perturbation of mind. He seldom smoked, for Marilla set her face against it as a filthy habit; but at certain times and seasons he felt driven to it and then Marilla winked at the practice, realizing that a mere man must have some vent for his emotions.

PT "Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish," she said wrathfully. "This is what comes of sending word instead of going ourselves. Richard Spencer's folks have twisted that message somehow. One of us will have to drive over and see Mrs. Spencer tomorrow, that's certain. This girl will have to be sent back to the asylum."

PT "Yes, I suppose so," said Matthew reluctantly.

PT "You suppose so! Don't you know it?"

PT "Well now, she's a real nice little thing, Marilla. It's kind of a pity to send her back when she's so set on staying here."

PT "Matthew Cuthbert, you don't mean to say you think we ought to keep her!"

PT Marilla's astonishment could not have been greater if Matthew had expressed a predilection for standing on his head.

PT "Well, now, no, I suppose not—not exactly," stammered Matthew, uncomfortably driven into a corner for his precise meaning. "I suppose—we could hardly be expected to keep her."

PT "I should say not. What good would she be to us?"

PT "We might be some good to her," said Matthew suddenly and unexpectedly.

PT "Matthew Cuthbert, I believe that child has bewitched you! I can see as plain as plain that you want to keep her."

PT "Well now, she's a real interesting little thing," persisted Matthew. "You should have heard her talk coming from the station."

PT "Oh, she can talk fast enough. I saw that at once. It's nothing in her favour, either. I don't like children who have so much to say. I don't want an orphan girl and if I did she isn't the style I'd pick out. There's something I don't understand about her. No, she's got to be despatched straight-way back to where she came from."

PT "I could hire a French boy to help me," said Matthew, "and she'd be company for you."

PT "I'm not suffering for company," said Marilla shortly. "And I'm not going to keep her."

PT "Well now, it's just as you say, of course, Marilla," said Matthew rising and putting his pipe away. "I'm going to bed."

PT To bed went Matthew. And to bed, when she had put her dishes away, went Marilla, frowning most resolutely. And up-stairs, in the east gable, a lonely, heart-hungry, friendless child cried herself to sleep.

Morning at Green Gables

PT It was broad daylight when Anne awoke and sat up in bed, staring confusedly at the window through which a flood of cheery sunshine was pouring and outside of which something white and feathery waved across glimpses of blue sky.

PT For a moment she could not remember where she was. First came a delightful thrill, as something very pleasant; then a horrible remembrance. This was Green Gables and they didn't want her because she wasn't a boy!

PT But it was morning and, yes, it was a cherry-tree in full bloom outside of her window. With a bound she was out of bed and across the floor. She pushed up the sash—it went up stiffly and creakily, as if it hadn't been opened for a long time, which was the case; and it stuck so tight that nothing was needed to hold it up.

PT Anne dropped on her knees and gazed out into the June morning, her eyes glistening with delight. Oh, wasn't it beautiful? Wasn't it a lovely place? Suppose she wasn't really going to stay here! She would imagine she was. There was scope for imagination here.

PT A huge cherry-tree grew outside, so close that its boughs tapped against the house, and it was so thick-set with blossoms that hardly a leaf was to be seen. On both sides of the house was a big orchard, one of apple-trees and one of cherry-trees, also showered over with blossoms; and their grass was all sprinkled with dandelions. In the garden below were lilac-trees purple with flowers, and their dizzily sweet fragrance drifted up to the window on the morning wind.

PT Below the garden a green field lush with clover sloped down to the hollow where the brook ran and where scores of white birches grew, upspringing airily out of an undergrowth suggestive of delightful possibilities in ferns and mosses and woody things generally. Beyond it was a hill, green and feathery with spruce and fir; there was a gap in it where the gray gable end of the little house she had seen from the other side of the Lake of Shining Waters was visible.

PT Off to the left were the big barns and beyond them, away down over green, low-sloping fields, was a sparkling blue glimpse of sea.

PT Anne's beauty-loving eyes lingered on it all, taking everything greedily in. She had looked on so many unlovely places in her life, poor child; but this was as lovely as anything she had ever dreamed.

PT She knelt there, lost to everything but the loveliness around her, until she was startled by a hand on her shoulder. Marilla had come in unheard by the small dreamer.

PT "It's time you were dressed," she said curtly.

PT Marilla really did not know how to talk to the child, and her uncomfortable ignorance made her crisp and curt when she did not mean to be.

PT Anne stood up and drew a long breath.

PT "Oh, isn't it wonderful?" she said, waving her hand comprehensively at the good world outside.

PT "It's a big tree," said Marilla, "and it blooms great, but the fruit don't amount to much never—small and wormy."

PT "Oh, I don't mean just the tree; of course it's lovely—yes, it's radiantly lovely—it blooms as if it meant it—but I meant everything, the garden and the orchard and the brook and the woods, the whole big dear world. Don't you feel as if you just loved the world on a morning like this? And I can hear the brook laughing all the way up here. Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing. Even in winter-time I've heard them under the ice. I'm so glad there's a brook near Green Gables. Perhaps you think it doesn't make any difference to me when you're not going to keep me, but it does. I shall always like to remember that there is a brook at Green Gables even if I never see it again. If there wasn't a brook I'd be haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that there ought to be one. I'm not in the depths of despair this morning. I never can be in the morning. Isn't it a splendid thing that there are mornings? But I feel very sad. I've just been imagining that it was really me you wanted after all and that I was to stay here for ever and ever. It was a great comfort while it lasted. But the worst of imagining things is that the time comes when you have to stop and that hurts."

PT "You'd better get dressed and come down-stairs and never mind your imaginings," said Marilla as soon as she could get a word in edgewise. "Breakfast is waiting. Wash your face and comb your hair."

Leave the window up and turn your bedclothes back over the foot of the bed. Be as smart as you can."

PT Anne could evidently be smart to some purpose for she was down-stairs in ten minutes' time, with her clothes neatly on, her hair brushed and braided, her face washed, and a comfortable consciousness pervading her soul that she had fulfilled all Marilla's requirements. As a matter of fact, however, she had forgotten to turn back the bedclothes.

PT "I'm pretty hungry this morning," she announced as she slipped into the chair Marilla placed for her. "The world doesn't seem such a howling wilderness as it did last night. I'm so glad it's a sunshiny morning. But I like rainy mornings real well, too. All sorts of mornings are interesting, don't you think? You don't know what's going to happen through the day, and there's so much scope for imagination. But I'm glad it's not rainy today because it's easier to be cheerful and bear up under affliction on a sunshiny day. I feel that I have a good deal to bear up under. It's all very well to read about sorrows and imagine yourself living through them heroically, but it's not so nice when you really come to have them, is it?"

PT "For pity's sake hold your tongue," said Marilla. "You talk entirely too much for a little girl."

PT Thereupon Anne held her tongue so obediently and thoroughly that her continued silence made Marilla rather nervous, as if in the presence of something not exactly natural. Matthew also held his tongue,—but this was natural,—so that the meal was a very silent one.

PT As it progressed Anne became more and more abstracted, eating mechanically, with her big eyes fixed unswervingly and unseeingly on the sky outside the window. This made Marilla more nervous than ever; she had an uncomfortable feeling that while this odd child's body might be there at the table her spirit was far away in some remote airy cloudland, borne aloft on the wings of imagination. Who would want such a child about the place?

PT Yet Matthew wished to keep her, of all unaccountable things! Marilla felt that he wanted it just as much this morning as he had the night before, and that he would go on wanting it. That was Matthew's way—take a whim into his head and cling to it with the most amazing silent persistency—a persistency ten times more potent and effectual in its very silence than if he had talked it out.

PT When the meal was ended Anne came out of her reverie and offered to wash the dishes.

PT "Can you wash dishes right?" asked Marilla distrustfully.

PT "Pretty well. I'm better at looking after children, though. I've had so much experience at that. It's such a pity you haven't any here for me to look after."

PT "I don't feel as if I wanted any more children to look after than I've got at present. You're problem enough in all conscience. What's to be done with you I don't know. Matthew is a most ridiculous man."

PT "I think he's lovely," said Anne reproachfully. "He is so very sympathetic. He didn't mind how much I talked—he seemed to like it. I felt that he was a kindred spirit as soon as ever I saw him."

PT "You're both queer enough, if that's what you mean by kindred spirits," said Marilla with a sniff. "Yes, you may wash the dishes. Take plenty of hot water, and be sure you dry them well. I've got enough to attend to this morning for I'll have to drive over to White Sands in the afternoon and see Mrs. Spencer. You'll come with me and we'll settle what's to be done with you. After you've finished the dishes go up-stairs and make your bed."

PT Anne washed the dishes deftly enough, as Marilla who kept a sharp eye on the process, discerned. Later on she made her bed less successfully, for she had never learned the art of wrestling with a feather tick. But it was done somehow and smoothed down; and then Marilla, to get rid of her, told her she might go out-of-doors and amuse herself until dinner time.

PT Anne flew to the door, face alight, eyes glowing. On the very threshold she stopped short, wheeled about, came back and sat down by the table, light and glow as effectually blotted out as if some one had clapped an extinguisher on her.

PT "What's the matter now?" demanded Marilla.

PT "I don't dare go out," said Anne, in the tone of a martyr relinquishing all earthly joys. "If I can't stay here there is no use in my loving Green Gables. And if I go out there and get acquainted with all those trees and flowers and the orchard and the brook I'll not be able to

help loving it. It's hard enough now, so I won't make it any harder. I want to go out so much—everything seems to be calling to me, 'Anne, Anne, come out to us. Anne, Anne, we want a playmate'—but it's better not. There is no use in loving things if you have to be torn from them, is there? And it's so hard to keep from loving things, isn't it? That was why I was so glad when I thought I was going to live here. I thought I'd have so many things to love and nothing to hinder me. But that brief dream is over. I am resigned to my fate now, so I don't think I'll go out for fear I'll get unresigned again. What is the name of that geranium on the window-sill, please?"

PT "That's the apple-scented geranium."

PT "Oh, I don't mean that sort of a name. I mean just a name you gave it yourself. Didn't you give it a name? May I give it one then? May I call it—let me see—Bonny would do—may I call it Bonny while I'm here? Oh, do let me!"

PT "Goodness, I don't care. But where on earth is the sense of naming a geranium?"

PT "Oh, I like things to have handles even if they are only geraniums. It makes them seem more like people. How do you know but that it hurts a geranium's feelings just to be called a geranium and nothing else? You wouldn't like to be called nothing but a woman all the time. Yes, I shall call it Bonny. I named that cherry-tree outside my bedroom window this morning. I called it Snow Queen because it was so white. Of course, it won't always be in blossom, but one can imagine that it is, can't one?"

PT "I never in all my life saw or heard anything to equal her," muttered Marilla, beating a retreat down to the cellar after potatoes. "She is kind of interesting as Matthew says. I can feel already that I'm wondering what on earth she'll say next. She'll be casting a spell over me, too. She's cast it over Matthew. That look he gave me when he went out said everything he said or hinted last night over again. I wish he was like other men and would talk things out. A body could answer back then and argue him into reason. But what's to be done with a man who just looks ?"

PT Anne had relapsed into reverie, with her chin in her hands and her eyes on the sky, when Marilla returned from her cellar pilgrimage. There Marilla left her until the early dinner was on the table.

PT "I suppose I can have the mare and buggy this afternoon, Matthew?" said Marilla.

PT Matthew nodded and looked wistfully at Anne. Marilla intercepted the look and said grimly:

PT "I'm going to drive over to White Sands and settle this thing. I'll take Anne with me and Mrs. Spencer will probably make arrangements to send her back to Nova Scotia at once. I'll set your tea out for you and I'll be home in time to milk the cows."

PT Still Matthew said nothing and Marilla had a sense of having wasted words and breath. There is nothing more aggravating than a man who won't talk back—unless it is a woman who won't.

PT Matthew hitched the sorrel into the buggy in due time and Marilla and Anne set off. Matthew opened the yard gate for them and as they drove slowly through, he said, to nobody in particular as it seemed:

PT "Little Jerry Buote from the Creek was here this morning, and I told him I guessed I'd hire him for the summer."

PT Marilla made no reply, but she hit the unlucky sorrel such a vicious clip with the whip that the fat mare, unused to such treatment, whizzed indignantly down the lane at an alarming pace. Marilla looked back once as the buggy bounced along and saw that aggravating Matthew leaning over the gate, looking wistfully after them.

Anne's History

PT "Do you know," said Anne confidentially, "I've made up my mind to enjoy this drive. It's been my experience that you can nearly always enjoy things if you make up your mind firmly that you will. Of course, you must make it up firmly. I am not going to think about going back to the asylum while we're having our drive. I'm just going to think about the drive. Oh, look, there's one little early wild rose out! Isn't it lovely? Don't you think it must be glad to be a rose? Wouldn't it be nice if roses could talk? I'm sure they could tell us such lovely things. And isn't pink the most bewitching color in the world? I love it, but I can't wear it. Redheaded people can't wear pink, not even in imagination. Did you ever know of anybody whose hair was red when she was young, but got to be another color when she grew up?"

PT "No, I don't know as I ever did," said Marilla mercilessly, "and I shouldn't think it likely to happen in your case either."

PT Anne sighed.

PT "Well, that is another hope gone. 'My life is a perfect graveyard of buried hopes.' That's a sentence I read in a book once, and I say it over to comfort myself whenever I'm disappointed in anything."

PT "I don't see where the comforting comes in myself," said Marilla.

PT "Why, because it sounds so nice and romantic, just as if I were a heroine in a book, you know. I am so fond of romantic things, and a graveyard full of buried hopes is about as romantic a thing as one can imagine isn't it? I'm rather glad I have one. Are we going across the Lake of Shining Waters today?"

PT "We're not going over Barry's pond, if that's what you mean by your Lake of Shining Waters. We're going by the shore road."

PT "Shore road sounds nice," said Anne dreamily. "Is it as nice as it sounds? Just when you said 'shore road' I saw it in a picture in my mind, as quick as that! And White Sands is a pretty name, too; but I don't like it as well as Avonlea. Avonlea is a lovely name. It just sounds like music. How far is it to White Sands?"

PT "It's five miles; and as you're evidently bent on talking you might as well talk to some purpose by telling me what you know about yourself."

PT "Oh, what I know about myself isn't really worth telling," said Anne eagerly. "If you'll only let me tell you what I imagine about myself you'll think it ever so much more interesting."

PT "No, I don't want any of your imaginings. Just you stick to bald facts. Begin at the beginning. Where were you born and how old are you?"

PT "I was eleven last March," said Anne, resigning herself to bald facts with a little sigh. "And I was born in Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia. My father's name was Walter Shirley, and he was a teacher in the Bolingbroke High School. My mother's name was Bertha Shirley. Aren't Walter and Bertha lovely names? I'm so glad my parents had nice names. It would be a real disgrace to have a father named—well, say Jedediah, wouldn't it?"

PT "I guess it doesn't matter what a person's name is as long as he behaves himself," said Marilla, feeling herself called upon to inculcate a good and useful moral.

PT "Well, I don't know." Anne looked thoughtful. "I read in a book once that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but I've never been able to believe it. I don't believe a rose would be as nice if it was called a thistle or a skunk cabbage. I suppose my father could have been a good man even if he had been called Jedediah; but I'm sure it would have been a cross. Well, my mother was a teacher in the High school, too, but when she married father she gave up teaching, of course. A husband was enough responsibility. Mrs. Thomas said that they were a pair of babies and as poor as church mice. They went to live in a weeny-teeny little yellow house in Bolingbroke. I've never seen that house, but I've imagined it thousands of times. I think it must have had honeysuckle over the parlor window and lilacs in the front yard and lilies of the valley just inside the gate. Yes, and muslin curtains in all the windows. Muslin curtains give a house such an air. I was born in that house. Mrs. Thomas said I was the homeliest baby she ever saw, I was so scrawny and tiny and nothing but eyes, but that mother thought I was perfectly beautiful. I should think a mother would be a better judge than a poor woman who came in to scrub, wouldn't you? I'm glad she was satisfied with me anyhow, I would feel so sad if I thought I was a disappointment to

her—because she didn't live very long after that, you see. She died of fever when I was just three months old. I do wish she'd lived long enough for me to remember calling her mother. I think it would be so sweet to say 'mother,' don't you? And father died four days afterwards from fever too. That left me an orphan and folks were at their wits' end, so Mrs. Thomas said, what to do with me. You see, nobody wanted me even then. It seems to be my fate. Father and mother had both come from places far away and it was well known they hadn't any relatives living. Finally Mrs. Thomas said she'd take me, though she was poor and had a drunken husband. She brought me up by hand. Do you know if there is anything in being brought up by hand that ought to make people who are brought up that way better than other people? Because whenever I was naughty Mrs. Thomas would ask me how I could be such a bad girl when she had brought me up by hand—reproachful-like.

PT "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas moved away from Bolingbroke to Marysville, and I lived with them until I was eight years old. I helped look after the Thomas children—there were four of them younger than me—and I can tell you they took a lot of looking after. Then Mr. Thomas was killed falling under a train and his mother offered to take Mrs. Thomas and the children, but she didn't want me. Mrs. Thomas was at her wits' end, so she said, what to do with me. Then Mrs. Hammond from up the river came down and said she'd take me, seeing I was handy with children, and I went up the river to live with her in a little clearing among the stumps. It was a very lonesome place. I'm sure I could never have lived there if I hadn't had an imagination. Mr. Hammond worked a little sawmill up there, and Mrs. Hammond had eight children. She had twins three times. I like babies in moderation, but twins three times in succession is too

PT much . I told Mrs. Hammond so firmly, when the last pair came. I used to get so dreadfully tired carrying them about.

PT "I lived up river with Mrs. Hammond over two years, and then Mr. Hammond died and Mrs. Hammond broke up housekeeping. She divided her children among her relatives and went to the States. I had to go to the asylum at Hopeton, because nobody would take me. They didn't want me at the asylum, either; they said they were over-crowded as it was. But they had to take me and I was there four months until Mrs. Spencer came."

PT Anne finished up with another sigh, of relief this time. Evidently she did not like talking about her experiences in a world that had not wanted her.

PT "Did you ever go to school?" demanded Marilla, turning the sorrel mare down the shore road.

PT "Not a great deal. I went a little the last year I stayed with Mrs. Thomas. When I went up river we were so far from a school that I couldn't walk it in winter and there was a vacation in summer, so I could only go in the spring and fall. But of course I went while I was at the asylum. I can read pretty well and I know ever so many pieces of poetry off by heart—'The Battle of Hohenlinden' and 'Edinburgh after Flodden,' and 'Bingen of the Rhine,' and most of the 'Lady of the Lake' and most of 'The Seasons' by James Thompson. Don't you just love poetry that gives you a crinkly feeling up and down your back? There is a piece in the Fifth Reader—'The Downfall of Poland'—that is just full of thrills. Of course, I wasn't in the Fifth Reader—I was only in the Fourth—but the big girls used to lend me theirs to read."

PT "Were those women—Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Hammond—good to you?" asked Marilla, looking at Anne out of the corner of her eye.

PT "O-o-o-h," faltered Anne. Her sensitive little face suddenly flushed scarlet and embarrassment sat on her brow. "Oh, they meant to be—I know they meant to be just as good and kind as possible. And when people mean to be good to you, you don't mind very much when they're not quite—always. They had a good deal to worry them, you know. It's very trying to have a drunken husband, you see; and it must be very trying to have twins three times in succession, don't you think? But I feel sure they meant to be good to me."

PT Marilla asked no more questions. Anne gave herself up to a silent rapture over the shore road and Marilla guided the sorrel abstractedly while she pondered deeply. Pity was suddenly stirring in her heart for the child. What a starved, unloved life she had had—a life of drudgery and poverty and neglect; for Marilla was shrewd enough to read between the lines of Anne's history and divine the truth. No wonder she had been so delighted at the prospect of a real home. It was a pity she had to be sent back. What if she, Marilla, should indulge Matthew's unaccountable whim

and let her stay? He was set on it; and the child seemed a nice, teachable little thing.

PT "She's got too much to say," thought Marilla, "but she might be trained out of that. And there's nothing rude or slangy in what she does say. She's ladylike. It's likely her people were nice folks."

PT The shore road was "woody and wild and lonesome." On the right hand, scrub firs, their spirits quite unbroken by long years of tussle with the gulf winds, grew thickly. On the left were the steep red sandstone cliffs, so near the track in places that a mare of less steadiness than the sorrel might have tried the nerves of the people behind her. Down at the base of the cliffs were heaps of surf-worn rocks or little sandy coves inlaid with pebbles as with ocean jewels; beyond lay the sea, shimmering and blue, and over it soared the gulls, their pinions flashing silvery in the sunlight.

PT "Isn't the sea wonderful?" said Anne, rousing from a long, wide-eyed silence. "Once, when I lived in Marysville, Mr. Thomas hired an express wagon and took us all to spend the day at the shore ten miles away. I enjoyed every moment of that day, even if I had to look after the children all the time. I lived it over in happy dreams for years. But this shore is nicer than the Marysville shore. Aren't those gulls splendid? Would you like to be a gull? I think I would—that is, if I couldn't be a human girl. Don't you think it would be nice to wake up at sunrise and swoop down over the water and away out over that lovely blue all day; and then at night to fly back to one's nest? Oh, I can just imagine myself doing it. What big house is that just ahead, please?"

PT "That's the White Sands Hotel. Mr. Kirke runs it, but the season hasn't begun yet. There are heaps of Americans come there for the summer. They think this shore is just about right."

PT "I was afraid it might be Mrs. Spencer's place," said Anne mournfully. "I don't want to get there. Somehow, it will seem like the end of everything."

Marilla Makes Up Her Mind

PT Get there they did, however, in due season. Mrs. Spencer lived in a big yellow house at White Sands Cove, and she came to the door with surprise and welcome mingled on her benevolent face.

PT "Dear, dear," she exclaimed, "you're the last folks I was looking for today, but I'm real glad to see you. You'll put your horse in? And how are you, Anne?"

PT "I'm as well as can be expected, thank you," said Anne smilelessly. A blight seemed to have descended on her.

PT "I suppose we'll stay a little while to rest the mare," said Marilla, "but I promised Matthew I'd be home early. The fact is, Mrs. Spencer, there's been a queer mistake somewhere, and I've come over to see where it is. We send word, Matthew and I, for you to bring us a boy from the asylum. We told your brother Robert to tell you we wanted a boy ten or eleven years old."

PT "Marilla Cuthbert, you don't say so!" said Mrs. Spencer in distress. "Why, Robert sent word down by his daughter Nancy and she said you wanted a girl—didn't she Flora Jane?" appealing to her daughter who had come out to the steps.

PT "She certainly did, Miss Cuthbert," corroborated Flora Jane earnestly.

PT "I'm dreadful sorry," said Mrs. Spencer. "It's too bad; but it certainly wasn't my fault, you see, Miss Cuthbert. I did the best I could and I thought I was following your instructions. Nancy is a terrible flighty thing. I've often had to scold her well for her heedlessness."

PT "It was our own fault," said Marilla resignedly. "We should have come to you ourselves and not left an important message to be passed along by word of mouth in that fashion. Anyhow, the mistake has been made and the only thing to do is to set it right. Can we send the child back to the asylum? I suppose they'll take her back, won't they?"

PT "I suppose so," said Mrs. Spencer thoughtfully, "but I don't think it will be necessary to send her back. Mrs. Peter Blewett was up here yesterday, and she was saying to me how much she wished she'd sent

by me for a little girl to help her. Mrs. Peter has a large family, you know, and she finds it hard to get help. Anne will be the very girl for you. I call it positively providential."

PT Marilla did not look as if she thought Providence had much to do with the matter. Here was an unexpectedly good chance to get this unwelcome orphan off her hands, and she did not even feel grateful for it.

PT She knew Mrs. Peter Blewett only by sight as a small, shrewish-faced woman without an ounce of superfluous flesh on her bones. But she had heard of her. "A terrible worker and driver," Mrs. Peter was said to be; and discharged servant girls told fearsome tales of her temper and stinginess, and her family of pert, quarrelsome children. Marilla felt a qualm of conscience at the thought of handing Anne over to her tender mercies.

PT "Well, I'll go in and we'll talk the matter over," she said.

PT "And if there isn't Mrs. Peter coming up the lane this blessed minute!" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer, bustling her guests through the hall into the parlor, where a deadly chill struck on them as if the air had been strained so long through dark green, closely drawn blinds that it had lost every particle of warmth it had ever possessed. "That is real lucky, for we can settle the matter right away. Take the armchair, Miss Cuthbert. Anne, you sit here on the ottoman and don't wiggle. Let me take your hats. Flora Jane, go out and put the kettle on. Good afternoon, Mrs. Blewett. We were just saying how fortunate it was you happened along. Let me introduce you two ladies. Mrs. Blewett, Miss Cuthbert. Please excuse me for just a moment. I forgot to tell Flora Jane to take the buns out of the oven."

PT Mrs. Spencer whisked away, after pulling up the blinds. Anne sitting mutely on the ottoman, with her hands clasped tightly in her lap, stared at Mrs. Blewett as one fascinated. Was she to be given into the keeping of this sharp-faced, sharp-eyed woman? She felt a lump coming up in her throat and her eyes smarted painfully. She was beginning to be afraid she couldn't keep the tears back when Mrs. Spencer returned, flushed and beaming, quite capable of taking any and every difficulty, physical, mental or spiritual, into consideration and settling it out of hand.

PT "It seems there's been a mistake about this little girl, Mrs. Blewett," she said. "I was under the impression that Mr. and Miss Cuthbert wanted

a little girl to adopt. I was certainly told so. But it seems it was a boy they wanted. So if you're still of the same mind you were yesterday, I think she'll be just the thing for you."

PT Mrs. Blewett darted her eyes over Anne from head to foot.

PT "How old are you and what's your name?" she demanded.

PT "Anne Shirley," faltered the shrinking child, not daring to make any stipulations regarding the spelling thereof, "and I'm eleven years old."

PT "Humph! You don't look as if there was much to you. But you're wiry. I don't know but the wiry ones are the best after all. Well, if I take you you'll have to be a good girl, you know—good and smart and respectful. I'll expect you to earn your keep, and no mistake about that. Yes, I suppose I might as well take her off your hands, Miss Cuthbert. The baby's awful fractious, and I'm clean worn out attending to him. If you like I can take her right home now."

PT Marilla looked at Anne and softened at sight of the child's pale face with its look of mute misery—the misery of a helpless little creature who finds itself once more caught in the trap from which it had escaped. Marilla felt an uncomfortable conviction that, if she denied the appeal of that look, it would haunt her to her dying day. More-over, she did not fancy Mrs. Blewett. To hand a sensitive, "highstrung" child over to such a woman! No, she could not take the responsibility of doing that!

PT "Well, I don't know," she said slowly. "I didn't say that Matthew and I had absolutely decided that we wouldn't keep her. In fact I may say that Matthew is disposed to keep her. I just came over to find out how the mistake had occurred. I think I'd better take her home again and talk it over with Matthew. I feel that I oughtn't to decide on anything without consulting him. If we make up our mind not to keep her we'll bring or send her over to you tomorrow night. If we don't you may know that she is going to stay with us. Will that suit you, Mrs. Blewett?"

PT "I suppose it'll have to," said Mrs. Blewett ungraciously.

PT During Marilla's speech a sunrise had been dawning on Anne's face. First the look of despair faded out; then came a faint flush of hope; her eyes grew deep and bright as morning stars. The child was quite transfigured; and, a moment later, when Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Blewett

went out in quest of a recipe the latter had come to borrow she sprang up and flew across the room to Marilla.

PT "Oh, Miss Cuthbert, did you really say that perhaps you would let me stay at Green Gables?" she said, in a breathless whisper, as if speaking aloud might shatter the glorious possibility. "Did you really say it? Or did I only imagine that you did?"

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A Sra. Rachel Lynde é Surpreendida

En A casa de Sra. Rachel Lynde ficava onde a estrada principal de Avonlea descia para uma pequena depressão. A depressão era cercada por amieiros e brincos-de-princesa, e um riacho a atravessava, originando-se no fundo dos bosques da antiga propriedade dos Cuthbert. Em seu curso inicial por esses bosques, dizia-se que o riacho era selvagem e cheio de poços e cascatas escondidos, mas quando chegava à Depressão de Lynde, havia se tornado um riacho tranquilo e ordenado. Nem mesmo um riacho podia passar pela casa da Sra. Rachel sem se comportar adequadamente, pois ela se sentava em sua janela observando tudo que passava, desde crianças até o próprio riacho. Se notasse algo incomum, ela não descansaria até descobrir as razões por trás disso.

En Muitas pessoas em Avonlea e em outros lugares têm grande interesse nos assuntos dos vizinhos porque negligenciam os seus próprios. No entanto, a Sra. Rachel Lynde era uma daquelas pessoas capazes que conseguiam administrar tanto os próprios negócios quanto os dos outros. Era uma excelente dona de casa, sempre concluindo seu trabalho bem feito. Ela comandava o Círculo de Costura, ajudava na Escola Dominical e era um forte esteio da Sociedade de Auxílio à Igreja e do Auxílio às Missões Estrangeiras. Apesar de tudo isso, ela encontrava muito tempo para se sentar à janela da cozinha por horas, tricotando colchas de urdidura de algodão — ela já tinha feito dezesseis delas, como as donas de casa de Avonlea costumavam dizer com admiração — enquanto vigiava atentamente a estrada principal que cruzava a depressão e subia o íngreme morro vermelho além. Como Avonlea era uma pequena península triangular com água em dois lados, qualquer um que entrasse ou saísse tinha que passar por aquela estrada do morro, passando assim pelo escrutínio implacável do olho que tudo via da Sra. Rachel.

En Uma tarde no início de junho, a Sra. Rachel estava sentada à sua janela. O sol entrava quente e brilhante. O pomar na encosta abaixo da casa estava coberto por uma floração rosada e branca, como uma noiva, e zumbia com abelhas. Thomas Lynde, seu marido quieto a quem o povo de Avonlea chamava de marido da Rachel Lynde, estava semeando sementes de nabo tardio no campo do morro além do celeiro. Matthew

Cuthbert deveria estar semeando suas próprias sementes de nabo no grande campo do riacho vermelho perto de Green Gables. A Sra. Rachel sabia disso porque o ouvira contar a Peter Morrison na noite anterior na loja de William J. Blair em Carmody que pretendia semear suas sementes de nabo na tarde seguinte. Peter lhe perguntara, é claro, já que Matthew Cuthbert não era conhecido por oferecer informações sobre nada voluntariamente.

En No entanto, eis que Matthew Cuthbert, às três e meia de uma tarde ocupada, dirigia calmamente pela depressão e subia o morro. Ele usava um colarinho branco e seu melhor terno, o que mostrava claramente que estava saindo de Avonlea. Ele tinha a charrete e a égua alazã, indicando que ia uma distância considerável. Agora, a Sra. Rachel se perguntava para onde Matthew Cuthbert estava indo e por que estava indo para lá.

En Se fosse qualquer outro homem em Avonlea, a Sra. Rachel poderia juntar dois mais dois e fazer um bom palpite sobre ambas as perguntas. Mas Matthew raramente saía de casa, então devia ser algo urgente e incomum que o levava. Ele era o homem mais tímido do mundo e odiava ter que ir entre estranhos ou a qualquer lugar onde pudesse ter que falar. Ver Matthew vestido com um colarinho branco e dirigindo uma charrete era uma visão incomum. A Sra. Rachel pensou muito sobre isso, mas não conseguiu entender, e seu prazer da tarde foi estragado.

En Após o chá, a Sra. Lynde decidiu visitar Green Gables para perguntar a Marilla para onde Matthew tinha ido. Ela achou estranho, já que ele raramente ia à cidade naquela época do ano. Ela sentiu que algo devia ter acontecido desde a noite anterior para causar sua partida.

En Após o chá, a Sra. Rachel caminhou até Green Gables. Embora a casa ficasse a apenas um quarto de milha de distância, a longa estrada tornava a viagem mais longa. A casa dos Cuthberts foi construída na beira da terra limpa, mal visível da estrada, ao contrário das outras casas sociáveis em Avonlea. A Sra. Lynde não considerava tal isolamento como uma vida adequada.

En Enquanto caminhava pela estrada gramada ladeada por rosas silvestres, a Sra. Lynde observou que os Cuthberts estavam apenas em casa, não vivendo. Ela achou natural que fossem um pouco esquisitos, morando tão afastados sozinhos. Ela preferia pessoas a árvores, mas

supôs que eles estavam acostumados, pois alguém pode se acostumar com qualquer coisa.

En A Sra. Rachel entrou no quintal de Green Gables, que era muito verde e bem cuidado. Grandes salgueiros estavam de um lado e elegantes choupos-lombardos do outro. Não se viam galhos ou pedras soltas; a Sra. Rachel acreditava que Marilla varria o quintal com a mesma frequência que a casa. O chão estava limpo o suficiente para se comer.

En A Sra. Rachel bateu e entrou na cozinha. Era um cômodo alegre, embora tão impecável que se assemelhava a uma sala de visitas não usada. A luz do sol entrava pela janela oeste, enquanto a janela leste oferecia uma vista das cerejeiras e bétulas, mas estava coberta de vinhas. Marilla estava sentada ali tricotando, sempre um pouco desconfiada da luz do sol, que considerava frívola demais para um mundo sério. A mesa estava posta para o jantar.

En Antes mesmo de fechar completamente a porta, a Sra. Rachel já havia notado mentalmente tudo sobre a mesa. Havia três pratos postos, então Marilla devia estar esperando alguém para se juntar a Matthew no chá. No entanto, os pratos eram comuns, com apenas conserva de maçã e um único tipo de bolo, indicando que a companhia esperada não era particularmente especial. Mas e quanto ao colarinho branco de Matthew e à égua alazã? A Sra. Rachel estava ficando bastante tonta com esse mistério incomum em torno da normalmente calma e despreziosa Green Gables.

En Marilla cumprimentou a Sra. Rachel rapidamente, comentando sobre a bela noite e convidando-a para se sentar. Em seguida, perguntou pela família da Sra. Rachel.

En Algo que poderia ser chamado de amizade, por falta de um termo melhor, existia e sempre existira entre Marilla Cuthbert e a Sra. Rachel, apesar — ou talvez por causa — de quão diferentes elas eram.

En Marilla era uma mulher alta e magra, angular e sem curvas. Seu cabelo escuro, com mechas grisalhas, estava sempre torcido em um coque apertado atrás, preso por dois grampos de arame que se destacavam agressivamente. Ela parecia uma mulher de experiência limitada e consciência rígida, e de fato era. No entanto, havia algo

redentor em sua boca que, se tivesse sido ligeiramente desenvolvido, poderia ter sugerido um senso de humor.

En A Sra. Rachel respondeu que todos em sua família estavam muito bem. Ela acrescentou que, no entanto, estava um pouco preocupada com a casa de Marilla quando viu Matthew saindo naquele dia. Pensara que talvez ele fosse ao médico.

En Os lábios de Marilla se curvaram em um sorriso de compreensão. Ela já esperava a visita da Sra. Rachel; sabia que ver Matthew partir de forma tão misteriosa seria demais para a curiosidade da vizinha.

En A Sra. Rachel respondeu que estava se sentindo perfeitamente bem, apesar de ter tido uma forte dor de cabeça no dia anterior. Marilla então explicou que Matthew havia ido a Bright River porque estavam esperando um menino de um orfanato na Nova Escócia, que deveria chegar no trem naquela noite.

En O anúncio de Marilla chocou a Sra. Rachel tanto quanto se ela tivesse dito que Matthew havia ido encontrar um canguru da Austrália. Ela ficou tão surpresa que não conseguiu falar por cinco segundos. Parecia impossível que Marilla estivesse brincando, mas a Sra. Rachel foi quase forçada a pensar assim.

En Quando recuperou a voz, a Sra. Rachel exigiu saber se Marilla estava falando sério.

En Marilla respondeu afirmativamente, falando como se adotar meninos de orfanatos da Nova Escócia fosse uma parte rotineira das tarefas de primavera em qualquer fazenda bem administrada de Avonlea, em vez de um empreendimento totalmente inédito.

En A Sra. Rachel ficou profundamente chocada. A ideia de que Marilla e Matthew Cuthbert estavam adotando um menino de um orfanato parecia inacreditável. Ela sentiu que o mundo tinha virado de cabeça para baixo e que nunca mais se surpreenderia com nada.

En Ela perguntou a Marilla, de modo desaprovador, o que lhe tinha dado tal ideia.

En A decisão tinha sido tomada sem consultá-la, então ela se sentiu obrigada a desaprovar.

En Marilla explicou que eles estavam considerando a adoção há algum tempo. A Sra. Alexander Spencer planejava pegar uma menina de um orfanato e se ofereceu para ajudá-los a encontrar um menino. Matthew, que agora tinha sessenta anos e problemas cardíacos, precisava de ajuda com o trabalho da fazenda, já que era difícil manter empregados contratados. Marilla insistiu em uma criança nascida no Canadá, em vez de um menino das ruas de Londres. Eles pediram à Sra. Spencer que escolhesse um menino capaz, por volta de dez ou onze anos, com idade suficiente para trabalhar, mas jovem o bastante para ser treinado. Eles pretendiam proporcionar um bom lar e educação. Naquele dia, receberam um telegrama anunciando a chegada do menino no trem da noite, então Matthew foi encontrá-lo.

En A Sra. Rachel se orgulhava de sua honestidade, então, após processar esta notícia surpreendente, ela se preparou para dar sua opinião.

En A Sra. Rachel disse francamente a Marilla que considerava a decisão muito tola e arriscada. Ela destacou que Marilla não sabia nada sobre a criança, sua origem ou seu caráter, e lembrou uma história de jornal sobre um menino de um orfanato que ateou fogo deliberadamente a uma casa.

En Ela acrescentou que o menino quase queimou a família até a morte em suas camas. Ela também mencionou outro caso de um menino adotado que não conseguia parar de roubar ovos. A Sra. Rachel concluiu que, se Marilla tivesse pedido seu conselho, ela teria aconselhado veementemente contra a adoção.

En Marilla pareceu nem ofendida nem alarmada com os avisos de Rachel. Ela continuou tricotando calmamente.

En Marilla admitiu ter algumas dúvidas ela mesma, mas explicou que Matthew estava determinado a adotar a criança. Como ele raramente insistia em algo, ela sentiu que era seu dever concordar. Ela observou que havia riscos na maioria das coisas, inclusive em ter filhos próprios, e que o menino vinha da vizinha Nova Escócia, então não seria muito diferente deles.

En A Sra. Rachel expressou esperança de que tudo daria certo, mas seu tom transmitia dúvida. Ela advertiu Marilla para não dizer que não foi avisada se a criança incendiasse Green Gables ou envenenasse o poço,

citando uma história de New Brunswick onde uma menina órfã havia causado danos semelhantes.

En Marilla afirmou firmemente que não estavam adotando uma menina; ela jamais consideraria criar uma criança do sexo feminino. Achou surpreendente que a Sra. Alexander Spencer o fizesse, mas observou que a Sra. Spencer não hesitaria em adotar um orfanato inteiro se decidisse.

En A Sra. Rachel teria preferido ficar até Matthew chegar com o órfão, mas percebendo que seriam pelo menos duas horas, decidiu ir à casa de Robert Bell para espalhar a notícia, o que adorava fazer. Ela saiu, para grande alívio de Marilla, já que o pessimismo da Sra. Rachel estava reavivando as próprias dúvidas e medos de Marilla.

En Assim que estava segura do lado de fora, no caminho, a Sra. Rachel exclamou sua incredulidade, sentindo como se estivesse sonhando. Expressou profunda pena do órfão, convencida de que Matthew e Marilla não sabiam nada sobre crianças e esperariam que o menino fosse mais sábio e estável que seu próprio avô, se é que ele tinha um. Achou estranha a ideia de uma criança em Green Gables, pois nunca houve uma ali; Matthew e Marilla já eram adultos quando a casa foi construída. Declarou que não gostaria de estar na pele daquele órfão.

En A Sra. Rachel falou esses pensamentos para as roseiras silvestres, transbordando de emoção. No entanto, se ela pudesse ter visto a criança esperando pacientemente na estação de Bright River naquele exato momento, sua pena teria sido ainda mais profunda e intensa.

Matthew Cuthbert é Surpreendido

En Matthew Cuthbert e a égua alazã seguiram confortavelmente as oito milhas até Bright River. A estrada era agradável, passando entre fazendas aconchegantes, com trechos ocasionais de fragrante mata de abetos e depressões onde ameixeiras silvestres floresciam. O ar era doce com o aroma de muitos pomares de maçã, e os prados se inclinavam ao longe, fundindo-se com névoas matinais cor de pérola e púrpura.

En Os passarinhos cantavam como se aquele dia fosse o único dia de verão em todo o ano.

En Matthew sentia prazer no passeio à sua maneira silenciosa, exceto quando encontrava mulheres e precisava cumprimentá-las com um aceno de cabeça. Na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, o costume exigia que se acenasse para todos os encontrados na estrada, independentemente de conhecê-los, e Matthew achava essa obrigação desconfortável.

En Matthew temia todas as mulheres, exceto Marilla e a Sra. Rachel, suspeitando que essas criaturas misteriosas estivessem secretamente zombando dele. Provavelmente estava certo, pois ele tinha uma figura incomum: desajeitado de compleição, com longos cabelos grisalhos que tocavam seus ombros curvados, e uma barba macia e castanha que usava desde os vinte anos. De fato, ele parecia quase o mesmo aos vinte e aos sessenta, apenas com menos cabelos grisalhos.

En Ao chegar em Bright River, Matthew não viu sinal de nenhum trem. Acreditando estar adiantado, amarrou seu cavalo no pátio do pequeno hotel local e foi até a estação. A longa plataforma estava quase vazia; a única pessoa à vista era uma garota sentada em uma pilha de telhas no extremo. Matthew mal notou sua presença e passou por ela o mais rápido possível, sem olhar. Se tivesse olhado, certamente teria notado a quietude intensa e a expectativa em sua postura e expressão. Ela estava ali sentada, esperando por algo ou alguém, e como sentar e esperar era tudo o que podia fazer, dedicava-se a isso por completo.

En Matthew encontrou o chefe da estação, que estava trancando a bilheteria antes de ir para casa jantar, e perguntou se o trem das cinco e meia chegaria em breve.

En O funcionário da estação disse a Matthew que o trem das cinco e meia havia chegado e partido trinta minutos antes. No entanto, ele disse que uma garotinha havia sido deixada para Matthew. Ela estava sentada do lado de fora, sobre as telhas. Quando ele pediu que ela entrasse na sala de espera das senhoras, ela disse seriamente que preferia ficar do lado de fora porque havia mais espaço para a imaginação. Ele comentou que ela era uma criança incomum.

En Matthew disse, sem expressão, que não estava esperando uma garota. Ele tinha vindo buscar um menino, que deveria estar lá. Ele explicou que a Sra. Alexander Spencer traria o menino da Nova Escócia para ele.

En O chefe da estação soltou um assobio.

En O chefe da estação sugeriu que deveria haver algum engano. Ele disse que a Sra. Spencer havia descido do trem com a garota e a deixado aos seus cuidados. Ela lhe disse que Matthew e sua irmã estavam adotando a garota de um orfanato e que viriam buscá-la em breve. Ele acrescentou que isso era tudo o que sabia e que não tinha outros órfãos escondidos ali.

En Matthew disse que não entendia e se sentia impotente, desejando que Marilla estivesse ali para lidar com a situação.

En O chefe da estação sugeriu que Matthew perguntasse à menina ele mesmo, dizendo que ela provavelmente poderia explicar, já que era claramente falante. Ele acrescentou que talvez não houvesse meninos do tipo que Matthew havia encomendado.

En O chefe da estação foi embora alegremente, com fome. O pobre Matthew foi deixado para fazer algo ainda mais difícil do que enfrentar um leão: aproximar-se de uma menina — uma estranha, uma órfã — e perguntar por que ela não era um menino. Matthew sentiu um gemido profundo por dentro enquanto se virava e arrastava os pés lentamente pela plataforma em direção a ela.

En A menina estava observando Matthew desde que ele passou, e continuou a observá-lo. Ele não estava olhando para ela e não teria notado sua aparência, mas um observador comum teria visto uma criança de cerca de onze anos. Ela usava um vestido muito curto, apertado e feio de flanela amarelo-acinzentada, um chapéu de

marinheiro marrom desbotado e duas tranças grossas de cabelo vermelho vivo caindo pelas costas. Seu rosto era pequeno, pálido, fino e coberto de sardas; sua boca era grande, e seus olhos também eram grandes, parecendo verdes em algumas luzes e cinzentos em outras.

En Isso é o que um observador comum veria, mas uma pessoa mais perceptiva poderia ter notado que seu queixo era muito pontudo e forte; que seus olhos grandes estavam cheios de vivacidade; que sua boca tinha lábios doces e era expressiva; e que sua testa era larga e cheia. Em suma, um observador perspicaz poderia ter concluído que aquela criança desgarrada não era uma pessoa comum, razão pela qual o tímido Matthew Cuthbert tinha um medo tão absurdo dela.

En Matthew foi poupado da dificuldade de falar primeiro, porque assim que a menina percebeu que ele estava se aproximando, ela se levantou. Com uma mão fina e morena, ela segurou a alça de uma velha mala de viagem desgastada, e estendeu a outra mão para ele.

En Anne cumprimentou Matthew Cuthbert alegremente, apresentando-se e expressando alívio por ele ter chegado. Ela admitiu que começara a se preocupar com o atraso e imaginara várias razões para a demora. Ela planejara que, se ele não chegasse naquela noite, passaria a noite em uma cerejeira selvagem perto da linha do trem. Declarou que não teria medo e que achava que seria adorável dormir entre as flores brancas sob o luar, como se estivesse em salões de mármore. Ela estava confiante de que ele viria pela manhã, se não naquela noite.

En Matthew pegou desajeitadamente a mãozinha magra e tomou uma decisão na hora. Ele não podia dizer àquela criança de olhos brilhantes que havia acontecido um engano; em vez disso, levaria-a para casa e deixaria Marilla explicar. De qualquer forma, ela não podia ficar em Bright River, independentemente do erro, então todas as perguntas e explicações poderiam esperar até que estivessem de volta em segurança a Green Gables.

En Matthew timidamente pediu desculpas pelo atraso e pediu que ela o acompanhasse. Ele disse que o cavalo estava no quintal e se ofereceu para carregar a bolsa dela.

En A menina insistiu alegremente em carregar sua própria mala, dizendo que ela continha todos os seus pertences mundanos, mas não

era pesada, e ela sabia a maneira correta de segurá-la para que a alça não saísse. Ela expressou grande felicidade por Matthew ter vindo, embora tenha admitido que teria sido bom dormir em uma cerejeira. Ela sabia que tinham uma longa viagem de oito milhas, o que ela adorava. Ela achou maravilhoso finalmente pertencer a alguém, já que nunca havia verdadeiramente pertencido a ninguém antes, e disse que o orfanato foi a pior experiência, mesmo tendo estado lá apenas quatro meses. Ela explicou que não quis ser malvada quando disse isso, e que as pessoas do orfanato eram boas, mas havia muito pouco espaço para a imaginação lá, exceto ao pensar sobre os outros órfãos. Ela costumava ficar acordada à noite imaginando que a garota ao lado poderia ser a filha de um conde que foi roubada, porque não tinha tempo durante o dia. Ela pensava que era por isso que era tão magra, e adorava se imaginar gordinha com covinhas.

En Com isso, Anne parou de falar, em parte porque estava sem fôlego e em parte porque haviam chegado à charrete. Ela não disse mais uma palavra até que tivessem saído da vila e estivessem descendo uma colina íngreme. A estrada lá era cortada profundamente na terra macia, de modo que os barrancos, ladeados por cerejeiras silvestres floridas e bétulas brancas e esbeltas, elevavam-se vários pés acima de suas cabeças.

En A criança estendeu a mão e quebrou um galho de uma ameixeira selvagem que estava tocando a charrete.

En Ela perguntou a Matthew se ele achava a árvore bonita e o que ela o fazia imaginar, descrevendo-a como branca e rendada.

En Matthew respondeu que não sabia.

En Ela explicou que a árvore a lembrava de uma noiva em um vestido branco com véu. Ela nunca tinha visto uma noiva, mas podia imaginar uma. Ela duvidava que algum dia se casaria porque se considerava simples, mas esperava ter um vestido branco algum dia. Ela adorava roupas bonitas e nunca possuía um vestido bonito. Ela se sentia envergonhada por seu vestido simples do orfanato, feito de tecido barato, e preferia pensar que o comerciante o doou por bondade, e não por não conseguir vendê-lo. Ela imaginava usar um lindo vestido de seda azul e acessórios elegantes, o que animou seu espírito durante a viagem de trem. Ela aproveitou o passeio de barco sem enjoo, enquanto a Sra.

Spencer ficava preocupada em vigiá-la, o que Anne achava útil. Ela queria ver tudo no barco porque talvez não tivesse outra oportunidade. Ela admirou as muitas cerejeiras floridas da ilha e sua beleza geral. Ela sempre ouvira que a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo era linda e imaginara morar lá. Ela achou as estradas vermelhas intrigantes e perguntou à Sra. Spencer sobre a cor, mas a Sra. Spencer mandou parar de fazer perguntas. Ela ainda se perguntava o que causava a cor vermelha.

En Matthew repetiu que não sabia.

En Anne disse que era maravilhoso pensar em todas as coisas que existem para descobrir. Ela se sentia feliz por estar viva porque o mundo era tão interessante. Ela pensava que seria menos interessante se as pessoas soubessem tudo, pois não haveria espaço para a imaginação. Ela perguntou se estava falando demais, observando que as pessoas frequentemente diziam isso, e se ofereceu para parar se Matthew preferisse, embora admitisse que seria difícil.

En Matthew ficou surpreso ao perceber que estava gostando da companhia de Anne. Ele geralmente gostava de pessoas falantes que faziam a maior parte da conversa, mas nunca esperava gostar da companhia de uma menina. Ele detestava os olhares tímidos e de lado das meninas bem-educadas. No entanto, Anne era diferente, e embora sua mente mais lenta tivesse dificuldade em acompanhar, ele gostava da tagarelice dela. Então ele respondeu timidamente.

En Matthew disse a Anne que ela poderia falar o quanto quisesse; ele não se importava.

En Anne expressou sua felicidade e disse que sabia que eles se dariam bem. Ela estava aliviada por poder falar livremente sem ser informada de que crianças deveriam ser vistas e não ouvidas. Ela acrescentou que as pessoas riam dela por usar palavras grandes, mas explicou que ideias grandes exigiam palavras grandes.

En Matthew respondeu que o que ela disse parecia razoável.

En Anne contou a Matthew que a Sra. Spencer dissera que sua língua devia estar solta dos dois lados, embora Anne insistisse que estava firmemente presa em uma das extremidades. A Sra. Spencer também havia mencionado que o lugar se chamava Green Gables, e Anne perguntara a ela sobre isso. Ela soube que a casa era cercada por

árvores, o que a deixou muito feliz porque adorava árvores. Em contraste, no orfanato havia apenas algumas árvores pequenas na frente, com pequenas grades caídas ao redor, e elas pareciam órfãs. Ela costumava sentir pena delas e falava com elas, dizendo que se estivessem em uma grande floresta com outras árvores, musgos, sinos-de-junho, um riacho e pássaros, elas poderiam crescer. Ela ficou triste por deixá-las para trás naquela manhã. Finalmente, ela perguntou a Matthew se havia um riacho perto de Green Gables.

En Matthew respondeu que havia de fato um riacho bem embaixo da casa.

En Anne expressou sua alegria, dizendo que sempre fora um de seus sonhos morar perto de um riacho, embora nunca esperasse que se realizasse. Ela observou que os sonhos raramente se tornam realidade, mas ainda assim se sentia quase perfeitamente feliz naquele momento. No entanto, ela não conseguia se sentir completamente feliz e perguntou a Matthew de que cor ele chamaria seu cabelo.

En Anne puxou uma de suas longas tranças brilhantes sobre o ombro magro e a ergueu para Matthew ver. Matthew não estava acostumado a julgar os tons do cabelo das mulheres, mas neste caso não havia dúvidas.

En Matthew disse que era vermelho.

En A garota deixou a trança cair para trás e suspirou profundamente, como se seu suspiro carregasse todas as tristezas dos séculos.

En Ela admitiu com resignação que seu cabelo era ruivo, e que era por isso que não podia ser completamente feliz. Disse que podia imaginar que suas sardas, olhos verdes e magreza não existiam, mas não conseguia imaginar que seu cabelo ruivo não existia. Tentou imaginar que era preto, mas sempre sabia que era simplesmente ruivo, o que partia seu coração. Ela considerava isso sua tristeza eterna. Lembrou-se de uma garota em um romance que também tinha uma tristeza eterna, mas não era cabelo ruivo; essa garota tinha cabelos dourados e uma testa de alabastro. Ela perguntou a Matthew o que era uma testa de alabastro.

En Matthew disse a ela que não podia responder. Ele se sentiu tonto, lembrando-se de uma época em sua juventude quando outro garoto o tinha levado a um carrossel em um piquenique.

En Ela disse que, fosse o que fosse uma testa de alabastro, devia ser adorável porque aquela garota era divinamente bela. Ela perguntou a Matthew se ele já tinha imaginado como era sentir-se divinamente belo.

En Matthew confessou honestamente que não.

En Ela admitiu que havia pensado nisso com frequência e perguntou qual ele escolheria: ser divinamente bela, extremamente inteligente ou angelicamente boa.

En Ele respondeu que não poderia dizer exatamente.

En Ela concordou e disse que nunca conseguiria decidir, mas que isso fazia pouca diferença, já que era improvável que se tornasse qualquer uma dessas coisas, muito menos angelicamente boa. Ela começou a citar a Sra. Spencer, mas então de repente chamou pelo Sr. Cuthbert.

En Na verdade, a Sra. Spencer não tinha dito isso, nem a criança havia caído da charrete, nem Matthew feito algo notável. Eles simplesmente viraram uma esquina e chegaram à Avenida.

En A Avenida, como os moradores a chamavam, era um trecho de estrada com cerca de quatrocentas a quinhentas jardas de comprimento, completamente arqueado por enormes macieiras de galhos largos, plantadas há muito tempo por um fazendeiro excêntrico. Acima, havia uma copa contínua de flores brancas e perfumadas. Debaixo dos galhos, o ar tinha um tom arroxeadado de crepúsculo, e ao longe, um vislumbre do céu pintado pelo pôr do sol brilhava como uma grande rosácea no final de uma nave de catedral.

En A criança ficou sem palavras devido à beleza ao seu redor. Ela recostou-se na charrete com as mãos entrelaçadas, o rosto erguido alegremente em direção ao brilho branco acima. Mesmo depois que passaram e desceram a ladeira em direção a Newbridge, ela não se moveu nem falou. Com uma expressão encantada, ela olhou fixamente para o pôr do sol, imaginando visões esplêndidas cruzando o céu brilhante. Eles atravessaram Newbridge, uma vila movimentada onde cães latiam, meninos gritavam e rostos curiosos apareciam nas janelas,

mas ela permaneceu em silêncio. Depois de mais três milhas, ela ainda não havia falado. Ficou claro que ela podia ser tão quieta quanto podia ser falante.

En Matthew supôs que ela estava simplesmente cansada e com fome, o que ele pensou que explicava seu longo silêncio. Ele disse a ela que faltava apenas cerca de mais uma milha para viajar.

En Ela emergiu de seu estado onírico com um suspiro profundo e olhou para Matthew com uma expressão distante e sonhadora, como se sua mente tivesse vagado para longe, guiada por estrelas.

En Ela sussurrou para o Sr. Cuthbert, perguntando como se chamava o lugar branco pelo qual haviam passado.

En Depois de pensar por um momento, Matthew disse que ela devia estar se referindo à Avenida, que ele considerava um lugar bastante bonito.

En Anne disse ao Sr. Cuthbert que a visão estava além de palavras como bonita ou linda; era maravilhosa e não podia ser melhorada pela imaginação. Causou-lhe uma dor agradável no peito, e ela perguntou se ele já havia sentido tal sensação.

En O Sr. Cuthbert respondeu que não se lembrava de ter sentido aquela dor.

En Anne explicou que sentia aquela dor com frequência ao ver algo belo. Ela achava o nome 'a Avenida' inadequado e preferia imaginar um nome mais poético, como 'o Caminho Branco da Alegria'. Disse que frequentemente rebatiza coisas ou pessoas de que não gosta, dando o exemplo de uma menina no orfanato. Ela se sentia ao mesmo tempo contente e triste por estarem perto de casa: triste porque o agradável passeio estava terminando, mas contente porque nunca havia tido um lar de verdade. O pensamento lhe deu novamente aquela dor agradável. Então ela notou algo bonito.

En Eles passaram por uma colina e viram um lago longo e sinuoso que parecia um rio. Uma ponte o atravessava. A água exibia muitas cores cambiantes, incluindo roxo, rosa e verde, com tons fugidios. Acima da ponte, o lago estava escuro sob as sombras de abetos e bordos. Uma ameixeira selvagem inclinava-se sobre a água. Sapos cantavam no

pântano. Uma pequena casa cinza era visível perto de um pomar de macieiras, com uma luz na janela.

En Matthew identificou-o como o lago de Barry.

En Anne expressou sua antipatia pelo nome e decidiu renomeá-lo como Lago das Águas Brilhantes, explicando que encontrar o nome certo lhe causava uma emoção. Ela perguntou a Matthew se ele já havia experimentado tal emoção.

En Matthew pensou sobre isso.

En Matthew admitiu que sentia uma emoção ao ver as feias larvas brancas nos canteiros de pepino, que ele detestava.

En Anne duvidou que a emoção fosse a mesma e questionou a conexão entre as larvas e seu lago. Ela então perguntou por que as outras pessoas o chamavam de lagoa do Barry.

En Matthew explicou que as pessoas o chamavam de lago do Barry porque o Sr. Barry morava na casa próxima chamada Orchard Slope. Ele observou que um grande arbusto bloqueava a vista de Green Gables, então eles tinham que pegar a rota mais longa pela ponte e ao redor da estrada.

En Anne perguntou se o Sr. Barry tinha meninas, acrescentando que elas não eram muito pequenas, mas por volta de sua idade.

En Ele respondeu que o Sr. Barry tinha uma filha de cerca de onze anos, chamada Diana.

En Anne respirou fundo e exclamou que Diana era um nome perfeitamente adorável.

En Matthew admitiu incerteza sobre o nome, considerando-o bastante pagão e preferindo nomes mais convencionais como Jane ou Maria. Ele explicou que um professor que estava hospedado com eles havia escolhido o nome Diana no nascimento dela.

En Anne expressou o desejo de que um professor a tivesse nomeado. Ao chegar a uma ponte, fechou os olhos por medo de que ela dobrasse como um canivete, embora sempre os abraße perto do meio para testemunhar qualquer desastre potencial. Ela gostou do barulho surdo e ritmado. Depois de atravessar, olhou para trás e desejou boa noite ao

Lago das Águas Brilhantes, acreditando que as coisas que amava apreciavam isso, e sentiu que a água estava sorrindo para ela.

En Depois que eles subiram a colina e contornaram uma curva, Matthew falou.

En Ele anunciou que estavam quase em casa e gesticulou em direção a Green Gables.

En Ela o interrompeu sem fôlego, segurando seu braço e fechando os olhos para evitar ver seu gesto, implorando que ele não revelasse. Ela insistiu que conseguiria adivinhar corretamente.

En Ela abriu os olhos e olhou ao redor. Eles estavam no topo de uma colina. O sol tinha se posto, mas a paisagem permanecia clara na luz suave do entardecer. A oeste, uma torre de igreja escura se erguia contra um céu cor de calêndula. Abaixo, havia um pequeno vale, e além, uma longa e suave encosta salpicada de fazendas aconchegantes. Seus olhos ansiosos e saudosos percorriam de uma para outra. Por fim, eles se fixaram em uma casa à esquerda, afastada da estrada, vagamente branca com árvores floridas no crepúsculo das matas ao redor. Acima dela, no céu claro do sudoeste, uma grande estrela branca como cristal brilhava como uma lâmpada de orientação e promessa.

En Ela apontou e perguntou se aquele era o lugar.

En Matthew estalou as rédeas no dorso do alazão com entusiasmo.

En Matthew admitiu que ela havia adivinhado corretamente, acrescentando que a Sra. Spencer devia ter descrito bem o suficiente para ela saber.

En Anne explicou que a Sra. Spencer não havia realmente descrito o lugar; suas palavras poderiam ter se aplicado a muitos lugares. Mas assim que ela o viu, sentiu que era seu lar. Ela disse que havia se beliscado muitas vezes para ter certeza de que não estava sonhando, mas decidiu parar de se beliscar e continuar sonhando o máximo que pudesse. Ela concluiu que era real e que estavam quase em casa.

En Com um suspiro feliz, ela ficou em silêncio. Matthew sentiu-se inquieto. Ele estava contente que Marilla, e não ele, teria que contar a essa criança perdida que o lar que ela tanto desejava não seria dela. Eles dirigiram pelo escuro Lynde's Hollow, passando pela vista da Sra.

Rachel, subindo a colina até a longa alameda de Green Gables. Quando chegaram, Matthew temia revelar a verdade. Ele não estava pensando no problema que isso causaria a Marilla ou a si mesmo, mas na decepção da criança. Ele sentia como se estivesse prestes a assassinar algo inocente, como um cordeiro ou um bezerro.

En O quintal estava muito escuro quando entraram, e as folhas dos choupos farfalhavam suavemente ao redor.

En Enquanto Matthew a ajudava a descer, Anne sussurrou para ele ouvir as árvores falando enquanto dormiam, e comentou que elas deviam ter sonhos agradáveis.

En Segurando sua bolsa de lona, que continha tudo o que possuía, ela o seguiu para dentro.

Marilla Cuthbert é Surpreendida

En Quando Matthew abriu a porta, Marilla veio rapidamente. Mas ela parou de repente, espantada com a figura estranha e pequena em um vestido duro e feio, com longas tranças de cabelo ruivo e olhos brilhantes e ansiosos.

En Marilla exigiu de Matthew que dissesse quem era a menina e onde estava o menino.

En Matthew respondeu, angustiado, que não havia nenhum menino, apenas a menina.

En Ele acenou com a cabeça para a criança, lembrando-se de repente que ainda não havia perguntado o nome dela.

En Marilla insistiu que deveria ter havido um menino, explicando que haviam pedido à Sra. Spencer que trouxesse um menino.

En Ele respondeu que a Sra. Spencer não havia trazido um menino, mas uma menina, como ele havia confirmado com o chefe da estação; ele foi obrigado a trazê-la para casa porque ela não podia ficar na estação, independentemente de como o erro ocorreu.

En Marilla exclamou que a situação era altamente irregular.

En Durante toda a conversa, a criança permaneceu quieta, seu olhar alternando entre os dois adultos enquanto a vivacidade se esvaía de sua expressão. De repente, ela pareceu compreender toda a implicação das palavras deles; deixando cair sua preciosa mala de viagem, ela saltou para frente e juntou as mãos.

En Anne exclamou que não a queriam porque ela não era um menino. Ela declarou que ninguém nunca a quisera e que ela deveria ter sabido que a bela situação não duraria. Dominada pela tristeza, ela anunciou que estava prestes a explodir em lágrimas.

En Anne realmente explodiu em lágrimas. Ela sentou-se à mesa e enterrou o rosto nos braços, chorando violentamente. Marilla e Matthew trocaram olhares impotentes por cima do fogão, incertos do que fazer. Por fim, Marilla interveio desajeitadamente.

En Marilla disse que não havia necessidade de tal choro.

En Anne ergueu a cabeça, o rosto manchado de lágrimas e os lábios tremendo. Ela insistiu que realmente havia motivo para chorar. Ela argumentou que qualquer um choraria se fosse um órfão que chegou ao que acreditava ser um lar, apenas para descobrir que não era desejado por não ser menino. Ela declarou que este era o evento mais trágico de sua vida.

En Um vislumbre de um sorriso relutante, como se não fosse usado há muito tempo, suavizou a expressão severa de Marilla.

En Marilla disse à criança para parar de chorar e a assegurou que ela não seria expulsa naquela noite. Ela teria que ficar até que investigassem o assunto. Então perguntaram o nome dela.

En A criança fez uma breve pausa.

En Ela pediu ansiosamente para ser chamada de Cordélia.

En Marilla questionou se Cordélia era realmente seu nome.

En Ela admitiu que não era exatamente seu nome, mas adoraria ser chamada de Cordélia porque era um nome tão elegante.

En Marilla expressou confusão, perguntando à garota o que ela queria dizer e qual era seu nome verdadeiro se não Cordelia.

En A garota admitiu relutantemente que seu nome era Anne Shirley, mas implorou a Marilla para chamá-la de Cordelia, argumentando que, já que ficaria apenas por pouco tempo, o nome quase não importava, e que Anne lhe parecia um nome não romântico.

En Marilla descartou a ideia, afirmando firmemente que Anne era um nome perfeitamente bom, simples e sensato, e que a garota não tinha motivo para se envergonhar dele.

En Anne esclareceu que não tinha vergonha de seu nome, mas simplesmente preferia Cordelia; ela vinha imaginando aquele como seu nome há anos, embora quando criança tivesse preferido Geraldine. Ela pediu que, se Marilla fosse chamá-la de Anne, que soletrasse com um E.

En Marilla perguntou com um leve sorriso que diferença a grafia poderia fazer.

En Anne explicou que a grafia fazia uma grande diferença, pois parecia muito mais bonita. Ela disse que, quando ouvia um nome ser

pronunciado, sempre conseguia vê-lo em sua mente como se estivesse impresso. A-n-n parecia horrível para ela, mas A-n-n-e parecia muito mais distinto. Ela disse que, se a chamassem de Anne escrita com E, ela tentaria aceitar não ser chamada de Cordélia.

En Marilla então se dirigiu a Anne, referindo-se a ela como Anne escrita com E, e pediu que explicasse como o erro havia ocorrido. Ela disse que haviam enviado um recado para a Sra. Spencer trazer um menino, e queria saber se não havia meninos no asilo.

En Anne respondeu que havia muitos meninos, mas a Sra. Spencer tinha dito claramente que eles queriam uma menina de cerca de onze anos. A diretora achou que Anne serviria. Anne expressou o quanto ficara encantada e disse que não conseguira dormir a noite inteira de alegria. Então, virando-se de forma reprovadora para Matthew, perguntou por que ele não lhe dissera na estação que não a queria, acrescentando que, se não tivesse visto o Caminho Branco do Deleite e o Lago das Águas Brilhantes, não seria tão difícil.

En Marilla fitou Matthew e exigiu saber o que diabos a menina queria dizer.

En Matthew apressadamente disse que Anne estava apenas se referindo a uma conversa que tiveram no caminho. Ele disse a Marilla que iria colocar a égua no estábulo e pediu que ela deixasse o chá pronto quando ele voltasse.

En Depois que Matthew saiu, Marilla perguntou se a Sra. Spencer havia trazido mais alguém além de Anne.

En Anne explicou que a Sra. Spencer havia trazido uma menina de cinco anos chamada Lily Jones para si mesma, descrevendo Lily como muito bonita com cabelo castanho-avelã. Ela então perguntou se eles a manteriam se ela também fosse bonita com cabelo castanho-avelã.

En Marilla respondeu que eles precisavam de um menino para ajudar Matthew na fazenda, então uma menina não seria útil. Ela instruiu Anne a tirar o chapéu e disse que colocaria o chapéu e a bolsa na mesa do hall.

En Anne tirou o chapéu humildemente. Quando Matthew voltou, eles se sentaram para o jantar, mas Anne não conseguiu comer. Ela apenas mordiscou o pão com manteiga e mal tocou na geleia de maçã-selvagem

na travessa de vidro recortado ao lado de seu prato, sem fazer progresso real.

En Marilla observou asperamente que Anne não estava comendo, olhando para ela como se fosse uma falha grave. Anne suspirou.

En Anne disse que não podia comer porque estava em profundo desespero. Ela perguntou a Marilla se alguém podia comer quando se encontrava nesse estado.

En Marilla respondeu que nunca tinha experimentado desespero, então não podia responder.

En Anne então perguntou se Marilla já tinha tentado imaginar estar em desespero.

En Marilla disse que não.

En Anne disse a Marilla que, se ela nunca tinha tentado imaginar, não poderia entender o sentimento. Ela descreveu como muito desconfortável, com um nó na garganta que a impedia de engolir qualquer coisa, até mesmo um caramelo de chocolate. Ela lembrou-se de ter comido um delicioso caramelo de chocolate há dois anos e de sonhar frequentemente que tinha muitos, mas sempre acordava antes de comê-los. Ela esperava que Marilla não se ofendesse por ela não poder comer, embora a comida parecesse muito agradável.

En Matthew, que estava em silêncio desde que voltou do celeiro, disse que achava que Anne estava cansada e sugeriu que Marilla a colocasse na cama.

En Marilla considerou onde Anne deveria dormir. Ela havia preparado um catre no cômodo da cozinha para o menino que esperavam, mas não parecia adequado para uma menina. O quarto de hóspedes não era apropriado para uma criança abandonada, então a única opção restante era o quarto do oitão leste. Marilla acendeu uma vela e pediu que Anne a seguisse. Anne, sentindo-se apática, pegou seu chapéu e sacola da mesa do corredor e seguiu. O corredor estava extremamente limpo, e o pequeno quarto do oitão em que entraram parecia ainda mais limpo.

En Marilla colocou a vela sobre uma pequena mesa de três pernas e abaixou a coberta da cama.

En Marilla perguntou a Anne se ela tinha uma camisola.

En Anne acenou com a cabeça em resposta.

En Anne admitiu que tinha duas camisolas que a diretora havia feito para ela. Elas eram muito enxutas, como era típico em um orfanato pobre. Ela não gostava delas, mas encontrava consolo no fato de que ainda se podia sonhar mesmo com roupas tão simples.

En Marilla instruiu Anne a se despir e ir para a cama rapidamente. Ela disse que voltaria em breve para pegar a vela, pois não confiava que Anne a apagasse com segurança, temendo que ela pudesse causar um incêndio.

En Depois que Marilla saiu, Anne examinou o quarto com saudade. As paredes caiadas pareciam dolorosamente nuas, e o chão estava igualmente vazio, exceto por um tapete trançado. Em um canto havia uma cama alta e antiga com colunas escuras; em outro, uma mesinha triangular com uma grande almofada de alfinetes de veludo vermelho. Acima da mesa pendia um pequeno espelho. A janela tinha uma sanefa de musselina branca, e do lado oposto havia uma pia. O quarto inteiro parecia tão frio e severo que Anne estremeceu. Com um soluço, ela se despiu rapidamente, vestiu a camisola enxuta e pulou na cama, enterrando o rosto no travesseiro e puxando as cobertas sobre a cabeça. Quando Marilla voltou para pegar a vela, os únicos sinais da presença de Anne eram as roupas espalhadas no chão e a cama desarrumada.

En Marilla deliberadamente recolheu as roupas de Anne e as arrumou ordenadamente em uma cadeira amarela elegante. Então, pegando a vela, ela se aproximou da cama.

En Ela desejou boa noite a Anne, falando de forma um pouco desajeitada, mas sem maldade.

En O rosto pálido e os olhos arregalados de Anne surgiram abruptamente de debaixo das cobertas, assustando Marilla.

En Anne censurou Marilla por chamar aquilo de uma boa noite, insistindo que era a pior noite que já havia conhecido.

En Em seguida, ela desapareceu novamente debaixo das cobertas.

En Marilla foi lentamente para a cozinha lavar a louça. Matthew estava fumando, o que era incomum e indicava seu sofrimento. Marilla

desaprovava o fumo, mas tolerava quando ele precisava de uma válvula de escape para suas emoções.

En Marilla exclamou com raiva que era uma bela enrascada. Ela culpou o erro de terem confiado em um recado em vez de irem eles mesmos. Decidiu que um deles deveria visitar a Sra. Spencer no dia seguinte e que a garota teria que ser devolvida ao asilo.

En Matthew concordou relutantemente que provavelmente era assim.

En Marilla o desafiou, perguntando se ele apenas supunha ou sabia de fato.

En Matthew comentou que a criança era genuinamente agradável e que parecia uma pena devolvê-la, dado o quanto ela estava determinada a ficar.

En Marilla exclamou incrédula, perguntando se Matthew realmente acreditava que deveriam ficar com ela.

En Marilla ficou tão surpresa quanto se Matthew tivesse anunciado o desejo de ficar de cabeça para baixo.

En Gaguejando desconfortavelmente, Matthew admitiu que afinal de contas dificilmente seria razoável ficar com a criança.

En Marilla respondeu firmemente que achava que não, e perguntou que valor a criança traria para eles.

En Matthew repentina e inesperadamente sugeriu que eles poderiam ser de algum benefício para ela.

En Marilla acusou Matthew de estar enfeitiçado pela criança, afirmando que era óbvio que ele queria ficar com ela.

En Matthew insistiu, chamando a criança de realmente interessante e mencionando que Marilla deveria tê-la ouvido falar no caminho da estação.

En Marilla observou que Anne falava rápido, o que ela não considerava uma característica positiva. Ela expressou desagrado por crianças excessivamente falantes e afirmou que não tinha desejo por uma menina órfã; mesmo que tivesse, Anne não seria o tipo que ela escolheria. Marilla sentiu que havia algo enigmático em Anne e insistiu que ela deveria ser devolvida imediatamente.

En Matthew propôs que eles poderiam contratar um menino francês para ajudar no trabalho, e que Anne faria companhia a Marilla.

En Marilla respondeu bruscamente que não precisava de companhia e não tinha intenção de ficar com Anne.

En Matthew cedeu à decisão de Marilla, afirmando que era ela quem deveria decidir, e então anunciou que iria se recolher para a noite.

En Matthew foi para a cama. Marilla, após guardar a louça, também se recolheu, com a testa profundamente franzida. Lá em cima, no frontão leste, uma criança solitária, carente e sem amigos chorou até adormecer.

Manhã em Green Gables

En Anne acordou quando já estava completamente claro. Ela se sentou na cama e olhou ao redor confusa. Uma luz solar brilhante e alegre entrava pela janela, e lá fora, algo branco e delicado balançava contra manchas de céu azul.

En Por um momento, ela não conseguia se lembrar onde estava. Uma agradável emoção passou por ela, mas então uma memória terrível voltou. Este era Green Gables, e eles não a queriam porque ela não era um menino.

En Mas era manhã, e de fato, uma cerejeira em plena floração estava do lado de fora da janela dela. Ela pulou da cama e atravessou o chão rapidamente. Ela levantou o caixilho da janela; ele subiu rigidamente e com um rangido, como se não tivesse sido aberto há muito tempo—o que era verdade—e ficou tão preso que não precisava de suporte.

En Anne se ajoelhou e olhou para a manhã de junho, com os olhos brilhando de alegria. Era tão bonito, um lugar tão adorável. E se ela não fosse ficar aqui afinal? Ela decidiu que fingiria que sim. Havia muito espaço para a imaginação aqui.

En Uma enorme cerejeira crescia bem do lado de fora, seus galhos batendo na casa, e estava tão cheia de flores que quase não se viam folhas. De cada lado da casa havia um grande pomar, um de macieiras e outro de cerejeiras, também cobertos de flores, com a grama debaixo deles salpicada de dentes-de-leão. No jardim abaixo, os lilases estavam roxos de flores, e seu aroma vertiginosamente doce subia até a janela na brisa matinal.

En Abaixo do jardim, um campo verde com trevo descia em direção a uma depressão onde corria um riacho. Bétulas brancas cresciam ali, erguendo-se de uma vegetação rasteira que sugeria samambaias, musgos e outras delícias da floresta. Além do campo, havia uma colina, verde e plumosa com abetos e pinheiros; uma abertura na colina revelava a extremidade do frontão cinza de uma pequena casa que Anne tinha visto do outro lado do Lago das Águas Brilhantes.

En À esquerda ficavam grandes celeiros, e além deles, através de campos verdes suavemente inclinados, ela teve um vislumbre cintilante azul do mar.

En Os olhos de Anne, amantes da beleza, absorveram tudo avidamente. Ela tinha visto muitos lugares feios em sua curta vida, mas este era tão bonito quanto qualquer coisa que ela jamais havia sonhado.

En Ela ficou ali ajoelhada, absorta na beleza ao seu redor, até que uma mão em seu ombro a assustou. Marilla tinha entrado sem que a jovem sonhadora a ouvisse.

En Marilla disse-lhe secamente que era hora de se vestir.

En Marilla não tinha certeza de como falar com a criança, e seu desconforto a tornava mais cortante e mais brusca do que pretendia.

En Anne levantou-se e respirou fundo.

En Ela exclamou maravilhada com tudo, gesticulando amplamente para o belo mundo lá fora.

En Marilla observou que a árvore era grande e produzia flores abundantes, mas os frutos eram ruins—pequenos e cheios de vermes.

En Anne esclareceu que ela não estava se referindo apenas à árvore, que achava adorável, mas a tudo—o jardim, o pomar, o riacho e os bosques. Ela perguntou a Marilla se ela também sentia amor pelo mundo numa manhã assim e observou que podia ouvir o riacho rindo ao longe. Ela refletiu que os riachos eram sempre alegres, até rindo sob o gelo no inverno. Ela estava feliz por haver um riacho perto de Green Gables; mesmo que não ficasse, ela sempre guardaria a memória dele. Ela disse que não estava em desespero naquela manhã porque as manhãs sempre levantavam seu ânimo, mas se sentia triste porque havia imaginado que Marilla queria que ela ficasse para sempre, o que tinha sido reconfortante. Ela concluiu que a dor de imaginar coisas é ter que parar.

En Marilla instruiu Anne a se vestir rapidamente e descer para o café da manhã. Ela disse a ela para lavar o rosto, pentear o cabelo, deixar a janela aberta e virar a roupa de cama sobre o pé da cama. Ela instou Anne a ser o mais rápida possível.

En Anne foi notavelmente rápida: ela desceu em menos de dez minutos, bem vestida, com o cabelo penteado e trançado e o rosto lavado. Ela se sentiu satisfeita por ter obedecido a todas as instruções de Marilla, embora na verdade tivesse esquecido de virar a roupa de cama.

En Ao se sentar, Anne anunciou que estava com bastante fome e que o mundo parecia menos desolado do que na noite anterior. Ela expressou prazer pela manhã ensolarada, mas acrescentou que também gostava de manhãs chuvosas, achando todas as manhãs interessantes. Ela pensou que era mais fácil ser alegre e suportar as dificuldades em um dia ensolarado. Ela refletiu que ler sobre tristezas e imaginar-se suportando-as heroicamente era muito diferente de realmente suportá-las.

En Marilla disse a Anne para ficar quieta, dizendo que ela falava demais para uma garotinha.

En Anne obedeceu tão completamente à ordem de ficar em silêncio que seu silêncio incomum deixou Marilla um tanto inquieta, como se algo não natural estivesse acontecendo. Matthew, como de costume, permaneceu em silêncio, então a refeição transcorreu em quase completo silêncio.

En À medida que a refeição progredia, Anne ficava cada vez mais absorta em pensamentos, comendo automaticamente enquanto olhava para fora da janela. Isso deixou Marilla ainda mais inquieta; ela sentia que, embora o corpo da garota estivesse à mesa, sua mente estava distante em um reino onírico. Marilla se perguntava por que alguém iria querer uma criança assim por perto.

En No entanto, estranhamente, Matthew queria ficar com ela. Marilla percebeu que o desejo dele era tão forte quanto na noite anterior e não iria desaparecer. Esse era o jeito de Matthew – ele fixava uma ideia na mente e a segurava com uma teimosia silenciosa que era muito mais poderosa do que qualquer palavra poderia ser.

En Quando a refeição terminou, Anne saiu de seu devaneio e se ofereceu para lavar a louça.

En Marilla perguntou, duvidosa, se Anne sabia lavar a louça corretamente.

En Anne respondeu que era razoavelmente boa nisso, mas ainda melhor em cuidar de crianças, pois tinha muita experiência. Ela lamentou que Marilla não tivesse crianças para ela cuidar.

En Marilla expressou que não desejava assumir a responsabilidade por mais crianças, já que Anne já apresentava dificuldade suficiente. Ela declarou que não sabia o que fazer com Anne e considerava Matthew um homem absurdo.

En Anne defendeu Matthew com carinho, dizendo que o achava adorável e muito simpático. Ele não se importou nem um pouco com a conversa dela; na verdade, parecia gostar. Ela sentiu desde o momento em que o viu que ele era um espírito afim.

En Marilla disse com um muxoxo que, se era isso que Anne queria dizer com espíritos afins, então os dois eram suficientemente estranhos. Ela instruiu Anne a lavar a louça usando bastante água quente e a secá-la bem. Marilla acrescentou que tinha muito o que fazer naquela manhã, pois teria que ir de carro até White Sands à tarde para ver a Sra. Spencer. Anne a acompanharia, e elas decidiriam o que seria feito com ela. Depois de terminar a louça, Anne deveria subir e arrumar sua cama.

En Anne lavou a louça com habilidade razoável, como Marilla observou enquanto vigiava de perto. Sua tentativa de arrumar a cama foi menos bem-sucedida, pois ela nunca aprendera a lidar com um colchão de penas. No entanto, a cama foi feita e alisada. Então Marilla, querendo se livrar dela por um tempo, disse a Anne que ela poderia sair e se divertir até o jantar.

En Anne correu para a porta, com o rosto radiante e os olhos brilhando. No entanto, assim que chegou à soleira, parou abruptamente, virou-se, voltou e sentou-se à mesa. A luz e o brilho em sua expressão desapareceram completamente, como se alguém tivesse apagado uma vela.

En Marilla exigiu saber o que havia de errado agora.

En Anne disse que não ousava sair, falando como uma mártir que renuncia aos prazeres terrenos. Ela argumentou que, se não pudesse ficar, amar Green Gables seria inútil. Se saísse e se familiarizasse com as árvores, flores, pomar e riacho, inevitavelmente os amaria, tornando tudo mais difícil. Ela queria sair porque tudo parecia chamá-la para

brincar, mas achou melhor não; não adiantava amar coisas se fosse preciso ser arrancada delas. Ela achava difícil não amar as coisas. Por isso tinha ficado tão feliz ao pensar que viveria ali, tendo muitas coisas para amar sem impedimentos. Mas aquele sonho acabou. Ela estava resignada com seu destino e não sairia com medo de perder essa resignação. Então, perguntou o nome do gerânio no parapeito da janela.

En Marilla respondeu que era o gerânio com aroma de maçã.

En Anne explicou que se referia a um nome pessoal, não ao tipo de planta. Ela perguntou se Marilla tinha dado um nome a ele e, se não, se poderia chamá-lo de Bonny enquanto estivesse ali.

En Marilla disse que não se importava, mas questionou o sentido de dar nome a um gerânio.

En Anne comentou que gostava quando as coisas tinham nomes, mesmo que fossem apenas gerânios, porque isso as fazia parecer mais humanas. Ela questionou se um gerânio poderia ter seus sentimentos magoados por ser chamado simplesmente de gerânio e nada mais, comparando a como alguém não gostaria de ser chamado apenas de mulher o tempo todo. Ela decidiu nomear o gerânio de Bonny. Ela também havia nomeado a cerejeira do lado de fora da janela do seu quarto naquela manhã, chamando-a de Rainha da Neve por causa de suas flores brancas. Ela reconheceu que nem sempre estaria em flor, mas podia-se imaginar que estivesse.

En Marilla murmurou que nunca tinha encontrado alguém como Anne. Ela admitiu que Anne era interessante, como Matthew havia dito. Ela já se pegava imaginando o que Anne diria a seguir e suspeitava que Anne a encantaria, assim como havia feito com Matthew. O olhar que Matthew lhe deu ao sair transmitiu tudo o que ele dissera ou insinuara na noite anterior. Marilla gostaria que ele fosse como os outros homens e discutisse as coisas abertamente, para que ela pudesse argumentar e fazê-lo entrar em razão. Mas ela não sabia o que fazer com um homem que só se expressava com olhares.

En Quando Marilla voltou de pegar batatas na adega, Anne tinha mergulhado em um devaneio, apoiando o queixo nas mãos e olhando para o céu. Marilla a deixou assim até a hora de servir o jantar mais cedo.

En Marilla perguntou a Matthew se podia usar a égua e a charrete naquela tarde.

En Matthew acenou com a cabeça, depois olhou para Anne com uma expressão melancólica. Marilla percebeu o olhar e falou severamente.

En Marilla anunciou que iria a White Sands para resolver a questão, levando Anne consigo. Ela esperava que a Sra. Spencer fizesse os arranjos para devolver Anne à Nova Escócia imediatamente. Marilla disse que prepararia o chá e voltaria a tempo de ordenhar as vacas.

En Matthew permaneceu em silêncio, e Marilla sentiu que suas palavras foram desperdiçadas. Ela refletiu que poucas coisas são mais irritantes do que um homem que se recusa a responder — a menos que seja uma mulher que faça o mesmo.

En No devido tempo, Matthew atrelou o cavalo alazão à charrete, e Marilla e Anne partiram. Enquanto passavam lentamente pelo portão, que Matthew segurava aberto para elas, ele comentou, aparentemente para ninguém em particular.

En Matthew disse a elas que o jovem Jerry Buote do Creek tinha passado por lá naquela manhã, e ele havia indicado que provavelmente contrataria o rapaz para o verão.

En Marilla não respondeu, mas deu um golpe forte no infeliz alazão com o chicote. A égua gorda, não acostumada a tal tratamento, disparou indignada pela estrada a uma velocidade alarmante. Enquanto a charrete saltitava, Marilla olhou para trás e viu o irritante Matthew debruçado sobre o portão, olhando para elas com uma expressão melancólica.

A História de Anne

En Anne confidenciou que havia decidido aproveitar o passeio. Acreditava que, se alguém decide firmemente aproveitar as coisas, geralmente consegue. Não pensaria em voltar para o orfanato durante o passeio, mas apenas se concentraria na viagem. Ela notou uma pequena rosa silvestre precoce e a achou linda. Perguntou-se se as rosas poderiam falar e contar coisas belas. Amava rosa, mas disse que ruivas não podem usar rosa, nem na imaginação. Perguntou a Marilla se ela conhecia alguém cujo cabelo era ruivo quando criança e mudou de cor depois.

En Marilla respondeu bruscamente que nunca conheceu tal pessoa e também não achava que isso aconteceria com Anne.

En Anne suspirou profundamente.

En Anne comentou que essa era mais uma esperança perdida. Disse que frequentemente repetia uma frase de um livro para se consolar quando decepcionada, afirmando que sua vida era um cemitério perfeito de esperanças enterradas.

En Marilla comentou que não via conforto naquela frase.

En Anne disse que o nome soava agradável e romântico, como se ela fosse uma heroína de livro. Ela expressou gosto por coisas românticas, achando a ideia de um cemitério cheio de esperanças enterradas particularmente romântica. Ela estava bastante contente por ter um. Então perguntou se elas iriam atravessar o Lago de Águas Brilhantes naquele dia.

En Marilla respondeu que não iriam passar pelo lago de Barry, que presumiu ser o que Anne chamava de Lago de Águas Brilhantes. Em vez disso, pegariam o caminho da costa.

En Anne disse sonhadoramente que o caminho da costa soava bem, e se perguntou se era tão agradável quanto o nome. Ela acrescentou que, ao ouvir falar no caminho da costa, ela o imaginou instantaneamente em sua mente. Ela também achou White Sands um nome bonito, mas não tão adorável quanto Avonlea, que soava como música para ela. Então perguntou a distância até White Sands.

En Marilla respondeu que ficava a cinco milhas de distância, e já que Anne parecia determinada a conversar, poderia muito bem dizer algo útil contando o que sabia sobre si mesma.

En Anne respondeu com entusiasmo que o que ela sabia sobre si mesma não valia realmente a pena contar. Ela sugeriu que, se eles a deixassem contar o que imaginava sobre si mesma, eles achariam muito mais interessante.

En Marilla insistiu que Anne deixasse a imaginação de lado e se atesse aos fatos simples. Ela instruiu Anne a começar do início, perguntando onde ela nasceu e sua idade.

En Anne respondeu que havia completado onze anos em março passado. Ela nasceu em Bolingbroke, Nova Escócia. Seu pai, Walter Shirley, era professor na escola secundária, e sua mãe, Bertha Shirley, também era professora. Anne comentou que esses nomes eram adoráveis e expressou alívio por seus pais não terem nomes como Jedediah.

En Marilla respondeu que o nome de uma pessoa não era importante, desde que ela se comportasse bem, sentindo que era seu dever ensinar uma lição moral.

En Anne refletiu sobre nomes, observando que, embora tivesse lido que uma rosa com qualquer outro nome cheiraria igualmente doce, ela não acreditava nisso. Ela achou que seria um fardo se seu pai tivesse sido chamado Jedediah. Ela continuou dizendo que sua mãe havia desistido de ensinar após o casamento, já que um marido era responsabilidade suficiente. A Sra. Thomas descreveu seus pais como infantis e muito pobres. Eles moravam em uma casinha amarela em Bolingbroke, que Anne frequentemente imaginava com madressilva, lilases e cortinas de musselina. Anne nasceu lá. A Sra. Thomas disse que ela era o bebê mais feio, mas sua mãe a achava linda. Anne acreditava que o julgamento de uma mãe era mais importante. Sua mãe morreu de febre quando Anne tinha três meses, seguida por seu pai quatro dias depois. Deixada órfã, ninguém a queria, então a Sra. Thomas a acolheu, embora pobre e com um marido bêbado. A Sra. Thomas frequentemente repreendia Anne por mau comportamento, perguntando como ela podia ser tão má se havia sido criada à mão.

En Os Thomases se mudaram para Marysville, onde Anne viveu até os oito anos, ajudando a cuidar de quatro crianças mais novas. Então o Sr. Thomas morreu debaixo de um trem. A mãe dele se ofereceu para acolher a Sra. Thomas e as crianças, mas não Anne. A Sra. Thomas estava desesperada. A Sra. Hammond se ofereceu para ficar com Anne, já que ela era boa com crianças. Anne mudou-se para uma clareira solitária entre tocos. O Sr. Hammond administrava uma pequena serraria, e a Sra. Hammond tinha oito filhos, incluindo três pares de gêmeos. Anne comentou que não teria sobrevivido ali sem a imaginação.

En Quando o último par chegou, Anne disse à Sra. Hammond muito firmemente que estava terrivelmente cansada de carregá-los por aí.

En Anne explicou que viveu com a Sra. Hammond por mais de dois anos até que o Sr. Hammond morreu e a Sra. Hammond desfez a casa, enviando seus filhos para parentes e mudando-se para os Estados Unidos. Como ninguém mais a aceitaria, Anne teve que ir para o asilo em Hopeton, mesmo que dissessem que estava superlotado. Ela permaneceu lá por quatro meses até a Sra. Spencer chegar.

En Anne concluiu com um suspiro de alívio; era evidente que ela não gostava de relatar suas experiências em um mundo que não a havia acolhido.

En Marilla perguntou a Anne se ela já havia frequentado a escola, enquanto virava a égua alazã pela estrada da costa.

En Anne respondeu que não havia ido muito à escola. Frequentou um pouco durante seu último ano com a Sra. Thomas, mas quando morava rio acima, a escola era longe demais para ir a pé no inverno, e as férias de verão impediam a frequência exceto na primavera e no outono. Ela frequentou enquanto estava no asilo. Ela lia bem e sabia muitos poemas de cor, incluindo 'A Batalha de Hohenlinden', 'Edimburgo depois de Flodden', 'Bingen no Reno', a maior parte de 'A Dama do Lago' e a maior parte de 'As Estações' de James Thomson. Ela amava poesia que lhe dava uma sensação de arrepião nas costas, como 'A Queda da Polônia' no Quinto Leitor, embora estivesse apenas no Quarto Leitor; as meninas mais velhas lhe emprestavam os delas para ler.

En Marilla perguntou a Anne se a Sra. Thomas e a Sra. Hammond tinham sido boas com ela, observando seu rosto com cuidado.

En Anne hesitou, seu rosto ficando vermelho de vergonha. Ela disse que sabia que as mulheres pretendiam ser gentis, e que quando as pessoas têm boas intenções, não nos importamos com suas falhas ocasionais. Ela acrescentou que elas tinham muitas preocupações, como um marido que bebia e ter gêmeos três vezes seguidas. No entanto, ela tinha certeza de que elas queriam ser boas com ela.

En Marilla parou de questionar e caiu em pensamento profundo. Ela sentiu um despertar de pena pela criança, percebendo pelas entrelinhas da história de Anne que sua vida tinha sido de trabalho árduo, pobreza e negligência. Não admira que ela estivesse tão encantada com a perspectiva de um lar de verdade. Parecia uma pena que ela tivesse que ser mandada de volta. Marilla considerou ceder ao capricho de Matthew e deixar Anne ficar; afinal, Matthew estava decidido, e a criança parecia boa e ensinável.

En Marilla achou que Anne falava demais, mas que isso poderia ser corrigido. Ela notou que a fala de Anne era educada e feminina, nem rude nem gíria, o que sugeria que sua família poderia ter sido respeitável.

En A estrada costeira era arborizada, selvagem e solitária. De um lado, erguiam-se densos abetos rasteiros, cujos espíritos não se quebraram após anos de luta contra os ventos do golfo. Do outro lado, íngremes penhascos de arenito vermelho se elevavam próximos à trilha. Na base dos penhascos havia montes de rochas desgastadas e pequenas enseadas arenosas com seixos como joias do oceano. Além, o mar azul cintilante, com gaivotas sobrevoando majestosas, suas asas reluzindo prateadas sob a luz do sol.

En Anne expressou sua admiração pelo mar, lembrando de uma viagem de Marysville onde passou o dia na praia e gostou muito, apesar de ter que cuidar das crianças. Ela revivera essa memória em seus sonhos por anos. Achou a praia atual ainda mais bonita do que a de Marysville. Ela admirou as gaivotas e refletiu que gostaria de ser uma se não pudesse ser uma menina humana, imaginando-se acordar ao nascer do sol, planando sobre a água o dia todo e voltando ao seu ninho à noite. Então, ela perguntou sobre a grande casa que estavam se aproximando.

En A resposta foi que o edifício era o White Sands Hotel, administrado pelo Sr. Kirke. A temporada de verão ainda não havia começado, mas

muitos americanos vinham para lá durante o verão porque achavam a praia muito agradável.

En Anne disse tristemente que temia que fosse a casa da Sra. Spencer. Ela não queria chegar lá, pois pareceria o fim de tudo.

Marilla Decide-se

En Elas chegaram no devido tempo à grande casa amarela da Sra. Spencer em White Sands Cove. A Sra. Spencer veio à porta, seu rosto bondoso mostrando surpresa e boas-vindas.

En A Sra. Spencer exclamou que elas eram as últimas pessoas que ela esperava ver naquele dia, mas estava muito feliz em vê-las. Ela as convidou para colocar o cavalo no estábulo e perguntou a Anne como ela estava.

En Anne respondeu que estava tão bem quanto se podia esperar, mas não sorriu. Uma tristeza parecia ter se abatido sobre ela.

En Marilla disse que supunha que descansariam a égua por um breve período, mas havia prometido a Matthew voltar cedo. Ela explicou à Sra. Spencer que havia ocorrido um estranho engano e que viera descobrir o que era. Marilla declarou que ela e Matthew haviam enviado um recado solicitando um menino do asilo, e tinham dito ao irmão da Sra. Spencer, Robert, que queriam um menino de dez ou onze anos.

En A Sra. Spencer exclamou aflita que Marilla não podia estar falando sério. Ela explicou que Robert havia enviado um recado por meio de sua filha Nancy, e Nancy dissera que Marilla queria uma menina; então apelou para sua filha Flora Jane por confirmação.

En Flora Jane confirmou seriamente que Nancy realmente dissera isso.

En A Sra. Spencer expressou seu profundo pesar e disse que era lamentável, mas não era culpa dela. Ela havia feito o melhor que pôde, acreditando que estava seguindo as instruções. Descreveu Nancy como uma pessoa muito leviana e disse que frequentemente a repreendia por seu descuido.

En Marilla reconheceu que o erro foi culpa delas. Ela disse que deveriam ter ido pessoalmente em vez de confiar em uma mensagem verbal. Já que o erro havia ocorrido, ela se perguntou se poderiam devolver a criança ao orfanato, presumindo que a aceitariam de volta.

En A Sra. Spencer expressou dúvida sobre a necessidade de mandar Anne de volta. Ela mencionou que a Sra. Peter Blewett a visitara no dia

anterior, dizendo que queria uma menina para ajudar com sua numerosa família, pois estava tendo dificuldade em encontrar ajuda. A Sra. Spencer considerou isso uma coincidência afortunada e acreditava que Anne seria adequada para ela.

En Marilla não estava convencida de que o destino havia arranjado isso. Ela reconheceu isso como uma oportunidade inesperada de se livrar da criança indesejada, mas não sentiu gratidão pela chance.

En Marilla conhecia a Sra. Peter Blewett de vista como uma mulher pequena com um rosto fino e afiado. Ela ouvira que a Sra. Blewett era uma trabalhadora incansável e uma patroa severa, e antigas empregadas relatavam seu mau humor e mesquinha, bem como seus filhos rudes e briguentos. Marilla sentiu um aperto de consciência ao pensar em confiar Anne a uma pessoa assim.

En Marilla afirmou que entraria para discutir o assunto mais a fundo.

En A Sra. Spencer notou a Sra. Blewett se aproximando e apressou seus convidados para a sala fria, onde as persianas fechadas faziam o ar parecer sem vida. Ela considerou isso uma sorte, pois poderiam resolver a situação imediatamente. Ela indicou a poltrona para a Srta. Cuthbert, disse a Anne para sentar-se quietinha na otomana, e pediu a Flora Jane que preparasse o chá. Após cumprimentar a Sra. Blewett e apresentá-la à Srta. Cuthbert, ela se desculpou brevemente para lembrar Flora sobre os pãezinhos.

En A Sra. Spencer saiu depois de abrir as persianas. Anne sentou-se silenciosamente na otomana, com as mãos firmemente entrelaçadas, olhando fixamente para a Sra. Blewett como se estivesse hipnotizada. Ela temia ser entregue àquela mulher de rosto afiado. Um nó se formou em sua garganta, e seus olhos arderam com lágrimas que não caíam. Assim que temeu que fosse chorar, a Sra. Spencer voltou, com o rosto corado e alegre, parecendo pronta para lidar com qualquer problema.

En A Sra. Spencer explicou à Sra. Blewett que houve um mal-entendido. Ela acreditava que o Sr. e a Srta. Cuthbert queriam uma menina para adotar, mas na verdade queriam um menino. Ela sugeriu que, se a Sra. Blewett ainda estivesse interessada, Anne seria uma opção adequada para ela.

En A Sra. Blewett examinou Anne rapidamente da cabeça aos pés.

En Ela perguntou a idade e o nome de Anne, em um tom exigente.

En A criança tímida murmurou que seu nome era Anne Shirley e que ela tinha onze anos, muito sobrecarregada para insistir na grafia correta.

En A Sra. Blewett observou que Anne talvez não parecesse impressionante, mas parecia enxuta, o que ela considerava uma boa qualidade. Ela então afirmou que, se levasse Anne, a criança teria que se comportar bem, ser inteligente e respeitosa, e ganhar seu sustento sem questionamentos. Ela acrescentou que estava exausta de cuidar de seu bebê irritadiço e poderia levar Anne para casa imediatamente.

En Marilla olhou para Anne e seu coração se comoveu com o rosto pálido da criança, que traía uma miséria silenciosa e profunda — o desespero de uma criatura indefesa novamente presa. Marilla sentiu certeza de que, se ignorasse aquele olhar suplicante, se arrependeria para sempre. Além disso, ela não gostava da Sra. Blewett e não suportava entregar uma criança sensível e nervosa a tal mulher. Decidiu que não podia assumir essa responsabilidade.

En Marilla respondeu lentamente, afirmando que não havia decidido definitivamente contra ficar com Anne; na verdade, Matthew parecia inclinado a mantê-la. Ela explicou que só viera para esclarecer o engano. Achou melhor levar Anne para casa e discutir o assunto com Matthew. Ela propôs que, se decidissem não ficar com Anne, a trariam na noite seguinte; caso contrário, a Sra. Blewett saberia que Anne estava ficando. Ela perguntou se esse acordo era aceitável.

En A Sra. Blewett resmungou que supunha que teria que servir.

En Enquanto Marilla falava, uma mudança ocorreu no rosto de Anne. Seu desespero diminuiu, substituído por uma leve esperança. Seus olhos ficaram brilhantes como estrelas da manhã, e ela foi transformada. Quando a Sra. Spencer e a Sra. Blewett foram buscar uma receita, Anne pulou e correu até Marilla.

En Em um sussurro sem fôlego, Anne perguntou a Marilla se ela realmente havia dito que Anne poderia ficar em Green Gables. Ela estava com medo de que falar alto pudesse destruir a possibilidade maravilhosa. Ela perguntou se realmente tinha ouvido ou apenas imaginado.

Mrs. Rachel Lynde is Surprised

Pt/En

Português

A casa de Sra. Rachel Lynde ficava onde a estrada principal de Avonlea descia para uma pequena depressão. A depressão era cercada por amieiros e brincos-de-princesa, e um riacho a atravessava, originando-se no fundo dos bosques da antiga propriedade dos Cuthbert. Em seu curso inicial por esses bosques, dizia-se que o riacho era selvagem e cheio de poços e cascatas escondidos, mas quando chegava à Depressão de Lynde, havia se tornado um riacho tranquilo e ordenado. Nem mesmo um riacho podia passar pela casa da Sra. Rachel sem se comportar adequadamente, pois ela se sentava em sua janela observando tudo que passava, desde crianças até o próprio riacho. Se notasse algo incomum, ela não descansaria até descobrir as razões por trás disso.

Original English

Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped down into a little hollow, fringed with alders and ladies' eardrops and traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old Cuthbert place; it was reputed to be an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade; but by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency and decorum; it probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys and wherefores thereof.

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Pt/En

Português

Muitas pessoas em Avonlea e em outros lugares têm grande interesse nos assuntos dos vizinhos porque negligenciam os seus próprios. No entanto, a Sra. Rachel Lynde era uma daquelas pessoas capazes que conseguiam administrar tanto os próprios negócios quanto os dos outros. Era uma excelente dona de casa, sempre concluindo seu trabalho bem feito. Ela comandava o Círculo de Costura, ajudava na Escola Dominical e era um

forte esteio da Sociedade de Auxílio à Igreja e do Auxílio às Missões Estrangeiras. Apesar de tudo isso, ela encontrava muito tempo para se sentar à janela da cozinha por horas, tricotando colchas de urdidura de algodão — ela já tinha feito dezesseis delas, como as donas de casa de Avonlea costumavam dizer com admiração — enquanto vigiava atentamente a estrada principal que cruzava a depressão e subia o íngreme morro vermelho além. Como Avonlea era uma pequena península triangular com água em dois lados, qualquer um que entrasse ou saísse tinha que passar por aquela estrada do morro, passando assim pelo escrutínio implacável do olho que tudo via da Sra. Rachel.

Original English

There are plenty of people in Avonlea and out of it, who can attend closely to their neighbor's business by dint of neglecting their own; but Mrs. Rachel Lynde was one of those capable creatures who can manage their own concerns and those of other folks into the bargain. She was a notable housewife; her work was always done and well done; she "ran" the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday-school, and was the strongest prop of the Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary. Yet with all this Mrs. Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen window, knitting "cotton warp" quilts—she had knitted sixteen of them, as Avonlea housekeepers were wont to tell in awed voices—and keeping a sharp eye on the main road that crossed the hollow and wound up the steep red hill beyond. Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula jutting out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence with water on two sides of it, anybody who went out of it or into it had to pass over that hill road and so run the unseen gauntlet of Mrs. Rachel's all-seeing eye.

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Pt/En

Português

Uma tarde no início de junho, a Sra. Rachel estava sentada à sua janela. O sol entrava quente e brilhante. O pomar na encosta abaixo da casa estava coberto por uma floração rosada e branca, como uma noiva, e zumbia com abelhas. Thomas Lynde, seu marido quieto a quem o povo de Avonlea chamava de marido da Rachel Lynde, estava semeando sementes de nabo tardio no campo do morro além do celeiro. Matthew Cuthbert deveria estar semeando suas próprias sementes de nabo no grande campo do riacho vermelho perto de Green Gables. A Sra. Rachel sabia disso porque o ouvira contar a Peter Morrison na noite anterior na loja de William J. Blair em Carmody que pretendia semear suas sementes

de nabo na tarde seguinte. Peter lhe perguntara, é claro, já que Matthew Cuthbert não era conhecido por oferecer informações sobre nada voluntariamente.

Original English

She was sitting there one afternoon in early June. The sun was coming in at the window warm and bright; the orchard on the slope below the house was in a bridal flush of pinky-white bloom, hummed over by a myriad of bees. Thomas Lynde—a meek little man whom Avonlea people called "Rachel Lynde's husband"—was sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field beyond the barn; and Matthew Cuthbert ought to have been sowing his on the big red brook field away over by Green Gables. Mrs. Rachel knew that he ought because she had heard him tell Peter Morrison the evening before in William J. Blair's store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip seed the next afternoon. Peter had asked him, of course, for Matthew Cuthbert had never been known to volunteer information about anything in his whole life.

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Pt/En

Português

No entanto, eis que Matthew Cuthbert, às três e meia de uma tarde ocupada, dirigia calmamente pela depressão e subia o morro. Ele usava um colarinho branco e seu melhor terno, o que mostrava claramente que estava saindo de Avonlea. Ele tinha a charrete e a égua alazã, indicando que ia uma distância considerável. Agora, a Sra. Rachel se perguntava para onde Matthew Cuthbert estava indo e por que estava indo para lá.

Original English

And yet here was Matthew Cuthbert, at half-past three on the afternoon of a busy day, placidly driving over the hollow and up the hill; moreover, he wore a white collar and his best suit of clothes, which was plain proof that he was going out of Avonlea; and he had the buggy and the sorrel mare, which betokened that he was going a considerable distance. Now, where was Matthew Cuthbert going and why was he going there?

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Pt/En

Português

Se fosse qualquer outro homem em Avonlea, a Sra. Rachel poderia juntar dois mais dois e fazer um bom palpite sobre ambas as perguntas. Mas Matthew raramente saía de casa, então devia ser algo urgente e incomum que o levava. Ele era o homem mais tímido do mundo e odiava ter que ir entre estranhos ou a qualquer lugar onde pudesse ter que falar. Ver Matthew vestido com um colarinho branco e dirigindo uma charrete era uma visão incomum. A Sra. Rachel pensou muito sobre isso, mas não conseguiu entender, e seu prazer da tarde foi estragado.

Original English

Had it been any other man in Avonlea, Mrs. Rachel, deftly putting this and that together, might have given a pretty good guess as to both questions. But Matthew so rarely went from home that it must be something pressing and unusual which was taking him; he was the shyest man alive and hated to have to go among strangers or to any place where he might have to talk. Matthew, dressed up with a white collar and driving in a buggy, was something that didn't happen often. Mrs. Rachel, ponder as she might, could make nothing of it and her afternoon's enjoyment was spoiled.

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Pt/En

Português

Após o chá, a Sra. Lynde decidiu visitar Green Gables para perguntar a Marilla para onde Matthew tinha ido. Ela achou estranho, já que ele raramente ia à cidade naquela época do ano. Ela sentiu que algo devia ter acontecido desde a noite anterior para causar sua partida.

Original English

"I'll just step over to Green Gables after tea and find out from Marilla where he's gone and why," the worthy woman finally concluded. "He doesn't generally go to town this time of year and he never visits; if he'd run out of turnip seed he wouldn't dress up and take the buggy to go for more; he wasn't driving fast enough to be going for a doctor. Yet something must have happened since last night to start him off. I'm clean puzzled, that's what, and I won't know a minute's peace of mind or conscience until I know what has taken Matthew Cuthbert out of Avonlea today."

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Pt/En

Português

Após o chá, a Sra. Rachel caminhou até Green Gables. Embora a casa ficasse a apenas um quarto de milha de distância, a longa estrada tornava a viagem mais longa. A casa dos Cuthberts foi construída na beira da terra limpa, mal visível da estrada, ao contrário das outras casas sociáveis em Avonlea. A Sra. Lynde não considerava tal isolamento como uma vida adequada.

Original English

Accordingly after tea Mrs. Rachel set out; she had not far to go; the big, rambling, orchard-embowered house where the Cuthberts lived was a scant quarter of a mile up the road from Lynde's Hollow. To be sure, the long lane made it a good deal further. Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy and silent as his son after him, had got as far away as he possibly could from his fellow men without actually retreating into the woods when he founded his homestead. Green Gables was built at the furthest edge of his cleared land and there it was to this day, barely visible from the main road along which all the other Avonlea houses were so sociably situated. Mrs. Rachel Lynde did not call living in such a place living at all.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto caminhava pela estrada gramada ladeada por rosas silvestres, a Sra. Lynde observou que os Cuthberts estavam apenas em casa, não vivendo. Ela achou natural que fossem um pouco esquisitos, morando tão afastados sozinhos. Ela preferia pessoas a árvores, mas supôs que eles estavam acostumados, pois alguém pode se acostumar com qualquer coisa.

Original English

"It's just staying , that's what," she said as she stepped along the deep-rutted, grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes. "It's no wonder Matthew and Marilla are both a little odd, living away back here by themselves. Trees aren't much company, though dear knows if they were there'd be enough of them. I'd ruther look at people. To be sure, they seem contented enough; but then, I suppose, they're used to it. A body can get used to anything, even to being hanged, as the Irishman said."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel entrou no quintal de Green Gables, que era muito verde e bem cuidado. Grandes salgueiros estavam de um lado e elegantes choupos-lombardos do outro. Não se viam galhos ou pedras soltas; a Sra. Rachel acreditava que Marilla varria o quintal com a mesma frequência que a casa. O chão estava limpo o suficiente para se comer.

Original English

With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she was of the opinion that Marilla Cuthbert swept that yard over as often as she swept her house. One could have eaten a meal off the ground without overbrimming the proverbial peck of dirt.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel bateu e entrou na cozinha. Era um cômodo alegre, embora tão impecável que se assemelhava a uma sala de visitas não usada. A luz do sol entrava pela janela oeste, enquanto a janela leste oferecia uma vista das cerejeiras e bétulas, mas estava coberta de vinhas. Marilla estava sentada ali tricotando, sempre um pouco desconfiada da luz do sol, que considerava frívola demais para um mundo sério. A mesa estava posta para o jantar.

Original English

Mrs. Rachel rapped smartly at the kitchen door and stepped in when bidden to do so. The kitchen at Green Gables was a cheerful apartment—or would have been cheerful if it had not been so painfully clean as to give it something of the appearance of an unused parlor. Its windows looked east and west; through the west one, looking out on the back yard, came a flood of mellow June sunlight; but the east one, whence you got a glimpse of the bloom white cherry-trees in the left orchard and nodding, slender birches down in the hollow by the brook, was greened over by a tangle of vines. Here sat Marilla Cuthbert, when she sat at all,

always slightly distrustful of sunshine, which seemed to her too dancing and irresponsible a thing for a world which was meant to be taken seriously; and here she sat now, knitting, and the table behind her was laid for supper.

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Português

Antes mesmo de fechar completamente a porta, a Sra. Rachel já havia notado mentalmente tudo sobre a mesa. Havia três pratos postos, então Marilla devia estar esperando alguém para se juntar a Matthew no chá. No entanto, os pratos eram comuns, com apenas conserva de maçã e um único tipo de bolo, indicando que a companhia esperada não era particularmente especial. Mas e quanto ao colarinho branco de Matthew e à égua alazã? A Sra. Rachel estava ficando bastante tonta com esse mistério incomum em torno da normalmente calma e despreziosa Green Gables.

Original English

Mrs. Rachel, before she had fairly closed the door, had taken a mental note of everything that was on that table. There were three plates laid, so that Marilla must be expecting some one home with Matthew to tea; but the dishes were everyday dishes and there was only crab-apple preserves and one kind of cake, so that the expected company could not be any particular company. Yet what of Matthew's white collar and the sorrel mare? Mrs. Rachel was getting fairly dizzy with this unusual mystery about quiet, unmysterious Green Gables.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla cumprimentou a Sra. Rachel rapidamente, comentando sobre a bela noite e convidando-a para se sentar. Em seguida, perguntou pela família da Sra. Rachel.

Original English

"Good evening, Rachel," Marilla said briskly. "This is a real fine evening, isn't it? Won't you sit down? How are all your folks?"

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Português

Algo que poderia ser chamado de amizade, por falta de um termo melhor, existia e sempre existira entre Marilla Cuthbert e a Sra. Rachel, apesar — ou talvez por causa — de quão diferentes elas eram.

Original English

Something that for lack of any other name might be called friendship existed and always had existed between Marilla Cuthbert and Mrs. Rachel, in spite of—or perhaps because of—their dissimilarity.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla era uma mulher alta e magra, angular e sem curvas. Seu cabelo escuro, com mechas grisalhas, estava sempre torcido em um coque apertado atrás, preso por dois grampos de arame que se destacavam agressivamente. Ela parecia uma mulher de experiência limitada e consciência rígida, e de fato era. No entanto, havia algo redentor em sua boca que, se tivesse sido ligeiramente desenvolvido, poderia ter sugerido um senso de humor.

Original English

Marilla was a tall, thin woman, with angles and without curves; her dark hair showed some gray streaks and was always twisted up in a hard little knot behind with two wire hairpins stuck aggressively through it. She looked like a woman of narrow experience and rigid conscience, which she was; but there was a saving something about her mouth which, if it had been ever so slightly developed, might have been considered indicative of a sense of humor.

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Português

A Sra. Rachel respondeu que todos em sua família estavam muito bem. Ela acrescentou que, no entanto, estava um pouco preocupada com a casa de Marilla quando viu Matthew saindo naquele dia. Pensara que talvez ele fosse ao médico.

Original English

"We're all pretty well," said Mrs. Rachel. "I was kind of afraid you weren't, though, when I saw Matthew starting off today. I thought maybe he was going to the doctor's."

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Português

Os lábios de Marilla se curvaram em um sorriso de compreensão. Ela já esperava a visita da Sra. Rachel; sabia que ver Matthew partir de forma tão misteriosa seria demais para a curiosidade da vizinha.

Original English

Marilla's lips twitched understandingly. She had expected Mrs. Rachel up; she had known that the sight of Matthew jaunting off so unaccountably would be too much for her neighbor's curiosity.

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Português

A Sra. Rachel respondeu que estava se sentindo perfeitamente bem, apesar de ter tido uma forte dor de cabeça no dia anterior. Marilla então explicou que Matthew havia ido a Bright River porque estavam esperando um menino de um orfanato na Nova Escócia, que deveria chegar no trem naquela noite.

Original English

"Oh, no, I'm quite well although I had a bad headache yesterday," she said. "Matthew went to Bright River. We're getting a little boy from an orphan asylum in Nova Scotia and he's coming on the train tonight."

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Português

O anúncio de Marilla chocou a Sra. Rachel tanto quanto se ela tivesse dito que Matthew havia ido encontrar um canguru da Austrália. Ela ficou tão surpresa que não conseguiu falar por cinco segundos. Parecia impossível que Marilla estivesse brincando, mas a Sra. Rachel foi quase forçada a pensar assim.

Original English

If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds. It was unsupposable that Marilla was making fun of her, but Mrs. Rachel was almost forced to suppose it.

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Português

Quando recuperou a voz, a Sra. Rachel exigiu saber se Marilla estava falando sério.

Original English

"Are you in earnest, Marilla?" she demanded when voice returned to her.

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Português

Marilla respondeu afirmativamente, falando como se adotar meninos de orfanatos da Nova Escócia fosse uma parte rotineira das tarefas de primavera em qualquer fazenda bem administrada de Avonlea, em vez de um empreendimento totalmente inédito.

Original English

"Yes, of course," said Marilla, as if getting boys from orphan asylums in Nova Scotia were part of the usual spring work on any well-regulated Avonlea farm instead of being an unheard of innovation.

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Português

A Sra. Rachel ficou profundamente chocada. A ideia de que Marilla e Matthew Cuthbert estavam adotando um menino de um orfanato parecia inacreditável. Ela sentiu que o mundo tinha virado de cabeça para baixo e que nunca mais se surpreenderia com nada.

Original English

Mrs. Rachel felt that she had received a severe mental jolt. She thought in exclamation points. A boy! Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert of all people adopting a boy! From an orphan asylum! Well, the world was certainly turning upside down! She would be surprised at nothing after this! Nothing!

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Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou a Marilla, de modo desaprovador, o que lhe tinha dado tal ideia.

Original English

"What on earth put such a notion into your head?" she demanded disapprovingly.

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Português

A decisão tinha sido tomada sem consultá-la, então ela se sentiu obrigada a desaprovar.

Original English

This had been done without her advice being asked, and must perforce be disapproved.

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Português

Marilla explicou que eles estavam considerando a adoção há algum tempo. A Sra. Alexander Spencer planejava pegar uma menina de um orfanato e se ofereceu para ajudá-los a encontrar um menino. Matthew, que agora tinha sessenta anos e problemas cardíacos, precisava de ajuda com o trabalho da fazenda, já que era difícil manter empregados contratados. Marilla insistiu em uma criança nascida no Canadá, em vez de um menino das ruas de Londres. Eles pediram à Sra. Spencer que escolhesse um menino capaz, por volta de dez ou onze anos, com idade suficiente para trabalhar, mas jovem o bastante para ser treinado. Eles pretendiam proporcionar um bom lar e educação. Naquele dia, receberam um telegrama anunciando a chegada do menino no trem da noite, então Matthew foi encontrá-lo.

Original English

"Well, we've been thinking about it for some time—all winter in fact," returned Marilla. "Mrs. Alexander Spencer was up here one day before Christmas and she said she was going to get a little girl from the asylum over in Hopeton in the spring. Her cousin lives there and Mrs. Spencer has visited here and knows all about it. So Matthew and I have talked it over off and on ever since. We thought we'd get a boy. Matthew is getting up in years, you know—he's sixty—and he isn't so spry as he once was. His heart troubles him a good deal. And you know how desperate hard it's got to be to get hired help. There's never anybody to be had but those stupid, half-grown little French boys; and as soon as you do get one broke into your ways and taught something he's up and off to the lobster canneries or the States. At first Matthew suggested getting a Home boy. But I said 'no' flat to that. 'They may be all right—I'm not saying they're not—but no London street Arabs for me,' I said. 'Give me a native born at least. There'll be a risk, no matter who we get. But I'll feel easier in my mind and sleep sounder at nights if we get a born Canadian.' So in the end we decided to ask Mrs. Spencer to pick us out one when she went over to get her little girl. We heard last week she was going, so we sent her word by Richard Spencer's folks at Carmody to bring us a smart, likely boy of about ten or eleven. We decided that would be the best age—old enough to be of some use in doing chores right off and young enough to be trained up proper. We mean to give him a good home and schooling. We had a telegram from Mrs. Alexander Spencer today—the mail-man brought it from the station—saying they were coming on the five-thirty train tonight. So Matthew went to Bright River to meet him. Mrs. Spencer will drop him off

there. Of course she goes on to White Sands station herself."

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Português

A Sra. Rachel se orgulhava de sua honestidade, então, após processar esta notícia surpreendente, ela se preparou para dar sua opinião.

Original English

Mrs. Rachel prided herself on always speaking her mind; she proceeded to speak it now, having adjusted her mental attitude to this amazing piece of news.

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Português

A Sra. Rachel disse francamente a Marilla que considerava a decisão muito tola e arriscada. Ela destacou que Marilla não sabia nada sobre a criança, sua origem ou seu caráter, e lembrou uma história de jornal sobre um menino de um orfanato que ateou fogo deliberadamente a uma casa.

Original English

"Well, Marilla, I'll just tell you plain that I think you're doing a mighty foolish thing—a risky thing, that's what. You don't know what you're getting. You're bringing a strange child into your house and home and you don't know a single thing about him nor what his disposition is like nor what sort of parents he had nor how he's likely to turn out. Why, it was only last week I read in the paper how a man and his wife up west of the Island took a boy out of an orphan asylum and he set fire to the house at night—set it on

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Português

Ela acrescentou que o menino quase queimou a família até a morte em suas camas. Ela também mencionou outro caso de um menino adotado que não conseguia parar de roubar ovos. A Sra. Rachel concluiu que, se Marilla tivesse pedido seu conselho, ela teria aconselhado veementemente contra a adoção.

Original English

purpose , Marilla—and nearly burnt them to a crisp in their beds. And I know another case where an adopted boy used to suck the eggs—they couldn't break him of it. If you had asked my advice in the matter—which you didn't do, Marilla—I'd have said for mercy's sake not to think of such a thing, that's what."

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Português

Marilla pareceu nem ofendida nem alarmada com os avisos de Rachel. Ela continuou tricotando calmamente.

Original English

This Job's comforting seemed neither to offend nor to alarm Marilla. She knitted steadily on.

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Português

Marilla admitiu ter algumas dúvidas ela mesma, mas explicou que Matthew estava determinado a adotar a criança. Como ele raramente insistia em algo, ela sentiu que era seu dever concordar. Ela observou que havia riscos na maioria das coisas, inclusive em ter filhos próprios, e que o menino vinha da vizinha Nova Escócia, então não seria muito diferente deles.

Original English

"I don't deny there's something in what you say, Rachel. I've had some qualms myself. But Matthew was terrible set on it. I could see that, so I gave in. It's so seldom Matthew sets his mind on anything that when he does I always feel it's my duty to give in. And as for the risk, there's risks in pretty near everything a body does in this world. There's risks in people's having children of their own if it comes to that—they don't always turn out well. And then Nova Scotia is right close to the Island. It isn't as if we were getting him from England or the States. He can't be much different from ourselves."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel expressou esperança de que tudo daria certo, mas seu tom transmitia dúvida. Ela advertiu Marilla para não dizer que não foi avisada se a criança incendiasse Green Gables ou envenenasse o poço, citando uma história de New Brunswick onde uma menina órfã havia causado danos semelhantes.

Original English

"Well, I hope it will turn out all right," said Mrs. Rachel in a tone that plainly indicated her painful doubts. "Only don't say I didn't warn you if he burns Green Gables down or puts strychnine in the well—I heard of a case over in New Brunswick where an orphan asylum child did that and the whole family died in fearful agonies. Only, it was a girl in that instance."

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Português

Marilla afirmou firmemente que não estavam adotando uma menina; ela jamais consideraria criar uma criança do sexo feminino. Achou surpreendente que a Sra. Alexander Spencer o fizesse, mas observou que a Sra. Spencer não hesitaria em adotar um orfanato inteiro se decidisse.

Original English

"Well, we're not getting a girl," said Marilla, as if poisoning wells were a purely feminine accomplishment and not to be dreaded in the case of a boy. "I'd never dream of taking a girl to bring up. I wonder at Mrs. Alexander Spencer for doing it. But there, she wouldn't shrink from adopting a whole orphan asylum if she took it into her head."

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Português

A Sra. Rachel teria preferido ficar até Matthew chegar com o órfão, mas percebendo que seriam pelo menos duas horas, decidiu ir à casa de Robert Bell para espalhar a notícia, o que adorava fazer. Ela saiu, para grande alívio de Marilla, já que o pessimismo da Sra. Rachel estava reavivando as próprias dúvidas e medos de Marilla.

Original English

Mrs. Rachel would have liked to stay until Matthew came home with his imported orphan. But reflecting that it would be a good two hours at least before his arrival she concluded to go up the road to Robert Bell's and tell the news. It would certainly make a sensation second to none, and Mrs. Rachel dearly loved to make a sensation. So she took herself away, somewhat to Marilla's relief, for the latter felt her doubts and fears reviving under the influence of Mrs. Rachel's pessimism.

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Português

Assim que estava segura do lado de fora, no caminho, a Sra. Rachel exclamou sua incredulidade, sentindo como se estivesse sonhando. Expressou profunda pena do órfão, convencida de que Matthew e Marilla não sabiam nada sobre crianças e esperariam que o menino fosse mais sábio e estável que seu próprio avô, se é que ele tinha um. Achou estranha a ideia de uma criança em Green Gables, pois nunca houve uma ali; Matthew e Marilla já eram adultos quando a casa foi construída. Declarou que não gostaria de estar na pele daquele órfão.

Original English

"Well, of all things that ever were or will be!" ejaculated Mrs. Rachel when she was safely out in the lane. "It does really seem as if I must be dreaming. Well, I'm sorry for that poor young one and no mistake. Matthew and Marilla don't know anything about children and they'll expect him to be wiser and steadier than his own grandfather, if so be's he ever had a grandfather, which is doubtful. It seems uncanny to think of a child at Green Gables somehow; there's never been one there, for Matthew and Marilla were grown up when the new house was built—if they ever were children, which is hard to believe when one looks at them. I wouldn't be in that orphan's shoes for anything. My, but I pity him, that's what."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Rachel falou esses pensamentos para as roseiras silvestres, transbordando de emoção. No entanto, se ela pudesse ter visto a criança esperando pacientemente na estação de Bright River naquele exato momento, sua pena teria sido ainda mais profunda e intensa.

Original English

So said Mrs. Rachel to the wild rose bushes out of the fulness of her heart; but if she could have seen the child who was waiting patiently at the Bright River station at that very moment her pity would have been still deeper and more profound.

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Matthew Cuthbert is surprised

Pt/En

Português

Matthew Cuthbert e a égua alazã seguiram confortavelmente as oito milhas até Bright River. A estrada era agradável, passando entre fazendas aconchegantes, com trechos ocasionais de fragrante mata de abetos e depressões onde ameixeiras silvestres floresciam. O ar era doce com o aroma de muitos pomares de maçã, e os prados se inclinavam ao longe, fundindo-se com névoas matinais cor de pérola e púrpura.

Original English

Matthew Cuthbert and the sorrel mare jogged comfortably over the eight miles to Bright River. It was a pretty road, running along between snug farmsteads, with now and again a bit of balsamy fir wood to drive through or a hollow where wild plums hung out their filmy bloom. The air was sweet with the breath of many apple orchards and the meadows sloped away in the distance to horizon mists of pearl and purple; while

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Pt/En

Português

Os passarinhos cantavam como se aquele dia fosse o único dia de verão em todo o ano.

Original English

"The little birds sang as if it were The one day of summer in all the year."

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Pt/En

Português

Matthew sentia prazer no passeio à sua maneira silenciosa, exceto quando encontrava mulheres e precisava cumprimentá-las com um aceno de cabeça. Na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, o costume exigia que se acenasse para todos os encontrados na estrada, independentemente de conhecê-los, e Matthew achava essa obrigação desconfortável.

Original English

Matthew enjoyed the drive after his own fashion, except during the moments when he met women and had to nod to them—for in Prince Edward island you are supposed to nod to all and sundry you meet on the road whether you know them or not.

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Pt/En

Português

Matthew temia todas as mulheres, exceto Marilla e a Sra. Rachel, suspeitando que essas criaturas misteriosas estivessem secretamente zombando dele. Provavelmente estava certo, pois ele tinha uma figura incomum: desajeitado de compleição, com longos cabelos grisalhos que tocavam seus ombros curvados, e uma barba macia e castanha que usava desde os vinte anos. De fato, ele parecia quase o mesmo aos vinte e aos sessenta, apenas com menos cabelos grisalhos.

Original English

Matthew dreaded all women except Marilla and Mrs. Rachel; he had an uncomfortable feeling that the mysterious creatures were secretly laughing at him. He may have been quite right in thinking so, for he was an odd-looking personage, with an ungainly figure and long iron-gray hair that touched his stooping shoulders, and a full, soft brown beard which he had worn ever since he was twenty. In fact, he had looked at twenty very much as he looked at sixty, lacking a little of the grayness.

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Português

Ao chegar em Bright River, Matthew não viu sinal de nenhum trem. Acreditando estar adiantado, amarrou seu cavalo no pátio do pequeno hotel local e foi até a estação. A longa plataforma estava quase vazia; a única pessoa à vista era uma garota sentada em uma pilha de telhas no extremo. Matthew mal notou sua presença e passou por ela o mais rápido possível, sem olhar. Se tivesse olhado, certamente teria notado a quietude intensa e a expectativa em sua postura e expressão. Ela estava ali sentada, esperando por algo ou alguém, e como sentar e esperar era tudo o que podia fazer, dedicava-se a isso por completo.

Original English

When he reached Bright River there was no sign of any train; he thought he was too early, so he tied his horse in the yard of the small Bright River hotel and went over to the station house. The long platform was almost deserted; the only living creature in sight being a girl who was sitting on a pile of shingles at the extreme end. Matthew, barely noting that it was a girl, sidled past her as quickly as possible without looking at her. Had he looked he could hardly have failed to notice the tense rigidity and expectation of her attitude and expression. She was sitting there waiting for something or somebody and, since sitting and waiting was the only thing to do just then, she sat and waited with all her might and main.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew encontrou o chefe da estação, que estava trancando a bilheteria antes de ir para casa jantar, e perguntou se o trem das cinco e meia chegaria em breve.

Original English

Matthew encountered the stationmaster locking up the ticket office preparatory to going home for supper, and asked him if the five-thirty train would soon be along.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O funcionário da estação disse a Matthew que o trem das cinco e meia havia chegado e partido trinta minutos antes. No entanto, ele disse que uma garotinha havia sido deixada para Matthew. Ela estava sentada do lado de fora, sobre as telhas. Quando ele pediu que ela entrasse na sala de espera das senhoras, ela disse seriamente que preferia ficar do lado de fora porque havia mais espaço para a imaginação. Ele comentou que ela era uma criança incomum.

Original English

"The five-thirty train has been in and gone half an hour ago," answered that brisk official. "But there was a passenger dropped off for you—a little girl. She's sitting out there on the shingles. I asked her to go into the ladies' waiting room, but she informed me gravely that she preferred to stay outside. 'There was more scope for imagination,' she said. She's a case, I should say."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew disse, sem expressão, que não estava esperando uma garota. Ele tinha vindo buscar um menino, que deveria estar lá. Ele explicou que a Sra. Alexander Spencer traria o menino da Nova Escócia para ele.

Original English

"I'm not expecting a girl," said Matthew blankly. "It's a boy I've come for. He should be here. Mrs. Alexander Spencer was to bring him over from Nova Scotia for me."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O chefe da estação soltou um assobio.

Original English

The stationmaster whistled.

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Pt/En

Português

O chefe da estação sugeriu que deveria haver algum engano. Ele disse que a Sra. Spencer havia descido do trem com a garota e a deixado aos seus cuidados. Ela lhe disse que Matthew e sua irmã estavam adotando a garota de um orfanato e que viriam buscá-la em breve. Ele acrescentou que isso era tudo o que sabia e que não tinha outros órfãos escondidos ali.

Original English

"Guess there's some mistake," he said. "Mrs. Spencer came off the train with that girl and gave her into my charge. Said you and your sister were adopting her from an orphan asylum and that you would be along for her presently. That's all I know about it—and I haven't got any more orphans concealed hereabouts."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew disse que não entendia e se sentia impotente, desejando que Marilla estivesse ali para lidar com a situação.

Original English

"I don't understand," said Matthew helplessly, wishing that Marilla was at hand to cope with the situation.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O chefe da estação sugeriu que Matthew perguntasse à menina ele mesmo, dizendo que ela provavelmente poderia explicar, já que era claramente falante. Ele acrescentou que talvez não houvesse meninos do tipo que Matthew havia encomendado.

Original English

"Well, you'd better question the girl," said the station-master carelessly. "I dare say she'll be able to explain—she's got a tongue of her own, that's certain. Maybe they were out of boys of the brand you wanted."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O chefe da estação foi embora alegremente, com fome. O pobre Matthew foi deixado para fazer algo ainda mais difícil do que enfrentar um leão: aproximar-se de uma menina — uma estranha, uma órfã — e perguntar por que ela não era um menino. Matthew sentiu um gemido profundo por dentro enquanto se virava e arrastava os pés lentamente pela plataforma em direção a ela.

Original English

He walked jauntily away, being hungry, and the unfortunate Matthew was left to do that which was harder for him than bearding a lion in its den—walk up to a girl—a strange girl—an orphan girl—and demand of her why she wasn't a boy. Matthew groaned in spirit as he turned about and shuffled gently down the platform towards her.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A menina estava observando Matthew desde que ele passou, e continuou a observá-lo. Ele não estava olhando para ela e não teria notado sua aparência, mas um observador comum teria visto uma criança de cerca de onze anos. Ela usava um vestido muito curto, apertado e feio de flanela amarelo-acinzentada, um chapéu de marinheiro marrom desbotado e duas tranças grossas de cabelo vermelho vivo caindo pelas costas. Seu rosto era pequeno, pálido, fino e coberto de sardas; sua boca era grande, e seus olhos também eram grandes, parecendo verdes em algumas luzes e cinzentos em outras.

Original English

She had been watching him ever since he had passed her and she had her eyes on him now. Matthew was not looking at her and would not have seen what she was really like if he had been, but an ordinary observer would have seen this: A child of about eleven, garbed in a very short, very tight, very ugly dress of yellowish-gray wincey. She wore a faded brown sailor hat and beneath the hat, extending down her back, were two braids of very thick, decidedly red hair. Her face was small, white and thin, also much freckled; her mouth was large and so were her eyes, which looked green in some lights and moods and gray in others.

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Pt/En

Português

Isso é o que um observador comum veria, mas uma pessoa mais perceptiva poderia ter notado que seu queixo era muito pontudo e forte; que seus olhos grandes estavam cheios de vivacidade; que sua boca tinha lábios doces e era expressiva; e que sua testa era larga e cheia. Em suma, um observador perspicaz poderia ter concluído que aquela criança desgarrada não era uma pessoa comum, razão pela qual o tímido Matthew Cuthbert tinha um medo tão absurdo dela.

Original English

So far, the ordinary observer; an extraordinary observer might have seen that the chin was very pointed and pronounced; that the big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity; that the mouth was sweet-lipped and expressive; that the forehead was broad and full; in short, our discerning extraordinary observer might have concluded that no commonplace soul inhabited the body of this stray woman-child of whom shy Matthew Cuthbert was so ludicrously afraid.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew foi poupado da dificuldade de falar primeiro, porque assim que a menina percebeu que ele estava se aproximando, ela se levantou. Com uma mão fina e morena, ela segurou a alça de uma velha mala de viagem desgastada, e estendeu a outra mão para ele.

Original English

Matthew, however, was spared the ordeal of speaking first, for as soon as she concluded that he was coming to her she stood up, grasping with one thin brown hand the handle of a shabby, old-fashioned carpet-bag; the other she held out to him.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne cumprimentou Matthew Cuthbert alegremente, apresentando-se e expressando alívio por ele ter chegado. Ela admitiu que começara a se preocupar com o atraso e imaginara várias razões para a demora. Ela planejava que, se ele não chegasse naquela noite, passaria a noite em uma cerejeira selvagem perto da linha do trem. Declarou que não teria medo e que achava que seria adorável dormir entre as flores brancas sob o luar, como se estivesse em salões de mármore. Ela estava confiante de que ele viria pela manhã, se não naquela noite.

Original English

"I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?" she said in a peculiarly clear, sweet voice. "I'm very glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me and I was imagining all the things that might have happened to prevent you. I had made up my mind that if you didn't come for me to-night I'd go down the track to that big wild cherry-tree at the bend, and climb up into it to stay all night. I wouldn't be a bit afraid, and it would be lovely to sleep in a wild cherry-tree all white with bloom in the moonshine, don't you think? You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn't you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning, if you didn't to-night."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew pegou desajeitadamente a mãozinha magra e tomou uma decisão na hora. Ele não podia dizer àquela criança de olhos brilhantes que havia acontecido um engano; em vez disso, levaria-a para casa e deixaria Marilla explicar. De qualquer forma, ela não podia ficar em Bright River, independentemente do erro, então todas as perguntas e explicações poderiam esperar até que estivessem de volta em segurança a Green Gables.

Original English

Matthew had taken the scrawny little hand awkwardly in his; then and there he decided what to do. He could not tell this child with the glowing eyes that there had been a mistake; he would take her home and let Marilla do that. She couldn't be left at Bright River anyhow, no matter what mistake had been made, so all questions and explanations might as well be deferred

until he was safely back at Green Gables.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew timidamente pediu desculpas pelo atraso e pediu que ela o acompanhasse. Ele disse que o cavalo estava no quintal e se ofereceu para carregar a bolsa dela.

Original English

"I'm sorry I was late," he said shyly. "Come along. The horse is over in the yard. Give me your bag."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A menina insistiu alegremente em carregar sua própria mala, dizendo que ela continha todos os seus pertences mundanos, mas não era pesada, e ela sabia a maneira correta de segurá-la para que a alça não saísse. Ela expressou grande felicidade por Matthew ter vindo, embora tenha admitido que teria sido bom dormir em uma cerejeira. Ela sabia que tinham uma longa viagem de oito milhas, o que ela adorava. Ela achou maravilhoso finalmente pertencer a alguém, já que nunca havia verdadeiramente pertencido a ninguém antes, e disse que o orfanato foi a pior experiência, mesmo tendo estado lá apenas quatro meses. Ela explicou que não quis ser malvada quando disse isso, e que as pessoas do orfanato eram boas, mas havia muito pouco espaço para a imaginação lá, exceto ao pensar sobre os outros órfãos. Ela costumava ficar acordada à noite imaginando que a garota ao lado poderia ser a filha de um conde que foi roubada, porque não tinha tempo durante o dia. Ela pensava que era por isso que era tão magra, e adorava se imaginar gordinha com covinhas.

Original English

"Oh, I can carry it," the child responded cheerfully. "It isn't heavy. I've got all my worldly goods in it, but it isn't heavy. And if it isn't carried in just a certain way the handle pulls out—so I'd better keep it because I know the exact knack of it. It's an extremely old carpet-bag. Oh, I'm very glad you've come, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry-tree. We've got to drive a long piece, haven't we? Mrs. Spencer said it was eight miles. I'm glad because I love driving. Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to

live with you and belong to you. I've never belonged to anybody—not really. But the asylum was the worst. I've only been in it four months, but that was enough. I don't suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum, so you can't possibly understand what it is like. It's worse than anything you could imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked of me to talk like that, but I didn't mean to be wicked. It's so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it? They were good, you know—the asylum people. But there is so little scope for the imagination in an asylum—only just in the other orphans. It was pretty interesting to imagine things about them—to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of a belted earl, who had been stolen away from her parents in her infancy by a cruel nurse who died before she could confess. I used to lie awake at nights and imagine things like that, because I didn't have time in the day. I guess that's why I'm so thin—I am dreadful thin, ain't I? There isn't a pick on my bones. I do love to imagine I'm nice and plump, with dimples in my elbows."

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Pt/En

Português

Com isso, Anne parou de falar, em parte porque estava sem fôlego e em parte porque haviam chegado à charrete. Ela não disse mais uma palavra até que tivessem saído da vila e estivessem descendo uma colina íngreme. A estrada lá era cortada profundamente na terra macia, de modo que os barrancos, ladeados por cerejeiras silvestres floridas e bétulas brancas e esbeltas, elevavam-se vários pés acima de suas cabeças.

Original English

With this Matthew's companion stopped talking, partly because she was out of breath and partly because they had reached the buggy. Not another word did she say until they had left the village and were driving down a steep little hill, the road part of which had been cut so deeply into the soft soil, that the banks, fringed with blooming wild cherry-trees and slim white birches, were several feet above their heads.

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Pt/En

Português

A criança estendeu a mão e quebrou um galho de uma ameixeira selvagem que estava tocando a charrete.

Original English

The child put out her hand and broke off a branch of wild plum that brushed against the side of the buggy.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou a Matthew se ele achava a árvore bonita e o que ela o fazia imaginar, descrevendo-a como branca e rendada.

Original English

"Isn't that beautiful? What did that tree, leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?" she asked.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew respondeu que não sabia.

Original English

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela explicou que a árvore a lembrava de uma noiva em um vestido branco com véu. Ela nunca tinha visto uma noiva, mas podia imaginar uma. Ela duvidava que algum dia se casaria porque se considerava simples, mas esperava ter um vestido branco algum dia. Ela adorava roupas bonitas e nunca possuía um vestido bonito. Ela se sentia envergonhada por seu vestido simples do orfanato, feito de tecido barato, e preferia pensar que o comerciante o doou por bondade, e não por não conseguir vendê-lo. Ela imaginava usar um lindo vestido de seda azul e acessórios elegantes, o

que animou seu espírito durante a viagem de trem. Ela aproveitou o passeio de barco sem enjoo, enquanto a Sra. Spencer ficava preocupada em vigiá-la, o que Anne achava útil. Ela queria ver tudo no barco porque talvez não tivesse outra oportunidade. Ela admirou as muitas cerejeiras floridas da ilha e sua beleza geral. Ela sempre ouvira que a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo era linda e imaginara morar lá. Ela achou as estradas vermelhas intrigantes e perguntou à Sra. Spencer sobre a cor, mas a Sra. Spencer mandou parar de fazer perguntas. Ela ainda se perguntava o que causava a cor vermelha.

Original English

"Why, a bride, of course—a bride all in white with a lovely misty veil. I've never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody will ever want to marry me—unless it might be a foreign missionary. I suppose a foreign missionary mightn't be very particular. But I do hope that some day I shall have a white dress. That is my highest ideal of earthly bliss. I just love pretty clothes. And I've never had a pretty dress in my life that I can remember—but of course it's all the more to look forward to, isn't it? And then I can imagine that I'm dressed gorgeously. This morning when I left the asylum I felt so ashamed because I had to wear this horrid old wincey dress. All the orphans had to wear them, you know. A merchant in Hopeton last winter donated three hundred yards of wincey to the asylum. Some people said it was because he couldn't sell it, but I'd rather believe that it was out of the kindness of his heart, wouldn't you? When we got on the train I felt as if everybody must be looking at me and pitying me. But I just went to work and imagined that I had on the most beautiful pale blue silk dress—because when you are imagining you might as well imagine something worth while—and a big hat all flowers and nodding plumes, and a gold watch, and kid gloves and boots. I felt cheered up right away and I enjoyed my trip to the Island with all my might. I wasn't a bit sick coming over in the boat. Neither was Mrs. Spencer although she generally is. She said she hadn't time to get sick, watching to see that I didn't fall overboard. She said she never saw the beat of me for prowling about. But if it kept her from being seasick it's a mercy I did prowl, isn't it? And I wanted to see everything that was to be seen on that boat, because I didn't know whether I'd ever have another opportunity. Oh, there are a lot more cherry-trees all in bloom! This Island is the bloomiest place. I just love it already, and I'm so glad I'm going to live here. I've always heard that Prince Edward Island was the prettiest place in the world, and I used to imagine I was living here, but I never really expected I would. It's delightful when your imaginations come true, isn't it? But those red roads are so funny. When we got into the train at

Charlottetown and the red roads began to flash past I asked Mrs. Spencer what made them red and she said she didn't know and for pity's sake not to ask her any more questions. She said I must have asked her a thousand already. I suppose I had, too, but how you going to find out about things if you don't ask questions? And what does make the roads red?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew repetiu que não sabia.

Original English

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que era maravilhoso pensar em todas as coisas que existem para descobrir. Ela se sentia feliz por estar viva porque o mundo era tão interessante. Ela pensava que seria menos interessante se as pessoas soubessem tudo, pois não haveria espaço para a imaginação. Ela perguntou se estava falando demais, observando que as pessoas frequentemente diziam isso, e se ofereceu para parar se Matthew preferisse, embora admitisse que seria difícil.

Original English

"Well, that is one of the things to find out sometime. Isn't it splendid to think of all the things there are to find out about? It just makes me feel glad to be alive—it's such an interesting world. It wouldn't be half so interesting if we know all about everything, would it? There'd be no scope for imagination then, would there? But am I talking too much? People are always telling me I do. Would you rather I didn't talk? If you say so I'll stop. I can stop when I make up my mind to it, although it's difficult."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew ficou surpreso ao perceber que estava gostando da companhia de Anne. Ele geralmente gostava de pessoas falantes que faziam a maior parte da conversa, mas nunca esperava gostar da companhia de uma menina. Ele detestava os olhares tímidos e de lado das meninas bem-educadas. No entanto, Anne era diferente, e embora sua mente mais lenta tivesse dificuldade em acompanhar, ele gostava da tagarelice dela. Então ele respondeu timidamente.

Original English

Matthew, much to his own surprise, was enjoying himself. Like most quiet folks he liked talkative people when they were willing to do the talking themselves and did not expect him to keep up his end of it. But he had never expected to enjoy the society of a little girl. Women were bad enough in all conscience, but little girls were worse. He detested the way they had of sidling past him timidly, with sidewise glances, as if they expected him to gobble them up at a mouthful if they ventured to say a word. That was the Avonlea type of well-bred little girl. But this freckled witch was very different, and although he found it rather difficult for his slower intelligence to keep up with her brisk mental processes he thought that he "kind of liked her chatter." So he said as shyly as usual:

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew disse a Anne que ela poderia falar o quanto quisesse; ele não se importava.

Original English

"Oh, you can talk as much as you like. I don't mind."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou sua felicidade e disse que sabia que eles se dariam bem. Ela estava aliviada por poder falar livremente sem ser informada de que crianças deveriam ser vistas e não ouvidas. Ela acrescentou que as pessoas riam dela por usar palavras grandes, mas explicou que ideias grandes exigiam palavras grandes.

Original English

"Oh, I'm so glad. I know you and I are going to get along together fine. It's such a relief to talk when one wants to and not be told that children should be seen and not heard. I've had that said to me a million times if I have once. And people laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas you have to use big words to express them, haven't you?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew respondeu que o que ela disse parecia razoável.

Original English

"Well now, that seems reasonable," said Matthew.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne contou a Matthew que a Sra. Spencer dissera que sua língua devia estar solta dos dois lados, embora Anne insistisse que estava firmemente presa em uma das extremidades. A Sra. Spencer também havia mencionado que o lugar se chamava Green Gables, e Anne perguntara a ela sobre isso. Ela soube que a casa era cercada por árvores, o que a deixou muito feliz porque adorava árvores. Em contraste, no orfanato havia apenas algumas árvores pequenas na frente, com pequenas grades caídas ao redor, e elas pareciam órfãs. Ela costumava sentir pena delas e falava com elas, dizendo que se estivessem em uma grande floresta com outras árvores, musgos, sinos-de-junho, um riacho e pássaros, elas poderiam crescer. Ela ficou triste por deixá-las para trás naquela manhã. Finalmente, ela perguntou a Matthew se havia um riacho perto de Green Gables.

Original English

"Mrs. Spencer said that my tongue must be hung in the middle. But it isn't—it's firmly fastened at one end. Mrs. Spencer said your place was named Green Gables. I asked her all about it. And she said there were trees all around it. I was gladder than ever. I just love trees. And there weren't any at all about the asylum, only a few poor weeny-teeny things out in front with little whitewashed cagey things about them. They just looked like orphans themselves, those trees did. It used to make me want to cry to look at them. I used to say to them, 'Oh, you poor little things! If you were out in a great big woods with other trees all around you and little mosses and Junebells growing over your roots and a brook not far away and birds singing in you branches, you could grow, couldn't you? But you can't where you are. I know just exactly how you feel, little trees.' I felt sorry to leave them behind this morning. You do get so attached to things like that, don't you? Is there a brook anywhere near Green Gables? I forgot to ask Mrs. Spencer that."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew respondeu que havia de fato um riacho bem embaixo da casa.

Original English

"Well now, yes, there's one right below the house."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou sua alegria, dizendo que sempre fora um de seus sonhos morar perto de um riacho, embora nunca esperasse que se realizasse. Ela observou que os sonhos raramente se tornam realidade, mas ainda assim se sentia quase perfeitamente feliz naquele momento. No entanto, ela não conseguia se sentir completamente feliz e perguntou a Matthew de que cor ele chamaria seu cabelo.

Original English

"Fancy. It's always been one of my dreams to live near a brook. I never expected I would, though. Dreams don't often come true, do they? Wouldn't it be nice if they did? But just now I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can't

feel exactly perfectly happy because—well, what color would you call this?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne puxou uma de suas longas tranças brilhantes sobre o ombro magro e a ergueu para Matthew ver. Matthew não estava acostumado a julgar os tons do cabelo das mulheres, mas neste caso não havia dúvidas.

Original English

She twitched one of her long glossy braids over her thin shoulder and held it up before Matthew's eyes. Matthew was not used to deciding on the tints of ladies' tresses, but in this case there couldn't be much doubt.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew disse que era vermelho.

Original English

"It's red, ain't it?" he said.

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Pt/En

Português

A garota deixou a trança cair para trás e suspirou profundamente, como se seu suspiro carregasse todas as tristezas dos séculos.

Original English

The girl let the braid drop back with a sigh that seemed to come from her very toes and to exhale forth all the sorrows of the ages.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela admitiu com resignação que seu cabelo era ruivo, e que era por isso que não podia ser completamente feliz. Disse que podia imaginar que suas sardas, olhos verdes e magreza não existiam, mas não conseguia imaginar que seu cabelo ruivo não existia. Tentou imaginar que era preto, mas sempre sabia que era simplesmente ruivo, o que partia seu coração. Ela considerava isso sua tristeza eterna. Lembrou-se de uma garota em um romance que também tinha uma tristeza eterna, mas não era cabelo ruivo; essa garota tinha cabelos dourados e uma testa de alabastro. Ela perguntou a Matthew o que era uma testa de alabastro.

Original English

"Yes, it's red," she said resignedly. "Now you see why I can't be perfectly happy. Nobody could who has red hair. I don't mind the other things so much—the freckles and the green eyes and my skinniness. I can imagine them away. I can imagine that I have a beautiful rose-leaf complexion and lovely starry violet eyes. But I cannot imagine that red hair away. I do my best. I think to myself, 'Now my hair is a glorious black, black as the raven's wing.' But all the time I know it is just plain red and it breaks my heart. It will be my lifelong sorrow. I read of a girl once in a novel who had a lifelong sorrow but it wasn't red hair. Her hair was pure gold rippling back from her alabaster brow. What is an alabaster brow? I never could find out. Can you tell me?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew disse a ela que não podia responder. Ele se sentiu tonto, lembrando-se de uma época em sua juventude quando outro garoto o tinha levado a um carrossel em um piquenique.

Original English

"Well now, I'm afraid I can't," said Matthew, who was getting a little dizzy. He felt as he had once felt in his rash youth when another boy had enticed him on the merry-go-round at a picnic.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela disse que, fosse o que fosse uma testa de alabastro, devia ser adorável porque aquela garota era divinamente bela. Ela perguntou a Matthew se ele já tinha imaginado como era sentir-se divinamente belo.

Original English

"Well, whatever it was it must have been something nice because she was divinely beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it must feel like to be divinely beautiful?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew confessou honestamente que não.

Original English

"Well now, no, I haven't," confessed Matthew ingenuously.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela admitiu que havia pensado nisso com frequência e perguntou qual ele escolheria: ser divinamente bela, extremamente inteligente ou angelicamente boa.

Original English

"I have, often. Which would you rather be if you had the choice—divinely beautiful or dazzlingly clever or angelically good?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que não poderia dizer exatamente.

Original English

"Well now, I—I don't know exactly."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela concordou e disse que nunca conseguiria decidir, mas que isso fazia pouca diferença, já que era improvável que se tornasse qualquer uma dessas coisas, muito menos angelicamente boa. Ela começou a citar a Sra. Spencer, mas então de repente chamou pelo Sr. Cuthbert.

Original English

"Neither do I. I can never decide. But it doesn't make much real difference for it isn't likely I'll ever be either. It's certain I'll never be angelically good. Mrs. Spencer says—oh, Mr. Cuthbert! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!!!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Na verdade, a Sra. Spencer não tinha dito isso, nem a criança havia caído da charrete, nem Matthew feito algo notável. Eles simplesmente viraram uma esquina e chegaram à Avenida.

Original English

That was not what Mrs. Spencer had said; neither had the child tumbled out of the buggy nor had Matthew done anything astonishing. They had simply rounded a curve in the road and found themselves in the "Avenue."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Avenida, como os moradores a chamavam, era um trecho de estrada com cerca de quatrocentas a quinhentas jardas de comprimento, completamente arqueado por enormes macieiras de galhos largos, plantadas há muito tempo por um fazendeiro excêntrico. Acima, havia uma copa contínua de flores brancas e perfumadas. Debaixo dos galhos, o ar tinha um tom arroxeadado de crepúsculo, e ao longe, um vislumbre do céu pintado pelo pôr do sol brilhava como uma grande rosácea no final de uma nave de catedral.

Original English

The "Avenue," so called by the Newbridge people, was a stretch of road four or five hundred yards long, completely arched over with huge, wide-spreading apple-trees, planted years ago by an eccentric old farmer. Overhead was one long canopy of snowy fragrant bloom. Below the boughs the air was full of a purple twilight and far ahead a glimpse of painted sunset sky shone like a great rose window at the end of a cathedral aisle.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A criança ficou sem palavras devido à beleza ao seu redor. Ela recostou-se na charrete com as mãos entrelaçadas, o rosto erguido alegremente em direção ao brilho branco acima. Mesmo depois que passaram e desceram a ladeira em direção a Newbridge, ela não se moveu nem falou. Com uma expressão encantada, ela olhou fixamente para o pôr do sol, imaginando visões esplêndidas cruzando o céu brilhante. Eles atravessaram Newbridge, uma vila movimentada onde cães latiam, meninos gritavam e rostos curiosos apareciam nas janelas, mas ela permaneceu em silêncio. Depois de mais três milhas, ela ainda não havia falado. Ficou claro que ela podia ser tão quieta quanto podia ser falante.

Original English

Its beauty seemed to strike the child dumb. She leaned back in the buggy, her thin hands clasped before her, her face lifted rapturously to the white splendor above. Even when they had passed out and were driving down the long slope to Newbridge she never moved or spoke. Still with rapt face she gazed afar into the sunset west, with eyes that saw visions trooping splendidly across that glowing background. Through Newbridge, a bustling little village where dogs barked at them and small boys hooted and curious faces peered from the windows, they drove, still in silence. When three more miles had dropped away behind them the child had not spoken. She could keep silence, it was evident, as energetically as she could talk.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew supôs que ela estava simplesmente cansada e com fome, o que ele pensou que explicava seu longo silêncio. Ele disse a ela que faltava apenas cerca de mais uma milha para viajar.

Original English

"I guess you're feeling pretty tired and hungry," Matthew ventured to say at last, accounting for her long visitation of dumbness with the only reason he could think of. "But we haven't very far to go now—only another mile."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela emergiu de seu estado onírico com um suspiro profundo e olhou para Matthew com uma expressão distante e sonhadora, como se sua mente tivesse vagado para longe, guiada por estrelas.

Original English

She came out of her reverie with a deep sigh and looked at him with the dreamy gaze of a soul that had been wondering afar, star-led.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela sussurrou para o Sr. Cuthbert, perguntando como se chamava o lugar branco pelo qual haviam passado.

Original English

"Oh, Mr. Cuthbert," she whispered, "that place we came through—that white place—what was it?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Depois de pensar por um momento, Matthew disse que ela devia estar se referindo à Avenida, que ele considerava um lugar bastante bonito.

Original English

"Well now, you must mean the Avenue," said Matthew after a few moments' profound reflection. "It is a kind of pretty place."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse ao Sr. Cuthbert que a visão estava além de palavras como bonita ou linda; era maravilhosa e não podia ser melhorada pela imaginação. Causou-lhe uma dor agradável no peito, e ela perguntou se ele já havia sentido tal sensação.

Original English

"Pretty? Oh, pretty doesn't seem the right word to use. Nor beautiful, either. They don't go far enough. Oh, it was wonderful—wonderful. It's the first thing I ever saw that couldn't be improved upon by imagination. It just satisfies me here"—she put one hand on her breast—"it made a queer funny ache and yet it was a pleasant ache. Did you ever have an ache like that, Mr. Cuthbert?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Cuthbert respondeu que não se lembrava de ter sentido aquela dor.

Original English

"Well now, I just can't recollect that I ever had."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que sentia aquela dor com frequência ao ver algo belo. Ela achava o nome 'a Avenida' inadequado e preferia imaginar um nome mais poético, como 'o Caminho Branco da Alegria'. Disse que frequentemente rebatiza coisas ou pessoas de que não gosta, dando o exemplo de uma menina no orfanato. Ela se sentia ao mesmo tempo contente e triste por estarem perto de casa: triste porque o agradável passeio estava terminando, mas contente porque nunca havia tido um lar de verdade. O pensamento lhe deu novamente aquela dor agradável. Então ela notou algo bonito.

Original English

"I have it lots of time—whenever I see anything royally beautiful. But they shouldn't call that lovely place the Avenue. There is no meaning in a name like that. They should call it—let me see—the White Way of Delight. Isn't that a nice imaginative name? When I don't like the name of a place or a person I always imagine a new one and always think of them so. There was a girl at the asylum whose name was Hepzibah Jenkins, but I always imagined her as Rosalia DeVere. Other people may call that place the Avenue, but I shall always call it the White Way of Delight. Have we really only another mile to go before we get home? I'm glad and I'm sorry. I'm sorry because this drive has been so pleasant and I'm always sorry when pleasant things end. Something still pleasanter may come after, but you can never be sure. And it's so often the case that it isn't pleasanter. That has been my experience anyhow. But I'm glad to think of getting home. You see, I've never had a real home since I can remember. It gives me that pleasant ache again just to think of coming to a really truly home. Oh, isn't that pretty!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Eles passaram por uma colina e viram um lago longo e sinuoso que parecia um rio. Uma ponte o atravessava. A água exibia muitas cores cambiantes, incluindo roxo, rosa e verde, com tons fugidios. Acima da ponte, o lago estava escuro sob as sombras de abetos e bordos. Uma ameixeira selvagem inclinava-se sobre a água. Sapos cantavam no pântano. Uma pequena casa cinza era visível perto de um pomar de macieiras, com uma luz na janela.

Original English

They had driven over the crest of a hill. Below them was a pond, looking almost like a river so long and winding was it. A bridge spanned it midway and from there to its lower end, where an amber-hued belt of sand-hills shut it in from the dark blue gulf beyond, the water was a glory of many shifting hues—the most spiritual shadings of crocus and rose and ethereal green, with other elusive tintings for which no name has ever been found. Above the bridge the pond ran up into fringing groves of fir and maple and lay all darkly translucent in their wavering shadows. Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank like a white-clad girl tip-toeing to her own reflection. From the marsh at the head of the pond came the clear, mournfully-sweet chorus of the frogs. There was a little gray house peering around a white apple orchard on a slope beyond and, although it was not yet quite dark, a light was shining from one of its windows.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew identificou-o como o lago de Barry.

Original English

"That's Barry's pond," said Matthew.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou sua antipatia pelo nome e decidiu renomeá-lo como Lago das Águas Brilhantes, explicando que encontrar o nome certo lhe causava uma emoção. Ela perguntou a Matthew se ele já havia experimentado tal emoção.

Original English

"Oh, I don't like that name, either. I shall call it—let me see—the Lake of Shining Waters. Yes, that is the right name for it. I know because of the thrill. When I hit on a name that suits exactly it gives me a thrill. Do things ever give you a thrill?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew pensou sobre isso.

Original English

Matthew ruminated.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew admitiu que sentia uma emoção ao ver as feias larvas brancas nos canteiros de pepino, que ele detestava.

Original English

"Well now, yes. It always kind of gives me a thrill to see them ugly white grubs that spade up in the cucumber beds. I hate the look of them."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne duvidou que a emoção fosse a mesma e questionou a conexão entre as larvas e seu lago. Ela então perguntou por que as outras pessoas o chamavam de lagoa do Barry.

Original English

"Oh, I don't think that can be exactly the same kind of a thrill. Do you think it can? There doesn't seem to be much connection between grubs and lakes of shining waters, does there? But why do other people call it Barry's pond?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew explicou que as pessoas o chamavam de lago do Barry porque o Sr. Barry morava na casa próxima chamada Orchard Slope. Ele observou que um grande arbusto bloqueava a vista de Green Gables, então eles tinham que pegar a rota mais longa pela ponte e ao redor da estrada.

Original English

"I reckon because Mr. Barry lives up there in that house. Orchard Slope's the name of his place. If it wasn't for that big bush behind it you could see Green Gables from here. But we have to go over the bridge and round by the road, so it's near half a mile further."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou se o Sr. Barry tinha meninas, acrescentando que elas não eram muito pequenas, mas por volta de sua idade.

Original English

"Has Mr. Barry any little girls? Well, not so very little either—about my size."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que o Sr. Barry tinha uma filha de cerca de onze anos, chamada Diana.

Original English

"He's got one about eleven. Her name is Diana."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respirou fundo e exclamou que Diana era um nome perfeitamente adorável.

Original English

"Oh!" with a long indrawing of breath. "What a perfectly lovely name!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew admitiu incerteza sobre o nome, considerando-o bastante pagão e preferindo nomes mais convencionais como Jane ou Maria. Ele explicou que um professor que estava hospedado com eles havia escolhido o nome Diana no nascimento dela.

Original English

"Well now, I dunno. There's something dreadful heathenish about it, seems to me. I'd ruther Jane or Mary or some sensible name like that. But when Diana was born there was a schoolmaster boarding there and they gave him the naming of her and he called her Diana."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou o desejo de que um professor a tivesse nomeado. Ao chegar a uma ponte, fechou os olhos por medo de que ela dobrasse como um canivete, embora sempre os abrisse perto do meio para testemunhar qualquer desastre potencial. Ela gostou do barulho surdo e ritmado. Depois de atravessar, olhou para trás e desejou boa noite ao Lago das Águas Brilhantes, acreditando que as coisas que amava apreciavam isso, e sentiu que a água estava sorrindo para ela.

Original English

"I wish there had been a schoolmaster like that around when I was born, then. Oh, here we are at the bridge. I'm going to shut my eyes tight. I'm always afraid going over bridges. I can't help imagining that perhaps just as we get to the middle, they'll crumple up like a jack-knife and nip us. So I shut my eyes. But I always have to open them for all when I think we're getting near the middle. Because, you see, if the bridge did crumple up I'd want to see it crumple. What a jolly rumble it makes! I always like the rumble part of it. Isn't it splendid there are so many things to like in this world? There we're over. Now I'll look back. Good night, dear Lake of Shining Waters. I always say good night to the things I love, just as I would to people. I think they like it. That water looks as if it was smiling at me."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Depois que eles subiram a colina e contornaram uma curva, Matthew falou.

Original English

When they had driven up the further hill and around a corner Matthew said:

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele anunciou que estavam quase em casa e gesticulou em direção a Green Gables.

Original English

"We're pretty near home now. That's Green Gables over—"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela o interrompeu sem fôlego, segurando seu braço e fechando os olhos para evitar ver seu gesto, implorando que ele não revelasse. Ela insistiu que conseguiria adivinhar corretamente.

Original English

"Oh, don't tell me," she interrupted breathlessly, catching at his partially raised arm and shutting her eyes that she might not see his gesture. "Let me guess. I'm sure I'll guess right."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela abriu os olhos e olhou ao redor. Eles estavam no topo de uma colina. O sol tinha se posto, mas a paisagem permanecia clara na luz suave do entardecer. A oeste, uma torre de igreja escura se erguia contra um céu cor de calêndula. Abaixo, havia um pequeno vale, e além, uma longa e suave encosta salpicada de fazendas aconchegantes. Seus olhos ansiosos e saudosos percorriam de uma para outra. Por fim, eles se

fixaram em uma casa à esquerda, afastada da estrada, vagamente branca com árvores floridas no crepúsculo das matas ao redor. Acima dela, no céu claro do sudoeste, uma grande estrela branca como cristal brilhava como uma lâmpada de orientação e promessa.

Original English

She opened her eyes and looked about her. They were on the crest of a hill. The sun had set some time since, but the landscape was still clear in the mellow afterlight. To the west a dark church spire rose up against a marigold sky. Below was a little valley and beyond a long, gently-rising slope with snug farmsteads scattered along it. From one to another the child's eyes darted, eager and wistful. At last they lingered on one away to the left, far back from the road, dimly white with blossoming trees in the twilight of the surrounding woods. Over it, in the stainless southwest sky, a great crystal-white star was shining like a lamp of guidance and promise.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela apontou e perguntou se aquele era o lugar.

Original English

"That's it, isn't it?" she said, pointing.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew estalou as rédeas no dorso do alazão com entusiasmo.

Original English

Matthew slapped the reins on the sorrel's back delightedly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew admitiu que ela havia adivinhado corretamente, acrescentando que a Sra. Spencer devia ter descrito bem o suficiente para ela saber.

Original English

"Well now, you've guessed it! But I reckon Mrs. Spencer described it so's you could tell."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que a Sra. Spencer não havia realmente descrito o lugar; suas palavras poderiam ter se aplicado a muitos lugares. Mas assim que ela o viu, sentiu que era seu lar. Ela disse que havia se beliscado muitas vezes para ter certeza de que não estava sonhando, mas decidiu parar de se beliscar e continuar sonhando o máximo que pudesse. Ela concluiu que era real e que estavam quase em casa.

Original English

"No, she didn't—really she didn't. All she said might just as well have been about most of those other places. I hadn't any real idea what it looked like. But just as soon as I saw it I felt it was home. Oh, it seems as if I must be in a dream. Do you know, my arm must be black and blue from the elbow up, for I've pinched myself so many times today. Every little while a horrible sickening feeling would come over me and I'd be so afraid it was all a dream. Then I'd pinch myself to see if it was real—until suddenly I remembered that even supposing it was only a dream I'd better go on dreaming as long as I could; so I stopped pinching. But it is real and we're nearly home."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Com um suspiro feliz, ela ficou em silêncio. Matthew sentiu-se inquieto. Ele estava contente que Marilla, e não ele, teria que contar a essa criança perdida que o lar que ela tanto desejava não seria dela. Eles dirigiram pelo escuro Lynde's Hollow, passando pela vista da Sra. Rachel, subindo a colina até a longa alameda de Green Gables. Quando chegaram, Matthew

temia revelar a verdade. Ele não estava pensando no problema que isso causaria a Marilla ou a si mesmo, mas na decepção da criança. Ele sentia como se estivesse prestes a assassinar algo inocente, como um cordeiro ou um bezerro.

Original English

With a sigh of rapture she relapsed into silence. Matthew stirred uneasily. He felt glad that it would be Marilla and not he who would have to tell this waif of the world that the home she longed for was not to be hers after all. They drove over Lynde's Hollow, where it was already quite dark, but not so dark that Mrs. Rachel could not see them from her window vantage, and up the hill and into the long lane of Green Gables. By the time they arrived at the house Matthew was shrinking from the approaching revelation with an energy he did not understand. It was not of Marilla or himself he was thinking of the trouble this mistake was probably going to make for them, but of the child's disappointment. When he thought of that rapt light being quenched in her eyes he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was going to assist at murdering something—much the same feeling that came over him when he had to kill a lamb or calf or any other innocent little creature.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O quintal estava muito escuro quando entraram, e as folhas dos choupos farfalhavam suavemente ao redor.

Original English

The yard was quite dark as they turned into it and the poplar leaves were rustling silkily all round it.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Matthew a ajudava a descer, Anne sussurrou para ele ouvir as árvores falando enquanto dormiam, e comentou que elas deviam ter sonhos agradáveis.

Original English

"Listen to the trees talking in their sleep," she whispered, as he lifted her to the ground. "What nice dreams they must have!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Segurando sua bolsa de lona, que continha tudo o que possuía, ela o seguiu para dentro.

Original English

Then, holding tightly to the carpet-bag which contained "all her worldly goods," she followed him into the house.

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Marilla Cuthbert is Surprised

Pt/En

Português

Quando Matthew abriu a porta, Marilla veio rapidamente. Mas ela parou de repente, espantada com a figura estranha e pequena em um vestido duro e feio, com longas tranças de cabelo ruivo e olhos brilhantes e ansiosos.

Original English

Marilla came briskly forward as Matthew opened the door. But when her eyes fell of the odd little figure in the stiff, ugly dress, with the long braids of red hair and the eager, luminous eyes, she stopped short in amazement.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla exigiu de Matthew que dissesse quem era a menina e onde estava o menino.

Original English

"Matthew Cuthbert, who's that?" she ejaculated. "Where is the boy?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew respondeu, angustiado, que não havia nenhum menino, apenas a menina.

Original English

"There wasn't any boy," said Matthew wretchedly. "There was only her ."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele acenou com a cabeça para a criança, lembrando-se de repente que ainda não havia perguntado o nome dela.

Original English

He nodded at the child, remembering that he had never even asked her name.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla insistiu que deveria ter havido um menino, explicando que haviam pedido à Sra. Spencer que trouxesse um menino.

Original English

"No boy! But there must have been a boy," insisted Marilla. "We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring a boy."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que a Sra. Spencer não havia trazido um menino, mas uma menina, como ele havia confirmado com o chefe da estação; ele foi obrigado a trazê-la para casa porque ela não podia ficar na estação, independentemente de como o erro ocorreu.

Original English

"Well, she didn't. She brought her . I asked the station-master. And I had to bring her home. She couldn't be left there, no matter where the mistake had come in."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla exclamou que a situação era altamente irregular.

Original English

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business!" ejaculated Marilla.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Durante toda a conversa, a criança permaneceu quieta, seu olhar alternando entre os dois adultos enquanto a vivacidade se esvaía de sua expressão. De repente, ela pareceu compreender toda a implicação das palavras deles; deixando cair sua preciosa mala de viagem, ela saltou para frente e juntou as mãos.

Original English

During this dialogue the child had remained silent, her eyes roving from one to the other, all the animation fading out of her face. Suddenly she seemed to grasp the full meaning of what had been said. Dropping her precious carpet-bag she sprang forward a step and clasped her hands.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou que não a queriam porque ela não era um menino. Ela declarou que ninguém nunca a quisera e que ela deveria ter sabido que a bela situação não duraria. Dominada pela tristeza, ela anunciou que estava prestes a explodir em lágrimas.

Original English

"You don't want me!" she cried. "You don't want me because I'm not a boy! I might have expected it. Nobody ever did want me. I might have known it

was all too beautiful to last. I might have known nobody really did want me. Oh, what shall I do? I'm going to burst into tears!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne realmente explodiu em lágrimas. Ela sentou-se à mesa e enterrou o rosto nos braços, chorando violentamente. Marilla e Matthew trocaram olhares impotentes por cima do fogão, incertos do que fazer. Por fim, Marilla interveio desajeitadamente.

Original English

Burst into tears she did. Sitting down on a chair by the table, flinging her arms out upon it, and burying her face in them, she proceeded to cry stormily. Marilla and Matthew looked at each other deprecatingly across the stove. Neither of them knew what to say or do. Finally Marilla stepped lamely into the breach.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse que não havia necessidade de tal choro.

Original English

"Well, well, there's no need to cry so about it."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne ergueu a cabeça, o rosto manchado de lágrimas e os lábios tremendo. Ela insistiu que realmente havia motivo para chorar. Ela argumentou que qualquer um choraria se fosse um órfão que chegou ao que acreditava ser um lar, apenas para descobrir que não era desejado por não ser menino. Ela declarou que este era o evento mais trágico de sua vida.

Original English

"Yes, there is need!" The child raised her head quickly, revealing a tear-stained face and trembling lips. " You would cry, too, if you were an orphan and had come to a place you thought was going to be home and found that they didn't want you because you weren't a boy. Oh, this is the most tragical thing that ever happened to me!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Um vislumbre de um sorriso relutante, como se não fosse usado há muito tempo, suavizou a expressão severa de Marilla.

Original English

Something like a reluctant smile, rather rusty from long disuse, mellowed Marilla's grim expression.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse à criança para parar de chorar e a assegurou que ela não seria expulsa naquela noite. Ela teria que ficar até que investigassem o assunto. Então perguntaram o nome dela.

Original English

"Well, don't cry any more. We're not going to turn you out-of-doors to-night. You'll have to stay here until we investigate this affair. What's your name?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A criança fez uma breve pausa.

Original English

The child hesitated for a moment.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela pediu ansiosamente para ser chamada de Cordélia.

Original English

"Will you please call me Cordelia?" she said eagerly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla questionou se Cordélia era realmente seu nome.

Original English

" Call you Cordelia? Is that your name?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela admitiu que não era exatamente seu nome, mas adoraria ser chamada de Cordélia porque era um nome tão elegante.

Original English

"No-o-o, it's not exactly my name, but I would love to be called Cordelia. It's such a perfectly elegant name."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla expressou confusão, perguntando à garota o que ela queria dizer e qual era seu nome verdadeiro se não Cordelia.

Original English

"I don't know what on earth you mean. If Cordelia isn't your name, what is?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A garota admitiu relutantemente que seu nome era Anne Shirley, mas implorou a Marilla para chamá-la de Cordelia, argumentando que, já que ficaria apenas por pouco tempo, o nome quase não importava, e que Anne lhe parecia um nome não romântico.

Original English

"Anne Shirley," reluctantly faltered forth the owner of that name, "but, oh, please do call me Cordelia. It can't matter much to you what you call me if I'm only going to be here a little while, can it? And Anne is such an unromantic name."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla descartou a ideia, afirmando firmemente que Anne era um nome perfeitamente bom, simples e sensato, e que a garota não tinha motivo para se envergonhar dele.

Original English

"Unromantic fiddlesticks!" said the unsympathetic Marilla. "Anne is a real good plain sensible name. You've no need to be ashamed of it."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne esclareceu que não tinha vergonha de seu nome, mas simplesmente preferia Cordelia; ela vinha imaginando aquele como seu nome há anos, embora quando criança tivesse preferido Geraldine. Ela pediu que, se Marilla fosse chamá-la de Anne, que soletrasse com um E.

Original English

"Oh, I'm not ashamed of it," explained Anne, "only I like Cordelia better. I've always imagined that my name was Cordelia—at least, I always have of late years. When I was young I used to imagine it was Geraldine, but I like Cordelia better now. But if you call me Anne please call me Anne spelled with an E."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou com um leve sorriso que diferença a grafia poderia fazer.

Original English

"What difference does it make how it's spelled?" asked Marilla with another rusty smile as she picked up the teapot.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que a grafia fazia uma grande diferença, pois parecia muito mais bonita. Ela disse que, quando ouvia um nome ser pronunciado, sempre conseguia vê-lo em sua mente como se estivesse impresso. A-n-n parecia horrível para ela, mas A-n-n-e parecia muito mais distinto. Ela disse que, se a chamassem de Anne escrita com E, ela tentaria aceitar não ser chamada de Cordélia.

Original English

"Oh, it makes such a difference. It looks so much nicer. When you hear a name pronounced can't you always see it in your mind, just as if it was printed out? I can; and A-n-n looks dreadful, but A-n-n-e looks so much more distinguished. If you'll only call me Anne spelled with an E I shall try to reconcile myself to not being called Cordelia."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla então se dirigiu a Anne, referindo-se a ela como Anne escrita com E, e pediu que explicasse como o erro havia ocorrido. Ela disse que haviam enviado um recado para a Sra. Spencer trazer um menino, e queria saber se não havia meninos no asilo.

Original English

"Very well, then, Anne spelled with an E, can you tell us how this mistake came to be made? We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring us a boy. Were there no boys at the asylum?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que havia muitos meninos, mas a Sra. Spencer tinha dito claramente que eles queriam uma menina de cerca de onze anos. A diretora achou que Anne serviria. Anne expressou o quanto ficara encantada e disse que não conseguira dormir a noite inteira de alegria. Então, virando-se de forma reprovadora para Matthew, perguntou por que ele não lhe dissera na estação que não a queria, acrescentando que, se não tivesse visto o Caminho Branco do Deleite e o Lago das Águas Brilhantes, não seria tão difícil.

Original English

"Oh, yes, there was an abundance of them. But Mrs. Spencer said distinctly that you wanted a girl about eleven years old. And the matron said she thought I would do. You don't know how delighted I was. I couldn't sleep all last night for joy. Oh," she added reproachfully, turning to Matthew, "why didn't you tell me at the station that you didn't want me and leave me there? If I hadn't seen the White Way of Delight and the Lake of Shining Waters it wouldn't be so hard."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla fitou Matthew e exigiu saber o que diabos a menina queria dizer.

Original English

"What on earth does she mean?" demanded Marilla, staring at Matthew.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew apressadamente disse que Anne estava apenas se referindo a uma conversa que tiveram no caminho. Ele disse a Marilla que iria colocar a égua no estábulo e pediu que ela deixasse o chá pronto quando ele voltasse.

Original English

"She—she's just referring to some conversation we had on the road," said Matthew hastily. "I'm going out to put the mare in, Marilla. Have tea ready when I come back."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Depois que Matthew saiu, Marilla perguntou se a Sra. Spencer havia trazido mais alguém além de Anne.

Original English

"Did Mrs. Spencer bring anybody over besides you?" continued Marilla when Matthew had gone out.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que a Sra. Spencer havia trazido uma menina de cinco anos chamada Lily Jones para si mesma, descrevendo Lily como muito bonita com cabelo castanho-avelã. Ela então perguntou se eles a manteriam se ela também fosse bonita com cabelo castanho-avelã.

Original English

"She brought Lily Jones for herself. Lily is only five years old and she is very beautiful and had nut-brown hair. If I was very beautiful and had nut-brown hair would you keep me?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu que eles precisavam de um menino para ajudar Matthew na fazenda, então uma menina não seria útil. Ela instruiu Anne a tirar o chapéu e disse que colocaria o chapéu e a bolsa na mesa do hall.

Original English

"No. We want a boy to help Matthew on the farm. A girl would be of no use to us. Take off your hat. I'll lay it and your bag on the hall table."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne tirou o chapéu humildemente. Quando Matthew voltou, eles se sentaram para o jantar, mas Anne não conseguiu comer. Ela apenas mordiscou o pão com manteiga e mal tocou na geleia de maçã-selvagem na travessa de vidro recortado ao lado de seu prato, sem fazer progresso real.

Original English

Anne took off her hat meekly. Matthew came back presently and they sat down to supper. But Anne could not eat. In vain she nibbled at the bread and butter and pecked at the crab-apple preserve out of the little scalloped glass dish by her plate. She did not really make any headway at all.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla observou asperamente que Anne não estava comendo, olhando para ela como se fosse uma falha grave. Anne suspirou.

Original English

"You're not eating anything," said Marilla sharply, eying her as if it were a serious shortcoming. Anne sighed.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que não podia comer porque estava em profundo desespero. Ela perguntou a Marilla se alguém podia comer quando se encontrava nesse estado.

Original English

"I can't. I'm in the depths of despair. Can you eat when you are in the depths of despair?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu que nunca tinha experimentado desespero, então não podia responder.

Original English

"I've never been in the depths of despair, so I can't say," responded Marilla.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne então perguntou se Marilla já tinha tentado imaginar estar em desespero.

Original English

"Weren't you? Well, did you ever try to imagine you were in the depths of despair?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse que não.

Original English

"No, I didn't."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse a Marilla que, se ela nunca tinha tentado imaginar, não poderia entender o sentimento. Ela descreveu como muito desconfortável, com um nó na garganta que a impedia de engolir qualquer coisa, até mesmo um caramelo de chocolate. Ela lembrou-se de ter comido um delicioso caramelo de chocolate há dois anos e de sonhar frequentemente que tinha muitos, mas sempre acordava antes de comê-los. Ela esperava que Marilla não se ofendesse por ela não poder comer, embora a comida parecesse muito agradável.

Original English

"Then I don't think you can understand what it's like. It's very uncomfortable feeling indeed. When you try to eat a lump comes right up in your throat and you can't swallow anything, not even if it was a chocolate caramel. I had one chocolate caramel once two years ago and it was simply delicious. I've often dreamed since then that I had a lot of chocolate caramels, but I always wake up just when I'm going to eat them. I do hope you won't be offended because I can't eat. Everything is extremely nice, but still I cannot eat."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew, que estava em silêncio desde que voltou do celeiro, disse que achava que Anne estava cansada e sugeriu que Marilla a colocasse na cama.

Original English

"I guess she's tired," said Matthew, who hadn't spoken since his return from the barn. "Best put her to bed, Marilla."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla considerou onde Anne deveria dormir. Ela havia preparado um catre no cômodo da cozinha para o menino que esperavam, mas não parecia adequado para uma menina. O quarto de hóspedes não era apropriado para uma criança abandonada, então a única opção restante era o quarto do oitão leste. Marilla acendeu uma vela e pediu que Anne a seguisse. Anne, sentindo-se apática, pegou seu chapéu e sacola da mesa do corredor e seguiu. O corredor estava extremamente limpo, e o pequeno quarto do oitão em que entraram parecia ainda mais limpo.

Original English

Marilla had been wondering where Anne should be put to bed. She had prepared a couch in the kitchen chamber for the desired and expected boy. But, although it was neat and clean, it did not seem quite the thing to put a girl there somehow. But the spare room was out of the question for such a stray waif, so there remained only the east gable room. Marilla lighted a candle and told Anne to follow her, which Anne spiritlessly did, taking her hat and carpet-bag from the hall table as she passed. The hall was

fearsomely clean; the little gable chamber in which she presently found herself seemed still cleaner.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla colocou a vela sobre uma pequena mesa de três pernas e abaixou a coberta da cama.

Original English

Marilla set the candle on a three-legged, three-cornered table and turned down the bedclothes.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou a Anne se ela tinha uma camisola.

Original English

"I suppose you have a nightgown?" she questioned.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne acenou com a cabeça em resposta.

Original English

Anne nodded.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne admitiu que tinha duas camisolas que a diretora havia feito para ela. Elas eram muito enxutas, como era típico em um orfanato pobre. Ela não gostava delas, mas encontrava consolo no fato de que ainda se podia sonhar mesmo com roupas tão simples.

Original English

"Yes, I have two. The matron of the asylum made them for me. They're fearfully skimpy. There is never enough to go around in an asylum, so things are always skimpy—at least in a poor asylum like ours. I hate skimpy night-dresses. But one can dream just as well in them as in lovely trailing ones, with frills around the neck, that's one consolation."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla instruiu Anne a se despir e ir para a cama rapidamente. Ela disse que voltaria em breve para pegar a vela, pois não confiava que Anne a apagasse com segurança, temendo que ela pudesse causar um incêndio.

Original English

"Well, undress as quick as you can and go to bed. I'll come back in a few minutes for the candle. I daren't trust you to put it out yourself. You'd likely set the place on fire."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Depois que Marilla saiu, Anne examinou o quarto com saudade. As paredes caiadas pareciam dolorosamente nuas, e o chão estava igualmente vazio, exceto por um tapete trançado. Em um canto havia uma cama alta e antiga com colunas escuras; em outro, uma mesinha triangular com uma grande almofada de alfinetes de veludo vermelho. Acima da mesa pendia um pequeno espelho. A janela tinha uma sanefa de musselina branca, e do lado oposto havia uma pia. O quarto inteiro parecia tão frio e severo que Anne estremeceu. Com um soluço, ela se despiu rapidamente, vestiu a camisola enxuta e pulou na cama, enterrando o rosto no travesseiro e puxando as cobertas sobre a cabeça. Quando Marilla voltou para pegar a vela, os únicos sinais da presença de Anne eram as roupas espalhadas no chão e a cama desarrumada.

Original English

When Marilla had gone Anne looked around her wistfully. The whitewashed walls were so painfully bare and staring that she thought they must ache over their own bareness. The floor was bare, too, except for a round braided mat in the middle such as Anne had never seen before. In one corner was the bed, a high, old-fashioned one, with four dark, low-turned

posts. In the other corner was the aforesaid three-corner table adorned with a fat, red velvet pin-cushion hard enough to turn the point of the most adventurous pin. Above it hung a little six-by-eight mirror. Midway between table and bed was the window, with an icy white muslin frill over it, and opposite it was the wash-stand. The whole apartment was of a rigidity not to be described in words, but which sent a shiver to the very marrow of Anne's bones. With a sob she hastily discarded her garments, put on the skimpy nightgown and sprang into bed where she burrowed face downward into the pillow and pulled the clothes over her head. When Marilla came up for the light various skimpy articles of raiment scattered most untidily over the floor and a certain tempestuous appearance of the bed were the only indications of any presence save her own.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla deliberadamente recolheu as roupas de Anne e as arrumou ordenadamente em uma cadeira amarela elegante. Então, pegando a vela, ela se aproximou da cama.

Original English

She deliberately picked up Anne's clothes, placed them neatly on a prim yellow chair, and then, taking up the candle, went over to the bed.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela desejou boa noite a Anne, falando de forma um pouco desajeitada, mas sem maldade.

Original English

"Good night," she said, a little awkwardly, but not unkindly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O rosto pálido e os olhos arregalados de Anne surgiram abruptamente de debaixo das cobertas, assustando Marilla.

Original English

Anne's white face and big eyes appeared over the bedclothes with a startling suddenness.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne censurou Marilla por chamar aquilo de uma boa noite, insistindo que era a pior noite que já havia conhecido.

Original English

"How can you call it a good night when you know it must be the very worst night I've ever had?" she said reproachfully.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Em seguida, ela desapareceu novamente debaixo das cobertas.

Original English

Then she dived down into invisibility again.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla foi lentamente para a cozinha lavar a louça. Matthew estava fumando, o que era incomum e indicava seu sofrimento. Marilla desaprovava o fumo, mas tolerava quando ele precisava de uma válvula de escape para suas emoções.

Original English

Marilla went slowly down to the kitchen and proceeded to wash the supper dishes. Matthew was smoking—a sure sign of perturbation of mind. He

seldom smoked, for Marilla set her face against it as a filthy habit; but at certain times and seasons he felt driven to it and then Marilla winked at the practice, realizing that a mere man must have some vent for his emotions.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla exclamou com raiva que era uma bela enrascada. Ela culpou o erro de terem confiado em um recado em vez de irem eles mesmos. Decidiu que um deles deveria visitar a Sra. Spencer no dia seguinte e que a garota teria que ser devolvida ao asilo.

Original English

"Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish," she said wrathfully. "This is what comes of sending word instead of going ourselves. Richard Spencer's folks have twisted that message somehow. One of us will have to drive over and see Mrs. Spencer tomorrow, that's certain. This girl will have to be sent back to the asylum."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew concordou relutantemente que provavelmente era assim.

Original English

"Yes, I suppose so," said Matthew reluctantly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla o desafiou, perguntando se ele apenas supunha ou sabia de fato.

Original English

"You suppose so! Don't you know it?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew comentou que a criança era genuinamente agradável e que parecia uma pena devolvê-la, dado o quanto ela estava determinada a ficar.

Original English

"Well now, she's a real nice little thing, Marilla. It's kind of a pity to send her back when she's so set on staying here."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla exclamou incrédula, perguntando se Matthew realmente acreditava que deveriam ficar com ela.

Original English

"Matthew Cuthbert, you don't mean to say you think we ought to keep her!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla ficou tão surpresa quanto se Matthew tivesse anunciado o desejo de ficar de cabeça para baixo.

Original English

Marilla's astonishment could not have been greater if Matthew had expressed a predilection for standing on his head.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gaguejando desconfortavelmente, Matthew admitiu que afinal de contas dificilmente seria razoável ficar com a criança.

Original English

"Well, now, no, I suppose not—not exactly," stammered Matthew, uncomfortably driven into a corner for his precise meaning. "I suppose—we

could hardly be expected to keep her."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu firmemente que achava que não, e perguntou que valor a criança traria para eles.

Original English

"I should say not. What good would she be to us?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew repentina e inesperadamente sugeriu que eles poderiam ser de algum benefício para ela.

Original English

"We might be some good to her," said Matthew suddenly and unexpectedly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla acusou Matthew de estar enfeitiçado pela criança, afirmando que era óbvio que ele queria ficar com ela.

Original English

"Matthew Cuthbert, I believe that child has bewitched you! I can see as plain as plain that you want to keep her."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew insistiu, chamando a criança de realmente interessante e mencionando que Marilla deveria tê-la ouvido falar no caminho da estação.

Original English

"Well now, she's a real interesting little thing," persisted Matthew. "You should have heard her talk coming from the station."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla observou que Anne falava rápido, o que ela não considerava uma característica positiva. Ela expressou desagrado por crianças excessivamente falantes e afirmou que não tinha desejo por uma menina órfã; mesmo que tivesse, Anne não seria o tipo que ela escolheria. Marilla sentiu que havia algo enigmático em Anne e insistiu que ela deveria ser devolvida imediatamente.

Original English

"Oh, she can talk fast enough. I saw that at once. It's nothing in her favour, either. I don't like children who have so much to say. I don't want an orphan girl and if I did she isn't the style I'd pick out. There's something I don't understand about her. No, she's got to be despatched straight-way back to where she came from."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew propôs que eles poderiam contratar um menino francês para ajudar no trabalho, e que Anne faria companhia a Marilla.

Original English

"I could hire a French boy to help me," said Matthew, "and she'd be company for you."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu bruscamente que não precisava de companhia e não tinha intenção de ficar com Anne.

Original English

"I'm not suffering for company," said Marilla shortly. "And I'm not going to keep her."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew cedeu à decisão de Marilla, afirmando que era ela quem deveria decidir, e então anunciou que iria se recolher para a noite.

Original English

"Well now, it's just as you say, of course, Marilla," said Matthew rising and putting his pipe away. "I'm going to bed."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew foi para a cama. Marilla, após guardar a louça, também se recolheu, com a testa profundamente franzida. Lá em cima, no frontão leste, uma criança solitária, carente e sem amigos chorou até adormecer.

Original English

To bed went Matthew. And to bed, when she had put her dishes away, went Marilla, frowning most resolutely. And up-stairs, in the east gable, a lonely, heart-hungry, friendless child cried herself to sleep.

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Morning at Green Gables

Pt/En

Português

Anne acordou quando já estava completamente claro. Ela se sentou na cama e olhou ao redor confusa. Uma luz solar brilhante e alegre entrava pela janela, e lá fora, algo branco e delicado balançava contra manchas de céu azul.

Original English

It was broad daylight when Anne awoke and sat up in bed, staring confusedly at the window through which a flood of cheery sunshine was pouring and outside of which something white and feathery waved across glimpses of blue sky.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Por um momento, ela não conseguia se lembrar onde estava. Uma agradável emoção passou por ela, mas então uma memória terrível voltou. Este era Green Gables, e eles não a queriam porque ela não era um menino.

Original English

For a moment she could not remember where she was. First came a delightful thrill, as something very pleasant; then a horrible remembrance. This was Green Gables and they didn't want her because she wasn't a boy!

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Mas era manhã, e de fato, uma cerejeira em plena floração estava do lado de fora da janela dela. Ela pulou da cama e atravessou o chão rapidamente. Ela levantou o caixilho da janela; ele subiu rigidamente e com um rangido, como se não tivesse sido aberto há muito tempo—o que era verdade—e ficou tão preso que não precisava de suporte.

Original English

But it was morning and, yes, it was a cherry-tree in full bloom outside of her window. With a bound she was out of bed and across the floor. She pushed up the sash—it went up stiffly and creakily, as if it hadn't been opened for a

long time, which was the case; and it stuck so tight that nothing was needed to hold it up.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne se ajoelhou e olhou para a manhã de junho, com os olhos brilhando de alegria. Era tão bonito, um lugar tão adorável. E se ela não fosse ficar aqui afinal? Ela decidiu que fingiria que sim. Havia muito espaço para a imaginação aqui.

Original English

Anne dropped on her knees and gazed out into the June morning, her eyes glistening with delight. Oh, wasn't it beautiful? Wasn't it a lovely place? Suppose she wasn't really going to stay here! She would imagine she was. There was scope for imagination here.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uma enorme cerejeira crescia bem do lado de fora, seus galhos batendo na casa, e estava tão cheia de flores que quase não se viam folhas. De cada lado da casa havia um grande pomar, um de macieiras e outro de cerejeiras, também cobertos de flores, com a grama debaixo deles salpicada de dentes-de-leão. No jardim abaixo, os lilases estavam roxos de flores, e seu aroma vertiginosamente doce subia até a janela na brisa matinal.

Original English

A huge cherry-tree grew outside, so close that its boughs tapped against the house, and it was so thick-set with blossoms that hardly a leaf was to be seen. On both sides of the house was a big orchard, one of apple-trees and one of cherry-trees, also showered over with blossoms; and their grass was all sprinkled with dandelions. In the garden below were lilac-trees purple with flowers, and their dizzily sweet fragrance drifted up to the window on the morning wind.

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Pt/En

Português

Abaixo do jardim, um campo verde com trevo descia em direção a uma depressão onde corria um riacho. Bétulas brancas cresciam ali, erguendo-se de uma vegetação rasteira que sugeria samambaias, musgos e outras delícias da floresta. Além do campo, havia uma colina, verde e plumosa com abetos e pinheiros; uma abertura na colina revelava a extremidade do frontão cinza de uma pequena casa que Anne tinha visto do outro lado do Lago das Águas Brilhantes.

Original English

Below the garden a green field lush with clover sloped down to the hollow where the brook ran and where scores of white birches grew, upspringing airily out of an undergrowth suggestive of delightful possibilities in ferns and mosses and woodsy things generally. Beyond it was a hill, green and feathery with spruce and fir; there was a gap in it where the gray gable end of the little house she had seen from the other side of the Lake of Shining Waters was visible.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

À esquerda ficavam grandes celeiros, e além deles, através de campos verdes suavemente inclinados, ela teve um vislumbre cintilante azul do mar.

Original English

Off to the left were the big barns and beyond them, away down over green, low-sloping fields, was a sparkling blue glimpse of sea.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Os olhos de Anne, amantes da beleza, absorveram tudo avidamente. Ela tinha visto muitos lugares feios em sua curta vida, mas este era tão bonito quanto qualquer coisa que ela jamais havia sonhado.

Original English

Anne's beauty-loving eyes lingered on it all, taking everything greedily in. She had looked on so many unlovely places in her life, poor child; but this was as lovely as anything she had ever dreamed.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela ficou ali ajoelhada, absorta na beleza ao seu redor, até que uma mão em seu ombro a assustou. Marilla tinha entrado sem que a jovem sonhadora a ouvisse.

Original English

She knelt there, lost to everything but the loveliness around her, until she was startled by a hand on her shoulder. Marilla had come in unheard by the small dreamer.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse-lhe secamente que era hora de se vestir.

Original English

"It's time you were dressed," she said curtly.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla não tinha certeza de como falar com a criança, e seu desconforto a tornava mais cortante e mais brusca do que pretendia.

Original English

Marilla really did not know how to talk to the child, and her uncomfortable ignorance made her crisp and curt when she did not mean to be.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne levantou-se e respirou fundo.

Original English

Anne stood up and drew a long breath.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela exclamou maravilhada com tudo, gesticulando amplamente para o belo mundo lá fora.

Original English

"Oh, isn't it wonderful?" she said, waving her hand comprehensively at the good world outside.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla observou que a árvore era grande e produzia flores abundantes, mas os frutos eram ruins—pequenos e cheios de vermes.

Original English

"It's a big tree," said Marilla, "and it blooms great, but the fruit don't amount to much never—small and wormy."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne esclareceu que ela não estava se referindo apenas à árvore, que achava adorável, mas a tudo—o jardim, o pomar, o riacho e os bosques. Ela perguntou a Marilla se ela também sentia amor pelo mundo numa manhã assim e observou que podia ouvir o riacho rindo ao longe. Ela refletiu que os riachos eram sempre alegres, até rindo sob o gelo no inverno. Ela estava feliz por haver um riacho perto de Green Gables; mesmo que não ficasse, ela sempre guardaria a memória dele. Ela disse que não estava em desespero naquela manhã porque as manhãs sempre

levantavam seu ânimo, mas se sentia triste porque havia imaginado que Marilla queria que ela ficasse para sempre, o que tinha sido reconfortante. Ela concluiu que a dor de imaginar coisas é ter que parar.

Original English

"Oh, I don't mean just the tree; of course it's lovely—yes, it's radiantly lovely—it blooms as if it meant it—but I meant everything, the garden and the orchard and the brook and the woods, the whole big dear world. Don't you feel as if you just loved the world on a morning like this? And I can hear the brook laughing all the way up here. Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing. Even in winter-time I've heard them under the ice. I'm so glad there's a brook near Green Gables. Perhaps you think it doesn't make any difference to me when you're not going to keep me, but it does. I shall always like to remember that there is a brook at Green Gables even if I never see it again. If there wasn't a brook I'd be haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that there ought to be one. I'm not in the depths of despair this morning. I never can be in the morning. Isn't it a splendid thing that there are mornings? But I feel very sad. I've just been imagining that it was really me you wanted after all and that I was to stay here for ever and ever. It was a great comfort while it lasted. But the worst of imagining things is that the time comes when you have to stop and that hurts."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla instruiu Anne a se vestir rapidamente e descer para o café da manhã. Ela disse a ela para lavar o rosto, pentear o cabelo, deixar a janela aberta e virar a roupa de cama sobre o pé da cama. Ela instou Anne a ser o mais rápida possível.

Original English

"You'd better get dressed and come down-stairs and never mind your imaginings," said Marilla as soon as she could get a word in edgewise. "Breakfast is waiting. Wash your face and comb your hair. Leave the window up and turn your bedclothes back over the foot of the bed. Be as smart as you can."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne foi notavelmente rápida: ela desceu em menos de dez minutos, bem vestida, com o cabelo penteado e trançado e o rosto lavado. Ela se sentiu satisfeita por ter obedecido a todas as instruções de Marilla, embora na verdade tivesse esquecido de virar a roupa de cama.

Original English

Anne could evidently be smart to some purpose for she was down-stairs in ten minutes' time, with her clothes neatly on, her hair brushed and braided, her face washed, and a comfortable consciousness pervading her soul that she had fulfilled all Marilla's requirements. As a matter of fact, however, she had forgotten to turn back the bedclothes.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ao se sentar, Anne anunciou que estava com bastante fome e que o mundo parecia menos desolado do que na noite anterior. Ela expressou prazer pela manhã ensolarada, mas acrescentou que também gostava de manhãs chuvosas, achando todas as manhãs interessantes. Ela pensou que era mais fácil ser alegre e suportar as dificuldades em um dia ensolarado. Ela refletiu que ler sobre tristezas e imaginar-se suportando-as heroicamente era muito diferente de realmente suportá-las.

Original English

"I'm pretty hungry this morning," she announced as she slipped into the chair Marilla placed for her. "The world doesn't seem such a howling wilderness as it did last night. I'm so glad it's a sunshiny morning. But I like rainy mornings real well, too. All sorts of mornings are interesting, don't you think? You don't know what's going to happen through the day, and there's so much scope for imagination. But I'm glad it's not rainy today because it's easier to be cheerful and bear up under affliction on a sunshiny day. I feel that I have a good deal to bear up under. It's all very well to read about sorrows and imagine yourself living through them heroically, but it's not so nice when you really come to have them, is it?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse a Anne para ficar quieta, dizendo que ela falava demais para uma garotinha.

Original English

"For pity's sake hold your tongue," said Marilla. "You talk entirely too much for a little girl."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne obedeceu tão completamente à ordem de ficar em silêncio que seu silêncio incomum deixou Marilla um tanto inquieta, como se algo não natural estivesse acontecendo. Matthew, como de costume, permaneceu em silêncio, então a refeição transcorreu em quase completo silêncio.

Original English

Thereupon Anne held her tongue so obediently and thoroughly that her continued silence made Marilla rather nervous, as if in the presence of something not exactly natural. Matthew also held his tongue,—but this was natural,—so that the meal was a very silent one.

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Pt/En

Português

À medida que a refeição progredia, Anne ficava cada vez mais absorta em pensamentos, comendo automaticamente enquanto olhava para fora da janela. Isso deixou Marilla ainda mais inquieta; ela sentia que, embora o corpo da garota estivesse à mesa, sua mente estava distante em um reino onírico. Marilla se perguntava por que alguém iria querer uma criança assim por perto.

Original English

As it progressed Anne became more and more abstracted, eating mechanically, with her big eyes fixed unswervingly and unseeingly on the sky outside the window. This made Marilla more nervous than ever; she had an uncomfortable feeling that while this odd child's body might be there at the table her spirit was far away in some remote airy cloudland, borne

aloft on the wings of imagination. Who would want such a child about the place?

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Pt/En

Português

No entanto, estranhamente, Matthew queria ficar com ela. Marilla percebeu que o desejo dele era tão forte quanto na noite anterior e não iria desaparecer. Esse era o jeito de Matthew – ele fixava uma ideia na mente e a segurava com uma teimosia silenciosa que era muito mais poderosa do que qualquer palavra poderia ser.

Original English

Yet Matthew wished to keep her, of all unaccountable things! Marilla felt that he wanted it just as much this morning as he had the night before, and that he would go on wanting it. That was Matthew's way—take a whim into his head and cling to it with the most amazing silent persistency—a persistency ten times more potent and effectual in its very silence than if he had talked it out.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando a refeição terminou, Anne saiu de seu devaneio e se ofereceu para lavar a louça.

Original English

When the meal was ended Anne came out of her reverie and offered to wash the dishes.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou, duvidosa, se Anne sabia lavar a louça corretamente.

Original English

"Can you wash dishes right?" asked Marilla distrustfully.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que era razoavelmente boa nisso, mas ainda melhor em cuidar de crianças, pois tinha muita experiência. Ela lamentou que Marilla não tivesse crianças para ela cuidar.

Original English

"Pretty well. I'm better at looking after children, though. I've had so much experience at that. It's such a pity you haven't any here for me to look after."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla expressou que não desejava assumir a responsabilidade por mais crianças, já que Anne já apresentava dificuldade suficiente. Ela declarou que não sabia o que fazer com Anne e considerava Matthew um homem absurdo.

Original English

"I don't feel as if I wanted any more children to look after than I've got at present. You're problem enough in all conscience. What's to be done with you I don't know. Matthew is a most ridiculous man."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne defendeu Matthew com carinho, dizendo que o achava adorável e muito simpático. Ele não se importou nem um pouco com a conversa dela; na verdade, parecia gostar. Ela sentiu desde o momento em que o viu que ele era um espírito afim.

Original English

"I think he's lovely," said Anne reproachfully. "He is so very sympathetic. He didn't mind how much I talked—he seemed to like it. I felt that he was a kindred spirit as soon as ever I saw him."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse com um muxoxo que, se era isso que Anne queria dizer com espíritos afins, então os dois eram suficientemente estranhos. Ela instruiu Anne a lavar a louça usando bastante água quente e a secá-la bem. Marilla acrescentou que tinha muito o que fazer naquela manhã, pois teria que ir de carro até White Sands à tarde para ver a Sra. Spencer. Anne a acompanharia, e elas decidiriam o que seria feito com ela. Depois de terminar a louça, Anne deveria subir e arrumar sua cama.

Original English

"You're both queer enough, if that's what you mean by kindred spirits," said Marilla with a sniff. "Yes, you may wash the dishes. Take plenty of hot water, and be sure you dry them well. I've got enough to attend to this morning for I'll have to drive over to White Sands in the afternoon and see Mrs. Spencer. You'll come with me and we'll settle what's to be done with you. After you've finished the dishes go up-stairs and make your bed."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne lavou a louça com habilidade razoável, como Marilla observou enquanto vigiava de perto. Sua tentativa de arrumar a cama foi menos bem-sucedida, pois ela nunca aprendera a lidar com um colchão de penas. No entanto, a cama foi feita e alisada. Então Marilla, querendo se livrar dela por um tempo, disse a Anne que ela poderia sair e se divertir até o jantar.

Original English

Anne washed the dishes deftly enough, as Marilla who kept a sharp eye on the process, discerned. Later on she made her bed less successfully, for she had never learned the art of wrestling with a feather tick. But it was done somehow and smoothed down; and then Marilla, to get rid of her, told her she might go out-of-doors and amuse herself until dinner time.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne correu para a porta, com o rosto radiante e os olhos brilhando. No entanto, assim que chegou à soleira, parou abruptamente, virou-se, voltou e sentou-se à mesa. A luz e o brilho em sua expressão desapareceram completamente, como se alguém tivesse apagado uma vela.

Original English

Anne flew to the door, face alight, eyes glowing. On the very threshold she stopped short, wheeled about, came back and sat down by the table, light and glow as effectually blotted out as if some one had clapped an extinguisher on her.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla exigiu saber o que havia de errado agora.

Original English

"What's the matter now?" demanded Marilla.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que não ousava sair, falando como uma mártir que renuncia aos prazeres terrenos. Ela argumentou que, se não pudesse ficar, amar Green Gables seria inútil. Se saísse e se familiarizasse com as árvores, flores, pomar e riacho, inevitavelmente os amaria, tornando tudo mais difícil. Ela queria sair porque tudo parecia chamá-la para brincar, mas achou melhor não; não adiantava amar coisas se fosse preciso ser arrancada delas. Ela achava difícil não amar as coisas. Por isso tinha ficado tão feliz ao pensar que viveria ali, tendo muitas coisas para amar sem impedimentos. Mas aquele sonho acabou. Ela estava resignada com seu destino e não sairia com medo de perder essa resignação. Então, perguntou o nome do gerânio no parapeito da janela.

Original English

"I don't dare go out," said Anne, in the tone of a martyr relinquishing all earthly joys. "If I can't stay here there is no use in my loving Green Gables.

And if I go out there and get acquainted with all those trees and flowers and the orchard and the brook I'll not be able to help loving it. It's hard enough now, so I won't make it any harder. I want to go out so much—everything seems to be calling to me, 'Anne, Anne, come out to us. Anne, Anne, we want a playmate'—but it's better not. There is no use in loving things if you have to be torn from them, is there? And it's so hard to keep from loving things, isn't it? That was why I was so glad when I thought I was going to live here. I thought I'd have so many things to love and nothing to hinder me. But that brief dream is over. I am resigned to my fate now, so I don't think I'll go out for fear I'll get unresigned again. What is the name of that geranium on the window-sill, please?"

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu que era o gerânio com aroma de maçã.

Original English

"That's the apple-scented geranium."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que se referia a um nome pessoal, não ao tipo de planta. Ela perguntou se Marilla tinha dado um nome a ele e, se não, se poderia chamá-lo de Bonny enquanto estivesse ali.

Original English

"Oh, I don't mean that sort of a name. I mean just a name you gave it yourself. Didn't you give it a name? May I give it one then? May I call it—let me see—Bonny would do—may I call it Bonny while I'm here? Oh, do let me!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse que não se importava, mas questionou o sentido de dar nome a um gerânio.

Original English

"Goodness, I don't care. But where on earth is the sense of naming a geranium?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne comentou que gostava quando as coisas tinham nomes, mesmo que fossem apenas gerânios, porque isso as fazia parecer mais humanas. Ela questionou se um gerânio poderia ter seus sentimentos magoados por ser chamado simplesmente de gerânio e nada mais, comparando a como alguém não gostaria de ser chamado apenas de mulher o tempo todo. Ela decidiu nomear o gerânio de Bonny. Ela também havia nomeado a cerejeira do lado de fora da janela do seu quarto naquela manhã, chamando-a de Rainha da Neve por causa de suas flores brancas. Ela reconheceu que nem sempre estaria em flor, mas podia-se imaginar que estivesse.

Original English

"Oh, I like things to have handles even if they are only geraniums. It makes them seem more like people. How do you know but that it hurts a geranium's feelings just to be called a geranium and nothing else? You wouldn't like to be called nothing but a woman all the time. Yes, I shall call it Bonny. I named that cherry-tree outside my bedroom window this morning. I called it Snow Queen because it was so white. Of course, it won't always be in blossom, but one can imagine that it is, can't one?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla murmurou que nunca tinha encontrado alguém como Anne. Ela admitiu que Anne era interessante, como Matthew havia dito. Ela já se pegava imaginando o que Anne diria a seguir e suspeitava que Anne a encantaria, assim como havia feito com Matthew. O olhar que Matthew lhe deu ao sair transmitiu tudo o que ele dissera ou insinuara na noite anterior. Marilla gostaria que ele fosse como os outros homens e discutisse as coisas abertamente, para que ela pudesse argumentar e fazê-lo entrar em razão. Mas ela não sabia o que fazer com um homem que só se expressava com olhares.

Original English

"I never in all my life saw or heard anything to equal her," muttered Marilla, beating a retreat down to the cellar after potatoes. "She is kind of interesting as Matthew says. I can feel already that I'm wondering what on earth she'll say next. She'll be casting a spell over me, too. She's cast it over Matthew. That look he gave me when he went out said everything he said or hinted last night over again. I wish he was like other men and would talk things out. A body could answer back then and argue him into reason. But what's to be done with a man who just looks?"

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Pt/En

Português

Quando Marilla voltou de pegar batatas na adega, Anne tinha mergulhado em um devaneio, apoiando o queixo nas mãos e olhando para o céu. Marilla a deixou assim até a hora de servir o jantar mais cedo.

Original English

Anne had relapsed into reverie, with her chin in her hands and her eyes on the sky, when Marilla returned from her cellar pilgrimage. There Marilla left her until the early dinner was on the table.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou a Matthew se podia usar a égua e a charrete naquela tarde.

Original English

"I suppose I can have the mare and buggy this afternoon, Matthew?" said Marilla.

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Pt/En

Português

Matthew acenou com a cabeça, depois olhou para Anne com uma expressão melancólica. Marilla percebeu o olhar e falou severamente.

Original English

Matthew nodded and looked wistfully at Anne. Marilla intercepted the look and said grimly:

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla anunciou que iria a White Sands para resolver a questão, levando Anne consigo. Ela esperava que a Sra. Spencer fizesse os arranjos para devolver Anne à Nova Escócia imediatamente. Marilla disse que prepararia o chá e voltaria a tempo de ordenhar as vacas.

Original English

"I'm going to drive over to White Sands and settle this thing. I'll take Anne with me and Mrs. Spencer will probably make arrangements to send her back to Nova Scotia at once. I'll set your tea out for you and I'll be home in time to milk the cows."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Matthew permaneceu em silêncio, e Marilla sentiu que suas palavras foram desperdiçadas. Ela refletiu que poucas coisas são mais irritantes do que um homem que se recusa a responder — a menos que seja uma mulher que faça o mesmo.

Original English

Still Matthew said nothing and Marilla had a sense of having wasted words and breath. There is nothing more aggravating than a man who won't talk back—unless it is a woman who won't.

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Pt/En

Português

No devido tempo, Matthew atrelou o cavalo alazão à charrete, e Marilla e Anne partiram. Enquanto passavam lentamente pelo portão, que Matthew segurava aberto para elas, ele comentou, aparentemente para ninguém em particular.

Original English

Matthew hitched the sorrel into the buggy in due time and Marilla and Anne set off. Matthew opened the yard gate for them and as they drove slowly through, he said, to nobody in particular as it seemed:

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Pt/En

Português

Matthew disse a elas que o jovem Jerry Buote do Creek tinha passado por lá naquela manhã, e ele havia indicado que provavelmente contrataria o rapaz para o verão.

Original English

"Little Jerry Buote from the Creek was here this morning, and I told him I guessed I'd hire him for the summer."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla não respondeu, mas deu um golpe forte no infeliz alazão com o chicote. A égua gorda, não acostumada a tal tratamento, disparou indignada pela estrada a uma velocidade alarmante. Enquanto a charrete saltitava, Marilla olhou para trás e viu o irritante Matthew debruçado sobre o portão, olhando para elas com uma expressão melancólica.

Original English

Marilla made no reply, but she hit the unlucky sorrel such a vicious clip with the whip that the fat mare, unused to such treatment, whizzed indignantly down the lane at an alarming pace. Marilla looked back once as the buggy bounced along and saw that aggravating Matthew leaning over the gate, looking wistfully after them.

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Anne's History

Pt/En

Português

Anne confidenciou que havia decidido aproveitar o passeio. Acreditava que, se alguém decide firmemente aproveitar as coisas, geralmente consegue. Não pensaria em voltar para o orfanato durante o passeio, mas apenas se concentraria na viagem. Ela notou uma pequena rosa silvestre precoce e a achou linda. Perguntou-se se as rosas poderiam falar e contar coisas belas. Amava rosa, mas disse que ruivas não podem usar rosa, nem na imaginação. Perguntou a Marilla se ela conhecia alguém cujo cabelo era ruivo quando criança e mudou de cor depois.

Original English

"Do you know," said Anne confidentially, "I've made up my mind to enjoy this drive. It's been my experience that you can nearly always enjoy things if you make up your mind firmly that you will. Of course, you must make it up firmly. I am not going to think about going back to the asylum while we're having our drive. I'm just going to think about the drive. Oh, look, there's one little early wild rose out! Isn't it lovely? Don't you think it must be glad to be a rose? Wouldn't it be nice if roses could talk? I'm sure they could tell us such lovely things. And isn't pink the most bewitching color in the world? I love it, but I can't wear it. Redheaded people can't wear pink,

not even in imagination. Did you ever know of anybody whose hair was red when she was young, but got to be another color when she grew up?"

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu bruscamente que nunca conheceu tal pessoa e também não achava que isso aconteceria com Anne.

Original English

"No, I don't know as I ever did," said Marilla mercilessly, "and I shouldn't think it likely to happen in your case either."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne suspirou profundamente.

Original English

Anne sighed.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne comentou que essa era mais uma esperança perdida. Disse que frequentemente repetia uma frase de um livro para se consolar quando decepcionada, afirmando que sua vida era um cemitério perfeito de esperanças enterradas.

Original English

"Well, that is another hope gone. 'My life is a perfect graveyard of buried hopes.' That's a sentence I read in a book once, and I say it over to comfort myself whenever I'm disappointed in anything."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla comentou que não via conforto naquela frase.

Original English

"I don't see where the comforting comes in myself," said Marilla.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que o nome soava agradável e romântico, como se ela fosse uma heroína de livro. Ela expressou gosto por coisas românticas, achando a ideia de um cemitério cheio de esperanças enterradas particularmente romântica. Ela estava bastante contente por ter um. Então perguntou se elas iriam atravessar o Lago de Águas Brilhantes naquele dia.

Original English

"Why, because it sounds so nice and romantic, just as if I were a heroine in a book, you know. I am so fond of romantic things, and a graveyard full of buried hopes is about as romantic a thing as one can imagine isn't it? I'm rather glad I have one. Are we going across the Lake of Shining Waters today?"

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu que não iriam passar pelo lago de Barry, que presumiu ser o que Anne chamava de Lago de Águas Brilhantes. Em vez disso, pegariam o caminho da costa.

Original English

"We're not going over Barry's pond, if that's what you mean by your Lake of Shining Waters. We're going by the shore road."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse sonhadamente que o caminho da costa soava bem, e se perguntou se era tão agradável quanto o nome. Ela acrescentou que, ao ouvir falar no caminho da costa, ela o imaginou instantaneamente em sua mente. Ela também achou White Sands um nome bonito, mas não tão adorável quanto Avonlea, que soava como música para ela. Então perguntou a distância até White Sands.

Original English

"Shore road sounds nice," said Anne dreamily. "Is it as nice as it sounds? Just when you said 'shore road' I saw it in a picture in my mind, as quick as that! And White Sands is a pretty name, too; but I don't like it as well as Avonlea. Avonlea is a lovely name. It just sounds like music. How far is it to White Sands?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu que ficava a cinco milhas de distância, e já que Anne parecia determinada a conversar, poderia muito bem dizer algo útil contando o que sabia sobre si mesma.

Original English

"It's five miles; and as you're evidently bent on talking you might as well talk to some purpose by telling me what you know about yourself."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu com entusiasmo que o que ela sabia sobre si mesma não valia realmente a pena contar. Ela sugeriu que, se eles a deixassem contar o que imaginava sobre si mesma, eles achariam muito mais interessante.

Original English

"Oh, what I know about myself isn't really worth telling," said Anne eagerly. "If you'll only let me tell you what I imagine about myself you'll think it ever so much more interesting."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla insistiu que Anne deixasse a imaginação de lado e se atesse aos fatos simples. Ela instruiu Anne a começar do início, perguntando onde ela nasceu e sua idade.

Original English

"No, I don't want any of your imaginings. Just you stick to bald facts. Begin at the beginning. Where were you born and how old are you?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que havia completado onze anos em março passado. Ela nasceu em Bolingbroke, Nova Escócia. Seu pai, Walter Shirley, era professor na escola secundária, e sua mãe, Bertha Shirley, também era professora. Anne comentou que esses nomes eram adoráveis e expressou alívio por seus pais não terem nomes como Jedediah.

Original English

"I was eleven last March," said Anne, resigning herself to bald facts with a little sigh. "And I was born in Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia. My father's name was Walter Shirley, and he was a teacher in the Bolingbroke High School. My mother's name was Bertha Shirley. Aren't Walter and Bertha lovely names? I'm so glad my parents had nice names. It would be a real disgrace to have a father named—well, say Jedediah, wouldn't it?"

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu que o nome de uma pessoa não era importante, desde que ela se comportasse bem, sentindo que era seu dever ensinar uma lição moral.

Original English

"I guess it doesn't matter what a person's name is as long as he behaves himself," said Marilla, feeling herself called upon to inculcate a good and useful moral.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne refletiu sobre nomes, observando que, embora tivesse lido que uma rosa com qualquer outro nome cheiraria igualmente doce, ela não acreditava nisso. Ela achou que seria um fardo se seu pai tivesse sido chamado Jedediah. Ela continuou dizendo que sua mãe havia desistido de ensinar após o casamento, já que um marido era responsabilidade suficiente. A Sra. Thomas descreveu seus pais como infantis e muito pobres. Eles moravam em uma casinha amarela em Bolingbroke, que Anne frequentemente imaginava com madressilva, lilases e cortinas de musselina. Anne nasceu lá. A Sra. Thomas disse que ela era o bebê mais feio, mas sua mãe a achava linda. Anne acreditava que o julgamento de uma mãe era mais importante. Sua mãe morreu de febre quando Anne tinha três meses, seguida por seu pai quatro dias depois. Deixada órfã, ninguém a queria, então a Sra. Thomas a acolheu, embora pobre e com um marido bêbado. A Sra. Thomas frequentemente repreendia Anne por mau comportamento, perguntando como ela podia ser tão má se havia sido criada à mão.

Original English

"Well, I don't know." Anne looked thoughtful. "I read in a book once that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but I've never been able to believe it. I don't believe a rose would be as nice if it was called a thistle or a skunk cabbage. I suppose my father could have been a good man even if he had been called Jedediah; but I'm sure it would have been a cross. Well, my mother was a teacher in the High school, too, but when she married father she gave up teaching, of course. A husband was enough responsibility. Mrs. Thomas said that they were a pair of babies and as poor as church mice. They went to live in a weeny-teeny little yellow house in Bolingbroke. I've never seen that house, but I've imagined it thousands of times. I think it must have had honeysuckle over the parlor window and lilacs in the front yard and lilies of the valley just inside the gate. Yes, and muslin curtains in all the windows. Muslin curtains give a house such an air. I was born in that house. Mrs. Thomas said I was the homeliest baby she ever saw, I was so scrawny and tiny and nothing but eyes, but that mother thought I was perfectly beautiful. I should think a mother would be a better judge than a poor woman who came in to scrub, wouldn't you? I'm glad she was satisfied with me anyhow, I would feel so sad if I thought I was a disappointment to her—because she didn't live very long after that, you

see. She died of fever when I was just three months old. I do wish she'd lived long enough for me to remember calling her mother. I think it would be so sweet to say 'mother,' don't you? And father died four days afterwards from fever too. That left me an orphan and folks were at their wits' end, so Mrs. Thomas said, what to do with me. You see, nobody wanted me even then. It seems to be my fate. Father and mother had both come from places far away and it was well known they hadn't any relatives living. Finally Mrs. Thomas said she'd take me, though she was poor and had a drunken husband. She brought me up by hand. Do you know if there is anything in being brought up by hand that ought to make people who are brought up that way better than other people? Because whenever I was naughty Mrs. Thomas would ask me how I could be such a bad girl when she had brought me up by hand—reproachful-like.

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Pt/En

Português

Os Thomases se mudaram para Marysville, onde Anne viveu até os oito anos, ajudando a cuidar de quatro crianças mais novas. Então o Sr. Thomas morreu debaixo de um trem. A mãe dele se ofereceu para acolher a Sra. Thomas e as crianças, mas não Anne. A Sra. Thomas estava desesperada. A Sra. Hammond se ofereceu para ficar com Anne, já que ela era boa com crianças. Anne mudou-se para uma clareira solitária entre tocos. O Sr. Hammond administrava uma pequena serraria, e a Sra. Hammond tinha oito filhos, incluindo três pares de gêmeos. Anne comentou que não teria sobrevivido ali sem a imaginação.

Original English

"Mr. and Mrs. Thomas moved away from Bolingbroke to Marysville, and I lived with them until I was eight years old. I helped look after the Thomas children—there were four of them younger than me—and I can tell you they took a lot of looking after. Then Mr. Thomas was killed falling under a train and his mother offered to take Mrs. Thomas and the children, but she didn't want me. Mrs. Thomas was at her wits' end, so she said, what to do with me. Then Mrs. Hammond from up the river came down and said she'd take me, seeing I was handy with children, and I went up the river to live with her in a little clearing among the stumps. It was a very lonesome place. I'm sure I could never have lived there if I hadn't had an imagination. Mr. Hammond worked a little sawmill up there, and Mrs. Hammond had eight children. She had twins three times. I like babies in moderation, but twins three times in succession is too

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Pt/En

Português

Quando o último par chegou, Anne disse à Sra. Hammond muito firmemente que estava terrivelmente cansada de carregá-los por aí.

Original English

much . I told Mrs. Hammond so firmly, when the last pair came. I used to get so dreadfully tired carrying them about.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que viveu com a Sra. Hammond por mais de dois anos até que o Sr. Hammond morreu e a Sra. Hammond desfez a casa, enviando seus filhos para parentes e mudando-se para os Estados Unidos. Como ninguém mais a aceitaria, Anne teve que ir para o asilo em Hopeton, mesmo que dissessem que estava superlotado. Ela permaneceu lá por quatro meses até a Sra. Spencer chegar.

Original English

"I lived up river with Mrs. Hammond over two years, and then Mr. Hammond died and Mrs. Hammond broke up housekeeping. She divided her children among her relatives and went to the States. I had to go to the asylum at Hopeton, because nobody would take me. They didn't want me at the asylum, either; they said they were over-crowded as it was. But they had to take me and I was there four months until Mrs. Spencer came."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne concluiu com um suspiro de alívio; era evidente que ela não gostava de relatar suas experiências em um mundo que não a havia acolhido.

Original English

Anne finished up with another sigh, of relief this time. Evidently she did not like talking about her experiences in a world that had not wanted her.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou a Anne se ela já havia frequentado a escola, enquanto virava a égua alazã pela estrada da costa.

Original English

"Did you ever go to school?" demanded Marilla, turning the sorrel mare down the shore road.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que não havia ido muito à escola. Frequentou um pouco durante seu último ano com a Sra. Thomas, mas quando morava rio acima, a escola era longe demais para ir a pé no inverno, e as férias de verão impediam a frequência exceto na primavera e no outono. Ela frequentou enquanto estava no asilo. Ela lia bem e sabia muitos poemas de cor, incluindo 'A Batalha de Hohenlinden', 'Edimburgo depois de Flodden', 'Bingen no Reno', a maior parte de 'A Dama do Lago' e a maior parte de 'As Estações' de James Thomson. Ela amava poesia que lhe dava uma sensação de arrepio nas costas, como 'A Queda da Polônia' no Quinto Leitor, embora estivesse apenas no Quarto Leitor; as meninas mais velhas lhe emprestavam os delas para ler.

Original English

"Not a great deal. I went a little the last year I stayed with Mrs. Thomas. When I went up river we were so far from a school that I couldn't walk it in winter and there was a vacation in summer, so I could only go in the spring and fall. But of course I went while I was at the asylum. I can read pretty well and I know ever so many pieces of poetry off by heart—"The Battle of Hohenlinden' and 'Edinburgh after Flodden,' and 'Bingen of the Rhine,' and most of the 'Lady of the Lake' and most of 'The Seasons' by James Thompson. Don't you just love poetry that gives you a crinkly feeling up and down your back? There is a piece in the Fifth Reader—"The Downfall of Poland"—that is just full of thrills. Of course, I wasn't in the Fifth Reader—I was only in the Fourth—but the big girls used to lend me theirs to read."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla perguntou a Anne se a Sra. Thomas e a Sra. Hammond tinham sido boas com ela, observando seu rosto com cuidado.

Original English

"Were those women—Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Hammond—good to you?" asked Marilla, looking at Anne out of the corner of her eye.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne hesitou, seu rosto ficando vermelho de vergonha. Ela disse que sabia que as mulheres pretendiam ser gentis, e que quando as pessoas têm boas intenções, não nos importamos com suas falhas ocasionais. Ela acrescentou que elas tinham muitas preocupações, como um marido que bebia e ter gêmeos três vezes seguidas. No entanto, ela tinha certeza de que elas queriam ser boas com ela.

Original English

"O-o-o-h," faltered Anne. Her sensitive little face suddenly flushed scarlet and embarrassment sat on her brow. "Oh, they meant to be—I know they meant to be just as good and kind as possible. And when people mean to be good to you, you don't mind very much when they're not quite—always. They had a good deal to worry them, you know. It's very trying to have a drunken husband, you see; and it must be very trying to have twins three times in succession, don't you think? But I feel sure they meant to be good to me."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla parou de questionar e caiu em pensamento profundo. Ela sentiu um despertar de pena pela criança, percebendo pelas entrelinhas da história de Anne que sua vida tinha sido de trabalho árduo, pobreza e negligência. Não admira que ela estivesse tão encantada com a perspectiva de um lar de verdade. Parecia uma pena que ela tivesse que ser mandada de volta. Marilla considerou ceder ao capricho de Matthew e deixar Anne ficar; afinal, Matthew estava decidido, e a criança parecia boa e ensinável.

Original English

Marilla asked no more questions. Anne gave herself up to a silent rapture over the shore road and Marilla guided the sorrel abstractedly while she pondered deeply. Pity was suddenly stirring in her heart for the child. What a starved, unloved life she had had—a life of drudgery and poverty and neglect; for Marilla was shrewd enough to read between the lines of Anne's history and divine the truth. No wonder she had been so delighted at the prospect of a real home. It was a pity she had to be sent back. What if she, Marilla, should indulge Matthew's unaccountable whim and let her stay? He was set on it; and the child seemed a nice, teachable little thing.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla achou que Anne falava demais, mas que isso poderia ser corrigido. Ela notou que a fala de Anne era educada e feminina, nem rude nem gíria, o que sugeria que sua família poderia ter sido respeitável.

Original English

"She's got too much to say," thought Marilla, "but she might be trained out of that. And there's nothing rude or slangy in what she does say. She's ladylike. It's likely her people were nice folks."

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Pt/En

Português

A estrada costeira era arborizada, selvagem e solitária. De um lado, erguiam-se densos abetos rasteiros, cujos espíritos não se quebraram após anos de luta contra os ventos do golfo. Do outro lado, íngremes penhascos de arenito vermelho se elevavam próximos à trilha. Na base dos penhascos havia montes de rochas desgastadas e pequenas enseadas arenosas com seixos como joias do oceano. Além, o mar azul cintilante, com gaivotas sobrevoando majestosas, suas asas reluzindo prateadas sob a luz do sol.

Original English

The shore road was "woody and wild and lonesome." On the right hand, scrub firs, their spirits quite unbroken by long years of tussle with the gulf winds, grew thickly. On the left were the steep red sandstone cliffs, so near

the track in places that a mare of less steadiness than the sorrel might have tried the nerves of the people behind her. Down at the base of the cliffs were heaps of surf-worn rocks or little sandy coves inlaid with pebbles as with ocean jewels; beyond lay the sea, shimmering and blue, and over it soared the gulls, their pinions flashing silvery in the sunlight.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou sua admiração pelo mar, lembrando de uma viagem de Marysville onde passou o dia na praia e gostou muito, apesar de ter que cuidar das crianças. Ela revivera essa memória em seus sonhos por anos. Achou a praia atual ainda mais bonita do que a de Marysville. Ela admirou as gaivotas e refletiu que gostaria de ser uma se não pudesse ser uma menina humana, imaginando-se acordar ao nascer do sol, planando sobre a água o dia todo e voltando ao seu ninho à noite. Então, ela perguntou sobre a grande casa que estavam se aproximando.

Original English

"Isn't the sea wonderful?" said Anne, rousing from a long, wide-eyed silence. "Once, when I lived in Marysville, Mr. Thomas hired an express wagon and took us all to spend the day at the shore ten miles away. I enjoyed every moment of that day, even if I had to look after the children all the time. I lived it over in happy dreams for years. But this shore is nicer than the Marysville shore. Aren't those gulls splendid? Would you like to be a gull? I think I would—that is, if I couldn't be a human girl. Don't you think it would be nice to wake up at sunrise and swoop down over the water and away out over that lovely blue all day; and then at night to fly back to one's nest? Oh, I can just imagine myself doing it. What big house is that just ahead, please?"

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Pt/En

Português

A resposta foi que o edifício era o White Sands Hotel, administrado pelo Sr. Kirke. A temporada de verão ainda não havia começado, mas muitos americanos vinham para lá durante o verão porque achavam a praia muito agradável.

Original English

"That's the White Sands Hotel. Mr. Kirke runs it, but the season hasn't begun yet. There are heaps of Americans come there for the summer. They think this shore is just about right."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse tristemente que temia que fosse a casa da Sra. Spencer. Ela não queria chegar lá, pois pareceria o fim de tudo.

Original English

"I was afraid it might be Mrs. Spencer's place," said Anne mournfully. "I don't want to get there. Somehow, it will seem like the end of everything."

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Marilla Makes Up Her Mind

Pt/En

Português

Elas chegaram no devido tempo à grande casa amarela da Sra. Spencer em White Sands Cove. A Sra. Spencer veio à porta, seu rosto bondoso mostrando surpresa e boas-vindas.

Original English

Get there they did, however, in due season. Mrs. Spencer lived in a big yellow house at White Sands Cove, and she came to the door with surprise and welcome mingled on her benevolent face.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Spencer exclamou que elas eram as últimas pessoas que ela esperava ver naquele dia, mas estava muito feliz em vê-las. Ela as convidou para colocar o cavalo no estábulo e perguntou a Anne como ela estava.

Original English

"Dear, dear," she exclaimed, "you're the last folks I was looking for today, but I'm real glad to see you. You'll put your horse in? And how are you, Anne?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que estava tão bem quanto se podia esperar, mas não sorriu. Uma tristeza parecia ter se abatido sobre ela.

Original English

"I'm as well as can be expected, thank you," said Anne smilelessly. A blight seemed to have descended on her.

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla disse que supunha que descansariam a égua por um breve período, mas havia prometido a Matthew voltar cedo. Ela explicou à Sra. Spencer que havia ocorrido um estranho engano e que viera descobrir o que era. Marilla declarou que ela e Matthew haviam enviado um recado solicitando um menino do asilo, e tinham dito ao irmão da Sra. Spencer, Robert, que queriam um menino de dez ou onze anos.

Original English

"I suppose we'll stay a little while to rest the mare," said Marilla, "but I promised Matthew I'd be home early. The fact is, Mrs. Spencer, there's been a queer mistake somewhere, and I've come over to see where it is. We send word, Matthew and I, for you to bring us a boy from the asylum. We told your brother Robert to tell you we wanted a boy ten or eleven years old."

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Spencer exclamou aflita que Marilla não podia estar falando sério. Ela explicou que Robert havia enviado um recado por meio de sua filha Nancy, e Nancy dissera que Marilla queria uma menina; então apelou para sua filha Flora Jane por confirmação.

Original English

"Marilla Cuthbert, you don't say so!" said Mrs. Spencer in distress. "Why, Robert sent word down by his daughter Nancy and she said you wanted a girl—didn't she Flora Jane?" appealing to her daughter who had come out to the steps.

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Pt/En

Português

Flora Jane confirmou seriamente que Nancy realmente dissera isso.

Original English

"She certainly did, Miss Cuthbert," corroborated Flora Jane earnestly.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Spencer expressou seu profundo pesar e disse que era lamentável, mas não era culpa dela. Ela havia feito o melhor que pôde, acreditando que estava seguindo as instruções. Descreveu Nancy como uma pessoa muito leviana e disse que frequentemente a repreendia por seu descuido.

Original English

"I'm dreadful sorry," said Mrs. Spencer. "It's too bad; but it certainly wasn't my fault, you see, Miss Cuthbert. I did the best I could and I thought I was following your instructions. Nancy is a terrible flighty thing. I've often had to scold her well for her heedlessness."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla reconheceu que o erro foi culpa delas. Ela disse que deveriam ter ido pessoalmente em vez de confiar em uma mensagem verbal. Já que o erro havia ocorrido, ela se perguntou se poderiam devolver a criança ao orfanato, presumindo que a aceitariam de volta.

Original English

"It was our own fault," said Marilla resignedly. "We should have come to you ourselves and not left an important message to be passed along by word of mouth in that fashion. Anyhow, the mistake has been made and the only thing to do is to set it right. Can we send the child back to the asylum? I suppose they'll take her back, won't they?"

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Spencer expressou dúvida sobre a necessidade de mandar Anne de volta. Ela mencionou que a Sra. Peter Blewett a visitara no dia anterior, dizendo que queria uma menina para ajudar com sua numerosa família, pois estava tendo dificuldade em encontrar ajuda. A Sra. Spencer considerou isso uma coincidência afortunada e acreditava que Anne seria adequada para ela.

Original English

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Spencer thoughtfully, "but I don't think it will be necessary to send her back. Mrs. Peter Blewett was up here yesterday, and she was saying to me how much she wished she'd sent by me for a little girl to help her. Mrs. Peter has a large family, you know, and she finds it hard to get help. Anne will be the very girl for you. I call it positively providential."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla não estava convencida de que o destino havia arranjado isso. Ela reconheceu isso como uma oportunidade inesperada de se livrar da criança indesejada, mas não sentiu gratidão pela chance.

Original English

Marilla did not look as if she thought Providence had much to do with the matter. Here was an unexpectedly good chance to get this unwelcome orphan off her hands, and she did not even feel grateful for it.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla conhecia a Sra. Peter Blewett de vista como uma mulher pequena com um rosto fino e afiado. Ela ouvira que a Sra. Blewett era uma trabalhadora incansável e uma patroa severa, e antigas empregadas relatavam seu mau humor e mesquinharia, bem como seus filhos rudes e briguentos. Marilla sentiu um aperto de consciência ao pensar em confiar Anne a uma pessoa assim.

Original English

She knew Mrs. Peter Blewett only by sight as a small, shrewish-faced woman without an ounce of superfluous flesh on her bones. But she had heard of her. "A terrible worker and driver," Mrs. Peter was said to be; and discharged servant girls told fearsome tales of her temper and stinginess, and her family of pert, quarrelsome children. Marilla felt a qualm of conscience at the thought of handing Anne over to her tender mercies.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla afirmou que entraria para discutir o assunto mais a fundo.

Original English

"Well, I'll go in and we'll talk the matter over," she said.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Spencer notou a Sra. Blewett se aproximando e apressou seus convidados para a sala fria, onde as persianas fechadas faziam o ar parecer sem vida. Ela considerou isso uma sorte, pois poderiam resolver a situação imediatamente. Ela indicou a poltrona para a Srta. Cuthbert, disse a Anne para sentar-se quietinha na otomana, e pediu a Flora Jane que preparasse o chá. Após cumprimentar a Sra. Blewett e apresentá-la à Srta. Cuthbert, ela se desculpou brevemente para lembrar Flora sobre os pãezinhos.

Original English

"And if there isn't Mrs. Peter coming up the lane this blessed minute!" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer, bustling her guests through the hall into the parlor, where a deadly chill struck on them as if the air had been strained so long through dark green, closely drawn blinds that it had lost every particle of warmth it had ever possessed. "That is real lucky, for we can settle the matter right away. Take the armchair, Miss Cuthbert. Anne, you sit here on the ottoman and don't wiggle. Let me take your hats. Flora Jane, go out and put the kettle on. Good afternoon, Mrs. Blewett. We were just saying how fortunate it was you happened along. Let me introduce you two ladies. Mrs. Blewett, Miss Cuthbert. Please excuse me for just a moment. I forgot to tell Flora Jane to take the buns out of the oven."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Spencer saiu depois de abrir as persianas. Anne sentou-se silenciosamente na otomana, com as mãos firmemente entrelaçadas, olhando fixamente para a Sra. Blewett como se estivesse hipnotizada. Ela temia ser entregue àquela mulher de rosto afiado. Um nó se formou em sua garganta, e seus olhos arderam com lágrimas que não caíam. Assim que temeu que fosse chorar, a Sra. Spencer voltou, com o rosto corado e alegre, parecendo pronta para lidar com qualquer problema.

Original English

Mrs. Spencer whisked away, after pulling up the blinds. Anne sitting mutely on the ottoman, with her hands clasped tightly in her lap, stared at Mrs Blewett as one fascinated. Was she to be given into the keeping of this sharp-faced, sharp-eyed woman? She felt a lump coming up in her throat

and her eyes smarted painfully. She was beginning to be afraid she couldn't keep the tears back when Mrs. Spencer returned, flushed and beaming, quite capable of taking any and every difficulty, physical, mental or spiritual, into consideration and settling it out of hand.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Spencer explicou à Sra. Blewett que houve um mal-entendido. Ela acreditava que o Sr. e a Srta. Cuthbert queriam uma menina para adotar, mas na verdade queriam um menino. Ela sugeriu que, se a Sra. Blewett ainda estivesse interessada, Anne seria uma opção adequada para ela.

Original English

"It seems there's been a mistake about this little girl, Mrs. Blewett," she said. "I was under the impression that Mr. and Miss Cuthbert wanted a little girl to adopt. I was certainly told so. But it seems it was a boy they wanted. So if you're still of the same mind you were yesterday, I think she'll be just the thing for you."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blewett examinou Anne rapidamente da cabeça aos pés.

Original English

Mrs. Blewett darted her eyes over Anne from head to foot.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou a idade e o nome de Anne, em um tom exigente.

Original English

"How old are you and what's your name?" she demanded.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A criança tímida murmurou que seu nome era Anne Shirley e que ela tinha onze anos, muito sobrecarregada para insistir na grafia correta.

Original English

"Anne Shirley," faltered the shrinking child, not daring to make any stipulations regarding the spelling thereof, "and I'm eleven years old."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blewett observou que Anne talvez não parecesse impressionante, mas parecia enxuta, o que ela considerava uma boa qualidade. Ela então afirmou que, se levasse Anne, a criança teria que se comportar bem, ser inteligente e respeitosa, e ganhar seu sustento sem questionamentos. Ela acrescentou que estava exausta de cuidar de seu bebê irritadiço e poderia levar Anne para casa imediatamente.

Original English

"Humph! You don't look as if there was much to you. But you're wiry. I don't know but the wiry ones are the best after all. Well, if I take you you'll have to be a good girl, you know—good and smart and respectful. I'll expect you to earn your keep, and no mistake about that. Yes, I suppose I might as well take her off your hands, Miss Cuthbert. The baby's awful fractious, and I'm clean worn out attending to him. If you like I can take her right home now."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla olhou para Anne e seu coração se comoveu com o rosto pálido da criança, que traía uma miséria silenciosa e profunda — o desespero de uma criatura indefesa novamente presa. Marilla sentiu certeza de que, se ignorasse aquele olhar suplicante, se arrependeria para sempre. Além disso, ela não gostava da Sra. Blewett e não suportava entregar uma criança sensível e nervosa a tal mulher. Decidiu que não podia assumir essa responsabilidade.

Original English

Marilla looked at Anne and softened at sight of the child's pale face with its look of mute misery—the misery of a helpless little creature who finds itself once more caught in the trap from which it had escaped. Marilla felt an uncomfortable conviction that, if she denied the appeal of that look, it would haunt her to her dying day. More-over, she did not fancy Mrs. Blewett. To hand a sensitive, "highstrung" child over to such a woman! No, she could not take the responsibility of doing that!

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu lentamente, afirmando que não havia decidido definitivamente contra ficar com Anne; na verdade, Matthew parecia inclinado a mantê-la. Ela explicou que só viera para esclarecer o engano. Achou melhor levar Anne para casa e discutir o assunto com Matthew. Ela propôs que, se decidissem não ficar com Anne, a trariam na noite seguinte; caso contrário, a Sra. Blewett saberia que Anne estava ficando. Ela perguntou se esse acordo era aceitável.

Original English

"Well, I don't know," she said slowly. "I didn't say that Matthew and I had absolutely decided that we wouldn't keep her. In fact I may say that Matthew is disposed to keep her. I just came over to find out how the mistake had occurred. I think I'd better take her home again and talk it over with Matthew. I feel that I oughtn't to decide on anything without consulting him. If we make up our mind not to keep her we'll bring or send her over to you tomorrow night. If we don't you may know that she is going to stay with us. Will that suit you, Mrs. Blewett?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blewett resmungou que supunha que teria que servir.

Original English

"I suppose it'll have to," said Mrs. Blewett ungraciously.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Marilla falava, uma mudança ocorreu no rosto de Anne. Seu desespero diminuiu, substituído por uma leve esperança. Seus olhos ficaram brilhantes como estrelas da manhã, e ela foi transformada. Quando a Sra. Spencer e a Sra. Blewett foram buscar uma receita, Anne pulou e correu até Marilla.

Original English

During Marilla's speech a sunrise had been dawning on Anne's face. First the look of despair faded out; then came a faint flush of hope; her eyes grew deep and bright as morning stars. The child was quite transfigured; and, a moment later, when Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Blewett went out in quest of a recipe the latter had come to borrow she sprang up and flew across the room to Marilla.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Em um sussurro sem fôlego, Anne perguntou a Marilla se ela realmente havia dito que Anne poderia ficar em Green Gables. Ela estava com medo de que falar alto pudesse destruir a possibilidade maravilhosa. Ela perguntou se realmente tinha ouvido ou apenas imaginado.

Original English

"Oh, Miss Cuthbert, did you really say that perhaps you would let me stay at Green Gables?" she said, in a breathless whisper, as if speaking aloud might shatter the glorious possibility. "Did you really say it? Or did I only imagine that you did?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

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.

activities æk'tɪvɪtɪz (5 occurrences)

Português: atividades

Simple English: Things that people do for fun or work.

Example: *We enjoy outdoor activities on weekends.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was a good housekeeper and was involved in many community activities, like the Sewing Circle and the Sunday-school. [Back to B1](#)
2. They found more exciting activities by the pond.
3. The winter passed with pleasant schoolwork and activities.
4. There were parties that felt almost like adult events, and many fun activities like sleigh rides and ice skating.
5. Even though they had lessons, the students also found time for enjoyable activities.

adoption ə'dɒpʃən (1 occurrence)

Português: adoção

Simple English: The act of taking someone else's child as your own.

Example: *They decided on the adoption of a baby girl.*

Uses in this book:

1. She took her guests into a cold room and said they could decide about the adoption right away. [Back to B1](#)

Adults 'ædʌlts (3 occurrences)

Português: adultos

Simple English: People who are fully grown and not children.

Example: *Adults should follow the rules.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought it was strange to imagine a child at Green Gables, as Matthew and Marilla were already adults when the house was built. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne stated that when she grew up, she would always talk to little girls as if they were adults and would never laugh at them for using big words, remembering how hurtful that was.

3. She also let them try new ways of learning, which surprised some adults like Mrs. Lynde and the school trustees, who did not like changes to old methods.

animal /əˈnɪməl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: animal

Simple English: A living creature that is not a human.

Example: *The young animal ran through the forest.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt like he was hurting something innocent when he thought about her happy look disappearing, similar to how he felt when he had to kill a young animal. [Back to B1](#)

annoying /əˈnɔɪɪŋ/ (3 occurrences)

Português: irritante; chato; enervante

Simple English: Causing slight irritation or anger.

Example: *The sound of the clock ticking was really annoying during the test.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought it was very annoying when a man did not answer back. [Back to B1](#)

2. She told Anne she was a very annoying child.

3. She disliked sitting with Gertie Pye because Gertie made annoying noises with her pencil.

approach /əˈprəʊtʃ/ (1 occurrence)

Português: abordagem; aproximação; aproximar

Simple English: To come close to a particular person, place, or situation.

Example: *As we approach the mountain, the view becomes more impressive.*

Uses in this book:

1. Matthew felt it was very hard for him to approach a strange orphan girl and ask why she was not a boy. [Back to B1](#)

areas 'ɛəriəz (2 occurrences)

Português: áreas

Simple English: Parts of a place or land.

Example: *The hills and flat areas rose from the ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. At the bottom of the cliffs, there were rocks and small sandy areas with pretty pebbles. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne felt like new areas of learning, thinking, and ambition were opening up to her.

boss bɒs (1 occurrence)

Português: chefe

Simple English: a person in charge at work

Example: *My boss gave me more work today.*

Uses in this book:

1. Marilla had heard that Mrs. Peter was a very hard worker and a harsh boss. [Back to B1](#)

brave /breɪv/ (6 occurrences)

Português: corajoso; valente; bravo

Simple English: Showing no fear when facing danger or pain.

Example: *The brave firefighter rescued the cat from the tree.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought that reading about sad things and imagining being brave was different from actually experiencing them. [Back to B1](#)
2. She felt she was an unlucky person but would try to be brave if Marilla was not cross with her.
3. She knew she had to be brave for her sleeves.
4. Diana explained that she would not be brave enough to float down the river like that.
5. When Anne read these lines, she stopped, closed her eyes, and imagined herself as one of those brave soldiers.

buzzing 'bʌzɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: zumbido

Simple English: making a low, continuous sound like bees

Example: *The buzzing of the insects filled the air.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her orchard was full of pink and white flowers, and bees were buzzing.

[Back to B1](#)

check tʃɛk (3 occurrences)

Português: verificar

Simple English: to look at something to be sure

Example: *He checked the time on his watch.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Spencer then asked Flora Jane to make tea and check the oven, and she greeted Mrs. Blewett, introducing her to Miss Cuthbert. [Back to B1](#)

2. She went to check.

3. Miss Stacy checked their work very carefully and made them check their own writing too.

chest tʃɛst (3 occurrences)

Português: peito

Simple English: The front part of the body between the neck and stomach.

Example: *She felt a pain in her chest.*

Uses in this book:

1. It made her feel a strange, pleasant ache in her chest. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne admitted that she had taken it and pinned it on her chest to see how it looked.

3. Then, she lay down on the bottom of the boat with her eyes closed and her hands folded on her chest, ready to act.

clarified 'klærɪfaɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: esclareceu

Simple English: made something clear or easy to understand

Example: *She clarified the instructions for the test.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne clarified that she meant a personal name, not the type of plant. [Back to B1](#)

colorful 'klɪləfəl (3 occurrences)

Português: colorido

Simple English: having many bright colors

Example: *The forest was full of colorful birds.*

Uses in this book:

1. The air smelled sweet from apple orchards, and the distant meadows looked misty and colorful. [Back to B1](#)

2. She saw herself sitting on a couch with colorful cushions, looking like a tall, elegant lady named the Lady Cordelia Fitzgerald.

3. Anne really enjoyed the colorful world around her.

colourful 'klɪləfl (1 occurrence)

Português: coloridos

Simple English: Having many bright or different colors.

Example: *His spear and shield were colourful.*

Uses in this book:

1. Far ahead, a bit of the sunset sky looked like a colourful window at the end of a church aisle. [Back to B1](#)

community kə'mju:nɪti (1 occurrence)

Português: comunidade

Simple English: A group of people who live or work together.

Example: *The community helped each other during the festival.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was a good housekeeper and was involved in many community activities, like the Sewing Circle and the Sunday-school. [Back to B1](#)

confirmed *kən'fɜ:rmd* (10 occurrences)

Português: confirmado

Simple English: Shown to be true.

Example: *This was confirmed when pygmies surrounded them.*

Uses in this book:

1. She confirmed that it was real and they were almost home. [Back to B1](#)
2. Flora Jane confirmed that Nancy had indeed said that Miss Cuthbert wanted a girl. [Back to B1](#)
3. Marilla confirmed that Anne had heard her say that, but explained that it was not yet decided.
4. Marilla confirmed that Anne could stay and that they would try to treat her well.
5. Marilla confirmed that the girl was Anne Shirley.

directly */dɛ'rektli/* (6 occurrences)

Português: diretamente

Simple English: In a straight line without turning or pausing.

Example: *We went directly to the store without stopping anywhere else.*

Uses in this book:

1. Marilla said that it was their own mistake because they did not go to Mrs. Spencer directly. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne looked directly at Marilla's angry face and said seriously that she had not taken the brooch out of Marilla's room.
3. In her thoughts, Marilla believed Anne's nose was quite pretty but decided not to tell Anne directly.
4. He looked directly at the person.
5. She felt proud of Anne that night but decided not to tell Anne directly.

disagreed *ˌdɪsə'grɪ:d* (7 occurrences)

Português: discordou

Simple English: to have a different opinion

Example: *Professor Porter disagreed.*

Uses in this book:

1. Marilla disagreed, saying that Anne was a good, plain, sensible name and that the girl should not be ashamed of it. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne disagreed, saying she could not be vain because she knew she was not pretty.
3. Anne disagreed, saying she would rather be pretty than clever.
4. She also disagreed with making girls sit with boys as a punishment, saying it was not modest.
5. Anne disagreed, saying that acting quickly was the best part.

disliked *dis'laɪkt* (6 occurrences)

Português: desgostavam

Simple English: felt not good or happy about someone

Example: *The crew disliked the officers.*

Uses in this book:

1. He disliked meeting new people or going to places where he had to talk. [Back to B1](#)
2. He rarely smoked because Marilla disliked it, but sometimes he felt he needed to, and Marilla understood that he needed a way to express his feelings. [Back to B1](#)
3. Marilla also disliked Mrs. Blewett and did not want to send a sensitive child like Anne to her. [Back to B1](#)
4. She also said she disliked Charlie Sloane because he had large, round eyes.
5. His tone was sarcastic, which Anne and the other children disliked.

dotted *'dɒtɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: pontilhado

Simple English: Covered with small spots or marks.

Example: *The grass was dotted with yellow flowers.*

Uses in this book:

1. The grass was dotted with yellow dandelions. [Back to B1](#)

entering 'entəriŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: entrando

Simple English: going into a place

Example: *They are entering the village now.*

Uses in this book:

1. Avonlea was on a peninsula, so everyone entering or leaving had to use that road, passing by her watchful eye. [Back to B1](#)

forests 'fɔ:ristz (1 occurrence)

Português: florestas

Simple English: More than one area full of trees.

Example: *We walked through small forests near the road.*

Uses in this book:

1. The road was pleasant, passing by farms and through small forests with blooming wild plum trees. [Back to B1](#)

formal 'fɔ:rməl (3 occurrences)

Português: formal

Simple English: Following rules or customs strictly.

Example: *She wore formal clothes to the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. The kitchen at Green Gables was a pleasant room, but it was so extremely clean that it looked like an unused formal room. [Back to B1](#)

2. This formal behaviour continued until Diana had put her hat away in the east gable and sat for ten minutes in the sitting room, with her feet placed correctly.

3. Diana replied that the organdy suited Anne much better because it was soft and flowing, while the muslin looked too formal.

hopeful 'həʊpfəl (5 occurrences)

Português: esperançoso

Simple English: feeling that something good will happen

Example: *Gemnon felt hopeful again.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her look of sadness disappeared, and she began to feel hopeful. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then she returned to Marilla, looking at her with hopeful eyes.
3. She felt surprised and hopeful.
4. She felt something new and good when she saw Gilbert's shy but hopeful look in his eyes.
5. She was thinking about her future and her dreams, feeling hopeful about the coming years.

hopeless *'houpləs* (4 occurrences)

Português: desesperançado

Simple English: Feeling there is no chance to improve.

Example: *She felt hopeless after losing the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne explained that she could not eat because she was feeling very sad and hopeless. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne then asked Marilla if she had ever tried to imagine feeling very sad and hopeless. [Back to B1](#)
3. She was crying and moving a lot because she felt very disappointed and hopeless.
4. Anne returned to Green Gables feeling very sad and hopeless.

immediately *ɪ'midiətli* (15 occurrences)

Português: imediatamente

Simple English: Without delay; right away.

Example: *Anne would be sent back immediately.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said she would take Anne with her, and Mrs. Spencer would likely arrange for Anne to be sent back to Nova Scotia immediately. [Back to B1](#)
2. She wanted Anne to obey her immediately when she gave an order, instead of standing still and talking about it.
3. Anne immediately went to the sitting room.
4. She also instructed Anne that when she was sent to get something, she should bring it immediately and not get distracted by thinking or looking at pictures.

5. He explained that Marilla was a very determined woman, so it was best to do it immediately and get it done.

instructed *in'strʌktɪd* (9 occurrences)

Português: instruiu

Simple English: Told someone what to do.

Example: *The teacher instructed the students to open their books.*

Uses in this book:

1. She instructed Anne to wash her face, comb her hair, leave the window open, and turn back her bedclothes. [Back to B1](#)
2. She instructed Anne to wash the dishes carefully and then go upstairs to make her bed. [Back to B1](#)
3. She instructed Anne to fold her clothes neatly and put them on a chair.
4. Marilla, feeling a little awkward, instructed Anne to kneel down.
5. Marilla told Anne that she had not scalded the dishcloth in hot water as instructed.

jewelry *'dʒu:əlri* (1 occurrence)

Português: joias

Simple English: Decorative items like rings, necklaces, and bracelets.

Example: *He wore jewelry around his neck.*

Uses in this book:

1. She imagined wearing a beautiful pale blue silk dress and a fancy hat, along with jewelry and gloves, which made her feel better during her train journey. [Back to B1](#)

lit *lɪt* (7 occurrences)

Português: iluminado

Simple English: made light or made something bright

Example: *Fires lit up their bodies during the dances.*

Uses in this book:

1. Marilla lit a candle and asked Anne to follow her. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was warm and dimly lit by the dying fire.
3. She then closed the window blind and lit a lamp.

4. She lit the candle and turned to find Anne lying face down on the bed among the pillows.
5. Anne lit the lamp, but her hands were shaking, making it difficult.

meanness /'mi:nəs/ (1 occurrence)

Português: maldade

Simple English: being cruel or unkind

Example: *He showed the meanness of his wild mind.*

Uses in this book:

1. Former servants had told frightening stories about her bad temper, her meanness, and her children, who were described as rude and always arguing.

[Back to B1](#)

nearby /,nɪər'baɪ/ (5 occurrences)

Português: próximo

Simple English: close in distance

Example: *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

Uses in this book:

1. Matthew explained that people called it Barry's pond because Mr. Barry lived in a house nearby called Orchard Slope. [Back to B1](#)
2. Marilla told Anne that Diana Barry lived nearby and was about her age.
3. There were no other girls nearby to play with, and Diana had no older sisters.
4. Miss Barry suggested they get ice cream at a restaurant nearby, which Anne thought sounded ordinary.
5. She felt her pearl necklace was not as nice as the diamonds worn by a lady nearby.

negative /'nɛgətɪv/ (2 occurrences)

Português: negativo

Simple English: Focusing on faults and quick to lose hope.

Example: *His negative comments made it hard to enjoy the project.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Rachel left, which made Marilla feel a little better because Mrs. Rachel's negative thoughts had been making her worried. [Back to B1](#)

2. She was sure Mrs. Lynde would tell everyone a negative story about Anne, and she would.

noise *nɔɪz* (4 occurrences)

Português: barulho

Simple English: a loud or unpleasant sound

Example: *I heard a noise outside my window.*

Uses in this book:

1. She pushed open the window, which was stiff and made a noise, as if it had not been opened for a long time. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said there was too much noise in a respectable house.
3. She wore many bracelets on her arms that made noise when she moved.
4. The bright lights hurt her eyes, and the noise and smells confused her.

okay *oʊ'keɪ* (6 occurrences)

Português: tudo bem

Simple English: Everything is all right.

Example: *Is everything okay with the car?*

Uses in this book:

1. She said that when people try to be good, it's okay if they are not perfect all the time. [Back to B1](#)
2. She asked if this plan was okay with Mrs. Blewett. [Back to B1](#)
3. Marilla told Anne it was okay and to do as she was told.
4. She told him she was okay and that imagining things helped her pass the time.
5. She decided she would just have to trust that things would be okay and be careful when adding the flour.

onto *'antu* (11 occurrences)

Português: em cima de

Simple English: moving to a higher position on something

Example: *The cat jumped onto the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sunlight came through the west window, looking out onto the backyard. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne was quiet until they turned onto their own road.
3. She held her hands together, let out a loud cry, and then threw herself onto the bed.
4. Gilbert was friendly, but Anne held onto her dislike for him.
5. The two girls ran quickly down the long room, through the spare room door, and jumped onto the bed at the same time.

option ˈɒpʃən (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. So, the only option was the room in the east gable. [Back to B1](#)

orphanage ˈɔːrfənɪdʒ (16 occurrences)

Português: orfanato

Simple English: A home for children without parents.

Example: *The children live in the orphanage.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that Matthew had gone to Bright River because they were expecting a young boy from an orphanage in Nova Scotia, who was arriving by train that night. [Back to B1](#)
2. Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert were going to adopt a boy from an orphanage! [Back to B1](#)
3. Mrs. Alexander Spencer was getting a girl from an orphanage and had offered to find a boy for them. [Back to B1](#)
4. Mrs. Rachel also mentioned a story she read about a boy from an orphanage who deliberately set fire to a house. [Back to B1](#)
5. She recalled a story about a girl from an orphanage who did something similar, causing a whole family to die. [Back to B1](#)

orphanages 'ɔ:rfənɪdʒɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: orfanatos

Simple English: places where children without parents live

Example: *The boys lived in orphanages.*

Uses in this book:

1. Marilla replied that she was, speaking as if bringing boys from orphanages in Nova Scotia was a normal part of farm work in Avonlea, instead of something very unusual. [Back to B1](#)

overnight 'oʊvər,naɪt (1 occurrence)

Português: durante a noite

Simple English: for the whole night

Example: *She stayed overnight at her friend's house.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said she had thought about staying overnight in a cherry tree if he had not come for her. [Back to B1](#)

pine paɪn (5 occurrences)

Português: pinheiro

Simple English: A type of tree with long needles and cones.

Example: *The forest was full of tall pine trees.*

Uses in this book:

1. On one side, there were thick pine trees that had grown strong from fighting the wind. [Back to B1](#)
2. She walked along this path and discovered many interesting things, like a small river, a bridge, pine trees, wild cherry trees, and many smaller paths.
3. Thin, shiny threads of spiderwebs hung between the trees, and the pine branches seemed to whisper friendly greetings.
4. One evening in June, the orchards had pink flowers, frogs were singing, and the air smelled nice from clover and pine trees.
5. Stars shone above the pine trees, and Diana's light could be seen through a gap.

rode *roud* (1 occurrence)

Português: andou

Simple English: Travelled on or in something, like a horse or a vehicle.

Example: *Pippinella rode in her cage on a wagon.*

Uses in this book:

1. Matthew Cuthbert rode his horse, the sorrel mare, for eight miles to Bright River. [Back to B1](#)

sadness *'sædnəs* (15 occurrences)

Português: tristeza

Simple English: A feeling of being unhappy or sorrowful.

Example: *This made the sadness stronger because it showed he was tired and without hope after much pain.*

Uses in this book:

1. She sighed deeply, as if she felt all the sadness in the world. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her look of sadness disappeared, and she began to feel hopeful. [Back to B1](#)
3. Then, Anne's sadness disappeared, and she looked happy as she watched the sunset.
4. She begged Mrs. Lynde to forgive her, saying that if she refused, it would cause her great sadness for the rest of her life.
5. She felt missing it would be a lifelong sadness.

scent *sɛnt* (2 occurrences)

Português: cheiro

Simple English: A smell, especially a pleasant one.

Example: *The lilac flowers sent a sweet scent through the air.*

Uses in this book:

1. In the garden below, purple lilac flowers smelled very sweet, and their scent drifted up to Anne's window on the morning breeze. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tonight, white lilies added a soft scent.

seagulls 'si:gʌlz (1 occurrence)

Português: gaivotas

Simple English: Birds that live near the sea and fly over it.

Example: *Seagulls flew with their wings shining in the sun.*

Uses in this book:

1. Beyond that was the blue, shining sea, where seagulls flew with their wings shining in the sun. [Back to B1](#)

shiny /'ʃaɪni/ (4 occurrences)

Português: brilhante; reluzente

Simple English: Bright and smooth, reflecting light effectively visually.

Example: *Her shiny hair reflects the sunlight beautifully during the summer.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne moved one of her long, shiny braids over her shoulder to show Matthew. [Back to B1](#)
2. Thin, shiny threads of spiderwebs hung between the trees, and the pine branches seemed to whisper friendly greetings.
3. As she took it out, sunlight shone on something shiny caught in the lace.
4. They had decorated toes, satin bows, and shiny buckles.

Stable /'steɪbəl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: estável; estábulo; estabilidade

Simple English: Farm building designed to house horses or livestock.

Example: *The horses live in a stable near the big red barn.*

Uses in this book:

1. She invited them to put their horse in the stable and asked Anne how she was. [Back to B1](#)

staff stæf (1 occurrence)

Português: funcionários

Simple English: People who work at a place or organization.

Example: *The asylum staff said they were too full.*

Uses in this book:

1. The asylum staff said they were too full, but they had to accept her. [Back to B1](#)

sunny 'sʌni (4 occurrences)

Português: ensolarado

Simple English: full of sunlight

Example: *It was a warm, sunny day at the park.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was happy it was a sunny morning, but she also liked rainy mornings because they were interesting and allowed for imagination. [Back to B1](#)
2. She felt it was easier to be cheerful on a sunny day, especially when she had many troubles to deal with. [Back to B1](#)
3. They sat in a warm, sunny spot.
4. But the next morning was sunny, and Anne felt very happy.

tidy 'taɪdi (1 occurrence)

Português: arrumar

Simple English: To clean or organize.

Example: *They began to tidy their room.*

Uses in this book:

1. The yard was very green, tidy, and well-kept, with large willow trees on one side and tall poplar trees on the other. [Back to B1](#)

tiles taɪlz (1 occurrence)

Português: azulejos

Simple English: Flat pieces used to cover walls or floors.

Example: *The walls were covered with ivory tiles.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was sitting outside on the roof tiles. [Back to B1](#)

travel 'trævl (6 occurrences)

Português: viajar

Simple English: To go from one place to another.

Example: *Tarzan likes to travel in wild places.*

Uses in this book:

1. She then asked if they would travel across the Lake of Shining Waters that day. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne thought it was wonderful to travel through this beautiful and mysterious night with her best friend, after they had not been close for a long time.
3. He had to travel far to find one.
4. Bertram gave Geraldine a diamond ring and a ruby necklace and they planned to travel to Europe.
5. Anne and Diana planned to travel by buggy with Jane Andrews and her brother Billy.

unhappily ʌn'hæpɪli (1 occurrence)

Português: infelizmente

Simple English: in a sad or unhappy way

Example: *She replied unhappily to the news.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Blewett replied unhappily that she supposed it would have to be that way. [Back to B1](#)

United ju:'naɪtɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: Unidos

Simple English: joined together as one, especially countries

Example: *She is from the southern United States.*

Uses in this book:

1. She sent her children to live with other family members and moved to the United States. [Back to B1](#)

unkind ʌn'kaɪnd (10 occurrences)

Português: desagradável

Simple English: Not nice or cruel.

Example: *She was unkind to the new student.*

Uses in this book:

1. She spoke a little awkwardly, but she was not unkind. [Back to B1](#)
2. She told Mrs. Rachel she was rude and unkind.
3. She told Anne that she thought Anne was unkind.
4. So, Mrs. Barry spoke to Anne in a cold and unkind way.
5. Anne cried and asked Marilla why she was so unkind.

unsure ʌn'ʃʊər (3 occurrences)

Português: incerto

Simple English: Not sure or confident about something

Example: *I was unsure about which road to take.*

Uses in this book:

1. Because she felt unsure, she was often sharp and brief, even when she did not mean to be. [Back to B1](#)
2. Marilla asked Anne if she could wash dishes properly, sounding unsure. [Back to B1](#)
3. Anne was unsure if she would pass.

unwise ʌn'waɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: pouco sensato

Simple English: not a good or clever decision

Example: *It was unwise to spend all the money.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Rachel told Marilla that she thought it was a very unwise and risky decision to bring a strange child into their home. [Back to B1](#)

upset /ʌp'set/ (37 occurrences)

Português: chateado; aborrecido; transtornado

Simple English: To make someone feel unhappy or disturbed emotionally.

Example: *He was upset when he lost his favorite toy during the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. Marilla did not seem upset or worried by Mrs. Rachel's words and continued knitting. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne hoped Marilla would not be upset because she could not eat, even though the food looked very nice. [Back to B1](#)
3. Mrs. Spencer was upset and told Marilla that she could not believe it. [Back to B1](#)
4. Marilla then asked Anne why she looked upset.
5. She said goodbye to Violetta before going to the asylum, and the echo's sad goodbye made her feel very upset.

watchful 'wɒtʃfəl (1 occurrence)

Português: atento

Simple English: Carefully looking and paying attention.

Example: *She was watchful while crossing the street.*

Uses in this book:

1. Avonlea was on a peninsula, so everyone entering or leaving had to use that road, passing by her watchful eye. [Back to B1](#)

windowsill 'wɪndəʊsɪl (1 occurrence)

Português: parapeito da janela

Simple English: The bottom part of a window inside or outside.

Example: *She put the flower pot on the windowsill.*

Uses in this book:

1. She then asked for the name of the geranium on the windowsill. [Back to B1](#)