

# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

**B1**



MicMac



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

**B2**



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS

AZ

NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

# Anne of Ingleside

L. M. Montgomery

## ANNE DE INGLESIDE

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

# **Anne of Ingleside**

**Anne de Ingleside**

**L. M. Montgomery**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

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# Introdução

## Como ler este livro

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

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

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

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

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

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

## Como usar as notas

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

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

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

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

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

### **Como usar o glossário**

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

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

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

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

### **Sobre este livro**

Anne de Ingleside é o décimo livro da série Anne, de L. M. Montgomery, ambientado na fictícia Glen St. Mary, na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. A história segue Anne Shirley, agora com trinta e poucos anos, como esposa e mãe de cinco filhos: Jem, Walter, Nan, Di e Shirley. Ela mora em Ingleside, uma casa grande e encantadora que adora. O conflito central gira em torno da luta de Anne para manter seu espírito alegre e a harmonia familiar em meio aos desafios da vida doméstica, incluindo a exigente prática médica de seu marido Gilbert, as aventuras e travessuras dos filhos e as sutis pressões sociais da comunidade. Um ponto crucial da trama envolve a crescente suspeita de Anne de que Gilbert não a ama mais, desencadeada pela visita de sua bela e sofisticada prima Christine Stuart. Esse mal-entendido cria tensão emocional enquanto Anne lida com insegurança e ciúmes. A narrativa progride através de uma série de vinhetas, cada uma focando em um membro da família ou evento diferente, como as escapadas das crianças, as interações de Anne com os vizinhos e seus esforços para

criar um lar amoroso. O tom é caloroso, nostálgico e levemente humorístico, com a característica atenção de Montgomery à natureza e à beleza da vida cotidiana. O romance explora temas de amor, maternidade e a passagem do tempo, afirmando a força dos laços familiares. A história conclui com a percepção de Anne de que seus medos eram infundados, mas a sinopse evita revelar a resolução final.

### **Nota editorial**

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# 1

**Pt/En** Anne Blythe thought about how white the moonlight was as she walked to Diana Wright's front door. Little cherry blossom petals were falling around her in the salty air.

**Pt/En** Anne stopped to look at the hills and woods she loved. She felt that Avonlea was special, even though Glen St. Mary was her home now. She remembered her past life in Avonlea and felt happy. She had come for her husband Gilbert's father's funeral and stayed for a week. Marilla and Mrs. Lynde wanted her to stay longer.

**Pt/En** Her old room in the gable was ready for her. Mrs. Lynde had put a large bouquet of spring flowers there. The flowers smelled like past years. Anne felt happy and remembered her younger self. She looked at her old bed with the knitted spread and crocheted pillows, and the rugs. She saw the mirror that once showed her face as a young orphan. She forgot she was now a mother of five children and that Susan Baker was knitting baby clothes at Ingleside. She felt like Anne of Green Gables again.

**Pt/En** When Mrs. Lynde came in with clean towels, she found Anne still looking dreamily into the mirror.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Lynde told Anne it was very good to have her home. She said that even though it had been nine years since Anne left, she and Marilla still missed her. Mrs. Lynde mentioned that it was less lonely now that Davy was married to Millie, who made good pies and was very curious. Mrs. Lynde added that no one was like Anne.

**Pt/En** Anne told Mrs. Lynde *playfully* that her mirror showed her she was not as young as she used to be.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Lynde tried to comfort Anne by saying she had kept her skin looking good. She added that Anne had not had much natural colour to lose anyway.

**Pt/En** Anne happily said that she did not have a double chin. She was glad her old room remembered her, because it would be sad if it had forgotten her. She also thought it was wonderful to see the moon rising over the Haunted Wood again.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Lynde commented that the moon looked like a large piece of gold in the sky. She felt she was being very *poetic* and was glad Marilla was not there to hear her.

**Pt/En** Anne pointed out the tall fir trees against the moon and the birch trees in the valley. She noted that the trees were big now, but they were small when she first came, which made her feel a little old.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Lynde said that trees grow very fast, like children. She mentioned Fred Wright, who is young but tall. She told Anne there was a chicken pie and lemon biscuits for supper. Mrs. Lynde also said the bed sheets were very clean because they were aired three times. She hoped Mary Maria Blythe would leave the next day, as she liked funerals.

**Pt/En** Anne felt uncomfortable because her Aunt Mary Maria called her "Annie." She remembered that when her aunt first saw her after she married Gilbert, she said Gilbert could have married many other nice girls. Anne explained that this *comment* was why she never liked her aunt, and she thought Gilbert also disliked her, even though he would not say it.

**Pt/En** Anne asked how long Gilbert would stay.

**Pt/En** Gilbert had to return the next night because one of his patients was in a very serious condition.

**Pt/En** The speaker thought there was not much reason for Gilbert to stay in Avonlea now that his mother had died the previous year. Old Mr. Blythe had been very sad after his wife's death and lost his will to live. The speaker commented that the Blythe family cared too much about earthly things. It was sad that no Blythes were left in Avonlea, as they were a good family. However, the speaker noted that the Sloanes were still there and would continue to be.

**Pt/En** Anne said she would go for a walk in the old orchard by moonlight after supper. She thought sleeping on nights with moonlight was a waste of time. She planned to wake up early to see the first morning light over the Haunted Wood, with robins and a sparrow, and to look at the pansies.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Lynde came downstairs and said sadly that rabbits had eaten all the June lilies. She was relieved that they would not talk about

the moon anymore. She thought Anne was a bit strange and would probably not change.

**Pt/En** Diana met Anne. Even in the moonlight, her hair was black, her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were bright. However, the moonlight showed that she was a little fatter than before. Diana had never been thin.

**Pt/En** Anne told Diana not to worry because she would not stay long. Diana replied that she would not worry and would rather spend the evening with Anne than go to a reception. She felt she had not seen Anne enough, and Anne was leaving in two days. However, they had to go to the reception because of Fred's brother.

**Pt/En** Anne agreed that Diana had to go to the reception. She explained she had only come for a short visit. She had walked the old way, past the Dryad's Bubble and through the Haunted Wood, and by Diana's garden and Willowmere. She had even stopped to watch the willow trees reflected in the water, as they always used to do, and noticed they had grown.

**Pt/En** Diana said with a sigh that everyone had changed, looking at young Fred as an example. She told Anne that she never seemed to change and asked how she stayed so slim, telling Anne to look at her.

**Pt/En** Anne laughed, calling herself a bit matronly but saying Diana had avoided getting fat. She mentioned that Mrs. H. B. Donnell thought she hadn't aged, but Mrs. Harmon Andrews disagreed, saying Anne had failed. Anne felt she was getting older only when she saw young heroes and heroines in magazines. She told Diana they would be like girls again tomorrow. Anne had come to suggest they take a day off to visit all their old places, walk through fields and woods, and see familiar things and hills where they could feel young again. She said spring made anything seem possible and that they should stop feeling like parents and be carefree, as being sensible all the time was not fun.

**Pt/En** Diana exclaimed that Anne's idea sounded just like her and that she would love to go. Anne interrupted, saying there were no excuses and that she knew Diana was worried about who would prepare supper for the men.

**Pt/En** Diana explained that her eleven-year-old daughter, Anne Cordelia, could make supper for the men, as she had planned to do anyway. Diana had been going to a Ladies' Aid meeting but decided she would go with Anne instead. She said it would be like a dream come true and that she often pretended they were little girls again in the evenings. Diana offered to bring their supper.

**Pt/En** Anne suggested they eat their supper in Hester Gray's garden and asked if it was still there.

**Pt/En** Diana told Anne that her daughter, Anne Cordelia, explores a lot. Diana said she always tells Anne Cordelia not to go too far from home. Anne Cordelia likes to walk in the woods. One day, when Diana told her off for talking to herself, Anne Cordelia said she was talking to the spirit of the flowers. Diana mentioned a special dolls' tea-set that Anne Cordelia uses carefully, only when the "Three Green People" visit. Diana did not know who these people were. Diana also said that Anne Cordelia was more like Anne than like her.

**Pt/En** Anne told Diana not to worry about Anne Cordelia's imagination. She said it was good for children to spend time in fairyland sometimes.

**Pt/En** Diana said that Olivia Sloane was their new teacher. She was a university graduate and was only teaching for a year to be near her mother. Olivia Sloane believed that children should learn to face reality.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Diana if she was starting to like Olivia Sloane's ideas. Diana said no, she did not like her at all. She thought Olivia Sloane had strange, staring blue eyes. Diana also said she did not mind Anne Cordelia's imagination because it was pretty, like Anne's used to be. She thought Anne Cordelia would learn about reality as she grew older.

**Pt/En** Anne told Diana that it was decided. She invited Diana to Green Gables for a drink of Marilla's red currant wine around two o'clock. Marilla made the wine sometimes, even though the minister and Mrs. Lynde did not approve, just to make them feel a little wild.

**Pt/En** Diana giggled and asked Anne if she remembered the day Anne made her drunk on something. Diana did not mind Anne using the word "devilish" because she knew Anne did not really mean bad things; it was just Anne's way of speaking.

**Pt/En** Anne told Diana they would have a special day to remember things tomorrow. She said she would not keep Diana any longer because Fred was coming with the buggy and Anne thought Diana's dress was lovely.

**Pt/En** Diana explained that Fred had bought her a new dress for the wedding. She felt they could not afford it after building the new barn, but Fred said he did not want his wife to look less well-dressed than everyone else. She thought this was *typical* of men.

**Pt/En** Anne told Diana she sounded like Mrs. Elliott and warned her to be careful about that way of thinking. Anne asked Diana if she would like to live in a world with no men.

**Pt/En** Diana said that a world without men would be horrible. She then told Fred she was coming and said *goodbye* to Anne, agreeing to see her tomorrow.

**Pt/En** Anne stopped by a brook she loved. She felt that the brook remembered her childhood laughter and old dreams. The old trees in the Haunted Wood were the only ones listening.

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**Pt/En** Diana said it was a beautiful day, perfect for them. But she thought it might rain the next day.

**Pt/En** Anne told Diana they should enjoy the beautiful day and their friendship, even if they might be separated later. She felt excited by the west wind and looked forward to their walk.

**Pt/En** They visited their *favorite* places, like Lover's Lane and the Haunted Wood. Some places had changed: small trees had grown big, a path was overgrown, and a lake had disappeared. However, Violet Vale was full of flowers, and an apple tree had grown large and was covered in buds.

**Pt/En** They walked without hats, their hair shining. They often looked at each other with warm, friendly smiles. Sometimes they walked quietly, feeling they could understand each other's thoughts. They also talked about many past memories, like falling into a duckhouse, jumping on Aunt Josephine, and fun times at a wedding. They felt their old laughter echoed from the past.

**Pt/En** The A.V.I.S. group seemed to be finished. It stopped working not long after Anne got married.

**Pt/En** Diana told Anne that the group could not continue. She explained that young people in Avonlea were different now compared to their time.

**Pt/En** Anne told Diana not to speak as if their time was over. She felt they were only fifteen years old and still close friends. Anne felt very happy and full of *energy*, like she had wings.

**Pt/En** Diana agreed she felt the same way. She often wished she could be a bird and fly. Diana did not remember she had recently weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

**Pt/En** Beautiful nature was all around them. The spring sunshine shone through the new green leaves, and birds were singing. They saw small hollows that looked like pools of gold. Fresh spring smells, like spice ferns and pine trees, were in the air. There was a lane with wild cherry flowers, a field with young spruce trees that looked like small

magical creatures, and small brooks. Anne looked for a long time at a birch tree where some bark had been removed. She saw many colors on the bark, from white to deep brown, showing the tree had warm feelings inside.

**Pt/En** Anne spoke about a strong feeling inside them. After walking through a small wooded area with many mushrooms, they found Hester Gray's garden. It had not changed much and still had lovely flowers. There were many narcissus flowers, which Diana called June lilies. The cherry trees were older but covered in white flowers. They could still find the main path with roses. The old wall was covered with strawberry flowers, violets, and young ferns. They ate their picnic dinner in a corner of the garden, sitting on old, mossy stones with a lilac tree behind them. The sun was low in the sky. Both girls were hungry and enjoyed the food they had cooked.

**Pt/En** Diana said that food tasted better outside. She told Anne that her chocolate cake was amazing and she wanted the recipe because her brother Fred would love it. Diana mentioned that Fred could eat a lot and still stay thin. She often told herself she would not eat more cake because she was getting fatter each year. She was afraid of becoming like her great-aunt Sarah, who was so fat she needed help to stand up after sitting. However, when she saw a cake like Anne's, or at a party the night before, she felt she had to eat some cake so people would not be offended.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Diana if she had a good time.

**Pt/En** Diana replied that she had a good time in some ways. However, she had to talk to Fred's Cousin Henrietta. Henrietta loved to talk about her medical operations and the pain she felt. She told Diana how her appendix would have burst if she had not had it removed, and how much pain she suffered. Diana felt Henrietta enjoyed telling these stories. Diana also mentioned that Jim was very funny, but she was not sure if Mary Alice liked his jokes. Diana then decided to eat just a small piece of cake, thinking it would not make a big difference. She also remembered something Jim said: the night before the wedding, he was so nervous he thought he might leave. He believed all grooms felt the same way if they were honest. Diana asked Anne if she thought Gilbert and Fred had felt like that.

**Pt/En** Anne was sure they had not felt that way. Diana said that Fred had told her the same thing when she asked him. Fred's only fear was that Diana might change her mind at the last moment, like Rose Spencer did. But Diana thought it was hard to know what men really thought. She concluded that there was no point worrying about it now. She said they had had a wonderful afternoon and remembered many happy times. Diana told Anne she wished she did not have to leave the next day.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Diana if she could visit Ingleside during the summer. Anne said that after a certain time, she would not be able to have visitors.

**Pt/En** Diana said she would like to visit, but it was very difficult for her to leave home during the summer because she had too much work to do.

**Pt/En** Anne mentioned that Rebecca Dew was finally coming, which made her happy. She also thought Aunt Mary Maria would be happy. Anne said that Gilbert did not want Rebecca Dew to visit, but she was a relative, so he had to welcome her.

**Pt/En** Diana suggested she might visit in the winter instead. She told Anne that she loved Ingleside and Anne's family.

**Pt/En** Anne explained that she now loves Ingleside, although she hated it when she first arrived because it was different from her old home. She fought against liking it but eventually admitted she loved it more each year. She described Ingleside as a perfect age, not too old or too young, and loved every room for its unique character. She also loved the large trees in the garden and often stopped to admire them from the landing window.

**Pt/En** Anne explained that Fred loved a big willow tree south of their house. She had told him many times that it blocked the view from the living room windows. However, Fred always said that he would not cut down such a lovely tree. So, the willow stayed, and they named their farm Lone Willow Farm because of it. Anne also mentioned that she loved the name Ingleside because it sounded nice and like home.

**Pt/En** Anne agreed with Gilbert about the name Ingleside. She said they had tried many names, but Ingleside felt like the right one. She was happy they had a large house because they needed it for their big family. The children also loved the house.

**Pt/En** Diana complimented Anne's children, especially her twins. While Diana thought her own children were nice, she felt Anne's children were special. She told Anne she was envious of her twins, as she had always wanted twins herself.

**Pt/En** Anne said that having twins was her destiny. She was disappointed that her twins, Nan and Di, did not look alike. Nan had brown hair and eyes, while Di had green eyes and red hair, and was her father's favourite. Shirley was very close to Susan, who had taken care of Shirley's son, Shirley, when Anne was ill. Susan called the boy her 'little brown boy' and spoiled him.

**Pt/En** Diana told Anne that she could still quietly check on her youngest son and tuck him in. Diana mentioned that her son Jack was nine years old and did not want her to do that anymore because he felt too big. Diana said she loved doing it and wished children did not grow up so quickly.

**Pt/En** Anne said that her older children were growing up. Jem, who started school, didn't want to hold her hand anymore when they walked in the village. However, Jem, Walter, and Shirley still wanted her to tuck them into bed. Walter made a special routine of this.

**Pt/En** Anne also said that Jack wanted to be a soldier when he grew up, which she found surprising.

**Pt/En** Anne thought Jack would change his mind about being a soldier. Jem imagined he would be a sailor, and Walter wanted to be a poet. All the children loved trees and playing in a special place called 'the Hollow,' a small valley near Ingleside. To them, it was fairyland, though others saw it as ordinary. Anne felt her children were a good group, and there was enough love for them all. She was happy to return home to Ingleside the next night to tell her children stories and praise Susan's plants. Susan was very good at growing ferns, but Anne found her calceolarias strange. She always praised them to avoid hurting Susan's feelings, as she valued Susan greatly. Anne was glad to go home but also sad to leave Green Gables, Marilla, and Diana, appreciating their long friendship.

**Pt/En** Diana agreed, saying she could not express herself as well as Anne, but they had kept their old promise to each other.

**Pt/En** Anne confirmed they always would. Their hands met, and they sat quietly as evening shadows grew long. The sun set, and the spring twilight settled over the garden. Birds sang, and a large star appeared over the white cherry trees.

**Pt/En** Anne said that the first star was a miracle and that she could sit there forever. Diana agreed, saying she hated the thought of leaving. Anne reminded her that they were only pretending to be fifteen and had family duties. She also spoke about the smell of lilacs, finding it a bit too sweet and like a secret, unlike Gilbert, who liked them.

**Pt/En** Diana thought the chocolate cake was too heavy to keep inside the house. She looked at the remaining cake with sadness. Then, she shook her head and put it in the basket, showing great self-control.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Diana if it would be fun to meet their younger selves walking along Lover's Lane on their way home.

**Pt/En** Diana felt a little shiver and told Anne she did not think that would be funny. She noticed it was getting dark and said it was okay to imagine things in the daytime, but not when it was getting dark.

**Pt/En** They walked home together quietly and lovingly. The sunset was beautiful on the hills behind them, and they felt a strong, lasting love in their hearts.

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**Pt/En** After a week of pleasant days, Anne visited Matthew's grave. Later, she took the train home from Carmody. She thought about the people and things she loved that she had left behind, and then about the people and things she loved that were waiting for her. Her heart was happy because she was returning to a joyful home. This house was a true home for everyone. It was always filled with laughter, special mugs, photos, and babies with curly hair and chubby knees. The rooms were ready for her, and her clothes were waiting in her closet. Little special days were always celebrated there, and secrets were shared.

**Pt/En** Anne felt happy to be going home. She took out a letter from her purse. It was from her young son, and she had read it proudly to her family the night before. It was the first letter she had ever received from one of her children. It was a good letter for a seven-year-old who had only been in school for a year, even though the spelling was not perfect and there was a large ink stain on it.

**Pt/En** One of her children, Di, had cried all night because another child, Tommy Drew, had threatened to burn her doll. The child wrote that Susan told them nice stories at night, but she was not like her mother. Di also mentioned that she helped Susan sew vegetables the night before.

**Pt/En** Anne wondered how she could have been happy for a whole week away from her family.

**Pt/En** Anne was happy when she stepped off the train at Glen St. Mary and saw Gilbert waiting for her. She always felt a home-coming was not complete unless he met her. She noticed he was wearing a new light-grey suit and was glad she had chosen to wear a nice blouse with her travelling suit.

**Pt/En** Ingleside was bright with lights, and colorful Japanese lanterns hung on the porch. Anne happily walked along the path lined with daffodils.

**Pt/En** Anne called out that she had arrived at Ingleside. Her family was all around her, laughing and talking. Susan Baker was smiling in the background. All the children had flowers for her, even the youngest, Shirley.

**Pt/En** Anne said it was a lovely welcome home. She thought Ingleside looked very happy and was glad her family was so pleased to see her.

**Pt/En** Jem told his mother that if she ever went away again, he would pretend to have appendicitis.

**Pt/En** Walter asked Jem how he would do that. Jem quietly told Walter that he just wanted to make his mother worry so she would not leave home again.

**Pt/En** Anne had many things she wanted to do. She wanted to hug everyone and collect her pansies from the garden. She also wanted to pick up her old doll and hear all the latest news. People shared many stories. For example, Nan had put vaseline up her nose, and Mrs. Jud Palmer's cow had eaten nails and needed a vet. Mrs. Fenner Douglas went to church without her hat. Dad had removed dandelions from the lawn. Mr. Tom Flagg had dyed his moustache, and Rose Maxwell had ended her relationship with Jim Hudson, who then sent her a bill. There was a big funeral for Mrs. Amasa Warren. Carter Flagg's cat had part of its tail bitten off. Shirley was found standing under a horse in the stable. People were worried that the blue plum trees might have a disease. Di sang happily because her mother was coming home. The Joe Reeses had a kitten with crossed eyes. Jem sat on fly-paper before putting on his trousers, and the Shrimp fell into a water barrel.

**Pt/En** Someone explained that the Shrimp was almost drowned but was saved by the doctor just in time. The child asked what 'in the nick of time' meant.

**Pt/En** Anne said the Shrimp seemed to be fine. She was petting a cat that was purring on a chair. At Ingleside, it was common to find cats sitting in chairs. Susan, who did not like cats at first, felt she had to get used to them. Gilbert had named the cat 'Shrimp' a year ago when it was small and weak, but the name stayed even though the cat was now big.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Susan what happened to the two china dogs, Gog and Magog, and if they were broken.

**Pt/En** Susan quickly said the dogs were not broken and turned red with embarrassment. She brought the two china dogs back to their place by the fireplace. Susan explained that she had forgotten to put them back because Mrs. Charles Day had visited. Mrs. Day was very proper. Walter,

Anne's son, had pointed to the dogs and said, 'This one is God and this is My God.' Susan was shocked but tried to explain to Mrs. Day that her family was not disrespectful. She decided to hide the dogs until Anne returned.

**Pt/En** Jem asked his mother if they could have supper soon because he felt very hungry. He added that they had prepared a favourite dish for everyone.

**Pt/En** Susan smiled and said that they had prepared a special meal to celebrate Mrs. Dr.'s return. She then asked where Walter was, as it was his turn to ring the gong for meals.

**Pt/En** Supper was a very happy meal. Afterwards, putting all the babies to bed was also a pleasant experience. Susan even let Anne put Shirley to bed because it was a special occasion.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. that it was not an ordinary day. Anne replied that no day is ordinary, and every day is special in its own way, asking Susan if she had noticed this.

**Pt/En** Susan agreed with Mrs. Dr. that what she said was true. She gave an example: even though it rained and was dull last Friday, her large pink geranium plant finally showed buds after not blooming for three years. She also asked if Mrs. Dr. had seen the calceolaria flowers.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan that she had never seen such beautiful calceolarias and asked how she managed to grow them. Anne thought to herself that she was happy she could praise Susan without telling a lie, as she had not really seen the flowers.

**Pt/En** Susan explained that her flowers grew well because of constant care. She told Anne that she thought Walter might suspect something, perhaps because other children had said things to him. Walter had asked Susan if babies were very expensive. Susan had answered that some people thought they were luxuries, but at Ingleside, they were seen as necessities. She worried that her earlier complaints about prices might have worried Walter. Susan advised Anne to be prepared if Walter asked her anything.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan that she had handled the situation very well. Anne also said that she thought it was time for everyone to know about their hopes.

**Pt/En** The best moment for Anne was when Gilbert came to her. She was standing at her window, watching the fog move in from the sea. The fog covered the moonlit sand dunes and the harbour, and came into the valley where Ingleside was located and the village of Glen St. Mary.

**Pt/En** Gilbert asked Anne if she was happy to see him after a long day. He called her "Annest of Annes."

**Pt/En** Anne was happy and smelled apple blossoms that Jem had placed on her table. She felt very loved. She told Gilbert that it was nice to be Anne of Green Gables for a week, but it was much better to be Anne of Ingleside again.

## 4

**Pt/En** Dr. Blythe told Jem "absolutely not" in a way Jem understood. Jem knew his father would not change his mind, and his mother would not ask him to. Jem saw that his parents agreed. Jem was angry and disappointed. He looked at his parents, who he thought were cruel. He glared at them, but they seemed not to care. They continued eating their supper as if nothing was wrong. Aunt Mary Maria saw Jem's angry looks, but she only seemed amused.

**Pt/En** Bertie Shakespeare Drew had been playing with Jem. Bertie told Jem that the boys from Glen were going to the Harbour Mouth that evening. They planned to watch Captain Bill Taylor tattoo a snake on his cousin Joe Drew's arm. Bertie was going and asked Jem to join them, saying it would be fun. Jem really wanted to go, but now he was told it was impossible.

**Pt/En** His father explained that one reason Jem could not go was that the Harbour Mouth was too far away. He also said the boys would not return until late, and Jem was supposed to be in bed by eight o'clock.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria mentioned that when she was a child, she was sent to bed at seven o'clock every night.

**Pt/En** Mother told Jem that he had to wait until he was older before going far away in the evenings.

**Pt/En** Jem said *angrily* that his mother had said the same thing last week. He felt he was older now and not a baby, pointing out that Bertie was going and he was the same age.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria said in a serious tone that there was measles in the *area* and that James might catch it.

**Pt/En** Jem disliked being called James, and Aunt Mary Maria always did this. He muttered that he wanted to catch measles, but then he saw his Dad and stopped talking back.

**Pt/En** Jem did not like Aunt Mary Maria. He thought his other aunts, Aunt Diana and Aunt Marilla, were very nice, but Aunt Mary Maria was very different from any aunt he had known before.

**Pt/En** Jem spoke in a way that showed he was not happy. He said that if they did not want to love him, it was okay. But he asked if they would be happy if he went away to Africa to shoot tigers.

**Pt/En** Mother gently told him there were no tigers in Africa. Jem shouted, "Then lions!" He thought they wanted to prove him wrong and laugh at him. He wanted to show them. He said that there were many lions in Africa, and the country was full of them.

**Pt/En** Mother and Father smiled again. Aunt Mary Maria did not like this. She believed that children should always behave well and not be rude.

**Pt/En** Susan felt unsure. She liked Jem and felt sorry for him, but she agreed with Dr. and Mrs. Dr. that he should not go to the Harbour Mouth with the other children. She did not think it was a good idea to go to the place of the old, drunken Captain Bill Taylor. Instead, she offered Jem his gingerbread and whipped cream.

**Pt/En** Gingerbread and whipped cream was Jem's favourite food. But tonight, it could not make him feel better or calm his angry feelings.

**Pt/En** He said unhappily that he did not want any. He stood up and walked away from the table. Before leaving, he turned at the door and showed he was still angry.

**Pt/En** He said he would not go to bed until nine o'clock. He also said that when he grew up, he would never go to bed, but would stay up all night, every night. He planned to get tattoos everywhere and be very naughty, telling them they would see.

**Pt/En** Mother gently told him that "I'm not" is better than "ain't". Aunt Mary Maria said that if she had spoken to her parents like that as a child, she would have been punished severely. She thought it was a shame that some homes did not use a birch rod for discipline anymore.

**Pt/En** Susan defended Little Jem, saying he was not to blame. She explained that Bertie Shakespeare Drew had encouraged Jem, telling him it would be fun to see Joe Drew get tattooed. Bertie had taken a saucepan to use as a helmet for their game of soldiers. They had also made boats and sailed them in the brook, getting very wet. Later, they pretended to be frogs for an hour. Susan added that Little Jem was

usually a very well-behaved child, but he was tired out from these activities.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria remained silent, which was her way of showing she did not approve. She never spoke to Susan Baker during meals, showing her disapproval that Susan was allowed to eat with the family.

**Pt/En** Anne and Susan had talked about it before Aunt Mary Maria arrived. Susan understood her position and did not sit with the family when there were visitors at Ingleside.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan that Aunt Mary Maria was not a guest but part of the family. Anne also said that Susan was part of the family too.

**Pt/En** Susan finally agreed, feeling happy that Mary Maria Blythe would see she was not just a regular hired worker. Susan had heard about Aunt Mary Maria from her niece, who had worked for her before.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan honestly that she was not very happy about Aunt Mary Maria visiting, especially at this time. She explained that Aunt Mary Maria had asked Gilbert if she could visit for a few weeks, and Anne knew Gilbert would agree because of his doctor's duties.

**Pt/En** Susan agreed that the doctor had the right to decide, as he must support his family. However, she worried about a visit lasting a few weeks. She mentioned that her sister Matilda's sister-in-law had visited for a few weeks and stayed for twenty years.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan not to worry. She explained that Aunt Mary Maria had a nice home, but it felt too big and lonely for her. Aunt Mary Maria's mother had died two years before, and she missed her very much. Anne asked Susan to help make Aunt Mary Maria's visit as pleasant as possible.

**Pt/En** Susan agreed to help. She said they would need to add another part to the dining table. She thought it was better to make the table bigger than to have it too small.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan they should not put flowers on the table because they might give Aunt Mary Maria asthma. She also said that pepper made her sneeze, so they should not have it.

**Pt/En** Anne added that Aunt Mary Maria often had bad headaches. Therefore, they must try not to be noisy.

**Pt/En** Susan was surprised. She said she had not noticed Anne or the doctor making much noise. She mentioned she could go to the woods if she wanted to yell. However, she felt it was too much if their children had to be quiet all the time because of Mary Maria Blythe's headaches.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. that the visit would only be for a few weeks. Susan then said that they must accept the good and bad things in life.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria arrived and immediately asked if the chimneys had been cleaned. She was very afraid of fire and thought the chimneys were too short. She also hoped Annie's bed had been aired well because she disliked sleeping in a damp bed.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria took over the guest room and most of the house. No one was happy about her visit. Jem asked Susan if they could laugh while she was there. Walter started crying when he saw her and had to be taken out of the room. The twins also ran away. Susan thought even the youngest child, the Shrimp, had a bad reaction. Only Shirley stayed, looking at her bravely from Susan's lap. Aunt Mary Maria thought the children had bad manners, blaming their mother who wrote for newspapers, their father who thought they were perfect, and Susan, the maid, for not knowing her place. However, she promised to do her best for the grandchildren while she stayed.

**Pt/En** At their first meal together, Aunt Mary Maria told Gilbert that his grace was too short. She offered to say grace for his family to set a better example.

**Pt/En** To Susan's surprise, Gilbert agreed, and Aunt Mary Maria said grace at supper. Susan thought it sounded more like a prayer. Susan agreed with her niece's description of Aunt Mary Maria, who always seemed to be smelling something bad, though not an unpleasant smell. Susan thought Gladys had a good way of describing people.

**Pt/En** Maria Blythe was 55 years old. She thought her face looked aristocratic. Her grey hair was always neat, unlike Susan's spiky grey hair. Maria dressed well, wore long black earrings, and fashionable high collars on her neck.

**Pt/En** Susan thought that Maria looked good and they did not need to be embarrassed about her appearance. The text wonders what Aunt Mary Maria would have thought if she knew Susan was feeling this way.

## 5

**Pt/En** Anne was cutting flowers for her room and for Gilbert's desk. She chose white peonies with red centres for Gilbert's desk. The air was becoming fresh after a very hot June day, and the harbour looked beautiful, like silver or gold.

**Pt/En** As Anne passed the kitchen window, she told Susan that there would be a beautiful sunset that evening.

**Pt/En** Susan replied that she could not enjoy the sunset until she had finished washing the dishes.

**Pt/En** Anne pointed to a big white cloud high above the Hollow and asked Susan if she would like to fly up and sit on it.

**Pt/En** Susan imagined herself flying to the cloud with a dishcloth, but she did not like this idea. However, she knew she had to be patient with Mrs. Dr. at the moment.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan that a new, bad kind of bug was eating the rosebushes and she must spray them tomorrow. She said she would like to do it tonight because it was a good evening for garden work and things were growing. Anne hoped there would be gardens in heaven where they could work and help things grow.

**Pt/En** Susan said there would not be bugs in heaven. Anne agreed but said a finished garden would not be fun. She explained that you must work in a garden to understand it. Anne wanted to weed, dig, transplant, change, plan, and prune. She also wanted her *favorite* flowers in heaven, like her own pansies, instead of asphodel.

**Pt/En** Susan interrupted, asking why Anne could not spend the evening as she wished. Susan thought Mrs. Dr. was acting a little strangely.

**Pt/En** The doctor asked her to go for a drive with him. They were going to visit Mrs. John Paxton, who was very ill and close to death. The doctor could not help her *anymore*, but she enjoyed his company.

**Pt/En** She replied that it was a good evening for a drive. She planned to walk to the village to buy food after putting the children to bed and *tending* to Mrs. Aaron Ward's garden, as her plants were not growing

well. She also mentioned that Miss Blythe had a headache and had gone to her room, which would bring some quiet.

**Pt/En** As she left, Anne asked Susan to make sure Jem went to bed early because he was more tired than he realized and did not like going to bed. She also said Walter would not be home that night because Leslie had invited him to stay.

**Pt/En** Jem was sitting outside on the steps. He looked unhappy and was staring at the large moon over the church. Jem did not like big moons.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria told Jem to be careful his face did not freeze in that expression as she walked past him into the house.

**Pt/En** Jem was very angry and did not care if his face looked like that. He told Nan to go away and stop following him. Nan had come out to see him after their parents had left.

**Pt/En** Nan called Jem a "cross-patch." Before she left, she put the red candy lion she had brought for him on the step next to him.

**Pt/En** Jem did not pay attention to the candy. He felt he was being treated unfairly and that everyone was picking on him. Nan had told him that morning he was not born at Ingleside like the others. Di had eaten his chocolate rabbit even though she knew it was his. Walter had also left him to play with friends. Jem really wanted to go with Bertie to see a tattooing. He wanted to see a picture of a ship that Bertie said was on Captain Bill's shelf. Jem felt this was very unfair.

**Pt/En** Susan offered Jem a large piece of cake with frosting and nuts, but he refused. He wondered why she had not saved some gingerbread and cream for him, thinking the others had eaten it all. Jem felt very sad. He knew his friends were probably going to the Harbour Mouth without him and he could not stand the thought. He decided he needed to do something to get back at people. He thought about cutting Di's sawdust giraffe, which would upset Susan. He also thought about drawing a moustache on a picture of a cherub in Susan's room. Jem disliked this cherub because it looked like a girl named Sissy Flagg, who had told people at school that Jem was her boyfriend. Susan, however, thought the cherub was pretty.

**Pt/En** Jem considered *damaging* Nan's doll or the noses of two figures named Gog and Magog. He hoped this might make his mother realize he was not a baby *anymore*. He decided he would not bring her mayflowers next spring, even though he had done so for many years since he was four.

**Pt/En** Jem thought about many ways to make people feel sorry for him. He imagined eating too many green apples and getting sick, or not washing his ears. He thought about making faces at people in church, or putting a caterpillar on Aunt Mary Maria. He also imagined running away to a ship and sailing to South America, and never coming back. He felt that nobody loved him and that he was neglected, pointing to a hole in his pants. He felt very sad and upset.

**Pt/En** The old grandfather clock in the hall was ticking loudly. Jem usually liked the clock, but now he hated it. He felt like the clock was making fun of him, saying that bedtime was coming for him while other children could go to the Harbour Mouth.

**Pt/En** Jem wondered why he always had to go to bed. Susan came by on her way to the Glen and looked at him with kindness. She saw he was a small, unhappy boy.

**Pt/En** Susan told Jem kindly that he did not have to go to bed until she returned.

**Pt/En** Jem told Susan he would not go to bed that night. He said he was going to run away and jump into the pond.

**Pt/En** Susan was unhappy when Little Jem called her old. She walked away, feeling angry. She thought Jem needed to be taught a lesson. The cat, called the Shrimp, came to Jem. But Jem looked at it *angrily* and told it to leave.

**Pt/En** Jem threw Shirley's small tin wheelbarrow at the cat. The cat ran away making a sad noise. Jem felt that even the family cat disliked him. He wondered if there was any point in living.

**Pt/En** Jem ate the rest of a candy lion that Nan had already eaten most of. He decided that he would do something. He felt it was the only thing he could do when he was not allowed to do anything else.

## 6

**Pt/En** Anne and Gilbert arrived home late at night. Anne asked why the house was so brightly lit. She thought visitors must have arrived.

**Pt/En** But when Anne went inside, there were no visitors. No one was there. Lights were on in many rooms, including the kitchen, living-room, library, dining-room, Susan's room, and the upstairs hall. However, there was no sign of anyone.

**Pt/En** Anne started to ask a question, but the telephone rang. Gilbert answered it. He listened for a short time, then he said something in shock and ran out quickly without looking at Anne. It was clear that something very bad had happened and there was no time to explain.

**Pt/En** Anne was used to these sudden departures. As the wife of a doctor, she knew that emergencies happened often. She took off her hat and coat calmly. She was a little annoyed with Susan for leaving the lights on and the doors open when she went out.

**Pt/En** A voice said, "Mrs. . . . Dr. . . . dear." Anne thought it could not be Susan, but it was.

**Pt/En** Anne looked at Susan. Susan was without her hat, and her grey hair had pieces of hay in it. Her dress was dirty and stained. Anne was surprised by her appearance.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Susan what had happened. Susan told her that little Jem had disappeared. Anne could not believe it and asked for an explanation, saying that Jem could not have disappeared.

**Pt/En** Susan was very worried. She said Jem was gone. He had been there earlier, but when she returned, he was not in the house. She looked everywhere. Jem had told her he wanted to run away.

**Pt/En** Anne told Susan not to worry. She thought Jem was probably hiding or had fallen asleep somewhere nearby.

**Pt/En** Susan explained she had looked everywhere, including outside the house. She had fallen through a hole in the hay-loft into a manger in the stable. She was lucky she did not break her leg, but she was still upset that Little Jem was lost.

**Pt/En** Anne was still not too worried. She asked Susan if Jem might have gone to the Harbour Mouth with the other boys, even though he had never disobeyed before.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. that Jem had not gone with the boys. She had checked with Bertie Shakespeare, who said Jem was not with them. Susan felt very bad because she was looking after Jem. She also called the Paxtons, who said Mrs. Dr. had visited them earlier.

**Pt/En** Someone said they drove to Lowbridge to visit the Parkers. Another person explained they had looked everywhere for the missing person. They then went to the village, where men had begun a search.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Susan if she had to do all that. Susan replied that she had looked everywhere for the child. She was very worried during the night and mentioned that the child had said he would jump into the pond.

**Pt/En** Anne felt a little worried. She knew Jem would not really jump into the pond, but she thought he might have tried to row on it in an old boat. He had wanted to do this before. He might have fallen in while trying to get the boat ready. Suddenly, her fear became very real.

**Pt/En** Anne thought worriedly that she did not know where Gilbert had gone.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria suddenly appeared on the stairs. She had curlers in her hair and wore a dressing-gown. She asked loudly what all the noise was about and complained that she could not get a quiet night's sleep.

**Pt/En** Susan, who was very frightened, told Miss Blythe that Little Jem had disappeared. She felt responsible because Jem's mother had trusted her.

**Pt/En** Anne searched the whole house, from the attic to the basement, but she could not find Jem anywhere. She became very worried and felt like she was panicking.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria spoke in a scary, quiet voice and asked Anne if she had checked the rainwater tank. She mentioned that a boy named Little Jack MacGregor had drowned in one the previous year.

**Pt/En** Susan replied, twisting her hands, that she had already looked there. She explained that she had used a stick to poke around inside.

**Pt/En** Anne's heart, which had stopped when Aunt Mary Maria asked about the tank, started beating again. Susan also calmed down and stopped twisting her hands, remembering that she should not worry Mrs. Dr. dear.

**Pt/En** Anne spoke with a shaky voice. She asked everyone to calm down and work together. She said that Jem must be somewhere nearby and had not disappeared.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria asked if they had looked in the coal-bin and the clock.

**Pt/En** Susan had checked the coal-bin, but no one had thought to look in the clock. Anne, thinking it was big enough for a small boy, quickly went to check the clock, but Jem was not there.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria said she had a feeling something bad would happen. She felt it was a sign when she read a Bible verse about not knowing what a day will bring. She told Anne to prepare for the worst, suggesting Jem might have wandered into the marsh and that they needed bloodhounds.

**Pt/En** Anne tried to laugh, saying there were no bloodhounds on the island. She thought if they had Gilbert's old dog, Rex, he would find Jem. Anne felt they were worrying too much for no reason.

**Pt/En** A person named Tommy Spencer had disappeared mysteriously in Carmody 40 years ago and was never found. The speaker told Anne that this was a serious matter and questioned how she could be so calm about it.

**Pt/En** The telephone rang, and Anne and Susan looked at each other. Anne whispered that she could not go to the phone, and Susan agreed. Susan felt ashamed later for showing fear in front of Mary Maria Blythe, but she could not help it because two hours of searching and worrying had made her very upset.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria walked to the telephone and answered it. Susan thought that the shape of her crimpers on the wall looked like the devil.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria reported that Carter Flagg said they had searched everywhere but had not found the missing person yet.

However, he mentioned that a small boat was found in the middle of the pond with no one in it. They planned to search the pond by dragging it.

**Pt/En** Susan helped Anne, who looked very pale and said she was not going to faint. Anne asked for help to get to a chair and said they needed to find Gilbert.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria tried to comfort Anne. She said that if James had drowned, he would not have any more problems in this difficult world.

**Pt/En** Anne said she would get a lantern and search the garden again. She felt she could not just sit and wait.

**Pt/En** Susan told Anne, "Mrs. Dr. dear, you must wear a sweater because there is a heavy dew and the air is damp. I will get your red one from the boys' room. Please wait here."

**Pt/En** Susan went upstairs. A moment later, a loud cry was heard from Ingleside. Anne and Aunt Mary Maria ran upstairs. They found Susan laughing and crying, very upset.

**Pt/En** Susan told Anne, "Mrs. Dr. dear, he is here! Little Jem is here. He is asleep on the window-seat behind the door. I did not look there because the door was in the way. I was worried because he was not in his bed."

**Pt/En** Anne felt very weak from relief and happiness. She entered the room and knelt by the window-seat. She was so thankful that she cried. Her son, Jem, was sleeping soundly on the window-seat with a blanket and his teddy bear. He seemed to be having a pleasant dream. Anne did not want to wake him. But suddenly, Jem opened his eyes, which were like hazel stars, and looked at her.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Jem why he was not in his bed. She explained that they had been a little worried because they could not find him. She added that they had not thought to look for him in that place.

**Pt/En** Jem told her that he wanted to lie there so he could see her and his father drive in at the gate when they came home. He said it was so lonely that he just had to go to bed.

**Pt/En** His mother lifted him in her arms and carried him to his own bed. Jem liked being kissed and feeling his mother tuck him in. He felt very loved. He thought his mother was the nicest mother anyone could have.

He knew that other mothers were not as kind, like Bertie Shakespeare's mother, who was called "Mrs. Second Skimmings" because she was mean and often slapped Bertie.

**Pt/En** Jem sleepily told his mother that he would bring her mayflowers the next spring, and every spring. He said she could depend on him.

**Pt/En** Mother said she could help. Aunt Mary Maria then said that since everyone was calm now, they could finally relax and go back to their beds. She sounded a little bit impatient but also relieved.

**Pt/En** Anne admitted it was silly of her not to remember the window-seat. She knew that they would be the ones to be laughed at, and the doctor would certainly remind them of this mistake.

**Pt/En** Susan was asked to phone Mr. Flagg to tell him that Jem had been found.

**Pt/En** Susan said happily that Mr. Flagg would have a good laugh at her expense. However, she did not mind because Little Jem was safe.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria sighed sadly and said she would like a cup of tea. She gathered her clothes around her.

**Pt/En** Susan said she would get something very quickly, and it would make everyone feel more cheerful. She told Mrs. Dr. that Carter Flagg had thanked God when he heard Little Jem was safe, so she would not complain about his prices anymore. Susan also suggested having a chicken dinner the next day to celebrate, and Little Jem would have his favourite muffins for breakfast.

**Pt/En** There was another phone call. This time, Gilbert called to say he was taking a baby with bad burns from Harbour Head to the hospital in town. He told them not to expect him back until the next morning.

**Pt/En** Before going to bed, Anne looked out of her window at the world and felt thankful. A cool wind blew from the sea. The trees in the Hollow looked magical in the moonlight. Anne could laugh about the earlier panic and Aunt Mary Maria's strange stories. Her child was safe, and Gilbert was trying to save another child's life. She prayed for him, the mother, and all mothers, asking for help to guide and love the sensitive children who depended on them.

**Pt/En** Night came and covered Ingleside. Everyone, even Susan who wanted to hide, fell asleep peacefully under the roof.

## 7

**Pt/En** Someone mentioned that the child would have company, as their four children and their niece and nephew from Montreal were visiting. They also noted that if one person didn't think of something, others would.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Dr. Parker, a large and cheerful woman, smiled a lot at Walter. Walter smiled back a little, but he was not sure he liked her. He thought she was too much. He did like Dr. Parker. Walter had never met the Parkers' children or their niece and nephew from Montreal. The town of Lowbridge, where the Parkers lived,

**Pt/En** was six miles from their home. Walter had never visited Lowbridge, even though Dr. and Mrs. Parker and Dr. and Mrs. Blythe visited each other often. Dr. Parker and Walter's father were good friends. Walter felt that his mother did not like Mrs. Parker very much. Even at six years old, Walter could notice things that other children did not see.

**Pt/En** Walter was not sure he wanted to go to Lowbridge for two weeks. He thought visiting Avonlea or staying with Kenneth Ford at the House of Dreams was much more fun. The House of Dreams felt like a second home to the children. But going to Lowbridge to stay with strangers seemed very different. It seemed like the visit was planned. Walter felt that his parents were happy about it, but he did not understand why. He wondered sadly if they wanted to send all their children away. His brother Jem was already away in Avonlea. He heard Susan talking about sending the twins away later. Aunt Mary Maria seemed sad about something and said she wished it was over. Walter did not know what she meant, but something felt strange at home.

**Pt/En** Gilbert said he would take Walter to Lowbridge the next day. Mrs. Parker said the children would be excited to see Walter. Anne said it was very kind of them. Susan told the youngest child, the Shrimp, that it was probably for the best.

**Pt/En** After the Parkers left, Aunt Mary Maria told Anne that she was glad Mrs. Parker was taking Walter. She said Mrs. Parker had taken a liking to him, and people sometimes liked unusual things. Aunt Mary Maria hoped that for the next two weeks, she would be able to use the bathroom without finding a dead fish.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria told Annie there was a dead fish. Annie was surprised. Aunt Mary Maria asked if Annie had ever stepped on a dead fish with her bare feet.

**Pt/En** Susan explained that Walter had caught a trout and put it in the bathtub to keep it alive. However, the fish got out and died during the night. Susan suggested that stepping on it was a result of walking with bare feet.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria stated that she had a rule never to argue with anyone. Then she got up and left the room.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. that she was determined not to let Aunt Mary Maria upset her. Mrs. Dr. agreed that Aunt Mary Maria was a bit *annoying* but said she would not mind so much when the situation was over, and she thought stepping on a dead fish must be unpleasant.

**Pt/En** Di asked her mother if a dead fish was better than a live one, because a dead fish would not move.

**Pt/En** The woman in charge and the servant at Ingleside both laughed.

**Pt/En** Later that night, Anne asked Gilbert if he thought Walter would be happy at Lowbridge.

**Pt/En** Anne told Gilbert that Walter was very sensitive and imaginative. Gilbert agreed, saying that Walter was probably afraid to go upstairs in the dark. He thought it would be good for Walter to spend time with the Parker children, as he would return home changed.

**Pt/En** Anne did not say more, believing Gilbert was right. Walter missed Jem. Also, because of what happened when Shirley was born, it was better for Susan to have less to do besides manage the house and deal with Aunt Mary Maria, whose visit had already lasted four weeks instead of two.

**Pt/En** Walter was awake in bed, trying to forget he had to leave the next day by imagining things. He had a strong imagination. He imagined a white horse that could take him anywhere in time or space. He thought about the Night, which he pictured as a dark angel from the woods. Sometimes he liked her, but other times he was scared of her. Walter imagined many things in his world as living beings, like the Wind, the Frost, the Dew, the Moon, the Mist, and the Sea. He believed his home

and the surrounding areas were full of magical creatures. He thought the black cat statue on the shelf came alive at night and became very big. Walter hid under his covers, shivering, as he often frightened himself with his own thoughts.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria thought Walter was too nervous and sensitive, but Susan did not like her for saying this. Another aunt, Aunt Kitty MacGregor, who was said to have special sight, looked at Walter's eyes and said he seemed like an old soul in a young body. It was possible that this old soul understood things that his young mind could not always understand.

**Pt/En** Walter was told that his father would take him to Lowbridge after lunch. He did not say anything. During lunch, he felt like he was going to cry and quickly looked down to hide tears. However, he could not hide them completely.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria asked Walter if he was going to cry, as if crying would be very bad for a six-year-old boy. She said she disliked cry-babies and noticed he had not eaten his meat.

**Pt/En** Walter replied that he had eaten everything except the fatty part of the meat because he did not like it. He blinked his eyes but did not look up.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria told Walter that when she was a child, she was not allowed to have preferences. She thought Mrs. Dr. Parker might help Walter stop having his own ideas. She mentioned that Mrs. Parker was related to the Winters or Campbells, families known for being strict and not accepting nonsense.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Aunt Mary Maria not to scare Walter about his trip to Lowbridge. She felt a little angry inside.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria apologized to Anne humbly. She said she should remember that she had no right to try to teach Anne's children.

**Pt/En** Susan muttered angrily as she went to get the dessert, which was Walter's favourite pudding.

**Pt/En** Anne felt very guilty. Gilbert looked at her with a little disapproval, as if to say she could have been more patient with the lonely old lady.

**Pt/En** Gilbert was not feeling well because he had worked too hard all summer. Aunt Mary Maria was also making him tired. Anne decided that in the autumn, she would send him away for a month to shoot birds in Nova Scotia, whether he wanted to go or not.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Aunt Mary Maria if her tea was okay. Aunt Mary Maria said the tea was too weak, but she did not mind. She also said that some people thought she was good company.

**Pt/En** Anne could not understand what Aunt Mary Maria meant by her two sentences. Anne had become very pale.

**Pt/En** Anne said she would go upstairs to lie down. She also told Gilbert that perhaps he should not stay in Lowbridge for too long and suggested he call Miss Carson.

**Pt/En** Anne quickly kissed Walter goodbye, as if she was not thinking about him. Walter did not cry. Aunt Mary Maria kissed him on the forehead, which Walter disliked, and then spoke.

**Pt/En** Aunt Mary Maria told Walter to have good table manners in Lowbridge and not to be greedy. She warned him that a Big Black Man with a big black bag would put naughty children inside.

**Pt/En** Gilbert was out and did not hear what Aunt Mary Maria said. He and Anne always made sure their children were not frightened by scary ideas. Susan heard it while she was clearing the table. Aunt Mary Maria was lucky that the gravy boat was not thrown at her.

## 8

**Pt/En** Walter usually enjoyed driving with his father. The roads near Glen St. Mary were very beautiful. But today, his father was quiet and drove Grey Tom faster than Walter had ever seen. When they reached Lowbridge, his father spoke briefly to Mrs. Parker and left quickly without saying goodbye to Walter. Walter felt very sad and thought that nobody loved him anymore, not even his parents.

**Pt/En** The large, messy Parker house did not feel welcoming to Walter. Mrs. Parker took him to the back yard where other children were playing loudly. She introduced him to them and then went back to her sewing, telling them to play together. Mrs. Parker did not realize that Walter was different from the other children. She liked him and thought her own children were friendly. She was happy to help "poor Anne Blythe" by looking after one of her children. Mrs. Parker hoped everything would go well.

**Pt/En** Suddenly, the noisy back yard became quiet. Walter looked shyly at the Parker children and their cousins from Montreal. Bill Parker, who was ten, seemed very old and big to Walter. Andy Parker, who was nine, was known as the "nasty Parker one" and was called "Pig." Walter did not like Andy's looks. Fred Johnson, Bill's age, also looked unfriendly to Walter. Fred's sister, Opal, stood with Cora Parker, and they both looked down at Walter. Walter almost wanted to run away, but Alice Parker was there.

**Pt/En** Alice was seven years old. She had pretty golden curls, soft blue eyes, and pink cheeks. She wore a yellow dress and looked like a buttercup. Alice smiled at Walter as if she had known him for a long time. Alice was a friend.

**Pt/En** Fred started talking to Walter in a way that showed he thought he was better. Walter felt this and became shy. Walter clearly said his name was Walter. Fred looked surprised and seemed to want to prove that Walter was not just a simple country boy.

**Pt/En** Fred told Bill, with a funny look on his face, that Walter had said his name was Walter.

**Pt/En** Bill repeated to Opal that Walter had said his name was Walter. Opal then told Andy the same thing, and Andy told Cora. Cora giggled and told Alice. Alice did not say anything. She looked at Walter with admiration, which helped him feel better when the others all said together, "He says his name is Walter," and then laughed loudly and unkindly.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Parker was sewing and thought happily that the children were having a lot of fun.

**Pt/En** Andy impudently said to Walter that he had heard his mother say Walter believed in fairies.

**Pt/En** Walter looked at him directly. He did not want to be defeated or embarrassed in front of Alice.

**Pt/En** Walter stated bravely that fairies exist. Andy disagreed, saying they do not. Walter insisted they do. Andy then told Fred that Walter claimed fairies were real, and Fred repeated this to Bill. They continued this way.

**Pt/En** Walter found this very difficult because he had never been teased before and did not know how to handle it. He pressed his lips together to stop himself from crying. He knew he must not cry in front of Alice.

**Pt/En** Andy asked Walter if he would like to be hurt. Andy had decided Walter was not brave and that it would be fun to tease him.

**Pt/En** Alice told Andy to be quiet, but she said it very softly. Her tone was so strong that even Andy did not dare to ignore her.

**Pt/En** Walter said he did not mean what he said and looked ashamed. He and the others played a game of tag in the orchard. But when they went inside for supper, Walter felt very homesick again. He was so sad that he almost cried in front of everyone. Alice gave his arm a friendly nudge when they sat down, which helped him. However, he could not eat any food. Mrs. Parker did not worry about his lack of appetite, thinking it would be better in the morning. The other children were too busy eating and talking to pay much attention to him.

**Pt/En** Walter wondered why the family shouted so much. He did not know they were still used to being loud because their very deaf

grandmother had recently died. The noise gave him a headache. He thought about his own home and how his family would be eating supper. He imagined his mother smiling, his father joking, and his sisters helping with the meal. Even his Aunt Mary Maria seemed special as part of his home. He wondered who had rung the Chinese gong for supper, as it was his turn and Jem was away. He wished he could find a place to cry, but it seemed there was nowhere private at Lowbridge. He also thought about Alice. Walter drank a large glass of ice-water, and it helped him feel a little better.

**Pt/En** Andy suddenly said that his cat had fits, and kicked Walter under the table. Walter replied that his cat also had fits. He mentioned that The Shrimp had had two fits. Walter did not want the cats from Lowbridge to be thought of as better than the cats from Ingleside.

**Pt/En** Andy taunted Walter, saying his cat had even worse fits. Walter argued back, saying his cat did not. Mrs. Parker told them to stop arguing about their cats because she wanted a quiet evening. She was planning to write a paper about misunderstood children. She told the boys to go outside and play, as it would soon be their bedtime.

**Pt/En** Walter realized with dread that he had to stay at Lowbridge all night, and for many nights, for two weeks. He went out to the orchard with his fists clenched. There, he found Bill and Andy fighting fiercely on the grass, kicking, scratching, and yelling.

**Pt/En** Andy shouted at Bill Parker because Bill gave him an apple with worms. Andy said he would teach Bill a lesson and threatened to bite his ears.

**Pt/En** Fighting like this happened often with the Parker children. Mrs. Parker believed that fighting was good for boys because it helped them release energy and they remained friends. But Walter had never seen a fight before and was very shocked.

**Pt/En** Fred cheered for the fighters, and Opal and Cora laughed. Alice, however, was crying. Walter could not stand to see this. He ran between the boys, who had stopped fighting for a moment to rest before continuing.

**Pt/En** Walter told them to stop fighting because they were scaring Alice. Bill and Andy looked at him with surprise. They found it funny that

this young child was trying to stop their fight. Both boys started to laugh, and Bill hit Walter on the back.

**Pt/En** Bill told Walter that he had courage and would be a real boy someday if he was allowed to grow. Bill then gave Walter an apple, saying that this one did not have worms.

**Pt/En** Alice wiped her tears and looked at Walter with great admiration. Fred did not like this. He felt that even though Alice was a baby, she should not look at other boys like that when he was there. Fred went inside and heard Aunt Jen talking on the phone to Uncle Dick.

**Pt/En** Fred told Walter that his mother was very sick. Walter did not believe him at first, but Fred said he heard Aunt Jen telling Uncle Dick that Anne Blythe was sick. Fred added that she would probably be dead before Walter got home.

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# 1

**PT** HOW WHITE the moonlight is tonight!” said Anne Blythe to herself, as she went up the walk of the Wright garden to Diana Wright’s front door, where little cherry-blossom petals were coming down on the salty, breeze-stirred air.

**PT** She paused for a moment to look about her on hills and woods she had loved in olden days and still loved. Dear Avonlea! Glen St. Mary was home to her now and had been home for many years but Avonlea had something that Glen St. Mary could never have. Ghosts of herself met her at every turn . . . the fields she had roamed in welcomed her . . . unfading echoes of the old sweet life were all about her . . . every spot she looked upon had some lovely memory. There were haunted gardens here and there where bloomed all the roses of yesteryear. Anne always loved to come home to Avonlea even when, as now, the reason for her visit had been a sad one. She and Gilbert had come up for the funeral of his father and Anne had stayed for a week. Marilla and Mrs. Lynde could not bear to have her go away too soon.

**PT** Her old porch gable room was always kept for her and when Anne had gone to it the night of her arrival she found that Mrs. Lynde had put a big, homey bouquet of spring flowers in it for her . . . a bouquet that, when Anne buried her face in it, seemed to hold all the fragrance of unforgotten years. The Anne-who-used-to-be was waiting there for her. Deep, dear old gladnesses stirred in her heart. The gable room was putting its arms around her . . . enclosing her . . . enveloping her. She looked lovingly at her old bed with the apple-leaf spread Mrs. Lynde had knitted and the spotless pillows trimmed with deep lace Mrs. Lynde had crocheted . . . at Manila’s braided rugs on the floor . . . at the mirror that had reflected the face of the little orphan, with her unwritten child’s forehead, who had cried herself to sleep there that first night so long ago. Anne forgot that she was the joyful mother of five children . . . with Susan Baker again knitting mysterious bootees at Ingleside. She was Anne of Green Gables once more.

**PT** Mrs. Lynde found her still staring dreamily in the mirror when she came in, bringing clean towels.

**PT** “It’s real good to have you home again, Anne, that’s what. It’s nine years since you went away, but Marilla and I can’t seem to get over missing you. It’s not so lonesome now since Davy got married . . . Millie is a real nice little thing . . . such pies! . . . though she’s curious as a chipmunk about everything. But I’ve always said and always will say that there’s nobody like you.”

**PT** “Ah, but this mirror can’t be tricked, Mrs. Lynde. It’s telling me plainly, ‘You’re not as young as you once were,’ ” said Anne whimsically.

**PT** “You’ve kept your complexion very well,” said Mrs. Lynde consolingly. “Of course you never had much colour to lose.”

**PT** “At any rate, I’ve never a hint of a second chin yet,” said Anne gaily. “And my old room remembers me, Mrs. Lynde. I’m glad . . . it would hurt me so if I ever came back and found it had forgotten me. And it’s wonderful to see the moon rising over the Haunted Wood again.”

**PT** “It looks like a great big piece of gold in the sky, doesn’t it?” said Mrs. Lynde, feeling that she was taking a wild, poetical flight and thankful that Marilla wasn’t there to hear.

**PT** “Look at those pointed firs coming out against it . . . and the birches in the hollow still holding their arms up to the silver sky. They’re big trees now . . . they were just baby things when I came here . . . that does make me feel a bit old.”

**PT** “Trees are like children,” said Mrs. Lynde. “It’s dreadful the way they grow up the minute you turn your back on them. Look at Fred Wright . . . he’s only thirteen but he’s nearly as tall as his father. There’s a hot chicken pie for supper and I made some of my lemon biscuits for you. You needn’t be a mite afraid to sleep in that bed. I aired the sheets today . . . and Marilla didn’t know I did it and gave them another airing . . . and Millie didn’t know either of us did and gave them a third. I hope Mary Maria Blythe will get out tomorrow . . . she always enjoys a funeral so.”

**PT** “Aunt Mary Maria . . . Gilbert always calls her that although she is only his father’s cousin . . . always calls me ‘Annie,’ ” shuddered Anne. “And the first time she saw me after I was married she said, ‘It’s so strange Gilbert picked you. He could have had so many nice girls.’ Perhaps that’s why I’ve never liked her . . . and I know Gilbert doesn’t either, though he’s too clannish to admit it.”

**PT** “Will Gilbert be staying up long?”

**PT** “No. He has to go back tomorrow night. He left a patient in a very critical condition.”

**PT** “Oh, well, I suppose there isn’t much to keep him in Avonlea now, since his mother went last year. Old Mr. Blythe never held up his head after her death . . . just hadn’t anything left to live for. The Blythes were always like that . . . always set their affections too much on earthly things. It’s real sad to think there are none of them left in Avonlea. They were a fine old stock. But then . . . there’s any amount of Sloanes. The Sloanes are still Sloanes, Anne, and will be for ever and ever, world without end, amen.”

**PT** “Let there be as many Sloanes as there will, I’m going out after supper to walk all over the old orchard by moonlight. I suppose I’ll have to go to bed finally . . . though I’ve always thought sleeping on moonlight nights a waste of time . . . but I’m going to wake early to see the first faint morning light steal over the Haunted Wood. The sky will turn to coral and the robins will be strutting around . . . perhaps a little grey sparrow will light on the window-sill . . . and there’ll be gold and purple pansies to look at . . .”

**PT** “But the rabbits has et up all the June lily bed,” said Mrs. Lynde sadly, as she waddled downstairs, feeling secretly relieved that there need be no more talk about the moon. Anne had always been a bit queer that way. And there did not any longer seem to be much use in hoping she would outgrow it.

**PT** Diana came down the walk to meet Anne. Even in the moonlight you saw that her hair was still black and her cheeks rosy and her eyes bright. But the moonlight could not hide that she was something stouter than in years ago . . . and Diana had never been what Avonlea folks called “skinny.”

**PT** “Don’t worry, darling . . . I haven’t come to stay. . . .” “As if I’d worry over that,” said Diana reproachfully. “You know I’d far rather spend the evening with you than go to the reception. I feel I haven’t seen half enough of you and now you’re going back day after tomorrow. But Fred’s brother, you know . . . we’ve just got to go.”

**PT** “Of course you have. And I just ran up for a moment. I came the old way, Di . . . past the Dryad’s Bubble . . . through the Haunted Wood . . . past your bowery old garden . . . and along by Willowmere. I even stopped to watch the willows upside down in the water as we always used to do. They’ve grown so.”

**PT** “Everything has,” said Diana with a sigh. “When I look at young Fred! We’ve all changed so . . . except you. You never change, Anne. How do you keep so slim? Look at me!”

**PT** “A bit matronish of course,” laughed Anne. “But you’ve escaped the middle-aged spread so far, Di. As for my not changing . . . well, Mrs. H. B. Donnell agrees with you. She told me at the funeral that I didn’t look a day older. But Mrs. Harmon Andrews doesn’t. She said, ‘Dear me, Anne, how you’ve failed!’ It’s all in the beholder’s eye . . . or conscience. The only time I feel I’m getting along a bit is when I look at the pictures in the magazines. The heroes and heroines in them are beginning to look too young to me. But never mind, Di . . . we’re going to be girls again tomorrow. That’s what I’ve come up to tell you. We’re going to take an afternoon and evening off and visit all our old haunts . . . every one of them. We’ll walk over the spring fields and through those ferny old woods. We’ll see all the old familiar things we loved and hills where we’ll find our youth again. Nothing ever seems impossible in spring, you know. We’ll stop feeling parental and responsible and be as giddy as Mrs. Lynde really thinks me still in her heart of hearts. There’s really no fun in being sensible all the time, Diana.”

**PT** “My, how like you that sounds! And I’d love to. But . . .” “There aren’t any buts. I know you’re thinking, ‘Who’ll get the men’s supper?’ ”

**PT** “Not exactly. Anne Cordelia can get the men’s supper as well as I can, if she is only eleven,” said Diana proudly. “She was going to, anyway. I was going to the Ladies’ Aid. But I won’t. I’ll go with you. It will be like having a dream come true. You know, Anne, lots of evenings I sit down and just pretend we’re little girls again. I’ll take our supper with us . . .”

**PT** “And we’ll eat it back in Hester Gray’s garden . . . I suppose Hester Gray’s garden is still there?”

**PT** “I suppose so,” said Diana doubtfully. “I’ve never been there since I was married. Anne Cordelia explores a lot . . . but I always tell her she

mustn't go too far from home. She loves prowling about the woods . . . and one day when I scolded her for talking to herself in the garden she said she wasn't talking to herself . . . she was talking to the spirit of the flowers. You know that dolls' tea-set with the tiny pink rosebuds you sent her for her ninth birthday. There isn't a piece broken . . . she's so careful. She only uses it when the Three Green People come to tea with her. I can't get out of her who she thinks they are. I declare in some ways, Anne, she's far more like you than she is like me."

**PT** "Perhaps there's more in a name than Shakespeare allowed. Don't grudge Anne Cordelia her fancies, Diana. I'm always sorry for children who don't spend a few years in fairyland."

**PT** "Olivia Sloane is our teacher now," said Diana doubtfully. "She's a B.A., you know, and just took the school for a year to be near her mother. She says children should be made to face realities."

**PT** "Have I lived to hear you taking up with Sloanishness, Diana Wright?" "No . . . no . . . no! I don't like her a bit. She has such round staring blue eyes like all that clan. And I don't mind Anne Cordelia's fancies. They're pretty . . . just like yours used to be. I guess she'll get enough 'reality' as life goes on."

**PT** "Well, it's settled then. Come down to Green Gables about two and we'll have a drink of Marilla's red currant wine . . . she makes it now and then in spite of the minister and Mrs. Lynde . . . just to make us feel real devilish."

**PT** "Do you remember the day you set me drunk on it?" giggled Diana, who did not mind "devilish" as she would if anybody but Anne used it. Everybody knew Anne didn't really mean things like that. It was just her way.

**PT** "We'll have a real do-you-remember day tomorrow, Diana. I won't keep you any longer . . . there's Fred coming with the buggy. Your dress is lovely."

**PT** "Fred made me get a new one for the wedding. I didn't feel we could afford it since we built the new barn, but he said he wasn't going to have his wife looking like someone that was sent for and couldn't go when everybody else would be dressed within an inch of her life. Wasn't that just like a man?"

**PT** “Oh, you sound just like Mrs. Elliott at the Glen,” said Anne severely. “You want to watch that tendency. Would you like to live in a world where there were no men?”

**PT** “It would be horrible,” admitted Diana. “Yes, yes, Fred, I’m coming. Oh, all right! Till tomorrow then, Anne.”

**PT** Anne paused by the Dryad’s Bubble on her way back. She loved that old brook so. Every trill of her childhood’s laughter that it had ever caught, it had held and now seemed to give out again to her listening ears. Her old dreams . . . she could see them reflected in the clear Bubble . . . old vows . . . old whispers . . . the brook kept them all and murmured of them . . . but there was no one to listen save the wise old spruces in the Haunted Wood that had been listening so long.

## 2

**PT** “Such a lovely day . . . made for us,” said Diana. “I’m afraid it’s a pet day, though . . . there’ll be rain tomorrow.”

**PT** “Never mind. We’ll drink its beauty today, even if its sunshine is gone tomorrow. We’ll enjoy each other’s friendship today even if we are to be parted tomorrow. Look at those long, golden-green hills . . . those mist-blue valleys. They’re ours, Diana . . . I don’t care if that furthest hill is registered in Abner Sloane’s name . . . its ours today. There’s a west wind blowing . . . I always feel adventurous when a west wind blows . . . and we’re going to have a perfect ramble.”

**PT** They had. All the old dear spots were revisited: Lover’s Lane, the Haunted Wood, Idlewild, Violet Vale, the Birch Path, Crystal Lake. There were some changes. The little ring of birch saplings in Idlewild, where they had had a playhouse long ago, had grown into big trees; the Birch Path, long untrodden, was matted with bracken; the Crystal Lake had entirely disappeared, leaving only a damp mossy hollow. But Violet Vale was purple with violets and the seedling apple tree Gilbert had once found far back in the woods was a huge tree peppered over with tiny, crimson-tipped blossom-buds.

**PT** They walked bare-headed. Anne’s hair still gleamed like polished mahogany in the sunlight and Diana’s was still glossy black. They exchanged gay and understanding, warm and friendly, glances. Sometimes they walked in silence . . . Anne always maintained that two people as sympathetic as she and Diana could feel each other’s thoughts. Sometimes they peppered their conversation with do-you-remembers. “Do you remember the day you fell through the Cobb duckhouse on the Tory Road?” . . . “Do you remember when we jumped on Aunt Josephine?” . . . “Do you remember our Story Club?” . . . “Do you remember Mrs. Morgan’s visit when you stained your nose red?” . . . “Do you remember how we signalled to each other from our windows with candles?” . . . “Do you remember the fun we had at Miss Lavender’s wedding and Charlotta’s blue bows?” . . . “Do you remember the Improvement Society?” It almost seemed to them they could hear their old peals of laughter echoing down the years.

**PT** The A.V.I.S. was, it seemed, dead. It had petered out soon after Anne's marriage.

**PT** "They just couldn't keep it up, Anne. The young people in Avonlea now are not what they were in our day."

**PT** "Don't talk as if 'our day' were ended, Diana. We're only fifteen years old and kindred spirits. The air isn't just full of light . . . it is light. I'm not sure that I haven't sprouted wings."

**PT** "I feel just that way, too," said Diana, forgetting that she had tipped the scale at one hundred and fifty-five that morning. "I often feel that I'd love to be turned into a bird for a little while. It must be wonderful to fly."

**PT** Beauty was all around them. Unsuspected tintings glimmered in the dark demesnes of the woods and glowed in their alluring by-ways. The spring sunshine sifted through the young green leaves. Gay trills of song were everywhere. There were little hollows where you felt as if you were bathing in a pool of liquid gold. At every turn some fresh spring scent struck their faces . . . spice ferns . . . fir balsam . . . the wholesome odour of newly ploughed fields. There was a lane curtained with wild-cherry blossoms . . . a grassy old field full of tiny spruce trees just starting in life and looking like elvish things that had squatted down among the grasses . . . brooks not yet "too broad for leaping" . . . starflowers under the firs . . . sheets of curly young ferns . . . and a birch tree whence some vandal hand had torn away the white-skin wrapper in several places, exposing the tints of the bark below. Anne looked at it so long that Diana wondered. She did not see what Anne did . . . tints ranging from purest creamy white, through exquisite golden tones, growing deeper and deeper until the inmost layer revealed the deepest richest brown as if to tell that all birches, so maiden-like and cool exteriorly, had yet warm-hued feelings.

**PT** "The primeval fire of earth at their hearts," murmured Anne. And finally, after traversing a little wood glen full of toadstools, they found Hester Gray's garden. Not so much changed. It was still very sweet with dear flowers. There were still plenty of June lilies, as Diana called the narcissi. The row of cherry trees had grown older but was a drift of snowy bloom. You could still find the central rose walk, and the old dyke was white with strawberry blossoms and blue with violets and green with baby fern. They ate their picnic supper in a corner of it, sitting on some old

mossy stones, with a lilac tree behind them flinging purple banners against a low-hanging sun. Both were hungry and both did justice to their own good cooking.

**PT** “How nice things taste out of doors!” sighed Diana comfortably. “That chocolate cake of yours, Anne . . . well, words fail me, but I must get the recipe. Fred would adore it. He can eat anything and stay thin. I’m always saying I’m not going to eat any more cake . . . because I’m getting fatter every year. I’ve such a horror of getting like great-aunt Sarah . . . she was so fat she always had to be pulled up when she had sat down. But when I see a cake like that . . . and last night at the reception . . . well, they would all have been so offended if I didn’t eat.”

**PT** “Did you have a nice time?”

**PT** “Oh, yes, in a way. But I fell into Fred’s Cousin Henrietta’s clutches . . . and it’s such a delight to her to tell all about her operations and her sensations while going through them and how soon her appendix would have burst if she hadn’t had it out. ‘I had fifteen stitches put in it. Oh, Diana, the agony I suffered!’ Well, she enjoyed it if I didn’t. And she has suffered, so why shouldn’t she have the fun of talking about it now? Jim was so funny . . . I don’t know if Mary Alice liked it altogether. . . . Well, just one teeny piece . . . may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, I suppose . . . a mere sliver can’t make much difference. . . . One thing he said . . . that the very night before the wedding he was so scared he felt he’d have to take the boat-train. He said all grooms felt just the same if they’d be honest about it. You don’t suppose Gilbert and Fred felt like that, do you, Anne?”

**PT** “I’m sure they didn’t.” “That’s what Fred said when I asked him. He said all he was scared of was that I’d change my mind at the last moment like Rose Spencer. But you can never really tell what a man may be thinking. Well, there’s no use worrying over it now. What a lovely time we’ve had this afternoon! We seem to have lived so many old happinesses over. I wish you didn’t have to go tomorrow, Anne.”

**PT** “Can’t you come down for a visit to Ingleside sometime this summer, Diana? Before . . . well, before I’ll not be wanting visitors for a while.”

**PT** “I’d love to. But it seems impossible to get away from home in the summer. There’s always so much to do.”

**PT** “Rebecca Dew is coming at long last, of which I’m glad . . . and I’m afraid Aunt Mary Maria is, too. She hinted as much to Gilbert. He doesn’t want her any more than I do . . . but she is ‘a relation’ and so his latchstring must be always out for her.”

**PT** “Perhaps I’ll get down in the winter. I’d love to see Ingleside again. You have a lovely home, Anne . . . and a lovely family.”

**PT** “Ingleside is nice . . . and I do love it now. I once thought I would never love it. I hated it when we went there first . . . hated it for its very virtues. They were an insult to my dear House of Dreams. I remember saying piteously to Gilbert when we left it, ‘We’ve been so happy here. We’ll never be so happy anywhere else.’ I revelled in a luxury of homesickness for a while. Then . . . I found little rootlets of affection for Ingleside beginning to sprout out. I fought against it . . . I really did . . . but at last I had to give in and admit I loved it. And I’ve loved it better every year since. It isn’t too old a house . . . too old houses are sad. And it isn’t too young . . . too young houses are crude. It’s just mellow. I love every room in it. Every one has some fault but also some virtue . . . something that distinguishes it from all the others . . . gives it a personality. I love all those magnificent trees on the lawn. I don’t know who planted them but every time I go upstairs I stop on the landing . . . you know that quaint window on the landing with the broad deep seat . . . and sit there looking out for a moment and say, ‘God bless the man who planted those trees whoever he was.’ We’ve really too many trees about the house but we wouldn’t give up one.”

**PT** “That’s just like Fred. He worships that big willow south of the house. It spoils the view from the parlour windows, as I’ve told him again and again, but he only says, ‘Would you cut a lovely thing like that down even if it does shut out the view?’ So the willow stays . . . and it is lovely. That’s why we’ve called our place Lone Willow Farm. I love the name Ingleside. It’s such a nice, homey name.”

**PT** “That’s what Gilbert said. We had quite a time deciding on a name. We tried out several but they didn’t seem to belong. But when we thought of Ingleside we knew it was the right one. I’m glad we have a nice big roomy house . . . we need it with our family. The children love it, too, small as they are.”

**PT** “They’re such darlings.” Diana slyly cut herself another “sliver” of the chocolate cake. “I think my own are pretty nice . . . but there’s really something about yours . . . and your twins! That I do envy you. I’ve always wanted twins.”

**PT** “Oh, I couldn’t get away from twins . . . they’re my destiny. But I’m disappointed mine don’t look alike . . . not one bit alike. Nan’s pretty, though, with her brown hair and eyes and her lovely complexion. Di is her father’s favourite, because she has green eyes and red hair . . . red hair with a swirl to it. Shirley is the apple of Susan’s eye . . . I was ill so long after he was born and she looked after him till I really believe she thinks he is her own. She calls him her ‘little brown boy’ and spoils him shamefully.”

**PT** “And he’s still so small you can creep in to find if he has kicked off the clothes and tuck him in again,” said Diana enviously. “Jack’s nine, you know, and he doesn’t want me to do that now. He says he’s too big. And I loved so to do it! Oh, I wish children didn’t grow up so soon.”

**PT** “None of mine have got to that stage yet . . . though I’ve noticed that since Jem began to go to school he doesn’t want to hold my hand any more when we walk through the village,” said Anne with a sigh. “But he and Walter and Shirley all want me to tuck them in yet. Walter sometimes makes quite a ritual of it.”

**PT** “And you don’t have to worry yet over what they’re going to be. Now, Jack is crazy to be a soldier when he grows up . . . a soldier! Just fancy!”

**PT** “I wouldn’t worry over that. He’ll forget about it when another fancy seizes him. War is a thing of the past. Jem imagines he is going to be a sailor . . . like Captain Jim . . . and Walter is by way of being a poet. He isn’t like any of the others. But they all love trees and they all love playing in ‘the Hollow,’ as it’s called—a little valley just below Ingleside with fairy paths and a brook. A very ordinary place . . . just ‘the Hollow’ to others but to them fairyland. They’ve all got their faults . . . but they’re not such a bad little gang . . . and luckily there’s always enough love to go round. Oh, I’m glad to think that this time tomorrow night I’ll be back at Ingleside, telling my babies stories at bedtime and giving Susan’s calceolarias and ferns their meed of praise. Susan has ‘luck’ with ferns. No one can grow them like her. I can praise her ferns honestly . . . but the calceolarias,

Diana! They don't look like flowers to me at all. But I never hurt Susan's feeling by telling her so. I always get around it somehow. Providence has never failed me yet. Susan is such a duck . . . I can't imagine what I'd do without her. And I remember once calling her 'an outsider.' Yes, it's lovely to think of going home and yet I'm sad to leave Green Gables, too. It's so beautiful here . . . with Marilla . . . and you. Our friendship has always been a very lovely thing, Diana."

**PT** "Yes . . . and we've always . . . I mean . . . I never could say things like you, Anne . . . but we have kept our old 'solemn vow and promise,' haven't we?"

**PT** "Always . . . and always will." Anne's hand found its way into Diana's. They sat for a long time in a silence too sweet for words. Long, still evening shadows fell over the grasses and the flowers and the green reaches of the meadows beyond. The sun went down . . . grey-pink shades of sky deepened and paled behind the pensive trees . . . the spring twilight took possession of Hester Gray's garden where nobody ever walked now. Robins were sprinkling the evening air with flute-like whistles. A great star came out over the white cherry trees.

**PT** "The first star is always a miracle," said Anne dreamily. "I could sit here forever," said Diana. "I hate the thought of leaving it." "So do I . . . but after all we've only been pretending to be fifteen. We've got to remember our family cares. How those lilacs smell! Has it ever occurred to you, Diana, that there is something not quite . . . chaste . . . in the scent of lilac blossoms? Gilbert laughs at such a notion . . . he loves them . . . but to me they always seem to be remembering some secret, too-sweet thing."

**PT** "They're too heavy for the house, I always think," said Diana. She picked up the plate which held the remainder of the chocolate cake . . . looked at it longingly . . . shook her head and packed it in the basket with an expression of great nobility and self-denial on her face.

**PT** "Wouldn't it be fun, Diana, if now, as we went home, we were to meet our old selves running along Lover's Lane?"

**PT** Diana gave a little shiver. "No-o-o, I don't think that would be funny, Anne. I hadn't noticed it was getting so dark. It's all right to fancy things in daylight, but . . ."

**PT** They went quietly, silently, lovingly home together, with the sunset glory burning on the old hills behind them and their old unforgotten love burning in their hearts.

### 3

**PT** Anne ended a week that had been full of pleasant days by taking flowers to Matthew's grave the next morning and in the afternoon she took the train from Carmody home. For a time she thought of all the old loved things behind her and then her thoughts ran ahead of her to the loved things before her. Her heart sang all the way because she was going home to a joyous house . . . a house where every one who crossed its threshold knew it was a home . . . a house that was filled all the time with laughter and silver mugs and snapshots and babies . . . precious things with curls and chubby knees . . . and rooms that would welcome her . . . where the chairs waited patiently and the dresses in her closet were expecting her . . . where little anniversaries were always being celebrated and little secrets were always being whispered.

**PT** "It's lovely to feel you like going home," thought Anne, fishing out of her purse a certain letter from a small son over which she had laughed gaily the night before, reading it proudly to the Green Gables folks . . . the first letter she had ever received from any of her children. It was quite a nice little letter for a seven-year-old who had been going to school only a year to write, even though Jem's spelling was a bit uncertain and there was a big blob of ink in one corner.

**PT** "Di cryed and cryed all night because Tommy Drew told her he was going to burn her doll at the steak. Susan tells us nice tails at night but she isn't you, mummy. She let me help her sow the beats last night."

**PT** "How could I have been happy for a whole week away from them all?" thought the chatelaine of Ingleside self-reproachfully.

**PT** "How nice to have someone meet you at the end of a journey!" she cried, as she stepped off the train at Glen St. Mary into Gilbert's waiting arms. She could never be sure Gilbert would meet her . . . somebody was always dying or being born . . . but no home-coming ever seemed just right to Anne unless he did. And he had on such a nice new light-grey suit! (How glad I am I put on this frilly eggshell blouse with my brown suit, even if Mrs. Lynde thought I was crazy to wear it travelling. If I hadn't I wouldn't have looked so nice for Gilbert.)

**PT** Ingleside was all lighted up, with gay Japanese lanterns hanging on the veranda. Anne ran gaily along the walk bordered by daffodils.

**PT** “Ingleside, I’m here!” she called. They were all around her . . . laughing, exclaiming, jesting . . . with Susan Baker smiling properly in the background. Every one of the children had a bouquet picked specially for her, even the two-year-old Shirley.

**PT** “Oh, this is a nice welcome home! Everything about Ingleside looks so happy. It’s splendid to think my family are so glad to see me.”

**PT** “If you ever go away from home again, Mummy,” said Jem solemnly, “I’ll go and take appensitis.”

**PT** “How do you go about taking it?” asked Walter. “S-s-sh!” Jem nudged Walter secretly and whispered, “There’s a pain somewhere, I know . . . but I just want to scare Mummy so she won’t go away.”

**PT** Anne wanted to do a hundred things first . . . hug everybody . . . run out in the twilight and gather some of her pansies . . . you found pansies everywhere at Ingleside . . . pick up the little well-worn doll lying on the rug . . . hear all the juicy tidbits of gossip and news, everyone contributing something. How Nan had got the top off a tube of vaseline up her nose when the doctor was out on a case and Susan had all but gone distracted . . . “I assure you it was an anxious time, Mrs. Dr. dear” . . . how Mrs. Jud Palmer’s cow had eaten fifty-seven wire nails and had to have a vet from Charlottetown . . . how absent-minded Mrs. Fenner Douglas had gone to church bare-headed . . . how Dad had dug all the dandelions out of the lawn . . . “between babies, Mrs. Dr. dear . . . he’s had eight while you were away” . . . how Mr. Tom Flagg had dyed his moustache . . . “and his wife only dead two years” . . . how Rose Maxwell of the Harbour Head had jilted Jim Hudson of the Upper Glen and he had sent her a bill for all he had spent on her . . . what a splendid turn-out there had been at Mrs. Amasa Warren’s funeral . . . how Carter Flagg’s cat had had a piece bitten right out of the root of its tail . . . how Shirley had been found in the stable standing right under one of the horses . . . “Mrs. Dr. dear, never shall I be the same woman again” . . . how there was sadly too much reason to fear that the blue plum trees were developing black knot . . . how Di had gone about the whole day singing, “Mummy’s coming home today, home today, home today” to the tune of “Merrily We Roll Along” . . . how the Joe Reeses had a kitten that was cross-eyed because it had been born with its eyes open . . . how Jem had inadvertently sat on some fly-paper before he had put his little trousers on . . . and how the Shrimp had fallen into the soft-water puncheon.

**PT** “He was nearly drowned, Mrs. Dr. dear, but luckily the doctor heard his howls in the nick of time and pulled him out by his hind-legs.” (What is the nick of time, Mummy?)

**PT** “He seems to have recovered nicely from it,” said Anne, stroking the glossy black-and-white curves of a contented pussy with huge jowls, purring on a chair in the firelight. It was never quite safe to sit down on a chair at Ingleside without first making sure there wasn’t a cat in it. Susan, who had not cared much for cats to begin with, vowed she had to learn to like them in self-defence. As for the Shrimp, Gilbert had called him that a year ago when Nan had brought the miserable, scrawny kitten home from the village where some boys had been tormenting it, and the name clung, though it was very inappropriate now.

**PT** “But . . . Susan! What has become of Gog and Magog? Oh . . . they haven’t been broken, have they?”

**PT** “No, no, Mrs. Dr. dear,” exclaimed Susan, turning a deep brick-red from shame and dashing out of the room. She returned shortly with the two china dogs which always presided at the hearth of Ingleside. “I do not see how I could have forgotten to put them back before you came. You see, Mrs. Dr. dear, Mrs. Charles Day from Charlottetown called here the day after you left . . . and you know how very precise and proper she is. Walter thought he ought to entertain her and he started in by pointing out the dogs to her. ‘This one is God and this is My God,’ he said, poor innocent child. I was horrified . . . though I thought that die I would to see Mrs. Day’s face. I explained as best I could, for I did not want her to think us a profane family, but I decided I would just put the dogs away in the china-closet, out of sight, till you got back.”

**PT** “Mummy, can’t we have supper soon?” said Jem pathetically. “I’ve got a gnawful feeling in the pit of my stomach. And oh, Mummy, we’ve made everybody’s favourite dish!”

**PT** “We, as the flea said to the elephant, have done that very thing,” said Susan with a grin. “We thought that your return should be suitably celebrated, Mrs. Dr. dear. And now where is Walter? It is his week to ring the gong for meals, bless his heart.”

**PT** Supper was a gala meal . . . and putting all the babies to bed afterwards was a delight. Susan even allowed her to put Shirley to bed, seeing what a very special occasion it was.

**PT** “This is no common day, Mrs. Dr. dear,” she said solemnly. “Oh, Susan, there is no such thing as a common day. Every day has something about it no other day has. Haven’t you noticed?”

**PT** “How true that is, Mrs. Dr. dear. Even last Friday now, when it rained all day, and was so dull, my big pink geranium showed buds at last after refusing to bloom for three long years. And have you noticed the calceolarias, Mrs. Dr. dear?”

**PT** “Noticed them! I never saw such calceolarias in my life, Susan. How do you manage it?” (There, I’ve made Susan happy and haven’t told a fib. I never did see such calceolarias . . . thank heaven!)

**PT** “It is the result of constant care and attention, Mrs. Dr. dear. But there is something I think I ought to speak of. I think Walter suspects something. No doubt some of the Glen children have said things to him. So many children nowadays know so much more than is fitting. Walter said to me the other day, very thoughtful-like, ‘Susan,’ he said, ‘are babies very expensive?’ I was a bit dumfounded, Mrs. Dr. dear, but I kept my head. ‘Some folks think they are luxuries,’ I said, ‘but at Ingleside we think they are necessities.’ And I reproached myself with having complained aloud about the shameful price of things in all the Glen stores. I am afraid it worried the child. But if he says anything to you, Mrs. Dr. dear, you will be prepared.”

**PT** “I’m sure you handled the situation beautifully, Susan,” said Anne gravely. “And I think it is time they all knew what we are hoping for.”

**PT** But the best of all was when Gilbert came to her, as she stood at her window, watching a fog creeping in from the sea, over the moonlit dunes and the harbour, right into the long narrow valley upon which Ingleside looked down and in which nestled the village of Glen St. Mary.

**PT** “To come back at the end of a hard day and find you! Are you happy, Ancest of Ancest?”

**PT** “Happy!” Anne bent to sniff a vaseful of apple blossoms Jem had set on her dressing-table. She felt surrounded and encompassed by love. “Gilbert dear, it’s been lovely to be Anne of Green Gables again for a week, but it’s a hundred times lovelier to come back and be Anne of Ingleside.”

## 4

**PT** “Absolutely not,” said Dr. Blythe, in a tone Jem understood. Jem knew there was no hope of Dad’s changing his mind or that Mother would try to change it for him. It was plain to be seen that on this point Mother and Dad were as one. Jem’s hazel eyes darkened with anger and disappointment as he looked at his cruel parents . . . glared at them . . . all the more glaringly that they were so maddeningly indifferent to his glares and went on eating their supper as if nothing at all were wrong and out of joint. Of course Aunt Mary Maria noticed his glares . . . nothing ever escaped Aunt Mary Maria’s mournful, pale-blue eyes . . . but she only seemed amused at them.

**PT** Bertie Shakespeare Drew had been up playing with Jem all the afternoon . . . Walter having gone down to the old House of Dreams to play with Kenneth and Persis Ford . . . and Bertie Shakespeare had told Jem that all the Glen boys were going down to the Harbour Mouth that evening to see Captain Bill Taylor tattoo a snake on his cousin Joe Drew’s arm. He, Bertie Shakespeare, was going and wouldn’t Jem come too? It would be such fun. Jem was at once crazy to go; and now he had been told that it was utterly out of the question.

**PT** “For one reason among many,” said Dad, “it’s much too far for you to go down to the Harbour Mouth with those boys. They won’t get back till late and your bedtime is supposed to be at eight, son.”

**PT** “I was sent to bed at seven every night of my life when I was a child,” said Aunt Mary Maria.

**PT** “You must wait till you are older, Jem, before you go so far away in the evenings,” said Mother.

**PT** “You said that last week,” cried Jem indignantly, “and I am older now. You’d think I was a baby! Bertie’s going and I’m just as old as him.”

**PT** “There’s measles around,” said Aunt Mary Maria darkly. “You might catch measles, James.”

**PT** Jem hated to be called James. And she always did it. “I want to catch measles,” he muttered rebelliously. Then, catching Dad’s eye instead, subsided. Dad would never let anyone “talk back” to

**PT** Aunt Mary Maria. Jem hated Aunt Mary Maria. Aunt Diana and Aunt Marilla were such ducks of aunts but an aunt like Aunt Mary Maria was something wholly new in Jem's experience.

**PT** "All right," he said defiantly, looking at Mother so that nobody could suppose he was talking to Aunt Mary Maria, "if you don't want to love me you don't have to. But will you like it if I just go away 'n' shoot tigers in Africa?"

**PT** "There are no tigers in Africa, dear," said Mother gently. "Lions, then!" shouted Jem. They were determined to put him in the wrong, were they? They were bound to laugh at him, were they? He'd show them! "You can't say there's no lions in Africa. There's millions of lions in Africa. Africa's just full of lions!"

**PT** Mother and Father only smiled again, much to Aunt Mary Maria's disapproval. Impertinence in children should never be condoned.

**PT** "Meanwhile," said Susan, torn between her love for and sympathy with Little Jem and her conviction that Dr. and Mrs. Dr. were perfectly right in refusing to let him go away down to the Harbour Mouth with that village gang to that disreputable, drunken old Captain Bill Taylor's place, "here is your gingerbread and whipped cream, Jem dear."

**PT** Gingerbread and whipped cream was Jem's favourite dessert. But tonight it had no charm to soothe his stormy soul.

**PT** "I don't want any!" he said sulkily. He got up and marched away from the table, turning at the door to hurl a final defiance.

**PT** "I ain't going to bed till nine o'clock, anyhow. And when I'm grown up I'm never going to bed. I'm going to stay up all night . . . every night . . . and get tattooed all over. I'm just going to be as bad as bad can be. You'll see."

**PT** "'I'm not' would be so much better than 'ain't,' dear," said Mother. Could nothing make them feel? "I suppose nobody wants my opinion, Annie, but if I had talked to my parents like that when I was a child I would have been whipped within an inch of my life," said Aunt Mary Maria. "I think it is a great pity the birch rod is so neglected now in some homes."

**PT** "Little Jem is not to blame," snapped Susan, seeing that Dr. and Mrs. Dr. were not going to say anything. But if Mary Maria Blythe was

going to get away with that, she, Susan would know the reason why. "Bertie Shakespeare Drew put him up to it, filling him up with what fun it would be to see Joe Drew tattooed. He was here all the afternoon and sneaked into the kitchen and took the best aluminum saucepan to use as a helmet. Said they were playing soldiers. Then they made boats out of shingles and got soaked to the bone sailing them in the Hollow brook. And after that they went hopping about the yard for a solid hour, making the weirdest noises, pretending they were frogs. Frogs! No wonder Little Jem is tired out and not himself. He is the best-behaved child that ever lived when he is not worn to a frazzle, and that you may tie to."

**PT** Aunt Mary Maria said nothing aggravatingly. She never talked to Susan Baker at meal-times, thus expressing her disapproval over Susan being allowed to "sit with the family" at all.

**PT** Anne and Susan had thrashed that out before Aunt Mary Maria had come. Susan, who "knew her place," never sat or expected to sit with the family when there was company at Ingleside.

**PT** "But Aunt Mary Maria isn't company," said Anne. "She's just one of the family . . . and so are you, Susan."

**PT** In the end Susan gave in, not without a secret satisfaction that Mary Maria Blythe would see that she was no common hired girl. Susan had never met Aunt Mary Maria, but a niece of Susan's, the daughter of her sister Matilda, had worked for her in Charlottetown and had told Susan all about her.

**PT** "I am not going to pretend to you, Susan, that I'm overjoyed at the prospect of a visit from Aunt Mary Maria, especially just now," said Anne frankly. "But she has written Gilbert asking if she may come for a few weeks . . . and you know how the doctor is about such things. . . ."

**PT** "As he has a perfect right to be," said Susan staunchly. "What is a man to do but stand by his own flesh and blood? But as for a few weeks . . . well, Mrs. Dr. dear, I do not want to look on the dark side of things . . . but my sister Matilda's sister-in-law came to visit her for a few weeks and stayed for twenty years."

**PT** "I don't think we need dread anything like that, Susan," smiled Anne. "Aunt Mary Maria has a very nice home of her own in Charlottetown. But she is finding it very big and lonely. Her mother died

two years ago, you know . . . she was eighty-five and Aunt Mary Maria was very good to her and misses her very much. Let's make her visit as pleasant as we can, Susan."

**PT** "I will do what in me lies, Mrs. Dr. dear. Of course we must put another board in the table, but after all is said and done it is better to be lengthening the table than shortening it down."

**PT** "We mustn't have flowers on the table, Susan, because I understand they give her asthma. And pepper makes her sneeze, so we'd better not have it.

**PT** She is subject to frequent bad headaches, too, so we must really try not to be noisy."

**PT** "Good grief! Well, I have never noticed you and the doctor making much noise. And if I want to yell I can go to the middle of the maple bush; but if our poor children have to keep quiet all the time because of Mary Maria Blythe's headaches . . . you will excuse me for saying I think it is going a little too far, Mrs. Dr. dear."

**PT** "It's just for a few weeks, Susan." "Let us hope so. Oh, well, Mrs. Dr. dear, we just have to take the lean streaks with the fat in this world," was Susan's final word.

**PT** So Aunt Mary Maria came, demanding immediately upon her arrival if they had had the chimneys cleaned recently. She had, it appeared, a great dread of fire. "And I've always said that the chimneys of this house aren't nearly tall enough. I hope my bed has been well aired, Annie. Damp bed linen is terrible."

**PT** She took possession of the Ingleside guest-room . . . and incidentally of all the other rooms in the house except Susan's. Nobody hailed her arrival with frantic delight. Jem, after one look at her, slipped out to the kitchen and whispered to Susan, "Can we laugh while she's here, Susan?" Walter's eyes brimmed with tears at sight of her and he had to be hustled ignominiously out of the room. The twins did not wait to be hustled but ran of their own accord. Even the Shrimp, Susan averred went and had a fit in the back yard. Only Shirley stood his ground, gazing fearlessly at her out of his round brown eyes from the safe anchorage of Susan's lap and arm. Aunt Mary Maria thought the Ingleside children had very bad manners. But what could you expect when they had a mother

who “wrote for the papers” and a father who thought they were perfection just because they were his children, and a hired girl like Susan Baker who never knew her place? But she, Mary Maria Blythe, would do her best for poor Cousin John’s grandchildren as long as she was at Ingleside.

**PT** “Your grace is much too short, Gilbert,” she said disapprovingly at her first meal. “Would you like me to say grace for you while I am here? It will be a better example to your family.”

**PT** Much to Susan’s horror Gilbert said he would and Aunt Mary Maria said grace at supper. “More like a prayer than a grace,” Susan sniffed over her dishes. Susan privately agreed with her niece’s description of Mary Maria Blythe. “She always seems to be smelling a bad smell, Aunt Susan. Not an unpleasant odour . . . just a bad smell.” Gladys had a way of putting things, Susan reflected. And yet, to anyone less prejudiced than Susan Miss Mary

**PT** Maria Blythe was not ill-looking for a lady of fifty-five. She had what she believed were “aristocratic features,” framed by always sleek grey crimps which seemed to insult daily Susan’s spiky little knob of grey hair. She dressed very nicely, wore long jet earrings in her ears and fashionably high-boned net collars on her lean throat.

**PT** “At least, we do not need to be ashamed of her appearance,” reflected Susan. But what Aunt Mary Maria would have thought if she had known Susan was consoling herself on such grounds must be left to the imagination.

## 5

**PT** Anne was cutting a vaseful of June lilies for her room and another of Susan's peonies for Gilbert's desk in the library . . . the milky-white peonies with the blood-red fleck at their hearts, like a god's kiss. The air was coming alive after the unusually hot June day and one could hardly tell whether the harbour were silver or gold.

**PT** "There's going to be a wonderful sunset tonight, Susan," she said, looking in at the kitchen window as she passed it.

**PT** "I cannot admire the sunset until I have got my dishes washed, Mrs. Dr. dear," protested Susan.

**PT** "It will be gone by that time, Susan. Look at that enormous white cloud towering up over the Hollow, with its rosy-pink top. Wouldn't you like to fly up and light on it?"

**PT** Susan had a vision of herself flying up over the glen, dishcloth in hand, to that cloud. It did not appeal to her. But allowances must be made for Mrs. Dr. just now.

**PT** "There's a new, vicious kind of bug eating the rosebushes," went on Anne. "I must spray them tomorrow. I'd like to do it tonight . . . this is just the kind of evening I love to work in the garden. Things are growing tonight. I hope there'll be gardens in heaven, Susan . . . gardens we can work in, I mean, and help things to grow."

**PT** "But not bugs surely," protested Susan. "No-o-o, I suppose not. But a completed garden wouldn't really be any fun, Susan. You have to work in a garden yourself or you miss its meaning. I want to weed and dig and transplant and change and plan and prune. And I want the flowers I love in heaven . . . I'd rather my own pansies than the asphodel, Susan."

**PT** "Why cannot you put in the evening as you want to?" broke in Susan, who thought Mrs. Dr. was really getting a little wild.

**PT** "Because the doctor wants me to go for a drive with him. He is going to see poor old Mrs. John Paxton. She is dying . . . he can't do her any good . . . he has done everything he can . . . but she does like to have him drop in."

**PT** “Oh, well, Mrs. Dr. dear, we all know that nobody can die or be born without him hereabouts and it is a nice evening for a drive. I think I will take a walk down to the village myself and replenish our pantry after I put the twins and Shirley to bed and manure Mrs. Aaron Ward. She isn’t blooming as she ought to. Miss Blythe has just gone upstairs, sighing at every step, saying one of her headaches is coming on, so there will be a little peace and quiet for the evening at least.”

**PT** “See that Jem goes to bed in good time, will you, Susan?” said Anne as she went away through the evening that was like a cup of fragrance that has spilled over. “He’s really much tireder than he thinks he is. And he never wants to go to bed. Walter is not coming home tonight, Leslie asked if he might stay there.”

**PT** Jem was sitting on the steps of the side door, one bare foot hooked over his knee, scowling viciously at things in general and at an enormous moon behind the Glen church spire in particular. Jem didn’t like such big moons.

**PT** “Take care your face doesn’t freeze like that,” Aunt Mary Maria had said as she passed him on her way into the house.

**PT** Jem scowled more blackly than ever. He didn’t care if his face did freeze like that. He hoped it would. “Go ’way and don’t come tagging after me all the time,” he told Nan, who had crept out to him after Father and Mother had driven away.

**PT** “Cross-patch!” said Nan. But before she trotted off she laid down on the step beside him the red candy lion she had brought out to him.

**PT** Jem ignored it. He felt more abused than ever. He wasn’t being used right. Everybody picked on him. Hadn’t Nan that very morning said, “You weren’t born at Ingleside like the rest of us.” Di had et his chocolate rabbit that forenoon though she knew it was his rabbit. Even Walter had deserted him, going away to dig wells in the sand with Ken and Persis Ford. Great fun that! And he wanted so much to go with Bertie to see the tattooing. Jem was sure he had never wanted anything so much in his life before. He wanted to see the wonderful, full-rigged ship that Bertie said was always on Captain Bill’s mantelpiece. It was a mean shame, that’s what it was.

**PT** Susan brought him out a big slice of cake covered with maple frosting and nuts, but, “No, thank you,” said Jem stonily. Why hadn’t she saved some of the gingerbread and cream for him? S’pose the rest of them had et it all. Pigs! He plunged into a deeper gulf of gloom. The gang would be on their way to the Harbour Mouth by now. He just couldn’t bear the thought. He’d got to do something to get square with folks. S’posin’ he sliced Di’s sawdust giraffe open on the living-room rug? That would make old Susan mad . . . Susan with her nuts, when she knew he hated nuts in frosting. S’posin’ he went and drew a moustache on that picture of the cherub on the calendar in her room? He had always hated that fat, pink, smiling cherub because it looked just like Sissy Flagg who had told round school that Jem Blythe was her beau. Hers! Sissy Flagg! But Susan thought that cherub lovely.

**PT** S’posin’ he scalped Nan’s doll? S’posin’ he whacked the nose off Gog or Magog . . . or both of them? Maybe that would make Mother see he wasn’t a baby any longer. Just wait till next spring! He had brought her mayflowers for years and years and years . . . ever since he was four . . . but he wouldn’t do it next spring. No, sir!

**PT** S’posin’ he et a lot of the little green apples on the early tree and got nice and sick? Maybe that would scare them. S’posin’ he never washed behind his ears again? S’posin’ he made faces at everybody in church next Sunday? S’posin’ he put a caterpillar on Aunt Mary Maria . . . a big, striped, woolly caterpillar? S’posin’ he ran away to the harbour and hid in Captain David Reese’s ship and sailed out of the harbour in the morning on his way to South America? Would they be sorry then? S’posin’ he never came back? S’posin’ he went hunting jagers in Brazil? Would they be sorry then? No, he bet they wouldn’t. Nobody loved him. There was a hole in his pants pocket. Nobody had mended it. Well, he didn’t care. He’d just show that hole to everybody in the Glen and let people see how neglected he was. His wrongs surged up and overwhelmed him.

**PT** Tick-tack . . . tick-tack . . . tick-tack . . . went the old grandfather clock in the hall that had been brought to Ingleside after Grandfather Blythe’s death . . . a deliberate old clock dating from the days when there was such a thing as time. Generally Jem loved it . . . now he hated it. It seemed to be laughing at him. “Ha, ha, bedtime is coming. The other

fellows can go to the Harbour Mouth but you go to bed. Ha, ha . . . ha, ha . . . ha, ha!”

**PT** Why did he have to go to bed every night? Yes, why? Susan came out on her way to the Glen and looked tenderly at the small, rebellious figure.

**PT** “You needn’t go to bed till I get back, Little Jem,” she said indulgently.

**PT** “I ain’t going to bed tonight!” said Jem fiercely. “I’m going to run away, that’s what I’m going to do, old Susan Baker. I’m going to go and jump into the pond, old Susan Baker.”

**PT** Susan did not enjoy being called old, even by Little Jem. She stalked away in a grim silence. He did need a bit of disciplining. The Shrimp, who had followed her out, feeling a yearning for companionship, squatted down on his black haunches before Jem, but got only a glare for his pains. “Clear out! Sitting there on your bottom, staring like Aunt Mary Maria! Scat! Oh, you won’t, won’t you! Then take that!”

**PT** Jem shied Shirley’s little tin wheelbarrow that was lying handily near, and the Shrimp fled with a plaintive yowl to the sanctuary of the sweetbriar hedge. Look at that! Even the family cat hated him! What was the use of going on living?

**PT** He picked up the candy lion. Nan had eaten the tail and most of the hindquarters but it was still quite a lion. Might as well eat it. It might be the last lion he’d ever eat. By the time Jem had finished the lion and licked his fingers he had made up his mind what he was going to do. It was the only thing a fellow could do when a fellow wasn’t allowed to do anything.

## 6

**PT** “Why in the world is the house lighted up like that?” exclaimed Anne, when she and Gilbert turned in at the gate at eleven o’clock. “Company must have come.”

**PT** But there was no company visible when Anne hurried into the house. Nor was anyone else visible. There was a light in the kitchen . . . in the living-room . . . in the library . . . in the dining-room . . . in Susan’s room and the upstairs hall . . . but no sign of an occupant.

**PT** “What do you suppose,” began Anne . . . but she was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Gilbert answered . . . listened for a moment, . . . uttered an ejaculation of horror . . . and tore out without even a glance at Anne. Evidently something dreadful had happened and there was no time to be wasted in explanations.

**PT** Anne was used to this . . . as the wife of a man who waits on life and death must be. With a philosophical shrug she removed her hat and coat. She felt a trifle annoyed with Susan, who really shouldn’t have gone out and left all the lights blazing and all the doors wide open.

**PT** “Mrs. . . . Dr. . . . dear,” said a voice that could not possibly be Susan’s . . . but was.

**PT** Anne stared at Susan. Such a Susan . . . hatless . . . her grey hair full of bits of hay . . . her print dress shockingly stained and discoloured. And her face!

**PT** “Susan! What has happened? Susan!” “Little Jem has disappeared.” “Disappeared!” Anne stared stupidly. “What do you mean? He can’t have disappeared!”

**PT** “He has,” gasped Susan, wringing her hands. “He was on the side steps when I went to the Glen. I was back before dark . . . and he was not there. At first . . . I was not scared . . . but I could not find him anywhere. I have searched every room in the house . . . he said he was going to run away . . .”

**PT** “Nonsense! He wouldn’t do that, Susan. You have worked yourself up unnecessarily. He must be somewhere about . . . he has fallen asleep . . . he must be somewhere around.”

**PT** “I have looked everywhere . . . everywhere. I have combed the grounds and the outhouses. Look at my dress . . . I remembered he always said it would be such fun to sleep in the hay-loft. So I went there . . . and fell through that hole in the corner into one of the mangers in the stable . . . and lit on a nest of eggs. It is a mercy I did not break a leg . . . if anything can be a mercy when Little Jem is lost.”

**PT** Anne still refused to feel perturbed. “Do you think he could have gone to the Harbour Mouth with the boys, after all, Susan? He has never disobeyed a command before, but . . .”

**PT** “No, he did not, Mrs. Dr. dear . . . the blessed lamb did not disobey. I rushed down to Drews’ after I had searched everywhere and Bertie Shakespeare had just got home. He said Jem had not gone with them. The pit seemed to drop out of my stomach. You had trusted him to me and . . . I phoned Paxtons’ and they said you had been there and gone they did not know where.”

**PT** “We drove to Lowbridge to call on the Parkers. . . .” “I phoned everywhere I thought you could be. Then I went back to the village . . . the men have started out to search . . .”

**PT** “Oh, Susan, was that necessary?” “Mrs. Dr. dear, I had looked everywhere . . . everywhere that child could be. Oh, what I have gone through this night! And he said he was going to jump into the pond. . . .”

**PT** In spite of herself a queer little shiver ran over Anne. Of course Jem wouldn’t jump into the pond . . . that was nonsense . . . but there was an old dory on it which Carter Flagg used for trouting and Jem might, in his defiant mood of the earlier evening, have tried to row about the pond in it . . . he had often wanted to . . . he might even have fallen into the pond trying to untie the dory. All at once her fear took terrible shape.

**PT** “And I haven’t the slightest idea where Gilbert has gone,” she thought wildly.

**PT** “What’s all this fuss about?” demanded Aunt Mary Maria, suddenly appearing on the stairs, her head surrounded by a halo of crimpers and her body encased in a dragon-embroidered dressing-gown. “Can’t a body ever get a quiet night’s sleep in this house?”

**PT** “Little Jem has disappeared,” said Susan again, too much in the grip of terror to resent Miss Blythe’s tone. “His mother trusted me . . .”

**PT** Anne had gone to search the house for herself. Jem must be somewhere! He was not in his room . . . the bed was undisturbed. . . . He was not in the twins' room . . . in hers. . . . He was . . . he was nowhere in the house. Anne, after a pilgrimage from garret to cellar, returned to the living-room in a condition that was suddenly akin to panic.

**PT** "I don't want to make you nervous, Annie," said Aunt Mary Maria, lowering her voice creepily, "but have you looked in the rainwater hogshead? Little Jack MacGregor was drowned in a rainwater hogshead in town last year."

**PT** "I . . . I looked there," said Susan, with another wring of her hands. "I . . . I took a stick . . . and poked . . ."

**PT** Anne's heart, which had stood still at Aunt Mary Maria's question, resumed operations. Susan gathered herself together and stopped wringing her hands. She had remembered too late that Mrs. Dr. dear should not be upset.

**PT** "Let us calm down and pull together," she said in a trembling voice. "As you say, Mrs. Dr. dear, he must be somewhere about. He cannot have dissolved into thin air."

**PT** "Have you looked in the coal-bin? And the clock?" asked Aunt Mary Maria.

**PT** Susan had looked in the coal-bin but nobody had thought of the clock. It was quite big enough for a small boy to hide in. Anne, not considering the absurdity of supposing that Jem would crouch there for four hours, rushed to it. But Jem was not in the clock.

**PT** "I had a feeling something was going to happen when I went to bed tonight," said Aunt Mary Maria, pressing both hands to her temples. "When I read my nightly chapter in the Bible the words, 'Ye know not what a day may bring forth,' seemed to stand out from the page as it were. It was a sign. You'd better nerve yourself to bear the worst, Annie. He may have wandered into the marsh. It's a pity we haven't a few bloodhounds."

**PT** With a dreadful effort Anne managed a laugh. "I'm afraid there aren't any on the Island, Aunty. If we had Gilbert's old setter Rex, who got poisoned, he would soon find Jem. I feel sure we are all alarming ourselves for nothing . . ."

**PT** “Tommy Spencer in Carmody disappeared mysteriously forty years ago and was never found . . . or was he? Well, if he was, it was only his skeleton. This is no laughing matter, Annie. I don’t know how you can take it so calmly.”

**PT** The telephone rang. Anne and Susan looked at each other. “I can’t . . . I can’t go to the phone, Susan,” said Anne in a whisper. “I cannot either,” said Susan flatly. She was to hate herself all her days for showing such weakness before Mary Maria Blythe, but she could not help it. Two hours of terrified searching and distorted imaginations had made Susan a wreck.

**PT** Aunt Mary Maria stalked to the telephone and took down the receiver, her crimpers making a horned silhouette on the wall which, Susan reflected, in spite of her anguish, looked like the old Nick himself.

**PT** “Carter Flagg says they have searched everywhere but found no sign of him yet,” reported Aunt Mary Maria coolly. “But he says the dory is out in the middle of the pond with no one in it as far as they can ascertain. They are going to drag the pond.”

**PT** Susan caught Anne just in time. “No . . . no . . . I’m not going to faint, Susan,” said Anne through white lips. “Help me to a chair . . . thanks. We must find Gilbert . . .”

**PT** “If James is drowned, Annie, you must remind yourself that he has been spared a lot of trouble in this wretched world,” said Aunt Mary Maria by way of administering further consolation.

**PT** “I’m going to get the lantern and search the grounds again,” said Anne, as soon as she could stand up. “Yes, I know you did, Susan . . . but let me . . . let me. I cannot sit still and wait.”

**PT** “You must put on a sweater then, Mrs. Dr. dear. There is a heavy dew and the air is damp. I will get your red one . . . it is hanging on a chair in the boys’ room. Wait you here till I bring it.”

**PT** Susan hurried upstairs. A few moments later something that could only be described as a shriek echoed through Ingleside. Anne and Aunt Mary Maria rushed upstairs, where they found Susan laughing and crying in the hall, nearer to hysterics than Susan Baker had ever been in her life or ever would be again.

**PT** “Mrs. Dr. dear . . . he’s there! Little Jem is there . . . asleep on the window-seat behind the door. I never looked there . . . the door hid it . . . and when he wasn’t in his bed . . .”

**PT** Anne, weak with relief and joy, got herself into the room and dropped on her knees by the window-seat. In a little while she and Susan would be laughing over their own foolishness, but now there could be only tears of thankfulness. Little Jem was sound asleep on the window-seat, with an afghan pulled over him, his battered Teddy Bear in his little sunburned hands, and a forgiving Shrimp stretched across his legs. His red curls fell over the cushion. He seemed to be having a pleasant dream and Anne did not mean to waken him. But suddenly he opened his eyes that were like hazel stars and looked at her.

**PT** “Jem, darling, why aren’t you in your bed? We’ve . . . we’ve been a little alarmed . . . we couldn’t find you . . . and we never thought of looking here . . .”

**PT** “I wanted to lie here ’cause I could see you and Daddy drive in at the gate when you got home. It was so lonesome I just had to go to bed.”

**PT** Mother was lifting him in her arms . . . carrying him to his own bed. It was so nice to be kissed . . . to feel her tucking the sheets about him with those caressing little pats that gave him such a sense of being loved. Who cared about seeing an old snake tattooed, anyhow? Mother was so nice . . . the nicest mother anybody ever had. Everybody in the Glen called Bertie Shakespeare’s mother “Mrs. Second Skimmings” because she was so mean, and he knew . . . for he’d seen it . . . that she slapped Bertie’s face for every little thing.

**PT** “Mummy,” he said sleepily, “of course I’ll bring you mayflowers next spring . . . every spring. You can depend on me.”

**PT** “Of course I can, darling,” said Mother. “Well, since everyone is over their fit of the fidgets, I suppose we can draw a peaceful breath and go back to our beds,” said Aunt Mary Maria. But there was some shrewish relief in her tone.

**PT** “It was very silly of me not to remember the window-seat,” said Anne. “The joke is on us and the doctor will not let us forget it, you may be certain.

**PT** Susan, please phone Mr. Flagg that we’ve found Jem.”

**PT** “And a nice laugh he will have on me,” said Susan happily. “Not that I care . . . he can laugh all he likes since Little Jem is safe.”

**PT** “I could do with a cup of tea,” sighed Aunt Mary Maria plaintively, gathering her dragons about her spare form.

**PT** “I will get it in a jiffy,” said Susan briskly. “We will all feel the sprightlier for one. Mrs. Dr. dear, when Carter Flagg heard Little Jem was safe he said, ‘Thank God.’ I shall never say a word against that man again, no matter what his prices are. And don’t you think we might have a chicken dinner tomorrow, Mrs. Dr. dear? Just by way of a little celebration, so to speak. And Little Jem shall have his favourite muffins for breakfast.”

**PT** There was another telephone call . . . this time from Gilbert to say that he was taking a badly burned baby from the Harbour Head to the hospital in town and not to look for him till morning.

**PT** Anne bent from her window for a thankful good-night look at the world before going to bed. A cool wind was blowing in from the sea. A sort of moonlit rapture was running through the trees in the Hollow. Anne could even laugh . . . with a quiver behind the laughter . . . over their panic of an hour ago and Aunt Mary Maria’s absurd suggestions and ghoulish memories. Her child was safe . . . Gilbert was somewhere battling to save another child’s life. . . . Dear God, help him and help the mother . . . help all mothers everywhere. We need so much help, with the little sensitive, loving hearts and minds that look to us for guidance and love and understanding.

**PT** The friendly enfolding night took possession of Ingleside, and everybody, even Susan . . . who rather felt that she would like to crawl into some nice quiet hole and pull it in after her . . . fell on sleep under its sheltering roof.

## 7

**PT** “He’ll have plenty of company . . . he won’t be lonesome . . . our four . . . and my niece and nephew from Montreal are visiting us. What one doesn’t think of the others do.”

**PT** Big, sonsy, jolly Mrs. Dr. Parker smiled expansively at Walter . . . who returned the smile somewhat aloofly. He wasn’t altogether sure he liked Mrs. Parker in spite of her smiles and jollity. There was too much of her, somehow. Dr. Parker he did like. As for “our four” and the niece and nephew from Montreal, Walter had never seen any of them. Lowbridge, where the

**PT** Parkers lived, was six miles from the Glen and Walter had never been there, though Dr. and Mrs. Parker and Dr. and Mrs. Blythe visited back and forth frequently. Dr. Parker and Dad were great friends, though Walter had a feeling now and again that Mother could have got along very well without Mrs. Parker. Even at six, Walter, as Anne realized, could see things that other children could not.

**PT** Walter was not sure, either, that he really wanted to go to Lowbridge. Some visits were splendid. A trip to Avonlea now . . . ah, there was fun for you! And a night spent with Kenneth Ford at the old House of Dreams was more fun still . . . though that couldn’t really be called visiting, for the House of Dreams always seemed like a second home to the small fry of Ingleside. But to go to Lowbridge for two whole weeks, among strangers, was a very different matter. However, it seemed to be a settled thing. For some reason, which Walter felt but could not understand, Dad and Mummy were pleased over the arrangement. Did they want to get rid of all their children, Walter wondered, rather sadly and uneasily. Jem was away, having been taken to Avonlea two days ago, and he had heard Susan making mysterious remarks about “sending the twins to Mrs. Marshall Elliott when the time came.” What time? Aunt Mary Maria seemed very gloomy over something and had been known to say that she “wished it was all well over.” What was it she wished over? Walter had no idea. But there was something strange in the air at Ingleside.

**PT** “I’ll take him over tomorrow,” said Gilbert. “The youngsters will be looking forward to it,” said Mrs. Parker. “It’s very kind of you, I’m sure,”

said Anne. "It's all for the best, no doubt," Susan told the Shrimp darkly in the kitchen.

**PT** "It is very obliging of Mrs. Parker to take Walter off our hands, Annie," said Aunt Mary Maria, when the Parkers had gone. "She told me she had taken quite a fancy to him. People do take such odd fancies, don't they? Well, perhaps now for at least two weeks I'll be able to go into the bathroom without tramping on a dead fish."

**PT** "A dead fish, Aunty! You don't mean . . ." "I mean exactly what I say, Annie. I always do. A dead fish! Did you ever step on a dead fish with your bare feet?"

**PT** "No-o . . . but how . . ." "Walter caught a trout last night and put it in the bathtub to keep it alive, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan airily. "If it had stayed there it would have been all right, but somehow it got out and died in the night. Of course, if people will go about on bare feet . . ."

**PT** "I make it a rule never to quarrel with anyone," said Aunt Mary Maria, getting up and leaving the room.

**PT** "I am determined she shall not vex me, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "Oh, Susan, she is getting on my nerves a bit . . . but of course I won't mind so much when all this is over . . . and it must be nasty to tramp on a dead fish . . ."

**PT** "Isn't a dead fish better than a live one, Mummy? A dead fish wouldn't squirm," said Di.

**PT** Since the truth must be told at all costs it must be admitted that the mistress and maid of Ingleside both giggled.

**PT** So that was that. But Anne wondered to Gilbert that night if Walter would be quite happy at Lowbridge.

**PT** "He's so very sensitive and imaginative," she said wistfully. "Too much so," said Gilbert, who was tired after having had, to quote Susan, three babies that day. "Why, Anne, I believe that child is afraid to go upstairs in the dark. It will do him worlds of good to give and take with the Parker fry for a few days. He'll come home a different child."

**PT** Anne said nothing more. No doubt Gilbert was quite right. Walter was lonesome without Jem; and in view of what had happened when Shirley was born it would be just as well for Susan to have as little on her

hands as possible beyond running the house and enduring Aunt Mary Maria . . . whose two weeks had already stretched to four.

**PT** Walter was lying awake in his bed trying to escape from the haunting thought that he was to go away next day by giving free rein to fancy. Walter had a very vivid imagination. It was to him a great white charger, like the one in the picture on the wall, on which he could gallop backward or forward in time and space. The Night was coming down . . . Night, like a tall, dark, bat-winged angel who lived in Mr. Andrew Taylor's woods on the south hill. Sometimes Walter welcomed her . . . sometimes he pictured her so vividly that he grew afraid of her. Walter dramatized and personified everything in his small world . . . the Wind who told him stories at night . . . the Frost that nipped the flowers in the garden . . . the Dew that fell so silvery and silently . . . the Moon which he felt sure he could catch if he could only go to the top of that faraway purple hill . . . the Mist that came in from the sea . . . the great Sea itself that was always changing and never changed . . . the dark, mysterious Tide. They were all entities to Walter. Ingleside and the Hollow and the maple grove and the Marsh and the harbour shore were full of elves and kelpies and dryads and mermaids and goblins. The black plaster-of-Paris cat on the library mantelpiece was a fairy witch. It came alive at night and prowled about the house, grown to enormous size. Walter ducked his head under the bedclothes and shivered. He was always scaring himself with his own fancies.

**PT** Perhaps Aunt Mary Maria was right when she said he was "far too nervous and high-strung," though Susan would never forgive her for it. Perhaps Aunt Kitty MacGregor of the Upper Glen, who was reported to have "the second sight," was right when, having once taken a deep look into Walter's long-lashed, smoky grey eyes, she said he "did be having an old soul in a young body." It might be that the old soul knew too much for the young brain to understand always.

**PT** Walter was told in the morning that Dad would take him to Lowbridge after dinner. He said nothing, but during dinner a choky sensation came over him and he dropped his eyes quickly to hide a sudden mist of tears. Not quickly enough, however.

**PT** "You're not going to cry, Walter?" said Aunt Mary Maria, as if a six-year-old mite would be disgraced forever if he cried. "If there's anything I do despise it's a cry-baby. And you haven't eaten your meat."

**PT** “All but the fat,” said Walter, blinking valiantly but not yet daring to look up. “I don’t like fat.”

**PT** “When I was a child,” said Aunt Mary Maria, “I was not allowed to have likes and dislikes. Well, Mrs. Dr. Parker will probably cure you of some of your notions. She was a Winter, I think . . . or was she a Clark? . . . no, she must have been a Campbell. But the Winters and the Campbells are all tarred with the same brush and they don’t put up with any nonsense.”

**PT** “Oh, please, Aunt Mary Maria, don’t frighten Walter about his visit to Lowbridge,” said Anne, a little spark kindling far down in her eyes.

**PT** “I’m sorry, Annie,” said Aunt Mary Maria with great humility. “I should of course have remembered that I have no right to try to teach your children anything.”

**PT** “Drat her hide,” muttered Susan as she went out for the dessert . . . Walter’s favourite Queen pudding.

**PT** Anne felt miserably guilty. Gilbert had shot her a slightly reproachful glance as if to imply she might have been more patient with a poor lonely old lady.

**PT** Gilbert himself was feeling a bit seedy. The truth, as everyone knew, was that he had been terribly overworked all summer: and perhaps Aunt Mary Maria was more of a strain than he would admit. Anne made up her mind that in the fall, if all was well, she would pack him off willy-nilly for a month’s snipe-shooting in Nova Scotia.

**PT** “How is your tea?” she asked Aunt Mary Maria repentantly. Aunt Mary Maria pursed her lips. “Too weak. But it doesn’t matter. Who cares whether a poor old woman gets her tea to her liking or not? Some folks, however, think I’m real good company.”

**PT** Whatever the connexion between Aunt Mary Maria’s two sentences was, Anne felt she was beyond ferreting it out just then. She had turned very pale.

**PT** “I think I’ll go upstairs and lie down,” she said, a trifle faintly, as she rose from the table. “And I think, Gilbert . . . perhaps you’d better not stay long in Lowbridge . . . and suppose you give Miss Carson a ring.”

**PT** She kissed Walter good-bye rather casually and hurriedly . . . very much as if she were not thinking about him at all. Walter would not cry. Aunt Mary Maria kissed him on the forehead . . . Walter hated to be moistly kissed on the forehead . . . and said:

**PT** “Mind your table manners at Lowbridge, Walter. Mind you ain’t greedy. If you are, a Big Black Man will come along with a big black bag to pop naughty children into.”

**PT** It was perhaps as well that Gilbert had gone out to harness Grey Tom and did not hear this. He and Anne had always made a point of never frightening their children with such ideas or allowing anyone else to do it. Susan did hear it as she cleared the table and Aunt Mary Maria never knew what a narrow escape she had of having the gravy boat and its contents flung at her head.

## 8

**PT** Generally Walter enjoyed a drive with Dad. He loved beauty, and the roads around Glen St. Mary were beautiful. The road to Lowbridge was a double ribbon of dancing buttercups, with here and there the ferny green rim of an inviting grove. But today Dad didn't seem to want to talk much and he drove Grey Tom as Walter never remembered seeing him driven before. When they reached Lowbridge he said a few hurried words aside to Mrs. Parker and rushed out without bidding Walter good-bye. Walter had again hard work to keep from crying. It was only too plain that nobody loved him. Mother and Father used to, but they didn't any longer.

**PT** The big, untidy Parker house at Lowbridge did not seem friendly to Walter. But perhaps no house would have seemed that just then. Mrs. Parker took him out to the back yard, where shrieks of noisy mirth were resounding, and introduced him to the children who seemed to fill it. Then she promptly went back to her sewing, leaving them to "get acquainted by themselves" . . . a proceeding that worked very well in nine cases out of ten. Perhaps she could not be blamed for failing to see that little Walter Blythe was the tenth. She liked him . . . her own children were jolly little tads . . . Fred and Opal were inclined to put on Montreal airs, but she felt quite sure they wouldn't be unkind to anyone. Everything would go swimmingly. She was so glad she could help "poor Anne Blythe" out, even if it was only by taking one of her children off her hands. Mrs. Parker hoped "all would go well." Anne's friends were a good deal more worried over her than she was over herself, reminding each other of Shirley's birth.

**PT** A sudden hush had fallen over the back yard . . . a yard which ran off into a big, bowery apple orchard. Walter stood looking gravely and shyly at the Parker children and their Johnson cousins from Montreal. Bill Parker was ten . . . a ruddy, round-faced urchin who "took after" his mother and seemed very old and big in Walter's eyes. Andy Parker was nine and Lowbridge children could have told you that he was "the nasty Parker one" and was nicknamed "Pig" for reasons good. Walter did not like his looks from the first . . . his short-cropped fair bristles, his impish freckled face, his bulging blue eyes. Fred Johnson was Bill's age and Walter didn't like him either, though he was a good-looking chap with tawny curls and black eyes. His nine-year-old sister, Opal, had curls and

black eyes, too . . . snapping black eyes. She stood with her arm about tow-headed, eight-year-old Cora Parker and they both looked Walter over condescendingly. If it had not been for Alice Parker Walter might very conceivably have turned and fled.

**PT** Alice was seven; Alice had the loveliest little ripples of golden curls all over her head; Alice had eyes as blue and soft as the violets in the Hollow; Alice had pink, dimpled cheeks; Alice wore a little frilled yellow dress in which she looked like a dancing buttercup; Alice smiled at him as if she had known him all her life; Alice was a friend.

**PT** Fred opened the conversation. "Hello, sonny," he said condescendingly. Walter felt the condescension at once and retreated into himself. "My name is Walter," he said distinctly. Fred turned to the others with a well-done air of amazement. He'd show this country lad!

**PT** "He says his name is Walter," he told Bill with a comical twist of his mouth.

**PT** "He says his name is Walter," Bill told Opal in turn. "He says his name is Walter," Opal told the delighted Andy. "He says his name is Walter," Andy told Cora. "He says his name is Walter," Cora giggled to Alice. Alice said nothing. She just looked admiringly at Walter and her look enabled him to bear up when all the rest chanted together, "He says his name is Walter," and then burst into shrieks of derisive laughter.

**PT** "What fun the dear little folks are having!" thought Mrs. Parker complacently over her shirring.

**PT** "I heard Mom say you believed in fairies," Andy said, leering impudently.

**PT** Walter gazed levelly at him. He was not going to be downed before Alice.

**PT** "There are fairies," he said stoutly. "There ain't," said Andy. "There are," said Walter. "He says there are fairies," Andy told Fred. "He says there are fairies," Fred told Bill . . . and they went through the whole performance again.

**PT** It was torture to Walter, who had never been made fun of before and couldn't take it. He bit his lips to keep the tears back. He must not cry before Alice.

**PT** “How would you like to be pinched black and blue?” demanded Andy, who had made up his mind that Walter was a sissy and that it would be good fun to tease him.

**PT** “Pig, hush!” ordered Alice terribly . . . very terribly, although very quietly and sweetly and gently. There was something in her tone that even Andy dared not flout.

**PT** “ ‘Course I didn’t mean it,” he muttered shamefacedly. The wind veered a bit in Walter’s favour and they had a fairly amiable game of tag in the orchard. But when they tramped noisily in to supper Walter was again overwhelmed with homesickness. It was so terrible that for one awful moment he was afraid he was going to cry before them all . . . even Alice, who, however, gave his arm such a friendly little nudge as they sat down that it helped him. But he could not eat anything . . . he simply could not. Mrs. Parker, for whose methods there was certainly something to be said, did not worry him about it, comfortably concluding that his appetite would be better in the morning, and the others were too much occupied in eating and talking to take much notice of him.

**PT** Walter wondered why the whole family shouted so at each other, ignorant of the fact that they had not yet had time to get out of the habit since the recent death of a very deaf and sensitive old grandmother. The noise made his head ache. Oh, at home now they would be eating supper, too. Mother would be smiling from the head of the table, Father would be joking with the twins, Susan would be pouring cream into Shirley’s mug of milk, Nan would be sneaking tidbits to the Shrimp. Even Aunt Mary Maria, as part of the home circle, seemed suddenly invested with a soft, tender radiance. Who would have rung the Chinese gong for supper? It was his week to do it and Jem was away. If he could only find a place to cry in! But there seemed to be no place where you could indulge in tears at Lowbridge. Besides . . . there was Alice. Walter gulped down a whole glassful of ice-water and found that it helped.

**PT** “Our cat takes fits,” Andy said suddenly, kicking him under the table. “So does ours,” said Walter. The Shrimp had had two fits. And he wasn’t going to have the Lowbridge cats rated higher than the Ingleside cats.

**PT** “I’ll bet our cat takes fittier fits than yours,” taunted Andy. “I’ll bet she doesn’t,” retorted Walter. “Now, now, don’t let’s have any arguments

over your cats,” said Mrs. Parker, who wanted a quiet evening to write her Institute paper on “Misunderstood Children.” “Run out and play. It won’t be long before your bedtime.”

**PT** Bedtime! Walter suddenly realized that he had to stay here all night . . . many nights . . . two weeks of nights. It was dreadful. He went out to the orchard with clenched fists, to find Bill and Andy in a furious clinch on the grass, kicking, clawing, yelling.

**PT** “You give me the wormy apple, Bill Parker!” Andy was howling. “I’ll teach you to give me wormy apples! I’ll bite off your ears!”

**PT** Fights of this sort were an everyday occurrence with the Parkers. Mrs. Parker held that it didn’t hurt boys to fight. She said they got a lot of devilment out of their systems that way and were as good friends as ever afterwards. But Walter had never seen anyone fighting before and was aghast.

**PT** Fred was cheering them on, Opal and Cora were laughing, but there were tears in Alice’s eyes. Walter could not endure that. He hurled himself between the combatants, who had drawn apart for a moment to snatch breath before joining battle again.

**PT** “You stop fighting,” said Walter. “You’re scaring Alice.” Bill and Andy stared at him in amazement for a moment, until the funny side of this baby interfering in their fight struck them. Both burst into laughter and Bill slapped him on the back.

**PT** “It’s got spunk, kids,” he said. “It’s going to be a real boy sometime if you let it grow. Here’s an apple for it . . . and no worms either.”

**PT** Alice wiped the tears away from her soft pink cheeks and looked so adoringly at Walter that Fred didn’t like it. Of course Alice was only a baby but even babies had no business to be looking adoringly at other boys when he, Fred Johnson of Montreal, was around. This must be dealt with. Fred had been into the house and had heard Aunt Jen, who had been talking over the telephone, say something to Uncle Dick.

**PT** “Your mother’s awful sick,” he told Walter. “She . . . she isn’t!” cried Walter. “She is, too. I heard Aunt Jen telling Uncle Dick . . .” Fred had heard his aunt say, “Anne Blythe is sick,” and it was fun to tack in the “awful.” “She’ll likely be dead before you get home.”

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# 1

**En** Anne Blythe, caminhando pelo caminho do jardim até a porta da frente de Diana Wright, refletiu sobre quão branca a luz da lua parecia naquela noite, enquanto pétalas de flor de cerejeira caíam pela brisa salgada.

**En** Ela parou para observar as colinas e bosques que sempre amara. Embora Glen St. Mary fosse agora seu lar, Avonlea ocupava um lugar único em seu coração. Cada curva trazia lembranças de seu eu passado. Ela viera para o funeral do pai de seu marido Gilbert e ficara uma semana; Marilla e a Sra. Lynde queriam que ela permanecesse mais tempo.

**En** Seu antigo quarto de águas-furtadas estava sempre preparado, e ao chegar ela encontrou um grande buquê de flores da primavera colocado ali pela Sra. Lynde. A fragrância parecia conter toda a doçura dos anos esquecidos. O quarto parecia um abraço, e ela olhou para a cama familiar, travesseiros, tapetes e o espelho que outrora refletira o rosto da menina órfã que chorava até dormir ali. Por um momento, ela esqueceu que era mãe de cinco filhos e sentiu-se novamente como Anne de Green Gables.

**En** A Sra. Lynde entrou com toalhas limpas e encontrou Anne ainda olhando sonhadora para o espelho.

**En** A Sra. Lynde expressou como era maravilhoso ter Anne em casa. Ela disse que, mesmo após nove anos, ela e Marilla ainda sentiam muita falta dela. Embora estivesse menos solitário agora que Davy se casara com Millie, que era uma moça simpática e fazia tortas excelentes, mas era muito curiosa, a Sra. Lynde afirmou que ninguém podia se comparar a Anne.

**En** Anne comentou brincando com a Sra. Lynde que o espelho não podia ser enganado e estava lhe dizendo que ela não era mais tão jovem como antes.

**En** A Sra. Lynde consolou Anne observando que ela havia preservado bem a pele, embora nunca tivesse tido muita cor para perder.

**En** Anne declarou alegremente que ainda não tinha sinal de queixo duplo. Expressou alegria por seu antigo quarto se lembrar dela, pois

doeria se voltasse e descobrisse que ele a havia esquecido. Ela também achou maravilhoso ver a lua nascendo novamente sobre o Bosque Assombrado.

**En** A Sra. Lynde observou que a lua se assemelhava a um grande pedaço de ouro no céu, sentindo que estava fazendo um voo poético ousado e grata por Marilla não estar presente para ouvir.

**En** Anne indicou os abetos pontiagudos silhuetados contra a lua e as bétulas na depressão ainda esticando seus braços para o céu prateado. Ela refletiu que as árvores estavam grandes agora, meras mudas quando ela chegou, o que a fazia sentir-se um pouco mais velha.

**En** Sra. Lynde comparou árvores a crianças, observando como crescem rápido, assim como Fred Wright, que tinha apenas treze anos mas já era quase tão alto quanto o pai. Ela mencionou que havia preparado uma torta de frango quente e biscoitos de limão para o jantar. Ela garantiu a Anne que a cama estava confortável porque havia arejado os lençóis três vezes, embora os outros não soubessem de cada arejamento. Ela expressou esperança de que Mary Maria Blythe fosse embora no dia seguinte, já que ela sempre gostava de um funeral.

**En** Anne não gostava de ser chamada de "Annie" pela tia Mary Maria, que era prima do pai de Gilbert. Ela lembrou que a primeira vez que a tia a viu após o casamento, comentou como era estranho que Gilbert a tivesse escolhido quando poderia ter tido muitas outras moças boas. Anne confessou que esse comentário foi a razão pela qual nunca gostou da tia, e acreditava que Gilbert sentia o mesmo, embora fosse leal demais para admitir.

**En** Anne perguntou quanto tempo Gilbert ficaria.

**En** Gilbert precisava voltar na noite seguinte porque um de seus pacientes estava em estado muito grave.

**En** A interlocutora comentou que não havia muito motivo para Gilbert permanecer em Avonlea agora que sua mãe havia falecido no ano anterior. O velho Sr. Blythe havia perdido todo o interesse pela vida após a morte dela. A família Blythe, segundo a interlocutora, sempre se importou demais com coisas mundanas. Era uma pena que nenhum dos Blythes tivesse ficado em Avonlea, pois haviam sido uma boa e antiga

família. No entanto, a interlocutora observou que os Sloanes ainda estavam muito presentes e continuariam assim indefinidamente.

**En** Anne declarou que iria dar um passeio no velho pomar à luz do luar após o jantar, apesar da presença de muitos Sloanes. Ela considerava dormir em noites de luar uma perda de tempo, mas planejava acordar cedo para ver a primeira luz da manhã sobre o Bosque Assombrado, com robins e um pardal, e admirar os amores-perfeitos.

**En** A Sra. Lynde comentou tristemente que os coelhos haviam comido todos os lírios de junho, sentindo-se aliviada por o assunto da lua ter terminado. Ela sempre achara Anne um pouco estranha e duvidava que ela mudasse.

**En** Diana desceu o caminho para encontrar Anne. Mesmo sob o luar, seu cabelo era preto, suas bochechas rosadas e seus olhos brilhantes, mas ela estava mais robusta do que antes; as pessoas de Avonlea nunca a haviam chamado de magra.

**En** Anne disse a Diana para não se preocupar, pois não tinha vindo para ficar. Diana respondeu com reprovação que preferia passar a noite com Anne a ir à recepção, sentindo que não tinha visto Anne o suficiente, que estava partindo em dois dias, mas eles tinham que ir por causa do irmão de Fred.

**En** Anne concordou que Diana tinha que ir. Ela só tinha vindo por um momento, andando pelo caminho antigo, passando pela Bolha da Dríade, pelo Bosque Assombrado, pelo jardim de Diana e ao longo de Willowmere. Ela tinha parado para observar os salgueiros refletidos de ponta-cabeça na água, como costumavam fazer, notando como eles haviam crescido.

**En** Diana suspirou e observou que tudo havia mudado, apontando para o jovem Fred como exemplo. Ela disse a Anne que ela sozinha parecia inalterada e perguntou como ela conseguia permanecer tão magra, convidando Anne a observar sua própria figura.

**En** Anne riu, reconhecendo um pouco de matronalidade, mas observando que Diana havia evitado a barriga da meia-idade. Ela mencionou que a Sra. H. B. Donnell achava que ela não havia envelhecido, enquanto a Sra. Harmon Andrews discordava. Anne sentia

que estava envelhecendo apenas quando os heróis e heroínas das revistas pareciam muito jovens. Ela propôs que tirassem um dia de folga para visitar todos os seus antigos lugares, caminhar pelos campos e bosques da primavera e se sentir jovens novamente. Ela disse que a primavera fazia tudo parecer possível e que ser sensata o tempo todo não era divertido.

**En** Diana exclamou que a ideia de Anne soava exatamente como ela e que adoraria ir. Anne interrompeu, dizendo que sabia que Diana estava preocupada com quem prepararia o jantar para os homens.

**En** Diana explicou que sua filha de onze anos, Anne Cordelia, poderia preparar o jantar para os homens, como já havia planejado. Diana pretendia ir a uma reunião do Auxílio Feminino, mas decidiu se juntar a Anne em vez disso. Ela disse que seria como um sonho realizado e que muitas vezes fingia que eram meninas novamente à noite. Ela se ofereceu para trazer o jantar.

**En** Anne sugeriu que comessem o jantar no jardim de Hester Gray e perguntou se ele ainda estava lá.

**En** Diana expressou incerteza, admitindo que não visitava o local desde seu casamento. Ela mencionou que sua filha Anne Cordelia era uma exploradora, mas sempre era instruída a não se afastar muito. A garota adorava vagar pelos bosques, e uma vez, quando foi repreendida por falar sozinha, alegou que estava falando com o espírito das flores. Diana notou que um jogo de chá de bonecas enviado por Anne permanecia intacto devido ao cuidado da menina, e ela o usava apenas quando as Três Pessoas Verdes vinham para o chá. Diana não conseguiu descobrir quem ela achava que esses visitantes eram, e comentou que, em muitos aspectos, Anne Cordelia se parecia mais com Anne do que com ela mesma.

**En** Anne sugeriu que talvez um nome carregasse mais significado do que Shakespeare permitia, e aconselhou Diana a não invejar as fantasias de Anne Cordelia. Ela sempre sentia pena das crianças que não passavam alguns anos no país das fadas.

**En** Diana informou que Olivia Sloane era agora a professora deles; ela possuía um diploma de bacharelado e havia assumido o cargo de professora por um ano para ficar perto da mãe. Olivia acreditava que as crianças deveriam ser obrigadas a enfrentar a realidade.

**En** Anne perguntou se ela havia vivido para ouvir Diana adotar a 'Sloanismo'. Diana negou veementemente, dizendo que não gostava nada de Olivia, especialmente de seus olhos azuis redondos e fixos, típicos daquela família. Ela não se importava com as fantasias de Anne Cordelia, que achava bonitas, muito parecidas com as de Anne. Diana concluiu que Anne Cordelia encontraria realidade suficiente à medida que a vida continuasse.

**En** Anne declarou que estava resolvido e convidou Diana para ir a Green Gables por volta das duas horas para tomar um gole do vinho de groselha vermelha de Marilla. Marilla o fazia de vez em quando, apesar da desaprovação do ministro e da Sra. Lynde, apenas para fazê-los se sentir um pouco diabólicos.

**En** Diana riu e perguntou a Anne se ela se lembrava do dia em que a havia deixado bêbada. Diana não se ofendeu com a palavra "diabólica" porque sabia que Anne não tinha intenção de ofender; era simplesmente o jeito de Anne falar.

**En** Anne propôs que tivessem um dia dedicado a lembrar amanhã. Disse que não iria prender Diana por mais tempo, pois Fred estava chegando com a charrete, e elogiou o lindo vestido de Diana.

**En** Diana explicou que Fred insistiu que ela comprasse um vestido novo para o casamento, apesar de sua preocupação com as finanças após a construção do novo celeiro. Ele declarou que não queria que sua esposa aparecesse malvestida enquanto todos os outros estariam extravagantemente arrumados. Ela comentou que essa atitude era típica dos homens.

**En** Anne repreendeu Diana por soar como a Sra. Elliott e a aconselhou a ter cuidado com tal tendência. Perguntou a Diana se ela realmente preferiria um mundo sem homens.

**En** Diana admitiu que um mundo sem homens seria terrível. Então respondeu a Fred, indicando que estava indo, e se despediu de Anne até o dia seguinte.

**En** No caminho de volta, Anne parou na Bolha da Dríade, um riacho que ela adorava. Ela sentiu que cada risada de sua infância que o riacho havia capturado estava sendo devolvida a ela. Seus velhos sonhos,

votos e sussurros pareciam refletidos na água, mas apenas os abetos sábios e antigos do Bosque Assombrado estavam ali para ouvir.

## 2

**En** Diana comentou que o dia estava lindamente feito para elas, mas temeu que pudesse ser um dia enganoso, prevendo chuva no dia seguinte.

**En** Anne respondeu que elas deveriam apreciar a beleza do dia e da amizade agora, mesmo que o sol ou a companhia pudessem desaparecer amanhã. Ela se sentiu aventureira com um vento oeste soprando e ansiava por um passeio perfeito, reivindicando as colinas e vales como delas naquele dia, independentemente da propriedade.

**En** Elas realmente revisitaram todos os seus lugares queridos: a Alameda dos Namorados, o Bosque Assombrado, Idlewild, o Vale Violeta, a Trilha das Bétulas e o Lago Cristalino. Alguns lugares mudaram: as mudas de bétula em Idlewild haviam se tornado grandes árvores, a Trilha das Bétulas estava coberta de samambaias e o Lago Cristalino desaparecera, deixando apenas uma depressão coberta de musgo. No entanto, o Vale Violeta ainda estava cheio de violetas, e a macieira que Gilbert descobrira há muito tempo havia crescido imensa, coberta de pequenos botões de flores com pontas carmesim.

**En** Elas andavam de cabeça descoberta, o cabelo de Anne brilhando como mogno polido e o de Diana ainda preto brilhante. Trocavam olhares calorosos e compreensivos. Às vezes andavam em silêncio, pois Anne acreditava que duas pessoas tão simpáticas podiam sentir os pensamentos uma da outra. Outras vezes, temperavam a conversa com lembranças, perguntando se a outra se lembrava de vários eventos: cair no galinheiro, pular em cima da tia Josefina, o Clube de Histórias, a visita da Sra. Morgan quando Anne manchou o nariz de vermelho, sinalizar com velas das janelas, a diversão no casamento da Srta. Lavender com os laços azuis de Charlotta e a Sociedade de Melhoramentos. Era como se pudessem ouvir suas velhas gargalhadas ecoando pelos anos.

**En** O A.V.I.S. parecia ter morrido. Ele gradualmente chegou ao fim não muito depois do casamento de Anne.

**En** Diana disse que eles simplesmente não conseguiam manter o grupo funcionando, e que os jovens em Avonlea agora não eram como os do tempo delas.

**En** Anne protestou que Diana não deveria falar como se o tempo delas tivesse acabado. Ela insistiu que elas tinham apenas quinze anos e almas gêmeas. O ar, disse ela, não estava apenas cheio de luz—era a própria luz, e ela não tinha certeza se não havia criado asas.

**En** Diana concordou de todo coração, esquecendo que havia pesado cento e cinquenta e cinco quilos naquela manhã. Ela frequentemente desejava se transformar em um pássaro por um tempo, imaginando como voar deveria ser maravilhoso.

**En** A beleza as cercava por toda parte. Cores delicadas brilhavam nas florestas escuras e reluziam ao longo dos caminhos convidativos. A luz do sol de primavera filtrava-se através das folhas novas; cantos alegres de pássaros ecoavam. Pequenas depressões pareciam banhos de ouro líquido. Aromas frescos de samambaias, bálsamo de abeto e campos recém-arados as encontravam a cada curva. Elas passaram por uma alameda cortinada por flores de cerejeira silvestre, um campo gramado com minúsculos abetos como criaturas élficas, riachos que se podia saltar, estrelas-do-mato sob os abetos e cachos de samambaias jovens. Então viram uma bétula da qual a casca havia sido arrancada, revelando camadas de cor. Anne a estudou longamente, vendo tons do branco cremoso ao dourado e ao marrom profundo, como se a árvore mostrasse que por dentro de seu exterior fresco guardava sentimentos calorosos.

**En** Anne murmurou sobre o fogo primordial no coração delas. Após uma caminhada por um bosque com cogumelos, elas encontraram o jardim de Hester Gray, ainda encantador com flores. Havia lírios de junho, como Diana chamava os narcisos; cerejeiras mais velhas em flor; uma alameda de rosas; e um antigo dique com flores de morango, violetas e samambaias. Elas comeram o jantar de piquenique sentadas em pedras cobertas de musgo debaixo de uma árvore lilás, apreciando a própria comida.

**En** Diana suspirou satisfeita que as coisas têm melhor sabor ao ar livre. Ela elogiou o bolo de chocolate de Anne e quis a receita para Fred, que podia comer de tudo e continuar magro. Ela se preocupava em engordar como a tia-avó Sarah, que precisava ser puxada para cima depois de se sentar. No entanto, sentiu-se obrigada a comer bolo na recepção e agora para não ofender.

**En** Anne perguntou se Diana tinha se divertido.

**En** Diana disse que se divertiu de certa forma, mas caiu nas garras da prima de Fred, Henrietta, que se deliciava em descrever suas operações e o apêndice prestes a estourar. Diana achou que Henrietta merecia falar sobre isso. Jim foi engraçado, embora talvez não para Mary Alice. Ela então pegou um pequeno pedaço de bolo, pensando que uma lasca não faria diferença. Jim dissera que, na noite anterior ao casamento, estava tão assustado que considerou pegar o trem noturno, e acreditava que todos os noivos se sentiam assim. Diana perguntou a Anne se Gilbert e Fred também.

**En** Anne assegurou que não. Diana disse que Fred só temeu que ela pudesse mudar de ideia como Rose Spencer, mas nunca se pode saber o que um homem pensa. Ela descartou a preocupação, valorizando a linda tarde e as velhas memórias. Ela desejou que Anne não tivesse que ir embora.

**En** Anne perguntou a Diana se ela poderia vir a Ingleside para uma visita naquele verão, mencionando que após certo ponto ela não gostaria de visitantes por algum tempo.

**En** Diana respondeu que adoraria ir, mas era impossível sair de casa no verão porque sempre havia muito o que fazer.

**En** Anne disse que Rebecca Dew estava finalmente vindo, o que a agradava, mas ela suspeitava que a tia Mary Maria também estava satisfeita. Ela havia dado a entender isso a Gilbert. Nenhum dos dois a queria ali, mas como ela era parente, sentiam-se obrigados a recebê-la.

**En** Diana sugeriu que talvez visitasse no inverno, expressando que adoraria ver Ingleside novamente e elogiou Anne por sua linda casa e família.

**En** Anne explicou que agora amava Ingleside, embora no início a odiasse por não ser sua amada Casa dos Sonhos. Ela lutou contra o afeto crescente, mas acabou se rendendo e admitiu que amava a casa, e seu amor aumentava a cada ano. Ela descreveu a casa como nem muito velha nem muito nova, mas madura, e amava cada cômodo por sua personalidade única. Também amava as muitas árvores no gramado, parando frequentemente no patamar para admirá-las e agradecer silenciosamente a quem as plantou. Apesar de ter árvores demais perto da casa, ela não abriria mão de nenhuma.

**En** Anne comentou que Fred gostava muito do grande salgueiro ao sul da casa. Ela frequentemente lhe dizia que a árvore bloqueava a vista das janelas da sala de estar, mas ele respondia que não cortaria uma árvore tão bonita mesmo que ela escondesse a vista. Então o salgueiro permaneceu, e era de fato lindo. Era por isso que eles haviam nomeado o lugar de Fazenda do Salgueiro Solitário. Ela acrescentou que amava o nome Ingleside porque soava acolhedor e agradável.

**En** Anne disse que Gilbert também achava que Ingleside era o nome certo. Eles haviam considerado vários nomes, mas nenhum parecia se encaixar até pensarem em Ingleside. Ela estava satisfeita por terem uma casa grande e espaçosa, porque sua família crescente precisava dela. Mesmo que as crianças ainda fossem pequenas, elas também amavam a casa.

**En** Diana, enquanto se servia de mais bolo de chocolate, elogiou os filhos de Anne, chamando-os de queridos. Ela disse que achava seus próprios filhos muito legais, mas havia algo especial nos de Anne, especialmente os gêmeos. Diana confessou que invejava Anne por ter gêmeos, pois sempre quisera ter gêmeos.

**En** Anne explicou que não podia escapar de ter gêmeos, pois parecia ser seu destino. No entanto, ela estava decepcionada por seus gêmeos não se parecerem nada um com o outro. Nan era bonita, com cabelos castanhos, olhos castanhos e uma pele linda. Di, com seus olhos verdes e cabelos ruivos que tinham um redemoinho, era a favorita do pai. Shirley era a menina dos olhos de Susan; após seu nascimento, Anne ficou doente por muito tempo e Susan cuidou dele, a ponto de quase considerá-lo como seu. Susan o chamava de 'seu garotinho moreno' e o mimava terrivelmente.

**En** Diana disse que Shirley ainda era pequeno o suficiente para que ela pudesse entrar de fininho para verificar se ele havia chutado as cobertas e colocá-las de volta. Ela invejava isso, porque seu filho Jack já tinha nove anos e não queria mais que ela fizesse isso, afirmando que era muito grande. Diana adorava fazer isso e desejava que as crianças não crescessem tão rápido.

**En** Anne comentou que seus filhos ainda não haviam chegado àquele estágio. No entanto, desde que Jem começou a escola, ele não queria mais segurar sua mão ao caminhar pela vila, e ela suspirou. Apesar

disso, Jem, Walter e Shirley ainda queriam que ela os colocasse na cama à noite, e Walter frequentemente fazia disso um ritual.

**En** Anne acrescentou que ela ainda não precisava se preocupar com o futuro deles, mas Jack estava determinado a se tornar soldado quando crescesse, o que ela achava surpreendente.

**En** Anne expressou que Jack provavelmente mudaria de ideia quando outro capricho o dominasse. Jem imaginava que seria marinheiro como o Capitão Jim, enquanto Walter parecia inclinado a ser poeta. Todas as crianças amavam árvores e brincar em um lugar chamado O Vale, um pequeno vale abaixo de Ingleside que era um país das maravilhas para elas, mas comum para os outros. Cada uma tinha seus defeitos, mas formavam um bom grupo e havia amor suficiente para todos. Ela ansiava por voltar a Ingleside na noite seguinte para contar histórias de ninar aos filhos e elogiar as samambaias e calceolárias de Susan. Susan tinha talento para cultivar samambaias, mas Anne, em particular, achava as calceolárias pouco atraentes. Ela sempre as elogiava para não magoar os sentimentos de Susan, pois valorizava muito Susan e lembrava-se de tê-la chamado de intrusa uma vez. Ela estava feliz por voltar para casa, mas também triste por deixar Green Gables, Marilla e Diana, apreciando sua longa amizade.

**En** Diana concordou, dizendo que não conseguia se expressar tão bem quanto Anne, mas elas haviam mantido sua antiga promessa solene.

**En** Anne confirmou que sempre tinham mantido e sempre manteriam. Suas mãos se encontraram e elas ficaram sentadas em um longo e silencioso paz. As sombras da noite se estenderam sobre o jardim, e o sol se pôs enquanto o crepúsculo da primavera caía sobre o jardim de Hester Gray, onde ninguém mais caminhava. Os sabiás assobiavam como flautas, e uma estrela brilhante apareceu acima das cerejeiras brancas.

**En** Anne refletiu que a primeira estrela sempre parecia milagrosa e que ela poderia permanecer ali indefinidamente. Diana compartilhou sua relutância em partir. No entanto, Anne lembrou-a de que elas estavam apenas fingindo ter quinze anos e precisavam atender às suas responsabilidades familiares. Ela então ponderou sobre o perfume dos lilases, sugerindo que havia algo não inteiramente puro nele. Gilbert, que

amava o perfume, descartou tal ideia, mas para Anne parecia insinuar um segredo doce demais para ser dito.

**En** Diana comentou que o bolo de chocolate sempre parecia muito substancial para ser mantido dentro de casa. Ela pegou o prato, olhou para a fatia restante com saudade, então balançou a cabeça e colocou-o na cesta, sua expressão transmitindo nobre autocontrole.

**En** Anne se perguntou, de forma brincalhona, se, enquanto voltavam para casa, seria divertido encontrar suas versões mais jovens correndo pela Alameda dos Namorados.

**En** Diana estremeceu ligeiramente e discordou que seria divertido. Ela não havia percebido como estava escuro. Tudo bem, disse ela, imaginar essas coisas durante o dia, mas não agora.

**En** Elas voltaram para casa calmamente e com afeto, com o pôr do sol ardente brilhando nas colinas atrás delas e um amor duradouro queimando em seus corações.

### 3

**En** Depois de uma semana de dias agradáveis, Anne visitou o túmulo de Matthew. Naquela tarde, ela pegou o trem de Carmody de volta para casa. Refletiu sobre as pessoas e lugares que amava, tanto os que ficaram para trás quanto os que estavam adiante. Seu coração estava alegre porque voltava para um lar feliz — um verdadeiro lar para todos que entravam. A casa estava sempre cheia de risadas, canecas de prata, fotografias e bebês com cachos e joelhos roliços. Os quartos a recebiam, com cadeiras esperando e seus vestidos a aguardando. Pequenas celebrações e segredos sussurrados eram parte constante da vida ali.

**En** Anne sentiu-se satisfeita por estar voltando para casa. Ela tirou da bolsa uma carta de seu filho pequeno, que ela havia lido orgulhosamente na noite anterior em Green Gables. Era a primeira carta que ele escrevia para ela. Para uma criança de sete anos que só tinha um ano de escola, era uma carta muito boa, embora sua ortografia fosse incerta e houvesse uma grande mancha de tinta em um canto.

**En** A carta contou que Di chorou a noite toda porque Tommy Drew ameaçou queimar sua boneca. Susan contava histórias legais à noite, mas a criança observou que Susan não era a mãe deles. Di também mencionou que Susan a deixou ajudar a semear as beterrabas na noite anterior.

**En** Anne se recriminou por ter ficado feliz durante uma semana inteira longe de sua família.

**En** Anne expressou como era maravilhoso ter alguém para recebê-la no final da viagem, ao descer do trem em Glen St. Mary nos braços esperando de Gilbert. Ela sempre esperava que Gilbert a encontrasse, embora às vezes ele estivesse ocupado com nascimentos ou mortes. Para ela, nenhuma volta para casa parecia completa sem ele. Ele usava um belo terno novo cinza claro, e ela estava feliz por ter escolhido usar uma blusa rendada cor de casca de ovo com seu terno marrom, mesmo que a Sra. Lynde achasse impraticável para viagem. Dessa forma, ela ficava bonita para Gilbert.

**En** Ingleside brilhava com luz, sua varanda decorada com lanternas japonesas festivas. Anne correu alegremente pelo caminho do jardim, ladeado por narcisos.

**En** Anne anunciou sua chegada a Ingleside. Sua família a rodeou, rindo e brincando, enquanto Susan Baker sorria adequadamente ao fundo. Cada criança havia preparado um buquê especificamente para ela, inclusive a pequena Shirley, de dois anos.

**En** Anne exclamou que era um recepção de boas-vindas maravilhosa. Observou que tudo em Ingleside parecia alegre, e era esplêndido saber que sua família estava tão encantada com seu retorno.

**En** Jem advertiu solenemente sua mãe que, se ela partisse novamente, ele fingiria apendicite.

**En** Walter perguntou como alguém faria tal coisa. Jem cutucou Walter e sussurrou em segredo que, embora houvesse de fato alguma dor, seu verdadeiro objetivo era assustar a mãe para que ela não partisse novamente.

**En** Anne queria fazer muitas coisas ao mesmo tempo: abraçar todos, colher amores-perfeitos e ouvir todas as notícias. A família compartilhou várias histórias: Nan colocou um tubo de vaselina no nariz enquanto o médico estava fora; a vaca da Sra. Jud Palmer comeu cinquenta e sete pregos de arame e precisou de um veterinário; a Sra. Fenner Douglas foi à igreja sem chapéu; o Papai arrancou todos os dentes-de-leão do gramado; o Sr. Tom Flagg tingiu o bigode; Rose Maxwell dispensou Jim Hudson, que lhe enviou uma conta; houve um grande comparecimento no funeral da Sra. Amasa Warren; o gato de Carter Flagg teve um pedaço da ponta do rabo mordido; Shirley foi encontrada em pé debaixo de um cavalo; havia preocupação com nó preto nos ameixoeiras azuis; Di cantou o dia inteiro sobre sua mãe voltando para casa; os Joe Reeses tinham um gatinho vesgo; Jem sentou-se em papel pega-mosca antes de vestir as calças; e o Camarão caiu no tonel de água macia.

**En** O Camarão quase se afogou, mas o médico ouviu seus gritos e o puxou para fora pelas patas traseiras bem a tempo. Uma criança então perguntou o que significava 'bem a tempo'.

**En** Anne disse que o Shrimp parecia ter se recuperado. Ela acariciava um gato contente ronronando numa cadeira perto do fogo. Em Ingleside,

nunca se podia sentar numa cadeira sem verificar se havia um gato. Susan, que não gostava de gatos inicialmente, aprendeu a tolerá-los por necessidade. Gilbert havia nomeado o gato de 'Shrimp' um ano atrás, quando ele era franzino, mas o nome pegou mesmo agora que o gato estava grande.

**En** Anne perguntou a Susan o que havia acontecido com Gog e Magog e se eles estavam quebrados.

**En** Susan corou profundamente e foi buscar os dois cães de porcelana que geralmente ficavam perto da lareira. Ela explicou que havia se esquecido de colocá-los de volta depois da visita da Sra. Charles Day. A Sra. Day era muito formal, e Walter havia apresentado os cães dizendo que um era Deus e o outro era Meu Deus, o que horrorizou Susan. Para não parecer profana, ela escondeu os cães até o retorno de Anne.

**En** Jem reclamou para sua mãe que estava com muita fome e perguntou se poderiam jantar logo. Ele também mencionou que haviam preparado um prato que todos gostavam.

**En** Susan brincou que eles realmente haviam preparado uma comemoração para o retorno da Sra. Dr., comparando a uma pulga dizendo a um elefante que eles tinham feito algo. Ela então perguntou sobre Walter, observando que era a vez dele tocar o gongo para as refeições.

**En** O jantar foi festivo, e depois Anne sentiu grande alegria em colocar todos os bebês na cama. Susan até permitiu que ela ajeitasse Shirley na cama, reconhecendo a ocasião especial.

**En** Susan comentou que não era um dia comum, ao que Anne respondeu que nenhum dia é verdadeiramente comum; cada dia possui algo que nenhum outro dia tem, e ela perguntou a Susan se ela já havia notado isso.

**En** Susan concordou com a observação de Anne, citando que mesmo em uma sexta-feira chuvosa e monótona, seu gerânio rosa finalmente produziu brotos após três anos sem florescer. Ela então perguntou se Anne havia notado as calceolárias.

**En** Anne disse a Susan que nunca tinha visto calceolárias tão lindas e perguntou como ela conseguia cultivá-las. Ficou aliviada por ter deixado

Susan feliz sem mentir, já que realmente nunca tinha visto flores como aquelas.

**En** Susan atribuiu suas lindas calceolárias ao cuidado constante. Depois expressou preocupação de que Walter pudesse suspeitar de algo, provavelmente por causa de coisas que outras crianças disseram. Walter tinha lhe perguntado se bebês eram muito caros. Ela respondeu que alguns os consideravam luxos, mas em Ingleside eram vistos como necessidades. Susan se preocupou que suas reclamações sobre os preços altos tivessem perturbado a criança e aconselhou Anne a estar preparada se Walter lhe perguntasse.

**En** Anne garantiu a Susan que ela tinha lidado com a situação lindamente e afirmou que achava que era hora de as crianças saberem o que eles estavam esperando.

**En** O melhor momento veio quando Gilbert se juntou a Anne na janela. Ela observava a neblina avançar do mar sobre as dunas e o porto iluminados pela lua, para o vale onde Ingleside olhava para a vila de Glen St. Mary.

**En** Gilbert perguntou a Anne se ela estava feliz por ele ter voltado após um dia difícil, chamando-a de 'Annest of Annes'.

**En** Anne sentiu-se rodeada de amor ao sentir o perfume das flores de macieira que Jem colocara em sua penteadeira. Ela disse a Gilbert que tinha sido maravilhoso ser Anne de Green Gables novamente por uma semana, mas voltar a ser Anne de Ingleside era ainda melhor.

## 4

**En** Quando o Dr. Blythe recusou com um tom que Jem reconheceu, Jem entendeu que não havia esperança. Seus pais estavam unidos nessa questão. Os olhos de Jem mostravam sua raiva e decepção enquanto ele os encarava, mas eles permaneceram indiferentes. Tia Mary Maria, com seus olhos azul-claros, notou seus olhares furiosos, mas pareceu apenas divertida.

**En** Bertie Shakespeare Drew passara a tarde brincando com Jem, enquanto Walter estava na antiga Casa dos Sonhos brincando com Kenneth e Persis Ford. Bertie contou a Jem que todos os meninos de Glen planejavam ir até a Foz do Porto naquela noite para ver o Capitão Bill Taylor tatuar uma cobra no braço de seu primo Joe Drew. Bertie convidou Jem para se juntar, prometendo que seria divertido. Jem quis ir imediatamente, mas agora lhe disseram que era totalmente impossível.

**En** O Dr. Blythe explicou que uma razão era que a Foz do Porto era longe demais para Jem ir com aqueles meninos. Eles não voltariam até tarde, e a hora de dormir de Jem era às oito horas.

**En** Tia Mary Maria comentou que, quando era criança, era mandada para a cama às sete horas todas as noites.

**En** Mãe disse a Jem que ele ainda não tinha idade suficiente para ir tão longe à noite e que devia esperar.

**En** Jem gritou com raiva que sua mãe tinha dito a mesma coisa na semana anterior. Ele insistiu que agora era mais velho e não era um bebê, e apontou que Bertie tinha permissão para ir apesar de ter a mesma idade.

**En** Tia Mary Maria alertou sombriamente que o sarampo estava circulando e que James poderia pegá-lo.

**En** Jem odiava ser chamado de James, o que Tia Mary Maria sempre fazia. Ele murmurou rebelde que queria pegar sarampo, mas então encontrou o olhar do pai e se calou, sabendo que seu pai nunca permitiria que ninguém respondesse a Tia Mary Maria.

**En** Jem desprezava Tia Mary Maria. Enquanto Tia Diana e Tia Marilla eram tias encantadoras, Tia Mary Maria era um tipo de tia

completamente diferente, diferente de qualquer uma que ele já tivesse conhecido.

**En** Jem falou desafiadoramente, olhando para a mãe para que ninguém pensasse que ele estava falando com a tia Mary Maria. Ele disse que se eles não quisessem amá-lo, não precisavam. Então ele perguntou se eles gostariam que ele simplesmente fosse embora para atirar em tigres na África.

**En** A mãe disse gentilmente que não havia tigres na África. Jem então gritou que havia leões, pensando que eles estavam tentando fazê-lo parecer errado e rir dele. Ele insistiu que havia milhões de leões na África e que a África estava cheia deles.

**En** A mãe e o pai apenas sorriram novamente, para grande desaprovação da tia Mary Maria. Ela acreditava que a impertinência em crianças nunca deveria ser tolerada.

**En** Enquanto isso, Susan, dividida entre seu amor por Jem e sua convicção de que o Dr. e a Sra. Blythe estavam perfeitamente certos em proibi-lo de ir para a Foz do Porto com aquela gangue da vila para o lugar do desonrado e bêbado velho Capitão Bill Taylor, ofereceu a Jem seu pão de gengibre com creme chantilly.

**En** Pão de gengibre com creme chantilly era a sobremesa favorita de Jem, mas naquela noite não teve poder para acalmar sua alma tempestuosa.

**En** Ele disse, mal-humorado, que não queria nada. Ele se levantou e se afastou da mesa, parando na porta para fazer uma observação final e desafiadora.

**En** Ele declarou que não iria para a cama até as nove horas e que, quando crescesse, nunca mais iria para a cama. Ele ficaria acordado todas as noites e se cobriria completamente de tatuagens. Ele pretendia ser o mais travesso possível, e todos veriam.

**En** A mãe o corrigiu gentilmente, dizendo que "I'm not" era preferível a "ain't." Ela se perguntou se algo poderia fazê-los entender. A tia Mary Maria comentou que duvidava que alguém quisesse sua opinião, mas que se tivesse falado com seus pais daquela maneira quando criança, teria sido severamente espancada. Ela expressou pesar que o castigo corporal não fosse mais usado em muitos lares.

**En** Susan defendeu o pequeno Jem, afirmando que ele não era o culpado. Ela explicou que Bertie Shakespeare Drew o havia incentivado, dizendo como seria divertido ver Joe Drew tatuado. Bertie tinha vindo à tarde e pegado a melhor panela de alumínio da cozinha para usar como capacete, alegando que estavam brincando de soldados. Depois, fizeram barcos com telhas e ficaram completamente molhados navegando-os no riacho do Vale. Em seguida, passaram uma hora inteira pulando pelo quintal, fazendo barulhos estranhos enquanto fingiam ser sapos. Susan concluiu que não era de admirar que o pequeno Jem estivesse exausto e fora de si. Ele era geralmente a criança mais bem-comportada, a menos que estivesse esgotado, e ela sustentava isso.

**En** Tia Mary Maria permaneceu em silêncio de maneira provocante. Ela nunca se dirigia a Susan Baker durante as refeições, mostrando assim sua desaprovação de que Susan fosse permitida a jantar com a família.

**En** Antes de a tia Mary Maria chegar, Anne e Susan já haviam discutido o assunto minuciosamente. Susan entendia seu papel e nunca se sentava com a família quando havia convidados em Ingleside, nem esperava fazê-lo.

**En** Anne ressaltou que a tia Mary Maria não era uma convidada, mas sim um membro da família, e acrescentou que Susan também fazia parte da família.

**En** Susan acabou concordando, secretamente satisfeita que Mary Maria Blythe perceberia que ela não era uma empregada comum. Embora Susan nunca tivesse conhecido a tia Mary Maria, sua sobrinha — filha da irmã de Susan, Matilda — havia trabalhado para ela em Charlottetown e a havia descrito minuciosamente para Susan.

**En** Anne admitiu para Susan que não estava nada satisfeita com a perspectiva da visita da tia Mary Maria, especialmente naquele momento. No entanto, a tia Mary Maria havia escrito para Gilbert pedindo para ficar algumas semanas, e Anne sabia como o médico se sentia em relação a essas questões.

**En** Susan concordou firmemente que Gilbert tinha todo o direito de apoiar sua própria parente, já que um homem deve apoiar sua família. No entanto, ela alertou sobre a duração da visita, mencionando que a

cunhada de sua irmã Matilda havia vindo por algumas semanas e acabou ficando vinte anos.

**En** Anne sorriu e disse a Susan que provavelmente não precisavam se preocupar com tais coisas. Ela explicou que a tia Mary Maria tinha uma bela casa em Charlottetown, mas a achava grande e solitária desde que sua mãe havia morrido dois anos antes. Anne pediu que Susan ajudasse a tornar a visita o mais agradável possível.

**En** Susan prometeu fazer o possível. Observou que precisariam adicionar uma aba extra à mesa, mas, no fim, era melhor expandir a mesa do que reduzi-la.

**En** Anne lembrou Susan que deveriam evitar colocar flores na mesa, pois poderiam desencadear a asma da tia Mary Maria. Ela também disse para não colocar pimenta, porque a fazia espirrar.

**En** Anne acrescentou que a tia Mary Maria sofria de dores de cabeça frequentes e intensas, então precisavam manter o barulho ao mínimo.

**En** Susan expressou exasperação. Ela comentou que nunca havia notado Anne ou o médico sendo particularmente barulhentos, e que sempre poderia ir ao bosque de bordos se precisasse gritar. No entanto, achava irracional esperar que as crianças ficassem quietas o tempo todo por causa das dores de cabeça de Mary Maria Blythe.

**En** Susan comentou que seria apenas por algumas semanas, acrescentando que eles devem aceitar tanto os bons quanto os maus momentos.

**En** Quando a tia Mary Maria chegou, ela imediatamente perguntou se as chaminés haviam sido limpas recentemente, explicando que tinha muito medo de fogo. Ela também comentou que as chaminés não eram altas o suficiente e expressou esperança de que sua cama estivesse bem arejada, pois lençóis úmidos eram terríveis.

**En** A tia Mary Maria tomou posse do quarto de hóspedes e parecia reivindicar toda a casa, exceto o quarto de Susan. Ninguém ficou feliz com sua chegada. Jem perguntou baixinho a Susan se teriam permissão para rir durante a estadia dela. Walter começou a chorar e teve que ser rapidamente retirado. Os gêmeos fugiram por conta própria, e até o mais novo, o Shrimp, supostamente teve um ataque no quintal. Apenas Shirley permaneceu, olhando destemidamente do colo de Susan. A tia

Mary Maria achou que os modos das crianças eram muito ruins, culpando a mãe, que escrevia para os jornais, o pai, que as considerava perfeitas, e Susan por não saber seu lugar. No entanto, ela resolveu fazer o melhor pelos netos enquanto estivesse hospedada.

**En** Na primeira refeição, a tia Mary Maria desaprovou a oração curta que Gilbert fez. Ela se ofereceu para fazer a oração, acreditando que daria um exemplo melhor para a família.

**En** Para o horror de Susan, Gilbert concordou, e a tia Mary Maria fez a oração no jantar. Susan fungou que parecia mais uma reza do que uma oração. Ela concordou em particular com a descrição de sua sobrinha Gladys sobre a tia Mary Maria: ela sempre parecia estar sentindo um cheiro ruim — não um odor desagradável, apenas um cheiro ruim. Susan refletiu que Gladys tinha um jeito de colocar as coisas.

**En** Maria Blythe, aos cinquenta e cinco anos, não era desagradável de se olhar. Ela acreditava ter traços aristocráticos, e seu cabelo grisalho estava sempre suavemente ondulado, o que diariamente destacava a diferença do espeto grisalho e pontiagudo de Susan. Ela se vestia muito bem, usando brincos longos de jet e golas de renda altas e modernas em seu pescoço magro.

**En** Susan refletiu que pelo menos não precisavam se envergonhar de sua aparência. Mas o que a tia Mary Maria teria pensado se soubesse que Susan estava se consolando com isso permanecia uma questão de especulação.

## 5

**En** Anne estava cortando um vaso de lírios de junho para seu quarto e outro das peônias de Susan para a escrivaninha de Gilbert na biblioteca — as peônias branco-leitosas com uma mancha vermelha-sangue no centro, como o beijo de um deus. O ar estava se renovando após o dia excepcionalmente quente de junho, e era difícil dizer se o porto parecia prata ou ouro.

**En** Ao passar pela janela da cozinha, Anne observou que haveria um pôr do sol maravilhoso naquela noite.

**En** Susan protestou que não podia admirar o pôr do sol até que tivesse lavado a louça.

**En** Anne apontou para a grande nuvem branca com seu topo rosa-avermelhado sobre a Depressão e perguntou a Susan se ela gostaria de voar e pousar nela.

**En** Susan imaginou-se voando até aquela nuvem com um pano de prato na mão, mas a ideia não a agradou. No entanto, ela sabia que precisava ser compreensiva com a Sra. Dra. naquele momento.

**En** Anne mencionou que um novo inseto voraz estava comendo as roseiras e que ela precisava pulverizá-las amanhã. Ela expressou o desejo de fazer isso naquela noite porque era o tipo de noite que ela adorava trabalhar no jardim, observando que as coisas estavam crescendo. Ela acrescentou que esperava que houvesse jardins no céu onde pudessem trabalhar e ajudar as coisas a crescer.

**En** Susan protestou que certamente não haveria insetos no céu. Anne concordou, mas argumentou que um jardim completo não seria divertido; é preciso trabalhar em um jardim para entender seu significado. Ela disse que queria capinar, cavar, transplantar, mudar, planejar e podar. Ela declarou que preferiria seus próprios amores-perfeitos ao asfódelo no céu.

**En** Susan interrompeu, perguntando por que Anne não podia passar a noite como desejava. Ela achou que a Sra. Dra. estava ficando um pouco exaltada.

**En** O médico pediu que ela o acompanhasse em um passeio de carro, pois ele iria visitar a velha Sra. John Paxton, que estava morrendo. Embora ele não pudesse mais ajudá-la, tendo feito tudo o que podia, ela ainda apreciava suas visitas.

**En** Ela reconheceu que todos sabiam que ninguém podia nascer ou morrer na região sem a presença do médico, e que era uma bela noite para um passeio. Ela planejava ir a pé até a vila depois de colocar os gêmeos e Shirley na cama, e cuidar do jardim da Sra. Aaron Ward, que não estava prosperando. Ela também observou que a Srta. Blythe tinha subido com uma dor de cabeça, insinuando que a casa teria um pouco de paz e sossego.

**En** Anne pediu a Susan que garantisse que Jem fosse para a cama cedo, pois ele estava mais cansado do que imaginava e não gostava de ir para a cama. Ela também mencionou que Walter não voltaria para casa naquela noite porque Leslie o convidou para ficar.

**En** Jem sentou-se nos degraus da porta lateral, com um pé descalço apoiado sobre o joelho, franzindo a testa para tudo, especialmente para a lua enorme atrás da torre da igreja de Glen. Ele não gostava de luas tão grandes.

**En** Tia Mary Maria alertou Jem de que seu rosto poderia congelar naquela expressão enquanto passava por ele para entrar em casa.

**En** Jem franziu a testa ainda mais escuramente, indiferente se seu rosto ficasse permanentemente assim. Ele disse a Nan para ir embora e parar de segui-lo, já que ela tinha saído depois que seus pais partiram.

**En** Nan o chamou de rabugento, mas antes de ir embora colocou um leão de doce vermelho que trouxera para ele no degrau ao lado dele.

**En** Jem ignorou o doce, sentindo-se mais maltratado do que nunca. Ele achava que todos estavam contra ele. Naquela manhã, Nan dissera que ele não tinha nascido em Ingleside como os outros. Di tinha comido seu coelho de chocolate naquela manhã, mesmo sabendo que era dele. Walter também o abandonara para cavar poços na areia com Ken e Persis Ford. Jem queria desesperadamente ir com Bertie ver a tatuagem; nunca quisera tanto algo. Ele também queria ver o maravilhoso navio completo que Bertie afirmava estar na estante de lareira do Capitão Bill. Era uma vergonha, de fato.

**En** Susan trouxe-lhe uma grande fatia de bolo com glacê de bordo e nozes, mas ele recusou. Ele se perguntou por que ela não tinha guardado um pouco de pão de gengibre e creme para ele, suspeitando que os outros tinham comido tudo. Ele os chamou de porcos e afundou em uma tristeza mais profunda. A turma devia estar a caminho da Foz do Porto agora. Ele não suportava a ideia e sentia que precisava fazer algo para se vingar. Considerou cortar a girafa de serragem de Di no tapete da sala para irritar Susan, que sabia que ele odiava nozes no glacê. Também pensou em desenhar um bigode no quadro do querubim no quarto dela, um querubim que ele detestava porque se parecia com Sissy Flagg, que tinha espalhado fofocas na escola de que Jem era seu namorado. Sissy Flagg! No entanto, Susan achava o querubim adorável.

**En** Ele considerou escalpelar a boneca de Nan, ou quebrar o nariz de Gog ou Magog, ou ambos, esperando que isso fizesse sua mãe perceber que ele não era mais um bebê. Ele jurou que na próxima primavera não traria mais flores de maio para ela, embora o fizesse todas as primaveras desde os quatro anos.

**En** Jem imaginou várias maneiras de fazer sua família se arrepender de tratá-lo mal. Pensou em comer muitas maçãs verdes pequenas da árvore precoce e ficar gravemente doente, o que ele acreditava que os assustaria. Considerou nunca mais lavar atrás das orelhas, fazer caretas para todos na igreja no próximo domingo ou colocar uma grande lagarta listrada e peluda na tia Mary Maria. Ele até cogitou fugir para o porto, esconder-se a bordo do navio do Capitão David Reese e velejar para a América do Sul pela manhã. Perguntou-se se eles sentiriam pena então, e se ele nunca voltasse, ou se fosse caçar onças no Brasil. Concluiu que eles não se importariam, acreditando que ninguém o amava. Notou um buraco no bolso da calça que ninguém havia remendado e decidiu mostrá-lo a todos em Glen como evidência de seu abandono. Seus sentimentos de injustiça o dominaram.

**En** O velho relógio de pêndulo no corredor, que viera para Ingleside após a morte do Avô Blythe, tiquetaqueava deliberadamente. Era um relógio de uma época em que o tempo era um conceito real. Normalmente, Jem amava seu som, mas agora o odiava. Parecia zombar dele, sugerindo que a hora de dormir estava se aproximando enquanto os outros meninos iam para a Boca do Porto, mas ele tinha que ir para a cama. O tique-taque parecia rir dele.

**En** Jem questionou por que ele sempre tinha que ir para a cama toda noite. Enquanto Susan passava a caminho de Glen, ela olhou ternamente para a pequena figura rebelde.

**En** Susan falou indulgentemente com Jem, dizendo-lhe que ele não precisava ir para a cama até que ela voltasse.

**En** Jem declarou ferozmente que não iria para a cama naquela noite. Ele disse a Susan, a quem chamou de 'velha Susan Baker', que iria fugir e pular no lago.

**En** Susan ficou ofendida quando o Pequeno Jem a chamou de velha. Ela se afastou em silêncio sombrio, pensando que ele precisava de disciplina. O gato, o Camarão, aproximou-se de Jem em busca de companhia, mas Jem o encarou com raiva e mandou-o embora. Quando o gato não se moveu, Jem o ameaçou.

**En** Jem atirou o pequeno carrinho de mão de lata de Shirley no Camarão, que fugiu com um grito triste. Jem sentiu que até o gato da família o desprezava, e questionou o sentido de continuar vivendo.

**En** Jem pegou o leão de bala, que Nan já tinha comido em parte, mas ainda parecia um leão. Ele decidiu comê-lo, pensando que poderia ser o último leão que comeria. Depois de terminá-lo e lamber os dedos, ele resolveu o que fazer—a única opção disponível quando alguém está proibido de fazer qualquer outra coisa.

## 6

**En** Quando Anne e Gilbert chegaram em casa às onze horas, Anne ficou surpresa ao ver a casa tão iluminada. Ela exclamou que deviam ter chegado visitas.

**En** No entanto, quando Anne entrou correndo, não havia visitantes à vista. As luzes estavam acesas na cozinha, sala de estar, biblioteca, sala de jantar, quarto de Susan e no corredor de cima, mas não havia sinal de ninguém.

**En** Anne estava prestes a falar quando o telefone tocou. Gilbert atendeu, reagiu com choque e imediatamente saiu correndo sem dizer uma palavra a Anne. Algo terrível deve ter acontecido, não deixando tempo para explicações.

**En** Como esposa de um médico, Anne estava acostumada a emergências repentinas. Ela calmamente tirou o chapéu e o casaco, mas sentiu-se levemente irritada com Susan por ter deixado todas as luzes acesas e as portas totalmente abertas quando saiu.

**En** Uma voz que parecia impossível de ser a de Susan chamou, e no entanto era Susan.

**En** Anne olhou para Susan com espanto. Susan estava sem chapéu, seus cabelos grisalhos emaranhados com pedaços de feno, seu vestido estampado terrivelmente manchado. E seu rosto era uma imagem de angústia.

**En** Susan anunciou que o pequeno Jem havia desaparecido. Anne olhou incrédula, incapaz de entender como ele poderia simplesmente sumir.

**En** Susan, torcendo as mãos, confirmou que Jem tinha ido embora. Ela explicou que ele estava nos degraus laterais quando ela saiu para o Glen, mas quando ela voltou antes do anoitecer, ele não estava lá. Ela havia procurado em todos os cômodos da casa; ele tinha dito que iria fugir.

**En** Anne disse a Susan para não ser tola, dizendo que Jem não fugiria. Ela a segurou de que ele devia estar por perto, talvez adormecido, e que ela tinha se preocupado desnecessariamente.

**En** Susan insistiu que tinha procurado em todos os lugares, incluindo o terreno e as dependências externas. Ela apontou para seu vestido e contou como tinha caído por um buraco no palheiro em uma manjedoura no estábulo, aterrissando em um ninho de ovos. Ela considerou uma sorte não ter quebrado uma perna, embora nada pudesse parecer uma sorte enquanto o Pequeno Jem estivesse perdido.

**En** Anne ainda se recusava a ficar perturbada. Ela pensou em voz alta se Jem poderia ter ido para a Boca do Porto com os meninos, afinal, observando que ele nunca tinha desobedecido a uma ordem antes, mas talvez desta vez tivesse.

**En** Susan respondeu que Jem não tinha desobedecido; Bertie Shakespeare tinha acabado de voltar para casa e disse que Jem não foi com eles. Ela sentiu o chão se abrir, pois era responsável por ele. Ela tinha telefonado para os Paxtons, que disseram que Anne tinha estado lá, mas saiu sem dizer para onde.

**En** Uma pessoa mencionou que havia dirigido até Lowbridge para visitar os Parkers. Outra disse que telefonou para todos os lugares possíveis e depois voltou à aldeia, onde os homens haviam iniciado uma busca.

**En** Anne questionou se as ações de Susan eram necessárias. Susan respondeu que havia procurado a criança em todos os lugares, expressando sua angústia e contando que a criança dissera que pularia no lago.

**En** Um calafrio estranho percorreu Anne apesar de si mesma. Ela sabia que Jem não pularia realmente no lago, mas havia um barco velho no lago que Carter Flagg usava para pescar. Em seu humor desafiador anterior, Jem poderia ter tentado remar, uma atividade que muitas vezes quisera tentar. Ele poderia ter caído no lago ao tentar desamarar o barco. De repente, seu medo se tornou concreto e aterrorizante.

**En** Ela percebeu com pânico que não fazia ideia de para onde Gilbert tinha ido.

**En** Tia Mary Maria apareceu na escada, usando um roupão bordado com dragões e com o cabelo em rolinhos. Ela exigiu saber a causa da agitação e reclamou que não conseguia ter uma noite de sono tranquila naquela casa.

**En** Susan, tomada pelo medo e incapaz de se ofender com o tom de Miss Blythe, repetiu que o Pequeno Jem havia desaparecido, acrescentando que sua mãe o havia confiado aos seus cuidados.

**En** Anne realizou sua própria busca pela casa, do sótão ao porão, mas não encontrou vestígio de Jem. Sua cama estava intacta, e ele não estava em nenhum cômodo. Ao voltar para a sala de estar, foi tomada por um pânico súbito e crescente.

**En** Tia Mary Maria, baixando a voz de maneira sinistra, expressou o desejo de não alarmar Anne, mas então perguntou se ela havia verificado o barril de água da chuva, lembrando que um menino chamado Pequeno Jack MacGregor havia se afogado em um rio no ano anterior.

**En** Susan, torcendo as mãos mais uma vez, gaguejou que já havia inspecionado o barril, usando um pedaço de pau para sondar seu conteúdo.

**En** O coração de Anne, que havia parado momentaneamente com a pergunta de Tia Mary Maria, começou a bater novamente. Susan se recompôs, parando de torcer as mãos, tendo lembrado tardiamente que a Sra. Dra. querida não deveria ficar angustiada.

**En** Ela falou com uma voz trêmula, pedindo que todos se acalmassem e trabalhassem juntos, insistindo que Jem devia estar por perto e não podia ter desaparecido.

**En** Tia Mary Maria perguntou se eles tinham verificado a caixa de carvão e o relógio.

**En** Susan já tinha verificado a caixa de carvão, mas ninguém tinha considerado o relógio, que era grande o suficiente para um menino pequeno se esconder. Anne, ignorando o quão improvável era que Jem tivesse ficado ali por quatro horas, correu para olhar, mas Jem não estava lá dentro.

**En** Tia Mary Maria confessou que sentia que algo ruim iria acontecer naquela noite. Ela interpretou um versículo bíblico sobre não saber o que um dia pode trazer como um sinal e aconselhou Anne a se preparar para o pior, sugerindo que Jem poderia ter ido para o pântano e lamentando não terem cães de caça.

**En** Anne forçou uma risada e respondeu que não havia cães de caça na Ilha. Ela mencionou que se o velho setter de Gilbert, Rex, que havia morrido envenenado, ainda estivesse vivo, ele encontraria Jem rapidamente. Ela expressou sua convicção de que estavam se preocupando desnecessariamente.

**En** O falante observou que Tommy Spencer havia desaparecido de Carmody quarenta anos antes e nunca fora encontrado, ou, se fora, apenas seu esqueleto. Ele disse a Anne que aquilo não era motivo de riso e expressou surpresa com sua calma.

**En** Quando o telefone tocou, Anne e Susan trocaram olhares. Anne sussurrou que não podia atender, e Susan admitiu que também não podia. Susan mais tarde se arrependeu de demonstrar tanta fraqueza diante de Mary Maria Blythe, mas as duas horas de busca frenética e imaginações aterrorizantes a haviam deixado exausta.

**En** Tia Mary Maria marchou até o telefone e pegou o fone, seus bobes de cabelo projetando uma sombra chifruda na parede que Susan, apesar de sua angústia, achou que se parecia com o diabo.

**En** Tia Mary Maria reportou com frieza que Carter Flagg dissera que haviam procurado em toda parte sem encontrar nenhum vestígio da pessoa desaparecida, mas o bote estava flutuando sem ninguém no meio do lago. Eles pretendiam dragar o lago.

**En** Susan segurou Anne, que insistiu com lábios pálidos que não ia desmaiar. Ela pediu ajuda para ir até uma cadeira e então declarou que precisavam encontrar Gilbert.

**En** A tia Mary Maria tentou consolar Anne ainda mais, dizendo que se James tivesse se afogado, ele teria sido poupado de muitos problemas neste mundo infeliz.

**En** Assim que conseguiu se levantar, Anne disse que pegaria a lanterna e vasculharia o terreno mais uma vez. Apesar de saber que Susan já o havia feito, ela insistiu em ir ela mesma, pois não suportava ficar sentada esperando.

**En** Susan insistiu que Anne deveria vestir um suéter porque o orvalho estava intenso e o ar úmido. Ela se ofereceu para buscar o vermelho no quarto dos meninos e pediu que Anne esperasse ali.

**En** Susan subiu correndo. Pouco depois, um grito ecoou por Ingleside. Anne e a tia Mary Maria correram para cima e encontraram Susan rindo e chorando no corredor, mais perturbada do que nunca estivera ou jamais estaria.

**En** Susan exclamou que o pequeno Jem estava lá, dormindo no assento da janela atrás da porta que o havia escondido de vista. Ela admitiu que não tinha pensado em olhar ali quando encontrou a cama vazia.

**En** Anne, sobrecarregada de alívio e alegria, conseguiu entrar no quarto e ajoelhou-se junto ao assento da janela. Logo ela e Susan ririam do próprio medo, mas agora só podia chorar de gratidão. O pequeno Jem dormia profundamente no assento da janela, coberto com uma manta, segurando seu ursinho de pelúcia desgastado, e com Shrimp, o cachorro, esticado sobre suas pernas. Seus cachos ruivos repousavam sobre a almofada. Ele parecia estar tendo um sonho agradável, e Anne não pretendia acordá-lo. Mas de repente ele abriu seus olhos cor de avelã, que brilhavam como estrelas, e olhou para ela.

**En** Anne perguntou a Jem por que ele não estava na cama, explicando que eles estavam um pouco preocupados porque não conseguiram encontrá-lo, e que não tinham pensado em procurar ali.

**En** Jem respondeu que queria ficar deitado ali para poder ver sua mãe e seu pai entrarem pelo portão quando voltassem para casa. Ele disse que estava muito solitário, então ele simplesmente teve que ir para a cama.

**En** A mãe dele o ergueu nos braços e o carregou para sua própria cama. Era maravilhoso ser beijado e sentir ela arrumando os lençóis ao redor dele com aqueles tapinhas suaves que o faziam se sentir profundamente amado. Ele não se importava mais em ver uma tatuagem de cobra. A mãe era tão gentil—a mãe mais gentil que alguém poderia ter. Todos no Glen chamavam a mãe de Bertie Shakespeare de "Sra. Second Skimmings" porque ela era tão mesquinha, e ele sabia—ele tinha visto—que ela dava tapas no rosto de Bertie por qualquer coisinha.

**En** Jem disse sonolentemente que, claro, traria mayflowers para ela na próxima primavera, e todas as primaveras, e que ela poderia confiar nele.

**En** A mãe garantiu à criança que poderia ajudar. Tia Mary Maria comentou que agora que todos estavam calmos, eles poderiam relaxar e voltar para suas camas. Seu tom, embora ainda afiado, carregava um toque de alívio.

**En** Anne admitiu que esquecer do assento da janela havia sido muito tolo. Ela acrescentou que a piada era contra eles e que o médico certamente os lembraria disso.

**En** Pediu-se a Susan que telefonasse para o Sr. Flagg para informá-lo de que Jem havia sido encontrado.

**En** Susan disse feliz que o Sr. Flagg daria boas risadas às suas custas, mas ela não se importava porque o pequeno Jem estava seguro.

**En** Tia Mary Maria suspirou lastimosamente e disse que gostaria de uma xícara de chá, enquanto juntava seu xale estampado com dragões em torno de sua forma magra.

**En** Susan disse rapidamente que iria buscar algo, acrescentando que isso deixaria todos mais animados. Ela disse à Sra. Dr. que Carter Flagg agradeceu a Deus ao saber que o Pequeno Jem estava seguro, então ela nunca mais reclamaria dos preços dele. Ela também sugeriu um jantar de frango no dia seguinte como uma pequena comemoração, e que o Pequeno Jem poderia comer seus muffins favoritos no café da manhã.

**En** Houve outro telefonema, desta vez de Gilbert, dizendo que estava levando um bebê gravemente queimado do Harbour Head para o hospital na cidade e que não deveriam esperá-lo de volta até de manhã.

**En** Antes de se recolher, Anne olhou pela janela com gratidão. Uma brisa fresca do mar soprava, e as árvores do Hollow pareciam banhadas pelo luar. Ela conseguia até rir, embora com um toque de emoção, do pânico anterior e das ideias ridículas e lembranças macabras da tia Mary Maria. Seu filho estava seguro; Gilbert estava lá fora se esforçando para salvar a vida de outra criança. Ela orou por ele e pela mãe, e por todas as mães, reconhecendo a imensa ajuda necessária para guiar os corações sensíveis e amorosos que dependem delas.

**En** A noite acolhedora abraçou Ingleside, e todos, inclusive Susan — que sentia vontade de se retirar para um buraco silencioso e fechá-lo atrás de si — adormeceram sob seu teto protetor.

## 7

**En** Ele teria muita companhia e não ficaria sozinho, pois os quatro filhos deles e a sobrinha e o sobrinho de Montreal estavam visitando. O que uma criança não pensasse, as outras pensariam.

**En** A Sra. Dr. Parker, uma mulher grande e alegre, sorriu expansivamente para Walter, que retribuiu o sorriso com certa reserva. Ele não tinha certeza se gostava dela, apesar da simpatia; havia algo de avassalador nela. No entanto, ele gostava do Dr. Parker. Walter nunca havia conhecido os quatro filhos dos Parkers nem sua sobrinha e sobrinho de Montreal.

**En** Lowbridge, onde os Parkers moravam, ficava a seis milhas do Glen, e Walter nunca tinha estado lá, embora as duas famílias se visitassem com frequência. O Dr. Parker e seu pai eram amigos próximos, mas Walter sentia que sua mãe poderia facilmente passar sem a Sra. Parker. Mesmo aos seis anos, Walter, como Anne percebia, conseguia enxergar coisas que outras crianças não viam.

**En** Walter também não tinha certeza se realmente queria ir para Lowbridge. Algumas visitas eram encantadoras — uma viagem a Avonlea, por exemplo, era muito divertida, e passar uma noite com Kenneth Ford na antiga Casa dos Sonhos era ainda melhor, embora isso dificilmente contasse como visita, já que a Casa dos Sonhos parecia uma segunda casa para as crianças de Ingleside. Mas ir para Lowbridge por duas semanas inteiras, entre estranhos, era bem diferente. No entanto, o plano parecia definido. Por alguma razão que Walter sentia, mas não conseguia explicar, seus pais estavam satisfeitos com o acordo. Ele se perguntava tristemente se eles queriam se livrar de todos os filhos. Jem já havia sido levado para Avonlea dois dias antes, e ele ouvira Susan fazendo comentários misteriosos sobre mandar os gêmeos para a Sra. Marshall Elliott quando chegasse a hora. Que hora? Tia Mary Maria parecia muito sombria e fora ouvida dizendo que gostaria que tudo já tivesse acabado. Walter não fazia ideia do que ela queria dizer, mas havia algo de estranho no ar em Ingleside.

**En** Gilbert disse que o levaria no dia seguinte. A Sra. Parker observou que as crianças estariam ansiosas por isso, e Anne expressou sua

gratidão. Na cozinha, Susan disse ao Shrimp, sombriamente, que era tudo para o melhor.

**En** Depois que os Parkers foram embora, tia Mary Maria comentou com Anne que era muito gentil da Sra. Parker tirar Walter de suas mãos. Ela observou que a Sra. Parker havia criado uma grande simpatia por ele, acrescentando que as pessoas realmente criam simpatias tão estranhas. Em seguida, expressou a esperança de que, por pelo menos duas semanas, ela pudesse entrar no banheiro sem pisar em um peixe morto.

**En** A tia Mary Maria disse a Annie que havia um peixe morto. Annie ficou chocada. A tia Mary Maria insistiu que sempre dizia exatamente o que queria dizer e perguntou a Annie se ela já tinha pisado em um peixe morto com os pés descalços.

**En** Susan explicou que Walter havia pegado uma truta e a colocado na banheira para mantê-la viva. Infelizmente, o peixe escapou e morreu durante a noite. Susan comentou que pisar nele foi uma consequência de andar com os pés descalços.

**En** A tia Mary Maria declarou que tinha uma regra firme de nunca discutir com ninguém. Então, ela se levantou e saiu da sala.

**En** Susan declarou sua determinação de não deixar que a tia Mary Maria a incomodasse. A Sra. Dr. concordou que a tia Mary Maria era um pouco irritante, mas disse que não se incomodaria tanto quando a situação se resolvesse, e acrescentou que pisar em um peixe morto devia ser bem desagradável.

**En** Di perguntou à mãe se um peixe morto era preferível a um vivo, porque um peixe morto não se contorceria.

**En** Se a verdade deve ser dita, é preciso admitir que tanto a senhora da casa quanto a empregada em Ingleside riram.

**En** Isso resolveu a questão. Mas naquela noite Anne expressou suas dúvidas a Gilbert sobre se Walter realmente seria feliz em Lowbridge.

**En** Anne comentou que Walter era extremamente sensível e imaginativo. Gilbert, cansado de um dia ocupado fazendo três partos, concordou que Walter provavelmente tinha medo até de subir as escadas sozinho no escuro. Ele acreditava que passar alguns dias com

as crianças Parker, aprendendo a dar e receber, faria muito bem a Walter e ele voltaria uma criança diferente.

**En** Anne não discutiu mais, convencida de que Gilbert provavelmente estava certo. Walter sentia falta de Jem e, dadas as complicações quando Shirley nasceu, era melhor que Susan tivesse menos responsabilidades além de administrar a casa e suportar a tia Mary Maria, cuja estadia prometida de duas semanas já havia se estendido para quatro.

**En** Walter estava deitado acordado na cama, tentando escapar do pensamento perturbador de ter que partir no dia seguinte deixando a imaginação correr solta. Ele possuía uma imaginação muito vívida, que comparava a um grande corcel branco que podia transportá-lo através do tempo e do espaço. Ele visualizava a Noite como um anjo alto, escuro e de asas de morcego vindo da floresta do Sr. Andrew Taylor. Às vezes ele a recebia bem, mas outras vezes suas próprias imaginações vívidas o assustavam. Ele personificava tudo em seu pequeno mundo: o Vento que lhe contava histórias, a Geada que beliscava as flores, o Orvalho que caía silenciosamente, a Lua que ele achava que poderia pegar se chegasse ao topo de uma colina roxa distante, a Névoa do mar, o Mar sempre mutável mas constante, e a Maré escura e misteriosa. Para ele, Ingleside e seus arredores estavam cheios de elfos, kelpies, dríades, sereias e duendes. O gato preto de gesso na estante da biblioteca era uma bruxa de fada que ganhava vida à noite, crescia enormemente e rondava a casa. Walter se escondia debaixo das cobertas e tremia, pois muitas vezes se assustava com suas próprias fantasias.

**En** A tia Mary Maria acreditava que Walter era muito nervoso e sensível, embora Susan discordasse veementemente. Enquanto isso, a tia Kitty MacGregor do Upper Glen, conhecida por ter visão sobrenatural, olhou profundamente nos olhos cinzentos de Walter com longos cílios e declarou que ele parecia ter uma alma velha em um corpo jovem. Era possível que essa alma velha soubesse mais do que o cérebro jovem conseguia sempre compreender.

**En** De manhã, disseram a Walter que seu pai o levaria a Lowbridge depois do jantar. Ele não disse nada, mas durante o jantar uma sensação de sufocamento o tomou. Ele rapidamente olhou para baixo para esconder um súbito véu de lágrimas, mas não rápido o suficiente.

**En** A tia Mary Maria perguntou se ele ia chorar, dando a entender que uma criança de seis anos seria envergonhada para sempre se o fizesse. Ela disse que detestava crianças choronas e apontou que ele não tinha comido a carne.

**En** Walter respondeu que havia comido tudo menos a gordura, explicando que não gostava de gordura. Ele piscou bravamente, mas ainda não ousou levantar os olhos.

**En** A tia Mary Maria disse a Walter que quando ela era jovem, não lhe era permitido ter preferências ou aversões. Ela expressou confiança de que a Sra. Dra. Parker o curaria de algumas de suas manias. Ela especulou sobre o sobrenome da Sra. Parker — seria ela uma Winter, uma Clark, ou talvez uma Campbell? Mas concluiu que os Winters e os Campbells eram iguais e não toleravam nenhuma bobagem.

**En** Anne pediu educadamente à tia Mary Maria que não assustasse Walter sobre sua visita a Lowbridge, sentindo uma pequena faísca de raiva dentro de si.

**En** Tia Mary Maria pediu desculpas humildemente, dizendo que deveria ter lembrado que não tinha o direito de ensinar nada aos filhos de Anne.

**En** Susan resmungou com raiva enquanto ia buscar a sobremesa, que era o pudim Queen favorito de Walter.

**En** Anne se sentiu profundamente culpada, especialmente quando Gilbert lhe deu um olhar de reprovação, sugerindo que ela poderia ter sido mais paciente com a velha senhora solitária.

**En** Gilbert não estava se sentindo bem, tendo trabalhado em excesso durante todo o verão, e tia Mary Maria aumentava sua tensão. Anne decidiu que, no outono, se as condições permitissem, ela insistiria em enviá-lo para a Nova Escócia por um mês para caçar narcejas.

**En** Anne, arrependida, perguntou à tia Mary Maria sobre o chá. Tia Mary Maria franziu os lábios e disse que estava fraco demais, mas acrescentou que não importava e se perguntou se alguém se importava com a preferência de uma velha, embora algumas pessoas a considerassem boa companhia.

**En** Anne não conseguiu compreender a conexão entre as duas observações da tia Mary Maria e se sentiu exausta demais para tentar. Ela ficou muito pálida.

**En** Anne disse fracamente que iria para o andar de cima se deitar. Ela sugeriu a Gilbert que não ficasse muito tempo em Lowbridge e recomendou que ele telefonasse para a Srta. Carson.

**En** Anne beijou Walter às pressas, como se estivesse preocupada. Walter não chorou. Tia Mary Maria então o beijou na testa — um beijo úmido que Walter detestava — e falou.

**En** Tia Mary Maria ordenou que Walter prestasse atenção aos modos à mesa em Lowbridge e não fosse guloso, avisando que, se o fosse, um Homem Preto Grande viria com um saco preto grande para levar crianças malcriadas.

**En** Gilbert havia saído, o que provavelmente foi bom, já que ele não ouviu a tia Mary Maria. Ele e Anne sempre faziam questão de não assustar seus filhos com tais ideias. Susan ouviu enquanto limpava a mesa, e tia Mary Maria nunca percebeu o quão perto esteve de ter a molheira atirada nela.

## 8

**En** Walter geralmente gostava de passear de carruagem com seu pai, especialmente nas belas estradas ao redor de Glen St. Mary. Mas naquele dia seu pai estava quieto e dirigia mais rápido do que Walter jamais vira. Em Lowbridge, após algumas palavras apressadas com a Sra. Parker, ele saiu correndo sem se despedir. Walter lutou para não chorar, sentindo que seus pais não o amavam mais.

**En** A grande e bagunçada casa dos Parker não pareceu amigável para Walter. A Sra. Parker o levou ao quintal, cheio de crianças barulhentas, o apresentou e depois voltou para sua costura, esperando que eles se dessem bem. Ela não percebeu que Walter era diferente. Ela gostava dele e estava feliz em ajudar Anne Blythe, torcendo para que tudo corresse bem.

**En** O quintal ficou em silêncio. Walter olhou timidamente para as crianças Parker e seus primos Johnson de Montreal. Bill Parker, com dez anos, parecia muito grande; Andy Parker, apelidado de Porco, tinha uma aparência desagradável. Fred Johnson e sua irmã Opal, junto com Cora Parker, o olharam com superioridade. Apenas Alice Parker impediu que Walter fugisse.

**En** Alice tinha sete anos, com cachos dourados, olhos azuis suaves como violetas, bochechas rosadas com covinhas e um vestido amarelo franzido. Ela sorriu para Walter como se o conhecesse para sempre, e ele sentiu que ela era uma amiga.

**En** Fred começou a conversa de forma condescendente, dirigindo-se a Walter com um termo paternalista. Walter sentiu imediatamente o desrespeito e se retraiu, depois disse seu nome firmemente. Fred fingiu estar surpreso e se virou para os outros, determinado a humilhar o menino do campo.

**En** Fred disse a Bill com uma expressão zombeteira que o menino afirmava que seu nome era Walter.

**En** A frase foi passada adiante em uma corrente zombeteira: Bill para Opal, Opal para Andy, Andy para Cora e Cora para Alice, cada um repetindo com divertimento. Apenas Alice permaneceu em silêncio,

olhando para Walter com admiração, o que lhe deu força quando os outros cantaram em uníssono e explodiram em risadas de escárnio.

**En** A Sra. Parker, ocupada com sua costura, sorriu para si mesma, acreditando que as crianças estavam simplesmente se divertindo de forma inofensiva.

**En** Andy olhou para Walter com um sorriso malicioso e disse que tinha ouvido sua mãe mencionar que Walter acreditava em fadas.

**En** Walter olhou fixamente para ele, determinado a não ser humilhado na frente de Alice.

**En** Walter insistiu que fadas existem, mas Andy discordou e zombou dele repetindo a afirmação para Fred e Bill, repetindo toda a performance novamente.

**En** Ser provocado foi agonizante para Walter, que nunca havia experimentado tal zombaria. Ele apertou os lábios para conter as lágrimas, determinado a não chorar na frente de Alice.

**En** Andy perguntou a Walter se ele gostaria de ser fisicamente ferido, tendo decidido que Walter era fraco e que provocá-lo seria divertido.

**En** Alice comandou Andy firmemente, embora sua voz fosse doce e gentil. Seu tom carregava tanta autoridade que até Andy não ousou desobedecer.

**En** Ele murmurou envergonhado que não havia querido dizer aquilo. O vento mudou a favor de Walter, e eles jogaram um jogo de pega-pega bastante amigável no pomar. No entanto, quando foram ruidosamente para o jantar, Walter foi novamente tomado pela saudade de casa. Era tão terrível que por um momento ele temeu chorar na frente de todos, incluindo Alice, que lhe deu um cutucão amigável no braço quando se sentaram, o que o ajudou. Mas ele não conseguiu comer nada; simplesmente não conseguiu. A Sra. Parker, que tinha seus próprios métodos, não o pressionou, concluindo confortavelmente que seu apetite melhoraria pela manhã. Os outros estavam muito ocupados comendo e conversando para prestar muita atenção nele.

**En** Walter se perguntava por que toda a família gritava tanto, sem saber que ainda não haviam abandonado o hábito formado durante a recente morte de uma avó idosa, muito surda e sensível. O barulho lhe

dava dor de cabeça. Em casa, ele refletiu, também estariam jantando agora. Imaginou sua mãe sorrindo à cabeceira da mesa, seu pai brincando com os gêmeos, Susan derramando creme no leite de Shirley e Nan dando petiscos escondidos ao Shrimp. Até a tia Mary Maria, como parte do círculo familiar, de repente parecia banhada por um brilho suave e terno. Quem teria tocado o gongo chinês para o jantar? Era a sua semana, e Jem estava fora. Ele desejava desesperadamente um lugar para chorar, mas nenhum lugar assim parecia existir em Lowbridge. Além disso, havia Alice. Ele engoliu um copo inteiro de água gelada e descobriu que isso ajudou.

**En** Andy chutou-o de repente debaixo da mesa e declarou que o gato deles tinha ataques. Walter respondeu que o seu também tinha, acrescentando que o Shrimp já teve dois ataques. Ele estava determinado a não deixar que os gatos de Lowbridge fossem considerados melhores do que os de Ingleside.

**En** Andy provocou dizendo que o gato deles tinha ataques piores do que o de Walter, mas Walter retrucou que não. A Sra. Parker interveio, insistindo para que não houvesse discussões sobre gatos, pois ela queria uma noite tranquila para escrever seu artigo do Instituto sobre 'Crianças Incompreendidas'. Ela disse para eles irem brincar lá fora, pois logo seria hora de dormir.

**En** Hora de dormir! De repente, Walter percebeu que teria que ficar ali a noite toda — muitas noites, duas semanas de noites. Era terrível. Ele saiu para o pomar com os punhos cerrados, apenas para encontrar Bill e Andy travados em uma luta furiosa na grama, chutando, arranhando e gritando.

**En** Andy gritou com Bill Parker por lhe dar uma maçã com bicho, e avisou que ensinaria uma lição a Bill mordendo suas orelhas.

**En** Essas brigas eram algo cotidiano para a família Parker. A Sra. Parker acreditava que brigar era inofensivo para os meninos; permitia que liberassem sua energia reprimida e, depois, ficavam tão amigos como antes. No entanto, Walter nunca havia presenciado uma briga antes e ficou horrorizado.

**En** Fred incentivava os lutadores, enquanto Opal e Cora riam, mas Alice tinha lágrimas nos olhos. Incapaz de suportar isso, Walter se jogou

entre os dois combatentes, que haviam parado para recuperar o fôlego antes de retomar a briga.

**En** Walter ordenou que parassem de brigar, dizendo que estavam assustando Alice. Bill e Andy olharam para ele espantados por um momento, mas depois acharam a situação cômica — aquela criancinha interferindo na briga deles. Ambos caíram na risada, e Bill deu um tapinha nas costas de Walter.

**En** Bill observou que Walter tinha coragem e se tornaria um menino de verdade um dia se pudesse crescer. Então ofereceu a Walter uma maçã, garantindo que não continha bichos.

**En** Alice enxugou as lágrimas e olhou para Walter com tanta adoração que Fred ficou com ciúmes. Embora Alice fosse apenas uma criança, Fred acreditava que ela não tinha o direito de admirar outro menino na presença dele. Ele tinha entrado em casa e ouvido a tia Jen contar algo ao tio Dick pelo telefone.

**En** Fred informou a Walter que sua mãe estava gravemente doente. Walter protestou, mas Fred insistiu que tinha ouvido a tia Jen informar ao tio Dick que Anne Blythe estava doente. Fred havia adicionado a palavra 'péssimo' para causar efeito. Ele então afirmou que ela provavelmente estaria morta antes de Walter voltar para casa.

# 1

## Pt/En

### Português

Anne Blythe, caminhando pelo caminho do jardim até a porta da frente de Diana Wright, refletiu sobre quão branca a luz da lua parecia naquela noite, enquanto pétalas de flor de cerejeira caíam pela brisa salgada.

### Original English

HOW WHITE the moonlight is tonight!" said Anne Blythe to herself, as she went up the walk of the Wright garden to Diana Wright's front door, where little cherry-blossom petals were coming down on the salty, breeze-stirred air.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ela parou para observar as colinas e bosques que sempre amara. Embora Glen St. Mary fosse agora seu lar, Avonlea ocupava um lugar único em seu coração. Cada curva trazia lembranças de seu eu passado. Ela viera para o funeral do pai de seu marido Gilbert e ficara uma semana; Marilla e a Sra. Lynde queriam que ela permanecesse mais tempo.

### Original English

She paused for a moment to look about her on hills and woods she had loved in olden days and still loved. Dear Avonlea! Glen St. Mary was home to her now and had been home for many years but Avonlea had something that Glen St. Mary could never have. Ghosts of herself met her at every turn . . . the fields she had roamed in welcomed her . . . unfading echoes of the old sweet life were all about her . . . every spot she looked upon had some lovely memory. There were haunted gardens here and there where bloomed all the roses of yesteryear. Anne always loved to come home to Avonlea even when, as now, the reason for her visit had been a sad one. She and Gilbert had come up for the funeral of his father and Anne had stayed for a week. Marilla and Mrs. Lynde could not bear to have her go away too soon.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Seu antigo quarto de águas-furtadas estava sempre preparado, e ao chegar ela encontrou um grande buquê de flores da primavera colocado ali pela Sra. Lynde. A fragrância parecia conter toda a doçura dos anos esquecidos. O quarto parecia um abraço, e ela olhou para a cama familiar, travesseiros, tapetes e o espelho que outrora refletira o rosto da menina órfã que chorava até dormir ali. Por um momento, ela esqueceu que era mãe de cinco filhos e sentiu-se novamente como Anne de Green Gables.

### **Original English**

Her old porch gable room was always kept for her and when Anne had gone to it the night of her arrival she found that Mrs. Lynde had put a big, homey bouquet of spring flowers in it for her . . . a bouquet that, when Anne buried her face in it, seemed to hold all the fragrance of unforgotten years. The Anne-who-used-to-be was waiting there for her. Deep, dear old gladnesses stirred in her heart. The gable room was putting its arms around her . . . enclosing her . . . enveloping her. She looked lovingly at her old bed with the apple-leaf spread Mrs. Lynde had knitted and the spotless pillows trimmed with deep lace Mrs. Lynde had crocheted . . . at Manila's braided rugs on the floor . . . at the mirror that had reflected the face of the little orphan, with her unwritten child's forehead, who had cried herself to sleep there that first night so long ago. Anne forgot that she was the joyful mother of five children . . . with Susan Baker again knitting mysterious bootees at Ingleside. She was Anne of Green Gables once more.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Lynde entrou com toalhas limpas e encontrou Anne ainda olhando sonhadora para o espelho.

### **Original English**

Mrs. Lynde found her still staring dreamily in the mirror when she came in, bringing clean towels.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Lynde expressou como era maravilhoso ter Anne em casa. Ela disse que, mesmo após nove anos, ela e Marilla ainda sentiam muita falta dela. Embora estivesse menos solitário agora que Davy se casara com Millie, que era uma moça simpática e fazia tortas excelentes, mas era muito curiosa, a Sra. Lynde afirmou que ninguém podia se comparar a Anne.

### **Original English**

“It’s real good to have you home again, Anne, that’s what. It’s nine years since you went away, but Marilla and I can’t seem to get over missing you. It’s not so lonesome now since Davy got married . . . Millie is a real nice little thing . . . such pies! . . . though she’s curious as a chipmunk about everything. But I’ve always said and always will say that there’s nobody like you.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne comentou brincando com a Sra. Lynde que o espelho não podia ser enganado e estava lhe dizendo que ela não era mais tão jovem como antes.

### **Original English**

“Ah, but this mirror can’t be tricked, Mrs. Lynde. It’s telling me plainly, ‘You’re not as young as you once were,’ ” said Anne whimsically.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Lynde consolou Anne observando que ela havia preservado bem a pele, embora nunca tivesse tido muita cor para perder.

### **Original English**

“You’ve kept your complexion very well,” said Mrs. Lynde consolingly. “Of course you never had much colour to lose.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne declarou alegremente que ainda não tinha sinal de queixo duplo. Expressou alegria por seu antigo quarto se lembrar dela, pois doeria se voltasse e descobrisse que ele a havia esquecido. Ela também achou maravilhoso ver a lua nascendo novamente sobre o Bosque Assombrado.

### Original English

“At any rate, I’ve never a hint of a second chin yet,” said Anne gaily. “And my old room remembers me, Mrs. Lynde. I’m glad . . . it would hurt me so if I ever came back and found it had forgotten me. And it’s wonderful to see the moon rising over the Haunted Wood again.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Sra. Lynde observou que a lua se assemelhava a um grande pedaço de ouro no céu, sentindo que estava fazendo um voo poético ousado e grata por Marilla não estar presente para ouvir.

### Original English

“It looks like a great big piece of gold in the sky, doesn’t it?” said Mrs. Lynde, feeling that she was taking a wild, poetical flight and thankful that Marilla wasn’t there to hear.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne indicou os abetos pontiagudos silhuetados contra a lua e as bétulas na depressão ainda esticando seus braços para o céu prateado. Ela refletiu que as árvores estavam grandes agora, meras mudas quando ela chegou, o que a fazia sentir-se um pouco mais velha.

### Original English

“Look at those pointed firs coming out against it . . . and the birches in the hollow still holding their arms up to the silver sky. They’re big trees now . . . they were just baby things when I came here . . . that does make me feel a bit old.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Sra. Lynde comparou árvores a crianças, observando como crescem rápido, assim como Fred Wright, que tinha apenas treze anos mas já era quase tão alto quanto o pai. Ela mencionou que havia preparado uma torta de frango quente e biscoitos de limão para o jantar. Ela garantiu a Anne que a cama estava confortável porque havia arejado os lençóis três vezes, embora os outros não soubessem de cada arejamento. Ela expressou esperança de que Mary Maria Blythe fosse embora no dia seguinte, já que ela sempre gostava de um funeral.

### Original English

"Trees are like children," said Mrs. Lynde. "It's dreadful the way they grow up the minute you turn your back on them. Look at Fred Wright . . . he's only thirteen but he's nearly as tall as his father. There's a hot chicken pie for supper and I made some of my lemon biscuits for you. You needn't be a mite afraid to sleep in that bed. I aired the sheets today . . . and Marilla didn't know I did it and gave them another airing . . . and Millie didn't know either of us did and gave them a third. I hope Mary Maria Blythe will get out tomorrow . . . she always enjoys a funeral so."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne não gostava de ser chamada de "Annie" pela tia Mary Maria, que era prima do pai de Gilbert. Ela lembrou que a primeira vez que a tia a viu após o casamento, comentou como era estranho que Gilbert a tivesse escolhido quando poderia ter tido muitas outras moças boas. Anne confessou que esse comentário foi a razão pela qual nunca gostou da tia, e acreditava que Gilbert sentia o mesmo, embora fosse leal demais para admitir.

### Original English

"Aunt Mary Maria . . . Gilbert always calls her that although she is only his father's cousin . . . always calls me 'Annie,'" shuddered Anne. "And the first time she saw me after I was married she said, 'It's so strange Gilbert picked you. He could have had so many nice girls.' Perhaps that's why I've never liked her . . . and I know Gilbert doesn't either, though he's too clannish to admit it."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Anne perguntou quanto tempo Gilbert ficaria.

**Original English**

“Will Gilbert be staying up long?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Gilbert precisava voltar na noite seguinte porque um de seus pacientes estava em estado muito grave.

**Original English**

“No. He has to go back tomorrow night. He left a patient in a very critical condition.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A interlocutora comentou que não havia muito motivo para Gilbert permanecer em Avonlea agora que sua mãe havia falecido no ano anterior. O velho Sr. Blythe havia perdido todo o interesse pela vida após a morte dela. A família Blythe, segundo a interlocutora, sempre se importou demais com coisas mundanas. Era uma pena que nenhum dos Blythes tivesse ficado em Avonlea, pois haviam sido uma boa e antiga família. No entanto, a interlocutora observou que os Sloanes ainda estavam muito presentes e continuariam assim indefinidamente.

**Original English**

“Oh, well, I suppose there isn’t much to keep him in Avonlea now, since his mother went last year. Old Mr. Blythe never held up his head after her death . . . just hadn’t anything left to live for. The Blythes were always like that . . . always set their affections too much on earthly things. It’s real sad to think there are none of them left in Avonlea. They were a fine old stock. But then . . . there’s any amount of Sloanes. The Sloanes are still Sloanes, Anne, and will be for ever and ever, world without end, amen.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne declarou que iria dar um passeio no velho pomar à luz do luar após o jantar, apesar da presença de muitos Sloanes. Ela considerava dormir em noites de luar uma perda de tempo, mas planejava acordar cedo para ver a primeira luz da manhã sobre o Bosque Assombrado, com robins e um pardal, e admirar os amores-perfeitos.

### **Original English**

“Let there be as many Sloanes as there will, I’m going out after supper to walk all over the old orchard by moonlight. I suppose I’ll have to go to bed finally . . . though I’ve always thought sleeping on moonlight nights a waste of time . . . but I’m going to wake early to see the first faint morning light steal over the Haunted Wood. The sky will turn to coral and the robins will be strutting around . . . perhaps a little grey sparrow will light on the window-sill . . . and there’ll be gold and purple pansies to look at . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Lynde comentou tristemente que os coelhos haviam comido todos os lírios de junho, sentindo-se aliviada por o assunto da lua ter terminado. Ela sempre achara Anne um pouco estranha e duvidava que ela mudasse.

### **Original English**

“But the rabbits has et up all the June lily bed,” said Mrs. Lynde sadly, as she waddled downstairs, feeling secretly relieved that there need be no more talk about the moon. Anne had always been a bit queer that way. And there did not any longer seem to be much use in hoping she would outgrow it.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana desceu o caminho para encontrar Anne. Mesmo sob o luar, seu cabelo era preto, suas bochechas rosadas e seus olhos brilhantes, mas ela estava mais robusta do que antes; as pessoas de Avonlea nunca a haviam chamado de magra.

### **Original English**

Diana came down the walk to meet Anne. Even in the moonlight you saw that her hair was still black and her cheeks rosy and her eyes bright. But the moonlight could not hide that she was something stouter than in years ago . . . and Diana had never been what Avonlea folks called “skinny.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne disse a Diana para não se preocupar, pois não tinha vindo para ficar. Diana respondeu com reprovação que preferia passar a noite com Anne a ir à recepção, sentindo que não tinha visto Anne o suficiente, que estava partindo em dois dias, mas eles tinham que ir por causa do irmão de Fred.

### **Original English**

“Don’t worry, darling . . . I haven’t come to stay. . . .” “As if I’d worry over that,” said Diana reproachfully. “You know I’d far rather spend the evening with you than go to the reception. I feel I haven’t seen half enough of you and now you’re going back day after tomorrow. But Fred’s brother, you know . . . we’ve just got to go.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne concordou que Diana tinha que ir. Ela só tinha vindo por um momento, andando pelo caminho antigo, passando pela Bolha da Dríade, pelo Bosque Assombrado, pelo jardim de Diana e ao longo de Willowmere. Ela tinha parado para observar os salgueiros refletidos de ponta-cabeça na água, como costumavam fazer, notando como eles haviam crescido.

### **Original English**

“Of course you have. And I just ran up for a moment. I came the old way, Di . . . past the Dryad’s Bubble . . . through the Haunted Wood . . . past your bowery old garden . . . and along by Willowmere. I even stopped to watch the willows upside down in the water as we always used to do. They’ve grown so.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana suspirou e observou que tudo havia mudado, apontando para o jovem Fred como exemplo. Ela disse a Anne que ela sozinha parecia inalterada e perguntou como ela conseguia permanecer tão magra, convidando Anne a observar sua própria figura.

### **Original English**

“Everything has,” said Diana with a sigh. “When I look at young Fred! We’ve all changed so . . . except you. You never change, Anne. How do you keep so slim? Look at me!”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne riu, reconhecendo um pouco de matronalidade, mas observando que Diana havia evitado a barriga da meia-idade. Ela mencionou que a Sra. H. B. Donnell achava que ela não havia envelhecido, enquanto a Sra. Harmon Andrews discordava. Anne sentia que estava envelhecendo apenas quando os heróis e heroínas das revistas pareciam muito jovens. Ela propôs que tirassem um dia de folga para visitar todos os seus antigos lugares, caminhar pelos campos e bosques da primavera e se sentir jovens novamente. Ela disse que a primavera fazia tudo parecer possível e que ser sensata o tempo todo não era divertido.

### **Original English**

“A bit matronish of course,” laughed Anne. “But you’ve escaped the middle-aged spread so far, Di. As for my not changing . . . well, Mrs. H. B. Donnell agrees with you. She told me at the funeral that I didn’t look a day older. But Mrs. Harmon Andrews doesn’t. She said, ‘Dear me, Anne, how you’ve failed!’ It’s all in the beholder’s eye . . . or conscience. The only time I feel I’m getting along a bit is when I look at the pictures in the magazines. The heroes and heroines in them are beginning to look too young to me.”

But never mind, Di . . . we're going to be girls again tomorrow. That's what I've come up to tell you. We're going to take an afternoon and evening off and visit all our old haunts . . . every one of them. We'll walk over the spring fields and through those ferny old woods. We'll see all the old familiar things we loved and hills where we'll find our youth again. Nothing ever seems impossible in spring, you know. We'll stop feeling parental and responsible and be as giddy as Mrs. Lynde really thinks me still in her heart of hearts. There's really no fun in being sensible all the time, Diana."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana exclamou que a ideia de Anne soava exatamente como ela e que adoraria ir. Anne interrompeu, dizendo que sabia que Diana estava preocupada com quem prepararia o jantar para os homens.

### **Original English**

"My, how like you that sounds! And I'd love to. But . . ." "There aren't any buts. I know you're thinking, 'Who'll get the men's supper?'"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana explicou que sua filha de onze anos, Anne Cordelia, poderia preparar o jantar para os homens, como já havia planejado. Diana pretendia ir a uma reunião do Auxílio Feminino, mas decidiu se juntar a Anne em vez disso. Ela disse que seria como um sonho realizado e que muitas vezes fingia que eram meninas novamente à noite. Ela se ofereceu para trazer o jantar.

### **Original English**

"Not exactly. Anne Cordelia can get the men's supper as well as I can, if she is only eleven," said Diana proudly. "She was going to, anyway. I was going to the Ladies' Aid. But I won't. I'll go with you. It will be like having a dream come true. You know, Anne, lots of evenings I sit down and just pretend we're little girls again. I'll take our supper with us . . ."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne sugeriu que comessem o jantar no jardim de Hester Gray e perguntou se ele ainda estava lá.

### Original English

“And we’ll eat it back in Hester Gray’s garden . . . I suppose Hester Gray’s garden is still there?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Diana expressou incerteza, admitindo que não visitava o local desde seu casamento. Ela mencionou que sua filha Anne Cordelia era uma exploradora, mas sempre era instruída a não se afastar muito. A garota adorava vagar pelos bosques, e uma vez, quando foi repreendida por falar sozinha, alegou que estava falando com o espírito das flores. Diana notou que um jogo de chá de bonecas enviado por Anne permanecia intacto devido ao cuidado da menina, e ela o usava apenas quando as Três Pessoas Verdes vinham para o chá. Diana não conseguiu descobrir quem ela achava que esses visitantes eram, e comentou que, em muitos aspectos, Anne Cordelia se parecia mais com Anne do que com ela mesma.

### Original English

“I suppose so,” said Diana doubtfully. “I’ve never been there since I was married. Anne Cordelia explores a lot . . . but I always tell her she mustn’t go too far from home. She loves prowling about the woods . . . and one day when I scolded her for talking to herself in the garden she said she wasn’t talking to herself . . . she was talking to the spirit of the flowers. You know that dolls’ tea-set with the tiny pink rosebuds you sent her for her ninth birthday. There isn’t a piece broken . . . she’s so careful. She only uses it when the Three Green People come to tea with her. I can’t get out of her who she thinks they are. I declare in some ways, Anne, she’s far more like you than she is like me.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne sugeriu que talvez um nome carregasse mais significado do que Shakespeare permitia, e aconselhou Diana a não invejar as fantasias de Anne Cordelia. Ela sempre sentia pena das crianças que não passavam alguns anos no país das fadas.

### Original English

“Perhaps there’s more in a name than Shakespeare allowed. Don’t grudge Anne Cordelia her fancies, Diana. I’m always sorry for children who don’t spend a few years in fairyland.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Diana informou que Olivia Sloane era agora a professora deles; ela possuía um diploma de bacharelado e havia assumido o cargo de professora por um ano para ficar perto da mãe. Olivia acreditava que as crianças deveriam ser obrigadas a enfrentar a realidade.

### Original English

“Olivia Sloane is our teacher now,” said Diana doubtfully. “She’s a B.A., you know, and just took the school for a year to be near her mother. She says children should be made to face realities.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne perguntou se ela havia vivido para ouvir Diana adotar a 'Sloanismo'. Diana negou veementemente, dizendo que não gostava nada de Olivia, especialmente de seus olhos azuis redondos e fixos, típicos daquela família. Ela não se importava com as fantasias de Anne Cordelia, que achava bonitas, muito parecidas com as de Anne. Diana concluiu que Anne Cordelia encontraria realidade suficiente à medida que a vida continuasse.

### Original English

“Have I lived to hear you taking up with Sloanishness, Diana Wright?” “No . . . no . . . no! I don’t like her a bit. She has such round staring blue eyes like

all that clan. And I don't mind Anne Cordelia's fancies. They're pretty . . . just like yours used to be. I guess she'll get enough 'reality' as life goes on."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne declarou que estava resolvido e convidou Diana para ir a Green Gables por volta das duas horas para tomar um gole do vinho de groselha vermelha de Marilla. Marilla o fazia de vez em quando, apesar da desaprovação do ministro e da Sra. Lynde, apenas para fazê-los se sentir um pouco diabólicos.

### **Original English**

"Well, it's settled then. Come down to Green Gables about two and we'll have a drink of Marilla's red currant wine . . . she makes it now and then in spite of the minister and Mrs. Lynde . . . just to make us feel real devilish."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana riu e perguntou a Anne se ela se lembrava do dia em que a havia deixado bêbada. Diana não se ofendeu com a palavra "diabólica" porque sabia que Anne não tinha intenção de ofender; era simplesmente o jeito de Anne falar.

### **Original English**

"Do you remember the day you set me drunk on it?" giggled Diana, who did not mind "devilish" as she would if anybody but Anne used it. Everybody knew Anne didn't really mean things like that. It was just her way.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne propôs que tivessem um dia dedicado a relembrar amanhã. Disse que não iria prender Diana por mais tempo, pois Fred estava chegando com a charrete, e elogiou o lindo vestido de Diana.

### **Original English**

“We’ll have a real do-you-remember day tomorrow, Diana. I won’t keep you any longer . . . there’s Fred coming with the buggy. Your dress is lovely.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana explicou que Fred insistiu que ela comprasse um vestido novo para o casamento, apesar de sua preocupação com as finanças após a construção do novo celeiro. Ele declarou que não queria que sua esposa aparecesse malvestida enquanto todos os outros estariam extravagantemente arrumados. Ela comentou que essa atitude era típica dos homens.

### **Original English**

“Fred made me get a new one for the wedding. I didn’t feel we could afford it since we built the new barn, but he said he wasn’t going to have his wife looking like someone that was sent for and couldn’t go when everybody else would be dressed within an inch of her life. Wasn’t that just like a man?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne repreendeu Diana por soar como a Sra. Elliott e a aconselhou a ter cuidado com tal tendência. Perguntou a Diana se ela realmente preferiria um mundo sem homens.

### **Original English**

“Oh, you sound just like Mrs. Elliott at the Glen,” said Anne severely. “You want to watch that tendency. Would you like to live in a world where there were no men?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana admitiu que um mundo sem homens seria terrível. Então respondeu a Fred, indicando que estava indo, e se despediu de Anne até o dia seguinte.

### **Original English**

“It would be horrible,” admitted Diana. “Yes, yes, Fred, I’m coming. Oh, all right! Till tomorrow then, Anne.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No caminho de volta, Anne parou na Bolha da Dríade, um riacho que ela adorava. Ela sentiu que cada risada de sua infância que o riacho havia capturado estava sendo devolvida a ela. Seus velhos sonhos, votos e sussurros pareciam refletidos na água, mas apenas os abetos sábios e antigos do Bosque Assombrado estavam ali para ouvir.

### **Original English**

Anne paused by the Dryad’s Bubble on her way back. She loved that old brook so. Every trill of her childhood’s laughter that it had ever caught, it had held and now seemed to give out again to her listening ears. Her old dreams . . . she could see them reflected in the clear Bubble . . . old vows . . . old whispers . . . the brook kept them all and murmured of them . . . but there was no one to listen save the wise old spruces in the Haunted Wood that had been listening so long.

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# **2**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana comentou que o dia estava lindamente feito para elas, mas temeu que pudesse ser um dia enganoso, prevendo chuva no dia seguinte.

### **Original English**

“Such a lovely day . . . made for us,” said Diana. “I’m afraid it’s a pet day, though . . . there’ll be rain tomorrow.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne respondeu que elas deveriam apreciar a beleza do dia e da amizade agora, mesmo que o sol ou a companhia pudessem desaparecer amanhã. Ela se sentiu aventureira com um vento oeste soprando e ansiava por um passeio perfeito, reivindicando as colinas e vales como delas naquele dia, independentemente da propriedade.

### **Original English**

“Never mind. We’ll drink its beauty today, even if its sunshine is gone tomorrow. We’ll enjoy each other’s friendship today even if we are to be parted tomorrow. Look at those long, golden-green hills . . . those mist-blue valleys. They’re ours, Diana . . . I don’t care if that furthest hill is registered in Abner Sloane’s name . . . its ours today. There’s a west wind blowing . . . I always feel adventurous when a west wind blows . . . and we’re going to have a perfect ramble.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Elas realmente revisitaram todos os seus lugares queridos: a Alameda dos Namorados, o Bosque Assombrado, Idlewild, o Vale Violeta, a Trilha das Bétulas e o Lago Cristalino. Alguns lugares mudaram: as mudas de bétula em Idlewild haviam se tornado grandes árvores, a Trilha das Bétulas estava coberta de samambaias e o Lago Cristalino desaparecera, deixando apenas uma depressão coberta de musgo. No entanto, o Vale Violeta ainda estava cheio de violetas, e a macieira que Gilbert descobrira há muito tempo havia crescido imensa, coberta de pequenos botões de flores com pontas carmesim.

### **Original English**

They had. All the old dear spots were revisited: Lover’s Lane, the Haunted Wood, Idlewild, Violet Vale, the Birch Path, Crystal Lake. There were some changes. The little ring of birch saplings in Idlewild, where they had had a playhouse long ago, had grown into big trees; the Birch Path, long untrodden, was matted with bracken; the Crystal Lake had entirely

disappeared, leaving only a damp mossy hollow. But Violet Vale was purple with violets and the seedling apple tree Gilbert had once found far back in the woods was a huge tree peppered over with tiny, crimson-tipped blossom-buds.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Elas andavam de cabeça descoberta, o cabelo de Anne brilhando como mogno polido e o de Diana ainda preto brilhante. Trocavam olhares calorosos e compreensivos. Às vezes andavam em silêncio, pois Anne acreditava que duas pessoas tão simpáticas podiam sentir os pensamentos uma da outra. Outras vezes, temperavam a conversa com lembranças, perguntando se a outra se lembrava de vários eventos: cair no galinheiro, pular em cima da tia Josefina, o Clube de Histórias, a visita da Sra. Morgan quando Anne manchou o nariz de vermelho, sinalizar com velas das janelas, a diversão no casamento da Srta. Lavender com os laços azuis de Charlotta e a Sociedade de Melhoramentos. Era como se pudessem ouvir suas velhas gargalhadas ecoando pelos anos.

### **Original English**

They walked bare-headed. Anne's hair still gleamed like polished mahogany in the sunlight and Diana's was still glossy black. They exchanged gay and understanding, warm and friendly, glances. Sometimes they walked in silence . . . Anne always maintained that two people as sympathetic as she and Diana could feel each other's thoughts. Sometimes they peppered their conversation with do-you-remembers. "Do you remember the day you fell through the Cobb duckhouse on the Tory Road?" . . . "Do you remember when we jumped on Aunt Josephine?" . . . "Do you remember our Story Club?" . . . "Do you remember Mrs. Morgan's visit when you stained your nose red?" . . . "Do you remember how we signalled to each other from our windows with candles?" . . . "Do you remember the fun we had at Miss Lavender's wedding and Charlotta's blue bows?" . . . "Do you remember the Improvement Society?" It almost seemed to them they could hear their old peals of laughter echoing down the years.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O A.V.I.S. parecia ter morrido. Ele gradualmente chegou ao fim não muito depois do casamento de Anne.

### **Original English**

The A.V.I.S. was, it seemed, dead. It had petered out soon after Anne's marriage.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana disse que eles simplesmente não conseguiam manter o grupo funcionando, e que os jovens em Avonlea agora não eram como os do tempo delas.

### **Original English**

"They just couldn't keep it up, Anne. The young people in Avonlea now are not what they were in our day."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne protestou que Diana não deveria falar como se o tempo delas tivesse acabado. Ela insistiu que elas tinham apenas quinze anos e almas gêmeas. O ar, disse ela, não estava apenas cheio de luz—era a própria luz, e ela não tinha certeza se não havia criado asas.

### **Original English**

"Don't talk as if 'our day' were ended, Diana. We're only fifteen years old and kindred spirits. The air isn't just full of light . . . it is light. I'm not sure that I haven't sprouted wings."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Diana concordou de todo coração, esquecendo que havia pesado cento e cinquenta e cinco quilos naquela manhã. Ela frequentemente desejava se transformar em um pássaro por um tempo, imaginando como voar deveria ser maravilhoso.

### Original English

"I feel just that way, too," said Diana, forgetting that she had tipped the scale at one hundred and fifty-five that morning. "I often feel that I'd love to be turned into a bird for a little while. It must be wonderful to fly."

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## Pt/En

### Português

A beleza as cercava por toda parte. Cores delicadas brilhavam nas florestas escuras e reluziam ao longo dos caminhos convidativos. A luz do sol de primavera filtrava-se através das folhas novas; cantos alegres de pássaros ecoavam. Pequenas depressões pareciam banhos de ouro líquido. Aromas frescos de samambaias, bálsamo de abeto e campos recém-arados as encontravam a cada curva. Elas passaram por uma alameda cortinada por flores de cerejeira silvestre, um campo gramado com minúsculos abetos como criaturas élficas, riachos que se podia saltar, estrelas-do-mato sob os abetos e cachos de samambaias jovens. Então viram uma bétula da qual a casca havia sido arrancada, revelando camadas de cor. Anne a estudou longamente, vendo tons do branco cremoso ao dourado e ao marrom profundo, como se a árvore mostrasse que por dentro de seu exterior fresco guardava sentimentos calorosos.

### Original English

Beauty was all around them. Unsuspected tintings glimmered in the dark demesnes of the woods and glowed in their alluring by-ways. The spring sunshine sifted through the young green leaves. Gay trills of song were everywhere. There were little hollows where you felt as if you were bathing in a pool of liquid gold. At every turn some fresh spring scent struck their faces . . . spice ferns . . . fir balsam . . . the wholesome odour of newly ploughed fields. There was a lane curtained with wild-cherry blossoms . . . a grassy old field full of tiny spruce trees just starting in life and looking like elvish things that had squatted down among the grasses . . . brooks not yet "too broad for leaping" . . . starflowers under the firs . . . sheets of curly

young ferns . . . and a birch tree whence some vandal hand had torn away the white-skin wrapper in several places, exposing the tints of the bark below. Anne looked at it so long that Diana wondered. She did not see what Anne did . . . tints ranging from purest creamy white, through exquisite golden tones, growing deeper and deeper until the inmost layer revealed the deepest richest brown as if to tell that all birches, so maiden-like and cool exteriorly, had yet warm-hued feelings.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne murmurou sobre o fogo primordial no coração delas. Após uma caminhada por um bosque com cogumelos, elas encontraram o jardim de Hester Gray, ainda encantador com flores. Havia lírios de junho, como Diana chamava os narcisos; cerejeiras mais velhas em flor; uma alameda de rosas; e um antigo dique com flores de morango, violetas e samambaias. Elas comeram o jantar de piquenique sentadas em pedras cobertas de musgo debaixo de uma árvore lilás, apreciando a própria comida.

### **Original English**

“The primeval fire of earth at their hearts,” murmured Anne. And finally, after traversing a little wood glen full of toadstools, they found Hester Gray’s garden. Not so much changed. It was still very sweet with dear flowers. There were still plenty of June lilies, as Diana called the narcissi. The row of cherry trees had grown older but was a drift of snowy bloom. You could still find the central rose walk, and the old dyke was white with strawberry blossoms and blue with violets and green with baby fern. They ate their picnic supper in a corner of it, sitting on some old mossy stones, with a lilac tree behind them flinging purple banners against a low-hanging sun. Both were hungry and both did justice to their own good cooking.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana suspirou satisfeita que as coisas têm melhor sabor ao ar livre. Ela elogiou o bolo de chocolate de Anne e quis a receita para Fred, que podia comer de tudo e continuar magro. Ela se preocupava em engordar como a tia-avó Sarah, que precisava ser puxada para cima depois de se sentar.

No entanto, sentiu-se obrigada a comer bolo na recepção e agora para não ofender.

### Original English

“How nice things taste out of doors!” sighed Diana comfortably. “That chocolate cake of yours, Anne . . . well, words fail me, but I must get the recipe. Fred would adore it. He can eat anything and stay thin. I’m always saying I’m not going to eat any more cake . . . because I’m getting fatter every year. I’ve such a horror of getting like great-aunt Sarah . . . she was so fat she always had to be pulled up when she had sat down. But when I see a cake like that . . . and last night at the reception . . . well, they would all have been so offended if I didn’t eat.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Anne perguntou se Diana tinha se divertido.

### Original English

“Did you have a nice time?”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Diana disse que se divertiu de certa forma, mas caiu nas garras da prima de Fred, Henrietta, que se deliciava em descrever suas operações e o apêndice prestes a estourar. Diana achou que Henrietta merecia falar sobre isso. Jim foi engraçado, embora talvez não para Mary Alice. Ela então pegou um pequeno pedaço de bolo, pensando que uma lasca não faria diferença. Jim dissera que, na noite anterior ao casamento, estava tão assustado que considerou pegar o trem noturno, e acreditava que todos os noivos se sentiam assim. Diana perguntou a Anne se Gilbert e Fred também.

### Original English

“Oh, yes, in a way. But I fell into Fred’s Cousin Henrietta’s clutches . . . and it’s such a delight to her to tell all about her operations and her sensations while going through them and how soon her appendix would have burst if she hadn’t had it out. ‘I had fifteen stitches put in it. Oh, Diana, the agony I suffered!’ Well, she enjoyed it if I didn’t. And she has suffered, so why

shouldn't she have the fun of talking about it now? Jim was so funny . . . I don't know if Mary Alice liked it altogether. . . . Well, just one teeny piece . . . may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, I suppose . . . a mere sliver can't make much difference. . . . One thing he said . . . that the very night before the wedding he was so scared he felt he'd have to take the boat-train. He said all grooms felt just the same if they'd be honest about it. You don't suppose Gilbert and Fred felt like that, do you, Anne?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne assegurou que não. Diana disse que Fred só temeu que ela pudesse mudar de ideia como Rose Spencer, mas nunca se pode saber o que um homem pensa. Ela descartou a preocupação, valorizando a linda tarde e as velhas memórias. Ela desejou que Anne não tivesse que ir embora.

### **Original English**

"I'm sure they didn't." "That's what Fred said when I asked him. He said all he was scared of was that I'd change my mind at the last moment like Rose Spencer. But you can never really tell what a man may be thinking. Well, there's no use worrying over it now. What a lovely time we've had this afternoon! We seem to have lived so many old happinesses over. I wish you didn't have to go tomorrow, Anne."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne perguntou a Diana se ela poderia vir a Ingleside para uma visita naquele verão, mencionando que após certo ponto ela não gostaria de visitantes por algum tempo.

### **Original English**

"Can't you come down for a visit to Ingleside sometime this summer, Diana? Before . . . well, before I'll not be wanting visitors for a while."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana respondeu que adoraria ir, mas era impossível sair de casa no verão porque sempre havia muito o que fazer.

### **Original English**

“I’d love to. But it seems impossible to get away from home in the summer. There’s always so much to do.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne disse que Rebecca Dew estava finalmente vindo, o que a agradava, mas ela suspeitava que a tia Mary Maria também estava satisfeita. Ela havia dado a entender isso a Gilbert. Nenhum dos dois a queria ali, mas como ela era parente, sentiam-se obrigados a recebê-la.

### **Original English**

“Rebecca Dew is coming at long last, of which I’m glad . . . and I’m afraid Aunt Mary Maria is, too. She hinted as much to Gilbert. He doesn’t want her any more than I do . . . but she is ‘a relation’ and so his latchstring must be always out for her.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana sugeriu que talvez visitasse no inverno, expressando que adoraria ver Ingleside novamente e elogiou Anne por sua linda casa e família.

### **Original English**

“Perhaps I’ll get down in the winter. I’d love to see Ingleside again. You have a lovely home, Anne . . . and a lovely family.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne explicou que agora amava Ingleside, embora no início a odiasse por não ser sua amada Casa dos Sonhos. Ela lutou contra o afeto crescente, mas acabou se rendendo e admitiu que amava a casa, e seu amor aumentava a cada ano. Ela descreveu a casa como nem muito velha nem muito nova, mas madura, e amava cada cômodo por sua personalidade única. Também amava as muitas árvores no gramado, parando frequentemente no patamar para admirá-las e agradecer silenciosamente a quem as plantou. Apesar de ter árvores demais perto da casa, ela não abriria mão de nenhuma.

### Original English

"Ingleside is nice . . . and I do love it now. I once thought I would never love it. I hated it when we went there first . . . hated it for its very virtues. They were an insult to my dear House of Dreams. I remember saying piteously to Gilbert when we left it, 'We've been so happy here. We'll never be so happy anywhere else.' I revelled in a luxury of homesickness for a while. Then . . . I found little rootlets of affection for Ingleside beginning to sprout out. I fought against it . . . I really did . . . but at last I had to give in and admit I loved it. And I've loved it better every year since. It isn't too old a house . . . too old houses are sad. And it isn't too young . . . too young houses are crude. It's just mellow. I love every room in it. Every one has some fault but also some virtue . . . something that distinguishes it from all the others . . . gives it a personality. I love all those magnificent trees on the lawn. I don't know who planted them but every time I go upstairs I stop on the landing . . . you know that quaint window on the landing with the broad deep seat . . . and sit there looking out for a moment and say, 'God bless the man who planted those trees whoever he was.' We've really too many trees about the house but we wouldn't give up one."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne comentou que Fred gostava muito do grande salgueiro ao sul da casa. Ela frequentemente lhe dizia que a árvore bloqueava a vista das janelas da sala de estar, mas ele respondia que não cortaria uma árvore tão bonita mesmo que ela escondesse a vista. Então o salgueiro permaneceu, e era de fato lindo. Era por isso que eles haviam nomeado o lugar de Fazenda do Salgueiro Solitário. Ela acrescentou que amava o

nome Ingleside porque soava acolhedor e agradável.

### Original English

“That’s just like Fred. He worships that big willow south of the house. It spoils the view from the parlour windows, as I’ve told him again and again, but he only says, ‘Would you cut a lovely thing like that down even if it does shut out the view?’ So the willow stays . . . and it is lovely. That’s why we’ve called our place Lone Willow Farm. I love the name Ingleside. It’s such a nice, homey name.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Anne disse que Gilbert também achava que Ingleside era o nome certo. Eles haviam considerado vários nomes, mas nenhum parecia se encaixar até pensarem em Ingleside. Ela estava satisfeita por terem uma casa grande e espaçosa, porque sua família crescente precisava dela. Mesmo que as crianças ainda fossem pequenas, elas também amavam a casa.

### Original English

“That’s what Gilbert said. We had quite a time deciding on a name. We tried out several but they didn’t seem to belong. But when we thought of Ingleside we knew it was the right one. I’m glad we have a nice big roomy house . . . we need it with our family. The children love it, too, small as they are.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Diana, enquanto se servia de mais bolo de chocolate, elogiou os filhos de Anne, chamando-os de queridos. Ela disse que achava seus próprios filhos muito legais, mas havia algo especial nos de Anne, especialmente os gêmeos. Diana confessou que invejava Anne por ter gêmeos, pois sempre quisera ter gêmeos.

### Original English

“They’re such darlings.” Diana slyly cut herself another “sliver” of the chocolate cake. “I think my own are pretty nice . . . but there’s really something about yours . . . and your twins! That I do envy you. I’ve always wanted twins.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne explicou que não podia escapar de ter gêmeos, pois parecia ser seu destino. No entanto, ela estava decepcionada por seus gêmeos não se parecerem nada um com o outro. Nan era bonita, com cabelos castanhos, olhos castanhos e uma pele linda. Di, com seus olhos verdes e cabelos ruivos que tinham um redemoinho, era a favorita do pai. Shirley era a menina dos olhos de Susan; após seu nascimento, Anne ficou doente por muito tempo e Susan cuidou dele, a ponto de quase considerá-lo como seu. Susan o chamava de 'seu garotinho moreno' e o mimava terrivelmente.

### **Original English**

“Oh, I couldn’t get away from twins . . . they’re my destiny. But I’m disappointed mine don’t look alike . . . not one bit alike. Nan’s pretty, though, with her brown hair and eyes and her lovely complexion. Di is her father’s favourite, because she has green eyes and red hair . . . red hair with a swirl to it. Shirley is the apple of Susan’s eye . . . I was ill so long after he was born and she looked after him till I really believe she thinks he is her own. She calls him her ‘little brown boy’ and spoils him shamefully.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana disse que Shirley ainda era pequeno o suficiente para que ela pudesse entrar de fininho para verificar se ele havia chutado as cobertas e colocá-las de volta. Ela invejava isso, porque seu filho Jack já tinha nove anos e não queria mais que ela fizesse isso, afirmando que era muito grande. Diana adorava fazer isso e desejava que as crianças não crescessem tão rápido.

### **Original English**

“And he’s still so small you can creep in to find if he has kicked off the clothes and tuck him in again,” said Diana enviously. “Jack’s nine, you know, and he doesn’t want me to do that now. He says he’s too big. And I loved so to do it! Oh, I wish children didn’t grow up so soon.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne comentou que seus filhos ainda não haviam chegado àquele estágio. No entanto, desde que Jem começou a escola, ele não queria mais segurar sua mão ao caminhar pela vila, e ela suspirou. Apesar disso, Jem, Walter e Shirley ainda queriam que ela os colocasse na cama à noite, e Walter frequentemente fazia disso um ritual.

### Original English

“None of mine have got to that stage yet . . . though I’ve noticed that since Jem began to go to school he doesn’t want to hold my hand any more when we walk through the village,” said Anne with a sigh. “But he and Walter and Shirley all want me to tuck them in yet. Walter sometimes makes quite a ritual of it.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne acrescentou que ela ainda não precisava se preocupar com o futuro deles, mas Jack estava determinado a se tornar soldado quando crescesse, o que ela achava surpreendente.

### Original English

“And you don’t have to worry yet over what they’re going to be. Now, Jack is crazy to be a soldier when he grows up . . . a soldier! Just fancy!”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne expressou que Jack provavelmente mudaria de ideia quando outro capricho o dominasse. Jem imaginava que seria marinheiro como o Capitão Jim, enquanto Walter parecia inclinado a ser poeta. Todas as crianças amavam árvores e brincar em um lugar chamado O Vale, um pequeno vale abaixo de Ingleside que era um país das maravilhas para elas, mas comum para os outros. Cada uma tinha seus defeitos, mas formavam um bom grupo e havia amor suficiente para todos. Ela ansiava por voltar a Ingleside na noite seguinte para contar histórias de ninar aos filhos e elogiar as samambaias e calceolárias de Susan. Susan tinha talento para cultivar samambaias, mas Anne, em particular, achava as

calceolárias pouco atraentes. Ela sempre as elogiava para não magoar os sentimentos de Susan, pois valorizava muito Susan e lembrava-se de tê-la chamado de intrusa uma vez. Ela estava feliz por voltar para casa, mas também triste por deixar Green Gables, Marilla e Diana, apreciando sua longa amizade.

### Original English

“I wouldn’t worry over that. He’ll forget about it when another fancy seizes him. War is a thing of the past. Jem imagines he is going to be a sailor . . . like Captain Jim . . . and Walter is by way of being a poet. He isn’t like any of the others. But they all love trees and they all love playing in ‘the Hollow,’ as it’s called—a little valley just below Ingleside with fairy paths and a brook. A very ordinary place . . . just ‘the Hollow’ to others but to them fairyland. They’ve all got their faults . . . but they’re not such a bad little gang . . . and luckily there’s always enough love to go round. Oh, I’m glad to think that this time tomorrow night I’ll be back at Ingleside, telling my babies stories at bedtime and giving Susan’s calceolarias and ferns their meed of praise. Susan has ‘luck’ with ferns. No one can grow them like her. I can praise her ferns honestly . . . but the calceolarias, Diana! They don’t look like flowers to me at all. But I never hurt Susan’s feeling by telling her so. I always get around it somehow. Providence has never failed me yet. Susan is such a duck . . . I can’t imagine what I’d do without her. And I remember once calling her ‘an outsider.’ Yes, it’s lovely to think of going home and yet I’m sad to leave Green Gables, too. It’s so beautiful here . . . with Marilla . . . and you. Our friendship has always been a very lovely thing, Diana.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Diana concordou, dizendo que não conseguia se expressar tão bem quanto Anne, mas elas haviam mantido sua antiga promessa solene.

### Original English

“Yes . . . and we’ve always . . . I mean . . . I never could say things like you, Anne . . . but we have kept our old ‘solemn vow and promise,’ haven’t we?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne confirmou que sempre tinham mantido e sempre manteriam. Suas mãos se encontraram e elas ficaram sentadas em um longo e silencioso paz. As sombras da noite se estenderam sobre o jardim, e o sol se pôs enquanto o crepúsculo da primavera caía sobre o jardim de Hester Gray, onde ninguém mais caminhava. Os sabiás assobiavam como flautas, e uma estrela brilhante apareceu acima das cerejeiras brancas.

### Original English

“Always . . . and always will.” Anne’s hand found its way into Diana’s. They sat for a long time in a silence too sweet for words. Long, still evening shadows fell over the grasses and the flowers and the green reaches of the meadows beyond. The sun went down . . . grey-pink shades of sky deepened and paled behind the pensive trees . . . the spring twilight took possession of Hester Gray’s garden where nobody ever walked now. Robins were sprinkling the evening air with flute-like whistles. A great star came out over the white cherry trees.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne refletiu que a primeira estrela sempre parecia milagrosa e que ela poderia permanecer ali indefinidamente. Diana compartilhou sua relutância em partir. No entanto, Anne lembrou-a de que elas estavam apenas fingindo ter quinze anos e precisavam atender às suas responsabilidades familiares. Ela então ponderou sobre o perfume dos lilases, sugerindo que havia algo não inteiramente puro nele. Gilbert, que amava o perfume, descartou tal ideia, mas para Anne parecia insinuar um segredo doce demais para ser dito.

### Original English

“The first star is always a miracle,” said Anne dreamily. “I could sit here forever,” said Diana. “I hate the thought of leaving it.” “So do I . . . but after all we’ve only been pretending to be fifteen. We’ve got to remember our family cares. How those lilacs smell! Has it ever occurred to you, Diana, that there is something not quite . . . chaste . . . in the scent of lilac blossoms? Gilbert laughs at such a notion . . . he loves them . . . but to me they always seem to be remembering some secret, too-sweet thing.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana comentou que o bolo de chocolate sempre parecia muito substancial para ser mantido dentro de casa. Ela pegou o prato, olhou para a fatia restante com saudade, então balançou a cabeça e colocou-o na cesta, sua expressão transmitindo nobre autocontrole.

### **Original English**

“They’re too heavy for the house, I always think,” said Diana. She picked up the plate which held the remainder of the chocolate cake . . . looked at it longingly . . . shook her head and packed it in the basket with an expression of great nobility and self-denial on her face.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne se perguntou, de forma brincalhona, se, enquanto voltavam para casa, seria divertido encontrar suas versões mais jovens correndo pela Alameda dos Namorados.

### **Original English**

“Wouldn’t it be fun, Diana, if now, as we went home, we were to meet our old selves running along Lover’s Lane?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana estremeceu ligeiramente e discordou que seria divertido. Ela não havia percebido como estava escuro. Tudo bem, disse ela, imaginar essas coisas durante o dia, mas não agora.

### **Original English**

Diana gave a little shiver. “No-o-o, I don’t think that would be funny, Anne. I hadn’t noticed it was getting so dark. It’s all right to fancy things in daylight, but . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Elas voltaram para casa calmamente e com afeto, com o pôr do sol ardente brilhando nas colinas atrás delas e um amor duradouro queimando em seus corações.

### **Original English**

They went quietly, silently, lovingly home together, with the sunset glory burning on the old hills behind them and their old unforgotten love burning in their hearts.

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## **3**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois de uma semana de dias agradáveis, Anne visitou o túmulo de Matthew. Naquela tarde, ela pegou o trem de Carmody de volta para casa. Refletiu sobre as pessoas e lugares que amava, tanto os que ficaram para trás quanto os que estavam adiante. Seu coração estava alegre porque voltava para um lar feliz — um verdadeiro lar para todos que entravam. A casa estava sempre cheia de risadas, canecas de prata, fotografias e bebês com cachos e joelhos roliços. Os quartos a recebiam, com cadeiras esperando e seus vestidos a aguardando. Pequenas celebrações e segredos sussurrados eram parte constante da vida ali.

### **Original English**

Anne ended a week that had been full of pleasant days by taking flowers to Matthew's grave the next morning and in the afternoon she took the train from Carmody home. For a time she thought of all the old loved things behind her and then her thoughts ran ahead of her to the loved things before her. Her heart sang all the way because she was going home to a joyous house . . . a house where every one who crossed its threshold knew it was a home . . . a house that was filled all the time with laughter and silver mugs and snapshots and babies . . . precious things with curls and chubby knees . . . and rooms that would welcome her . . . where the chairs waited patiently and the dresses in her closet were expecting her . . . where little anniversaries were always being celebrated and little secrets were always being whispered.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne sentiu-se satisfeita por estar voltando para casa. Ela tirou da bolsa uma carta de seu filho pequeno, que ela havia lido orgulhosamente na noite anterior em Green Gables. Era a primeira carta que ele escrevia para ela. Para uma criança de sete anos que só tinha um ano de escola, era uma carta muito boa, embora sua ortografia fosse incerta e houvesse uma grande mancha de tinta em um canto.

### **Original English**

“It’s lovely to feel you like going home,” thought Anne, fishing out of her purse a certain letter from a small son over which she had laughed gaily the night before, reading it proudly to the Green Gables folks . . . the first letter she had ever received from any of her children. It was quite a nice little letter for a seven-year-old who had been going to school only a year to write, even though Jem’s spelling was a bit uncertain and there was a big blob of ink in one corner.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A carta contou que Di chorou a noite toda porque Tommy Drew ameaçou queimar sua boneca. Susan contava histórias legais à noite, mas a criança observou que Susan não era a mãe deles. Di também mencionou que Susan a deixou ajudar a semear as beterrabas na noite anterior.

### **Original English**

“Di cried and cried all night because Tommy Drew told her he was going to burn her doll at the steak. Susan tells us nice tails at night but she isn’t you, mummy. She let me help her sow the beats last night.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne se recriminou por ter ficado feliz durante uma semana inteira longe de sua família.

### **Original English**

“How could I have been happy for a whole week away from them all?” thought the chatelaine of Ingleside self-reproachfully.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne expressou como era maravilhoso ter alguém para recebê-la no final da viagem, ao descer do trem em Glen St. Mary nos braços esperando de Gilbert. Ela sempre esperava que Gilbert a encontrasse, embora às vezes ele estivesse ocupado com nascimentos ou mortes. Para ela, nenhuma volta para casa parecia completa sem ele. Ele usava um belo terno novo cinza claro, e ela estava feliz por ter escolhido usar uma blusa rendada cor de casca de ovo com seu terno marrom, mesmo que a Sra. Lynde achasse impraticável para viagem. Dessa forma, ela ficava bonita para Gilbert.

### **Original English**

“How nice to have someone meet you at the end of a journey!” she cried, as she stepped off the train at Glen St. Mary into Gilbert’s waiting arms. She could never be sure Gilbert would meet her . . . somebody was always dying or being born . . . but no home-coming ever seemed just right to Anne unless he did. And he had on such a nice new light-grey suit! (How glad I am I put on this frilly eggshell blouse with my brown suit, even if Mrs. Lynde thought I was crazy to wear it travelling. If I hadn’t I wouldn’t have looked so nice for Gilbert.)

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ingleside brilhava com luz, sua varanda decorada com lanternas japonesas festivas. Anne correu alegremente pelo caminho do jardim, ladeado por narcisos.

### **Original English**

Ingleside was all lighted up, with gay Japanese lanterns hanging on the veranda. Anne ran gaily along the walk bordered by daffodils.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne anunciou sua chegada a Ingleside. Sua família a rodeou, rindo e brincando, enquanto Susan Baker sorria adequadamente ao fundo. Cada criança havia preparado um buquê especificamente para ela, inclusive a pequena Shirley, de dois anos.

### **Original English**

“Ingleside, I’m here!” she called. They were all around her . . . laughing, exclaiming, jesting . . . with Susan Baker smiling properly in the background. Every one of the children had a bouquet picked specially for her, even the two-year-old Shirley.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne exclamou que era um recepção de boas-vindas maravilhosa. Observou que tudo em Ingleside parecia alegre, e era esplêndido saber que sua família estava tão encantada com seu retorno.

### **Original English**

“Oh, this is a nice welcome home! Everything about Ingleside looks so happy. It’s splendid to think my family are so glad to see me.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem advertiu solenemente sua mãe que, se ela partisse novamente, ele fingiria apendicite.

### **Original English**

“If you ever go away from home again, Mummy,” said Jem solemnly, “I’ll go and take appensitis.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Walter perguntou como alguém faria tal coisa. Jem cutucou Walter e sussurrou em segredo que, embora houvesse de fato alguma dor, seu verdadeiro objetivo era assustar a mãe para que ela não partisse novamente.

### Original English

“How do you go about taking it?” asked Walter. “S-s-sh!” Jem nudged Walter secretly and whispered, “There’s a pain somewhere, I know . . . but I just want to scare Mummy so she won’t go away.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne queria fazer muitas coisas ao mesmo tempo: abraçar todos, colher amores-perfeitos e ouvir todas as notícias. A família compartilhou várias histórias: Nan colocou um tubo de vaselina no nariz enquanto o médico estava fora; a vaca da Sra. Jud Palmer comeu cinquenta e sete pregos de arame e precisou de um veterinário; a Sra. Fenner Douglas foi à igreja sem chapéu; o Papai arrancou todos os dentes-de-leão do gramado; o Sr. Tom Flagg tingiu o bigode; Rose Maxwell dispensou Jim Hudson, que lhe enviou uma conta; houve um grande comparecimento no funeral da Sra. Amasa Warren; o gato de Carter Flagg teve um pedaço da ponta do rabo mordido; Shirley foi encontrada em pé debaixo de um cavalo; havia preocupação com nó preto nos ameixoeiras azuis; Di cantou o dia inteiro sobre sua mãe voltando para casa; os Joe Reeses tinham um gatinho vesgo; Jem sentou-se em papel pega-mosca antes de vestir as calças; e o Camarão caiu no tonel de água macia.

### Original English

Anne wanted to do a hundred things first . . . hug everybody . . . run out in the twilight and gather some of her pansies . . . you found pansies everywhere at Ingleside . . . pick up the little well-worn doll lying on the rug . . . hear all the juicy tidbits of gossip and news, everyone contributing something. How Nan had got the top off a tube of vaseline up her nose when the doctor was out on a case and Susan had all but gone distracted . . . “I assure you it was an anxious time, Mrs. Dr. dear” . . . how Mrs. Jud Palmer’s cow had eaten fifty-seven wire nails and had to have a vet from

Charlottetown . . . how absent-minded Mrs. Fenner Douglas had gone to church bare-headed . . . how Dad had dug all the dandelions out of the lawn . . . “between babies, Mrs. Dr. dear . . . he’s had eight while you were away”. . . how Mr. Tom Flagg had dyed his moustache . . . “and his wife only dead two years” . . . how Rose Maxwell of the Harbour Head had jilted Jim Hudson of the Upper Glen and he had sent her a bill for all he had spent on her . . . what a splendid turn-out there had been at Mrs. Amasa Warren’s funeral . . . how Carter Flagg’s cat had had a piece bitten right out of the root of its tail . . . how Shirley had been found in the stable standing right under one of the horses . . . “Mrs. Dr. dear, never shall I be the same woman again” . . . how there was sadly too much reason to fear that the blue plum trees were developing black knot . . . how Di had gone about the whole day singing, “Mummy’s coming home today, home today, home today” to the tune of “Merrily We Roll Along” . . . how the Joe Reeses had a kitten that was cross-eyed because it had been born with its eyes open . . . how Jem had inadvertently sat on some fly-paper before he had put his little trousers on . . . and how the Shrimp had fallen into the soft-water puncheon.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Camarão quase se afogou, mas o médico ouviu seus gritos e o puxou para fora pelas patas traseiras bem a tempo. Uma criança então perguntou o que significava 'bem a tempo'.

### **Original English**

“He was nearly drowned, Mrs. Dr. dear, but luckily the doctor heard his howls in the nick of time and pulled him out by his hind-legs.” (What is the nick of time, Mummy?)

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne disse que o Shrimp parecia ter se recuperado. Ela acariciava um gato contente ronronando numa cadeira perto do fogo. Em Ingleside, nunca se podia sentar numa cadeira sem verificar se havia um gato. Susan, que não gostava de gatos inicialmente, aprendeu a tolerá-los por necessidade. Gilbert havia nomeado o gato de 'Shrimp' um ano atrás,

quando ele era franzino, mas o nome pegou mesmo agora que o gato estava grande.

### Original English

“He seems to have recovered nicely from it,” said Anne, stroking the glossy black-and-white curves of a contented pussy with huge jowls, purring on a chair in the firelight. It was never quite safe to sit down on a chair at Ingleside without first making sure there wasn’t a cat in it. Susan, who had not cared much for cats to begin with, vowed she had to learn to like them in self-defence. As for the Shrimp, Gilbert had called him that a year ago when Nan had brought the miserable, scrawny kitten home from the village where some boys had been tormenting it, and the name clung, though it was very inappropriate now.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Anne perguntou a Susan o que havia acontecido com Gog e Magog e se eles estavam quebrados.

### Original English

“But . . . Susan! What has become of Gog and Magog? Oh . . . they haven’t been broken, have they?”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Susan corou profundamente e foi buscar os dois cães de porcelana que geralmente ficavam perto da lareira. Ela explicou que havia se esquecido de colocá-los de volta depois da visita da Sra. Charles Day. A Sra. Day era muito formal, e Walter havia apresentado os cães dizendo que um era Deus e o outro era Meu Deus, o que horrorizou Susan. Para não parecer profana, ela escondeu os cães até o retorno de Anne.

### Original English

“No, no, Mrs. Dr. dear,” exclaimed Susan, turning a deep brick-red from shame and dashing out of the room. She returned shortly with the two china dogs which always presided at the hearth of Ingleside. “I do not see how I could have forgotten to put them back before you came. You see, Mrs. Dr. dear, Mrs. Charles Day from Charlottetown called here the day

after you left . . . and you know how very precise and proper she is. Walter thought he ought to entertain her and he started in by pointing out the dogs to her. 'This one is God and this is My God,' he said, poor innocent child. I was horrified . . . though I thought that die I would to see Mrs. Day's face. I explained as best I could, for I did not want her to think us a profane family, but I decided I would just put the dogs away in the china-closet, out of sight, till you got back."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem reclamou para sua mãe que estava com muita fome e perguntou se poderiam jantar logo. Ele também mencionou que haviam preparado um prato que todos gostavam.

### **Original English**

"Mummy, can't we have supper soon?" said Jem pathetically. "I've got a gnawful feeling in the pit of my stomach. And oh, Mummy, we've made everybody's favourite dish!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan brincou que eles realmente haviam preparado uma comemoração para o retorno da Sra. Dr., comparando a uma pulga dizendo a um elefante que eles tinham feito algo. Ela então perguntou sobre Walter, observando que era a vez dele tocar o gongo para as refeições.

### **Original English**

"We, as the flea said to the elephant, have done that very thing," said Susan with a grin. "We thought that your return should be suitably celebrated, Mrs. Dr. dear. And now where is Walter? It is his week to ring the gong for meals, bless his heart."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O jantar foi festivo, e depois Anne sentiu grande alegria em colocar todos os bebês na cama. Susan até permitiu que ela ajeitasse Shirley na cama, reconhecendo a ocasião especial.

### **Original English**

Supper was a gala meal . . . and putting all the babies to bed afterwards was a delight. Susan even allowed her to put Shirley to bed, seeing what a very special occasion it was.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan comentou que não era um dia comum, ao que Anne respondeu que nenhum dia é verdadeiramente comum; cada dia possui algo que nenhum outro dia tem, e ela perguntou a Susan se ela já havia notado isso.

### **Original English**

“This is no common day, Mrs. Dr. dear,” she said solemnly. “Oh, Susan, there is no such thing as a common day. Every day has something about it no other day has. Haven’t you noticed?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan concordou com a observação de Anne, citando que mesmo em uma sexta-feira chuvosa e monótona, seu gerânio rosa finalmente produziu brotos após três anos sem florescer. Ela então perguntou se Anne havia notado as calceolárias.

### **Original English**

“How true that is, Mrs. Dr. dear. Even last Friday now, when it rained all day, and was so dull, my big pink geranium showed buds at last after refusing to bloom for three long years. And have you noticed the calceolarias, Mrs. Dr. dear?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne disse a Susan que nunca tinha visto calceolárias tão lindas e perguntou como ela conseguia cultivá-las. Ficou aliviada por ter deixado Susan feliz sem mentir, já que realmente nunca tinha visto flores como aquelas.

### Original English

“Noticed them! I never saw such calceolarias in my life, Susan. How do you manage it?” (There, I’ve made Susan happy and haven’t told a fib. I never did see such calceolarias . . . thank heaven!)

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## Pt/En

### Português

Susan atribuiu suas lindas calceolárias ao cuidado constante. Depois expressou preocupação de que Walter pudesse suspeitar de algo, provavelmente por causa de coisas que outras crianças disseram. Walter tinha lhe perguntado se bebês eram muito caros. Ela respondeu que alguns os consideravam luxos, mas em Ingleside eram vistos como necessidades. Susan se preocupou que suas reclamações sobre os preços altos tivessem perturbado a criança e aconselhou Anne a estar preparada se Walter lhe perguntasse.

### Original English

“It is the result of constant care and attention, Mrs. Dr. dear. But there is something I think I ought to speak of. I think Walter suspects something. No doubt some of the Glen children have said things to him. So many children nowadays know so much more than is fitting. Walter said to me the other day, very thoughtful-like, ‘Susan,’ he said, ‘are babies very expensive?’ I was a bit dumfounded, Mrs. Dr. dear, but I kept my head. ‘Some folks think they are luxuries,’ I said, ‘but at Ingleside we think they are necessities.’ And I reproached myself with having complained aloud about the shameful price of things in all the Glen stores. I am afraid it worried the child. But if he says anything to you, Mrs. Dr. dear, you will be prepared.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne garantiu a Susan que ela tinha lidado com a situação lindamente e afirmou que achava que era hora de as crianças saberem o que eles estavam esperando.

### **Original English**

“I’m sure you handled the situation beautifully, Susan,” said Anne gravely.  
“And I think it is time they all knew what we are hoping for.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O melhor momento veio quando Gilbert se juntou a Anne na janela. Ela observava a neblina avançar do mar sobre as dunas e o porto iluminados pela lua, para o vale onde Ingleside olhava para a vila de Glen St. Mary.

### **Original English**

But the best of all was when Gilbert came to her, as she stood at her window, watching a fog creeping in from the sea, over the moonlit dunes and the harbour, right into the long narrow valley upon which Ingleside looked down and in which nestled the village of Glen St. Mary.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Gilbert perguntou a Anne se ela estava feliz por ele ter voltado após um dia difícil, chamando-a de 'Annest of Annes'.

### **Original English**

“To come back at the end of a hard day and find you! Are you happy, Annest of Annes?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne sentiu-se rodeada de amor ao sentir o perfume das flores de macieira que Jem colocara em sua penteadeira. Ela disse a Gilbert que tinha sido maravilhoso ser Anne de Green Gables novamente por uma semana, mas voltar a ser Anne de Ingleside era ainda melhor.

### Original English

“Happy!” Anne bent to sniff a vaseful of apple blossoms Jem had set on her dressing-table. She felt surrounded and encompassed by love. “Gilbert dear, it’s been lovely to be Anne of Green Gables again for a week, but it’s a hundred times lovelier to come back and be Anne of Ingleside.”

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# 4

## Pt/En

### Português

Quando o Dr. Blythe recusou com um tom que Jem reconheceu, Jem entendeu que não havia esperança. Seus pais estavam unidos nessa questão. Os olhos de Jem mostravam sua raiva e decepção enquanto ele os encarava, mas eles permaneceram indiferentes. Tia Mary Maria, com seus olhos azul-claros, notou seus olhares furiosos, mas pareceu apenas divertida.

### Original English

“Absolutely not,” said Dr. Blythe, in a tone Jem understood. Jem knew there was no hope of Dad’s changing his mind or that Mother would try to change it for him. It was plain to be seen that on this point Mother and Dad were as one. Jem’s hazel eyes darkened with anger and disappointment as he looked at his cruel parents . . . glared at them . . . all the more glaringly that they were so maddeningly indifferent to his glares and went on eating their supper as if nothing at all were wrong and out of joint. Of course Aunt Mary Maria noticed his glares . . . nothing ever escaped Aunt Mary Maria’s mournful, pale-blue eyes . . . but she only seemed amused at them.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Bertie Shakespeare Drew passara a tarde brincando com Jem, enquanto Walter estava na antiga Casa dos Sonhos brincando com Kenneth e Persis Ford. Bertie contou a Jem que todos os meninos de Glen planejavam ir até a Foz do Porto naquela noite para ver o Capitão Bill Taylor tatuar uma cobra no braço de seu primo Joe Drew. Bertie convidou Jem para se juntar, prometendo que seria divertido. Jem quis ir imediatamente, mas agora lhe disseram que era totalmente impossível.

### **Original English**

Bertie Shakespeare Drew had been up playing with Jem all the afternoon . . . Walter having gone down to the old House of Dreams to play with Kenneth and Persis Ford . . . and Bertie Shakespeare had told Jem that all the Glen boys were going down to the Harbour Mouth that evening to see Captain Bill Taylor tattoo a snake on his cousin Joe Drew's arm. He, Bertie Shakespeare, was going and wouldn't Jem come too? It would be such fun. Jem was at once crazy to go; and now he had been told that it was utterly out of the question.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Dr. Blythe explicou que uma razão era que a Foz do Porto era longe demais para Jem ir com aqueles meninos. Eles não voltariam até tarde, e a hora de dormir de Jem era às oito horas.

### **Original English**

"For one reason among many," said Dad, "it's much too far for you to go down to the Harbour Mouth with those boys. They won't get back till late and your bedtime is supposed to be at eight, son."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria comentou que, quando era criança, era mandada para a cama às sete horas todas as noites.

### **Original English**

“I was sent to bed at seven every night of my life when I was a child,” said Aunt Mary Maria.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mãe disse a Jem que ele ainda não tinha idade suficiente para ir tão longe à noite e que devia esperar.

### **Original English**

“You must wait till you are older, Jem, before you go so far away in the evenings,” said Mother.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem gritou com raiva que sua mãe tinha dito a mesma coisa na semana anterior. Ele insistiu que agora era mais velho e não era um bebê, e apontou que Bertie tinha permissão para ir apesar de ter a mesma idade.

### **Original English**

“You said that last week,” cried Jem indignantly, “and I am older now. You’d think I was a baby! Bertie’s going and I’m just as old as him.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria alertou sombriamente que o sarampo estava circulando e que James poderia pegá-lo.

### **Original English**

“There’s measles around,” said Aunt Mary Maria darkly. “You might catch measles, James.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Jem odiava ser chamado de James, o que Tia Mary Maria sempre fazia. Ele murmurou rebelde que queria pegar sarampo, mas então encontrou o olhar do pai e se calou, sabendo que seu pai nunca permitiria que ninguém respondesse a Tia Mary Maria.

#### **Original English**

Jem hated to be called James. And she always did it. “I want to catch measles,” he muttered rebelliously. Then, catching Dad’s eye instead, subsided. Dad would never let anyone “talk back” to

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Jem desprezava Tia Mary Maria. Enquanto Tia Diana e Tia Marilla eram tias encantadoras, Tia Mary Maria era um tipo de tia completamente diferente, diferente de qualquer uma que ele já tivesse conhecido.

#### **Original English**

Aunt Mary Maria. Jem hated Aunt Mary Maria. Aunt Diana and Aunt Marilla were such ducks of aunts but an aunt like Aunt Mary Maria was something wholly new in Jem’s experience.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Jem falou desafiadoramente, olhando para a mãe para que ninguém pensasse que ele estava falando com a tia Mary Maria. Ele disse que se eles não quisessem amá-lo, não precisavam. Então ele perguntou se eles gostariam que ele simplesmente fosse embora para atirar em tigres na África.

#### **Original English**

“All right,” he said defiantly, looking at Mother so that nobody could suppose he was talking to Aunt Mary Maria, “if you don’t want to love me you don’t have to. But will you like it if I just go away ’n’ shoot tigers in Africa?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A mãe disse gentilmente que não havia tigres na África. Jem então gritou que havia leões, pensando que eles estavam tentando fazê-lo parecer errado e rir dele. Ele insistiu que havia milhões de leões na África e que a África estava cheia deles.

### **Original English**

“There are no tigers in Africa, dear,” said Mother gently. “Lions, then!” shouted Jem. They were determined to put him in the wrong, were they? They were bound to laugh at him, were they? He’d show them! “You can’t say there’s no lions in Africa. There’s millions of lions in Africa. Africa’s just full of lions!”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A mãe e o pai apenas sorriram novamente, para grande desaprovação da tia Mary Maria. Ela acreditava que a impertinência em crianças nunca deveria ser tolerada.

### **Original English**

Mother and Father only smiled again, much to Aunt Mary Maria’s disapproval. Impertinence in children should never be condoned.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Enquanto isso, Susan, dividida entre seu amor por Jem e sua convicção de que o Dr. e a Sra. Blythe estavam perfeitamente certos em proibi-lo de ir para a Foz do Porto com aquela gangue da vila para o lugar do desonrado e bêbado velho Capitão Bill Taylor, ofereceu a Jem seu pão de gengibre com creme chantilly.

### **Original English**

“Meanwhile,” said Susan, torn between her love for and sympathy with Little Jem and her conviction that Dr. and Mrs. Dr. were perfectly right in refusing to let him go away down to the Harbour Mouth with that village gang to that disreputable, drunken old Captain Bill Taylor’s place, “here is your gingerbread and whipped cream, Jem dear.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Pão de gengibre com creme chantilly era a sobremesa favorita de Jem, mas naquela noite não teve poder para acalmar sua alma tempestuosa.

### **Original English**

Gingerbread and whipped cream was Jem’s favourite dessert. But tonight it had no charm to soothe his stormy soul.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele disse, mal-humorado, que não queria nada. Ele se levantou e se afastou da mesa, parando na porta para fazer uma observação final e desafiadora.

### **Original English**

“I don’t want any!” he said sulkily. He got up and marched away from the table, turning at the door to hurl a final defiance.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele declarou que não iria para a cama até as nove horas e que, quando crescesse, nunca mais iria para a cama. Ele ficaria acordado todas as noites e se cobriria completamente de tatuagens. Ele pretendia ser o mais travesso possível, e todos veriam.

### Original English

"I ain't going to bed till nine o'clock, anyhow. And when I'm grown up I'm never going to bed. I'm going to stay up all night . . . every night . . . and get tattooed all over. I'm just going to be as bad as bad can be. You'll see."

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## Pt/En

### Português

A mãe o corrigiu gentilmente, dizendo que "I'm not" era preferível a "ain't." Ela se perguntou se algo poderia fazê-los entender. A tia Mary Maria comentou que duvidava que alguém quisesse sua opinião, mas que se tivesse falado com seus pais daquela maneira quando criança, teria sido severamente espancada. Ela expressou pesar que o castigo corporal não fosse mais usado em muitos lares.

### Original English

" 'I'm not' would be so much better than 'ain't,' dear," said Mother. Could nothing make them feel? "I suppose nobody wants my opinion, Annie, but if I had talked to my parents like that when I was a child I would have been whipped within an inch of my life," said Aunt Mary Maria. "I think it is a great pity the birch rod is so neglected now in some homes."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Susan defendeu o pequeno Jem, afirmando que ele não era o culpado. Ela explicou que Bertie Shakespeare Drew o havia incentivado, dizendo como seria divertido ver Joe Drew tatuado. Bertie tinha vindo à tarde e pegado a melhor panela de alumínio da cozinha para usar como capacete, alegando que estavam brincando de soldados. Depois, fizeram barcos com telhas e ficaram completamente molhados navegando-os no riacho do Vale. Em seguida, passaram uma hora inteira pulando pelo quintal, fazendo

barulhos estranhos enquanto fingiam ser sapos. Susan concluiu que não era de admirar que o pequeno Jem estivesse exausto e fora de si. Ele era geralmente a criança mais bem-comportada, a menos que estivesse esgotado, e ela sustentava isso.

### Original English

“Little Jem is not to blame,” snapped Susan, seeing that Dr. and Mrs. Dr. were not going to say anything. But if Mary Maria Blythe was going to get away with that, she, Susan would know the reason why. “Bertie Shakespeare Drew put him up to it, filling him up with what fun it would be to see Joe Drew tattooed. He was here all the afternoon and sneaked into the kitchen and took the best aluminum saucepan to use as a helmet. Said they were playing soldiers. Then they made boats out of shingles and got soaked to the bone sailing them in the Hollow brook. And after that they went hopping about the yard for a solid hour, making the weirdest noises, pretending they were frogs. Frogs! No wonder Little Jem is tired out and not himself. He is the best-behaved child that ever lived when he is not worn to a frazzle, and that you may tie to.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Tia Mary Maria permaneceu em silêncio de maneira provocante. Ela nunca se dirigia a Susan Baker durante as refeições, mostrando assim sua desaprovação de que Susan fosse permitida a jantar com a família.

### Original English

Aunt Mary Maria said nothing aggravatingly. She never talked to Susan Baker at meal-times, thus expressing her disapproval over Susan being allowed to “sit with the family” at all.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Antes de a tia Mary Maria chegar, Anne e Susan já haviam discutido o assunto minuciosamente. Susan entendia seu papel e nunca se sentava com a família quando havia convidados em Ingleside, nem esperava fazê-lo.

### Original English

Anne and Susan had thrashed that out before Aunt Mary Maria had come. Susan, who “knew her place,” never sat or expected to sit with the family when there was company at Ingleside.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne ressaltou que a tia Mary Maria não era uma convidada, mas sim um membro da família, e acrescentou que Susan também fazia parte da família.

### **Original English**

“But Aunt Mary Maria isn’t company,” said Anne. “She’s just one of the family . . . and so are you, Susan.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan acabou concordando, secretamente satisfeita que Mary Maria Blythe perceberia que ela não era uma empregada comum. Embora Susan nunca tivesse conhecido a tia Mary Maria, sua sobrinha — filha da irmã de Susan, Matilda — havia trabalhado para ela em Charlottetown e a havia descrito minuciosamente para Susan.

### **Original English**

In the end Susan gave in, not without a secret satisfaction that Mary Maria Blythe would see that she was no common hired girl. Susan had never met Aunt Mary Maria, but a niece of Susan’s, the daughter of her sister Matilda, had worked for her in Charlottetown and had told Susan all about her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne admitiu para Susan que não estava nada satisfeita com a perspectiva da visita da tia Mary Maria, especialmente naquele momento. No entanto, a tia Mary Maria havia escrito para Gilbert pedindo para ficar algumas semanas, e Anne sabia como o médico se sentia em relação a essas questões.

## Original English

“I am not going to pretend to you, Susan, that I’m overjoyed at the prospect of a visit from Aunt Mary Maria, especially just now,” said Anne frankly. “But she has written Gilbert asking if she may come for a few weeks . . . and you know how the doctor is about such things. . . .”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Susan concordou firmemente que Gilbert tinha todo o direito de apoiar sua própria parente, já que um homem deve apoiar sua família. No entanto, ela alertou sobre a duração da visita, mencionando que a cunhada de sua irmã Matilda havia vindo por algumas semanas e acabou ficando vinte anos.

## Original English

“As he has a perfect right to be,” said Susan staunchly. “What is a man to do but stand by his own flesh and blood? But as for a few weeks . . . well, Mrs. Dr. dear, I do not want to look on the dark side of things . . . but my sister Matilda’s sister-in-law came to visit her for a few weeks and stayed for twenty years.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne sorriu e disse a Susan que provavelmente não precisavam se preocupar com tais coisas. Ela explicou que a tia Mary Maria tinha uma bela casa em Charlottetown, mas a achava grande e solitária desde que sua mãe havia morrido dois anos antes. Anne pediu que Susan ajudasse a tornar a visita o mais agradável possível.

## Original English

“I don’t think we need dread anything like that, Susan,” smiled Anne. “Aunt Mary Maria has a very nice home of her own in Charlottetown. But she is finding it very big and lonely. Her mother died two years ago, you know . . . she was eighty-five and Aunt Mary Maria was very good to her and misses her very much. Let’s make her visit as pleasant as we can, Susan.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan prometeu fazer o possível. Observou que precisariam adicionar uma aba extra à mesa, mas, no fim, era melhor expandir a mesa do que reduzi-la.

### **Original English**

“I will do what in me lies, Mrs. Dr. dear. Of course we must put another board in the table, but after all is said and done it is better to be lengthening the table than shortening it down.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne lembrou Susan que deveriam evitar colocar flores na mesa, pois poderiam desencadear a asma da tia Mary Maria. Ela também disse para não colocar pimenta, porque a fazia espirrar.

### **Original English**

“We mustn’t have flowers on the table, Susan, because I understand they give her asthma. And pepper makes her sneeze, so we’d better not have it.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne acrescentou que a tia Mary Maria sofria de dores de cabeça frequentes e intensas, então precisavam manter o barulho ao mínimo.

### **Original English**

She is subject to frequent bad headaches, too, so we must really try not to be noisy.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan expressou exasperação. Ela comentou que nunca havia notado Anne ou o médico sendo particularmente barulhentos, e que sempre poderia ir ao bosque de bordos se precisasse gritar. No entanto, achava irracional esperar que as crianças ficassem quietas o tempo todo por causa das dores de cabeça de Mary Maria Blythe.

### **Original English**

“Good grief! Well, I have never noticed you and the doctor making much noise. And if I want to yell I can go to the middle of the maple bush; but if our poor children have to keep quiet all the time because of Mary Maria Blythe’s headaches . . . you will excuse me for saying I think it is going a little too far, Mrs. Dr. dear.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan comentou que seria apenas por algumas semanas, acrescentando que eles devem aceitar tanto os bons quanto os maus momentos.

### **Original English**

“It’s just for a few weeks, Susan.” “Let us hope so. Oh, well, Mrs. Dr. dear, we just have to take the lean streaks with the fat in this world,” was Susan’s final word.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando a tia Mary Maria chegou, ela imediatamente perguntou se as chaminés haviam sido limpas recentemente, explicando que tinha muito medo de fogo. Ela também comentou que as chaminés não eram altas o suficiente e expressou esperança de que sua cama estivesse bem arejada, pois lençóis úmidos eram terríveis.

### **Original English**

So Aunt Mary Maria came, demanding immediately upon her arrival if they had had the chimneys cleaned recently. She had, it appeared, a great dread of fire. “And I’ve always said that the chimneys of this house aren’t

nearly tall enough. I hope my bed has been well aired, Annie. Damp bed linen is terrible.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A tia Mary Maria tomou posse do quarto de hóspedes e parecia reivindicar toda a casa, exceto o quarto de Susan. Ninguém ficou feliz com sua chegada. Jem perguntou baixinho a Susan se teriam permissão para rir durante a estadia dela. Walter começou a chorar e teve que ser rapidamente retirado. Os gêmeos fugiram por conta própria, e até o mais novo, o Shrimp, supostamente teve um ataque no quintal. Apenas Shirley permaneceu, olhando destemidamente do colo de Susan. A tia Mary Maria achou que os modos das crianças eram muito ruins, culpando a mãe, que escrevia para os jornais, o pai, que as considerava perfeitas, e Susan por não saber seu lugar. No entanto, ela resolveu fazer o melhor pelos netos enquanto estivesse hospedada.

### **Original English**

She took possession of the Ingleside guest-room . . . and incidentally of all the other rooms in the house except Susan's. Nobody hailed her arrival with frantic delight. Jem, after one look at her, slipped out to the kitchen and whispered to Susan, "Can we laugh while she's here, Susan?" Walter's eyes brimmed with tears at sight of her and he had to be hustled ignominiously out of the room. The twins did not wait to be hustled but ran of their own accord. Even the Shrimp, Susan averred went and had a fit in the back yard. Only Shirley stood his ground, gazing fearlessly at her out of his round brown eyes from the safe anchorage of Susan's lap and arm. Aunt Mary Maria thought the Ingleside children had very bad manners. But what could you expect when they had a mother who "wrote for the papers" and a father who thought they were perfection just because they were his children, and a hired girl like Susan Baker who never knew her place? But she, Mary Maria Blythe, would do her best for poor Cousin John's grandchildren as long as she was at Ingleside.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Na primeira refeição, a tia Mary Maria desaprovou a oração curta que Gilbert fez. Ela se ofereceu para fazer a oração, acreditando que daria um exemplo melhor para a família.

### **Original English**

“Your grace is much too short, Gilbert,” she said disapprovingly at her first meal. “Would you like me to say grace for you while I am here? It will be a better example to your family.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Para o horror de Susan, Gilbert concordou, e a tia Mary Maria fez a oração no jantar. Susan fungou que parecia mais uma reza do que uma oração. Ela concordou em particular com a descrição de sua sobrinha Gladys sobre a tia Mary Maria: ela sempre parecia estar sentindo um cheiro ruim — não um odor desagradável, apenas um cheiro ruim. Susan refletiu que Gladys tinha um jeito de colocar as coisas.

### **Original English**

Much to Susan’s horror Gilbert said he would and Aunt Mary Maria said grace at supper. “More like a prayer than a grace,” Susan sniffed over her dishes. Susan privately agreed with her niece’s description of Mary Maria Blythe. “She always seems to be smelling a bad smell, Aunt Susan. Not an unpleasant odour . . . just a bad smell.” Gladys had a way of putting things, Susan reflected. And yet, to anyone less prejudiced than Susan Miss Mary

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Maria Blythe, aos cinquenta e cinco anos, não era desagradável de se olhar. Ela acreditava ter traços aristocráticos, e seu cabelo grisalho estava sempre suavemente ondulado, o que diariamente destacava a diferença do espeto grisalho e pontiagudo de Susan. Ela se vestia muito bem, usando brincos longos de jet e golas de renda altas e modernas em seu pescoço magro.

### **Original English**

Maria Blythe was not ill-looking for a lady of fifty-five. She had what she believed were “aristocratic features,” framed by always sleek grey crimps which seemed to insult daily Susan’s spiky little knob of grey hair. She dressed very nicely, wore long jet earrings in her ears and fashionably high-boned net collars on her lean throat.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan refletiu que pelo menos não precisavam se envergonhar de sua aparência. Mas o que a tia Mary Maria teria pensado se soubesse que Susan estava se consolando com isso permanecia uma questão de especulação.

### **Original English**

“At least, we do not need to be ashamed of her appearance,” reflected Susan. But what Aunt Mary Maria would have thought if she had known Susan was consoling herself on such grounds must be left to the imagination.

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# **5**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne estava cortando um vaso de lírios de junho para seu quarto e outro das peônias de Susan para a escrivaninha de Gilbert na biblioteca — as peônias branco-leitosas com uma mancha vermelha-sangue no centro, como o beijo de um deus. O ar estava se renovando após o dia excepcionalmente quente de junho, e era difícil dizer se o porto parecia prata ou ouro.

### **Original English**

Anne was cutting a vaseful of June lilies for her room and another of Susan’s peonies for Gilbert’s desk in the library . . . the milky-white peonies with the blood-red fleck at their hearts, like a god’s kiss. The air was coming alive after the unusually hot June day and one could hardly tell whether the harbour were silver or gold.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ao passar pela janela da cozinha, Anne observou que haveria um pôr do sol maravilhoso naquela noite.

### **Original English**

“There’s going to be a wonderful sunset tonight, Susan,” she said, looking in at the kitchen window as she passed it.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan protestou que não podia admirar o pôr do sol até que tivesse lavado a louça.

### **Original English**

“I cannot admire the sunset until I have got my dishes washed, Mrs. Dr. dear,” protested Susan.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne apontou para a grande nuvem branca com seu topo rosa-avermelhado sobre a Depressão e perguntou a Susan se ela gostaria de voar e pousar nela.

### **Original English**

“It will be gone by that time, Susan. Look at that enormous white cloud towering up over the Hollow, with its rosy-pink top. Wouldn’t you like to fly up and light on it?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan imaginou-se voando até aquela nuvem com um pano de prato na mão, mas a ideia não a agradou. No entanto, ela sabia que precisava ser compreensiva com a Sra. Dra. naquele momento.

### **Original English**

Susan had a vision of herself flying up over the glen, dishcloth in hand, to that cloud. It did not appeal to her. But allowances must be made for Mrs. Dr. just now.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne mencionou que um novo inseto voraz estava comendo as roseiras e que ela precisava pulverizá-las amanhã. Ela expressou o desejo de fazer isso naquela noite porque era o tipo de noite que ela adorava trabalhar no jardim, observando que as coisas estavam crescendo. Ela acrescentou que esperava que houvesse jardins no céu onde pudessem trabalhar e ajudar as coisas a crescer.

### **Original English**

“There’s a new, vicious kind of bug eating the rosebushes,” went on Anne. “I must spray them tomorrow. I’d like to do it tonight . . . this is just the kind of evening I love to work in the garden. Things are growing tonight. I hope there’ll be gardens in heaven, Susan . . . gardens we can work in, I mean, and help things to grow.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan protestou que certamente não haveria insetos no céu. Anne concordou, mas argumentou que um jardim completo não seria divertido; é preciso trabalhar em um jardim para entender seu significado. Ela disse que queria capinar, cavar, transplantar, mudar, planejar e podar. Ela declarou que preferiria seus próprios amores-perfeitos ao asfódelo no céu.

### **Original English**

“But not bugs surely,” protested Susan. “No-o-o, I suppose not. But a completed garden wouldn’t really be any fun, Susan. You have to work in a garden yourself or you miss its meaning. I want to weed and dig and transplant and change and plan and prune. And I want the flowers I love in heaven . . . I’d rather my own pansies than the asphodel, Susan.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan interrompeu, perguntando por que Anne não podia passar a noite como desejava. Ela achou que a Sra. Dra. estava ficando um pouco exaltada.

### **Original English**

“Why cannot you put in the evening as you want to?” broke in Susan, who thought Mrs. Dr. was really getting a little wild.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O médico pediu que ela o acompanhasse em um passeio de carro, pois ele iria visitar a velha Sra. John Paxton, que estava morrendo. Embora ele não pudesse mais ajudá-la, tendo feito tudo o que podia, ela ainda apreciava suas visitas.

### **Original English**

“Because the doctor wants me to go for a drive with him. He is going to see poor old Mrs. John Paxton. She is dying . . . he can’t do her any good . . . he has done everything he can . . . but she does like to have him drop in.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela reconheceu que todos sabiam que ninguém podia nascer ou morrer na região sem a presença do médico, e que era uma bela noite para um passeio. Ela planejava ir a pé até a vila depois de colocar os gêmeos e Shirley na cama, e cuidar do jardim da Sra. Aaron Ward, que não estava prosperando. Ela também observou que a Srta. Blythe tinha subido com

uma dor de cabeça, insinuando que a casa teria um pouco de paz e sossego.

### Original English

“Oh, well, Mrs. Dr. dear, we all know that nobody can die or be born without him hereabouts and it is a nice evening for a drive. I think I will take a walk down to the village myself and replenish our pantry after I put the twins and Shirley to bed and manure Mrs. Aaron Ward. She isn’t blooming as she ought to. Miss Blythe has just gone upstairs, sighing at every step, saying one of her headaches is coming on, so there will be a little peace and quiet for the evening at least.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Anne pediu a Susan que garantisse que Jem fosse para a cama cedo, pois ele estava mais cansado do que imaginava e não gostava de ir para a cama. Ela também mencionou que Walter não voltaria para casa naquela noite porque Leslie o convidou para ficar.

### Original English

“See that Jem goes to bed in good time, will you, Susan?” said Anne as she went away through the evening that was like a cup of fragrance that has spilled over. “He’s really much tireder than he thinks he is. And he never wants to go to bed. Walter is not coming home tonight, Leslie asked if he might stay there.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Jem sentou-se nos degraus da porta lateral, com um pé descalço apoiado sobre o joelho, franzindo a testa para tudo, especialmente para a lua enorme atrás da torre da igreja de Glen. Ele não gostava de luas tão grandes.

### Original English

Jem was sitting on the steps of the side door, one bare foot hooked over his knee, scowling viciously at things in general and at an enormous moon behind the Glen church spire in particular. Jem didn’t like such big moons.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria alertou Jem de que seu rosto poderia congelar naquela expressão enquanto passava por ele para entrar em casa.

### **Original English**

“Take care your face doesn’t freeze like that,” Aunt Mary Maria had said as she passed him on her way into the house.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem franziu a testa ainda mais escuramente, indiferente se seu rosto ficasse permanentemente assim. Ele disse a Nan para ir embora e parar de segui-lo, já que ela tinha saído depois que seus pais partiram.

### **Original English**

Jem scowled more blackly than ever. He didn’t care if his face did freeze like that. He hoped it would. “Go ’way and don’t come tagging after me all the time,” he told Nan, who had crept out to him after Father and Mother had driven away.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nan o chamou de rabugento, mas antes de ir embora colocou um leão de doce vermelho que trouxera para ele no degrau ao lado dele.

### **Original English**

“Cross-patch!” said Nan. But before she trotted off she laid down on the step beside him the red candy lion she had brought out to him.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Jem ignorou o doce, sentindo-se mais maltratado do que nunca. Ele achava que todos estavam contra ele. Naquela manhã, Nan dissera que ele não tinha nascido em Ingleside como os outros. Di tinha comido seu coelho de chocolate naquela manhã, mesmo sabendo que era dele. Walter também o abandonara para cavar poços na areia com Ken e Persis Ford. Jem queria desesperadamente ir com Bertie ver a tatuagem; nunca quisera tanto algo. Ele também queria ver o maravilhoso navio completo que Bertie afirmava estar na estante de lareira do Capitão Bill. Era uma vergonha, de fato.

### Original English

Jem ignored it. He felt more abused than ever. He wasn't being used right. Everybody picked on him. Hadn't Nan that very morning said, "You weren't born at Ingleside like the rest of us." Di had et his chocolate rabbit that forenoon though she knew it was his rabbit. Even Walter had deserted him, going away to dig wells in the sand with Ken and Persis Ford. Great fun that! And he wanted so much to go with Bertie to see the tattooing. Jem was sure he had never wanted anything so much in his life before. He wanted to see the wonderful, full-rigged ship that Bertie said was always on Captain Bill's mantelpiece. It was a mean shame, that's what it was.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Susan trouxe-lhe uma grande fatia de bolo com glacê de bordo e nozes, mas ele recusou. Ele se perguntou por que ela não tinha guardado um pouco de pão de gengibre e creme para ele, suspeitando que os outros tinham comido tudo. Ele os chamou de porcos e afundou em uma tristeza mais profunda. A turma devia estar a caminho da Foz do Porto agora. Ele não suportava a ideia e sentia que precisava fazer algo para se vingar. Considerou cortar a girafa de serragem de Di no tapete da sala para irritar Susan, que sabia que ele odiava nozes no glacê. Também pensou em desenhar um bigode no quadro do querubim no quarto dela, um querubim que ele detestava porque se parecia com Sissy Flagg, que tinha espalhado fofocas na escola de que Jem era seu namorado. Sissy Flagg! No entanto, Susan achava o querubim adorável.

### Original English

Susan brought him out a big slice of cake covered with maple frosting and nuts, but, "No, thank you," said Jem stonily. Why hadn't she saved some of the gingerbread and cream for him? S'pose the rest of them had et it all. Pigs! He plunged into a deeper gulf of gloom. The gang would be on their way to the Harbour Mouth by now. He just couldn't bear the thought. He'd got to do something to get square with folks. S'posin' he sliced Di's sawdust giraffe open on the living-room rug? That would make old Susan mad . . . Susan with her nuts, when she knew he hated nuts in frosting. S'posin' he went and drew a moustache on that picture of the cherub on the calendar in her room? He had always hated that fat, pink, smiling cherub because it looked just like Sissy Flagg who had told round school that Jem Blythe was her beau. Hers! Sissy Flagg! But Susan thought that cherub lovely.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele considerou escarpelar a boneca de Nan, ou quebrar o nariz de Gog ou Magog, ou ambos, esperando que isso fizesse sua mãe perceber que ele não era mais um bebê. Ele jurou que na próxima primavera não traria mais flores de maio para ela, embora o fizesse todas as primaveras desde os quatro anos.

### **Original English**

S'posin' he scalped Nan's doll? S'posin' he whacked the nose off Gog or Magog . . . or both of them? Maybe that would make Mother see he wasn't a baby any longer. Just wait till next spring! He had brought her mayflowers for years and years and years . . . ever since he was four . . . but he wouldn't do it next spring. No, sir!

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem imaginou várias maneiras de fazer sua família se arrepender de tratá-lo mal. Pensou em comer muitas maçãs verdes pequenas da árvore precoce e ficar gravemente doente, o que ele acreditava que os assustaria. Considerou nunca mais lavar atrás das orelhas, fazer caretas para todos na igreja no próximo domingo ou colocar uma grande lagarta listrada e peluda na tia Mary Maria. Ele até cogitou fugir para o porto, esconder-se a

bordo do navio do Capitão David Reese e velejar para a América do Sul pela manhã. Perguntou-se se eles sentiriam pena então, e se ele nunca voltasse, ou se fosse caçar onças no Brasil. Concluiu que eles não se importariam, acreditando que ninguém o amava. Notou um buraco no bolso da calça que ninguém havia remendado e decidiu mostrá-lo a todos em Glen como evidência de seu abandono. Seus sentimentos de injustiça o dominaram.

### Original English

S'posin' he et a lot of the little green apples on the early tree and got nice and sick? Maybe that would scare them. S'posin' he never washed behind his ears again? S'posin' he made faces at everybody in church next Sunday? S'posin' he put a caterpillar on Aunt Mary Maria . . . a big, striped, woolly caterpillar? S'posin' he ran away to the harbour and hid in Captain David Reese's ship and sailed out of the harbour in the morning on his way to South America? Would they be sorry then? S'posin' he never came back? S'posin' he went hunting jagers in Brazil? Would they be sorry then? No, he bet they wouldn't. Nobody loved him. There was a hole in his pants pocket. Nobody had mended it. Well, he didn't care. He'd just show that hole to everybody in the Glen and let people see how neglected he was. His wrongs surged up and overwhelmed him.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O velho relógio de pêndulo no corredor, que viera para Ingleside após a morte do Avô Blythe, tiquetaqueava deliberadamente. Era um relógio de uma época em que o tempo era um conceito real. Normalmente, Jem amava seu som, mas agora o odiava. Parecia zombar dele, sugerindo que a hora de dormir estava se aproximando enquanto os outros meninos iam para a Boca do Porto, mas ele tinha que ir para a cama. O tique-taque parecia rir dele.

### Original English

Tick-tack . . . tick-tack . . . tick-tack . . . went the old grandfather clock in the hall that had been brought to Ingleside after Grandfather Blythe's death . . . a deliberate old clock dating from the days when there was such a thing as time. Generally Jem loved it . . . now he hated it. It seemed to be laughing at him. "Ha, ha, bedtime is coming. The other fellows can go to the Harbour Mouth but you go to bed. Ha, ha . . . ha, ha . . . ha, ha!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem questionou por que ele sempre tinha que ir para a cama toda noite. Enquanto Susan passava a caminho de Glen, ela olhou ternamente para a pequena figura rebelde.

### **Original English**

Why did he have to go to bed every night? Yes, why? Susan came out on her way to the Glen and looked tenderly at the small, rebellious figure.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan falou indulgentemente com Jem, dizendo-lhe que ele não precisava ir para a cama até que ela voltasse.

### **Original English**

“You needn’t go to bed till I get back, Little Jem,” she said indulgently.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem declarou ferozmente que não iria para a cama naquela noite. Ele disse a Susan, a quem chamou de 'velha Susan Baker', que iria fugir e pular no lago.

### **Original English**

“I ain’t going to bed tonight!” said Jem fiercely. “I’m going to run away, that’s what I’m going to do, old Susan Baker. I’m going to go and jump into the pond, old Susan Baker.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Susan ficou ofendida quando o Pequeno Jem a chamou de velha. Ela se afastou em silêncio sombrio, pensando que ele precisava de disciplina. O gato, o Camarão, aproximou-se de Jem em busca de companhia, mas Jem o encarou com raiva e mandou-o embora. Quando o gato não se moveu, Jem o ameaçou.

### Original English

Susan did not enjoy being called old, even by Little Jem. She stalked away in a grim silence. He did need a bit of disciplining. The Shrimp, who had followed her out, feeling a yearning for companionship, squatted down on his black haunches before Jem, but got only a glare for his pains. “Clear out! Sitting there on your bottom, staring like Aunt Mary Maria! Scat! Oh, you won’t, won’t you! Then take that!”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Jem atirou o pequeno carrinho de mão de lata de Shirley no Camarão, que fugiu com um grito triste. Jem sentiu que até o gato da família o desprezava, e questionou o sentido de continuar vivendo.

### Original English

Jem shied Shirley’s little tin wheelbarrow that was lying handily near, and the Shrimp fled with a plaintive yowl to the sanctuary of the sweetbriar hedge. Look at that! Even the family cat hated him! What was the use of going on living?

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## Pt/En

### Português

Jem pegou o leão de bala, que Nan já tinha comido em parte, mas ainda parecia um leão. Ele decidiu comê-lo, pensando que poderia ser o último leão que comeria. Depois de terminá-lo e lamber os dedos, ele resolveu o que fazer—a única opção disponível quando alguém está proibido de fazer qualquer outra coisa.

### Original English

He picked up the candy lion. Nan had eaten the tail and most of the hindquarters but it was still quite a lion. Might as well eat it. It might be the last lion he'd ever eat. By the time Jem had finished the lion and licked his fingers he had made up his mind what he was going to do. It was the only thing a fellow could do when a fellow wasn't allowed to do anything.

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## 6

### Pt/En

#### Português

Quando Anne e Gilbert chegaram em casa às onze horas, Anne ficou surpresa ao ver a casa tão iluminada. Ela exclamou que deviam ter chegado visitas.

#### Original English

“Why in the world is the house lighted up like that?” exclaimed Anne, when she and Gilbert turned in at the gate at eleven o'clock. “Company must have come.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

No entanto, quando Anne entrou correndo, não havia visitantes à vista. As luzes estavam acesas na cozinha, sala de estar, biblioteca, sala de jantar, quarto de Susan e no corredor de cima, mas não havia sinal de ninguém.

#### Original English

But there was no company visible when Anne hurried into the house. Nor was anyone else visible. There was a light in the kitchen . . . in the living-room . . . in the library . . . in the dining-room . . . in Susan's room and the upstairs hall . . . but no sign of an occupant.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne estava prestes a falar quando o telefone tocou. Gilbert atendeu, reagiu com choque e imediatamente saiu correndo sem dizer uma palavra a Anne. Algo terrível deve ter acontecido, não deixando tempo para explicações.

### **Original English**

“What do you suppose,” began Anne . . . but she was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Gilbert answered . . . listened for a moment, . . . uttered an ejaculation of horror . . . and tore out without even a glance at Anne. Evidently something dreadful had happened and there was no time to be wasted in explanations.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Como esposa de um médico, Anne estava acostumada a emergências repentinas. Ela calmamente tirou o chapéu e o casaco, mas sentiu-se levemente irritada com Susan por ter deixado todas as luzes acesas e as portas totalmente abertas quando saiu.

### **Original English**

Anne was used to this . . . as the wife of a man who waits on life and death must be. With a philosophical shrug she removed her hat and coat. She felt a trifle annoyed with Susan, who really shouldn't have gone out and left all the lights blazing and all the doors wide open.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma voz que parecia impossível de ser a de Susan chamou, e no entanto era Susan.

### **Original English**

“Mrs. . . . Dr. . . . dear,” said a voice that could not possibly be Susan's . . . but was.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne olhou para Susan com espanto. Susan estava sem chapéu, seus cabelos grisalhos emaranhados com pedaços de feno, seu vestido estampado terrivelmente manchado. E seu rosto era uma imagem de angústia.

### **Original English**

Anne stared at Susan. Such a Susan . . . hatless . . . her grey hair full of bits of hay . . . her print dress shockingly stained and discoloured. And her face!

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan anunciou que o pequeno Jem havia desaparecido. Anne olhou incrédula, incapaz de entender como ele poderia simplesmente sumir.

### **Original English**

“Susan! What has happened? Susan!” “Little Jem has disappeared.” “Disappeared!” Anne stared stupidly. “What do you mean? He can’t have disappeared!”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan, torcendo as mãos, confirmou que Jem tinha ido embora. Ela explicou que ele estava nos degraus laterais quando ela saiu para o Glen, mas quando ela voltou antes do anoitecer, ele não estava lá. Ela havia procurado em todos os cômodos da casa; ele tinha dito que iria fugir.

### **Original English**

“He has,” gasped Susan, wringing her hands. “He was on the side steps when I went to the Glen. I was back before dark . . . and he was not there. At first . . . I was not scared . . . but I could not find him anywhere. I have searched every room in the house . . . he said he was going to run away . . .”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne disse a Susan para não ser tola, dizendo que Jem não fugiria. Ela a segurou de que ele devia estar por perto, talvez adormecido, e que ela tinha se preocupado desnecessariamente.

### Original English

“Nonsense! He wouldn’t do that, Susan. You have worked yourself up unnecessarily. He must be somewhere about . . . he has fallen asleep . . . he must be somewhere around.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Susan insistiu que tinha procurado em todos os lugares, incluindo o terreno e as dependências externas. Ela apontou para seu vestido e contou como tinha caído por um buraco no palheiro em uma manjedoura no estábulo, aterrissando em um ninho de ovos. Ela considerou uma sorte não ter quebrado uma perna, embora nada pudesse parecer uma sorte enquanto o Pequeno Jem estivesse perdido.

### Original English

“I have looked everywhere . . . everywhere. I have combed the grounds and the outhouses. Look at my dress . . . I remembered he always said it would be such fun to sleep in the hay-loft. So I went there . . . and fell through that hole in the corner into one of the mangers in the stable . . . and lit on a nest of eggs. It is a mercy I did not break a leg . . . if anything can be a mercy when Little Jem is lost.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne ainda se recusava a ficar perturbada. Ela pensou em voz alta se Jem poderia ter ido para a Boca do Porto com os meninos, afinal, observando que ele nunca tinha desobedecido a uma ordem antes, mas talvez desta vez tivesse.

### Original English

Anne still refused to feel perturbed. “Do you think he could have gone to the Harbour Mouth with the boys, after all, Susan? He has never disobeyed a command before, but . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan respondeu que Jem não tinha desobedecido; Bertie Shakespeare tinha acabado de voltar para casa e disse que Jem não foi com eles. Ela sentiu o chão se abrir, pois era responsável por ele. Ela tinha telefonado para os Paxtons, que disseram que Anne tinha estado lá, mas saiu sem dizer para onde.

### **Original English**

“No, he did not, Mrs. Dr. dear . . . the blessed lamb did not disobey. I rushed down to Drews’ after I had searched everywhere and Bertie Shakespeare had just got home. He said Jem had not gone with them. The pit seemed to drop out of my stomach. You had trusted him to me and . . . I phoned Paxtons’ and they said you had been there and gone they did not know where.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma pessoa mencionou que havia dirigido até Lowbridge para visitar os Parkers. Outra disse que telefonou para todos os lugares possíveis e depois voltou à aldeia, onde os homens haviam iniciado uma busca.

### **Original English**

“We drove to Lowbridge to call on the Parkers. . . .” “I phoned everywhere I thought you could be. Then I went back to the village . . . the men have started out to search . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne questionou se as ações de Susan eram necessárias. Susan respondeu que havia procurado a criança em todos os lugares, expressando sua angústia e contando que a criança dissera que pularia no lago.

### **Original English**

“Oh, Susan, was that necessary?” “Mrs. Dr. dear, I had looked everywhere . . . everywhere that child could be. Oh, what I have gone through this night! And he said he was going to jump into the pond. . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um calafrio estranho percorreu Anne apesar de si mesma. Ela sabia que Jem não pularia realmente no lago, mas havia um barco velho no lago que Carter Flagg usava para pescar. Em seu humor desafiador anterior, Jem poderia ter tentado remar, uma atividade que muitas vezes quisera tentar. Ele poderia ter caído no lago ao tentar desamararrar o barco. De repente, seu medo se tornou concreto e aterrorizante.

### **Original English**

In spite of herself a queer little shiver ran over Anne. Of course Jem wouldn't jump into the pond . . . that was nonsense . . . but there was an old dory on it which Carter Flagg used for troutng and Jem might, in his defiant mood of the earlier evening, have tried to row about the pond in it . . . he had often wanted to . . . he might even have fallen into the pond trying to untie the dory. All at once her fear took terrible shape.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela percebeu com pânico que não fazia ideia de para onde Gilbert tinha ido.

### **Original English**

“And I haven't the slightest idea where Gilbert has gone,” she thought wildly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria apareceu na escada, usando um roupão bordado com dragões e com o cabelo em rolinhos. Ela exigiu saber a causa da agitação e reclamou que não conseguia ter uma noite de sono tranquila naquela casa.

### **Original English**

“What’s all this fuss about?” demanded Aunt Mary Maria, suddenly appearing on the stairs, her head surrounded by a halo of crimpers and her body encased in a dragon-embroidered dressing-gown. “Can’t a body ever get a quiet night’s sleep in this house?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan, tomada pelo medo e incapaz de se ofender com o tom de Miss Blythe, repetiu que o Pequeno Jem havia desaparecido, acrescentando que sua mãe o havia confiado aos seus cuidados.

### **Original English**

“Little Jem has disappeared,” said Susan again, too much in the grip of terror to resent Miss Blythe’s tone. “His mother trusted me . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne realizou sua própria busca pela casa, do sótão ao porão, mas não encontrou vestígio de Jem. Sua cama estava intacta, e ele não estava em nenhum cômodo. Ao voltar para a sala de estar, foi tomada por um pânico súbito e crescente.

### **Original English**

Anne had gone to search the house for herself. Jem must be somewhere! He was not in his room . . . the bed was undisturbed. . . . He was not in the twins’ room . . . in hers. . . . He was . . . he was nowhere in the house. Anne, after a pilgrimage from garret to cellar, returned to the living-room in

a condition that was suddenly akin to panic.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria, baixando a voz de maneira sinistra, expressou o desejo de não alarmar Anne, mas então perguntou se ela havia verificado o barril de água da chuva, lembrando que um menino chamado Pequeno Jack MacGregor havia se afogado em um rio no ano anterior.

### **Original English**

"I don't want to make you nervous, Annie," said Aunt Mary Maria, lowering her voice creepily, "but have you looked in the rainwater hogshead? Little Jack MacGregor was drowned in a rainwater hogshead in town last year."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan, torcendo as mãos mais uma vez, gaguejou que já havia inspecionado o barril, usando um pedaço de pau para sondar seu conteúdo.

### **Original English**

"I . . . I looked there," said Susan, with another wring of her hands. "I . . . I took a stick . . . and poked . . ."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O coração de Anne, que havia parado momentaneamente com a pergunta de Tia Mary Maria, começou a bater novamente. Susan se recompôs, parando de torcer as mãos, tendo lembrado tardiamente que a Sra. Dra. querida não deveria ficar angustiada.

### **Original English**

Anne's heart, which had stood still at Aunt Mary Maria's question, resumed operations. Susan gathered herself together and stopped wringing her hands. She had remembered too late that Mrs. Dr. dear should not be

upset.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela falou com uma voz trêmula, pedindo que todos se acalmassem e trabalhassem juntos, insistindo que Jem devia estar por perto e não podia ter desaparecido.

### **Original English**

“Let us calm down and pull together,” she said in a trembling voice. “As you say, Mrs. Dr. dear, he must be somewhere about. He cannot have dissolved into thin air.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria perguntou se eles tinham verificado a caixa de carvão e o relógio.

### **Original English**

“Have you looked in the coal-bin? And the clock?” asked Aunt Mary Maria.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan já tinha verificado a caixa de carvão, mas ninguém tinha considerado o relógio, que era grande o suficiente para um menino pequeno se esconder. Anne, ignorando o quão improvável era que Jem tivesse ficado ali por quatro horas, correu para olhar, mas Jem não estava lá dentro.

### **Original English**

Susan had looked in the coal-bin but nobody had thought of the clock. It was quite big enough for a small boy to hide in. Anne, not considering the absurdity of supposing that Jem would crouch there for four hours, rushed to it. But Jem was not in the clock.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria confessou que sentia que algo ruim iria acontecer naquela noite. Ela interpretou um versículo bíblico sobre não saber o que um dia pode trazer como um sinal e aconselhou Anne a se preparar para o pior, sugerindo que Jem poderia ter ido para o pântano e lamentando não terem cães de caça.

### **Original English**

"I had a feeling something was going to happen when I went to bed tonight," said Aunt Mary Maria, pressing both hands to her temples. "When I read my nightly chapter in the Bible the words, 'Ye know not what a day may bring forth,' seemed to stand out from the page as it were. It was a sign. You'd better nerve yourself to bear the worst, Annie. He may have wandered into the marsh. It's a pity we haven't a few bloodhounds."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne forçou uma risada e respondeu que não havia cães de caça na Ilha. Ela mencionou que se o velho setter de Gilbert, Rex, que havia morrido envenenado, ainda estivesse vivo, ele encontraria Jem rapidamente. Ela expressou sua convicção de que estavam se preocupando desnecessariamente.

### **Original English**

With a dreadful effort Anne managed a laugh. "I'm afraid there aren't any on the Island, Aunty. If we had Gilbert's old setter Rex, who got poisoned, he would soon find Jem. I feel sure we are all alarming ourselves for nothing . . ."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O falante observou que Tommy Spencer havia desaparecido de Carmody quarenta anos antes e nunca fora encontrado, ou, se fora, apenas seu esqueleto. Ele disse a Anne que aquilo não era motivo de riso e expressou surpresa com sua calma.

### **Original English**

“Tommy Spencer in Carmody disappeared mysteriously forty years ago and was never found . . . or was he? Well, if he was, it was only his skeleton. This is no laughing matter, Annie. I don’t know how you can take it so calmly.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando o telefone tocou, Anne e Susan trocaram olhares. Anne sussurrou que não podia atender, e Susan admitiu que também não podia. Susan mais tarde se arrependeu de demonstrar tanta fraqueza diante de Mary Maria Blythe, mas as duas horas de busca frenética e imaginações aterrorizantes a haviam deixado exausta.

### **Original English**

The telephone rang. Anne and Susan looked at each other. “I can’t . . . I can’t go to the phone, Susan,” said Anne in a whisper. “I cannot either,” said Susan flatly. She was to hate herself all her days for showing such weakness before Mary Maria Blythe, but she could not help it. Two hours of terrified searching and distorted imaginations had made Susan a wreck.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria marchou até o telefone e pegou o fone, seus bobes de cabelo projetando uma sombra chifruda na parede que Susan, apesar de sua angústia, achou que se parecia com o diabo.

### **Original English**

Aunt Mary Maria stalked to the telephone and took down the receiver, her crimpers making a horned silhouette on the wall which, Susan reflected, in

spite of her anguish, looked like the old Nick himself.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria reportou com frieza que Carter Flagg dissera que haviam procurado em toda parte sem encontrar nenhum vestígio da pessoa desaparecida, mas o bote estava flutuando sem ninguém no meio do lago. Eles pretendiam dragar o lago.

### **Original English**

“Carter Flagg says they have searched everywhere but found no sign of him yet,” reported Aunt Mary Maria coolly. “But he says the dory is out in the middle of the pond with no one in it as far as they can ascertain. They are going to drag the pond.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan segurou Anne, que insistiu com lábios pálidos que não ia desmaiar. Ela pediu ajuda para ir até uma cadeira e então declarou que precisavam encontrar Gilbert.

### **Original English**

Susan caught Anne just in time. “No . . . no . . . I’m not going to faint, Susan,” said Anne through white lips. “Help me to a chair . . . thanks. We must find Gilbert . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A tia Mary Maria tentou consolar Anne ainda mais, dizendo que se James tivesse se afogado, ele teria sido poupado de muitos problemas neste mundo infeliz.

### **Original English**

“If James is drowned, Annie, you must remind yourself that he has been spared a lot of trouble in this wretched world,” said Aunt Mary Maria by way

of administering further consolation.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Assim que conseguiu se levantar, Anne disse que pegaria a lanterna e vasculharia o terreno mais uma vez. Apesar de saber que Susan já o havia feito, ela insistiu em ir ela mesma, pois não suportava ficar sentada esperando.

### **Original English**

“I’m going to get the lantern and search the grounds again,” said Anne, as soon as she could stand up. “Yes, I know you did, Susan . . . but let me . . . let me. I cannot sit still and wait.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan insistiu que Anne deveria vestir um suéter porque o orvalho estava intenso e o ar úmido. Ela se ofereceu para buscar o vermelho no quarto dos meninos e pediu que Anne esperasse ali.

### **Original English**

“You must put on a sweater then, Mrs. Dr. dear. There is a heavy dew and the air is damp. I will get your red one . . . it is hanging on a chair in the boys’ room. Wait you here till I bring it.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan subiu correndo. Pouco depois, um grito ecoou por Ingleside. Anne e a tia Mary Maria correram para cima e encontraram Susan rindo e chorando no corredor, mais perturbada do que nunca estivera ou jamais estaria.

### **Original English**

Susan hurried upstairs. A few moments later something that could only be described as a shriek echoed through Ingleside. Anne and Aunt Mary Maria

rushed upstairs, where they found Susan laughing and crying in the hall, nearer to hysterics than Susan Baker had ever been in her life or ever would be again.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan exclamou que o pequeno Jem estava lá, dormindo no assento da janela atrás da porta que o havia escondido de vista. Ela admitiu que não tinha pensado em olhar ali quando encontrou a cama vazia.

### **Original English**

“Mrs. Dr. dear . . . he’s there! Little Jem is there . . . asleep on the window-seat behind the door. I never looked there . . . the door hid it . . . and when he wasn’t in his bed . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne, sobrecarregada de alívio e alegria, conseguiu entrar no quarto e ajoelhou-se junto ao assento da janela. Logo ela e Susan ririam do próprio medo, mas agora só podia chorar de gratidão. O pequeno Jem dormia profundamente no assento da janela, coberto com uma manta, segurando seu ursinho de pelúcia desgastado, e com Shrimp, o cachorro, esticado sobre suas pernas. Seus cachos ruivos repousavam sobre a almofada. Ele parecia estar tendo um sonho agradável, e Anne não pretendia acordá-lo. Mas de repente ele abriu seus olhos cor de avelã, que brilhavam como estrelas, e olhou para ela.

### **Original English**

Anne, weak with relief and joy, got herself into the room and dropped on her knees by the window-seat. In a little while she and Susan would be laughing over their own foolishness, but now there could be only tears of thankfulness. Little Jem was sound asleep on the window-seat, with an afghan pulled over him, his battered Teddy Bear in his little sunburned hands, and a forgiving Shrimp stretched across his legs. His red curls fell over the cushion. He seemed to be having a pleasant dream and Anne did not mean to waken him. But suddenly he opened his eyes that were like hazel stars and looked at her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne perguntou a Jem por que ele não estava na cama, explicando que eles estavam um pouco preocupados porque não conseguiram encontrá-lo, e que não tinham pensado em procurar ali.

### **Original English**

“Jem, darling, why aren’t you in your bed? We’ve . . . we’ve been a little alarmed . . . we couldn’t find you . . . and we never thought of looking here . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem respondeu que queria ficar deitado ali para poder ver sua mãe e seu pai entrarem pelo portão quando voltassem para casa. Ele disse que estava muito solitário, então ele simplesmente teve que ir para a cama.

### **Original English**

“I wanted to lie here ’cause I could see you and Daddy drive in at the gate when you got home. It was so lonesome I just had to go to bed.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A mãe dele o ergueu nos braços e o carregou para sua própria cama. Era maravilhoso ser beijado e sentir ela arrumando os lençóis ao redor dele com aqueles tapinhas suaves que o faziam se sentir profundamente amado. Ele não se importava mais em ver uma tatuagem de cobra. A mãe era tão gentil—a mãe mais gentil que alguém poderia ter. Todos no Glen chamavam a mãe de Bertie Shakespeare de "Sra. Second Skimmings" porque ela era tão mesquinha, e ele sabia—ele tinha visto—que ela dava tapas no rosto de Bertie por qualquer coisinha.

### **Original English**

Mother was lifting him in her arms . . . carrying him to his own bed. It was so nice to be kissed . . . to feel her tucking the sheets about him with those

caressing little pats that gave him such a sense of being loved. Who cared about seeing an old snake tattooed, anyhow? Mother was so nice . . . the nicest mother anybody ever had. Everybody in the Glen called Bertie Shakespeare's mother "Mrs. Second Skimmings" because she was so mean, and he knew . . . for he'd seen it . . . that she slapped Bertie's face for every little thing.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem disse sonolentemente que, claro, traria mayflowers para ela na próxima primavera, e todas as primaveras, e que ela poderia confiar nele.

### **Original English**

"Mummy," he said sleepily, "of course I'll bring you mayflowers next spring . . . every spring. You can depend on me."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A mãe garantiu à criança que poderia ajudar. Tia Mary Maria comentou que agora que todos estavam calmos, eles poderiam relaxar e voltar para suas camas. Seu tom, embora ainda afiado, carregava um toque de alívio.

### **Original English**

"Of course I can, darling," said Mother. "Well, since everyone is over their fit of the fidgets, I suppose we can draw a peaceful breath and go back to our beds," said Aunt Mary Maria. But there was some shrewish relief in her tone.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne admitiu que esquecer do assento da janela havia sido muito tolo. Ela acrescentou que a piada era contra eles e que o médico certamente os lembraria disso.

### **Original English**

“It was very silly of me not to remember the window-seat,” said Anne. “The joke is on us and the doctor will not let us forget it, you may be certain.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Pediu-se a Susan que telefonasse para o Sr. Flagg para informá-lo de que Jem havia sido encontrado.

#### **Original English**

Susan, please phone Mr. Flagg that we've found Jem.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Susan disse feliz que o Sr. Flagg daria boas risadas às suas custas, mas ela não se importava porque o pequeno Jem estava seguro.

#### **Original English**

“And a nice laugh he will have on me,” said Susan happily. “Not that I care . . . he can laugh all he likes since Little Jem is safe.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria suspirou lastimosamente e disse que gostaria de uma xícara de chá, enquanto juntava seu xale estampado com dragões em torno de sua forma magra.

#### **Original English**

“I could do with a cup of tea,” sighed Aunt Mary Maria plaintively, gathering her dragons about her spare form.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Susan disse rapidamente que iria buscar algo, acrescentando que isso deixaria todos mais animados. Ela disse à Sra. Dr. que Carter Flagg agradeceu a Deus ao saber que o Pequeno Jem estava seguro, então ela nunca mais reclamaria dos preços dele. Ela também sugeriu um jantar de frango no dia seguinte como uma pequena comemoração, e que o Pequeno Jem poderia comer seus muffins favoritos no café da manhã.

### Original English

“I will get it in a jiffy,” said Susan briskly. “We will all feel the sprightlier for one. Mrs. Dr. dear, when Carter Flagg heard Little Jem was safe he said, ‘Thank God.’ I shall never say a word against that man again, no matter what his prices are. And don’t you think we might have a chicken dinner tomorrow, Mrs. Dr. dear? Just by way of a little celebration, so to speak. And Little Jem shall have his favourite muffins for breakfast.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Houve outro telefonema, desta vez de Gilbert, dizendo que estava levando um bebê gravemente queimado do Harbour Head para o hospital na cidade e que não deveriam esperá-lo de volta até de manhã.

### Original English

There was another telephone call . . . this time from Gilbert to say that he was taking a badly burned baby from the Harbour Head to the hospital in town and not to look for him till morning.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Antes de se recolher, Anne olhou pela janela com gratidão. Uma brisa fresca do mar soprava, e as árvores do Hollow pareciam banhadas pelo luar. Ela conseguia até rir, embora com um toque de emoção, do pânico anterior e das ideias ridículas e lembranças macabras da tia Mary Maria. Seu filho estava seguro; Gilbert estava lá fora se esforçando para salvar a vida de outra criança. Ela orou por ele e pela mãe, e por todas as mães, reconhecendo a imensa ajuda necessária para guiar os corações

sensíveis e amorosos que dependem delas.

### Original English

Anne bent from her window for a thankful good-night look at the world before going to bed. A cool wind was blowing in from the sea. A sort of moonlit rapture was running through the trees in the Hollow. Anne could even laugh . . . with a quiver behind the laughter . . . over their panic of an hour ago and Aunt Mary Maria's absurd suggestions and ghoulish memories. Her child was safe . . . Gilbert was somewhere battling to save another child's life. . . . Dear God, help him and help the mother . . . help all mothers everywhere. We need so much help, with the little sensitive, loving hearts and minds that look to us for guidance and love and understanding.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

A noite acolhedora abraçou Ingleside, e todos, inclusive Susan — que sentia vontade de se retirar para um buraco silencioso e fechá-lo atrás de si — adormeceram sob seu teto protetor.

### Original English

The friendly enfolding night took possession of Ingleside, and everybody, even Susan . . . who rather felt that she would like to crawl into some nice quiet hole and pull it in after her . . . fell on sleep under its sheltering roof.

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## 7

### Pt/En

#### Português

Ele teria muita companhia e não ficaria sozinho, pois os quatro filhos deles e a sobrinha e o sobrinho de Montreal estavam visitando. O que uma criança não pensasse, as outras pensariam.

### Original English

“He'll have plenty of company . . . he won't be lonesome . . . our four . . . and my niece and nephew from Montreal are visiting us. What one doesn't think of the others do.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Dr. Parker, uma mulher grande e alegre, sorriu expansivamente para Walter, que retribuiu o sorriso com certa reserva. Ele não tinha certeza se gostava dela, apesar da simpatia; havia algo de avassalador nela. No entanto, ele gostava do Dr. Parker. Walter nunca havia conhecido os quatro filhos dos Parkers nem sua sobrinha e sobrinho de Montreal.

### **Original English**

Big, sonsy, jolly Mrs. Dr. Parker smiled expansively at Walter . . . who returned the smile somewhat aloofly. He wasn't altogether sure he liked Mrs. Parker in spite of her smiles and jollity. There was too much of her, somehow. Dr. Parker he did like. As for "our four" and the niece and nephew from Montreal, Walter had never seen any of them. Lowbridge, where the

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lowbridge, onde os Parkers moravam, ficava a seis milhas do Glen, e Walter nunca tinha estado lá, embora as duas famílias se visitassem com frequência. O Dr. Parker e seu pai eram amigos próximos, mas Walter sentia que sua mãe poderia facilmente passar sem a Sra. Parker. Mesmo aos seis anos, Walter, como Anne percebia, conseguia enxergar coisas que outras crianças não viam.

### **Original English**

Parkers lived, was six miles from the Glen and Walter had never been there, though Dr. and Mrs. Parker and Dr. and Mrs. Blythe visited back and forth frequently. Dr. Parker and Dad were great friends, though Walter had a feeling now and again that Mother could have got along very well without Mrs. Parker. Even at six, Walter, as Anne realized, could see things that other children could not.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Walter também não tinha certeza se realmente queria ir para Lowbridge. Algumas visitas eram encantadoras — uma viagem a Avonlea, por exemplo, era muito divertida, e passar uma noite com Kenneth Ford na antiga Casa dos Sonhos era ainda melhor, embora isso dificilmente contasse como visita, já que a Casa dos Sonhos parecia uma segunda casa para as crianças de Ingleside. Mas ir para Lowbridge por duas semanas inteiras, entre estranhos, era bem diferente. No entanto, o plano parecia definido. Por alguma razão que Walter sentia, mas não conseguia explicar, seus pais estavam satisfeitos com o acordo. Ele se perguntava tristemente se eles queriam se livrar de todos os filhos. Jem já havia sido levado para Avonlea dois dias antes, e ele ouvira Susan fazendo comentários misteriosos sobre mandar os gêmeos para a Sra. Marshall Elliott quando chegasse a hora. Que hora? Tia Mary Maria parecia muito sombria e fora ouvida dizendo que gostaria que tudo já tivesse acabado. Walter não fazia ideia do que ela queria dizer, mas havia algo de estranho no ar em Ingleside.

### Original English

Walter was not sure, either, that he really wanted to go to Lowbridge. Some visits were splendid. A trip to Avonlea now . . . ah, there was fun for you! And a night spent with Kenneth Ford at the old House of Dreams was more fun still . . . though that couldn't really be called visiting, for the House of Dreams always seemed like a second home to the small fry of Ingleside. But to go to Lowbridge for two whole weeks, among strangers, was a very different matter. However, it seemed to be a settled thing. For some reason, which Walter felt but could not understand, Dad and Mummy were pleased over the arrangement. Did they want to get rid of all their children, Walter wondered, rather sadly and uneasily. Jem was away, having been taken to Avonlea two days ago, and he had heard Susan making mysterious remarks about "sending the twins to Mrs. Marshall Elliott when the time came." What time? Aunt Mary Maria seemed very gloomy over something and had been known to say that she "wished it was all well over." What was it she wished over? Walter had no idea. But there was something strange in the air at Ingleside.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Gilbert disse que o levaria no dia seguinte. A Sra. Parker observou que as crianças estariam ansiosas por isso, e Anne expressou sua gratidão. Na cozinha, Susan disse ao Shrimp, sombriamente, que era tudo para o melhor.

### Original English

“I’ll take him over tomorrow,” said Gilbert. “The youngsters will be looking forward to it,” said Mrs. Parker. “It’s very kind of you, I’m sure,” said Anne. “It’s all for the best, no doubt,” Susan told the Shrimp darkly in the kitchen.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Depois que os Parkers foram embora, tia Mary Maria comentou com Anne que era muito gentil da Sra. Parker tirar Walter de suas mãos. Ela observou que a Sra. Parker havia criado uma grande simpatia por ele, acrescentando que as pessoas realmente criam simpatias tão estranhas. Em seguida, expressou a esperança de que, por pelo menos duas semanas, ela pudesse entrar no banheiro sem pisar em um peixe morto.

### Original English

“It is very obliging of Mrs. Parker to take Walter off our hands, Annie,” said Aunt Mary Maria, when the Parkers had gone. “She told me she had taken quite a fancy to him. People do take such odd fancies, don’t they? Well, perhaps now for at least two weeks I’ll be able to go into the bathroom without tramping on a dead fish.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

A tia Mary Maria disse a Annie que havia um peixe morto. Annie ficou chocada. A tia Mary Maria insistiu que sempre dizia exatamente o que queria dizer e perguntou a Annie se ela já tinha pisado em um peixe morto com os pés descalços.

### Original English

“A dead fish, Aunty! You don’t mean . . .” “I mean exactly what I say, Annie. I always do. A dead fish! Did you ever step on a dead fish with your bare feet?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan explicou que Walter havia pegado uma truta e a colocado na banheira para mantê-la viva. Infelizmente, o peixe escapou e morreu durante a noite. Susan comentou que pisar nele foi uma consequência de andar com os pés descalços.

### **Original English**

“No-o . . . but how . . .” “Walter caught a trout last night and put it in the bathtub to keep it alive, Mrs. Dr. dear,” said Susan airily. “If it had stayed there it would have been all right, but somehow it got out and died in the night. Of course, if people will go about on bare feet . . .”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A tia Mary Maria declarou que tinha uma regra firme de nunca discutir com ninguém. Então, ela se levantou e saiu da sala.

### **Original English**

“I make it a rule never to quarrel with anyone,” said Aunt Mary Maria, getting up and leaving the room.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan declarou sua determinação de não deixar que a tia Mary Maria a incomodasse. A Sra. Dr. concordou que a tia Mary Maria era um pouco irritante, mas disse que não se incomodaria tanto quando a situação se resolvesse, e acrescentou que pisar em um peixe morto devia ser bem desagradável.

### **Original English**

“I am determined she shall not vex me, Mrs. Dr. dear,” said Susan. “Oh, Susan, she is getting on my nerves a bit . . . but of course I won’t mind so much when all this is over . . . and it must be nasty to tramp on a dead fish . . .”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Di perguntou à mãe se um peixe morto era preferível a um vivo, porque um peixe morto não se contorceria.

#### **Original English**

“Isn’t a dead fish better than a live one, Mummy? A dead fish wouldn’t squirm,” said Di.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Se a verdade deve ser dita, é preciso admitir que tanto a senhora da casa quanto a empregada em Ingleside riram.

#### **Original English**

Since the truth must be told at all costs it must be admitted that the mistress and maid of Ingleside both giggled.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Isso resolveu a questão. Mas naquela noite Anne expressou suas dúvidas a Gilbert sobre se Walter realmente seria feliz em Lowbridge.

#### **Original English**

So that was that. But Anne wondered to Gilbert that night if Walter would be quite happy at Lowbridge.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne comentou que Walter era extremamente sensível e imaginativo. Gilbert, cansado de um dia ocupado fazendo três partos, concordou que Walter provavelmente tinha medo até de subir as escadas sozinho no escuro. Ele acreditava que passar alguns dias com as crianças Parker, aprendendo a dar e receber, faria muito bem a Walter e ele voltaria uma criança diferente.

### **Original English**

“He’s so very sensitive and imaginative,” she said wistfully. “Too much so,” said Gilbert, who was tired after having had, to quote Susan, three babies that day. “Why, Anne, I believe that child is afraid to go upstairs in the dark. It will do him worlds of good to give and take with the Parker fry for a few days. He’ll come home a different child.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne não discutiu mais, convencida de que Gilbert provavelmente estava certo. Walter sentia falta de Jem e, dadas as complicações quando Shirley nasceu, era melhor que Susan tivesse menos responsabilidades além de administrar a casa e suportar a tia Mary Maria, cuja estadia prometida de duas semanas já havia se estendido para quatro.

### **Original English**

Anne said nothing more. No doubt Gilbert was quite right. Walter was lonesome without Jem; and in view of what had happened when Shirley was born it would be just as well for Susan to have as little on her hands as possible beyond running the house and enduring Aunt Mary Maria . . . whose two weeks had already stretched to four.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Walter estava deitado acordado na cama, tentando escapar do pensamento perturbador de ter que partir no dia seguinte deixando a imaginação correr solta. Ele possuía uma imaginação muito vívida, que comparava a um grande corcel branco que podia transportá-lo através do tempo e do espaço. Ele visualizava a Noite como um anjo alto, escuro e de asas de morcego vindo da floresta do Sr. Andrew Taylor. Às vezes ele a recebia bem, mas outras vezes suas próprias imaginações vívidas o assustavam. Ele personificava tudo em seu pequeno mundo: o Vento que lhe contava histórias, a Geada que beliscava as flores, o Orvalho que caía silenciosamente, a Lua que ele achava que poderia pegar se chegasse ao topo de uma colina roxa distante, a Névoa do mar, o Mar sempre mutável mas constante, e a Maré escura e misteriosa. Para ele, Ingleside e seus arredores estavam cheios de elfos, kelpies, dríades, sereias e duendes. O gato preto de gesso na estante da biblioteca era uma bruxa de fada que ganhava vida à noite, crescia enormemente e rondava a casa. Walter se escondia debaixo das cobertas e tremia, pois muitas vezes se assustava com suas próprias fantasias.

### Original English

Walter was lying awake in his bed trying to escape from the haunting thought that he was to go away next day by giving free rein to fancy. Walter had a very vivid imagination. It was to him a great white charger, like the one in the picture on the wall, on which he could gallop backward or forward in time and space. The Night was coming down . . . Night, like a tall, dark, bat-winged angel who lived in Mr. Andrew Taylor's woods on the south hill. Sometimes Walter welcomed her . . . sometimes he pictured her so vividly that he grew afraid of her. Walter dramatized and personified everything in his small world . . . the Wind who told him stories at night . . . the Frost that nipped the flowers in the garden . . . the Dew that fell so silverly and silently . . . the Moon which he felt sure he could catch if he could only go to the top of that faraway purple hill . . . the Mist that came in from the sea . . . the great Sea itself that was always changing and never changed . . . the dark, mysterious Tide. They were all entities to Walter. Ingleside and the Hollow and the maple grove and the Marsh and the harbour shore were full of elves and kelpies and dryads and mermaids and goblins. The black plaster-of-Paris cat on the library mantelpiece was a fairy witch. It came alive at night and prowled about the house, grown to enormous size. Walter ducked his head under the bedclothes and shivered. He was always scaring himself with his own fancies.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A tia Mary Maria acreditava que Walter era muito nervoso e sensível, embora Susan discordasse veementemente. Enquanto isso, a tia Kitty MacGregor do Upper Glen, conhecida por ter visão sobrenatural, olhou profundamente nos olhos cinzentos de Walter com longos cílios e declarou que ele parecia ter uma alma velha em um corpo jovem. Era possível que essa alma velha soubesse mais do que o cérebro jovem conseguia sempre compreender.

### **Original English**

Perhaps Aunt Mary Maria was right when she said he was “far too nervous and high-strung,” though Susan would never forgive her for it. Perhaps Aunt Kitty MacGregor of the Upper Glen, who was reported to have “the second sight,” was right when, having once taken a deep look into Walter’s long-lashed, smoky grey eyes, she said he “did be having an old soul in a young body.” It might be that the old soul knew too much for the young brain to understand always.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

De manhã, disseram a Walter que seu pai o levaria a Lowbridge depois do jantar. Ele não disse nada, mas durante o jantar uma sensação de sufocamento o tomou. Ele rapidamente olhou para baixo para esconder um súbito véu de lágrimas, mas não rápido o suficiente.

### **Original English**

Walter was told in the morning that Dad would take him to Lowbridge after dinner. He said nothing, but during dinner a choky sensation came over him and he dropped his eyes quickly to hide a sudden mist of tears. Not quickly enough, however.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A tia Mary Maria perguntou se ele ia chorar, dando a entender que uma criança de seis anos seria envergonhada para sempre se o fizesse. Ela disse que detestava crianças choronas e apontou que ele não tinha comido a carne.

### **Original English**

“You’re not going to cry, Walter?” said Aunt Mary Maria, as if a six-year-old mite would be disgraced forever if he cried. “If there’s anything I do despise it’s a cry-baby. And you haven’t eaten your meat.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter respondeu que havia comido tudo menos a gordura, explicando que não gostava de gordura. Ele piscou bravamente, mas ainda não ousou levantar os olhos.

### **Original English**

“All but the fat,” said Walter, blinking valiantly but not yet daring to look up. “I don’t like fat.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A tia Mary Maria disse a Walter que quando ela era jovem, não lhe era permitido ter preferências ou aversões. Ela expressou confiança de que a Sra. Dra. Parker o curaria de algumas de suas manias. Ela especulou sobre o sobrenome da Sra. Parker — seria ela uma Winter, uma Clark, ou talvez uma Campbell? Mas concluiu que os Winters e os Campbells eram iguais e não toleravam nenhuma bobagem.

### **Original English**

“When I was a child,” said Aunt Mary Maria, “I was not allowed to have likes and dislikes. Well, Mrs. Dr. Parker will probably cure you of some of your notions. She was a Winter, I think . . . or was she a Clark? . . . no, she must have been a Campbell. But the Winters and the Campbells are all tarred with the same brush and they don’t put up with any nonsense.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne pediu educadamente à tia Mary Maria que não assustasse Walter sobre sua visita a Lowbridge, sentindo uma pequena faísca de raiva dentro de si.

### **Original English**

“Oh, please, Aunt Mary Maria, don’t frighten Walter about his visit to Lowbridge,” said Anne, a little spark kindling far down in her eyes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Mary Maria pediu desculpas humildemente, dizendo que deveria ter lembrado que não tinha o direito de ensinar nada aos filhos de Anne.

### **Original English**

“I’m sorry, Annie,” said Aunt Mary Maria with great humility. “I should of course have remembered that I have no right to try to teach your children anything.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan resmungou com raiva enquanto ia buscar a sobremesa, que era o pudim Queen favorito de Walter.

### **Original English**

“Drat her hide,” muttered Susan as she went out for the dessert . . . Walter’s favourite Queen pudding.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne se sentiu profundamente culpada, especialmente quando Gilbert lhe deu um olhar de reprovação, sugerindo que ela poderia ter sido mais paciente com a velha senhora solitária.

### **Original English**

Anne felt miserably guilty. Gilbert had shot her a slightly reproachful glance as if to imply she might have been more patient with a poor lonely old lady.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Gilbert não estava se sentindo bem, tendo trabalhado em excesso durante todo o verão, e tia Mary Maria aumentava sua tensão. Anne decidiu que, no outono, se as condições permitissem, ela insistiria em enviá-lo para a Nova Escócia por um mês para caçar narcejas.

### **Original English**

Gilbert himself was feeling a bit seedy. The truth, as everyone knew, was that he had been terribly overworked all summer: and perhaps Aunt Mary Maria was more of a strain than he would admit. Anne made up her mind that in the fall, if all was well, she would pack him off willy-nilly for a month's snipe-shooting in Nova Scotia.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne, arrependida, perguntou à tia Mary Maria sobre o chá. Tia Mary Maria franziu os lábios e disse que estava fraco demais, mas acrescentou que não importava e se perguntou se alguém se importava com a preferência de uma velha, embora algumas pessoas a considerassem boa companhia.

### **Original English**

"How is your tea?" she asked Aunt Mary Maria repentantly. Aunt Mary Maria pursed her lips. "Too weak. But it doesn't matter. Who cares whether a poor old woman gets her tea to her liking or not? Some folks, however, think I'm real good company."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne não conseguiu compreender a conexão entre as duas observações da tia Mary Maria e se sentiu exausta demais para tentar. Ela ficou muito pálida.

### **Original English**

Whatever the connexion between Aunt Mary Maria's two sentences was, Anne felt she was beyond ferreting it out just then. She had turned very pale.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne disse fracamente que iria para o andar de cima se deitar. Ela sugeriu a Gilbert que não ficasse muito tempo em Lowbridge e recomendou que ele telefonasse para a Srta. Carson.

### **Original English**

"I think I'll go upstairs and lie down," she said, a trifle faintly, as she rose from the table. "And I think, Gilbert . . . perhaps you'd better not stay long in Lowbridge . . . and suppose you give Miss Carson a ring."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne beijou Walter às pressas, como se estivesse preocupada. Walter não chorou. Tia Mary Maria então o beijou na testa — um beijo úmido que Walter detestava — e falou.

### **Original English**

She kissed Walter good-bye rather casually and hurriedly . . . very much as if she were not thinking about him at all. Walter would not cry. Aunt Mary Maria kissed him on the forehead . . . Walter hated to be moistly kissed on the forehead . . . and said:

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## Pt/En

### Português

Tia Mary Maria ordenou que Walter prestasse atenção aos modos à mesa em Lowbridge e não fosse guloso, avisando que, se o fosse, um Homem Preto Grande viria com um saco preto grande para levar crianças malcriadas.

### Original English

“Mind your table manners at Lowbridge, Walter. Mind you ain’t greedy. If you are, a Big Black Man will come along with a big black bag to pop naughty children into.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Gilbert havia saído, o que provavelmente foi bom, já que ele não ouviu a tia Mary Maria. Ele e Anne sempre faziam questão de não assustar seus filhos com tais ideias. Susan ouviu enquanto limpava a mesa, e tia Mary Maria nunca percebeu o quão perto esteve de ter a molheira atirada nela.

### Original English

It was perhaps as well that Gilbert had gone out to harness Grey Tom and did not hear this. He and Anne had always made a point of never frightening their children with such ideas or allowing anyone else to do it. Susan did hear it as she cleared the table and Aunt Mary Maria never knew what a narrow escape she had of having the gravy boat and its contents flung at her head.

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# 8

## Pt/En

### Português

Walter geralmente gostava de passear de carruagem com seu pai, especialmente nas belas estradas ao redor de Glen St. Mary. Mas naquele dia seu pai estava quieto e dirigia mais rápido do que Walter jamais vira. Em Lowbridge, após algumas palavras apressadas com a Sra. Parker, ele saiu correndo sem se despedir. Walter lutou para não chorar, sentindo que

seus pais não o amavam mais.

### Original English

Generally Walter enjoyed a drive with Dad. He loved beauty, and the roads around Glen St. Mary were beautiful. The road to Lowbridge was a double ribbon of dancing buttercups, with here and there the ferny green rim of an inviting grove. But today Dad didn't seem to want to talk much and he drove Grey Tom as Walter never remembered seeing him driven before. When they reached Lowbridge he said a few hurried words aside to Mrs. Parker and rushed out without bidding Walter good-bye. Walter had again hard work to keep from crying. It was only too plain that nobody loved him. Mother and Father used to, but they didn't any longer.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

A grande e bagunçada casa dos Parker não pareceu amigável para Walter. A Sra. Parker o levou ao quintal, cheio de crianças barulhentas, o apresentou e depois voltou para sua costura, esperando que eles se dessem bem. Ela não percebeu que Walter era diferente. Ela gostava dele e estava feliz em ajudar Anne Blythe, torcendo para que tudo corresse bem.

### Original English

The big, untidy Parker house at Lowbridge did not seem friendly to Walter. But perhaps no house would have seemed that just then. Mrs. Parker took him out to the back yard, where shrieks of noisy mirth were resounding, and introduced him to the children who seemed to fill it. Then she promptly went back to her sewing, leaving them to "get acquainted by themselves" . . . a proceeding that worked very well in nine cases out of ten. Perhaps she could not be blamed for failing to see that little Walter Blythe was the tenth. She liked him . . . her own children were jolly little tads . . . Fred and Opal were inclined to put on Montreal airs, but she felt quite sure they wouldn't be unkind to anyone. Everything would go swimmingly. She was so glad she could help "poor Anne Blythe" out, even if it was only by taking one of her children off her hands. Mrs. Parker hoped "all would go well." Anne's friends were a good deal more worried over her than she was over herself, reminding each other of Shirley's birth.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O quintal ficou em silêncio. Walter olhou timidamente para as crianças Parker e seus primos Johnson de Montreal. Bill Parker, com dez anos, parecia muito grande; Andy Parker, apelidado de Porco, tinha uma aparência desagradável. Fred Johnson e sua irmã Opal, junto com Cora Parker, o olharam com superioridade. Apenas Alice Parker impediu que Walter fugisse.

### Original English

A sudden hush had fallen over the back yard . . . a yard which ran off into a big, bowery apple orchard. Walter stood looking gravely and shyly at the Parker children and their Johnson cousins from Montreal. Bill Parker was ten . . . a ruddy, round-faced urchin who “took after” his mother and seemed very old and big in Walter’s eyes. Andy Parker was nine and Lowbridge children could have told you that he was “the nasty Parker one” and was nicknamed “Pig” for reasons good. Walter did not like his looks from the first . . . his short-cropped fair bristles, his impish freckled face, his bulging blue eyes. Fred Johnson was Bill’s age and Walter didn’t like him either, though he was a good-looking chap with tawny curls and black eyes. His nine-year-old sister, Opal, had curls and black eyes, too . . . snapping black eyes. She stood with her arm about tow-headed, eight-year-old Cora Parker and they both looked Walter over condescendingly. If it had not been for Alice Parker Walter might very conceivably have turned and fled.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Alice tinha sete anos, com cachos dourados, olhos azuis suaves como violetas, bochechas rosadas com covinhas e um vestido amarelo franzido. Ela sorriu para Walter como se o conhecesse para sempre, e ele sentiu que ela era uma amiga.

### Original English

Alice was seven; Alice had the loveliest little ripples of golden curls all over her head; Alice had eyes as blue and soft as the violets in the Hollow; Alice had pink, dimpled cheeks; Alice wore a little frilled yellow dress in which she looked like a dancing buttercup; Alice smiled at him as if she had known him all her life; Alice was a friend.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fred começou a conversa de forma condescendente, dirigindo-se a Walter com um termo paternalista. Walter sentiu imediatamente o desrespeito e se retraiu, depois disse seu nome firmemente. Fred fingiu estar surpreso e se virou para os outros, determinado a humilhar o menino do campo.

### **Original English**

Fred opened the conversation. "Hello, sonny," he said condescendingly. Walter felt the condescension at once and retreated into himself. "My name is Walter," he said distinctly. Fred turned to the others with a well-done air of amazement. He'd show this country lad!

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fred disse a Bill com uma expressão zombeteira que o menino afirmava que seu nome era Walter.

### **Original English**

"He says his name is Walter," he told Bill with a comical twist of his mouth.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A frase foi passada adiante em uma corrente zombeteira: Bill para Opal, Opal para Andy, Andy para Cora e Cora para Alice, cada um repetindo com divertimento. Apenas Alice permaneceu em silêncio, olhando para Walter com admiração, o que lhe deu força quando os outros cantaram em uníssono e explodiram em risadas de escárnio.

### **Original English**

"He says his name is Walter," Bill told Opal in turn. "He says his name is Walter," Opal told the delighted Andy. "He says his name is Walter," Andy told Cora. "He says his name is Walter," Cora giggled to Alice. Alice said nothing. She just looked admiringly at Walter and her look enabled him to bear up when all the rest chanted together, "He says his name is Walter," and then burst into shrieks of derisive laughter.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Parker, ocupada com sua costura, sorriu para si mesma, acreditando que as crianças estavam simplesmente se divertindo de forma inofensiva.

### **Original English**

“What fun the dear little folks are having!” thought Mrs. Parker complacently over her shirring.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Andy olhou para Walter com um sorriso malicioso e disse que tinha ouvido sua mãe mencionar que Walter acreditava em fadas.

### **Original English**

“I heard Mom say you believed in fairies,” Andy said, leering impudently.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter olhou fixamente para ele, determinado a não ser humilhado na frente de Alice.

### **Original English**

Walter gazed levelly at him. He was not going to be downed before Alice.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter insistiu que fadas existem, mas Andy discordou e zombou dele repetindo a afirmação para Fred e Bill, repetindo toda a performance novamente.

### **Original English**

“There are fairies,” he said stoutly. “There ain’t,” said Andy. “There are,” said Walter. “He says there are fairies,” Andy told Fred. “He says there are fairies,” Fred told Bill . . . and they went through the whole performance again.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ser provocado foi agonizante para Walter, que nunca havia experimentado tal zombaria. Ele apertou os lábios para conter as lágrimas, determinado a não chorar na frente de Alice.

### **Original English**

It was torture to Walter, who had never been made fun of before and couldn't take it. He bit his lips to keep the tears back. He must not cry before Alice.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Andy perguntou a Walter se ele gostaria de ser fisicamente ferido, tendo decidido que Walter era fraco e que provocá-lo seria divertido.

### **Original English**

“How would you like to be pinched black and blue?” demanded Andy, who had made up his mind that Walter was a sissy and that it would be good fun to tease him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Alice comandou Andy firmemente, embora sua voz fosse doce e gentil. Seu tom carregava tanta autoridade que até Andy não ousou desobedecer.

### **Original English**

“Pig, hush!” ordered Alice terribly . . . very terribly, although very quietly and sweetly and gently. There was something in her tone that even Andy dared

not flout.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele murmurou envergonhado que não havia querido dizer aquilo. O vento mudou a favor de Walter, e eles jogaram um jogo de pega-pega bastante amigável no pomar. No entanto, quando foram ruidosamente para o jantar, Walter foi novamente tomado pela saudade de casa. Era tão terrível que por um momento ele temeu chorar na frente de todos, incluindo Alice, que lhe deu um cutucão amigável no braço quando se sentaram, o que o ajudou. Mas ele não conseguiu comer nada; simplesmente não conseguiu. A Sra. Parker, que tinha seus próprios métodos, não o pressionou, concluindo confortavelmente que seu apetite melhoraria pela manhã. Os outros estavam muito ocupados comendo e conversando para prestar muita atenção nele.

### **Original English**

“ ‘Course I didn’t mean it,” he muttered shamefacedly. The wind veered a bit in Walter’s favour and they had a fairly amiable game of tag in the orchard. But when they trouped noisily in to supper Walter was again overwhelmed with homesickness. It was so terrible that for one awful moment he was afraid he was going to cry before them all . . . even Alice, who, however, gave his arm such a friendly little nudge as they sat down that it helped him. But he could not eat anything . . . he simply could not. Mrs. Parker, for whose methods there was certainly something to be said, did not worry him about it, comfortably concluding that his appetite would be better in the morning, and the others were too much occupied in eating and talking to take much notice of him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter se perguntava por que toda a família gritava tanto, sem saber que ainda não haviam abandonado o hábito formado durante a recente morte de uma avó idosa, muito surda e sensível. O barulho lhe dava dor de cabeça. Em casa, ele refletiu, também estariam jantando agora. Imaginou sua mãe sorrindo à cabeceira da mesa, seu pai brincando com os gêmeos, Susan derramando creme no leite de Shirley e Nan dando petiscos

escondidos ao Shrimp. Até a tia Mary Maria, como parte do círculo familiar, de repente parecia banhada por um brilho suave e terno. Quem teria tocado o gongo chinês para o jantar? Era a sua semana, e Jem estava fora. Ele desejava desesperadamente um lugar para chorar, mas nenhum lugar assim parecia existir em Lowbridge. Além disso, havia Alice. Ele engoliu um copo inteiro de água gelada e descobriu que isso ajudou.

### Original English

Walter wondered why the whole family shouted so at each other, ignorant of the fact that they had not yet had time to get out of the habit since the recent death of a very deaf and sensitive old grandmother. The noise made his head ache. Oh, at home now they would be eating supper, too. Mother would be smiling from the head of the table, Father would be joking with the twins, Susan would be pouring cream into Shirley's mug of milk, Nan would be sneaking tidbits to the Shrimp. Even Aunt Mary Maria, as part of the home circle, seemed suddenly invested with a soft, tender radiance. Who would have rung the Chinese gong for supper? It was his week to do it and Jem was away. If he could only find a place to cry in! But there seemed to be no place where you could indulge in tears at Lowbridge. Besides . . . there was Alice. Walter gulped down a whole glassful of ice-water and found that it helped.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Andy chutou-o de repente debaixo da mesa e declarou que o gato deles tinha ataques. Walter respondeu que o seu também tinha, acrescentando que o Shrimp já teve dois ataques. Ele estava determinado a não deixar que os gatos de Lowbridge fossem considerados melhores do que os de Ingleside.

### Original English

"Our cat takes fits," Andy said suddenly, kicking him under the table. "So does ours," said Walter. The Shrimp had had two fits. And he wasn't going to have the Lowbridge cats rated higher than the Ingleside cats.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Andy provocou dizendo que o gato deles tinha ataques piores do que o de Walter, mas Walter retrucou que não. A Sra. Parker interveio, insistindo para que não houvesse discussões sobre gatos, pois ela queria uma noite tranquila para escrever seu artigo do Instituto sobre 'Crianças Incompreendidas'. Ela disse para eles irem brincar lá fora, pois logo seria hora de dormir.

### Original English

"I'll bet our cat takes fittier fits than yours," taunted Andy. "I'll bet she doesn't," retorted Walter. "Now, now, don't let's have any arguments over your cats," said Mrs. Parker, who wanted a quiet evening to write her Institute paper on "Misunderstood Children." "Run out and play. It won't be long before your bedtime."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Hora de dormir! De repente, Walter percebeu que teria que ficar ali a noite toda — muitas noites, duas semanas de noites. Era terrível. Ele saiu para o pomar com os punhos cerrados, apenas para encontrar Bill e Andy travados em uma luta furiosa na grama, chutando, arranhando e gritando.

### Original English

Bedtime! Walter suddenly realized that he had to stay here all night . . . many nights . . . two weeks of nights. It was dreadful. He went out to the orchard with clenched fists, to find Bill and Andy in a furious clinch on the grass, kicking, clawing, yelling.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Andy gritou com Bill Parker por lhe dar uma maçã com bicho, e avisou que ensinaria uma lição a Bill mordendo suas orelhas.

### Original English

"You give me the wormy apple, Bill Parker!" Andy was howling. "I'll teach you to give me wormy apples! I'll bite off your ears!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Essas brigas eram algo cotidiano para a família Parker. A Sra. Parker acreditava que brigar era inofensivo para os meninos; permitia que liberassem sua energia reprimida e, depois, ficavam tão amigos como antes. No entanto, Walter nunca havia presenciado uma briga antes e ficou horrorizado.

### **Original English**

Fights of this sort were an everyday occurrence with the Parkers. Mrs. Parker held that it didn't hurt boys to fight. She said they got a lot of devilment out of their systems that way and were as good friends as ever afterwards. But Walter had never seen anyone fighting before and was aghast.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fred incentivava os lutadores, enquanto Opal e Cora riam, mas Alice tinha lágrimas nos olhos. Incapaz de suportar isso, Walter se jogou entre os dois combatentes, que haviam parado para recuperar o fôlego antes de retomar a briga.

### **Original English**

Fred was cheering them on, Opal and Cora were laughing, but there were tears in Alice's eyes. Walter could not endure that. He hurled himself between the combatants, who had drawn apart for a moment to snatch breath before joining battle again.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter ordenou que parassem de brigar, dizendo que estavam assustando Alice. Bill e Andy olharam para ele espantados por um momento, mas depois acharam a situação cômica — aquela criancinha interferindo na briga deles. Ambos caíram na risada, e Bill deu um tapinha nas costas de Walter.

## Original English

“You stop fighting,” said Walter. “You’re scaring Alice.” Bill and Andy stared at him in amazement for a moment, until the funny side of this baby interfering in their fight struck them. Both burst into laughter and Bill slapped him on the back.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Bill observou que Walter tinha coragem e se tornaria um menino de verdade um dia se pudesse crescer. Então ofereceu a Walter uma maçã, garantindo que não continha bichos.

## Original English

“It’s got spunk, kids,” he said. “It’s going to be a real boy sometime if you let it grow. Here’s an apple for it . . . and no worms either.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Alice enxugou as lágrimas e olhou para Walter com tanta adoração que Fred ficou com ciúmes. Embora Alice fosse apenas uma criança, Fred acreditava que ela não tinha o direito de admirar outro menino na presença dele. Ele tinha entrado em casa e ouvido a tia Jen contar algo ao tio Dick pelo telefone.

## Original English

Alice wiped the tears away from her soft pink cheeks and looked so adoringly at Walter that Fred didn’t like it. Of course Alice was only a baby but even babies had no business to be looking adoringly at other boys when he, Fred Johnson of Montreal, was around. This must be dealt with. Fred had been into the house and had heard Aunt Jen, who had been talking over the telephone, say something to Uncle Dick.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fred informou a Walter que sua mãe estava gravemente doente. Walter protestou, mas Fred insistiu que tinha ouvido a tia Jen informar ao tio Dick que Anne Blythe estava doente. Fred havia adicionado a palavra 'péssimo' para causar efeito. Ele então afirmou que ela provavelmente estaria morta antes de Walter voltar para casa.

### **Original English**

“Your mother’s awful sick,” he told Walter. “She . . . she isn’t!” cried Walter. “She is, too. I heard Aunt Jen telling Uncle Dick . . .” Fred had heard his aunt say, “Anne Blythe is sick,” and it was fun to tack in the “awful.” “She’ll likely be dead before you get home.”

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# Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

## **accept** ək'sept (12 occurrences)

**Português:** aceitar

**Simple English:** To agree to take something offered.

**Example:** *He would accept the money to help the girls.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan then said that they must accept the good and bad things in life. [Back to B1](#)
2. She apologized to Mrs. Dr. Blythe, admitting she had forgotten her manners, but said there were some things she could not accept.
3. But she felt she could not continue to accept Aunt Mary Maria's behaviour.
4. Miss Cornelia advised Anne to be strong and say she would not accept the situation anymore.
5. Anne felt a little hurt but knew she had to accept such things when she was involved in matters that were not her business.

## **activities** æk'tɪvɪtɪz (2 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. Susan added that Little Jem was usually a very well-behaved child, but he was tired out from these activities. [Back to B1](#)
2. She invented unusual activities that summer, which made Susan wonder where children got such ideas.

## **amazing** ə'meɪzɪŋ (5 occurrences)

**Português:** incrível

**Simple English:** very surprising or great

**Example:** *It was an amazing fight.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She told Anne that her chocolate cake was amazing and she wanted the recipe because her brother Fred would love it. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was the most amazing rainbow they had ever seen.
3. The sky was vast and beautiful over a rich land with amazing colours, soft light, and long shadows.
4. She had heard that the girl often slept outside all night, which Di thought was amazing.
5. Susan thought it was amazing that her baby was old enough to take a cake to the church by herself.

## **angrily** 'æŋgrɪli (4 occurrences)

**Português:** com raiva

**Simple English:** In a way that shows anger.

**Example:** *He spoke angrily about the problem.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jem said angrily that his mother had said the same thing last week. [Back to B1](#)
2. But Jem looked at it angrily and told it to leave. [Back to B1](#)
3. Susan muttered angrily as she went to get the dessert, which was Walter's favourite pudding. [Back to B1](#)
4. Everyone waited to hear her laugh angrily.

## **annoying** /ə'nɔɪɪŋ/ (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. Mrs. Dr. agreed that Aunt Mary Maria was a bit annoying but said she would not mind so much when the situation was over, and she thought stepping on a

dead fish must be unpleasant. [Back to B1](#)

2. She decided they should be patient with her, as the annoying things were not important and could not ruin their lives.

3. Nan found this very annoying.

### **anymore** ˌɛniˈmɔːr (31 occurrences)

**Português:** mais

**Simple English:** No longer; not now.

**Example:** *I don't live there anymore.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She was relieved that they would not talk about the moon anymore. [Back to B1](#)

2. Diana mentioned that her son Jack was nine years old and did not want her to do that anymore because he felt too big. [Back to B1](#)

3. Jem, who started school, didn't want to hold her hand anymore when they walked in the village. [Back to B1](#)

4. She thought it was a shame that some homes did not use a birch rod for discipline anymore. [Back to B1](#)

5. The doctor could not help her anymore, but she enjoyed his company. [Back to B1](#)

### **appreciating** əˈpriːʃiɛɪtɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** apreciando

**Simple English:** Enjoying or understanding the value of something.

**Example:** *She was appreciating the beautiful view.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne was glad to go home but also sad to leave Green Gables, Marilla, and Diana, appreciating their long friendship. [Back to B1](#)

### **area** ˈɛəriə (11 occurrences)

**Português:** área

**Simple English:** a space or part of a place

**Example:** *She ran across a small open area.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. After walking through a small wooded area with many mushrooms, they found Hester Gray's garden. [Back to B1](#)
2. Aunt Mary Maria said in a serious tone that there was measles in the area and that James might catch it. [Back to B1](#)
3. Gilbert said that they were making a lot of noise when he drove in, and that the whole area must have heard them.
4. He had many people named after him in the Four Winds area, with many young Gilberts and even a little girl named Gilbertine.
5. She thought that looking at her now, people would not believe she was once the most beautiful girl in the area.

**areas** 'ɛəriəz (1 occurrence)

**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. He believed his home and the surrounding areas were full of magical creatures. [Back to B1](#)

**blinked** blɪŋkt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** piscar

**Simple English:** to close and open your eyes quickly

**Example:** *He blinked his eyes because of the bright light.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He blinked his eyes but did not look up. [Back to B1](#)

**boyfriend** 'bɔɪfrɛnd (5 occurrences)

**Português:** namorado

**Simple English:** A male partner in a romantic relationship.

**Example:** *She talked about her boyfriend.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jem disliked this cherub because it looked like a girl named Sissy Flagg, who had told people at school that Jem was her boyfriend. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne asked Stella if Alden Churchill was the right boyfriend for her.

3. Lisette was also like that and never had a boyfriend until Richard came.
4. She looked at the people around and mentioned that Dr. Blythe used to be her boyfriend a long time ago.
5. Christine also said she had once liked Gilbert a lot and thought he was a very nice boyfriend, but she apologized for not taking him from Anne.

**calceolaria** ˌkælsɪəˈlɛrɪə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** calceolária

**Simple English:** A type of small colorful flower.

**Example:** *She had seen the calceolaria flowers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She also asked if Mrs. Dr. had seen the calceolaria flowers. [Back to B1](#)

**celebrate** ˈsɛləˌbreɪt (2 occurrences)

**Português:** celebrar

**Simple English:** to show happiness for a good event

**Example:** *They celebrate their success with a party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan smiled and said that they had prepared a special meal to celebrate Mrs. Dr.'s return. [Back to B1](#)
2. Susan also suggested having a chicken dinner the next day to celebrate, and Little Jem would have his favourite muffins for breakfast. [Back to B1](#)

**character** ˈkærɪktər (2 occurrences)

**Português:** personagem

**Simple English:** a person in a story or play

**Example:** *The main character is very brave.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She described Ingleside as a perfect age, not too old or too young, and loved every room for its unique character. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, she became very interested in a character called the Lady with the Mysterious Eyes, and this made her imagination stronger than reality.

**check** *tʃɛk* (7 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. Diana told Anne that she could still quietly check on her youngest son and tuck him in. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne, thinking it was big enough for a small boy, quickly went to check the clock, but Jem was not there. [Back to B1](#)
3. Gilbert went to town to check on Mrs. Chase.
4. When the storm ended, Gilbert said he should go to the Head to check on Roy Westcott.
5. She said she was going to check if the child had a temperature.

**chosen** *ˈtʃoʊzən* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** escolhidos

**Simple English:** Picked or selected from a group.

**Example:** *They were chosen to be leaders.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She noticed he was wearing a new light-grey suit and was glad she had chosen to wear a nice blouse with her travelling suit. [Back to B1](#)
2. Martha recalled that one elder saw her dancing by her baby's cradle and told her she should not be happy about her son until she knew if he was chosen for something important.
3. Now that they were good friends, Delilah felt she could tell Diana something she would not have told her if Diana had chosen Laura.

**collect** *kəˈlɛkt* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** coleccionar

**Simple English:** to bring things together in one place

**Example:** *They collect leaves in the park.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She wanted to hug everyone and collect her pansies from the garden. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne was asked by the Women's Missionary Auxiliary to visit Mrs. George Churchill to collect money for their society.
3. Mrs. Mitchell said goodbye to Mrs. Blythe and said she would visit next week to collect the obituary.
4. She remembered one Sunday when he forgot to collect money from the church members.

### **colorful** 'kʌlərfəl (3 occurrences)

**Português:** colorido

**Simple English:** having many bright colors

**Example:** *The forest was full of colorful birds.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Ingleside was bright with lights, and colorful Japanese lanterns hung on the porch. [Back to B1](#)
2. Thomasine kindly asked Nan to sit in a rocking chair with a colorful cushion.
3. Diana sighed, feeling that life was less colorful now that she no longer believed Delilah's sad story.

### **colors** 'kʌlərz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cores

**Simple English:** the way we see different lights like red or blue

**Example:** *The walls of the house have bright colors.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She saw many colors on the bark, from white to deep brown, showing the tree had warm feelings inside. [Back to B1](#)

### **comment** /'kɒment/ (9 occurrences)

**Português:** comentário; comentar; observação

**Simple English:** Something said or written to express an opinion.

**Example:** *She made a useful comment.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne explained that this comment was why she never liked her aunt, and she thought Gilbert also disliked her, even though he would not say it. [Back to B1](#)

2. She also thought about Aunt Mary Maria's comment that Gilbert looked tired and wondered if anyone looked after him.
3. She thought Anne's comment was strange and worried about the waste in the kitchen, like Susan Baker using lard instead of dripping.
4. The aunt would invite guests without telling Anne, move furniture around, ask personal questions, enter Anne's room without knocking, and comment on Anne's smoking, her conversations with Susan, and the children's behaviour.
5. She thought about Aunt Mary Maria's comment about wearing three petticoats and felt she was a decent woman.

### **complaints** *kəm 'pleɪnts* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** queixas

**Simple English:** statements about something wrong or bad

**Example:** *Because of these complaints, the Colonial Office gave John a new job.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She worried that her earlier complaints about prices might have worried Walter. [Back to B1](#)
2. They could open windows without complaints about cold air and eat meals without warnings about unhealthy food.

### **control** *kən 'trɒl* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** controle

**Simple English:** The ability to manage yourself or something.

**Example:** *She showed great self-control.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Then, she shook her head and put it in the basket, showing great self-control. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her last advice to Gilbert was to control Susan Baker.
3. The speaker added that Stella, like her mother before her, could not control him because they did not understand his contrary ways.
4. She explained that people should control their imagination, not let it control them.

**curlers** *'kɜrlərz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** bobes de cabelo

**Simple English:** Small tubes used to make hair curly.

**Example:** *She had curlers in her hair.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She had curlers in her hair and wore a dressing-gown. [Back to B1](#)

**damaging** *'dæmɪdʒɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** prejudicial

**Simple English:** Causing harm or injury.

**Example:** *Jem thought about damaging the doll.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jem considered damaging Nan's doll or the noses of two figures named Gog and Magog. [Back to B1](#)

**defended** *dɪ'fendɪd* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** defendeu

**Simple English:** protected from attack or harm

**Example:** *They defended their home from enemies.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan defended Little Jem, saying he was not to blame. [Back to B1](#)
2. Susan, perhaps for the first time ever, defended Miss Cornelia.
3. Anne defended herself, saying all her matches were happy.
4. Susan defended Gyp, telling Bertie Shakespeare that they did call him a dog.
5. Later, when Mac Reese asked if the dog had been washed ashore, Jem defended Gyp.

**departures** *dɪˈpɑːrtʃəz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** partidas

**Simple English:** The act of leaving a place.

**Example:** *Anne is used to sudden departures.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne was used to these sudden departures. [Back to B1](#)

**describing** *dɪˈskraɪbɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** descrevendo

**Simple English:** saying what something or someone is like

**Example:** *He is describing the beautiful place.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan thought Gladys had a good way of describing people. [Back to B1](#)

**devil** *ˈdɛvɪ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** diabo

**Simple English:** An evil spirit or figure.

**Example:** *Fahd said that a devil must have guided the bullet.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan thought that the shape of her crimpers on the wall looked like the devil. [Back to B1](#)

**directly** */dɪˈrɛktli/* (4 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. Walter looked at him directly. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne's tone showed that she politely disagreed, even though she did not say it directly.
3. She did not look at Jem directly, but he felt that she understood and cared about how he was feeling.
4. However, Nan felt she could not tell her parents directly.

## **discipline** /'dɪsəplɪn/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** disciplina; disciplinar

**Simple English:** Training and punishment methods enforcing rules and improving behavior.

**Example:** *Teachers use discipline to help students learn right from wrong.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She thought it was a shame that some homes did not use a birch rod for discipline anymore. [Back to B1](#)

## **disrespectful** dɪsɪzɪs 'pɛktʃəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** desrespeitoso

**Simple English:** Showing no respect to others.

**Example:** *It is rude and disrespectful to interrupt someone.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Walter, Anne's son, had pointed to the dogs and said, 'This one is God and this is My God.' Susan was shocked but tried to explain to Mrs. Day that her family was not disrespectful. [Back to B1](#)

2. Susan thought this was disrespectful.

## **Embarrassed** /ɪm 'bærəst/ (8 occurrences)

**Português:** envergonhado; embaraçado; constrangido

**Simple English:** Feeling ashamed or uncomfortable because of past events.

**Example:** *He felt embarrassed after tripping in front of everyone at the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan thought that Maria looked good and they did not need to be embarrassed about her appearance. [Back to B1](#)

2. He did not want to be defeated or embarrassed in front of Alice. [Back to B1](#)

3. He felt very embarrassed sitting next to Sissy during the game.

4. Nan would always feel embarrassed when people reminded her of this event because she thought she had been very foolish.

5. Rilla felt very embarrassed, like when she fell asleep in church.

**embarrassment** *ɪmˈbærəsmənt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** vergonha

**Simple English:** A feeling of being ashamed or shy.

**Example:** *She felt embarrassment when she made a mistake.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan quickly said the dogs were not broken and turned red with embarrassment. [Back to B1](#)

**emergencies** *ɪˈmɜːrdʒənsɪz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** emergências

**Simple English:** unexpected serious situations needing quick action

**Example:** *They prepared supplies for emergencies.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As the wife of a doctor, she knew that emergencies happened often. [Back to B1](#)

**energy** *ˈenədʒi* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** energia

**Simple English:** Power to do physical or mental work.

**Example:** *She saved her energy and her voice.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne felt very happy and full of energy, like she had wings. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Parker believed that fighting was good for boys because it helped them release energy and they remained friends. [Back to B1](#)
3. Anne politely refused, saying "no, thank you" without much energy.
4. However, Bruno seemed sad and had no energy.

**envious** *ˈenviəs* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** invejoso

**Simple English:** Feeling unhappy because you want what someone else has.

**Example:** *She was envious of her friend's new dress.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She told Anne she was envious of her twins, as she had always wanted twins herself. [Back to B1](#)

**eventually** /ɪˈvenʃuəli/ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** eventualmente; acabou; conseqüentemente

**Simple English:** After a series of events or extended period.

**Example:** *We eventually found the solution after many trials and errors.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She fought against liking it but eventually admitted she loved it more each year. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, Anthony was persistent and eventually won her over.
3. Anthony gave her romantic compliments, once saying she had the 'ethereal charm of moonlight,' which she knew sounded nice even if she did not know the meaning of 'ethereal.' She eventually agreed to marry him.
4. Mrs. Fair explained that she eventually married Poppa after he gave her an ultimatum.

**expense** /ɪkˈspens/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** despesa; custa; expensas

**Simple English:** Money spent to obtain or do something.

**Example:** *My monthly expense for groceries has increased this year.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan said happily that Mr. Flagg would have a good laugh at her expense. [Back to B1](#)

**explanation** ˌɛk.spləˈneɪ.ʃən (2 occurrences)

**Português:** explicação

**Simple English:** a reason or answer for something

**Example:** *She gave a clear explanation.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne could not believe it and asked for an explanation, saying that Jem could not have disappeared. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne also realized that Nan's ideas about God needed some explanation.

**fashionable** /'fæʃənəbl/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** elegante; moda; voga

**Simple English:** Following widely accepted contemporary styles within a specific period.

**Example:** *Her outfit is very fashionable; she always knows what to wear.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Maria dressed well, wore long black earrings, and fashionable high collars on her neck. [Back to B1](#)

**fatty** 'fæti (1 occurrence)

**Português:** gorduroso

**Simple English:** Having a lot of fat.

**Example:** *He did not like the fatty part of the meat.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Walter replied that he had eaten everything except the fatty part of the meat because he did not like it. [Back to B1](#)

**favorite** 'feivərit (3 occurrences)

**Português:** favorito

**Simple English:** liked the most

**Example:** *Soccer is his favorite sport.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They visited their favorite places, like Lover's Lane and the Haunted Wood. [Back to B1](#)

2. She also wanted her favorite flowers in heaven, like her own pansies, instead of asphodel. [Back to B1](#)

3. She imagined her mother kissing Cassie Thomas and singing her favorite song.

**fighters** *'faɪtəz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** lutadores

**Simple English:** People who fight or battle.

**Example:** *The fighters trained every day.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Fred cheered for the fighters, and Opal and Cora laughed. [Back to B1](#)

**goodbye** *gʊd'baɪ* (9 occurrences)

**Português:** adeus

**Simple English:** Words said when leaving.

**Example:** *He said goodbye before leaving.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She then told Fred she was coming and said goodbye to Anne, agreeing to see her tomorrow. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne quickly kissed Walter goodbye, as if she was not thinking about him. [Back to B1](#)
3. When they reached Lowbridge, his father spoke briefly to Mrs. Parker and left quickly without saying goodbye to Walter. [Back to B1](#)
4. He wished he could say goodbye to Alice, who he thought would understand.
5. Mrs. Mitchell said goodbye to Mrs. Blythe and said she would visit next week to collect the obituary.

**graduate** */'grædʒueɪt/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** graduado; pós-graduação; graduar

**Simple English:** To finish university or college studies and receive a diploma.

**Example:** *I plan to graduate next spring after completing my last course.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She was a university graduate and was only teaching for a year to be near her mother. [Back to B1](#)

**humbly** 'hʌmbli (2 occurrences)

**Português:** humildemente

**Simple English:** In a way that shows you are not proud or arrogant.

**Example:** *The girl replied humbly that she would keep praying.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Aunt Mary Maria apologized to Anne humbly. [Back to B1](#)
2. She added humbly that she probably wouldn't understand such things.

**located** lou'keɪtɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** localizado

**Simple English:** Found in a particular place.

**Example:** *They asked where he was located.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The fog covered the moonlit sand dunes and the harbour, and came into the valley where Ingleside was located and the village of Glen St. Mary. [Back to B1](#)

**manger** 'meɪn.dʒər (1 occurrence)

**Português:** manjedoura

**Simple English:** A box where animals eat in a stable.

**Example:** *The horse ate hay from the manger.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She had fallen through a hole in the hay-loft into a manger in the stable. [Back to B1](#)

**matronly** 'meɪ.trən.li (1 occurrence)

**Português:** de senhora

**Simple English:** Looking like a quiet, older woman.

**Example:** *Anne said she looked a bit matronly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne laughed, calling herself a bit matronly but saying Diana had avoided getting fat. [Back to B1](#)

**messy** 'mes.i (6 occurrences)

**Português:** bagunçado

**Simple English:** Not clean or tidy.

**Example:** *Her desk is always messy.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The large, messy Parker house did not feel welcoming to Walter. [Back to B1](#)
2. She also said that the family was messy and unkempt.
3. Gammy was in a large bed in a small, messy bedroom.
4. Its pillows were messy, and the quilt was very dirty.
5. A woman with messy grey hair was sitting and holding a fat baby that looked dirty and grey.

**mushrooms** 'mʌʃ.ru:mz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cogumelos

**Simple English:** Small, soft plants that grow on the ground or on wood.

**Example:** *They walked through an area with many mushrooms.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. After walking through a small wooded area with many mushrooms, they found Hester Gray's garden. [Back to B1](#)

**narcissus** na:r'sis.əs (1 occurrence)

**Português:** narciso

**Simple English:** A type of white or yellow flower also called June lilies.

**Example:** *There were many narcissus flowers in the garden.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. There were many narcissus flowers, which Diana called June lilies. [Back to B1](#)

## nearby ˌniəɹ'baɪ (8 occurrences)

**Português:** próximo

**Simple English:** close in distance

**Example:** *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She thought Jem was probably hiding or had fallen asleep somewhere nearby. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said that Jem must be somewhere nearby and had not disappeared. [Back to B1](#)
3. A loud, scary sound came from nearby.
4. Christine Crawford mentioned that the new minister's wife, Mrs. Peter Loring, was sitting nearby.
5. Susan asked if there were not many young spruce trees nearby, mentioning that the back of the old Hunter place had become full of them in recent years.

## okay oʊ'keɪ (10 occurrences)

**Português:** tudo bem

**Simple English:** Everything is all right.

**Example:** *Is everything okay with the car?*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She noticed it was getting dark and said it was okay to imagine things in the daytime, but not when it was getting dark. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said that if they did not want to love him, it was okay. [Back to B1](#)
3. Anne asked Aunt Mary Maria if her tea was okay. [Back to B1](#)
4. She thought it was okay for him to date them and then end the relationships.
5. A child asked her mother if it was okay to pray for Gyp.

## panicking ˈpæɪɪkɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** entrando em pânico

**Simple English:** Feeling sudden fear or worry.

**Example:** *He was panicking during the fire alarm.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She became very worried and felt like she was panicking. [Back to B1](#)

## photos 'fɒstəʊz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** fotos

**Simple English:** pictures made with a camera

**Example:** *He showed me his photos from the trip.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was always filled with laughter, special mugs, photos, and babies with curly hair and chubby knees. [Back to B1](#)

## playfully 'pleɪfəli (2 occurrences)

**Português:** brincando

**Simple English:** In a fun and friendly way.

**Example:** *She playfully asked him a question.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne told Mrs. Lynde playfully that her mirror showed her she was not as young as she used to be. [Back to B1](#)

2. Gilbert playfully said he hoped they would find husbands as good as their mother did.

## poetic pəʊ'etɪk (5 occurrences)

**Português:** poético

**Simple English:** relating to poems or beautiful and expressive language

**Example:** *The sunset was so beautiful it looked poetic.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She felt she was being very poetic and was glad Marilla was not there to hear her. [Back to B1](#)

2. She mentioned her Uncle Charlie Bates wrote them for their area, but he was not poetic.

3. She wanted a poetic obituary for her husband, Anthony, who loved poetry.

4. She had heard Anne speak well at an event and believed Anne could write a poetic obituary for Anthony.

5. She also noted that the writing did not mention the person's age or the many flowers on the coffin, saying flowers were poetic.

**position** /pə'zɪʃən/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** posição; posicionar; cargo

**Simple English:** An opinion held in opposition to another in a dispute.

**Example:** *His position on the matter was clearly articulated during the debate.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan understood her position and did not sit with the family when there were visitors at Ingleside. [Back to B1](#)

**preferences** 'prɛfərənsɪz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** preferências

**Simple English:** Likes or choices.

**Example:** *He has preferences for certain foods.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Aunt Mary Maria told Walter that when she was a child, she was not allowed to have preferences. [Back to B1](#)

**prepare** pɪ'pɛər (8 occurrences)

**Português:** preparar

**Simple English:** to get ready for something

**Example:** *Tarzan watched the Minunians prepare for defense.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne interrupted, saying there were no excuses and that she knew Diana was worried about who would prepare supper for the men. [Back to B1](#)

2. She told Anne to prepare for the worst, suggesting Jem might have wandered into the marsh and that they needed bloodhounds. [Back to B1](#)

3. Susan then decided to go and prepare the turkey stuffing, but she was unhappy because there were no onions for it.

4. Jem thought it was good to prepare for spring even though winter was coming.

5. He joked that she should prepare her best dishes and be ready to deal with gossip afterwards.

**pressed** *prɛst* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pressionou

**Simple English:** Pushed something firmly.

**Example:** *He pressed the button.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He pressed his lips together to stop himself from crying. [Back to B1](#)

**reaction** *ri'ækʃən* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** reação

**Simple English:** a response to something

**Example:** *People liked Blake's reaction.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan thought even the youngest child, the Shrimp, had a bad reaction. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Milgrave recalled the big reaction this caused.
3. Susan was not very sympathetic, but her reaction did not hurt Diana as much as her mother's.

**related** */rɪ'reɪtɪd/* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** relacionados; relacionadas; conexos

**Simple English:** Connected through family or marriage.

**Example:** *She is related to him by marriage; they are cousins.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She mentioned that Mrs. Parker was related to the Winters or Campbells, families known for being strict and not accepting nonsense. [Back to B1](#)
2. But it was for Amasa Cromwell, who lived far away and was not related.
3. She pointed out that Peter Kirk was not related to Mrs. Bryan Blake and that she had never liked him.

**relationship** ˌrɪˈleɪʃən ʃɪp (4 occurrences)

**Português:** relação

**Simple English:** The way two or more people or things are connected.

**Example:** *They have a good relationship as friends.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mr. Tom Flagg had dyed his moustache, and Rose Maxwell had ended her relationship with Jim Hudson, who then sent her a bill. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne also said she had told Alden not to try and ruin the potential relationship.
3. She had left feeling sad because Phil Turner had ended their relationship.
4. After a suitable pause, Martha Crothers asked if it was true that May Flagg and Billy Carter had ended their relationship and if he was now dating someone from the MacDougall family who lived across the harbour.

**relative** ˈrelətɪv/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** relativo; parente; familiar

**Simple English:** A family member connected by blood or marriage.

**Example:** *My relative is coming to visit us this weekend.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne said that Gilbert did not want Rebecca Dew to visit, but she was a relative, so he had to welcome her. [Back to B1](#)

**relax** ˌrɪˈlæks (2 occurrences)

**Português:** relaxar

**Simple English:** to rest and feel calm

**Example:** *He could relax despite dangerous lions outside.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Aunt Mary Maria then said that since everyone was calm now, they could finally relax and go back to their beds. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was happy to have a little time to relax, as neither she nor Susan had much free time lately.

**release** /rɪˈli:s/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** liberação; liberar; lançamento

**Simple English:** To let go of something being held or restrained freely.

**Example:** *He decided to release the balloons into the sky after the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mrs. Parker believed that fighting was good for boys because it helped them release energy and they remained friends. [Back to B1](#)

**remaining** rɪˈmeɪnɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** restante

**Simple English:** What is left after some is used or taken.

**Example:** *She drank the remaining juice in the bottle.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She looked at the remaining cake with sadness. [Back to B1](#)

**routine** /ruːˈti:n/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** rotina; rotineira; coreografia

**Simple English:** Occurring regularly as part of a usual process.

**Example:** *She follows her morning routine to feel organized and prepared for the day.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Walter made a special routine of this. [Back to B1](#)

2. Nan completed a routine.

**rude** ru:d (9 occurrences)

**Português:** grosseiro

**Simple English:** Not polite or showing bad manners.

**Example:** *He did not mean to be rude.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She believed that children should always behave well and not be rude. [Back to B1](#)

2. Aunt Mary Maria said it was early for autumn, sounding as if she felt autumn had arrived too soon and was being rude.

3. He prayed to God to forgive him for being rude to Aunt Mary Maria and asked for help to be polite to her.
4. Anne said that snow in April was terrible, like a rude surprise when you were expecting something nice.
5. Gammy told Di she was a bit rude and not taught to speak that way to older people.

**scary** 'skɛri (13 occurrences)

**Português:** assustador

**Simple English:** Causing fear or fright.

**Example:** *A scary panther's cry came from the jungle.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Aunt Mary Maria spoke in a scary, quiet voice and asked Anne if she had checked the rainwater tank. [Back to B1](#)
2. He and Anne always made sure their children were not frightened by scary ideas. [Back to B1](#)
3. The moonlight made the room look strange and scary.
4. He remembered seeing a pretty moonlit road with shadows before, but now the shadows looked dark and scary, as if they could move.
5. The new person also told Nan a scary story about a naughty child who died in its sleep, making Nan afraid to sleep.

**shelf** /ʃɛlf/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** prateleira; estante; cartolina

**Simple English:** A flat surface for placing objects attached to a wall.

**Example:** *I put all my books on the shelf above the desk in my room.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He wanted to see a picture of a ship that Bertie said was on Captain Bill's shelf. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought the black cat statue on the shelf came alive at night and became very big. [Back to B1](#)

### **someday** 'sʌmdeɪ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** algum dia

**Simple English:** at some time in the future

**Example:** *Someday I want to visit Europe.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Bill told Walter that he had courage and would be a real boy someday if he was allowed to grow. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought he might get another dog someday, or maybe a cat like Shrimp, but Shrimp only cared about himself.
3. She told him she could not tell him now, but maybe someday.

### **stain** steɪn (2 occurrences)

**Português:** mancha

**Simple English:** A mark left on a surface, especially by something dirty.

**Example:** *There is a red stain on my shirt.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was a good letter for a seven-year-old who had only been in school for a year, even though the spelling was not perfect and there was a large ink stain on it. [Back to B1](#)
2. Susan cleaned the ink stain from the dress.

### **Statue** /'stætʃu:/ (7 occurrences)

**Português:** estátua

**Simple English:** Large object shaped like a person or animal from solid material.

**Example:** *The statue in the park represents a famous historical figure from our city.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought the black cat statue on the shelf came alive at night and became very big. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was a beautiful small copy of a statue of Artemis, a goddess with a silver bow.
3. Aunt Mary Maria asked who the "shameless woman" in the statue was.

4. Aunt Mary Maria then said that being a "heathen" was different, but she advised Anne not to leave the statue where children could see it.
5. She liked the statue of the goddess, saying that even if the goddess didn't wear many clothes, she had a good figure.

**suggest** sə'dʒɛst (2 occurrences)

**Português:** sugerir

**Simple English:** to offer an idea or plan

**Example:** *I suggest we leave early.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne had come to suggest they take a day off to visit all their old places, walk through fields and woods, and see familiar things and hills where they could feel young again. [Back to B1](#)
2. The noises heard seemed to suggest someone was being burned.

**suggesting** sə'dʒɛstɪŋ (6 occurrences)

**Português:** sugerindo

**Simple English:** giving an idea or showing something indirectly

**Example:** *She is suggesting a new plan for the project.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She told Anne to prepare for the worst, suggesting Jem might have wandered into the marsh and that they needed bloodhounds. [Back to B1](#)
2. Nan also tried to talk to him, suggesting they should quietly say what they thought about God.
3. They wondered how Bertha managed to stay with John long enough to marry him, suggesting her mother kept her focused.
4. Someone replied that this was not true and wondered how such stories started, suggesting that some people only repeat gossip.
5. She added that her sister had worked in a house in Nova Scotia where laughter sounds were heard, suggesting a ghost.

**suspect** /sə'spekt/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** suspeito; suspeitar; desconfiar

**Simple English:** To think someone may have committed a crime.

**Example:** *I suspect he took the money when nobody was looking.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She told Anne that she thought Walter might suspect something, perhaps because other children had said things to him. [Back to B1](#)

**tank** /tæŋk/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** tanque; reservatório; depósito

**Simple English:** Container holding fuel for a vehicle or machine.

**Example:** *The gas tank was nearly empty, so we stopped to refuel.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Aunt Mary Maria spoke in a scary, quiet voice and asked Anne if she had checked the rainwater tank. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne's heart, which had stopped when Aunt Mary Maria asked about the tank, started beating again. [Back to B1](#)

**tending** 'tendɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cuidando

**Simple English:** Taking care of someone or something.

**Example:** *She is tending to the plants in the garden.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She planned to walk to the village to buy food after putting the children to bed and tending to Mrs. Aaron Ward's garden, as her plants were not growing well. [Back to B1](#)

**text** tɛkst (1 occurrence)

**Português:** texto

**Simple English:** a written message or piece of writing

**Example:** *The text said someone was more wonderful than the warriors.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The text wonders what Aunt Mary Maria would have thought if she knew Susan was feeling this way. [Back to B1](#)

## **threatened** 'θrɛtənd (4 occurrences)

**Português:** ameaçou

**Simple English:** To say you will harm someone or something.

**Example:** *He threatened to tell the teacher.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. One of her children, Di, had cried all night because another child, Tommy Drew, had threatened to burn her doll. [Back to B1](#)
2. Andy said he would teach Bill a lesson and threatened to bite his ears. [Back to B1](#)
3. Curt threatened to lock Di in a closet that was full of rats if she did not do what they wanted.
4. She also recalled that Lem had once threatened to kill himself if Jane Elliott refused to marry him.

## **typical** 'tɪpɪkəl (3 occurrences)

**Português:** típico

**Simple English:** Normal or usual for someone or something.

**Example:** *It is typical for cats to sleep a lot.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She thought this was typical of men. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Elliott commented that something was typical of men.
3. She thought it was typical that the doctor was away.

## **unfair** ʌn'feɪr (5 occurrences)

**Português:** injusto

**Simple English:** not honest or equal

**Example:** *The trial was unfair to him.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jem felt this was very unfair. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jem thought it was unfair that cats could be happy when dogs were sad.
3. Nan became most upset when she felt something was unfair.
4. Dovie felt it was unfair that Nan had a difficult life, living in rags and often not having enough to eat, while Di had an easy life and was treated like a doll.

5. She thought it was unfair that other places had more funerals.

**unfairly** ʌn'fɛərlɪ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** injustamente

**Simple English:** In a way that is not fair or right.

**Example:** *He was treated unfairly by the teacher.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He felt he was being treated unfairly and that everyone was picking on him.

[Back to B1](#)

**unfriendly** ʌn'frɛndli (4 occurrences)

**Português:** não amigável

**Simple English:** Not kind or pleasant.

**Example:** *The dog looked unfriendly to strangers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Fred Johnson, Bill's age, also looked unfriendly to Walter. [Back to B1](#)
2. The woman asked Nan who she was and what she wanted, in an unfriendly way.
3. Nan was very happy and did not want to be unfriendly.
4. Anne felt as if the house around her was whispering secrets in a way that made it seem unfriendly.

**university** ju:nɪ'vɜ:rsɪti (3 occurrences)

**Português:** universidade

**Simple English:** A school for higher education after high school.

**Example:** *She will study at the university next year.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She was a university graduate and was only teaching for a year to be near her mother. [Back to B1](#)
2. He had studied for three years and wanted to go to university, but his mother did not allow it for religious reasons.
3. She remembered that Anne was known for saying strange things at university.

## unlike /ʌnˈlaɪk/ (5 occurrences)

**Português:** ao contrário

**Simple English:** Used to show differences between two things or people.

**Example:** *Unlike cats, dogs love to play fetch with their owners.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She also spoke about the smell of lilacs, finding it a bit too sweet and like a secret, unlike Gilbert, who liked them. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her grey hair was always neat, unlike Susan's spiky grey hair. [Back to B1](#)
3. He questioned if the night would ever end, unlike other nights.
4. She commented that time changes people and that Anne was still pretty and educated, unlike some who only cooked.
5. The GLOOMY HOUSE was a good place for stories, unlike the old Bailey house.

## unsure ʌnˈʃʊər (5 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. Susan felt unsure. [Back to B1](#)
2. Di felt very unsure about what to do.
3. Dovie was polite, well-dressed, and did not talk too much, so Susan could not explain why she felt unsure.
4. Nan nodded, but she seemed a little unsure.
5. Susan seemed unsure and expressed her doubts about these women, calling them "newcomers" in a way that suggested she did not trust them.

## unusual ʌnˈjuːʒuəl (8 occurrences)

**Português:** incomum

**Simple English:** Not common or normal.

**Example:** *He saw many unusual things that night.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She said Mrs. Parker had taken a liking to him, and people sometimes liked unusual things. [Back to B1](#)
2. After that, a door was slammed loudly, which was unusual for Ingleside.
3. Miss Cornelia stopped talking for a moment because her sister-in-law's unusual behavior always made her feel impatient.
4. Mrs. Blythe explained that Anthony had an unusual sense of humour.
5. She invented unusual activities that summer, which made Susan wonder where children got such ideas.

**valued** 'vælju:d (1 occurrence)

**Português:** avaliado

**Simple English:** Having a high worth or price

**Example:** *Experts valued the painting at one million dollars.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She always praised them to avoid hurting Susan's feelings, as she valued Susan greatly. [Back to B1](#)

**vegetables** 'vedʒtəblz (2 occurrences)

**Português:** vegetais

**Simple English:** Plants people eat as food.

**Example:** *They grow fresh vegetables in the garden.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Di also mentioned that she helped Susan sew vegetables the night before. [Back to B1](#)
2. When her brother Walter gave her a picture she liked, she promised to eat her vegetables without complaining.