

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1



MicMac

Anne of the Island

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B2



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

ANNE DA ILHA

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

Anne of the Island

Anne da Ilha

L. M. Montgomery

ESL Easy Read

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

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

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

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

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

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

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

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

Como usar as notas

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

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

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

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

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

Como usar o glossário

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

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

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

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

Sobre este livro

Anne da Ilha, o terceiro livro da série Anne de Green Gables de L. M. Montgomery, acompanha Anne Shirley enquanto ela deixa sua amada casa em Avonlea, na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, para frequentar o Redmond College em Kingsport, Nova Escócia. A história centra-se nas experiências de Anne como uma jovem em busca de seu bacharelado em pedagogia, navegando por novas amizades, desafios acadêmicos e envolvimento românticos. Personagens-chave incluem seu amigo de infância Gilbert Blythe, que também estuda em Redmond, e suas novas amigas Philippa Gordon e Priscilla Grant. O conflito central gira em torno da jornada de autodescoberta de Anne e de seus relacionamentos em evolução, especialmente seus sentimentos complicados por Gilbert. O cenário muda da paisagem rural idílica de Avonlea para a vibrante cidade universitária de Kingsport, com seus edifícios históricos e vida social animada. A narrativa progride através dos quatro anos de Anne em Redmond, capturando seu crescimento de uma garota sonhadora para uma mulher madura. O tom literário é caloroso, nostálgico e

levemente humorístico, mesclando a prosa descritiva característica de Montgomery com temas de amor, ambição e a passagem agridoce do tempo. O romance explora as aspirações de Anne de se tornar escritora e seus encontros com o romance, incluindo um pedido de casamento de um colega e um vínculo crescente com Gilbert. Sem revelar o desfecho final, a história se encaminha para uma decisão crucial que moldará o futuro de Anne.

Nota editorial

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

Em caso de dúvida ou observações, fale conosco.

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The Shadow of Change

Pt/En Anne Shirley said that harvest was finished and summer was gone. She looked at the fields. Anne and Diana Barry had been picking apples in the orchard at Green Gables. They were resting in a sunny spot. The wind was still warm and smelled like ferns.

Pt/En Everything around them showed that it was autumn. The sea made a hollow sound in the distance. The fields were empty and dry, with yellow flowers. The valley near Green Gables had many purple flowers, and the Lake of Shining Waters was a deep, calm blue. It was not like the changing blue of spring or the light blue of summer, but a steady, peaceful blue.

Pt/En Diana said that it had been a nice summer. She mentioned that Miss Lavendar's wedding seemed like a good end to it. Diana thought that Mr. and Mrs. Irving were probably traveling on the Pacific coast now.

Pt/En Anne felt that Mr. and Mrs. Irving had been gone long enough to travel around the world.

Pt/En Anne could not believe it had only been a week since the wedding. She felt that everything had changed. Miss Lavendar, Mr. Allan, and Mrs. Allan were gone. Anne thought the manse looked very lonely with its closed shutters. She had passed it the night before and felt as if everyone inside had died.

Pt/En Diana said sadly that she thought they would never find a minister as nice as Mr. Allan. She worried that they might not have many church services in the winter and that Anne and Gilbert would be gone, making things very boring.

Pt/En Anne replied in a clever way, *suggesting* that Fred would be there.

Pt/En Diana changed the subject and asked when Mrs. Lynde was planning to move into her new home.

Pt/En Anne explained that Mrs. Lynde would move the next day. She felt a little sad about it because it meant another change. Anne and Marilla had emptied the spare room the day before. Anne admitted she felt bad about removing everything, as if it were wrong, because the room

had always felt special to her since she was a child. She remembered wanting to sleep in a spare room bed but not in the Green Gables spare room because she was too much in awe of it. She used to walk very quietly and hold her breath when she went into that room, feeling relieved when she left. She recalled stern pictures of George Whitefield and the Duke of Wellington hanging there, which seemed to watch her. She wondered how Marilla could clean that room. Now, the room was completely empty, and the pictures were moved to the hall. Anne ended by saying that the glory of the world passes, with a touch of sadness, noting that it is difficult when old special places are changed, even if we have grown past them.

Pt/En Diana repeated for the tenth time that she would be very lonely when Anne left, especially since Anne was leaving the following week.

Pt/En Anne told her friend that they were still together and should enjoy the present. She said she did not want to leave home because she liked it very much. She felt she would be lonely with new people, but her friend would be with old friends and Fred.

Pt/En Diana replied, pretending to be like Anne, that she would have Gilbert and Charlie Sloane.

Pt/En Anne said in a joking way that Charlie Sloane would be a great help. Both girls laughed. Diana knew what Anne thought about Charlie Sloane, but she did not know Anne's real thoughts about Gilbert Blythe. Anne herself did not know this either.

Pt/En Anne continued, saying she did not know where the boys would live. She was happy to go to Redmond and thought she would like it later, but not at first. She knew she would miss visiting home on weekends, unlike when she went to Queen's. She felt Christmas would seem very far away.

Pt/En Diana sadly said that everything was changing or was going to change. She had a feeling that things would never be the same again.

Pt/En Anne thought they had reached a point where their paths were separating. She asked Diana if growing up was as nice as they had imagined when they were children.

Pt/En Diana was not sure. She said there were some nice parts to being grown-up, but also many *confusing* things. Sometimes, she felt scared about being an *adult* and wished she could be a little girl again.

Pt/En Anne said cheerfully that they would probably get used to being grown-up over time. She thought that unexpected things made life interesting. Anne noted they were eighteen and would be twenty in two years, which she had thought was old when she was ten. She imagined Diana would become a serious, middle-aged woman, and she would be an old maid named Aunt Anne visiting her. Anne asked Diana if she would always have a small place for her, like a little room near the porch or parlor, because old maids could not expect a spare room.

Pt/En Diana laughed at Anne's words, calling them nonsense. She *predicted* Anne would marry someone rich, handsome, and wonderful, and would not care about her old friends.

Pt/En Anne replied that it would be a shame to spoil her nose by turning it up. She said she did not have many good features and could not afford to ruin them. Anne promised Diana that even if she married the King of the Cannibal Islands, she would not look down on her.

Pt/En The girls laughed and said goodbye. Diana went back to Orchard Slope, and Anne went to the Post Office. Anne found a letter there. Gilbert Blythe met her on the bridge over the Lake of Shining Waters, and she was very excited about the letter.

Pt/En Anne told Gilbert that Priscilla Grant was also going to Redmond. She thought this was wonderful. Anne had hoped Priscilla would go, but she did not think her father would agree. However, he did agree, and they would live together. Anne felt she could face any difficulty with a friend like Priscilla beside her.

Pt/En Gilbert said he thought they would like Kingsport. He heard it was a nice old town with the best natural park in the world and beautiful scenery.

Pt/En Anne looked around her with loving eyes. She wondered if Kingsport could be more beautiful than her home. For people who love their home, it is always the most beautiful place, no matter where else they travel.

Pt/En They were standing on the bridge over the pond at sunset. The sky was still colored by the setting sun, but the moon was rising. The water looked like a silver dream in the moonlight. The place reminded them of past events and created a sweet feeling.

Pt/En Gilbert told Anne that she was very quiet.

Pt/En Anne explained that she was afraid to speak or move because she did not want the beautiful scene to *disappear*.

Pt/En Gilbert touched Anne's hand on the bridge. He looked like he wanted to say something important about his dreams. But Anne quickly took her hand away and turned. This moment broke the magic of the evening for her.

Pt/En Anne said she had to go home, pretending it was not important. She mentioned that Marilla had a headache and worried about the twins getting into trouble. She felt she had stayed away too long.

Pt/En Anne talked a lot about unimportant things until they reached the lane to Green Gables. Gilbert could barely speak. Anne felt better when they separated. She had felt a new, shy feeling towards Gilbert since a *special* moment in the garden. Something new had entered their old, comfortable friendship, and she worried it might spoil it.

Pt/En Anne walked alone up the lane, thinking about Gilbert leaving. She felt sad and a little *resentful*. She worried that his "nonsense" would spoil their friendship and decided she would not let it happen. She wondered why boys could not be more sensible.

Pt/En Anne felt uneasy, still feeling the warmth of Gilbert's hand on hers, and she found the feeling pleasant. This was very different from a similar touch from Charlie Sloane, which she remembered with dislike. However, all these thoughts about boys *disappeared* when she entered the Green Gables kitchen and saw an eight-year-old boy crying hard on the sofa.

Pt/En Anne asked Davy what was wrong. She also asked where Marilla and Dora were.

Pt/En Davy cried that Marilla was putting Dora to bed. He explained that Dora had fallen down the cellar steps, hurting her nose badly.

Pt/En Anne told Davy not to cry. She explained that crying would not help Dora and that she would be fine the next day. Anne said that crying never helped anyone.

Pt/En Davy told Anne he was not crying because Dora fell down the cellar. He explained that he was crying because he was not there to see it happen. He felt that he always missed out on fun things.

Pt/En Anne was surprised and almost laughed. She asked Davy if he thought it was fun to see Dora fall down the steps and get hurt.

Pt/En Davy said Dora was not hurt much. He told Anne that he would be sorry if she had been killed, but that the Keith family was strong and hard to kill. He gave an example of Herb Blewett, who fell from a hayloft and under a horse but only broke three bones. Davy then asked Anne if Mrs. Lynde was coming the next day.

Pt/En Anne confirmed that Mrs. Lynde was coming and hoped Davy would be very nice and good to her.

Pt/En Davy agreed to be nice and good, but he asked Anne if Mrs. Lynde would put him to bed at night.

Pt/En Anne asked if that was possible and then asked why.

Pt/En Davy explained very firmly that he would not say his prayers in front of her, as he did for Anne.

Pt/En Anne asked why he would not do that.

Pt/En Davy said he did not think it was nice to talk to God when strangers were present. He said Dora could say her prayers to Mrs. Lynde if she wanted, but he would wait until she had left. He asked Anne if that would be alright.

Pt/En Anne replied that it would be alright, as long as he was sure he would remember to say them.

Pt/En Davy promised he would not forget. He said that saying prayers was fun, but it would be more fun if Anne was there. He asked Anne to stay home and said he did not understand why she wanted to leave them.

Pt/En Anne told Davy that she did not exactly want to go, but she felt she should.

Pt/En Davy told Anne that if she did not want to go, she did not have to. He said that when he grew up, he would only do things he wanted to do.

Pt/En Anne told Davy that all his life he would find himself doing things he did not want to do.

Pt/En Davy insisted he would not do things he did not want to. He explained that he only did them now because Anne and Marilla would send him to bed. He said that when he grew up, no one could tell him what not to do and he would have a great time. Davy then asked Anne if it was true that she was going to college to find a husband, as Milty Boulter's mother had said.

Pt/En Anne felt angry for a moment. But then she laughed. She remembered that Mrs. Boulter's rude words and ideas could not hurt her.

Pt/En Anne told Davy that she was not going to do that. She said she was going to study, grow, and learn many things.

Pt/En Davy asked what things she wanted to learn about.

Pt/En Anne replied, listing things like "shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings."

Pt/En Anne said this.

Pt/En Davy was very interested in how someone would try to attract a man. He asked Anne how she would do it if she wanted to.

Pt/En Anne, without thinking much, suggested that Davy should ask Mrs. Boulter. She thought Mrs. Boulter probably knew more about that subject than she did.

Pt/En Davy seriously replied that he would ask Mrs. Boulter the next time he saw her.

Pt/En Anne realized she had made a mistake and cried out to Davy not to do it.

Pt/En Davy felt he was being treated unfairly and protested that Anne had just told him to do it.

Pt/En Anne said it was time for bed. She said this to avoid a difficult situation.

Pt/En After Davy went to bed, Anne sat alone by the water on Victoria Island. She loved the brook and often dreamed by its side. She forgot her problems and imagined sailing to faraway, *magical* lands. She felt richer in her dreams than in real life because dreams were eternal.

Garlands of Autumn

Pt/En The next week passed quickly with many farewells. Anne had to visit people and receive visitors. Some people were happy for her going to college, but others thought she was too proud and wanted to make her feel less important.

Pt/En The A.V.I.S. group held a party for Anne and Gilbert at Josie Pye's house. They chose Josie's home because it was big and convenient. They also thought the Pye sisters might not agree to host if their offer was not accepted. The party was nice. The Pye sisters were kind and did not cause any trouble, which was unusual for them. Josie was very friendly and spoke to Anne.

Pt/En Josie told Anne that her new dress looked good on her and that she almost looked pretty in it.

Pt/En Anne thanked Josie kindly, her eyes sparkling. She found Josie's words amusing now, unlike when she was younger. Josie suspected Anne was laughing at her, and whispered to Gertie that Anne would act even more proud now that she was going to college.

Pt/En Many of their old friends were at the party, full of happiness and energy. The text mentions Diana Barry with Fred, Jane Andrews, Ruby Gillis looking her best, Gilbert Blythe and Charlie Sloane trying to stay close to Anne, Carrie Sloane looking sad because her father did not allow Oliver Kimball to visit, Moody Spurgeon MacPherson, and Billy Andrews, who watched Anne with a happy look.

Pt/En Anne had known about the party, but she did not expect to receive a special speech and gifts with Gilbert for starting the Society. She was given a book of Shakespeare's plays, and Gilbert received a fountain pen. Anne was surprised and pleased by the kind words in the speech, which made her emotional. She felt that her hard work for the A.V.I.S. was truly appreciated, and she felt friendly and happy with everyone.

Pt/En Anne enjoyed the evening, but the end was disappointing. Gilbert said something sentimental to her, and Anne decided to make him jealous by being friendly with Charlie Sloane and letting him walk home with her. However, she found that her plan to get revenge made her

unhappy. Gilbert walked away with Ruby Gillis, and Anne could hear them laughing together. Meanwhile, Charlie Sloane talked constantly, and Anne found him boring. She realized that the world did not seem as nice as she had thought earlier.

Pt/En Alone in her room, Anne said she was just tired. But the next evening, a feeling of joy came to her heart when she saw Gilbert walking towards her through the Haunted Wood. She realized that Gilbert was not going to spend his last evening with Ruby Gillis after all.

Pt/En Gilbert told Anne that she looked tired.

Pt/En Anne explained that she was tired from packing and sewing. She was also unhappy because six women had visited her to say goodbye. Each woman had said something that made Anne feel life was dull and sad, like a gray November day.

Pt/En Gilbert commented that the women were spiteful.

Pt/En Anne *disagreed*, saying the women were nice and kind. She felt sad because their comments made her doubt her decision to go to Redmond for a degree. They had suggested she might get sick, spend too much money, become *arrogant*, or feel out of place because of her clothes. Anne worried she might become a discouraged, poorly dressed student.

Pt/En Anne finished speaking with a *mix* of a laugh and a sigh. She was sensitive, and the women's opinions, even from people she did not respect much, *affected* her. She felt that life had lost its joy and her ambition had *disappeared*.

Pt/En Gilbert told Anne that she should not care about what others had said. He explained that the people in their town had very narrow ideas and thought anything new was wrong. He reminded her that she was the first girl from Avonlea to go to college, and that people often thought pioneers were a little crazy.

Pt/En Anne replied that she knew what Gilbert said was true, but feeling was different from knowing. She explained that sometimes her common sense did not help her, and her emotions took over. She added that after Mrs. Elisha left, she had lost the energy to finish packing.

Pt/En Gilbert suggested that Anne was just tired. He asked her to forget her worries and go for a walk with him. He wanted to show her something in the woods beyond the marsh.

Pt/En Anne asked Gilbert if he was sure that what he wanted to show her was there, or if he only thought it might be.

Pt/En Gilbert explained that he was not completely sure. He had seen something there in the spring, but he did not know if it was still there. He encouraged Anne to come with him, suggesting they pretend to be children again and follow the wind.

Pt/En They left happily. Anne was kind to Gilbert because she remembered something unpleasant from the night before. Gilbert acted like a normal school friend. Mrs. Lynde and Marilla watched them from the kitchen window.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde said happily that Anne and Gilbert would get married one day.

Pt/En Marilla felt a little uncomfortable. She hoped they would get married, but she did not like Mrs. Lynde talking about it so casually.

Pt/En Marilla said quickly that they were still just children.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde laughed in a friendly way.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde said that Anne was eighteen years old. She thought that adults often forget how fast children grow up. Mrs. Lynde explained that Anne was now a young woman and Gilbert was a man. She said Gilbert loved Anne very much, and he was a good person. Mrs. Lynde hoped Anne would not think about silly romantic things at Redmond college. She did not like co-educational places and believed students there only flirted.

Pt/En Marilla smiled and said that the students must study a little.

Pt/En Mrs. Rachel did not think students studied much. However, she believed Anne would study because she was not usually interested in flirting. Mrs. Rachel felt Anne did not understand how much Gilbert liked her. She also mentioned that Charlie Sloane liked Anne, but she would not advise Anne to marry a Sloane. Mrs. Rachel said the Sloanes were good and respectable people, but they were still Sloanes.

Pt/En Marilla understood what Mrs. Lynde meant, even though it might not be clear to others. She knew that in every village there are families who are good and honest, but they are always seen as belonging to a certain group, like the Sloanes.

Pt/En Gilbert and Anne did not know that Mrs. Rachel was discussing their future. They were walking through the Haunted Wood as the sun set. The hills looked golden in the light, and the sky was pink and blue. The pine trees were shiny, and their long shadows lay across the fields. A small wind blew through the trees, making a sound that reminded them of autumn.

Pt/En Anne said the woods felt haunted by old memories. She remembered playing there with Diana when they were little girls. Anne admitted that she still felt a little scared when she walked there in the dark. She told a story about a ghost they had imagined: the ghost of a murdered child that would creep up behind people and touch them. She confessed that even now, she sometimes thought she heard its footsteps behind her at night. She said she wasn't afraid of other ghosts, but she wished she had never invented the baby's ghost. She remembered that Marilla and Mrs. Barry had been very angry about it.

Pt/En The woods near the marsh had beautiful purple views and thin spider webs. They walked past dark pine trees and a sunny valley with maple trees. Then they found the "something" Gilbert was looking for.

Pt/En Gilbert said happily that he had found it.

Pt/En Anne exclaimed with joy that it was an apple tree, and it was far away from other trees.

Pt/En Gilbert explained that it was a real apple tree, growing among pine and beech trees, far from any garden. He had seen it covered in white flowers in the spring. He decided to return in the fall to see if it had apples. He pointed out that the tree was full of apples, which looked good and were a reddish-brown color, unlike most wild apples which are green.

Pt/En Anne thought the plant probably grew from a seed planted many years ago. She said it was brave and strong to grow and live by itself among other plants.

Pt/En He pointed to a fallen tree covered in soft moss and suggested Anne sit on it like a throne in the woods. He said he would climb the tree to get some apples, explaining that the tree had to grow tall to reach the sun.

Pt/En The apples tasted very good. They had a sweet, slightly wild flavor that apples grown in a garden did not have.

Pt/En Anne said the apple tasted wonderfully *special*, like the famous apple from the story of Eden. She thought it was time to go home. She noticed that it had become dark and the moon was out, and she felt it was a shame they could not see the exact moment when day changed to night.

Pt/En He suggested they return home by walking past the marsh and through Lover's Lane. He asked Anne if she still felt unhappy, as she had when they started their walk.

Pt/En Anne said that the apples had been very good for her, like food for someone hungry. She felt sure she would enjoy her four years at Redmond.

Pt/En Someone asked Anne what she planned to do after those four years.

Pt/En Anne answered that there was another turn in the road ahead. She said she had no idea what would happen next and preferred not to know, as it was nicer that way.

Pt/En Lover's Lane was a quiet and mysterious place that night, lit by pale moonlight. They walked slowly through it, enjoying the silence together without needing to talk.

Pt/En Anne thought that if Gilbert was always like he had been that evening, everything would be nice and simple.

Pt/En Gilbert watched Anne walk. Her light dress and delicate appearance reminded him of a white iris flower.

Pt/En Gilbert wondered if Anne would ever like him. He felt *unsure* of himself.

Greeting and Farewell

Pt/En Anne, Charlie Sloane, and Gilbert Blythe were leaving Avonlea. Anne had hoped for good weather for her last drive with Diana, but it rained heavily. The sky was misty and the world looked sad. Anne dressed in the dark morning light. She had to leave early for the boat train. She tried not to cry because she was leaving her beloved home, Green Gables. She felt she was leaving it forever, except for holidays. She knew things would not be the same. She thought about all the special places at home and wondered if she could ever be happy anywhere else.

Pt/En Breakfast at Green Gables was sad. Davy cried and could not eat his food. Most people did not have much appetite. Dora, however, ate her food happily. She was a calm person who was not easily upset. She was sad Anne was leaving, but she still enjoyed her breakfast. Since Davy could not eat his food, Dora ate it for him.

Pt/En Diana arrived on time with a horse and buggy. Good-byes had to be said. Mrs. Lynde hugged Anne and told her to take care of her health. Marilla gave Anne a quick kiss on the cheek and said she expected to hear from her. Dora kissed Anne politely and shed a couple of small tears. Davy, who had been crying, refused to say goodbye. When he saw Anne, he ran upstairs and hid in a closet. His crying sounds were the last things Anne heard as she left Green Gables.

Pt/En It rained a lot on the way to Bright River station. Anne had to go there because the train from Carmody did not connect with the boat train. Charlie and Gilbert were waiting on the platform. The train was about to leave. Anne quickly bought her ticket and checked her trunk. She said a fast goodbye to Diana and got on the train. Anne felt very sad and homesick. She wished she was going back to Avonlea with Diana. She thought the rain was like the world crying because summer was over. Even Gilbert's presence did not make her feel better because Charlie Sloane was also there. Anne found Charlie very annoying, especially when it was raining.

Pt/En When the boat left Charlottetown harbor, the situation got better. The rain stopped, and the sun started to appear through the clouds. The sea looked golden, and the mist on the Island's red shores also had a

golden light, suggesting the day would be fine. Also, Charlie Sloane became very seasick and had to go inside. This left Anne and Gilbert alone on the deck.

Pt/En Anne thought to herself that she was happy all the Sloanes got seasick. She felt she could not say goodbye to her home country while Charlie was there, pretending to look sad too.

Pt/En Gilbert said that they were leaving.

Pt/En Anne replied that she felt like a character from a poem, but it wasn't her real home she was watching. She said Nova Scotia was her home country, but Prince Edward Island was the land she loved the most. She could not imagine not living there. She remembered the eleven years before she came to P.E.I. as a bad dream. She recalled crossing on this boat seven years ago when Mrs. Spencer brought her over. She remembered wearing an old dress and hat and exploring the boat with great interest. It was a beautiful evening, and the red shores of the Island looked bright in the sun. Now she was crossing the water again. Anne told Gilbert that she hoped she would like Redmond and Kingsport, but she was sure she would not.

Pt/En Someone asked Anne where her usual calm thinking had gone.

Pt/En Anne explained that she felt very lonely and homesick. She had wanted to go to Redmond for three years, but now that she was going, she wished she wasn't. She said she would feel better and more cheerful after having a good cry that night in her boardinghouse bed. She also wondered if Davy had come out of the closet.

Pt/En It was nine o'clock at night when their train arrived in Kingsport. The station was bright and busy. Anne felt confused, but then Priscilla Grant, who had arrived earlier, came and took her.

Pt/En Priscilla greeted Anne warmly and said she supposed Anne was as tired as she had been when she arrived on Saturday.

Pt/En Anne told Priscilla that she was very tired, felt inexperienced and unsophisticated, and was acting like a child. She asked Priscilla to take her somewhere quiet so she could think.

Pt/En Prissy offered to take Anne to their boardinghouse and said she had a cab ready outside.

Pt/En Anne told Prissy it was good she was there. Anne felt she would cry if Prissy was not with her. She said it was a comfort to see a familiar face when surrounded by strangers.

Pt/En Prissy asked Anne if she saw Gilbert Blythe and noted how much he had grown. She also pointed out Charlie Sloane, saying he had not changed. Prissy then told Anne they would be home in twenty minutes.

Pt/En Anne groaned at the word "home." She imagined they would be in a bad boardinghouse with a small, unpleasant room that looked out onto a dirty yard.

Pt/En Prissy told Anne it was not a horrible boardinghouse and that their cab was there. She said the boardinghouse was a very nice place and that Anne would agree after a good night's sleep. Prissy explained it was a large, old stone house on St. John Street, close to Redmond. She added that the houses there were so big that people took in boarders to fill them, and that their landladies were very nice.

Pt/En Someone asked how many people there were.

Pt/En The answer was two: Miss Hannah Harvey and Miss Ada Harvey. They were born as twins about fifty years ago.

Pt/En Anne smiled and said it seemed she could not avoid twins, as she met them wherever she went.

Pt/En The speaker explained that the sisters were not really twins anymore. Miss Hannah had grown old, but Miss Ada had stayed the same age, which was considered worse. The speaker described them as kind people who took two boarders each year to use their extra room space. The speaker also mentioned that Anne's room was a front room with a view of the graveyard across the street, while the speaker's own room looked out on the back yard.

Pt/En Anne shivered and said the view sounded frightening. She thought she would prefer to look at the back yard instead.

Pt/En Priscilla told Anne about Old St. John's, a very old cemetery in Kingsport that was now a tourist sight. She explained that it had a large stone wall, many trees, and interesting old gravestones with strange writing. Priscilla thought Anne would like to visit it to study. She

mentioned that no one was buried there anymore, but there was a monument for soldiers who fought in the Crimean War. Priscilla also talked about the visitors they could have, noting that Miss Hannah allowed young gentlemen callers two nights a week, but Miss Ada worried they would sit on her many cushions. Priscilla promised to make sure the visitors didn't sit on the cushions, but wondered where they would sit instead, as cushions were everywhere, even on the piano.

Pt/En Anne felt happier listening to Priscilla's cheerful talk, and her homesickness lessened. When she was finally alone in her room, she still felt okay. She looked out her window at the quiet street. The moon was shining over the trees of Old St. John's, behind a large lion statue on a monument. Anne thought about how recently she had left Green Gables, feeling like a lot of time had passed because of the day's changes and travel.

Pt/En Anne thought that the same moon was probably shining on Green Gables. However, she decided not to think about it, as it would make her homesick. She also decided not to cry right away, but to save it for later. Instead, she planned to go to bed calmly and sleep.

April's Lady

Pt/En Kingsport was an old town that felt like it was from the early Colonial times, with an old-fashioned atmosphere. While some parts were modern, the town's heart was still traditional and full of old objects and stories. It used to be a settlement near the wilderness, where Native Americans were a part of life. Later, it was fought over by the British and French, and showed signs of these battles.

Pt/En The town had historical sites like a tower covered in writing, an old French fort, and old cannons in public areas. Old St. John's Cemetery was a particularly charming and old place in the center of town, with old houses on two sides and busy streets on the others. People in Kingsport were proud of Old St. John's because many had ancestors buried there with simple gravestones that told their life stories. Most gravestones were made of plain stone, with only a few decorated, sometimes with skulls and bones or cherubs. Many stones were broken or falling over. Time had worn away many inscriptions, making them hard to read. The cemetery was full of trees like elms and willows, making it shady and peaceful, away from the noise of the nearby traffic.

Pt/En The next afternoon, Anne and Priscilla went for a walk in Old St. John's. Earlier that day, they had registered as students at Redmond. They were happy to leave because they did not like being in crowds of strangers who looked a bit lost.

Pt/En The new students, called "freshettes," stood in small groups, looking at each other. The more experienced students, the "freshies," gathered on the main staircase and sang loudly. They were showing they were not afraid of the older students, the Sophomores, who walked around looking down on the "freshies." Gilbert and Charlie were not seen.

Pt/En As they walked across the campus, Priscilla told Anne she was surprised to be happy to see someone from the Sloane family. She said she would be very glad to see Charlie's eyes because they were familiar.

Pt/En Anne explained her feelings while waiting to register. She felt very small, like a tiny drop in a huge ocean. She felt it was terrible to feel so unimportant and believed she would never be anything more. She felt invisible, as if the Sophomores might step on her, and she thought she would be forgotten after she died.

Pt/En Priscilla tried to comfort Anne, saying that next year they would look as calm and experienced as any Sophomore. Priscilla admitted that feeling insignificant was bad, but she thought it was better than feeling awkward and too big, like she did. She felt like she took up too much space at Redmond because she was taller than everyone else. She worried people might think she was an elephant or a large potato.

Pt/En Anne thought that the problem was that they could not forgive Redmond for not being like Queen's. When they left Queen's, they knew everyone and had their own place. She felt they had expected to continue their lives at Redmond exactly as they had at Queen's, but now they felt unstable. Anne was happy that Mrs. Lynde and Mrs. Elisha Wright did not know how she felt, because they would have said "I told you so" and thought it was the beginning of the end. However, Anne believed it was only the end of the beginning.

Pt/En Priscilla agreed, saying that Anne's idea sounded like her. She thought that soon they would get used to the place and know people, and everything would be fine. Priscilla asked Anne if she had seen the pretty girl with brown eyes and a crooked mouth who stood alone outside the dressing room for the women students all morning.

Pt/En Anne confirmed she had noticed the girl. She said she noticed her especially because the girl seemed as lonely and without friends as Anne felt. Anne had Priscilla with her, but the other girl had no one.

Pt/En Priscilla thought the girl also seemed very alone. She saw her several times move as if to come towards them, but she never did, probably because she was too shy. Priscilla wished the girl had come. If Priscilla had not felt so awkward, she would have gone to her. However, she felt too clumsy to walk across the large hall with boys shouting on the stairs. Priscilla concluded with a laugh that the girl was the prettiest new student she saw that day, but that looks could be deceiving and beauty was not important on the first day at Redmond.

Pt/En Anne said she was going to Old St. John's after lunch. She was not sure if a graveyard was a good place to feel happier, but it was the only place nearby with trees, and she really needed to be near trees. She planned to sit on an old stone and close her eyes to imagine she was in the woods of Avonlea.

Pt/En Anne was very interested in Old St. John's and looked around carefully. They entered through the gates, passing a large stone arch with a statue of the English lion on top.

Pt/En Anne quoted a line from a poem about Inkerman and its famous heights.

Pt/En Anne looked at the place with excitement. It was a quiet, green area where the wind made soft sounds. They walked along the grassy paths, reading old gravestones from a time when people had more free time.

Pt/En Anne read from an old stone about Albert Crawford, who was a Keeper of His Majesty's Ordnance in Kingsport for many years. He had been in the army until 1763, then retired because of poor health. The stone said he was a brave officer, a good husband, father, and friend. He died in 1792 at age 84. Anne told Prissy that this epitaph gave a lot of ideas and that his life must have been full of adventure. She also thought that his personal qualities were praised highly and wondered if he was told these good things when he was alive.

Pt/En Priscilla said she had found another gravestone and asked Anne to listen.

Pt/En This is a stone for Alexander Ross, who died on September 22, 1840, at the age of 43. It was placed there by someone who worked for him faithfully for 27 years and considered him a trusted friend.

Pt/En Anne thought it was a very good epitaph. She said that everyone serves someone, and if faithfulness can be written on a tombstone, that is enough. She looked at other stones, one for a child and another for someone buried far away. Anne told Prissy she would often visit this place because she already loved it. She noticed another girl in the graveyard.

Pt/En Anne believed the girl was the same one they saw at Redmond that morning. She had watched the girl walk towards the path several times, but each time she turned back. Anne thought the girl was either very shy or had something to hide. She suggested they go and talk to her, thinking it would be easier to meet someone in a graveyard than at Redmond.

Pt/En The two girls walked towards the stranger, who sat on a stone under a large willow tree. The girl was very pretty, with shiny brown hair and a healthy glow on her cheeks. She had big brown eyes and a red mouth. She wore a stylish brown suit and fashionable shoes. Her hat, decorated with poppies, looked very artistic. Priscilla felt her own hat looked plain, and Anne worried her homemade blouse looked simple compared to the stranger's smart clothes. For a moment, both girls wanted to turn back.

Pt/En However, they had already stopped and were walking towards the girl. It was too late to leave because the girl saw them coming. She immediately stood up, held out her hand, and smiled in a friendly way. She did not seem shy or troubled.

Pt/En A girl eagerly asked Anne and Priscilla who they were. She said she had been very keen to know them. She mentioned seeing them at Redmond earlier that day and how terrible it was, saying she wished she had stayed home and got married instead.

Pt/En Anne and Priscilla laughed a lot because of what the girl said. The girl with brown eyes also laughed.

Pt/En The girl explained that she really could have stayed home and married. She suggested they all sit on a gravestone to get to know each other. She felt sure they would like each other because she knew it as soon as she saw them at Redmond that morning and wanted to hug them.

Pt/En Priscilla asked why she had not done that.

Pt/En The girl replied that she could not decide to do it. She explained that she always had trouble making decisions and often felt that another choice would be better. She said this was a bad problem, but she was born that way and could not be blamed. Therefore, she could not decide to speak to them, even though she wanted to.

Pt/En Anne explained that they had thought she was too shy.

Pt/En The speaker, Philippa Gordon (Phil), said that shyness was not one of her problems. She asked Anne to call her Phil right away and then asked for Anne's names.

Pt/En Anne said that the other girl was Priscilla Grant, and she pointed to her.

Pt/En Priscilla then pointed to Anne and said that Anne Shirley was the other girl.

Pt/En Both girls said together that they were from the Island.

Pt/En Philippa said she came from Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia.

Pt/En Anne was surprised and said that she was also born in Bolingbroke.

Pt/En The *speaker* asked if Philippa was serious and said that this meant Philippa was a "Bluenose" (someone from Nova Scotia).

Pt/En Anne *disagreed*, explaining that being born somewhere does not change who you are. She felt she was from Prince *Edward* Island.

Pt/En The *speaker* was happy Philippa was from Bolingbroke, calling them neighbors. She explained she had trouble keeping secrets and was also *indecisive*, giving an example of taking a long time to choose a hat for their visit to the graveyard. She asked for Anne's opinion on her appearance.

Pt/En Priscilla laughed at the simple question. Anne spoke to Philippa, holding her hand.

Pt/En Anne told Philippa that they thought she was the prettiest girl they had seen at Redmond that morning.

Pt/En Philippa smiled a crooked but attractive smile, showing her small, white teeth.

Pt/En Philippa agreed that she thought she was pretty too, but she wanted others to *confirm* it. She explained that she often doubted her own appearance. She also mentioned a great-aunt who always said she was a pretty baby but had changed. Philippa asked Anne to tell her often that she was pretty, as it made her feel better. She promised to be helpful in return.

Pt/En Anne laughed and thanked Philippa, but said that she and Priscilla were very sure of their own looks and did not need any *confirmation*.

Pt/En Anne thought they were laughing at her and believed she was vain, but she explained she was not. She was happy to meet them and said she had been very homesick since arriving on Saturday. She felt like an important person in Bolingbroke but like nobody in Kingsport. She felt very sad and asked where they spent their time.

Pt/En They told her the address was thirty-eight St. John's Street.

Pt/En Anne was pleased because she lived nearby on Wallace Street. However, she did not like her boardinghouse, finding it empty and lonely. Her room looked out onto an ugly backyard where many cats gathered at night. She found cats in backyards at midnight very different from cats sleeping by a fire. She had cried all night when she first arrived and wished she had never left home.

Pt/En Priscilla, amused, asked Anne how she had decided to come to Redmond if she was so undecided.

Pt/En Anne explained that her father had wanted her to come to Redmond, even though she thought it was strange for her to study for a B.A. degree. She believed she was capable of doing it because she was intelligent.

Pt/En Priscilla said "Oh!" without much meaning.

Pt/En Priscilla explained that becoming a B.A. was hard work and that B.A.s seemed very serious. She did not want to go to Redmond but did it to please her father, whom she liked very much. She also knew that if she stayed home, her mother would want her to get married. Priscilla did not want to marry yet because she was only eighteen and wanted to have fun first. She thought the idea of being married was more silly than the idea of being a B.A. She decided she would rather go to Redmond than get married, and she also wondered how she could choose one man to marry.

Pt/En Anne asked if there had been many men.

Pt/En Priscilla said many boys liked her, but only two were important. She felt she must marry a rich man.

Pt/En Anne asked why she had to marry a rich man.

Pt/En Phil explained that she could not marry a poor man because she was not good at useful tasks and spent a lot of money. She needed a

husband with a lot of money. This left her with two possible choices. She found it difficult to choose between them, as she knew she would always wish she had chosen the other one.

Pt/En Anne asked if she had loved either of the men. It was difficult for Anne to talk about the important feelings of love with someone she did not know well.

Pt/En Phil said she could not love anyone and did not want to, as love made people like slaves and gave men power to hurt them. She liked Alec and Alonzo very much and did not know which she preferred. Alec was more handsome, and she would only marry a good-looking man. He also had a good temper and nice hair. However, she thought a perfect husband might not be good. She was *unsure* about Alec.

Pt/En Priscilla asked Phil why she did not marry Alonzo.

Pt/En Phil said she did not like the name Alonzo. However, Alonzo had a nice nose, which was important to her. She *admired* Anne's nose and Alonzo's nose almost made her choose him. But the name Alonzo was too difficult for her to accept. She wished she could choose like she did with hats, by putting them together, closing her eyes, and picking one.

Pt/En Priscilla asked Anne how Alec and Alonzo felt when she left.

Pt/En Anne replied that Alec and Alonzo still had hope and were willing to wait for her decision because they liked her a lot. She said she wanted to have fun at Redmond and expected to have many *boyfriends* there. She thought most of the new students were not very attractive, except for one handsome boy named Gilbert, whose friend had very big eyes. Anne asked the girls not to leave yet.

Pt/En Anne said they had to leave because it was getting late and she had work to do.

Pt/En Philippa asked if they would visit her and let her visit them. She wanted to be good friends with them because she liked them a lot and hoped they were not put off by her *playful* nature.

Pt/En Anne laughed and replied that they were not put off, showing she was happy to be friendly.

Pt/En Philippa told Anne that she was not as silly as she looked and that Anne should accept her with her faults. She asked if the graveyard

was a nice place and said she would like to be buried there. She then pointed out a grave in an iron railing, explaining it was for a young sailor, a middy, who died in a fight between two ships, the Shannon and the Chesapeake.

Pt/En Anne stopped by the railing and looked at the old stone. She felt excited and imagined she was seeing the Kingsport Harbor from almost a hundred years ago. She pictured a large English *ship*, the Shannon, sailing slowly out of the mist, and another *ship*, the Chesapeake, with a brave commander named Lawrence on its deck. Anne imagined that time had gone back and the Shannon was sailing into the bay with the Chesapeake as its prize.

Pt/En Philippa laughed and gently pulled Anne's arm. She told Anne to come back to them because she was thinking about things from a hundred years ago.

Pt/En Anne returned to the present with a soft sigh, her eyes shining.

Pt/En Anne said she had always loved the story of that *naval* battle. She explained that she loved it because of the brave commander who lost, even though the English won. She felt the grave made the story feel very real and close. She mentioned the young sailor buried there was only eighteen and that his stone said he died from serious wounds received in a brave fight, which she thought was a fitting epitaph for a soldier.

Pt/En Before Anne left, she took off the small *bunch* of purple flowers she was wearing. She placed them gently on the grave of the boy who had died in the big sea fight.

Pt/En Priscilla asked Anne what she thought of their new friend, Phil, after Phil had left them.

Pt/En Anne said she liked Phil. She thought Phil was very nice, even though she could be a bit silly sometimes. Anne believed that Phil was not as foolish as she sounded and that she would always be like a sweet, young child.

Pt/En Priscilla agreed that she also liked Phil. She said Phil talked a lot about boys, like Ruby Gillis did. But Priscilla found Ruby *annoying*, while she just wanted to laugh kindly at Phil. She wondered why she felt this way.

Pt/En Anne explained that there was a difference. She thought Ruby was too focused on boys and pretended to be in love. Ruby also seemed to boast about her boyfriends to make others feel bad. In contrast, when Phil talked about boys, it sounded like she was just talking about friends. Anne felt Phil saw boys as good friends and liked being popular. She thought Phil saw Alex and Alonzo as playmates. Anne was happy they met Phil and visited Old St. John's. She felt she had started to feel at home in Kingsport and hoped she would not feel like she was moved to a new place.

Letters from Home

Pt/En For the first three weeks, Anne and Priscilla felt like they were in a new and unfamiliar place. Then, things became clearer. They started to understand Redmond college, its teachers, classes, other students, and their studies. Life felt normal again, not just a collection of separate moments. The first-year students, called Freshmen, began to feel like a group with shared feelings, cheers, interests, dislikes, and goals. They won a competition called the "Arts Rush" against the older students, the Sophomores. This win made everyone respect them and gave them a lot of confidence. The Sophomores had won this competition for three years. The Freshmen's victory was thanks to Gilbert Blythe, who planned the strategy and created new ways to fight that confused the Sophomores and helped the Freshmen win. Because of this, he was chosen as the president of the Freshman Class, an important job that many wanted. He was also invited to join a special club called the "Lambs" (which is short for Lambda Theta), a rare honor for a Freshman. As part of his initiation, he had to wear a sunbonnet and a large, colorful apron for a whole day while walking through the main streets of Kingsport. He did this happily, bowing politely to ladies he knew. Charlie Sloane, who was not invited to join the Lambs, told Anne he couldn't understand how Gilbert could do such a thing and said he would never embarrass himself like that.

Pt/En Priscilla laughed and said it was funny to imagine Charlie Sloane wearing a flowered apron and a sunbonnet, saying he would look like his grandmother. She added that Gilbert, however, looked like a man even when wearing those clothes.

Pt/En Anne and Priscilla quickly became part of the social life at Redmond, mostly because of Philippa Gordon. Philippa was the daughter of a wealthy and famous man from an old, respected family. Because she was beautiful and charming, everyone liked her. This helped her get into all the groups and clubs at Redmond. Wherever Philippa went, Anne and Priscilla went too. Philippa really liked Anne and Priscilla, especially Anne. She was a good friend who was not snobbish. She seemed to believe in supporting her friends. Without trying hard, she introduced them to her many friends. This made it easy and pleasant for the two girls

from Avonlea to make friends at Redmond. The other new students, who didn't have Philippa's help, found it harder to join in during their first year.

Pt/En Anne and Priscilla thought Philippa was still like the fun, sweet girl they first met, even though they had more serious views on life. Philippa herself said she was very smart. It was a mystery how she found time to study because she was always busy with fun activities and had many visitors in the evenings. Many boys from different classes wanted to be her boyfriend. She was happy about this attention and would happily tell Anne and Priscilla about her new admirers and what they said.

Pt/En Anne playfully commented that two of Philippa's admirers, Alec and Alonzo, did not seem to have any serious rivals yet.

Pt/En Philippa told Anne that she wrote to her parents every week about her life, including the young men she met. She felt that Gilbert Blythe did not notice her in a romantic way, only as a friendly person. Philippa explained that she liked Anne very much and felt she should not like her so much, but she did. Anne made Philippa want to be a better person. Philippa also said that she enjoyed college life, even though she had initially disliked it, because it allowed her to become friends with Anne. She asked Anne to tell her again that Anne liked her.

Pt/En Anne replied that she liked Philippa very much and called her a dear, sweet kitten. However, Anne wondered when Philippa found time to study her lessons.

Pt/En Philippa was a good student and did well in all her classes, even in mathematics, despite the professor's dislike for female students. Anne also found her studies easy, partly because she and Gilbert had studied hard before college. This gave Anne more time for social activities, which she enjoyed. She always remembered her friends in Avonlea and looked forward to letters from home each week. Letters from home made Avonlea feel closer and connected her old life with her new one. The first letters were from Jane Andrews, Ruby Gillis, Diana Barry, Marilla, Mrs. Lynde, and Davy. Jane's letter was neat but not very interesting. Ruby's letter was enthusiastic, saying Anne was missed and asking about the boys at Redmond. Ruby also mentioned that Gilbert seemed to be enjoying Redmond, according to his letters, and that Charlie did not seem to like it as much.

Pt/En Anne was surprised and a little upset to learn that Gilbert was writing to Ruby. She dismissed Ruby's letter but found Diana's letter cheerful and full of interesting news, which made Anne feel like she was back in Avonlea. Marilla's letter was simple and serious, but it reminded Anne of the peaceful life and love at Green Gables. Mrs. Lynde's letter focused on church news. Since she no longer kept house, Mrs. Lynde was very involved in church activities and was concerned about the quality of preachers in Avonlea.

Pt/En Mrs. Lynde wrote that she believed only foolish people became ministers today, as the current candidates and their sermons were not good. She was particularly unhappy with the latest preacher, who did not seem to believe all heathens would be lost and spoke about sensational topics instead of just the Bible. She thought ministers should stick to Holy Scripture. Mrs. Lynde asked Anne if she attended church regularly, warning that students away from home often became careless about church-going and might even study on Sundays. She advised Anne to be careful about her friends and to avoid any young men who were not from Prince Edward Island.

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The Shadow of Change

PT "Harvest is ended and summer is gone," quoted Anne Shirley, gazing across the shorn fields dreamily. She and Diana Barry had been picking apples in the Green Gables orchard, but were now resting from their labors in a sunny corner, where airy fleets of thistledown drifted by on the wings of a wind that was still summer-sweet with the incense of ferns in the Haunted Wood.

PT But everything in the landscape around them spoke of autumn. The sea was roaring hollowly in the distance, the fields were bare and sere, scarfed with golden rod, the brook valley below Green Gables overflowed with asters of ethereal purple, and the Lake of Shining Waters was blue—blue—blue; not the changeful blue of spring, nor the pale azure of summer, but a clear, steadfast, serene blue, as if the water were past all moods and tenses of emotion and had settled down to a tranquility unbroken by fickle dreams.

PT "It has been a nice summer," said Diana, twisting the new ring on her left hand with a smile. "And Miss Lavendar's wedding seemed to come as a sort of crown to it. I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Irving are on the Pacific coast now."

PT "It seems to me they have been gone long enough to go around the world," sighed Anne.

PT "I can't believe it is only a week since they were married. Everything has changed. Miss Lavendar and Mr. and Mrs. Allan gone—how lonely the manse looks with the shutters all closed! I went past it last night, and it made me feel as if everybody in it had died."

PT "We'll never get another minister as nice as Mr. Allan," said Diana, with gloomy conviction. "I suppose we'll have all kinds of supplies this winter, and half the Sundays no preaching at all. And you and Gilbert gone—it will be awfully dull."

PT "Fred will be here," insinuated Anne slyly.

PT "When is Mrs. Lynde going to move up?" asked Diana, as if she had not heard Anne's remark.

PT "Tomorrow. I'm glad she's coming—but it will be another change. Marilla and I cleared everything out of the spare room yesterday. Do you know, I hated to do it? Of course, it was silly—but it did seem as if we were committing sacrilege. That old spare room has always seemed like a shrine to me. When I was a child I thought it the most wonderful apartment in the world. You remember what a consuming desire I had to sleep in a spare room bed—but not the Green Gables spare room. Oh, no, never there! It would have been too terrible—I couldn't have slept a wink from awe. I never WALKED through that room when Marilla sent me in on an errand—no, indeed, I tiptoed through it and held my breath, as if I were in church, and felt relieved when I got out of it. The pictures of George Whitefield and the Duke of Wellington hung there, one on each side of the mirror, and frowned so sternly at me all the time I was in, especially if I dared peep in the mirror, which was the only one in the house that didn't twist my face a little. I always wondered how Marilla dared houseclean that room. And now it's not only cleaned but stripped bare. George Whitefield and the Duke have been relegated to the upstairs hall. 'So passes the glory of this world,'" concluded Anne, with a laugh in which there was a little note of regret. It is never pleasant to have our old shrines desecrated, even when we have outgrown them.

PT "I'll be so lonesome when you go," moaned Diana for the hundredth time. "And to think you go next week!"

PT "But we're together still," said Anne cheerily. "We mustn't let next week rob us of this week's joy. I hate the thought of going myself—home and I are such good friends. Talk of being lonesome! It's I who should groan. YOU'LL be here with any number of your old friends—AND Fred! While I shall be alone among strangers, not knowing a soul!"

PT "EXCEPT Gilbert—AND Charlie Sloane," said Diana, imitating Anne's italics and slyness.

PT "Charlie Sloane will be a great comfort, of course," agreed Anne sarcastically; whereupon both those irresponsible damsels laughed. Diana knew exactly what Anne thought of Charlie Sloane; but, despite sundry confidential talks, she did not know just what Anne thought of Gilbert Blythe. To be sure, Anne herself did not know that.

PT "The boys may be boarding at the other end of Kingsport, for all I know," Anne went on. "I am glad I'm going to Redmond, and I am sure I

shall like it after a while. But for the first few weeks I know I won't. I shan't even have the comfort of looking forward to the weekend visit home, as I had when I went to Queen's. Christmas will seem like a thousand years away."

PT "Everything is changing—or going to change," said Diana sadly. "I have a feeling that things will never be the same again, Anne."

PT "We have come to a parting of the ways, I suppose," said Anne thoughtfully. "We had to come to it. Do you think, Diana, that being grown-up is really as nice as we used to imagine it would be when we were children?"

PT "I don't know—there are SOME nice things about it," answered Diana, again caressing her ring with that little smile which always had the effect of making Anne feel suddenly left out and inexperienced. "But there are so many puzzling things, too. Sometimes I feel as if being grown-up just frightened me—and then I would give anything to be a little girl again."

PT "I suppose we'll get used to being grownup in time," said Anne cheerfully. "There won't be so many unexpected things about it by and by—though, after all, I fancy it's the unexpected things that give spice to life. We're eighteen, Diana. In two more years we'll be twenty. When I was ten I thought twenty was a green old age. In no time you'll be a staid, middle-aged matron, and I shall be nice, old maid Aunt Anne, coming to visit you on vacations. You'll always keep a corner for me, won't you, Di darling? Not the spare room, of course—old maids can't aspire to spare rooms, and I shall be as 'umble as Uriah Heep, and quite content with a little over-the-porch or off-the-parlor cubby hole."

PT "What nonsense you do talk, Anne," laughed Diana. "You'll marry somebody splendid and handsome and rich—and no spare room in Avonlea will be half gorgeous enough for you—and you'll turn up your nose at all the friends of your youth."

PT "That would be a pity; my nose is quite nice, but I fear turning it up would spoil it," said Anne, patting that shapely organ. "I haven't so many good features that I could afford to spoil those I have; so, even if I should marry the King of the Cannibal Islands, I promise you I won't turn up my nose at you, Diana."

PT With another gay laugh the girls separated, Diana to return to Orchard Slope, Anne to walk to the Post Office. She found a letter awaiting her there, and when Gilbert Blythe overtook her on the bridge over the Lake of Shining Waters she was sparkling with the excitement of it.

PT "Priscilla Grant is going to Redmond, too," she exclaimed. "Isn't that splendid? I hoped she would, but she didn't think her father would consent. He has, however, and we're to board together. I feel that I can face an army with banners—or all the professors of Redmond in one fell phalanx—with a chum like Priscilla by my side."

PT "I think we'll like Kingsport," said Gilbert. "It's a nice old burg, they tell me, and has the finest natural park in the world. I've heard that the scenery in it is magnificent."

PT "I wonder if it will be—can be—any more beautiful than this," murmured Anne, looking around her with the loving, enraptured eyes of those to whom "home" must always be the loveliest spot in the world, no matter what fairer lands may lie under alien stars.

PT They were leaning on the bridge of the old pond, drinking deep of the enchantment of the dusk, just at the spot where Anne had climbed from her sinking Dory on the day Elaine floated down to Camelot. The fine, empurpling dye of sunset still stained the western skies, but the moon was rising and the water lay like a great, silver dream in her light. Remembrance wove a sweet and subtle spell over the two young creatures.

PT "You are very quiet, Anne," said Gilbert at last.

PT "I'm afraid to speak or move for fear all this wonderful beauty will vanish just like a broken silence," breathed Anne.

PT Gilbert suddenly laid his hand over the slender white one lying on the rail of the bridge. His hazel eyes deepened into darkness, his still boyish lips opened to say something of the dream and hope that thrilled his soul. But Anne snatched her hand away and turned quickly. The spell of the dusk was broken for her.

PT "I must go home," she exclaimed, with a rather overdone carelessness. "Marilla had a headache this afternoon, and I'm sure the

twins will be in some dreadful mischief by this time. I really shouldn't have stayed away so long."

PT She chattered ceaselessly and inconsequently until they reached the Green Gables lane. Poor Gilbert hardly had a chance to get a word in edgewise. Anne felt rather relieved when they parted. There had been a new, secret self-consciousness in her heart with regard to Gilbert, ever since that fleeting moment of revelation in the garden of Echo Lodge. Something alien had intruded into the old, perfect, school-day comradeship—something that threatened to mar it.

PT "I never felt glad to see Gilbert go before," she thought, half-resentfully, half-sorrowfully, as she walked alone up the lane. "Our friendship will be spoiled if he goes on with this nonsense. It mustn't be spoiled—I won't let it. Oh, WHY can't boys be just sensible!"

PT Anne had an uneasy doubt that it was not strictly "sensible" that she should still feel on her hand the warm pressure of Gilbert's, as distinctly as she had felt it for the swift second his had rested there; and still less sensible that the sensation was far from being an unpleasant one—very different from that which had attended a similar demonstration on Charlie Sloane's part, when she had been sitting out a dance with him at a White Sands party three nights before. Anne shivered over the disagreeable recollection. But all problems connected with infatuated swains vanished from her mind when she entered the homely, unsentimental atmosphere of the Green Gables kitchen where an eight-year-old boy was crying grievously on the sofa.

PT "What is the matter, Davy?" asked Anne, taking him up in her arms. "Where are Marilla and Dora?"

PT "Marilla's putting Dora to bed," sobbed Davy, "and I'm crying 'cause Dora fell down the outside cellar steps, heels over head, and scraped all the skin off her nose, and—"

PT "Oh, well, don't cry about it, dear. Of course, you are sorry for her, but crying won't help her any. She'll be all right tomorrow. Crying never helps any one, Davy-boy, and—"

PT "I ain't crying 'cause Dora fell down cellar," said Davy, cutting short Anne's wellmeant preachment with increasing bitterness. "I'm crying,

cause I wasn't there to see her fall. I'm always missing some fun or other, seems to me."

PT "Oh, Davy!" Anne choked back an unholy shriek of laughter. "Would you call it fun to see poor little Dora fall down the steps and get hurt?"

PT "She wasn't MUCH hurt," said Davy, defiantly. "'Course, if she'd been killed I'd have been real sorry, Anne. But the Keiths ain't so easy killed. They're like the Blewetts, I guess. Herb Blewett fell off the hayloft last Wednesday, and rolled right down through the turnip chute into the box stall, where they had a fearful wild, cross horse, and rolled right under his heels. And still he got out alive, with only three bones broke. Mrs. Lynde says there are some folks you can't kill with a meat-axe. Is Mrs. Lynde coming here tomorrow, Anne?"

PT "Yes, Davy, and I hope you'll be always very nice and good to her."

PT "I'll be nice and good. But will she ever put me to bed at nights, Anne?"

PT "Perhaps. Why?"

PT "'Cause," said Davy very decidedly, "if she does I won't say my prayers before her like I do before you, Anne."

PT "Why not?"

PT "'Cause I don't think it would be nice to talk to God before strangers, Anne. Dora can say hers to Mrs. Lynde if she likes, but I won't. I'll wait till she's gone and then say 'em. Won't that be all right, Anne?"

PT "Yes, if you are sure you won't forget to say them, Davy-boy."

PT "Oh, I won't forget, you bet. I think saying my prayers is great fun. But it won't be as good fun saying them alone as saying them to you. I wish you'd stay home, Anne. I don't see what you want to go away and leave us for."

PT "I don't exactly WANT to, Davy, but I feel I ought to go."

PT "If you don't want to go you needn't. You're grown up. When I 'm grown up I'm not going to do one single thing I don't want to do, Anne."

PT "All your life, Davy, you'll find yourself doing things you don't want to do."

PT "I won't," said Davy flatly. "Catch me! I have to do things I don't want to now 'cause you and Marilla'll send me to bed if I don't. But when I grow up you can't do that, and there'll be nobody to tell me not to do things. Won't I have the time! Say, Anne, Milty Boulter says his mother says you're going to college to see if you can catch a man. Are you, Anne? I want to know."

PT For a second Anne burned with resentment. Then she laughed, reminding herself that Mrs. Boulter's crude vulgarity of thought and speech could not harm her.

PT "No, Davy, I'm not. I'm going to study and grow and learn about many things."

PT "What things?"

PT "'Shoes and ships and sealing wax
And cabbages and kings,"

PT quoted Anne.

PT "But if you DID want to catch a man how would you go about it? I want to know," persisted Davy, for whom the subject evidently possessed a certain fascination.

PT "You'd better ask Mrs. Boulter," said Anne thoughtlessly. "I think it's likely she knows more about the process than I do."

PT "I will, the next time I see her," said Davy gravely.

PT "Davy! If you do!" cried Anne, realizing her mistake.

PT "But you just told me to," protested Davy aggrieved.

PT "It's time you went to bed," decreed Anne, by way of getting out of the scrape.

PT After Davy had gone to bed Anne wandered down to Victoria Island and sat there alone, curtained with fine-spun, moonlit gloom, while the water laughed around her in a duet of brook and wind. Anne had always loved that brook. Many a dream had she spun over its sparkling water in days gone by. She forgot lovelorn youths, and the cayenne speeches of malicious neighbors, and all the problems of her girlish existence. In

imagination she sailed over storied seas that wash the distant shining shores of "faery lands forlorn," where lost Atlantis and Elysium lie, with the evening star for pilot, to the land of Heart's Desire. And she was richer in those dreams than in realities; for things seen pass away, but the things that are unseen are eternal.

Garlands of Autumn

PT The following week sped swiftly, crowded with innumerable "last things," as Anne called them. Good-bye calls had to be made and received, being pleasant or otherwise, according to whether callers and called-upon were heartily in sympathy with Anne's hopes, or thought she was too much puffed-up over going to college and that it was their duty to "take her down a peg or two."

PT The A.V.I.S. gave a farewell party in honor of Anne and Gilbert one evening at the home of Josie Pye, choosing that place, partly because Mr. Pye's house was large and convenient, partly because it was strongly suspected that the Pye girls would have nothing to do with the affair if their offer of the house for the party was not accepted. It was a very pleasant little time, for the Pye girls were gracious, and said and did nothing to mar the harmony of the occasion—which was not according to their wont. Josie was unusually amiable—so much so that she even remarked condescendingly to Anne,

PT "Your new dress is rather becoming to you, Anne. Really, you look ALMOST PRETTY in it."

PT "How kind of you to say so," responded Anne, with dancing eyes. Her sense of humor was developing, and the speeches that would have hurt her at fourteen were becoming merely food for amusement now. Josie suspected that Anne was laughing at her behind those wicked eyes; but she contented herself with whispering to Gertie, as they went downstairs, that Anne Shirley would put on more airs than ever now that she was going to college—you'd see!

PT All the "old crowd" was there, full of mirth and zest and youthful lightheartedness. Diana Barry, rosy and dimpled, shadowed by the faithful Fred; Jane Andrews, neat and sensible and plain; Ruby Gillis, looking her handsomest and brightest in a cream silk blouse, with red geraniums in her golden hair; Gilbert Blythe and Charlie Sloane, both trying to keep as near the elusive Anne as possible; Carrie Sloane, looking pale and melancholy because, so it was reported, her father would not allow Oliver Kimball to come near the place; Moody Spurgeon MacPherson, whose round face and objectionable ears were as round and objectionable as ever; and Billy Andrews, who sat in a corner all the

evening, chuckled when any one spoke to him, and watched Anne Shirley with a grin of pleasure on his broad, freckled countenance.

PT Anne had known beforehand of the party, but she had not known that she and Gilbert were, as the founders of the Society, to be presented with a very complimentary "address" and "tokens of respect"—in her case a volume of Shakespeare's plays, in Gilbert's a fountain pen. She was so taken by surprise and pleased by the nice things said in the address, read in Moody Spurgeon's most solemn and ministerial tones, that the tears quite drowned the sparkle of her big gray eyes. She had worked hard and faithfully for the A.V.I.S., and it warmed the cockles of her heart that the members appreciated her efforts so sincerely. And they were all so nice and friendly and jolly—even the Pye girls had their merits; at that moment Anne loved all the world.

PT She enjoyed the evening tremendously, but the end of it rather spoiled all. Gilbert again made the mistake of saying something sentimental to her as they ate their supper on the moonlit verandah; and Anne, to punish him, was gracious to Charlie Sloane and allowed the latter to walk home with her. She found, however, that revenge hurts nobody quite so much as the one who tries to inflict it. Gilbert walked airily off with Ruby Gillis, and Anne could hear them laughing and talking gaily as they loitered along in the still, crisp autumn air. They were evidently having the best of good times, while she was horribly bored by Charlie Sloane, who talked unbrokenly on, and never, even by accident, said one thing that was worth listening to. Anne gave an occasional absent "yes" or "no," and thought how beautiful Ruby had looked that night, how very goggly Charlie's eyes were in the moonlight—worse even than by daylight—and that the world, somehow, wasn't quite such a nice place as she had believed it to be earlier in the evening.

PT "I'm just tired out—that is what is the matter with me," she said, when she thankfully found herself alone in her own room. And she honestly believed it was. But a certain little gush of joy, as from some secret, unknown spring, bubbled up in her heart the next evening, when she saw Gilbert striding down through the Haunted Wood and crossing the old log bridge with that firm, quick step of his. So Gilbert was not going to spend this last evening with Ruby Gillis after all!

PT "You look tired, Anne," he said.

PT "I am tired, and, worse than that, I'm disgruntled. I'm tired because I've been packing my trunk and sewing all day. But I'm disgruntled because six women have been here to say good-bye to me, and every one of the six managed to say something that seemed to take the color right out of life and leave it as gray and dismal and cheerless as a November morning."

PT "Spiteful old cats!" was Gilbert's elegant comment.

PT "Oh, no, they weren't," said Anne seriously. "That is just the trouble. If they had been spiteful cats I wouldn't have minded them. But they are all nice, kind, motherly souls, who like me and whom I like, and that is why what they said, or hinted, had such undue weight with me. They let me see they thought I was crazy going to Redmond and trying to take a B.A., and ever since I've been wondering if I am. Mrs. Peter Sloane sighed and said she hoped my strength would hold out till I got through; and at once I saw myself a hopeless victim of nervous prostration at the end of my third year; Mrs. Eben Wright said it must cost an awful lot to put in four years at Redmond; and I felt all over me that it was unpardonable of me to squander Marilla's money and my own on such a folly. Mrs. Jasper Bell said she hoped I wouldn't let college spoil me, as it did some people; and I felt in my bones that the end of my four Redmond years would see me a most insufferable creature, thinking I knew it all, and looking down on everything and everybody in Avonlea; Mrs. Elisha Wright said she understood that Redmond girls, especially those who belonged to Kingsport, were 'dreadful dressy and stuck-up,' and she guessed I wouldn't feel much at home among them; and I saw myself, a snubbed, dowdy, humiliated country girl, shuffling through Redmond's classic halls in coppertoned boots."

PT Anne ended with a laugh and a sigh commingled. With her sensitive nature all disapproval had weight, even the disapproval of those for whose opinions she had scant respect. For the time being life was savorless, and ambition had gone out like a snuffed candle.

PT "You surely don't care for what they said," protested Gilbert. "You know exactly how narrow their outlook on life is, excellent creatures though they are. To do anything THEY have never done is anathema maranatha. You are the first Avonlea girl who has ever gone to college; and you know that all pioneers are considered to be afflicted with moonstruck madness."

PT "Oh, I know. But FEELING is so different from KNOWING. My common sense tells me all you can say, but there are times when common sense has no power over me. Common nonsense takes possession of my soul. Really, after Mrs. Elisha went away I hardly had the heart to finish packing."

PT "You're just tired, Anne. Come, forget it all and take a walk with me—a ramble back through the woods beyond the marsh. There should be something there I want to show you."

PT "Should be! Don't you know if it is there?"

PT "No. I only know it should be, from something I saw there in spring. Come on. We'll pretend we are two children again and we'll go the way of the wind."

PT They started gaily off. Anne, remembering the unpleasantness of the preceding evening, was very nice to Gilbert; and Gilbert, who was learning wisdom, took care to be nothing save the schoolboy comrade again. Mrs. Lynde and Marilla watched them from the kitchen window.

PT "That'll be a match some day," Mrs. Lynde said approvingly.

PT Marilla winced slightly. In her heart she hoped it would, but it went against her grain to hear the matter spoken of in Mrs. Lynde's gossipy matter-of-fact way.

PT "They're only children yet," she said shortly.

PT Mrs. Lynde laughed good-naturedly.

PT "Anne is eighteen; I was married when I was that age. We old folks, Marilla, are too much given to thinking children never grow up, that's what. Anne is a young woman and Gilbert's a man, and he worships the ground she walks on, as any one can see. He's a fine fellow, and Anne can't do better. I hope she won't get any romantic nonsense into her head at Redmond. I don't approve of them coeducational places and never did, that's what. I don't believe," concluded Mrs. Lynde solemnly, "that the students at such colleges ever do much else than flirt."

PT "They must study a little," said Marilla, with a smile.

PT "Precious little," sniffed Mrs. Rachel. "However, I think Anne will. She never was flirtatious. But she doesn't appreciate Gilbert at his full

value, that's what. Oh, I know girls! Charlie Sloane is wild about her, too, but I'd never advise her to marry a Sloane. The Sloanes are good, honest, respectable people, of course. But when all's said and done, they're SLOANES."

PT Marilla nodded. To an outsider, the statement that Sloanes were Sloanes might not be very illuminating, but she understood. Every village has such a family; good, honest, respectable people they may be, but SLOANES they are and must ever remain, though they speak with the tongues of men and angels.

PT Gilbert and Anne, happily unconscious that their future was thus being settled by Mrs. Rachel, were sauntering through the shadows of the Haunted Wood. Beyond, the harvest hills were basking in an amber sunset radiance, under a pale, aerial sky of rose and blue. The distant spruce groves were burnished bronze, and their long shadows barred the upland meadows. But around them a little wind sang among the fir tassels, and in it there was the note of autumn.

PT "This wood really is haunted now—by old memories," said Anne, stooping to gather a spray of ferns, bleached to waxen whiteness by frost. "It seems to me that the little girls Diana and I used to be play here still, and sit by the Dryad's Bubble in the twilights, trysting with the ghosts. Do you know, I can never go up this path in the dusk without feeling a bit of the old fright and shiver? There was one especially horrifying phantom which we created—the ghost of the murdered child that crept up behind you and laid cold fingers on yours. I confess that, to this day, I cannot help fancying its little, furtive footsteps behind me when I come here after nightfall. I'm not afraid of the White Lady or the headless man or the skeletons, but I wish I had never imagined that baby's ghost into existence. How angry Marilla and Mrs. Barry were over that affair," concluded Anne, with reminiscent laughter.

PT The woods around the head of the marsh were full of purple vistas, threaded with gossamers. Past a dour plantation of gnarled spruces and a maple-fringed, sun-warm valley they found the "something" Gilbert was looking for.

PT "Ah, here it is," he said with satisfaction.

PT "An apple tree—and away back here!" exclaimed Anne delightedly.

PT "Yes, a veritable apple-bearing apple tree, too, here in the very midst of pines and beeches, a mile away from any orchard. I was here one day last spring and found it, all white with blossom. So I resolved I'd come again in the fall and see if it had been apples. See, it's loaded. They look good, too—tawny as russets but with a dusky red cheek. Most wild seedlings are green and uninviting."

PT "I suppose it sprang years ago from some chance-sown seed," said Anne dreamily. "And how it has grown and flourished and held its own here all alone among aliens, the brave determined thing!"

PT "Here's a fallen tree with a cushion of moss. Sit down, Anne—it will serve for a woodland throne. I'll climb for some apples. They all grow high—the tree had to reach up to the sunlight."

PT The apples proved to be delicious. Under the tawny skin was a white, white flesh, faintly veined with red; and, besides their own proper apple taste, they had a certain wild, delightful tang no orchard-grown apple ever possessed.

PT "The fatal apple of Eden couldn't have had a rarer flavor," commented Anne. "But it's time we were going home. See, it was twilight three minutes ago and now it's moonlight. What a pity we couldn't have caught the moment of transformation. But such moments never are caught, I suppose."

PT "Let's go back around the marsh and home by way of Lover's Lane. Do you feel as disgruntled now as when you started out, Anne?"

PT "Not I. Those apples have been as manna to a hungry soul. I feel that I shall love Redmond and have a splendid four years there."

PT "And after those four years—what?"

PT "Oh, there's another bend in the road at their end," answered Anne lightly. "I've no idea what may be around it—I don't want to have. It's nicer not to know."

PT Lover's Lane was a dear place that night, still and mysteriously dim in the pale radiance of the moonlight. They loitered through it in a pleasant chummy silence, neither caring to talk.

PT "If Gilbert were always as he has been this evening how nice and simple everything would be," reflected Anne.

PT Gilbert was looking at Anne, as she walked along. In her light dress, with her slender delicacy, she made him think of a white iris.

PT "I wonder if I can ever make her care for me," he thought, with a pang of self-distrust.

Greeting and Farewell

PT Charlie Sloane, Gilbert Blythe and Anne Shirley left Avonlea the following Monday morning. Anne had hoped for a fine day. Diana was to drive her to the station and they wanted this, their last drive together for some time, to be a pleasant one. But when Anne went to bed Sunday night the east wind was moaning around Green Gables with an ominous prophecy which was fulfilled in the morning. Anne awoke to find raindrops pattering against her window and shadowing the pond's gray surface with widening rings; hills and sea were hidden in mist, and the whole world seemed dim and dreary. Anne dressed in the cheerless gray dawn, for an early start was necessary to catch the boat train; she struggled against the tears that WOULD well up in her eyes in spite of herself. She was leaving the home that was so dear to her, and something told her that she was leaving it forever, save as a holiday refuge. Things would never be the same again; coming back for vacations would not be living there. And oh, how dear and beloved everything was—that little white porch room, sacred to the dreams of girlhood, the old Snow Queen at the window, the brook in the hollow, the Dryad's Bubble, the Haunted Woods, and Lover's Lane—all the thousand and one dear spots where memories of the old years bided. Could she ever be really happy anywhere else?

PT Breakfast at Green Gables that morning was a rather doleful meal. Davy, for the first time in his life probably, could not eat, but blubbered shamelessly over his porridge. Nobody else seemed to have much appetite, save Dora, who tucked away her rations comfortably. Dora, like the immortal and most prudent Charlotte, who "went on cutting bread and butter" when her frenzied lover's body had been carried past on a shutter, was one of those fortunate creatures who are seldom disturbed by anything. Even at eight it took a great deal to ruffle Dora's placidity. She was sorry Anne was going away, of course, but was that any reason why she should fail to appreciate a poached egg on toast? Not at all. And, seeing that Davy could not eat his, Dora ate it for him.

PT Promptly on time Diana appeared with horse and buggy, her rosy face glowing above her raincoat. The good-byes had to be said then somehow. Mrs. Lynde came in from her quarters to give Anne a hearty embrace and warn her to be careful of her health, whatever she did. Marilla, brusque and tearless, pecked Anne's cheek and said she

supposed they'd hear from her when she got settled. A casual observer might have concluded that Anne's going mattered very little to her—unless said observer had happened to get a good look in her eyes. Dora kissed Anne primly and squeezed out two decorous little tears; but Davy, who had been crying on the back porch step ever since they rose from the table, refused to say good-bye at all. When he saw Anne coming towards him he sprang to his feet, bolted up the back stairs, and hid in a clothes closet, out of which he would not come. His muffled howls were the last sounds Anne heard as she left Green Gables.

PT It rained heavily all the way to Bright River, to which station they had to go, since the branch line train from Carmody did not connect with the boat train. Charlie and Gilbert were on the station platform when they reached it, and the train was whistling. Anne had just time to get her ticket and trunk check, say a hurried farewell to Diana, and hasten on board. She wished she were going back with Diana to Avonlea; she knew she was going to die of homesickness. And oh, if only that dismal rain would stop pouring down as if the whole world were weeping over summer vanished and joys departed! Even Gilbert's presence brought her no comfort, for Charlie Sloane was there, too, and Sloanishness could be tolerated only in fine weather. It was absolutely insufferable in rain.

PT But when the boat steamed out of Charlottetown harbor things took a turn for the better. The rain ceased and the sun began to burst out goldenly now and again between the rents in the clouds, burnishing the gray seas with copper-hued radiance, and lighting up the mists that curtained the Island's red shores with gleams of gold foretoking a fine day after all. Besides, Charlie Sloane promptly became so seasick that he had to go below, and Anne and Gilbert were left alone on deck.

PT "I am very glad that all the Sloanes get seasick as soon as they go on water," thought Anne mercilessly. "I am sure I couldn't take my farewell look at the 'ould sod' with Charlie standing there pretending to look sentimentally at it, too."

PT "Well, we're off," remarked Gilbert un sentimentally.

PT "Yes, I feel like Byron's 'Childe Harold'—only it isn't really my 'native shore' that I'm watching," said Anne, winking her gray eyes vigorously. "Nova Scotia is that, I suppose. But one's native shore is the land one loves the best, and that's good old P.E.I. for me. I can't believe I

didn't always live here. Those eleven years before I came seem like a bad dream. It's seven years since I crossed on this boat—the evening Mrs. Spencer brought me over from Hopetown. I can see myself, in that dreadful old wincey dress and faded sailor hat, exploring decks and cabins with enraptured curiosity. It was a fine evening; and how those red Island shores did gleam in the sunshine. Now I'm crossing the strait again. Oh, Gilbert, I do hope I'll like Redmond and Kingsport, but I'm sure I won't!"

PT "Where's all your philosophy gone, Anne?"

PT "It's all submerged under a great, swamping wave of loneliness and homesickness. I've longed for three years to go to Redmond—and now I'm going—and I wish I weren't! Never mind! I shall be cheerful and philosophical again after I have just one good cry. I MUST have that, 'as a went'—and I'll have to wait until I get into my boardinghouse bed tonight, wherever it may be, before I can have it. Then Anne will be herself again. I wonder if Davy has come out of the closet yet."

PT It was nine that night when their train reached Kingsport, and they found themselves in the blue-white glare of the crowded station. Anne felt horribly bewildered, but a moment later she was seized by Priscilla Grant, who had come to Kingsport on Saturday.

PT "Here you are, beloved! And I suppose you're as tired as I was when I got here Saturday night."

PT "Tired! Priscilla, don't talk of it. I'm tired, and green, and provincial, and only about ten years old. For pity's sake take your poor, broken-down chum to some place where she can hear herself think."

PT "I'll take you right up to our boardinghouse. I've a cab ready outside."

PT "It's such a blessing you're here, Prissy. If you weren't I think I should just sit down on my suitcase, here and now, and weep bitter tears. What a comfort one familiar face is in a howling wilderness of strangers!"

PT "Is that Gilbert Blythe over there, Anne? How he has grown up this past year! He was only a schoolboy when I taught in Carmody. And of course that's Charlie Sloane. HE hasn't changed—couldn't! He looked just like that when he was born, and he'll look like that when he's eighty. This way, dear. We'll be home in twenty minutes."

PT "Home!" groaned Anne. "You mean we'll be in some horrible boardinghouse, in a still more horrible hall bedroom, looking out on a dingy back yard."

PT "It isn't a horrible boardinghouse, Anne-girl. Here's our cab. Hop in—the driver will get your trunk. Oh, yes, the boardinghouse—it's really a very nice place of its kind, as you'll admit tomorrow morning when a good night's sleep has turned your blues rosy pink. It's a big, old-fashioned, gray stone house on St. John Street, just a nice little constitutional from Redmond. It used to be the 'residence' of great folk, but fashion has deserted St. John Street and its houses only dream now of better days. They're so big that people living in them have to take boarders just to fill up. At least, that is the reason our landladies are very anxious to impress on us. They're delicious, Anne—our landladies, I mean."

PT "How many are there?"

PT "Two. Miss Hannah Harvey and Miss Ada Harvey. They were born twins about fifty years ago."

PT "I can't get away from twins, it seems," smiled Anne. "Wherever I go they confront me."

PT "Oh, they're not twins now, dear. After they reached the age of thirty they never were twins again. Miss Hannah has grown old, not too gracefully, and Miss Ada has stayed thirty, less gracefully still. I don't know whether Miss Hannah can smile or not; I've never caught her at it so far, but Miss Ada smiles all the time and that's worse. However, they're nice, kind souls, and they take two boarders every year because Miss Hannah's economical soul cannot bear to 'waste room space'—not because they need to or have to, as Miss Ada has told me seven times since Saturday night. As for our rooms, I admit they are hall bedrooms, and mine does look out on the back yard. Your room is a front one and looks out on Old St. John's graveyard, which is just across the street."

PT "That sounds gruesome," shivered Anne. "I think I'd rather have the back yard view."

PT "Oh, no, you wouldn't. Wait and see. Old St. John's is a darling place. It's been a graveyard so long that it's ceased to be one and has become one of the sights of Kingsport. I was all through it yesterday for a pleasure exertion. There's a big stone wall and a row of enormous trees

all around it, and rows of trees all through it, and the queerest old tombstones, with the queerest and quaintest inscriptions. You'll go there to study, Anne, see if you don't. Of course, nobody is ever buried there now. But a few years ago they put up a beautiful monument to the memory of Nova Scotian soldiers who fell in the Crimean War. It is just opposite the entrance gates and there's 'scope for imagination' in it, as you used to say. Here's your trunk at last—and the boys coming to say good night. Must I really shake hands with Charlie Sloane, Anne? His hands are always so cold and fishy-feeling. We must ask them to call occasionally. Miss Hannah gravely told me we could have 'young gentlemen callers' two evenings in the week, if they went away at a reasonable hour; and Miss Ada asked me, smiling, please to be sure they didn't sit on her beautiful cushions. I promised to see to it; but goodness knows where else they CAN sit, unless they sit on the floor, for there are cushions on EVERYTHING. Miss Ada even has an elaborate Battenburg one on top of the piano."

PT Anne was laughing by this time. Priscilla's gay chatter had the intended effect of cheering her up; homesickness vanished for the time being, and did not even return in full force when she finally found herself alone in her little bedroom. She went to her window and looked out. The street below was dim and quiet. Across it the moon was shining above the trees in Old St. John's, just behind the great dark head of the lion on the monument. Anne wondered if it could have been only that morning that she had left Green Gables. She had the sense of a long passage of time which one day of change and travel gives.

PT "I suppose that very moon is looking down on Green Gables now," she mused. "But I won't think about it—that way homesickness lies. I'm not even going to have my good cry. I'll put that off to a more convenient season, and just now I'll go calmly and sensibly to bed and to sleep."

April's Lady

PT Kingsport is a quaint old town, hearking back to early Colonial days, and wrapped in its ancient atmosphere, as some fine old dame in garments fashioned like those of her youth. Here and there it sprouts out into modernity, but at heart it is still unspoiled; it is full of curious relics, and haloed by the romance of many legends of the past. Once it was a mere frontier station on the fringe of the wilderness, and those were the days when Indians kept life from being monotonous to the settlers. Then it grew to be a bone of contention between the British and the French, being occupied now by the one and now by the other, emerging from each occupation with some fresh scar of battling nations branded on it.

PT It has in its park a martello tower, autographed all over by tourists, a dismantled old French fort on the hills beyond the town, and several antiquated cannon in its public squares. It has other historic spots also, which may be hunted out by the curious, and none is more quaint and delightful than Old St. John's Cemetery at the very core of the town, with streets of quiet, old-time houses on two sides, and busy, bustling, modern thoroughfares on the others. Every citizen of Kingsport feels a thrill of possessive pride in Old St. John's, for, if he be of any pretensions at all, he has an ancestor buried there, with a queer, crooked slab at his head, or else sprawling protectively over the grave, on which all the main facts of his history are recorded. For the most part no great art or skill was lavished on those old tombstones. The larger number are of roughly chiselled brown or gray native stone, and only in a few cases is there any attempt at ornamentation. Some are adorned with skull and cross-bones, and this grizzly decoration is frequently coupled with a cherub's head. Many are prostrate and in ruins. Into almost all Time's tooth has been gnawing, until some inscriptions have been completely effaced, and others can only be deciphered with difficulty. The graveyard is very full and very bowery, for it is surrounded and intersected by rows of elms and willows, beneath whose shade the sleepers must lie very dreamlessly, forever crooned to by the winds and leaves over them, and quite undisturbed by the clamor of traffic just beyond.

PT Anne took the first of many rambles in Old St. John's the next afternoon. She and Priscilla had gone to Redmond in the forenoon and registered as students, after which there was nothing more to do that day.

The girls gladly made their escape, for it was not exhilarating to be surrounded by crowds of strangers, most of whom had a rather alien appearance, as if not quite sure where they belonged.

PT The "freshettes" stood about in detached groups of two or three, looking askance at each other; the "freshies," wiser in their day and generation, had banded themselves together on the big staircase of the entrance hall, where they were shouting out glees with all the vigor of youthful lungs, as a species of defiance to their traditional enemies, the Sophomores, a few of whom were prowling loftily about, looking properly disdainful of the "unlicked cubs" on the stairs. Gilbert and Charlie were nowhere to be seen.

PT "Little did I think the day would ever come when I'd be glad of the sight of a Sloane," said Priscilla, as they crossed the campus, "but I'd welcome Charlie's goggle eyes almost ecstatically. At least, they'd be familiar eyes."

PT "Oh," sighed Anne. "I can't describe how I felt when I was standing there, waiting my turn to be registered—as insignificant as the teeniest drop in a most enormous bucket. It's bad enough to feel insignificant, but it's unbearable to have it grained into your soul that you will never, can never, be anything but insignificant, and that is how I did feel—as if I were invisible to the naked eye and some of those Sophs might step on me. I knew I would go down to my grave unwept, unhonored and unsung."

PT "Wait till next year," comforted Priscilla. "Then we'll be able to look as bored and sophisticated as any Sophomore of them all. No doubt it is rather dreadful to feel insignificant; but I think it's better than to feel as big and awkward as I did—as if I were sprawled all over Redmond. That's how I felt—I suppose because I was a good two inches taller than any one else in the crowd. I wasn't afraid a Soph might walk over me; I was afraid they'd take me for an elephant, or an overgrown sample of a potato-fed Islander."

PT "I suppose the trouble is we can't forgive big Redmond for not being little Queen's," said Anne, gathering about her the shreds of her old cheerful philosophy to cover her nakedness of spirit. "When we left Queen's we knew everybody and had a place of our own. I suppose we have been unconsciously expecting to take life up at Redmond just where we left off at Queen's, and now we feel as if the ground had slipped from

under our feet. I'm thankful that neither Mrs. Lynde nor Mrs. Elisha Wright know, or ever will know, my state of mind at present. They would exult in saying 'I told you so,' and be convinced it was the beginning of the end. Whereas it is just the end of the beginning."

PT "Exactly. That sounds more Anneish. In a little while we'll be acclimated and acquainted, and all will be well. Anne, did you notice the girl who stood alone just outside the door of the coeds' dressing room all the morning—the pretty one with the brown eyes and crooked mouth?"

PT "Yes, I did. I noticed her particularly because she seemed the only creature there who LOOKED as lonely and friendless as I FELT. I had YOU, but she had no one."

PT "I think she felt pretty all-by-herselfish, too. Several times I saw her make a motion as if to cross over to us, but she never did it—too shy, I suppose. I wished she would come. If I hadn't felt so much like the aforesaid elephant I'd have gone to her. But I couldn't lumber across that big hall with all those boys howling on the stairs. She was the prettiest freshette I saw today, but probably favor is deceitful and even beauty is vain on your first day at Redmond," concluded Priscilla with a laugh.

PT "I'm going across to Old St. John's after lunch," said Anne. "I don't know that a graveyard is a very good place to go to get cheered up, but it seems the only get-at-able place where there are trees, and trees I must have. I'll sit on one of those old slabs and shut my eyes and imagine I'm in the Avonlea woods."

PT Anne did not do that, however, for she found enough of interest in Old St. John's to keep her eyes wide open. They went in by the entrance gates, past the simple, massive, stone arch surmounted by the great lion of England.

PT "'And on Inkerman yet the wild bramble is gory, And those bleak heights henceforth shall be famous in story,'"

PT quoted Anne, looking at it with a thrill. They found themselves in a dim, cool, green place where winds were fond of purring. Up and down the long grassy aisles they wandered, reading the quaint, voluminous epitaphs, carved in an age that had more leisure than our own.

PT "'Here lieth the body of Albert Crawford, Esq.,'" read Anne from a worn, gray slab, "'for many years Keeper of His Majesty's Ordnance at

Kingsport. He served in the army till the peace of 1763, when he retired from bad health. He was a brave officer, the best of husbands, the best of fathers, the best of friends. He died October 29th, 1792, aged 84 years.' There's an epitaph for you, Prissy. There is certainly some 'scope for imagination' in it. How full such a life must have been of adventure! And as for his personal qualities, I'm sure human eulogy couldn't go further. I wonder if they told him he was all those best things while he was alive."

PT "Here's another," said Priscilla. "Listen—

PT 'To the memory of Alexander Ross, who died on the 22nd of September, 1840, aged 43 years. This is raised as a tribute of affection by one whom he served so faithfully for 27 years that he was regarded as a friend, deserving the fullest confidence and attachment.'"

PT "A very good epitaph," commented Anne thoughtfully. "I wouldn't wish a better. We are all servants of some sort, and if the fact that we are faithful can be truthfully inscribed on our tombstones nothing more need be added. Here's a sorrowful little gray stone, Prissy—to the memory of a favorite child.' And here is another 'erected to the memory of one who is buried elsewhere.' I wonder where that unknown grave is. Really, Pris, the graveyards of today will never be as interesting as this. You were right—I shall come here often. I love it already. I see we're not alone here—there's a girl down at the end of this avenue."

PT "Yes, and I believe it's the very girl we saw at Redmond this morning. I've been watching her for five minutes. She has started to come up the avenue exactly half a dozen times, and half a dozen times has she turned and gone back. Either she's dreadfully shy or she has got something on her conscience. Let's go and meet her. It's easier to get acquainted in a graveyard than at Redmond, I believe."

PT They walked down the long grassy arcade towards the stranger, who was sitting on a gray slab under an enormous willow. She was certainly very pretty, with a vivid, irregular, bewitching type of prettiness. There was a gloss as of brown nuts on her satin-smooth hair and a soft, ripe glow on her round cheeks. Her eyes were big and brown and velvety, under oddly-pointed black brows, and her crooked mouth was rose-red. She wore a smart brown suit, with two very modish little shoes peeping from beneath it; and her hat of dull pink straw, wreathed with golden-brown poppies, had the indefinable, unmistakable air which

pertains to the "creation" of an artist in millinery. Priscilla had a sudden stinging consciousness that her own hat had been trimmed by her village store milliner, and Anne wondered uncomfortably if the blouse she had made herself, and which Mrs. Lynde had fitted, looked VERY countrified and home-made besides the stranger's smart attire. For a moment both girls felt like turning back.

PT But they had already stopped and turned towards the gray slab. It was too late to retreat, for the brown-eyed girl had evidently concluded that they were coming to speak to her. Instantly she sprang up and came forward with outstretched hand and a gay, friendly smile in which there seemed not a shadow of either shyness or burdened conscience.

PT "Oh, I want to know who you two girls are," she exclaimed eagerly. "I've been DYING to know. I saw you at Redmond this morning. Say, wasn't it AWFUL there? For the time I wished I had stayed home and got married."

PT Anne and Priscilla both broke into unconstrained laughter at this unexpected conclusion. The brown-eyed girl laughed, too.

PT "I really did. I COULD have, you know. Come, let's all sit down on this gravestone and get acquainted. It won't be hard. I know we're going to adore each other—I knew it as soon as I saw you at Redmond this morning. I wanted so much to go right over and hug you both."

PT "Why didn't you?" asked Priscilla.

PT "Because I simply couldn't make up my mind to do it. I never can make up my mind about anything myself—I'm always afflicted with indecision. Just as soon as I decide to do something I feel in my bones that another course would be the correct one. It's a dreadful misfortune, but I was born that way, and there is no use in blaming me for it, as some people do. So I couldn't make up my mind to go and speak to you, much as I wanted to."

PT "We thought you were too shy," said Anne.

PT "No, no, dear. Shyness isn't among the many failings—or virtues—of Philippa Gordon—Phil for short. Do call me Phil right off. Now, what are your handles?"

PT "She's Priscilla Grant," said Anne, pointing.

PT "And SHE'S Anne Shirley," said Priscilla, pointing in turn.

PT "And we're from the Island," said both together.

PT "I hail from Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia," said Philippa.

PT "Bolingbroke!" exclaimed Anne. "Why, that is where I was born."

PT "Do you really mean it? Why, that makes you a Bluenose after all."

PT "No, it doesn't," retorted Anne. "Wasn't it Dan O'Connell who said that if a man was born in a stable it didn't make him a horse? I'm Island to the core."

PT "Well, I'm glad you were born in Bolingbroke anyway. It makes us kind of neighbors, doesn't it? And I like that, because when I tell you secrets it won't be as if I were telling them to a stranger. I have to tell them. I can't keep secrets—it's no use to try. That's my worst failing—that, and indecision, as aforesaid. Would you believe it?—it took me half an hour to decide which hat to wear when I was coming here—HERE, to a graveyard! At first I inclined to my brown one with the feather; but as soon as I put it on I thought this pink one with the floppy brim would be more becoming. When I got IT pinned in place I liked the brown one better. At last I put them close together on the bed, shut my eyes, and jabbed with a hat pin. The pin speared the pink one, so I put it on. It is becoming, isn't it? Tell me, what do you think of my looks?"

PT At this naive demand, made in a perfectly serious tone, Priscilla laughed again. But Anne said, impulsively squeezing Philippa's hand,

PT "We thought this morning that you were the prettiest girl we saw at Redmond."

PT Philippa's crooked mouth flashed into a bewitching, crooked smile over very white little teeth.

PT "I thought that myself," was her next astounding statement, "but I wanted some one else's opinion to bolster mine up. I can't decide even on my own appearance. Just as soon as I've decided that I'm pretty I begin to feel miserably that I'm not. Besides, have a horrible old great-aunt who is always saying to me, with a mournful sigh, 'You were such a pretty baby. It's strange how children change when they grow up.' I adore aunts, but I detest great-aunts. Please tell me quite often that I am pretty, if you don't mind. I feel so much more comfortable when I can

believe I'm pretty. And I'll be just as obliging to you if you want me to—CAN be, with a clear conscience."

PT "Thanks," laughed Anne, "but Priscilla and I are so firmly convinced of our own good looks that we don't need any assurance about them, so you needn't trouble."

PT "Oh, you're laughing at me. I know you think I'm abominably vain, but I'm not. There really isn't one spark of vanity in me. And I'm never a bit grudging about paying compliments to other girls when they deserve them. I'm so glad I know you folks. I came up on Saturday and I've nearly died of homesickness ever since. It's a horrible feeling, isn't it? In Bolingbroke I'm an important personage, and in Kingsport I'm just nobody! There were times when I could feel my soul turning a delicate blue. Where do you hang out?"

PT "Thirty-eight St. John's Street."

PT "Better and better. Why, I'm just around the corner on Wallace Street. I don't like my boardinghouse, though. It's bleak and lonesome, and my room looks out on such an unholy back yard. It's the ugliest place in the world. As for cats—well, surely ALL the Kingsport cats can't congregate there at night, but half of them must. I adore cats on hearth rugs, snoozing before nice, friendly fires, but cats in back yards at midnight are totally different animals. The first night I was here I cried all night, and so did the cats. You should have seen my nose in the morning. How I wished I had never left home!"

PT "I don't know how you managed to make up your mind to come to Redmond at all, if you are really such an undecided person," said amused Priscilla.

PT "Bless your heart, honey, I didn't. It was father who wanted me to come here. His heart was set on it—why, I don't know. It seems perfectly ridiculous to think of me studying for a B.A. degree, doesn't it? Not but what I can do it, all right. I have heaps of brains."

PT "Oh!" said Priscilla vaguely.

PT "Yes. But it's such hard work to use them. And B.A.'s are such learned, dignified, wise, solemn creatures—they must be. No, I didn't want to come to Redmond. I did it just to oblige father. He IS such a duck. Besides, I knew if I stayed home I'd have to get married. Mother wanted

that—wanted it decidedly. Mother has plenty of decision. But I really hated the thought of being married for a few years yet. I want to have heaps of fun before I settle down. And, ridiculous as the idea of my being a B.A. is, the idea of my being an old married woman is still more absurd, isn't it? I'm only eighteen. No, I concluded I would rather come to Redmond than be married. Besides, how could I ever have made up my mind which man to marry?"

PT "Were there so many?" laughed Anne.

PT "Heaps. The boys like me awfully—they really do. But there were only two that mattered. The rest were all too young and too poor. I must marry a rich man, you know."

PT "Why must you?"

PT "Honey, you couldn't imagine ME being a poor man's wife, could you? I can't do a single useful thing, and I am VERY extravagant. Oh, no, my husband must have heaps of money. So that narrowed them down to two. But I couldn't decide between two any easier than between two hundred. I knew perfectly well that whichever one I chose I'd regret all my life that I hadn't married the other."

PT "Didn't you—love—either of them?" asked Anne, a little hesitatingly. It was not easy for her to speak to a stranger of the great mystery and transformation of life.

PT "Goodness, no. I couldn't love anybody. It isn't in me. Besides I wouldn't want to. Being in love makes you a perfect slave, I think. And it would give a man such power to hurt you. I'd be afraid. No, no, Alec and Alonzo are two dear boys, and I like them both so much that I really don't know which I like the better. That is the trouble. Alec is the best looking, of course, and I simply couldn't marry a man who wasn't handsome. He is good-tempered too, and has lovely, curly, black hair. He's rather too perfect—I don't believe I'd like a perfect husband—somebody I could never find fault with."

PT "Then why not marry Alonzo?" asked Priscilla gravely.

PT "Think of marrying a name like Alonzo!" said Phil dolefully. "I don't believe I could endure it. But he has a classic nose, and it WOULD be a comfort to have a nose in the family that could be depended on. I can't depend on mine. So far, it takes after the Gordon pattern, but I'm so

afraid it will develop Byrne tendencies as I grow older. I examine it every day anxiously to make sure it's still Gordon. Mother was a Byrne and has the Byrne nose in the Byrnest degree. Wait till you see it. I adore nice noses. Your nose is awfully nice, Anne Shirley. Alonzo's nose nearly turned the balance in his favor. But ALONZO! No, I couldn't decide. If I could have done as I did with the hats—stood them both up together, shut my eyes, and jabbed with a hatpin—it would have been quite easy."

PT "What did Alec and Alonzo feel like when you came away?" queried Priscilla.

PT "Oh, they still have hope. I told them they'd have to wait till I could make up my mind. They're quite willing to wait. They both worship me, you know. Meanwhile, I intend to have a good time. I expect I shall have heaps of beaux at Redmond. I can't be happy unless I have, you know. But don't you think the freshmen are fearfully homely? I saw only one really handsome fellow among them. He went away before you came. I heard his chum call him Gilbert. His chum had eyes that stuck out THAT FAR. But you're not going yet, girls? Don't go yet."

PT "I think we must," said Anne, rather coldly. "It's getting late, and I've some work to do."

PT "But you'll both come to see me, won't you?" asked Philippa, getting up and putting an arm around each. "And let me come to see you. I want to be chummy with you. I've taken such a fancy to you both. And I haven't quite disgusted you with my frivolity, have I?"

PT "Not quite," laughed Anne, responding to Phil's squeeze, with a return of cordiality.

PT "Because I'm not half so silly as I seem on the surface, you know. You just accept Philippa Gordon, as the Lord made her, with all her faults, and I believe you'll come to like her. Isn't this graveyard a sweet place? I'd love to be buried here. Here's a grave I didn't see before—this one in the iron railing—oh, girls, look, see—the stone says it's the grave of a middy who was killed in the fight between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. Just fancy!"

PT Anne paused by the railing and looked at the worn stone, her pulses thrilling with sudden excitement. The old graveyard, with its over-arching trees and long aisles of shadows, faded from her sight.

Instead, she saw the Kingsport Harbor of nearly a century ago. Out of the mist came slowly a great frigate, brilliant with "the meteor flag of England." Behind her was another, with a still, heroic form, wrapped in his own starry flag, lying on the quarter deck—the gallant Lawrence. Time's finger had turned back his pages, and that was the Shannon sailing triumphant up the bay with the Chesapeake as her prize.

PT "Come back, Anne Shirley—come back," laughed Philippa, pulling her arm. "You're a hundred years away from us. Come back."

PT Anne came back with a sigh; her eyes were shining softly.

PT "I've always loved that old story," she said, "and although the English won that victory, I think it was because of the brave, defeated commander I love it. This grave seems to bring it so near and make it so real. This poor little middy was only eighteen. He 'died of desperate wounds received in gallant action'—so reads his epitaph. It is such as a soldier might wish for."

PT Before she turned away, Anne unpinned the little cluster of purple pansies she wore and dropped it softly on the grave of the boy who had perished in the great sea-duel.

PT "Well, what do you think of our new friend?" asked Priscilla, when Phil had left them.

PT "I like her. There is something very lovable about her, in spite of all her nonsense. I believe, as she says herself, that she isn't half as silly as she sounds. She's a dear, kissable baby—and I don't know that she'll ever really grow up."

PT "I like her, too," said Priscilla, decidedly. "She talks as much about boys as Ruby Gillis does. But it always enrages or sickens me to hear Ruby, whereas I just wanted to laugh good-naturedly at Phil. Now, what is the why of that?"

PT "There is a difference," said Anne meditatively. "I think it's because Ruby is really so CONSCIOUS of boys. She plays at love and love-making. Besides, you feel, when she is boasting of her beaux that she is doing it to rub it well into you that you haven't half so many. Now, when Phil talks of her beaux it sounds as if she was just speaking of chums. She really looks upon boys as good comrades, and she is pleased when she has dozens of them tagging round, simply because

she likes to be popular and to be thought popular. Even Alex and Alonzo—I'll never be able to think of those two names separately after this—are to her just two playfellows who want her to play with them all their lives. I'm glad we met her, and I'm glad we went to Old St. John's. I believe I've put forth a tiny soul-root into Kingsport soil this afternoon. I hope so. I hate to feel transplanted."

Letters from Home

PT For the next three weeks Anne and Priscilla continued to feel as strangers in a strange land. Then, suddenly, everything seemed to fall into focus—Redmond, professors, classes, students, studies, social doings. Life became homogeneous again, instead of being made up of detached fragments. The Freshmen, instead of being a collection of unrelated individuals, found themselves a class, with a class spirit, a class yell, class interests, class antipathies and class ambitions. They won the day in the annual "Arts Rush" against the Sophomores, and thereby gained the respect of all the classes, and an enormous, confidence-giving opinion of themselves. For three years the Sophomores had won in the "rush"; that the victory of this year perched upon the Freshmen's banner was attributed to the strategic generalship of Gilbert Blythe, who marshalled the campaign and originated certain new tactics, which demoralized the Sophs and swept the Freshmen to triumph. As a reward of merit he was elected president of the Freshman Class, a position of honor and responsibility—from a Fresh point of view, at least—coveted by many. He was also invited to join the "Lambs"—Redmondese for Lamba Theta—a compliment rarely paid to a Freshman. As a preparatory initiation ordeal he had to parade the principal business streets of Kingsport for a whole day wearing a sunbonnet and a voluminous kitchen apron of gaudily flowered calico. This he did cheerfully, doffing his sunbonnet with courtly grace when he met ladies of his acquaintance. Charlie Sloane, who had not been asked to join the Lambs, told Anne he did not see how Blythe could do it, and HE, for his part, could never humiliate himself so.

PT "Fancy Charlie Sloane in a 'caliker' apron and a 'sunbunnit,'" giggled Priscilla. "He'd look exactly like his old Grandmother Sloane. Gilbert, now, looked as much like a man in them as in his own proper habiliments."

PT Anne and Priscilla found themselves in the thick of the social life of Redmond. That this came about so speedily was due in great measure to Philippa Gordon. Philippa was the daughter of a rich and well-known man, and belonged to an old and exclusive "Bluenose" family. This, combined with her beauty and charm—a charm acknowledged by all who met her—promptly opened the gates of all cliques, clubs and classes in

Redmond to her; and where she went Anne and Priscilla went, too. Phil "adored" Anne and Priscilla, especially Anne. She was a loyal little soul, crystal-free from any form of snobbishness. "Love me, love my friends" seemed to be her unconscious motto. Without effort, she took them with her into her ever widening circle of acquaintanceship, and the two Avonlea girls found their social pathway at Redmond made very easy and pleasant for them, to the envy and wonderment of the other freshettes, who, lacking Philippa's sponsorship, were doomed to remain rather on the fringe of things during their first college year.

PT To Anne and Priscilla, with their more serious views of life, Phil remained the amusing, lovable baby she had seemed on their first meeting. Yet, as she said herself, she had "heaps" of brains. When or where she found time to study was a mystery, for she seemed always in demand for some kind of "fun," and her home evenings were crowded with callers. She had all the "beaux" that heart could desire, for nine-tenths of the Freshmen and a big fraction of all the other classes were rivals for her smiles. She was naively delighted over this, and gleefully recounted each new conquest to Anne and Priscilla, with comments that might have made the unlucky lover's ears burn fiercely.

PT "Alec and Alonzo don't seem to have any serious rival yet," remarked Anne, teasingly.

PT "Not one," agreed Philippa. "I write them both every week and tell them all about my young men here. I'm sure it must amuse them. But, of course, the one I like best I can't get. Gilbert Blythe won't take any notice of me, except to look at me as if I were a nice little kitten he'd like to pat. Too well I know the reason. I owe you a grudge, Queen Anne. I really ought to hate you and instead I love you madly, and I'm miserable if I don't see you every day. You're different from any girl I ever knew before. When you look at me in a certain way I feel what an insignificant, frivolous little beast I am, and I long to be better and wiser and stronger. And then I make good resolutions; but the first nice-looking mannie who comes my way knocks them all out of my head. Isn't college life magnificent? It's so funny to think I hated it that first day. But if I hadn't I might never got really acquainted with you. Anne, please tell me over again that you like me a little bit. I yearn to hear it."

PT "I like you a big bit—and I think you're a dear, sweet, adorable, velvety, clawless, little—kitten," laughed Anne, "but I don't see when you ever get time to learn your lessons."

PT Phil must have found time for she held her own in every class of her year. Even the grumpy old professor of Mathematics, who detested coeds, and had bitterly opposed their admission to Redmond, couldn't floor her. She led the freshettes everywhere, except in English, where Anne Shirley left her far behind. Anne herself found the studies of her Freshman year very easy, thanks in great part to the steady work she and Gilbert had put in during those two past years in Avonlea. This left her more time for a social life which she thoroughly enjoyed. But never for a moment did she forget Avonlea and the friends there. To her, the happiest moments in each week were those in which letters came from home. It was not until she had got her first letters that she began to think she could ever like Kingsport or feel at home there. Before they came, Avonlea had seemed thousands of miles away; those letters brought it near and linked the old life to the new so closely that they began to seem one and the same, instead of two hopelessly segregated existences. The first batch contained six letters, from Jane Andrews, Ruby Gillis, Diana Barry, Marilla, Mrs. Lynde and Davy. Jane's was a copperplate production, with every "t" nicely crossed and every "i" precisely dotted, and not an interesting sentence in it. She never mentioned the school, concerning which Anne was avid to hear; she never answered one of the questions Anne had asked in her letter. But she told Anne how many yards of lace she had recently crocheted, and the kind of weather they were having in Avonlea, and how she intended to have her new dress made, and the way she felt when her head ached. Ruby Gillis wrote a gushing epistle deploring Anne's absence, assuring her she was horribly missed in everything, asking what the Redmond "fellows" were like, and filling the rest with accounts of her own harrowing experiences with her numerous admirers. It was a silly, harmless letter, and Anne would have laughed over it had it not been for the postscript. "Gilbert seems to be enjoying Redmond, judging from his letters," wrote Ruby. "I don't think Charlie is so stuck on it."

PT So Gilbert was writing to Ruby! Very well. He had a perfect right to, of course. Only—!! Anne did not know that Ruby had written the first letter and that Gilbert had answered it from mere courtesy. She tossed Ruby's letter aside contemptuously. But it took all Diana's breezy, newsy,

delightful epistle to banish the sting of Ruby's postscript. Diana's letter contained a little too much Fred, but was otherwise crowded and crossed with items of interest, and Anne almost felt herself back in Avonlea while reading it. Marilla's was a rather prim and colorless epistle, severely innocent of gossip or emotion. Yet somehow it conveyed to Anne a whiff of the wholesome, simple life at Green Gables, with its savor of ancient peace, and the steadfast abiding love that was there for her. Mrs. Lynde's letter was full of church news. Having broken up housekeeping, Mrs. Lynde had more time than ever to devote to church affairs and had flung herself into them heart and soul. She was at present much worked up over the poor "supplies" they were having in the vacant Avonlea pulpit.

PT "I don't believe any but fools enter the ministry nowadays," she wrote bitterly. "Such candidates as they have sent us, and such stuff as they preach! Half of it ain't true, and, what's worse, it ain't sound doctrine. The one we have now is the worst of the lot. He mostly takes a text and preaches about something else. And he says he doesn't believe all the heathen will be eternally lost. The idea! If they won't all the money we've been giving to Foreign Missions will be clean wasted, that's what! Last Sunday night he announced that next Sunday he'd preach on the axe-head that swam. I think he'd better confine himself to the Bible and leave sensational subjects alone. Things have come to a pretty pass if a minister can't find enough in Holy Writ to preach about, that's what. What church do you attend, Anne? I hope you go regularly. People are apt to get so careless about church-going away from home, and I understand college students are great sinners in this respect. I'm told many of them actually study their lessons on Sunday. I hope you'll never sink that low, Anne. Remember how you were brought up. And be very careful what friends you make. You never know what sort of creatures are in them colleges. Outwardly they may be as whited sepulchers and inwardly as ravening wolves, that's what. You'd better not have anything to say to any young man who isn't from the Island.

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A Sombra da Mudança

En Anne Shirley comentou que a colheita havia terminado e o verão havia passado, enquanto olhava sonhadora pelos campos ceifados. Ela e Diana Barry estavam colhendo maçãs no pomar de Green Gables, mas agora descansavam em um canto ensolarado onde cardos voavam ao vento que ainda cheirava a verão e samambaias.

En A paisagem ao redor claramente mostrava o outono. O mar rugia oco ao longe, os campos estavam nus e secos, decorados com vara-de-ouro, o vale do riacho abaixo de Green Gables transbordava de ásteres roxos, e o Lago das Águas Brilhantes era de um azul profundo e constante — não o azul mutável da primavera nem o azul pálido do verão, mas um azul calmo e inabalável, como se a água tivesse se estabelecido em uma tranquilidade livre de sonhos volúveis.

En Diana disse que tinha sido um verão agradável e que o casamento de Miss Lavendar parecia um final perfeito para ele. Ela supôs que o Sr. e a Sra. Irving estavam agora na costa do Pacífico.

En Anne suspirou, dizendo que parecia que eles tinham ido embora por tempo suficiente para dar a volta ao mundo.

En Anne não conseguia acreditar que apenas uma semana havia se passado desde o casamento. Tudo parecia diferente agora que Miss Lavendar, o Sr. Allan e a Sra. Allan tinham ido embora. A casa paroquial parecia terrivelmente solitária com suas persianas fechadas; ao passar por ela na noite anterior, ela sentiu como se todos lá dentro tivessem morrido.

En Diana expressou sua convicção de que nunca encontrariam um ministro tão bom quanto o Sr. Allan. Ela temia que o inverno trouxesse apenas substitutos temporários e muitos domingos sem culto, e com Anne e Gilbert partindo, ficaria terrivelmente monótono.

En Anne sugeriu astuciosamente que Fred ainda estaria por perto.

En Diana, ignorando o comentário de Anne, perguntou quando a Sra. Lynde se mudaria.

En Anne disse que a Sra. Lynde viria amanhã. Ela estava feliz, mas isso significava outra mudança. Ela e Marilla haviam limpo o quarto de

hóspedes no dia anterior, e ela odiou fazer aquilo — parecia um sacrilégio. Aquele quarto sempre pareceu um santuário para ela. Quando criança, ela achava que era o quarto mais maravilhoso, embora nunca quisesse dormir no quarto de hóspedes de Green Gables; ela estava impressionada demais. Ela andava na ponta dos pés, segurando a respiração, como se estivesse na igreja, e se sentia aliviada ao sair. Os retratos severos de George Whitefield e do Duque de Wellington estavam pendurados lá, a encarando, especialmente se ela ousasse olhar no espelho — o único que não distorcia seu rosto. Ela sempre se perguntou como Marilla suportava limpar aquele quarto. Agora estava vazio, e os retratos foram levados para o corredor do andar de cima. Anne concluiu com uma risada tingida de arrependimento, observando que nunca é agradável ter santuários antigos profanados, mesmo quando já os superamos.

En Diana lamentou pela centésima vez que ficaria terrivelmente solitária quando Anne partisse, especialmente porque Anne iria embora na semana seguinte.

En Anne lembrou Diana alegremente que elas ainda estavam juntas e não deveriam deixar o futuro roubar a alegria do presente. Ela confessou que não gostava da ideia de partir, pois ela e o lar eram companheiros próximos. Enquanto ela se sentiria solitária entre estranhos, Diana permaneceria com amigos conhecidos e Fred.

En Diana, imitando a ênfase e o tom provocador de Anne, observou que ela teria Gilbert e Charlie Sloane.

En Anne respondeu sarcasticamente que Charlie Sloane seria realmente um grande consolo, e as duas amigas riram. Diana compreendia a opinião de Anne sobre Charlie, mas apesar das muitas conversas, permanecia incerta sobre os sentimentos de Anne em relação a Gilbert Blythe — e a própria Anne igualmente não os conhecia.

En Anne continuou, observando que os rapazes poderiam estar morando no outro extremo de Kingsport, pelo que ela sabia. Ela estava feliz por ir para Redmond e certa de que acabaria gostando, mas previu que as primeiras semanas seriam difíceis. Diferente de seu tempo em Queen's, ela não podia esperar por visitas de fim de semana em casa; o Natal parecia impossivelmente distante.

En Diana falou tristemente, observando que tudo estava mudando ou prestes a mudar. Ela confessou um sentimento de que nada seria exatamente igual novamente.

En Anne refletiu que haviam chegado a um ponto em que suas vidas naturalmente divergiriam. Ela perguntou a Diana se a vida adulta era realmente tão maravilhosa quanto haviam sonhado quando eram crianças.

En Diana admitiu que havia alguns aspectos agradáveis em ser adulta, mas também muitos confusos. Às vezes, a ideia da vida adulta a assustava, e ela voltaria de bom grado a ser uma menininha.

En Anne respondeu alegremente que provavelmente se acostuariam a ser adultas com o tempo, e que os eventos inesperados da vida eram o que a tornavam interessante. Ela destacou que tinham dezoito anos e logo fariam vinte, uma idade que ela um dia pensou ser antiga. Ela imaginava Diana como uma mulher de meia-idade estabelecida, enquanto ela própria seria uma tia solteirona, visitando e ficando em um pequeno cubículo, não em um quarto de hóspedes, já que solteironas não podiam esperar luxo. Ela pediu a Diana que sempre reservasse um cantinho para ela.

En Diana riu da tolice de Anne, prevendo que Anne se casaria com alguém esplêndido, bonito e rico, e que nenhum quarto de hóspedes em Avonlea seria grandioso o suficiente para ela. Ela então menosprezaria seus velhos amigos.

En Anne respondeu que seria uma pena estragar seu nariz bonito empinando-o, já que não tinha muitas características boas de sobra. Ela prometeu a Diana que, mesmo que se casasse com o Rei das Ilhas Canibais, não a menosprezaria.

En As garotas se despediram com uma risada leve. Diana voltou para Orchard Slope enquanto Anne foi ao correio. Lá ela encontrou uma carta esperando, e quando Gilbert Blythe a alcançou na ponte sobre o Lago das Águas Brilhantes, ela estava radiante de empolgação.

En Anne exclamou que Priscilla Grant também iria para Redmond. Ela achou esplêndido, pois esperava que Priscilla viesse, mas duvidava do consentimento do pai. Agora que ele havia concordado, elas iam morar juntas. Anne sentia que poderia enfrentar qualquer desafio, até mesmo

todos os professores de Redmond, com uma amiga como Priscilla ao seu lado.

En Gilbert disse que achava que eles iriam gostar de Kingsport. Ele tinha ouvido que era uma cidade velha e agradável, com o melhor parque natural do mundo e paisagens magníficas.

En Anne se perguntou baixinho se Kingsport poderia ser mais bonita do que seus arredores. Ela olhou ao redor com olhos amorosos e encantados, sabendo que para aqueles que realmente amam, o lar é sempre o lugar mais lindo, não importa que terras mais formosas existam em outro lugar.

En Eles se apoiaram na ponte sobre o antigo lago, absorvendo a magia do entardecer no local onde Anne um dia tinha subido de seu barco afundando no dia em que Elaine flutuou para Camelot. O pôr do sol ainda corria o céu ocidental, mas a lua estava nascendo, e a água estava como um grande sonho prateado sob sua luz. As memórias teceram um feitiço doce e sutil sobre os dois jovens.

En Gilbert comentou que Anne estava muito quieta.

En Anne confessou que tinha medo de falar ou se mover, temendo que a beleza maravilhosa desaparecesse como um silêncio quebrado.

En Gilbert colocou a mão sobre a de Anne no parapeito da ponte. Seus olhos escureceram, e ele parecia prestes a falar de seus sonhos e esperanças, mas Anne puxou a mão e se virou. A magia da noite se perdeu para ela.

En Anne declarou com uma indiferença exagerada que tinha que ir para casa, explicando que Marilla estava com dor de cabeça e que os gêmeos provavelmente estavam causando problemas. Ela acrescentou que não deveria ter ficado ausente por tanto tempo.

En Anne falou sem parar sobre coisas sem importância até chegarem ao caminho de Green Gables. Gilbert mal conseguia falar. Anne sentiu alívio quando se despediram. Ela sentira uma nova e secreta timidez em relação a Gilbert desde um momento revelador no jardim. Algo estranho havia entrado na antiga e perfeita amizade escolar, ameaçando estragá-la.

En Andando sozinha pela estrada, Anne pensou, com uma mistura de tristeza e ressentimento, que nunca antes se sentira feliz em ver Gilbert partir. Ela temeu que a tolice dele pudesse arruinar a amizade deles e resolveu não permitir que isso acontecesse, perguntando-se por que os garotos não podiam ser mais sensatos.

En Anne se sentiu inquieta, ainda claramente ciente da pressão quente da mão de Gilbert na sua por um breve momento, e achou a sensação surpreendentemente agradável—diferente de uma experiência similar com Charlie Sloane em uma festa três noites antes, que a fez estremecer de desgosto. No entanto, todos os pensamentos sobre admiradores apaixonados saíram de sua mente quando ela entrou na cozinha sem sentimentalismo de Green Gables e encontrou um menino de oito anos chorando no sofá.

En Anne pegou Davy no colo e perguntou o que havia de errado, bem como onde estavam Marilla e Dora.

En Soluçando, Davy explicou que Marilla estava colocando Dora para dormir porque Dora havia caído dos degraus externos do porão, raspando toda a pele do nariz.

En Anne confortou Davy, dizendo-lhe para não chorar. Ela reconheceu a preocupação dele, mas disse que chorar não ajudaria Dora, que ficaria bem no dia seguinte, e acrescentou que chorar nunca ajudou ninguém.

En Davy explicou que não estava chorando porque Dora caiu no porão, mas porque não tinha estado lá para ver. Ele reclamou que sempre parecia perder qualquer diversão.

En Anne, suprimindo uma risada, perguntou a Davy se ele considerava divertido ver a pobre Dora cair das escadas e se machucar.

En Davy insistiu que Dora não estava muito machucada e acrescentou que os Keiths eram resistentes, como os Blewetts. Ele contou como Herb Blewett havia caído de um palheiro, rolado por uma calha de nabos em uma baía com um cavalo selvagem e saído com apenas três ossos quebrados. Depois, perguntou a Anne se a Sra. Lynde viria no dia seguinte.

En Anne confirmou que a Sra. Lynde realmente viria e expressou sua esperança de que Davy a tratasse com gentileza.

En Davy prometeu se comportar, mas perguntou a Anne se a Sra. Lynde o colocaria na cama à noite.

En Anne reconheceu a possibilidade e perguntou o motivo.

En Davy afirmou que, se isso acontecesse, ele não recitaria suas orações na frente dela como fazia com Anne.

En Anne perguntou por que ele não faria isso.

En Davy explicou que não considerava apropriado falar com Deus na presença de estranhos. Ele afirmou que Dora poderia fazer suas orações para a Sra. Lynde se quisesse, mas ele adiaria as suas até que ela fosse embora. Então perguntou a Anne se isso seria aceitável.

En Anne concordou, com a condição de que ele tivesse certeza de que se lembraria de rezá-las.

En Davy garantiu a Anne que não esqueceria, achando a prática da oração agradável, embora menos sem ela. Ele desejava que ela ficasse e não conseguia entender por que ela queria deixá-los.

En Anne explicou que, embora não desejasse precisamente ir, sentia um senso de dever em fazê-lo.

En Davy argumentou que Anne não precisava ir se não quisesse, já que era adulta. Ele declarou que, quando crescesse, nunca faria nada que não quisesse fazer.

En Anne respondeu que, ao longo de sua vida, Davy frequentemente se veria obrigado a fazer coisas que não desejava fazer.

En Davy afirmou categoricamente que, quando crescesse, não faria tarefas indesejadas, observando que atualmente obedecia apenas para evitar punições de Anne e Marilla. Antecipando a vida adulta, ansiava pela liberdade da autoridade. Ele então perguntou se Anne estava realmente indo para a faculdade para encontrar um marido, conforme relatado pela mãe de Milty Boulter.

En Anne sentiu um breve lampejo de ressentimento, mas deu risada, percebendo que a maneira grosseira de pensar e falar da Sra. Boulter não poderia afetá-la.

En Anne disse a Davy que não ia fazer aquilo, mas sim planejava estudar, crescer e aprender sobre muitas coisas.

En Davy perguntou a que coisas ela se referia.

En Anne listou vários itens estranhos como sapatos, navios, lacre, repolhos e reis.

En Anne disse isso como uma citação.

En Davy insistiu em perguntar a Anne como ela faria para conquistar um homem se quisesse, já que o assunto claramente o fascinava.

En Anne sugeriu descuidadamente que Davy perguntasse à Sra. Boulter em vez disso, comentando que a Sra. Boulter provavelmente sabia mais sobre tais assuntos.

En Davy respondeu seriamente que perguntaria sim à Sra. Boulter na próxima vez que a visse.

En Anne gritou alarmada, percebendo que havia cometido um erro e esperando que Davy não levasse adiante.

En Davy protestou, sentindo-se injustiçado por Anne ter contradito sua própria instrução.

En Anne declarou que era hora de ir para a cama, usando essa afirmação para se livrar de uma situação constrangedora.

En Depois que Davy foi para a cama, Anne vagou até a Ilha Victoria e sentou-se sozinha, cercada por sombras iluminadas pela lua e pelo som do riacho. Ela esqueceu seus problemas e deixou sua imaginação levá-la a terras distantes e encantadas. Ela sentiu que seus sonhos eram mais valiosos que a realidade, porque as coisas visíveis desaparecem, mas as coisas invisíveis duram para sempre.

Grinaldas de Outono

En A semana seguinte passou rapidamente, cheia de visitas finais e despedidas. Algumas pessoas realmente compartilhavam a empolgação de Anne com a faculdade, enquanto outras achavam que ela precisava ser humilhada e tentavam diminuir sua confiança.

En O A.V.I.S. deu uma festa de despedida para Anne e Gilbert na casa de Josie Pye. O local foi escolhido em parte por ser espaçoso e em parte porque as irmãs Pye provavelmente se recusariam a cooperar se sua oferta fosse recusada. Para surpresa de todos, a noite foi agradável e as meninas Pye se comportaram com elegância. Josie foi especialmente amigável e até se dirigiu a Anne de forma cordial.

En Josie comentou que o novo vestido de Anne ficava bem nela, acrescentando que ela quase parecia bonita com ele.

En Anne respondeu gentilmente, com os olhos brilhando. Seu senso de humor em desenvolvimento agora tornava as palavras de Josie divertidas em vez de dolorosas, como teriam sido aos quatorze anos. Josie suspeitou que Anne estava rindo dela e sussurrou para Gertie que Anne se tornaria ainda mais orgulhosa agora que iria para a faculdade.

En Toda a velha turma estava lá, cheia de alegria e energia juvenil. Diana Barry, rosada e com covinhas, estava acompanhada por Fred; Jane Andrews parecia elegante, sensata e simples; Ruby Gillis estava mais bonita do que nunca, numa blusa de seda creme com gerânios vermelhos nos cabelos dourados; Gilbert Blythe e Charlie Sloane tentavam ficar perto de Anne; Carrie Sloane parecia pálida e melancólica porque seu pai não permitia que Oliver Kimball a visitasse; o rosto redondo e as orelhas desagradáveis de Moody Spurgeon MacPherson permaneciam inalterados; e Billy Andrews sentou-se num canto, rindo baixinho quando falavam com ele, observando Anne com um sorriso.

En Anne sabia sobre a festa, mas não que ela e Gilbert, como fundadores da Sociedade, receberiam um discurso e demonstrações de respeito — um volume de Shakespeare para ela, uma caneta-tinteiro para Gilbert. Ela ficou tão surpresa e satisfeita com as palavras gentis no discurso solene de Moody Spurgeon que lágrimas embaçaram seus olhos. Ela havia trabalhado muito pela A.V.I.S., e a sincera apreciação

dos membros aqueceu seu coração. Naquele momento, ela amava todos, até mesmo as garotas Pye.

En Ela aproveitou muito a noite, mas o final a estragou. Gilbert cometeu novamente o erro de falar sentimentalmente com ela enquanto jantavam na varanda iluminada pela lua; para puni-lo, Anne foi gentil com Charlie Sloane e deixou que ele a acompanhasse até em casa. Ela descobriu, no entanto, que a vingança machuca mais quem a pratica. Gilbert saiu levemente com Ruby Gillis, e Anne podia ouvi-los rindo e conversando alegremente. Enquanto isso, ela estava terrivelmente entediada com Charlie Sloane, que falava sem parar sem dizer nada que valesse a pena ouvir. Ela pensou como Ruby tinha estado linda e como os olhos de Charlie eram desagradáveis ao luar, sentindo que o mundo não era tão bom quanto ela acreditara antes.

En Sozinha em seu quarto, ela disse honestamente que estava apenas cansada. Mas na noite seguinte, uma alegria secreta surgiu em seu coração quando viu Gilbert atravessando o Bosque Assombrado e cruzando a velha ponte de troncos com seu passo firme e rápido. Então Gilbert não iria passar sua última noite com Ruby Gillis, afinal.

En Gilbert observou que Anne parecia cansada.

En Anne admitiu que estava cansada de arrumar a mala e costurar, mas mais importante, ela se sentia descontente. Seis mulheres a visitaram para se despedir, e cada uma fez um comentário que tirou a cor da vida, deixando-a tão sem alegria quanto uma manhã de novembro.

En Gilbert as chamou de gatas velhas maldosas.

En Anne discordou, explicando que as mulheres não eram maldosas, mas sim almas bondosas e bem-intencionadas de quem ela gostava. No entanto, seus comentários bem-intencionados abalaram sua confiança. Cada mulher expressou uma dúvida: sua saúde poderia não resistir, a despesa era muito grande, a faculdade poderia torná-la arrogante, ou ela se sentiria deslocada entre as garotas elegantes de Redmond. Consequentemente, Anne começou a se ver como uma garota do campo desanimada e mal vestida.

En Anne concluiu com uma mistura de riso e suspiro. Sua natureza sensível significava que até mesmo a desaprovação de pessoas que ela

não respeitava particularmente a afetava profundamente. Por um momento, a vida parecia sem sabor, e sua ambição se apagara como uma vela apagada.

En Gilbert garantiu a Anne que ela não deveria se preocupar com as opiniões dos habitantes da cidade. Ele destacou que eles tinham uma perspectiva muito limitada, apesar de serem boas pessoas. Ele lembrou a ela que ela era a primeira garota de Avonlea a frequentar a faculdade, e que tais pioneiras eram frequentemente vistas como tolas.

En Anne reconheceu que entendia o raciocínio de Gilbert, mas argumentou que as emoções frequentemente se sobrepõem à lógica. Ela confessou que o senso comum às vezes falha, substituído por sentimentos irracionais. Ela admitiu que, após a visita da Sra. Elisha, teve dificuldade em continuar arrumando as malas.

En Gilbert sugeriu que Anne estava apenas exausta. Ele propôs que eles dessem um passeio juntos pela floresta atrás do pântano, para ver algo que ele queria mostrar a ela.

En Anne questionou se Gilbert estava certo da sua presença, ou apenas supondo.

En Gilbert admitiu que não tinha certeza, mas acreditava que deveria estar lá com base em algo que observara na primavera. Ele encorajou Anne a se juntar a ele, propondo que agissem como crianças novamente e seguissem o vento.

En Eles partiram alegremente. Anne, recordando o constrangimento da noite anterior, tratou Gilbert com bondade. Gilbert, mais sábio, certificou-se de agir apenas como um colega amigável. A Sra. Lynde e Marila os observaram da janela da cozinha.

En A Sra. Lynde comentou com aprovação que os dois acabariam se tornando um casal.

En Marila estremeceu um pouco. No fundo, ela esperava que acontecesse, mas não gostava de ouvir o assunto ser discutido na maneira casual e fofoqueira da Sra. Lynde.

En Ela respondeu secamente que eles ainda eram apenas crianças.

En A Sra. Lynde riu de maneira bem-humorada.

En Sra. Lynde comentou que Anne tinha dezoito anos, a idade com que ela mesma havia se casado. Ela observou que as pessoas mais velhas frequentemente esquecem que as crianças crescem. Anne agora era uma jovem mulher e Gilbert um homem, e ele claramente a adorava. Sra. Lynde considerava Gilbert um rapaz fino e pensava que Anne não poderia encontrar melhor. Ela esperava que Anne não desenvolvesse nenhuma tolice romântica em Redmond, pois desaprovava instituições de ensino misto, acreditando que os alunos lá faziam pouco mais que flertar.

En Marilla respondeu com um sorriso que os alunos precisavam estudar um pouco.

En Sra. Lynde fungou que haveria muito pouco estudo. No entanto, ela achava que Anne estudaria porque não era namorada. Mas Anne não valorizava totalmente Gilbert. Sra. Lynde também mencionou que Charlie Sloane estava apaixonado por Anne, mas ela nunca aconselharia casar com um Sloane. Embora os Sloanes fossem boas pessoas, honestas e respeitáveis, afinal, eram Sloanes.

En Marilla acenou com a cabeça. Para um estranho, a afirmação de que Sloanes eram Sloanes poderia ser obscura, mas ela entendia. Toda vila tem uma família assim — boa, honesta e respeitável, mas para sempre marcada como Sloanes, não importa quão eloquentemente falem.

En Gilbert e Anne, felizmente alheios de que seu futuro estava sendo decidido pela Sra. Lynde, passeavam pelas sombras do Bosque Assombrado. Além, os morros da colheita jaziam banhados em um resplendor âmbar do pôr do sol sob um céu pálido de rosa e azul. Os distantes bosques de abetos eram bronze polido, suas longas sombras listrando os prados altos. Ao redor deles, um pequeno vento cantava entre as franjas dos pinheiros, carregando a nota do outono.

En Anne comentou que a floresta realmente parecia assombrada, mas por velhas memórias, não por seres sobrenaturais. Ela colheu um ramo de samambaias, branqueadas pela geada, e refletiu que as meninas que ela e Diana um dia foram ainda pareciam brincar ali, sentadas junto à Bolha da Dríade ao entardecer. Ela admitiu que não conseguia subir aquele caminho no crepúsculo sem um calafrio do medo antigo. Descreveu um fantasma particularmente horrível que haviam

inventado: o espírito de uma criança assassinada que se aproximava por trás e pousava dedos frios nos seus. Confessou que, mesmo agora, não conseguia deixar de imaginar seus passos furtivos atrás dela após o anoitecer. Ela não tinha medo da Dama Branca, do homem sem cabeça ou dos esqueletos, mas desejava nunca ter trazido aquele fantasma de bebê à existência. Lembrou como Marilla e a Sra. Barry ficaram furiosas com aquilo.

En Os bosques ao redor da cabeceira do pântano estavam repletos de vistas roxas e delicadas teias de aranha. Depois de passar por uma plantação sombria de abetos retorcidos e um vale ensolarado ladeado por bordos, eles encontraram a coisa que Gilbert estava procurando.

En Gilbert expressou satisfação por ter encontrado.

En Anne exclamou com alegria que era uma macieira, e tão longe do caminho principal.

En Gilbert confirmou que era uma macieira genuína, crescendo entre pinheiros e faias a um quilômetro de qualquer pomar. Ele a descobriu na primavera coberta de flores brancas e resolveu voltar no outono para ver se dava frutos. Agora estava carregada de maçãs, que pareciam apetitosas—amareladas com uma face avermelhada escura—ao contrário da maioria das mudas silvestres, que eram verdes e pouco atraentes.

En Anne especulou que a planta havia se originado anos antes a partir de uma semente que fora dispersada ao acaso. Ela admirou como ela havia prosperado e persistido por conta própria entre ambientes desconhecidos, chamando-a de planta corajosa e determinada.

En Ele apontou uma árvore caída coberta de musgo, sugerindo que Anne se sentasse nela como se fosse um trono na floresta. Ele se ofereceu para subir para pegar maçãs, observando que os frutos cresciam alto porque a árvore precisava se esticar em direção à luz do sol.

En As maçãs estavam deliciosas. Sob sua pele acastanhada, havia uma polpa branca pura levemente listrada de vermelho. Além do sabor comum de maçã, elas carregavam uma acidez única, selvagem e agradável, que nenhuma maçã de pomar cultivado poderia igualar.

En Anne comentou que nem mesmo a maçã proibida do Jardim do Éden poderia ter tido um sabor melhor. Ela então observou que deveriam ir para casa, notando que três minutos antes estava anoitecendo, mas agora a lua brilhava intensamente. Lamentou terem perdido o momento exato da transição, refletindo que tais momentos nunca podem ser capturados.

En Ele sugeriu que voltassem contornando o pântano e pegando o Beco dos Namorados para casa. Ele perguntou a Anne se ela ainda se sentia tão infeliz quanto no início da caminhada.

En Anne discordou, dizendo que as maçãs eram como maná para uma pessoa faminta. Ela estava confiante de que adoraria Redmond e teria quatro anos maravilhosos lá.

En Então veio a pergunta sobre o que aconteceria após esses quatro anos.

En Anne respondeu levemente que haveria outra curva na estrada após aqueles quatro anos. Ela não tinha desejo de saber o que havia além; era mais agradável permanecer na ignorância.

En O Beco dos Namorados estava encantador naquela noite, silencioso e escuro sob o luar pálido. Eles passearam por ele em uma companhia silenciosa e confortável, nenhum dos dois sentindo necessidade de falar.

En Anne refletiu que, se Gilbert fosse sempre como havia sido naquela noite, tudo seria tão direto e agradável.

En Gilbert observava Anne enquanto ela caminhava. Seu vestido leve e sua figura graciosa lembravam-lhe uma íris branca.

En Gilbert se perguntava se um dia conseguiria fazer Anne se importar com ele, sentindo uma pontada de desconfiança de si mesmo.

Saudação e Despedida

En Charlie Sloane, Gilbert Blythe e Anne Shirley partiram de Avonlea na manhã de segunda-feira. Anne esperava um último passeio agradável com Diana, mas o vento leste trouxe chuva. Ao se vestir no amanhecer cinzento, ela lutou para conter as lágrimas, sentindo que estava deixando seu amado lar para sempre, exceto nas férias. Ela prezava as memórias ligadas a cada lugar familiar — o quartinho da varanda branca, a velha rainha da neve, o riacho, o bosque assombrado e a Alameda dos Namorados — e se perguntava se algum dia poderia ser verdadeiramente feliz em outro lugar.

En O café da manhã em Green Gables foi um evento triste. Davy chorou sobre seu mingau e não conseguiu comer. A maioria tinha pouco apetite, mas Dora comeu calmamente, imperturbável pela tristeza. Como a prudente Carlota que continuou cortando pão com manteiga enquanto o corpo de seu amante era carregado, Dora raramente se perturbava. Ela lamentava que Anne estivesse partindo, mas ainda assim apreciava seu ovo pochê. Quando Davy não conseguiu comer o dele, Dora o comeu por ele.

En Diana chegou pontualmente com cavalo e carruagem. As despedidas foram feitas. Sra. Lynde deu a Anne um abraço caloroso e a alertou para cuidar da saúde. Marilla, sem lágrimas e brusca, beijou a bochecha de Anne e disse que esperava notícias dela, embora seus olhos traíssem um sentimento mais profundo. Dora beijou Anne formalmente e derramou algumas lágrimas decorosas. Davy, que vinha chorando desde o café da manhã, recusou-se a se despedir e se escondeu em um armário, seus soluços abafados sendo o último som que Anne ouviu ao partir.

En Ao longo da viagem até Bright River, caiu uma chuva forte. Anne teve que ir até lá porque o trem da linha auxiliar vindo de Carmody não fazia conexão com o trem do barco. Quando ela chegou, Charlie e Gilbert estavam esperando na plataforma, e o trem já estava apitando. Anne mal teve tempo de pegar seu bilhete e despachar sua mala, dar um rápido adeus a Diana e embarcar no trem. Ela desejou estar voltando para Avonlea com Diana; sentia que morreria de saudades de casa. Também desejou que a chuva deprimente parasse, como se o mundo inteiro estivesse chorando pelo verão perdido e pelas alegrias que se

foram. Até a presença de Gilbert não lhe trazia conforto, pois Charlie Sloane também estava lá, e sua natureza insuportável só era tolerável em tempo bom — não na chuva.

En Mas quando o barco partiu do porto de Charlottetown, a situação melhorou. A chuva parou e o sol começou a brilhar dourado através das aberturas nas nuvens, iluminando o mar cinzento com um brilho acobreado e clareando a névoa que velava as margens vermelhas da Ilha — uma promessa de um dia bonito, afinal. Além disso, Charlie Sloane rapidamente ficou tão enjoado que teve que descer, deixando Anne e Gilbert sozinhos no convés.

En Anne pensou impiedosamente que estava feliz que todos os Sloanes ficassem enjoados assim que entravam na água. Ela não conseguiria dar seu olhar de despedida para a ilha com Charlie parado ali fingindo olhar sentimentalmente para ela também.

En Gilbert comentou simplesmente que eles estavam partindo.

En Anne respondeu que se sentia como o 'Childe Harold' de Byron, embora não fosse realmente sua terra natal que ela estava observando. A Nova Escócia era isso, suponho, mas a terra natal de alguém é a terra que se ama mais, e para ela aquela era a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Ela não podia acreditar que não tinha vivido sempre ali; os onze anos antes de chegar pareciam um mau sonho. Fazia sete anos desde que havia atravessado naquele barco, na noite em que a Sra. Spencer a trouxera de Hopetown. Ela se lembrava de si mesma com um vestido horrível e um chapéu de marinheiro desbotado, explorando conveses e cabines com curiosidade encantada. Tinha sido uma bela noite, e as margens vermelhas da Ilha brilhavam ao sol. Agora ela estava atravessando o estreito novamente. Ela disse a Gilbert que esperava gostar de Redmond e Kingsport, mas tinha certeza de que não gostaria.

En Alguém perguntou a Anne o que havia acontecido com sua calma e atitude filosófica habituais.

En Anne disse que sua filosofia habitual estava completamente dominada por uma grande onda de solidão e saudade de casa. Ela ansiava por ir para Redmond há três anos, mas agora que estava indo, desejava não estar. No entanto, ela disse que se sentiria alegre e filosófica novamente depois de ter um bom choro, que planejava ter naquela noite em sua cama na pensão. Então ela seria ela mesma

novamente. Ela também se perguntou se Davy já havia saído do armário.

En Às nove daquela noite, o trem deles chegou a Kingsport, e eles entraram na estação iluminada e lotada. Anne se sentiu terrivelmente confusa, mas então Priscilla Grant, que havia vindo para Kingsport no sábado, agarrou-a.

En Priscilla cumprimentou Anne calorosamente e disse que supunha que Anne estivesse tão exausta quanto ela mesma estivera quando chegou na noite de sábado.

En Anne exclamou que estava completamente exausta. Ela se descreveu como inexperiente, sem sofisticação e se sentindo como uma criança. Ela implorou a Priscilla que levasse sua pobre amiga exausta para algum lugar tranquilo onde pudesse pensar.

En Prissy garantiu a Anne que a acompanharia diretamente até a pensão delas, mencionando que já havia providenciado um táxi.

En Anne expressou sua profunda gratidão pela presença de Prissy, confessando que sem ela poderia ter desabado em lágrimas. Ela refletiu sobre como um rosto familiar pode ser reconfortante em meio a um mar de estranhos.

En Prissy perguntou sobre Gilbert Blythe, observando o quanto ele havia amadurecido no último ano, e então comentou que Charlie Sloane parecia inalterado, prevendo que ele teria a mesma aparência aos oitenta. Ela orientou Anne a segui-la, dizendo que chegariam em vinte minutos.

En Anne gemeu diante da noção de "lar", prevendo uma pensão terrível com um quartinho sombrio com vista para um quintal malcuidado.

En Prissy tranquilizou Anne dizendo que a pensão era bastante respeitável, prometendo que uma boa noite de sono mudaria sua perspectiva. Ela a descreveu como uma grande casa de pedra cinza antiquada na Rua St. John, a uma curta caminhada de Redmond. Antes uma residência para famílias abastadas, a rua havia saído de moda, e as casas espaçosas agora dependiam de pensionistas para preencher seus cômodos. Prissy acrescentou que suas senhorias eram encantadoras.

En Alguém perguntou sobre o número de pessoas presentes.

En A resposta foi duas: Srta. Hannah Harvey e Srta. Ada Harvey, que nasceram gêmeas cerca de meio século antes.

En Anne sorriu e comentou que parecia incapaz de escapar de gêmeos, pois eles apareciam onde quer que ela fosse.

En O interlocutor explicou que, após completarem trinta anos, as irmãs não eram mais consideradas gêmeas. Srta. Hannah havia envelhecido de forma um tanto deselegante, enquanto Srta. Ada permanecera com trinta, o que era ainda menos elegante. O interlocutor não tinha certeza se Srta. Hannah conseguia sorrir, pois nunca a vira fazer isso; Srta. Ada sorria constantemente, o que era pior. Apesar disso, elas eram bondosas e aceitavam dois pensionistas a cada ano, não por necessidade, mas porque Srta. Hannah não gostava de desperdiçar espaço nos quartos. Srta. Ada havia mencionado isso repetidamente. Quanto aos seus aposentos, o interlocutor admitiu que eram quartos de corredor, com o dela com vista para o quintal, enquanto o quarto da frente de Anne dava para o cemitério do outro lado da rua.

En Anne estremeceu e disse que a vista parecia terrível, acrescentando que preferia a vista do quintal.

En Priscilla disse a Anne que o Old St. John's era um lugar encantador, tendo sido um cemitério por tanto tempo que se tornou uma das atrações de Kingsport. Ela o descreveu como tendo um grande muro de pedra, fileiras de árvores enormes ao redor e por dentro, e lápides antigas com inscrições peculiares. Priscilla previu que Anne iria lá para estudar. Ela mencionou que ninguém mais era enterrado ali, mas um monumento havia sido erguido em homenagem aos soldados da Nova Escócia que caíram na Guerra da Crimeia. Ela também observou que a Srta. Hannah permitia visitas de jovens cavalheiros duas noites por semana, desde que fossem embora em horário razoável, e a Srta. Ada pedia que eles não se sentassem em suas almofadas. Priscilla se perguntou onde mais eles poderiam se sentar, já que havia almofadas em todos os lugares, até mesmo no piano.

En Anne riu da conversa de Priscilla, que a animou com sucesso e afastou sua saudade de casa por um momento. Quando finalmente foi para seu pequeno quarto, ela não sentiu toda a força disso novamente. Olhando pela janela, viu a rua escura e silenciosa lá embaixo. A lua brilhava sobre as árvores do Old St. John's, atrás da cabeça escura do

leão no monumento. Anne se perguntou se realmente tinha sido apenas naquela manhã que ela deixara Green Gables, pois a mudança e a viagem do dia lhe deram a sensação de uma longa passagem de tempo.

En Anne refletiu que a mesma lua provavelmente estava olhando para Green Gables, mas decidiu não pensar nisso, pois isso a deixaria com saudades de casa. Ela resolveu não ter seu bom choro naquele momento, adiando-o para uma ocasião mais conveniente, e, em vez disso, foi calmamente e sensatamente para a cama dormir.

A Dama de Abril

En Kingsport era uma cidade pitoresca que remontava aos primeiros dias coloniais, envolta em uma atmosfera antiga como uma velha senhora em roupas de sua juventude. Embora tivesse elementos modernos, no fundo permanecia intocada, cheia de relíquias curiosas e lendas românticas. Já foi uma estação de fronteira na beira do deserto, onde os índios impediam que a vida se tornasse monótona para os colonos. Mais tarde, tornou-se um pomo de discórdia entre britânicos e franceses, ocupada por cada um por vez, e carregava cicatrizes recentes dessas batalhas.

En Kingsport tinha um parque com uma torre martelo coberta de autógrafos de turistas, um antigo forte francês desmantelado nas colinas e vários canhões antigos em suas praças. Entre seus pontos históricos, o Cemitério Old St. John's era especialmente pitoresco e encantador, localizado no coração da cidade, com casas antigas e silenciosas de dois lados e movimentadas vias modernas dos outros. Todo cidadão sentia orgulho dele, pois a maioria tinha um ancestral enterrado ali com uma lápide torta registrando sua história. As lápides eram, em sua maioria, de pedra nativa toscamente cinzelada, com pouca ornamentação; algumas apresentavam caveira e ossos cruzados ou querubins. Muitas estavam prostradas e em ruínas, com inscrições apagadas pelo tempo. O cemitério era cheio e arborizado, cercado e cortado por fileiras de olmos e salgueiros, sob os quais os mortos jaziam sem sonhos, embalados pelos ventos e folhas, sem serem perturbados pelo barulho do tráfego logo além.

En Na tarde seguinte, Anne e Priscilla foram passear pelo centro antigo de St. John's. Elas haviam se registrado como estudantes na Redmond naquela manhã e ficaram felizes em sair, pois consideravam desagradável estar entre multidões de estranhos que pareciam incertos de seu lugar.

En As novas estudantes, conhecidas como freshettes, ficavam em pequenos grupos, olhando umas para as outras com cautela. Os calouros, mais familiarizados com a vida universitária, reuniram-se na escadaria principal e cantavam alto como um desafio aos veteranos, que andavam por aí com um ar de superioridade. Gilbert e Charlie não foram vistos.

En Enquanto atravessavam o campus, Priscilla disse a Anne que nunca imaginou que ficaria feliz em ver um Sloane, mas receberia quase extaticamente a visão dos olhos esbugalhados de Charlie, pois pelo menos eram familiares.

En Anne suspirou, descrevendo seus sentimentos enquanto esperava para se registrar. Sentia-se tão insignificante quanto a menor gota num vasto balde. Já era ruim sentir-se insignificante, mas pior era ter gravado na alma que sempre seria assim. Sentia-se invisível, como se um veterano pudesse pisar nela, e acreditava que iria para o túmulo sem lágrimas, sem honras e sem canções.

En Priscilla confortou Anne dizendo que no próximo ano elas pareceriam tão entediadas e sofisticadas quanto qualquer veterana. Ela admitiu que se sentir insignificante era angustiante, mas achava melhor do que se sentir tão grande e desajeitada como se sentia, como se estivesse espalhada por toda a Redmond. Sentia-se assim porque era uns bons cinco centímetros mais alta que qualquer outra pessoa. Não tinha medo de que um veterano pudesse pisar nela; ao contrário, temia que a confundissem com um elefante ou uma ilhéu absurdamente grande alimentada a batata.

En Anne sugeriu que o problema era que eles não conseguiam perdoar Redmond por não ser como Queen's. Quando saíram de Queen's, conheciam todo mundo e tinham seu próprio lugar. Ela sentiu que inconscientemente esperavam continuar suas vidas em Redmond exatamente de onde pararam em Queen's, e agora sentiam como se o chão tivesse escorregado debaixo de seus pés. Ela agradecia que nem a Sra. Lynde nem a Sra. Elisha Wright soubessem seu estado de espírito atual, porque elas exclamariam que tinham dito a ela e estariam convencidas de que era o começo do fim. No entanto, ela acreditava que era apenas o fim do começo.

En Priscila concordou, dizendo que a ideia de Anne soava como sua verdadeira essência. Ela achou que em pouco tempo eles se acostuariam e fariam amizades, e tudo ficaria bem. Então ela perguntou a Anne se ela tinha notado a garota que ficou sozinha do lado de fora da porta do vestiário feminino a manhã toda — a bonita de olhos castanhos e boca torta.

En Anne confirmou que tinha notado aquela garota. Ela disse que a notou especialmente porque parecia a única pessoa ali que parecia tão solitária e sem amigos quanto Anne se sentia. Anne tinha Priscila, mas a outra garota não tinha ninguém.

En Priscila achou que aquela garota também se sentia muito sozinha. Várias vezes ela a viu fazer um movimento como se fosse vir até elas, mas nunca o fez — provavelmente porque era tímida demais. Priscila desejou que ela tivesse vindo. Se Priscila não tivesse se sentido tão desajeitada como um elefante, ela teria ido até ela. Mas ela não conseguiu atravessar pesadamente aquele grande salão com todos aqueles garotos gritando nas escadas. Priscila concluiu com uma risada que a garota era a caloura mais bonita que viu naquele dia, mas que o favor é enganoso e até a beleza é vã no primeiro dia em Redmond.

En Anne disse que iria ao Old St. John's depois do almoço. Ela não tinha certeza de que um cemitério fosse um bom lugar para se animar, mas parecia o único lugar acessível com árvores, e ela precisava de árvores. Ela se sentaria em uma daquelas lápides antigas, fecharia os olhos e imaginaria que estava na floresta de Avonlea.

En Anne, no entanto, manteve os olhos bem abertos, achando a Old St. John's fascinante. Eles entraram pelos portões, passando por um arco de pedra simples e maciço encimado pelo grande leão da Inglaterra.

En Anne citou um verso sobre Inkerman, descrevendo como a amora silvestre ainda estava sangrenta lá e como aquelas alturas desoladas se tornariam famosas na história.

En Anne disse isso animadamente. Eles estavam em um lugar escuro, fresco e verde onde o vento parecia ronronar. Eles caminharam pelos longos corredores gramados, lendo os epitáfios pitorescos e longos esculpidos em uma época que tinha mais lazer do que o presente.

En Anne leu de uma lápide cinzenta gasta o epitáfio de Albert Crawford, que por muitos anos foi Guardião da Artilharia de Sua Majestade em Kingsport. Ele serviu no exército até a paz de 1763, depois se aposentou por problemas de saúde. O epitáfio o chamava de oficial corajoso, o melhor dos maridos, pais e amigos. Ele morreu em 1792 aos 84 anos. Anne disse a Prissy que o epitáfio dava muito espaço

para a imaginação e que tal vida devia ter sido cheia de aventura. Ela se perguntou se ele havia ouvido todas aquelas coisas boas enquanto estava vivo.

En Priscilla disse que havia encontrado outro epitáfio e pediu que Anne ouvisse.

En O epitáfio era em memória de Alexander Ross, que faleceu em 22 de setembro de 1840, aos 43 anos. Foi erguido por alguém a quem ele serviu fielmente por 27 anos, que o considerava um amigo digno de total confiança e afeição.

En Anne refletiu que era um excelente epitáfio, observando que todos servem a algum mestre, e se a fidelidade de alguém pode ser verdadeiramente registrada em uma lápide, nada mais é necessário. Ela então apontou uma pequena pedra cinzenta para uma criança favorita e outra erguida em memória de alguém enterrado em outro lugar, perguntando-se onde estaria aquela sepultura desconhecida. Disse a Priscilla que os cemitérios modernos nunca seriam tão interessantes quanto aquele, e que já o amava e viria com frequência. Então notou uma garota no final da alameda.

En Anne concordou, dizendo que acreditava ser a mesma garota que haviam visto em Redmond mais cedo. Ela a observara por vários minutos, e a garota começara a subir a alameda meia dúzia de vezes, mas em todas voltava. Anne especulou que a garota era extremamente tímida ou tinha algo na consciência, e sugeriu que fossem encontrá-la, acrescentando que talvez fosse mais fácil fazer amizade em um cemitério do que em Redmond.

En Elas desceram o longo caminho gramado em direção à estranha, que estava sentada em uma laje cinzenta sob um enorme salgueiro. Ela era inegavelmente bonita, com uma beleza irregular, mas cativante. Seu cabelo liso brilhava como nozes marrons, suas bochechas redondas brilhavam suavemente, e seus grandes olhos castanhos e aveludados estavam sob sobrancelhas pretas estranhamente pontiagudas, com uma boca torta e vermelha como rosa. Ela usava um terno marrom elegante, do qual espreitavam dois sapatos muito elegantes, e seu chapéu de palha rosa opaco, enfeitado com papoulas marrom-douradas, tinha o ar inconfundível de uma criação de modista. Priscilla de repente se sentiu constrangida com seu próprio chapéu, enfeitado pela modista da loja da

vila, e Anne se preocupou que sua blusa caseira, ajustada pela Sra. Lynde, parecesse muito rústica e simples perto das roupas elegantes da estranha. Por um momento, ambas sentiram vontade de voltar.

En No entanto, elas já haviam parado e se virado em direção à laje cinzenta, e era tarde demais para recuar, pois a garota de olhos castanhos evidentemente concluíra que elas vinham falar com ela. Ela imediatamente se levantou e veio em frente com a mão estendida e um sorriso alegre e amigável que não mostrava nenhum traço de timidez ou consciência pesada.

En Ela exclamou ansiosamente que queria saber quem elas eram, que estava desesperada para saber. Ela mencionou tê-las visto em Redmond naquela manhã e comentou como havia sido terrível, acrescentando que por um momento se arrependeu de não ter ficado em casa e se casado.

En Anne e Priscilla riram livremente com seu comentário inesperado, e a garota de olhos castanhos se juntou à risada delas.

En Ela insistiu que realmente poderia ter se casado. Em seguida, propôs que todas se sentassem em uma lápide para se conhecerem, afirmando que seria fácil. Ela tinha certeza de que se adorariam, pois soube desde o momento em que as viu em Redmond naquela manhã, e quisera ir até elas e abraçá-las.

En Priscilla perguntou por que ela não tinha feito isso.

En Ela explicou que simplesmente não conseguia decidir fazer isso; estava sempre atormentada pela indecisão. Mal decidia algo e já sentia certeza de que outra escolha teria sido a correta. Considerava uma terrível desgraça, mas como nasceu assim, achava injusto ser culpada. Consequentemente, não conseguira decidir abordá-las, apesar de querer.

En Anne disse que eles haviam presumido anteriormente que ela era muito tímida.

En Philippa Gordon, pedindo para ser chamada de Phil, respondeu que a timidez não era uma de suas características, fosse considerada um defeito ou uma virtude, e então perguntou sobre os nomes das outras garotas.

En Anne indicou Priscilla Grant com um gesto e a apresentou.

En Priscilla então apresentou Anne Shirley da mesma maneira.

En As duas anunciaram juntas que eram da Ilha.

En Philippa afirmou que ela veio de Bolingbroke, Nova Escócia.

En Anne exclamou surpresa ao dizer que Bolingbroke era seu próprio local de nascimento.

En A interlocutora perguntou se ela estava falando sério e comentou que isso a tornava uma Bluenose.

En Anne retrucou que nascer em um lugar não definia uma pessoa, comparando ao ditado de Dan O'Connell sobre nascer em um estábulo. Ela insistiu que era essencialmente da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo.

En A interlocutora expressou satisfação por Philippa ser de Bolingbroke, fazendo-as sentir-se vizinhas, o que permitia compartilhar segredos. Ela admitiu que guardar segredos era impossível e que a indecisão era outro defeito, ilustrando com sua escolha prolongada de chapéu para o cemitério. Por fim, ela escolheu o chapéu rosa cutucando com um alfinete de chapéu e pediu uma opinião sobre sua aparência.

En Priscilla riu novamente do pedido ingênuo, feito em tom perfeitamente sério. Anne, porém, apertou impulsivamente a mão de Philippa e disse:

En Anne informou a Philippa que, naquela manhã, elas a consideraram a garota mais bonita que tinham visto em Redmond.

En A boca torta de Philippa se curvou em um sorriso encantador e torto, revelando dentes muito brancos e pequenos.

En Philippa concordou que ela mesma havia pensado que era bonita, mas queria que outros confirmassem para apoiar sua própria opinião. Ela admitiu que não conseguia nem decidir sobre sua aparência; assim que decidia que era bonita, começava a se sentir miseravelmente que não era. Ela também mencionou uma horrível tia-avó idosa que sempre dizia, com um suspiro pesaroso, que ela tinha sido um bebê tão bonito e como era estranho que as crianças mudassem ao crescer. Ela professou adorar tias, mas detestar tias-avós, e pediu a Anne que lhe dissesse com frequência que ela era bonita, se não se importasse, pois isso a fazia

sentir-se mais confortável. Ela prometeu ser igualmente útil em retorno, se Anne quisesse, e poderia fazer isso com a consciência tranquila.

En Anne riu e expressou gratidão, mas afirmou que tanto ela quanto Priscilla já estavam totalmente confiantes em sua própria atratividade e, portanto, não precisavam de garantias adicionais.

En Anne negou ser vaidosa e expressou sua alegria em conhecê-los. Ela admitiu uma forte saudade desde que chegou no sábado. Em Bolingbroke ela era uma pessoa importante, mas em Kingsport se sentia insignificante. Às vezes sentia seu espírito ficar profundamente triste. Ela perguntou onde eles moravam.

En Ela respondeu que seu endereço era trinta e oito Rua St. John.

En Anne ficou satisfeita ao saber que moravam perto, pois ela estava na Rua Wallace, logo ali na esquina. No entanto, ela não gostou de sua pensão, descrevendo-a como fria e solitária. Sua janela dava para um quintal feio onde gatos se reuniam à noite. Ela contrastou esses gatos com gatos aconchegantes perto da lareira. Na primeira noite, ela chorou a noite toda, e os gatos também choraram, deixando seu nariz inchado de manhã. Ela se arrependeu de ter saído de casa.

En Priscilla perguntou com humor como Anne conseguiu decidir frequentar Redmond se ela era realmente tão indecisa.

En Anne explicou que era o desejo de seu pai que ela viesse, não sua própria decisão. Ela achou a ideia de estudar para um diploma de bacharelado bastante ridícula para si mesma, embora admitisse que era perfeitamente capaz porque tinha muita inteligência.

En Priscilla soltou uma vaga exclamação de surpresa.

En Priscilla explicou que achava a ideia de se tornar bacharel um trabalho árduo, pois os bacharéis pareciam tão eruditos e solenes. Ela não queria vir para Redmond, mas o fez para agradar seu pai, a quem adorava. Ela sabia que, se ficasse em casa, sua mãe insistiria que ela se casasse, mas ela odiava a ideia de casamento tão jovem. Aos dezoito anos, queria se divertir antes de se estabelecer, e não conseguia imaginar como escolheria um marido.

En Anne riu e perguntou se havia tantos assim.

En Priscilla disse que muitos rapazes gostavam dela, mas apenas dois eram candidatos sérios. Os outros eram muito jovens ou muito pobres, e ela sentia que devia se casar com um homem rico.

En Anne perguntou por que ela se sentia obrigada a se casar com um homem rico.

En Phil disse que não conseguia se imaginar como esposa de um homem pobre porque não era útil e era muito extravagante. Ela insistiu que seu marido deveria ser rico, o que reduziu suas opções a dois homens. No entanto, ela achava tão difícil escolher entre dois quanto entre duzentos, sabendo que sempre se arrependeria de qualquer escolha que fizesse.

En Anne perguntou hesitante se Phil havia amado algum deles. Para Anne, era difícil discutir o profundo mistério e transformação da vida com alguém que ela mal conhecia.

En Phil respondeu que não podia amar ninguém e não queria, acreditando que o amor tornava a pessoa uma escrava e dava ao homem o poder de machucar. Ela gostava igualmente de Alec e Alonzo e não conseguia escolher. Alec era o mais bonito, e ela não podia se casar com um homem sem atrativos. Ele também era de bom temperamento, com lindos cabelos crespos e pretos, mas ela achava que ele poderia ser perfeito demais, o que não a agradaria, pois ela não teria nada para criticar.

En Priscilla perguntou seriamente por que Phil não se casava com Alonzo.

En Phil lamentou o nome Alonzo, mas observou que ele tinha um nariz clássico, o que ela considerava um conforto, já que não podia confiar no próprio nariz, temendo que ele seguisse o nariz da família Byrne de sua mãe. Ela adorava narizes bonitos e admirava o nariz de Anne. O nariz de Alonzo quase a fez decidir, mas o nome Alonzo era intolerável. Ela desejava poder escolher entre eles como fazia com chapéus: colocá-los juntos, fechar os olhos e espetar com um alfinete de chapéu.

En Priscilla perguntou a Anne como Alec e Alonzo haviam reagido à sua partida.

En Anne respondeu que os homens ainda mantinham esperança, pois ela lhes dissera para esperar até que tomasse sua decisão; ambos estavam dispostos. Ela admitiu que eles a adoravam. Enquanto isso, ela planejava se divertir e esperava ter muitos admiradores em Redmond, pois não poderia ser feliz sem eles. Ela comentou que os calouros eram notavelmente sem atrativos, exceto por um jovem bonito chamado Gilbert, que ela viu antes dos outros chegarem. O amigo dele tinha olhos protuberantes. Ela então insistiu para que as garotas não fossem embora ainda.

En Anne respondeu com frieza que elas precisavam ir, pois estava ficando tarde e ela tinha trabalho a fazer.

En Philippa perguntou se elas a visitariam e a deixariam visitá-las; ela queria ser amiga próxima, pois havia simpatizado com elas. Ela esperava que sua frivolidade não as tivesse afastado.

En Anne riu, retribuiu o aperto de Phil e disse que não, demonstrando um retorno de cordialidade.

En Philippa observou que ela não era nem de longe tão tola quanto parecia na superfície. Ela instou Anne a aceitá-la como ela era e previu que Anne viria a gostar dela. Ela comentou sobre a beleza do cemitério e expressou o desejo de ser enterrada ali. Então chamou a atenção para uma sepultura cercada por uma grade de ferro, explicando que a lápide indicava que pertencia a um jovem aspirante que havia sido morto na batalha naval entre o Shannon e o Chesapeake.

En Anne parou perto da grade de ferro e fitou a pedra desgastada, com o pulso acelerando de excitação. O antigo cemitério com suas árvores arqueadas e alamedas sombrias desapareceu de sua vista; em vez disso, ela imaginou o Porto de Kingsport quase cem anos antes. Da névoa emergiu uma grande fragata, brilhante com a bandeira inglesa. Atrás dela veio outro navio, carregando a ainda heroica forma do valente Lawrence envolto em sua própria bandeira estrelada no tombadilho. Parecia que o tempo havia voltado, e ela estava vendo o Shannon navegar triunfantemente pela baía com o Chesapeake como sua presa.

En Philippa riu e puxou o braço de Anne, chamando-a para voltar de cem anos de distância.

En Com um suspiro suave, Anne voltou ao presente, seus olhos ainda brilhando suavemente.

En Anne confessou que sempre prezara aquela velha história e, embora os ingleses tivessem vencido aquela batalha, era o bravo comandante que havia perdido que a fazia amá-la. A sepultura fazia o evento parecer próximo e real. Ela observou que o pobre jovem aspirante tinha apenas dezoito anos. Sua lápide dizia que ele havia morrido de ferimentos recebidos em uma ação valente, o que ela considerava uma homenagem adequada para um soldado.

En Antes de partir, Anne removeu o pequeno ramo de amores-perfeitos roxos que estava usando e o colocou gentilmente sobre o túmulo do jovem que havia morrido na grande batalha naval.

En Priscilla perguntou a Anne o que ela achava da nova amiga depois que Phil foi embora.

En Anne disse que gostava de Phil, achando-a cativante apesar de sua tolice. Anne acreditava, como a própria Phil dizia, que ela não era tão boba quanto parecia. Anne a descreveu como uma pessoa doce e infantil que, pensava ela, nunca amadureceria completamente.

En Priscilla disse que também gostava de Phil. Observou que Phil falava sobre garotos tanto quanto Ruby Gillis, mas enquanto a conversa de Ruby a irritava ou enjoava, ela só sentia vontade de rir com bondade de Phil. Priscilla se perguntava por que havia tanta diferença.

En Anne explicou a diferença. Ela achava que Ruby era muito consciente dos garotos e fingia estar apaixonada, se gabando para fazer os outros se sentirem inferiores. Em contraste, Phil via os garotos como amigos e gostava de ser popular sem malícia. Anne acreditava que Phil via Alex e Alonzo como companheiros de brincadeiras para a vida toda. Anne ficou feliz por ter conhecido Phil e por ter visitado a Igreja de São João; sentiu que havia começado a se sentir em casa em Kingsport, e esperava não se sentir tão desenraizada.

Cartas de Casa

En Pelas três semanas seguintes, Anne e Priscilla se sentiram como estranhas, mas então tudo em Redmond se encaixou. Os calouros se tornaram uma turma de verdade, com seu próprio espírito e ambições. Eles venceram a competição anual Arts Rush contra os veteranos, graças ao planejamento estratégico de Gilbert Blythe. Ele foi eleito presidente da turma de calouros e convidado a entrar para os Lambs, uma honra rara para um calouro. Como parte de sua iniciação, ele teve que desfilar pelas principais ruas de Kingsport usando um chapéu de sol e um avental florido, o que fez alegremente. Charlie Sloane, que não foi convidado, pensou que nunca poderia se humilhar daquela forma.

En Priscilla riu ao pensar em Charlie Sloane usando um chapéu de sol e um avental, dizendo que ele ficaria igual à avó dele, enquanto Gilbert parecia um homem mesmo com aquelas roupas.

En Anne e Priscilla rapidamente se integraram à vida social de Redmond graças a Philippa Gordon, uma garota bela e encantadora de família rica. Philippa as levou para seu círculo, e as duas garotas de Avonlea acharam fácil fazer amizades, ao contrário de outros calouros que lutavam sem esse patrocínio.

En Anne e Priscilla viam Phil como uma garota divertida e amável, embora ela fosse realmente muito inteligente. Ela estava sempre ocupada com atividades sociais e tinha muitos admiradores. Ela contava feliz a Anne e Priscilla sobre suas novas conquistas.

En Anne provocou dizendo que Alec e Alonzo ainda pareciam não ter rivais sérios pela atenção de Phil.

En Philippa concordou que escrevia para os pais toda semana, descrevendo os jovens que conhecia na faculdade. Disse que Gilbert Blythe não demonstrava interesse romântico por ela e sabia que Anne era a razão disso. Philippa confessou que deveria odiar Anne, mas, em vez disso, a amava intensamente e se sentia miserável sem vê-la diariamente. Anne a fazia sentir-se insignificante e frívola, inspirando-a a querer ser melhor e mais sábia, embora ela facilmente esquecesse suas boas intenções quando um homem atraente aparecia. Ela achava a vida universitária magnífica e estava feliz por ter conhecido Anne, pedindo a ela que repetisse que gostava dela.

En Anne riu e disse a Philippa que gostava muito dela, chamando-a de uma gatinha querida, doce e gentil, mas perguntou quando ela encontrava tempo para estudar as lições.

En Philippa conseguia se destacar em todas as aulas, até mesmo em matemática, apesar da antipatia do professor por alunas. Anne também achou os estudos do primeiro ano fáceis, graças ao trabalho constante que ela e Gilbert haviam feito em Avonlea, o que lhe dava mais tempo para aproveitar a vida social. Ela nunca esquecia Avonlea e aguardava ansiosamente as cartas de casa toda semana. O primeiro lote incluía cartas de Jane, Ruby, Diana, Marilla, Sra. Lynde e Davy. A carta de Jane era elegante, mas desinteressante, sem notícias sobre a escola ou respostas às perguntas de Anne. A carta de Ruby era efusiva, dizendo que Anne estava sendo sentida falta e perguntando sobre os homens em Redmond, com um pós-escrito mencionando que Gilbert parecia gostar de Redmond, de acordo com suas cartas, o que perturbou Anne.

En Anne ficou perturbada ao saber que Gilbert escrevia para Ruby, sem saber que Ruby havia iniciado a correspondência. Ela deixou de lado a carta de Ruby, mas achou a carta de Diana encantadora e cheia de notícias interessantes que a fizeram sentir-se próxima de Avonlea. A carta de Marilla era correta e simples, mas transmitia a atmosfera pacífica e amorosa de Green Gables. A carta da Sra. Lynde focava em assuntos da igreja, expressando preocupação com a má qualidade dos pregadores em Avonlea.

En A Sra. Lynde escreveu amargamente que apenas tolos entravam para o ministério hoje em dia, criticando os maus candidatos e seus sermões. Ela estava especialmente irritada com o atual pregador, que escolhia textos e pregava sobre tópicos não relacionados e duvidava que todos os pagãos estivessem eternamente perdidos. Ela aconselhou Anne a frequentar a igreja regularmente, alertando que os estudantes muitas vezes se descuidavam da frequência à igreja e podiam estudar aos domingos. Ela exortou Anne a ter cuidado com suas amigas e a evitar qualquer jovem que não fosse da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo.

The Shadow of Change

Pt/En

Português

Anne Shirley comentou que a colheita havia terminado e o verão havia passado, enquanto olhava sonhadora pelos campos ceifados. Ela e Diana Barry estavam colhendo maçãs no pomar de Green Gables, mas agora descansavam em um canto ensolarado onde cardos voavam ao vento que ainda cheirava a verão e samambaias.

Original English

"Harvest is ended and summer is gone," quoted Anne Shirley, gazing across the shorn fields dreamily. She and Diana Barry had been picking apples in the Green Gables orchard, but were now resting from their labors in a sunny corner, where airy fleets of thistledown drifted by on the wings of a wind that was still summer-sweet with the incense of ferns in the Haunted Wood.

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Pt/En

Português

A paisagem ao redor claramente mostrava o outono. O mar rugia oco ao longe, os campos estavam nus e secos, decorados com vara-de-ouro, o vale do riacho abaixo de Green Gables transbordava de ásteres roxos, e o Lago das Águas Brilhantes era de um azul profundo e constante — não o azul mutável da primavera nem o azul pálido do verão, mas um azul calmo e inabalável, como se a água tivesse se estabelecido em uma tranquilidade livre de sonhos volúveis.

Original English

But everything in the landscape around them spoke of autumn. The sea was roaring hollowly in the distance, the fields were bare and sere, scarfed with golden rod, the brook valley below Green Gables overflowed with asters of ethereal purple, and the Lake of Shining Waters was blue—blue—blue; not the changeful blue of spring, nor the pale azure of summer, but a clear, steadfast, serene blue, as if the water were past all moods and tenses of emotion and had settled down to a tranquility unbroken by fickle dreams.

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Pt/En

Português

Diana disse que tinha sido um verão agradável e que o casamento de Miss Lavendar parecia um final perfeito para ele. Ela supôs que o Sr. e a Sra. Irving estavam agora na costa do Pacífico.

Original English

"It has been a nice summer," said Diana, twisting the new ring on her left hand with a smile. "And Miss Lavendar's wedding seemed to come as a sort of crown to it. I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Irving are on the Pacific coast now."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne suspirou, dizendo que parecia que eles tinham ido embora por tempo suficiente para dar a volta ao mundo.

Original English

"It seems to me they have been gone long enough to go around the world," sighed Anne.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne não conseguia acreditar que apenas uma semana havia se passado desde o casamento. Tudo parecia diferente agora que Miss Lavendar, o Sr. Allan e a Sra. Allan tinham ido embora. A casa paroquial parecia terrivelmente solitária com suas persianas fechadas; ao passar por ela na noite anterior, ela sentiu como se todos lá dentro tivessem morrido.

Original English

"I can't believe it is only a week since they were married. Everything has changed. Miss Lavendar and Mr. and Mrs. Allan gone—how lonely the manse looks with the shutters all closed! I went past it last night, and it made me feel as if everybody in it had died."

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Pt/En

Português

Diana expressou sua convicção de que nunca encontrariam um ministro tão bom quanto o Sr. Allan. Ela temia que o inverno trouxesse apenas substitutos temporários e muitos domingos sem culto, e com Anne e Gilbert partindo, ficaria terrivelmente monótono.

Original English

"We'll never get another minister as nice as Mr. Allan," said Diana, with gloomy conviction. "I suppose we'll have all kinds of supplies this winter, and half the Sundays no preaching at all. And you and Gilbert gone—it will be awfully dull."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne sugeriu astuciosamente que Fred ainda estaria por perto.

Original English

"Fred will be here," insinuated Anne slyly.

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Pt/En

Português

Diana, ignorando o comentário de Anne, perguntou quando a Sra. Lynde se mudaria.

Original English

"When is Mrs. Lynde going to move up?" asked Diana, as if she had not heard Anne's remark.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que a Sra. Lynde viria amanhã. Ela estava feliz, mas isso significava outra mudança. Ela e Marilla haviam limpo o quarto de hóspedes no dia anterior, e ela odiou fazer aquilo — parecia um sacrilégio. Aquele quarto sempre pareceu um santuário para ela. Quando criança, ela achava que era o quarto mais maravilhoso, embora nunca quisesse dormir no quarto de hóspedes de Green Gables; ela estava impressionada demais. Ela andava na ponta dos pés, segurando a respiração, como se estivesse na igreja, e se sentia aliviada ao sair. Os retratos severos de George Whitefield e do Duque de Wellington estavam pendurados lá, a encarando, especialmente se ela ousasse olhar no espelho — o único que não distorcia seu rosto. Ela sempre se perguntou como Marilla suportava limpar aquele quarto. Agora estava vazio, e os retratos foram levados para o corredor do andar de cima. Anne concluiu com uma risada tingida de arrependimento, observando que nunca é agradável ter santuários antigos profanados, mesmo quando já os superamos.

Original English

"Tomorrow. I'm glad she's coming—but it will be another change. Marilla and I cleared everything out of the spare room yesterday. Do you know, I hated to do it? Of course, it was silly—but it did seem as if we were committing sacrilege. That old spare room has always seemed like a shrine to me. When I was a child I thought it the most wonderful apartment in the world. You remember what a consuming desire I had to sleep in a spare room bed—but not the Green Gables spare room. Oh, no, never there! It would have been too terrible—I couldn't have slept a wink from awe. I never WALKED through that room when Marilla sent me in on an errand—no, indeed, I tiptoed through it and held my breath, as if I were in church, and felt relieved when I got out of it. The pictures of George Whitefield and the Duke of Wellington hung there, one on each side of the mirror, and frowned so sternly at me all the time I was in, especially if I dared peep in the mirror, which was the only one in the house that didn't twist my face a little. I always wondered how Marilla dared houseclean that room. And now it's not only cleaned but stripped bare. George Whitefield and the Duke have been relegated to the upstairs hall. 'So passes the glory of this world,'" concluded Anne, with a laugh in which there was a little note of regret. It is never pleasant to have our old shrines desecrated, even when we have outgrown them.

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Pt/En

Português

Diana lamentou pela centésima vez que ficaria terrivelmente solitária quando Anne partisse, especialmente porque Anne iria embora na semana seguinte.

Original English

"I'll be so lonesome when you go," moaned Diana for the hundredth time.
"And to think you go next week!"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne lembrou Diana alegremente que elas ainda estavam juntas e não deveriam deixar o futuro roubar a alegria do presente. Ela confessou que não gostava da ideia de partir, pois ela e o lar eram companheiros próximos. Enquanto ela se sentiria solitária entre estranhos, Diana permaneceria com amigos conhecidos e Fred.

Original English

"But we're together still," said Anne cheerily. "We mustn't let next week rob us of this week's joy. I hate the thought of going myself—home and I are such good friends. Talk of being lonesome! It's I who should groan. YOU'LL be here with any number of your old friends—AND Fred! While I shall be alone among strangers, not knowing a soul!"

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Pt/En

Português

Diana, imitando a ênfase e o tom provocador de Anne, observou que ela teria Gilbert e Charlie Sloane.

Original English

"EXCEPT Gilbert—AND Charlie Sloane," said Diana, imitating Anne's italics and slyness.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu sarcasticamente que Charlie Sloane seria realmente um grande consolo, e as duas amigas riram. Diana compreendia a opinião de Anne sobre Charlie, mas apesar das muitas conversas, permanecia incerta sobre os sentimentos de Anne em relação a Gilbert Blythe — e a própria Anne igualmente não os conhecia.

Original English

"Charlie Sloane will be a great comfort, of course," agreed Anne sarcastically; whereupon both those irresponsible damsels laughed. Diana knew exactly what Anne thought of Charlie Sloane; but, despite sundry confidential talks, she did not know just what Anne thought of Gilbert Blythe. To be sure, Anne herself did not know that.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne continuou, observando que os rapazes poderiam estar morando no outro extremo de Kingsport, pelo que ela sabia. Ela estava feliz por ir para Redmond e certa de que acabaria gostando, mas previu que as primeiras semanas seriam difíceis. Diferente de seu tempo em Queen's, ela não podia esperar por visitas de fim de semana em casa; o Natal parecia impossivelmente distante.

Original English

"The boys may be boarding at the other end of Kingsport, for all I know," Anne went on. "I am glad I'm going to Redmond, and I am sure I shall like it after a while. But for the first few weeks I know I won't. I shan't even have the comfort of looking forward to the weekend visit home, as I had when I went to Queen's. Christmas will seem like a thousand years away."

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Pt/En

Português

Diana falou tristemente, observando que tudo estava mudando ou prestes a mudar. Ela confessou um sentimento de que nada seria exatamente igual novamente.

Original English

"Everything is changing—or going to change," said Diana sadly. "I have a feeling that things will never be the same again, Anne."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne refletiu que haviam chegado a um ponto em que suas vidas naturalmente divergiriam. Ela perguntou a Diana se a vida adulta era realmente tão maravilhosa quanto haviam sonhado quando eram crianças.

Original English

"We have come to a parting of the ways, I suppose," said Anne thoughtfully. "We had to come to it. Do you think, Diana, that being grown-up is really as nice as we used to imagine it would be when we were children?"

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Pt/En

Português

Diana admitiu que havia alguns aspectos agradáveis em ser adulta, mas também muitos confusos. Às vezes, a ideia da vida adulta a assustava, e ela voltaria de bom grado a ser uma menininha.

Original English

"I don't know—there are SOME nice things about it," answered Diana, again caressing her ring with that little smile which always had the effect of making Anne feel suddenly left out and inexperienced. "But there are so many puzzling things, too. Sometimes I feel as if being grown-up just frightened me—and then I would give anything to be a little girl again."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu alegremente que provavelmente se acostuariam a ser adultas com o tempo, e que os eventos inesperados da vida eram o que a tornavam interessante. Ela destacou que tinham dezoito anos e logo fariam vinte, uma idade que ela um dia pensou ser antiga. Ela imaginava Diana como uma mulher de meia-idade estabelecida, enquanto ela própria seria uma tia solteirona, visitando e ficando em um pequeno cubículo, não em um quarto de hóspedes, já que solteironas não podiam esperar luxo. Ela pediu a Diana que sempre reservasse um cantinho para ela.

Original English

"I suppose we'll get used to being grownup in time," said Anne cheerfully. "There won't be so many unexpected things about it by and by—though, after all, I fancy it's the unexpected things that give spice to life. We're eighteen, Diana. In two more years we'll be twenty. When I was ten I thought twenty was a green old age. In no time you'll be a staid, middle-aged matron, and I shall be nice, old maid Aunt Anne, coming to visit you on vacations. You'll always keep a corner for me, won't you, Di darling? Not the spare room, of course—old maids can't aspire to spare rooms, and I shall be as 'umble as Uriah Heep, and quite content with a little over-the-porch or off-the-parlor cubby hole."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Diana riu da tolice de Anne, prevendo que Anne se casaria com alguém esplêndido, bonito e rico, e que nenhum quarto de hóspedes em Avonlea seria grandioso o suficiente para ela. Ela então menosprezaria seus velhos amigos.

Original English

"What nonsense you do talk, Anne," laughed Diana. "You'll marry somebody splendid and handsome and rich—and no spare room in Avonlea will be half gorgeous enough for you—and you'll turn up your nose at all the friends of your youth."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que seria uma pena estragar seu nariz bonito empinando-o, já que não tinha muitas características boas de sobra. Ela prometeu a Diana que, mesmo que se casasse com o Rei das Ilhas Canibais, não a menosprezaria.

Original English

"That would be a pity; my nose is quite nice, but I fear turning it up would spoil it," said Anne, patting that shapely organ. "I haven't so many good features that I could afford to spoil those I have; so, even if I should marry the King of the Cannibal Islands, I promise you I won't turn up my nose at you, Diana."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

As garotas se despediram com uma risada leve. Diana voltou para Orchard Slope enquanto Anne foi ao correio. Lá ela encontrou uma carta esperando, e quando Gilbert Blythe a alcançou na ponte sobre o Lago das Águas Brilhantes, ela estava radiante de empolgação.

Original English

With another gay laugh the girls separated, Diana to return to Orchard Slope, Anne to walk to the Post Office. She found a letter awaiting her there, and when Gilbert Blythe overtook her on the bridge over the Lake of Shining Waters she was sparkling with the excitement of it.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou que Priscilla Grant também iria para Redmond. Ela achou esplêndido, pois esperava que Priscilla viesse, mas duvidava do consentimento do pai. Agora que ele havia concordado, elas iam morar juntas. Anne sentia que poderia enfrentar qualquer desafio, até mesmo todos os professores de Redmond, com uma amiga como Priscilla ao seu lado.

Original English

"Priscilla Grant is going to Redmond, too," she exclaimed. "Isn't that splendid? I hoped she would, but she didn't think her father would consent. He has, however, and we're to board together. I feel that I can face an army with banners—or all the professors of Redmond in one fell phalanx—with a chum like Priscilla by my side."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert disse que achava que eles iriam gostar de Kingsport. Ele tinha ouvido que era uma cidade velha e agradável, com o melhor parque natural do mundo e paisagens magníficas.

Original English

"I think we'll like Kingsport," said Gilbert. "It's a nice old burg, they tell me, and has the finest natural park in the world. I've heard that the scenery in it is magnificent."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne se perguntou baixinho se Kingsport poderia ser mais bonita do que seus arredores. Ela olhou ao redor com olhos amorosos e encantados, sabendo que para aqueles que realmente amam, o lar é sempre o lugar mais lindo, não importa que terras mais formosas existam em outro lugar.

Original English

"I wonder if it will be—can be—any more beautiful than this," murmured Anne, looking around her with the loving, enraptured eyes of those to whom "home" must always be the loveliest spot in the world, no matter what fairer lands may lie under alien stars.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Eles se apoiaram na ponte sobre o antigo lago, absorvendo a magia do entardecer no local onde Anne um dia tinha subido de seu barco afundando no dia em que Elaine flutuou para Camelot. O pôr do sol ainda coloria o céu ocidental, mas a lua estava nascendo, e a água estava como um grande sonho prateado sob sua luz. As memórias teceram um feitiço doce e sutil sobre os dois jovens.

Original English

They were leaning on the bridge of the old pond, drinking deep of the enchantment of the dusk, just at the spot where Anne had climbed from her sinking Dory on the day Elaine floated down to Camelot. The fine, empurpling dye of sunset still stained the western skies, but the moon was rising and the water lay like a great, silver dream in her light. Remembrance wove a sweet and subtle spell over the two young creatures.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert comentou que Anne estava muito quieta.

Original English

"You are very quiet, Anne," said Gilbert at last.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne confessou que tinha medo de falar ou se mover, temendo que a beleza maravilhosa desaparecesse como um silêncio quebrado.

Original English

"I'm afraid to speak or move for fear all this wonderful beauty will vanish just like a broken silence," breathed Anne.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert colocou a mão sobre a de Anne no parapeito da ponte. Seus olhos escureceram, e ele parecia prestes a falar de seus sonhos e esperanças, mas Anne puxou a mão e se virou. A magia da noite se perdeu para ela.

Original English

Gilbert suddenly laid his hand over the slender white one lying on the rail of the bridge. His hazel eyes deepened into darkness, his still boyish lips opened to say something of the dream and hope that thrilled his soul. But Anne snatched her hand away and turned quickly. The spell of the dusk was broken for her.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou com uma indiferença exagerada que tinha que ir para casa, explicando que Marilla estava com dor de cabeça e que os gêmeos provavelmente estavam causando problemas. Ela acrescentou que não deveria ter ficado ausente por tanto tempo.

Original English

"I must go home," she exclaimed, with a rather overdone carelessness. "Marilla had a headache this afternoon, and I'm sure the twins will be in some dreadful mischief by this time. I really shouldn't have stayed away so long."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne falou sem parar sobre coisas sem importância até chegarem ao caminho de Green Gables. Gilbert mal conseguia falar. Anne sentiu alívio quando se despediram. Ela sentira uma nova e secreta timidez em relação a Gilbert desde um momento revelador no jardim. Algo estranho havia entrado na antiga e perfeita amizade escolar, ameaçando estragá-la.

Original English

She chattered ceaselessly and inconsequently until they reached the Green Gables lane. Poor Gilbert hardly had a chance to get a word in

edgewise. Anne felt rather relieved when they parted. There had been a new, secret self-consciousness in her heart with regard to Gilbert, ever since that fleeting moment of revelation in the garden of Echo Lodge. Something alien had intruded into the old, perfect, school-day comradeship—something that threatened to mar it.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Andando sozinha pela estrada, Anne pensou, com uma mistura de tristeza e ressentimento, que nunca antes se sentira feliz em ver Gilbert partir. Ela temeu que a tolice dele pudesse arruinar a amizade deles e resolveu não permitir que isso acontecesse, perguntando-se por que os garotos não podiam ser mais sensatos.

Original English

"I never felt glad to see Gilbert go before," she thought, half-resentfully, half-sorrowfully, as she walked alone up the lane. "Our friendship will be spoiled if he goes on with this nonsense. It mustn't be spoiled—I won't let it. Oh, WHY can't boys be just sensible!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne se sentiu inquieta, ainda claramente ciente da pressão quente da mão de Gilbert na sua por um breve momento, e achou a sensação surpreendentemente agradável—diferente de uma experiência similar com Charlie Sloane em uma festa três noites antes, que a fez estremecer de desgosto. No entanto, todos os pensamentos sobre admiradores apaixonados saíram de sua mente quando ela entrou na cozinha sem sentimentalismo de Green Gables e encontrou um menino de oito anos chorando no sofá.

Original English

Anne had an uneasy doubt that it was not strictly "sensible" that she should still feel on her hand the warm pressure of Gilbert's, as distinctly as she had felt it for the swift second his had rested there; and still less sensible that the sensation was far from being an unpleasant one—very different from that which had attended a similar demonstration on Charlie Sloane's part, when she had been sitting out a dance with him at a White Sands party

three nights before. Anne shivered over the disagreeable recollection. But all problems connected with infatuated swains vanished from her mind when she entered the homely, unsentimental atmosphere of the Green Gables kitchen where an eight-year-old boy was crying grievously on the sofa.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne pegou Davy no colo e perguntou o que havia de errado, bem como onde estavam Marilla e Dora.

Original English

"What is the matter, Davy?" asked Anne, taking him up in her arms. "Where are Marilla and Dora?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Soluçando, Davy explicou que Marilla estava colocando Dora para dormir porque Dora havia caído dos degraus externos do porão, raspando toda a pele do nariz.

Original English

"Marilla's putting Dora to bed," sobbed Davy, "and I'm crying 'cause Dora fell down the outside cellar steps, heels over head, and scraped all the skin off her nose, and—"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne confortou Davy, dizendo-lhe para não chorar. Ela reconheceu a preocupação dele, mas disse que chorar não ajudaria Dora, que ficaria bem no dia seguinte, e acrescentou que chorar nunca ajudou ninguém.

Original English

"Oh, well, don't cry about it, dear. Of course, you are sorry for her, but crying won't help her any. She'll be all right tomorrow. Crying never helps

any one, Davy-boy, and—"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy explicou que não estava chorando porque Dora caiu no porão, mas porque não tinha estado lá para ver. Ele reclamou que sempre parecia perder qualquer diversão.

Original English

"I ain't crying 'cause Dora fell down cellar," said Davy, cutting short Anne's wellmeant preachment with increasing bitterness. "I'm crying, cause I wasn't there to see her fall. I'm always missing some fun or other, seems to me."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne, suprimindo uma risada, perguntou a Davy se ele considerava divertido ver a pobre Dora cair das escadas e se machucar.

Original English

"Oh, Davy!" Anne choked back an unholy shriek of laughter. "Would you call it fun to see poor little Dora fall down the steps and get hurt?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy insistiu que Dora não estava muito machucada e acrescentou que os Keiths eram resistentes, como os Blewetts. Ele contou como Herb Blewett havia caído de um palheiro, rolado por uma calha de nabos em uma baía com um cavalo selvagem e saído com apenas três ossos quebrados. Depois, perguntou a Anne se a Sra. Lynde viria no dia seguinte.

Original English

"She wasn't MUCH hurt," said Davy, defiantly. "'Course, if she'd been killed I'd have been real sorry, Anne. But the Keiths ain't so easy killed. They're like the Blewetts, I guess. Herb Blewett fell off the hayloft last Wednesday,

and rolled right down through the turnip chute into the box stall, where they had a fearful wild, cross horse, and rolled right under his heels. And still he got out alive, with only three bones broke. Mrs. Lynde says there are some folks you can't kill with a meat-axe. Is Mrs. Lynde coming here tomorrow, Anne?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne confirmou que a Sra. Lynde realmente viria e expressou sua esperança de que Davy a tratasse com gentileza.

Original English

"Yes, Davy, and I hope you'll be always very nice and good to her."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy prometeu se comportar, mas perguntou a Anne se a Sra. Lynde o colocaria na cama à noite.

Original English

"I'll be nice and good. But will she ever put me to bed at nights, Anne?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne reconheceu a possibilidade e perguntou o motivo.

Original English

"Perhaps. Why?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy afirmou que, se isso acontecesse, ele não recitaria suas orações na frente dela como fazia com Anne.

Original English

"Cause," said Davy very decidedly, "if she does I won't say my prayers before her like I do before you, Anne."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou por que ele não faria isso.

Original English

"Why not?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy explicou que não considerava apropriado falar com Deus na presença de estranhos. Ele afirmou que Dora poderia fazer suas orações para a Sra. Lynde se quisesse, mas ele adiaria as suas até que ela fosse embora. Então perguntou a Anne se isso seria aceitável.

Original English

"Cause I don't think it would be nice to talk to God before strangers, Anne. Dora can say hers to Mrs. Lynde if she likes, but I won't. I'll wait till she's gone and then say 'em. Won't that be all right, Anne?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne concordou, com a condição de que ele tivesse certeza de que se lembraria de rezá-las.

Original English

"Yes, if you are sure you won't forget to say them, Davy-boy."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy garantiu a Anne que não esqueceria, achando a prática da oração agradável, embora menos sem ela. Ele desejava que ela ficasse e não conseguia entender por que ela queria deixá-los.

Original English

"Oh, I won't forget, you bet. I think saying my prayers is great fun. But it won't be as good fun saying them alone as saying them to you. I wish you'd stay home, Anne. I don't see what you want to go away and leave us for."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que, embora não desejasse precisamente ir, sentia um senso de dever em fazê-lo.

Original English

"I don't exactly WANT to, Davy, but I feel I ought to go."

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Pt/En

Português

Davy argumentou que Anne não precisava ir se não quisesse, já que era adulta. Ele declarou que, quando crescesse, nunca faria nada que não quisesse fazer.

Original English

"If you don't want to go you needn't. You're grown up. When I 'm grown up I'm not going to do one single thing I don't want to do, Anne."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que, ao longo de sua vida, Davy frequentemente se veria obrigado a fazer coisas que não desejava fazer.

Original English

"All your life, Davy, you'll find yourself doing things you don't want to do."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy afirmou categoricamente que, quando crescesse, não faria tarefas indesejadas, observando que atualmente obedecia apenas para evitar punições de Anne e Marilla. Antecipando a vida adulta, ansiava pela liberdade da autoridade. Ele então perguntou se Anne estava realmente indo para a faculdade para encontrar um marido, conforme relatado pela mãe de Milty Boulter.

Original English

"I won't," said Davy flatly. "Catch me! I have to do things I don't want to now 'cause you and Marilla'll send me to bed if I don't. But when I grow up you can't do that, and there'll be nobody to tell me not to do things. Won't I have the time! Say, Anne, Milty Boulter says his mother says you're going to college to see if you can catch a man. Are you, Anne? I want to know."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne sentiu um breve lampejo de ressentimento, mas deu risada, percebendo que a maneira grosseira de pensar e falar da Sra. Boulter não poderia afetá-la.

Original English

For a second Anne burned with resentment. Then she laughed, reminding herself that Mrs. Boulter's crude vulgarity of thought and speech could not harm her.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse a Davy que não ia fazer aquilo, mas sim planejava estudar, crescer e aprender sobre muitas coisas.

Original English

"No, Davy, I'm not. I'm going to study and grow and learn about many things."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Davy perguntou a que coisas ela se referia.

Original English

"What things?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne listou vários itens estranhos como sapatos, navios, lacre, repolhos e reis.

Original English

"Shoes and ships and sealing wax And cabbages and kings,"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse isso como uma citação.

Original English

quoted Anne.

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Pt/En

Português

Davy insistiu em perguntar a Anne como ela faria para conquistar um homem se quisesse, já que o assunto claramente o fascinava.

Original English

"But if you DID want to catch a man how would you go about it? I want to know," persisted Davy, for whom the subject evidently possessed a certain fascination.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne sugeriu descuidadamente que Davy perguntasse à Sra. Boulter em vez disso, comentando que a Sra. Boulter provavelmente sabia mais sobre tais assuntos.

Original English

"You'd better ask Mrs. Boulter," said Anne thoughtlessly. "I think it's likely she knows more about the process than I do."

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Pt/En

Português

Davy respondeu seriamente que perguntaria sim à Sra. Boulter na próxima vez que a visse.

Original English

"I will, the next time I see her," said Davy gravely.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne gritou alarmada, percebendo que havia cometido um erro e esperando que Davy não levasse adiante.

Original English

"Davy! If you do!" cried Anne, realizing her mistake.

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Pt/En

Português

Davy protestou, sentindo-se injustiçado por Anne ter contradito sua própria instrução.

Original English

"But you just told me to," protested Davy aggrieved.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne declarou que era hora de ir para a cama, usando essa afirmação para se livrar de uma situação constrangedora.

Original English

"It's time you went to bed," decreed Anne, by way of getting out of the scrape.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois que Davy foi para a cama, Anne vagou até a Ilha Victoria e sentou-se sozinha, cercada por sombras iluminadas pela lua e pelo som do riacho. Ela esqueceu seus problemas e deixou sua imaginação levá-la a terras distantes e encantadas. Ela sentiu que seus sonhos eram mais valiosos que a realidade, porque as coisas visíveis desaparecem, mas as coisas invisíveis duram para sempre.

Original English

After Davy had gone to bed Anne wandered down to Victoria Island and sat there alone, curtained with fine-spun, moonlit gloom, while the water laughed around her in a duet of brook and wind. Anne had always loved that brook. Many a dream had she spun over its sparkling water in days gone by. She forgot lovelorn youths, and the cayenne speeches of malicious neighbors, and all the problems of her girlish existence. In imagination she sailed over storied seas that wash the distant shining shores of "faery lands forlorn," where lost Atlantis and Elysium lie, with the

evening star for pilot, to the land of Heart's Desire. And she was richer in those dreams than in realities; for things seen pass away, but the things that are unseen are eternal.

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Garlands of Autumn

Pt/En

Português

A semana seguinte passou rapidamente, cheia de visitas finais e despedidas. Algumas pessoas realmente compartilhavam a empolgação de Anne com a faculdade, enquanto outras achavam que ela precisava ser humilhada e tentavam diminuir sua confiança.

Original English

The following week sped swiftly, crowded with innumerable "last things," as Anne called them. Good-bye calls had to be made and received, being pleasant or otherwise, according to whether callers and called-upon were heartily in sympathy with Anne's hopes, or thought she was too much puffed-up over going to college and that it was their duty to "take her down a peg or two."

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Pt/En

Português

O A.V.I.S. deu uma festa de despedida para Anne e Gilbert na casa de Josie Pye. O local foi escolhido em parte por ser espaçoso e em parte porque as irmãs Pye provavelmente se recusariam a cooperar se sua oferta fosse recusada. Para surpresa de todos, a noite foi agradável e as meninas Pye se comportaram com elegância. Josie foi especialmente amigável e até se dirigiu a Anne de forma cordial.

Original English

The A.V.I.S. gave a farewell party in honor of Anne and Gilbert one evening at the home of Josie Pye, choosing that place, partly because Mr. Pye's house was large and convenient, partly because it was strongly suspected that the Pye girls would have nothing to do with the affair if their offer of the house for the party was not accepted. It was a very pleasant little time, for the Pye girls were gracious, and said and did nothing to mar the harmony

of the occasion—which was not according to their wont. Josie was unusually amiable—so much so that she even remarked condescendingly to Anne,

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Pt/En

Português

Josie comentou que o novo vestido de Anne ficava bem nela, acrescentando que ela quase parecia bonita com ele.

Original English

"Your new dress is rather becoming to you, Anne. Really, you look ALMOST PRETTY in it."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu gentilmente, com os olhos brilhando. Seu senso de humor em desenvolvimento agora tornava as palavras de Josie divertidas em vez de dolorosas, como teriam sido aos quatorze anos. Josie suspeitou que Anne estava rindo dela e sussurrou para Gertie que Anne se tornaria ainda mais orgulhosa agora que iria para a faculdade.

Original English

"How kind of you to say so," responded Anne, with dancing eyes. Her sense of humor was developing, and the speeches that would have hurt her at fourteen were becoming merely food for amusement now. Josie suspected that Anne was laughing at her behind those wicked eyes; but she contented herself with whispering to Gertie, as they went downstairs, that Anne Shirley would put on more airs than ever now that she was going to college—you'd see!

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Pt/En

Português

Toda a velha turma estava lá, cheia de alegria e energia juvenil. Diana Barry, rosada e com covinhas, estava acompanhada por Fred; Jane Andrews parecia elegante, sensata e simples; Ruby Gillis estava mais bonita do que nunca, numa blusa de seda creme com gerânios vermelhos nos cabelos dourados; Gilbert Blythe e Charlie Sloane tentavam ficar perto de Anne; Carrie Sloane parecia pálida e melancólica porque seu pai não permitia que Oliver Kimball a visitasse; o rosto redondo e as orelhas desagradáveis de Moody Spurgeon MacPherson permaneciam inalterados; e Billy Andrews sentou-se num canto, rindo baixinho quando falavam com ele, observando Anne com um sorriso.

Original English

All the "old crowd" was there, full of mirth and zest and youthful lightheartedness. Diana Barry, rosy and dimpled, shadowed by the faithful Fred; Jane Andrews, neat and sensible and plain; Ruby Gillis, looking her handsomest and brightest in a cream silk blouse, with red geraniums in her golden hair; Gilbert Blythe and Charlie Sloane, both trying to keep as near the elusive Anne as possible; Carrie Sloane, looking pale and melancholy because, so it was reported, her father would not allow Oliver Kimball to come near the place; Moody Spurgeon MacPherson, whose round face and objectionable ears were as round and objectionable as ever; and Billy Andrews, who sat in a corner all the evening, chuckled when any one spoke to him, and watched Anne Shirley with a grin of pleasure on his broad, freckled countenance.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne sabia sobre a festa, mas não que ela e Gilbert, como fundadores da Sociedade, receberiam um discurso e demonstrações de respeito — um volume de Shakespeare para ela, uma caneta-tinteiro para Gilbert. Ela ficou tão surpresa e satisfeita com as palavras gentis no discurso solene de Moody Spurgeon que lágrimas embaçaram seus olhos. Ela havia trabalhado muito pela A.V.I.S., e a sincera apreciação dos membros aqueceu seu coração. Naquele momento, ela amava todos, até mesmo as garotas Pye.

Original English

Anne had known beforehand of the party, but she had not known that she and Gilbert were, as the founders of the Society, to be presented with a very complimentary "address" and "tokens of respect"—in her case a volume of Shakespeare's plays, in Gilbert's a fountain pen. She was so taken by surprise and pleased by the nice things said in the address, read in Moody Spurgeon's most solemn and ministerial tones, that the tears quite drowned the sparkle of her big gray eyes. She had worked hard and faithfully for the A.V.I.S., and it warmed the cockles of her heart that the members appreciated her efforts so sincerely. And they were all so nice and friendly and jolly—even the Pye girls had their merits; at that moment Anne loved all the world.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela aproveitou muito a noite, mas o final a estragou. Gilbert cometeu novamente o erro de falar sentimentalmente com ela enquanto jantavam na varanda iluminada pela lua; para puni-lo, Anne foi gentil com Charlie Sloane e deixou que ele a acompanhasse até em casa. Ela descobriu, no entanto, que a vingança machuca mais quem a pratica. Gilbert saiu levemente com Ruby Gillis, e Anne podia ouvi-los rindo e conversando alegremente. Enquanto isso, ela estava terrivelmente entediada com Charlie Sloane, que falava sem parar sem dizer nada que valesse a pena ouvir. Ela pensou como Ruby tinha estado linda e como os olhos de Charlie eram desagradáveis ao luar, sentindo que o mundo não era tão bom quanto ela acreditara antes.

Original English

She enjoyed the evening tremendously, but the end of it rather spoiled all. Gilbert again made the mistake of saying something sentimental to her as they ate their supper on the moonlit verandah; and Anne, to punish him, was gracious to Charlie Sloane and allowed the latter to walk home with her. She found, however, that revenge hurts nobody quite so much as the one who tries to inflict it. Gilbert walked airily off with Ruby Gillis, and Anne could hear them laughing and talking gaily as they loitered along in the still, crisp autumn air. They were evidently having the best of good times, while she was horribly bored by Charlie Sloane, who talked unbrokenly on, and never, even by accident, said one thing that was worth listening to. Anne gave an occasional absent "yes" or "no," and thought how beautiful Ruby had looked that night, how very goggly Charlie's eyes were in the moonlight—worse even than by daylight—and that the world, somehow,

wasn't quite such a nice place as she had believed it to be earlier in the evening.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Sozinha em seu quarto, ela disse honestamente que estava apenas cansada. Mas na noite seguinte, uma alegria secreta surgiu em seu coração quando viu Gilbert atravessando o Bosque Assombrado e cruzando a velha ponte de troncos com seu passo firme e rápido. Então Gilbert não iria passar sua última noite com Ruby Gillis, afinal.

Original English

"I'm just tired out—that is what is the matter with me," she said, when she thankfully found herself alone in her own room. And she honestly believed it was. But a certain little gush of joy, as from some secret, unknown spring, bubbled up in her heart the next evening, when she saw Gilbert striding down through the Haunted Wood and crossing the old log bridge with that firm, quick step of his. So Gilbert was not going to spend this last evening with Ruby Gillis after all!

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert observou que Anne parecia cansada.

Original English

"You look tired, Anne," he said.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne admitiu que estava cansada de arrumar a mala e costurar, mas mais importante, ela se sentia descontente. Seis mulheres a visitaram para se despedir, e cada uma fez um comentário que tirou a cor da vida, deixando-a tão sem alegria quanto uma manhã de novembro.

Original English

"I am tired, and, worse than that, I'm disgruntled. I'm tired because I've been packing my trunk and sewing all day. But I'm disgruntled because six women have been here to say good-bye to me, and every one of the six managed to say something that seemed to take the color right out of life and leave it as gray and dismal and cheerless as a November morning."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert as chamou de gatas velhas maldosas.

Original English

"Spiteful old cats!" was Gilbert's elegant comment.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne discordou, explicando que as mulheres não eram maldosas, mas sim almas bondosas e bem-intencionadas de quem ela gostava. No entanto, seus comentários bem-intencionados abalaram sua confiança. Cada mulher expressou uma dúvida: sua saúde poderia não resistir, a despesa era muito grande, a faculdade poderia torná-la arrogante, ou ela se sentiria deslocada entre as garotas elegantes de Redmond. Consequentemente, Anne começou a se ver como uma garota do campo desanimada e mal vestida.

Original English

"Oh, no, they weren't," said Anne seriously. "That is just the trouble. If they had been spiteful cats I wouldn't have minded them. But they are all nice, kind, motherly souls, who like me and whom I like, and that is why what they said, or hinted, had such undue weight with me. They let me see they thought I was crazy going to Redmond and trying to take a B.A., and ever since I've been wondering if I am. Mrs. Peter Sloane sighed and said she hoped my strength would hold out till I got through; and at once I saw myself a hopeless victim of nervous prostration at the end of my third year; Mrs. Eben Wright said it must cost an awful lot to put in four years at Redmond; and I felt all over me that it was unpardonable of me to squander Marilla's money and my own on such a folly. Mrs. Jasper Bell said she hoped I wouldn't let college spoil me, as it did some people; and I felt in my bones that the end of my four Redmond years would see me a most

insufferable creature, thinking I knew it all, and looking down on everything and everybody in Avonlea; Mrs. Elisha Wright said she understood that Redmond girls, especially those who belonged to Kingsport, were 'dreadful dressy and stuck-up,' and she guessed I wouldn't feel much at home among them; and I saw myself, a snubbed, dowdy, humiliated country girl, shuffling through Redmond's classic halls in coppertoned boots."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne concluiu com uma mistura de riso e suspiro. Sua natureza sensível significava que até mesmo a desaprovação de pessoas que ela não respeitava particularmente a afetava profundamente. Por um momento, a vida parecia sem sabor, e sua ambição se apagara como uma vela apagada.

Original English

Anne ended with a laugh and a sigh commingled. With her sensitive nature all disapproval had weight, even the disapproval of those for whose opinions she had scant respect. For the time being life was savorless, and ambition had gone out like a snuffed candle.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert garantiu a Anne que ela não deveria se preocupar com as opiniões dos habitantes da cidade. Ele destacou que eles tinham uma perspectiva muito limitada, apesar de serem boas pessoas. Ele lembrou a ela que ela era a primeira garota de Avonlea a frequentar a faculdade, e que tais pioneiras eram frequentemente vistas como tolas.

Original English

"You surely don't care for what they said," protested Gilbert. "You know exactly how narrow their outlook on life is, excellent creatures though they are. To do anything THEY have never done is anathema maranatha. You are the first Avonlea girl who has ever gone to college; and you know that all pioneers are considered to be afflicted with moonstruck madness."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne reconheceu que entendia o raciocínio de Gilbert, mas argumentou que as emoções frequentemente se sobrepõem à lógica. Ela confessou que o senso comum às vezes falha, substituído por sentimentos irracionais. Ela admitiu que, após a visita da Sra. Elisha, teve dificuldade em continuar arrumando as malas.

Original English

"Oh, I know. But FEELING is so different from KNOWING. My common sense tells me all you can say, but there are times when common sense has no power over me. Common nonsense takes possession of my soul. Really, after Mrs. Elisha went away I hardly had the heart to finish packing."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert sugeriu que Anne estava apenas exausta. Ele propôs que eles dessem um passeio juntos pela floresta atrás do pântano, para ver algo que ele queria mostrar a ela.

Original English

"You're just tired, Anne. Come, forget it all and take a walk with me—a ramble back through the woods beyond the marsh. There should be something there I want to show you."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne questionou se Gilbert estava certo da sua presença, ou apenas supondo.

Original English

"Should be! Don't you know if it is there?"

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert admitiu que não tinha certeza, mas acreditava que deveria estar lá com base em algo que observara na primavera. Ele encorajou Anne a se juntar a ele, propondo que agissem como crianças novamente e seguissem o vento.

Original English

"No. I only know it should be, from something I saw there in spring. Come on. We'll pretend we are two children again and we'll go the way of the wind."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Eles partiram alegremente. Anne, recordando o constrangimento da noite anterior, tratou Gilbert com bondade. Gilbert, mais sábio, certificou-se de agir apenas como um colega amigável. A Sra. Lynde e Marila os observaram da janela da cozinha.

Original English

They started gaily off. Anne, remembering the unpleasantness of the preceding evening, was very nice to Gilbert; and Gilbert, who was learning wisdom, took care to be nothing save the schoolboy comrade again. Mrs. Lynde and Marilla watched them from the kitchen window.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Lynde comentou com aprovação que os dois acabariam se tornando um casal.

Original English

"That'll be a match some day," Mrs. Lynde said approvingly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Marila estremeceu um pouco. No fundo, ela esperava que acontecesse, mas não gostava de ouvir o assunto ser discutido na maneira casual e fofqueira da Sra. Lynde.

Original English

Marilla winced slightly. In her heart she hoped it would, but it went against her grain to hear the matter spoken of in Mrs. Lynde's gossipy matter-of-fact way.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela respondeu secamente que eles ainda eram apenas crianças.

Original English

"They're only children yet," she said shortly.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Lynde riu de maneira bem-humorada.

Original English

Mrs. Lynde laughed good-naturedly.

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Pt/En

Português

Sra. Lynde comentou que Anne tinha dezoito anos, a idade com que ela mesma havia se casado. Ela observou que as pessoas mais velhas frequentemente esquecem que as crianças crescem. Anne agora era uma jovem mulher e Gilbert um homem, e ele claramente a adorava. Sra. Lynde considerava Gilbert um rapaz fino e pensava que Anne não poderia encontrar melhor. Ela esperava que Anne não desenvolvesse nenhuma tolice romântica em Redmond, pois desaprovava instituições de ensino misto, acreditando que os alunos lá faziam pouco mais que flertar.

Original English

"Anne is eighteen; I was married when I was that age. We old folks, Marilla, are too much given to thinking children never grow up, that's what. Anne is a young woman and Gilbert's a man, and he worships the ground she walks on, as any one can see. He's a fine fellow, and Anne can't do better. I hope she won't get any romantic nonsense into her head at Redmond. I don't approve of them coeducational places and never did, that's what. I don't believe," concluded Mrs. Lynde solemnly, "that the students at such colleges ever do much else than flirt."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla respondeu com um sorriso que os alunos precisavam estudar um pouco.

Original English

"They must study a little," said Marilla, with a smile.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Sra. Lynde fungou que haveria muito pouco estudo. No entanto, ela achava que Anne estudaria porque não era namorada. Mas Anne não valorizava totalmente Gilbert. Sra. Lynde também mencionou que Charlie Sloane estava apaixonado por Anne, mas ela nunca aconselharia casar com um Sloane. Embora os Sloanes fossem boas pessoas, honestas e respeitáveis, afinal, eram Sloanes.

Original English

"Precious little," sniffed Mrs. Rachel. "However, I think Anne will. She never was flirtatious. But she doesn't appreciate Gilbert at his full value, that's what. Oh, I know girls! Charlie Sloane is wild about her, too, but I'd never advise her to marry a Sloane. The Sloanes are good, honest, respectable people, of course. But when all's said and done, they're SLOANES."

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Pt/En

Português

Marilla acenou com a cabeça. Para um estranho, a afirmação de que Sloanes eram Sloanes poderia ser obscura, mas ela entendia. Toda vila tem uma família assim — boa, honesta e respeitável, mas para sempre marcada como Sloanes, não importa quão eloquentemente falem.

Original English

Marilla nodded. To an outsider, the statement that Sloanes were Sloanes might not be very illuminating, but she understood. Every village has such a family; good, honest, respectable people they may be, but SLOANES they are and must ever remain, though they speak with the tongues of men and angels.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gilbert e Anne, felizmente alheios de que seu futuro estava sendo decidido pela Sra. Lynde, passeavam pelas sombras do Bosque Assombrado. Além, os morros da colheita jaziam banhados em um resplendor âmbar do pôr do sol sob um céu pálido de rosa e azul. Os distantes bosques de abetos eram bronze polido, suas longas sombras listrando os prados altos. Ao redor deles, um pequeno vento cantava entre as franjas dos pinheiros, carregando a nota do outono.

Original English

Gilbert and Anne, happily unconscious that their future was thus being settled by Mrs. Rachel, were sauntering through the shadows of the Haunted Wood. Beyond, the harvest hills were basking in an amber sunset radiance, under a pale, aerial sky of rose and blue. The distant spruce groves were burnished bronze, and their long shadows barred the upland meadows. But around them a little wind sang among the fir tassels, and in it there was the note of autumn.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne comentou que a floresta realmente parecia assombrada, mas por velhas memórias, não por seres sobrenaturais. Ela colheu um ramo de samambaias, branqueadas pela geada, e refletiu que as meninas que ela e Diana um dia foram ainda pareciam brincar ali, sentadas junto à Bolha da Dryade ao entardecer. Ela admitiu que não conseguia subir aquele caminho no crepúsculo sem um calafrio do medo antigo. Descreveu um fantasma particularmente horrível que haviam inventado: o espírito de uma criança assassinada que se aproximava por trás e pousava dedos frios nos seus. Confessou que, mesmo agora, não conseguia deixar de imaginar seus passos furtivos atrás dela após o anoitecer. Ela não tinha medo da Dama Branca, do homem sem cabeça ou dos esqueletos, mas desejava nunca ter trazido aquele fantasma de bebê à existência. Lembrou como Marilla e a Sra. Barry ficaram furiosas com aquilo.

Original English

"This wood really is haunted now—by old memories," said Anne, stooping to gather a spray of ferns, bleached to waxen whiteness by frost. "It seems to me that the little girls Diana and I used to be play here still, and sit by the Dryad's Bubble in the twilights, trysting with the ghosts. Do you know, I can never go up this path in the dusk without feeling a bit of the old fright and shiver? There was one especially horrifying phantom which we created—the ghost of the murdered child that crept up behind you and laid cold fingers on yours. I confess that, to this day, I cannot help fancying its little, furtive footsteps behind me when I come here after nightfall. I'm not afraid of the White Lady or the headless man or the skeletons, but I wish I had never imagined that baby's ghost into existence. How angry Marilla and Mrs. Barry were over that affair," concluded Anne, with reminiscent laughter.

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Pt/En

Português

Os bosques ao redor da cabeceira do pântano estavam repletos de vistas roxas e delicadas teias de aranha. Depois de passar por uma plantação sombria de abetos retorcidos e um vale ensolarado ladeado por bordos, eles encontraram a coisa que Gilbert estava procurando.

Original English

The woods around the head of the marsh were full of purple vistas, threaded with gossamers. Past a dour plantation of gnarled spruces and a maple-fringed, sun-warm valley they found the "something" Gilbert was looking for.

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert expressou satisfação por ter encontrado.

Original English

"Ah, here it is," he said with satisfaction.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou com alegria que era uma macieira, e tão longe do caminho principal.

Original English

"An apple tree—and away back here!" exclaimed Anne delightedly.

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert confirmou que era uma macieira genuína, crescendo entre pinheiros e faias a um quilômetro de qualquer pomar. Ele a descobriu na primavera coberta de flores brancas e resolveu voltar no outono para ver se dava frutos. Agora estava carregada de maçãs, que pareciam apetitosas—amareladas com uma face avermelhada escura—ao contrário da maioria das mudas silvestres, que eram verdes e pouco atraentes.

Original English

"Yes, a veritable apple-bearing apple tree, too, here in the very midst of pines and beeches, a mile away from any orchard. I was here one day last spring and found it, all white with blossom. So I resolved I'd come again in the fall and see if it had been apples. See, it's loaded. They look good, too—tawny as russets but with a dusky red cheek. Most wild seedlings are

green and uninviting."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne especulou que a planta havia se originado anos antes a partir de uma semente que fora dispersada ao acaso. Ela admirou como ela havia prosperado e persistido por conta própria entre ambientes desconhecidos, chamando-a de planta corajosa e determinada.

Original English

"I suppose it sprang years ago from some chance-sown seed," said Anne dreamily. "And how it has grown and flourished and held its own here all alone among aliens, the brave determined thing!"

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Pt/En

Português

Ele apontou uma árvore caída coberta de musgo, sugerindo que Anne se sentasse nela como se fosse um trono na floresta. Ele se ofereceu para subir para pegar maçãs, observando que os frutos cresciam alto porque a árvore precisava se esticar em direção à luz do sol.

Original English

"Here's a fallen tree with a cushion of moss. Sit down, Anne—it will serve for a woodland throne. I'll climb for some apples. They all grow high—the tree had to reach up to the sunlight."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

As maçãs estavam deliciosas. Sob sua pele acastanhada, havia uma polpa branca pura levemente listrada de vermelho. Além do sabor comum de maçã, elas carregavam uma acidez única, selvagem e agradável, que nenhuma maçã de pomar cultivado poderia igualar.

Original English

The apples proved to be delicious. Under the tawny skin was a white, white flesh, faintly veined with red; and, besides their own proper apple taste, they had a certain wild, delightful tang no orchard-grown apple ever possessed.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne comentou que nem mesmo a maçã proibida do Jardim do Éden poderia ter tido um sabor melhor. Ela então observou que deveriam ir para casa, notando que três minutos antes estava anoitecendo, mas agora a lua brilhava intensamente. Lamentou terem perdido o momento exato da transição, refletindo que tais momentos nunca podem ser capturados.

Original English

"The fatal apple of Eden couldn't have had a rarer flavor," commented Anne. "But it's time we were going home. See, it was twilight three minutes ago and now it's moonlight. What a pity we couldn't have caught the moment of transformation. But such moments never are caught, I suppose."

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Pt/En

Português

Ele sugeriu que voltassem contornando o pântano e pegando o Beco dos Namorados para casa. Ele perguntou a Anne se ela ainda se sentia tão infeliz quanto no início da caminhada.

Original English

"Let's go back around the marsh and home by way of Lover's Lane. Do you feel as disgruntled now as when you started out, Anne?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne discordou, dizendo que as maçãs eram como maná para uma pessoa faminta. Ela estava confiante de que adoraria Redmond e teria quatro anos maravilhosos lá.

Original English

"Not I. Those apples have been as manna to a hungry soul. I feel that I shall love Redmond and have a splendid four years there."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Então veio a pergunta sobre o que aconteceria após esses quatro anos.

Original English

"And after those four years—what?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu levemente que haveria outra curva na estrada após aqueles quatro anos. Ela não tinha desejo de saber o que havia além; era mais agradável permanecer na ignorância.

Original English

"Oh, there's another bend in the road at their end," answered Anne lightly. "I've no idea what may be around it—I don't want to have. It's nicer not to know."

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Pt/En

Português

O Beco dos Namorados estava encantador naquela noite, silencioso e escuro sob o luar pálido. Eles passearam por ele em uma companhia silenciosa e confortável, nenhum dos dois sentindo necessidade de falar.

Original English

Lover's Lane was a dear place that night, still and mysteriously dim in the pale radiance of the moonlight. They loitered through it in a pleasant chummy silence, neither caring to talk.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne refletiu que, se Gilbert fosse sempre como havia sido naquela noite, tudo seria tão direto e agradável.

Original English

"If Gilbert were always as he has been this evening how nice and simple everything would be," reflected Anne.

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert observava Anne enquanto ela caminhava. Seu vestido leve e sua figura graciosa lembravam-lhe uma íris branca.

Original English

Gilbert was looking at Anne, as she walked along. In her light dress, with her slender delicacy, she made him think of a white iris.

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert se perguntava se um dia conseguiria fazer Anne se importar com ele, sentindo uma pontada de desconfiança de si mesmo.

Original English

"I wonder if I can ever make her care for me," he thought, with a pang of self-distrust.

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Greeting and Farewell

Pt/En

Português

Charlie Sloane, Gilbert Blythe e Anne Shirley partiram de Avonlea na manhã de segunda-feira. Anne esperava um último passeio agradável com Diana, mas o vento leste trouxe chuva. Ao se vestir no amanhecer cinzento, ela lutou para conter as lágrimas, sentindo que estava deixando seu amado lar para sempre, exceto nas férias. Ela prezava as memórias ligadas a cada lugar familiar — o quartinho da varanda branca, a velha rainha da neve, o riacho, o bosque assombrado e a Alameda dos Namorados — e se perguntava se algum dia poderia ser verdadeiramente feliz em outro lugar.

Original English

Charlie Sloane, Gilbert Blythe and Anne Shirley left Avonlea the following Monday morning. Anne had hoped for a fine day. Diana was to drive her to the station and they wanted this, their last drive together for some time, to be a pleasant one. But when Anne went to bed Sunday night the east wind was moaning around Green Gables with an ominous prophecy which was fulfilled in the morning. Anne awoke to find raindrops pattering against her window and shadowing the pond's gray surface with widening rings; hills and sea were hidden in mist, and the whole world seemed dim and dreary. Anne dressed in the cheerless gray dawn, for an early start was necessary to catch the boat train; she struggled against the tears that WOULD well up in her eyes in spite of herself. She was leaving the home that was so dear to her, and something told her that she was leaving it forever, save as a holiday refuge. Things would never be the same again; coming back for vacations would not be living there. And oh, how dear and beloved everything was—that little white porch room, sacred to the dreams of girlhood, the old Snow Queen at the window, the brook in the hollow, the Dryad's Bubble, the Haunted Woods, and Lover's Lane—all the thousand and one dear spots where memories of the old years bided. Could she ever be really happy anywhere else?

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Pt/En

Português

O café da manhã em Green Gables foi um evento triste. Davy chorou sobre seu mingau e não conseguiu comer. A maioria tinha pouco apetite, mas Dora comeu calmamente, imperturbável pela tristeza. Como a prudente Carlota que continuou cortando pão com manteiga enquanto o corpo de seu amante era carregado, Dora raramente se perturbava. Ela lamentava que Anne estivesse partindo, mas ainda assim apreciava seu ovo pochê. Quando Davy não conseguiu comer o dele, Dora o comeu por ele.

Original English

Breakfast at Green Gables that morning was a rather doleful meal. Davy, for the first time in his life probably, could not eat, but blubbered shamelessly over his porridge. Nobody else seemed to have much appetite, save Dora, who tucked away her rations comfortably. Dora, like the immortal and most prudent Charlotte, who "went on cutting bread and butter" when her frenzied lover's body had been carried past on a shutter, was one of those fortunate creatures who are seldom disturbed by anything. Even at eight it took a great deal to ruffle Dora's placidity. She was sorry Anne was going away, of course, but was that any reason why she should fail to appreciate a poached egg on toast? Not at all. And, seeing that Davy could not eat his, Dora ate it for him.

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Pt/En

Português

Diana chegou pontualmente com cavalo e carruagem. As despedidas foram feitas. Sra. Lynde deu a Anne um abraço caloroso e a alertou para cuidar da saúde. Marilla, sem lágrimas e brusca, beijou a bochecha de Anne e disse que esperava notícias dela, embora seus olhos traíssem um sentimento mais profundo. Dora beijou Anne formalmente e derramou algumas lágrimas decorosas. Davy, que vinha chorando desde o café da manhã, recusou-se a se despedir e se escondeu em um armário, seus soluços abafados sendo o último som que Anne ouviu ao partir.

Original English

Promptly on time Diana appeared with horse and buggy, her rosy face glowing above her raincoat. The good-byes had to be said then somehow. Mrs. Lynde came in from her quarters to give Anne a hearty embrace and

warn her to be careful of her health, whatever she did. Marilla, brusque and tearless, pecked Anne's cheek and said she supposed they'd hear from her when she got settled. A casual observer might have concluded that Anne's going mattered very little to her—unless said observer had happened to get a good look in her eyes. Dora kissed Anne primly and squeezed out two decorous little tears; but Davy, who had been crying on the back porch step ever since they rose from the table, refused to say good-bye at all. When he saw Anne coming towards him he sprang to his feet, bolted up the back stairs, and hid in a clothes closet, out of which he would not come. His muffled howls were the last sounds Anne heard as she left Green Gables.

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Pt/En

Português

Ao longo da viagem até Bright River, caiu uma chuva forte. Anne teve que ir até lá porque o trem da linha auxiliar vindo de Carmody não fazia conexão com o trem do barco. Quando ela chegou, Charlie e Gilbert estavam esperando na plataforma, e o trem já estava apitando. Anne mal teve tempo de pegar seu bilhete e despachar sua mala, dar um rápido adeus a Diana e embarcar no trem. Ela desejou estar voltando para Avonlea com Diana; sentia que morreria de saudades de casa. Também desejou que a chuva deprimente parasse, como se o mundo inteiro estivesse chorando pelo verão perdido e pelas alegrias que se foram. Até a presença de Gilbert não lhe trazia conforto, pois Charlie Sloane também estava lá, e sua natureza insuportável só era tolerável em tempo bom — não na chuva.

Original English

It rained heavily all the way to Bright River, to which station they had to go, since the branch line train from Carmody did not connect with the boat train. Charlie and Gilbert were on the station platform when they reached it, and the train was whistling. Anne had just time to get her ticket and trunk check, say a hurried farewell to Diana, and hasten on board. She wished she were going back with Diana to Avonlea; she knew she was going to die of homesickness. And oh, if only that dismal rain would stop pouring down as if the whole world were weeping over summer vanished and joys departed! Even Gilbert's presence brought her no comfort, for Charlie Sloane was there, too, and Sloanishness could be tolerated only in fine weather. It was absolutely insufferable in rain.

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Pt/En

Português

Mas quando o barco partiu do porto de Charlottetown, a situação melhorou. A chuva parou e o sol começou a brilhar dourado através das aberturas nas nuvens, iluminando o mar cinzento com um brilho acobreado e clareando a névoa que velava as margens vermelhas da Ilha — uma promessa de um dia bonito, afinal. Além disso, Charlie Sloane rapidamente ficou tão enjoado que teve que descer, deixando Anne e Gilbert sozinhos no convés.

Original English

But when the boat steamed out of Charlottetown harbor things took a turn for the better. The rain ceased and the sun began to burst out goldenly now and again between the rents in the clouds, burnishing the gray seas with copper-hued radiance, and lighting up the mists that curtained the Island's red shores with gleams of gold foretoking a fine day after all. Besides, Charlie Sloane promptly became so seasick that he had to go below, and Anne and Gilbert were left alone on deck.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne pensou impiedosamente que estava feliz que todos os Sloanes ficassem enjoados assim que entravam na água. Ela não conseguiria dar seu olhar de despedida para a ilha com Charlie parado ali fingindo olhar sentimentalmente para ela também.

Original English

"I am very glad that all the Sloanes get seasick as soon as they go on water," thought Anne mercilessly. "I am sure I couldn't take my farewell look at the 'ould sod' with Charlie standing there pretending to look sentimentally at it, too."

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Pt/En

Português

Gilbert comentou simplesmente que eles estavam partindo.

Original English

"Well, we're off," remarked Gilbert un sentimentally.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que se sentia como o 'Childe Harold' de Byron, embora não fosse realmente sua terra natal que ela estava observando. A Nova Escócia era isso, suponho, mas a terra natal de alguém é a terra que se ama mais, e para ela aquela era a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Ela não podia acreditar que não tinha vivido sempre ali; os onze anos antes de chegar pareciam um mau sonho. Fazia sete anos desde que havia atravessado naquele barco, na noite em que a Sra. Spencer a trouxera de Hopetown. Ela se lembrava de si mesma com um vestido horrível e um chapéu de marinheiro desbotado, explorando conveses e cabines com curiosidade encantada. Tinha sido uma bela noite, e as margens vermelhas da Ilha brilhavam ao sol. Agora ela estava atravessando o estreito novamente. Ela disse a Gilbert que esperava gostar de Redmond e Kingsport, mas tinha certeza de que não gostaria.

Original English

"Yes, I feel like Byron's 'Childe Harold'—only it isn't really my 'native shore' that I'm watching," said Anne, winking her gray eyes vigorously. "Nova Scotia is that, I suppose. But one's native shore is the land one loves the best, and that's good old P.E.I. for me. I can't believe I didn't always live here. Those eleven years before I came seem like a bad dream. It's seven years since I crossed on this boat—the evening Mrs. Spencer brought me over from Hopetown. I can see myself, in that dreadful old wincey dress and faded sailor hat, exploring decks and cabins with enraptured curiosity. It was a fine evening; and how those red Island shores did gleam in the sunshine. Now I'm crossing the strait again. Oh, Gilbert, I do hope I'll like Redmond and Kingsport, but I'm sure I won't!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Alguém perguntou a Anne o que havia acontecido com sua calma e atitude filosófica habituais.

Original English

"Where's all your philosophy gone, Anne?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que sua filosofia habitual estava completamente dominada por uma grande onda de solidão e saudade de casa. Ela ansiava por ir para Redmond há três anos, mas agora que estava indo, desejava não estar. No entanto, ela disse que se sentiria alegre e filosófica novamente depois de ter um bom choro, que planejava ter naquela noite em sua cama na pensão. Então ela seria ela mesma novamente. Ela também se perguntou se Davy já havia saído do armário.

Original English

"It's all submerged under a great, swamping wave of loneliness and homesickness. I've longed for three years to go to Redmond—and now I'm going—and I wish I weren't! Never mind! I shall be cheerful and philosophical again after I have just one good cry. I MUST have that, 'as a went'—and I'll have to wait until I get into my boardinghouse bed tonight, wherever it may be, before I can have it. Then Anne will be herself again. I wonder if Davy has come out of the closet yet."

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Pt/En

Português

Às nove daquela noite, o trem deles chegou a Kingsport, e eles entraram na estação iluminada e lotada. Anne se sentiu terrivelmente confusa, mas então Priscilla Grant, que havia vindo para Kingsport no sábado, agarrou-a.

Original English

It was nine that night when their train reached Kingsport, and they found themselves in the blue-white glare of the crowded station. Anne felt horribly

bewildered, but a moment later she was seized by Priscilla Grant, who had come to Kingsport on Saturday.

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla cumprimentou Anne calorosamente e disse que supunha que Anne estivesse tão exausta quanto ela mesma estivera quando chegou na noite de sábado.

Original English

"Here you are, beloved! And I suppose you're as tired as I was when I got here Saturday night."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou que estava completamente exausta. Ela se descreveu como inexperiente, sem sofisticação e se sentindo como uma criança. Ela implorou a Priscilla que levasse sua pobre amiga exausta para algum lugar tranquilo onde pudesse pensar.

Original English

"Tired! Priscilla, don't talk of it. I'm tired, and green, and provincial, and only about ten years old. For pity's sake take your poor, broken-down chum to some place where she can hear herself think."

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Pt/En

Português

Prissy garantiu a Anne que a acompanharia diretamente até a pensão delas, mencionando que já havia providenciado um táxi.

Original English

"I'll take you right up to our boardinghouse. I've a cab ready outside."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne expressou sua profunda gratidão pela presença de Prissy, confessando que sem ela poderia ter desabado em lágrimas. Ela refletiu sobre como um rosto familiar pode ser reconfortante em meio a um mar de estranhos.

Original English

"It's such a blessing you're here, Prissy. If you weren't I think I should just sit down on my suitcase, here and now, and weep bitter tears. What a comfort one familiar face is in a howling wilderness of strangers!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Prissy perguntou sobre Gilbert Blythe, observando o quanto ele havia amadurecido no último ano, e então comentou que Charlie Sloane parecia inalterado, prevendo que ele teria a mesma aparência aos oitenta. Ela orientou Anne a segui-la, dizendo que chegariam em vinte minutos.

Original English

"Is that Gilbert Blythe over there, Anne? How he has grown up this past year! He was only a schoolboy when I taught in Carmody. And of course that's Charlie Sloane. HE hasn't changed—couldn't! He looked just like that when he was born, and he'll look like that when he's eighty. This way, dear. We'll be home in twenty minutes."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne gemeu diante da noção de "lar", prevendo uma pensão terrível com um quatinho sombrio com vista para um quintal malcuidado.

Original English

"Home!" groaned Anne. "You mean we'll be in some horrible boardinghouse, in a still more horrible hall bedroom, looking out on a dingy back yard."

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Pt/En

Português

Prissy tranquilizou Anne dizendo que a pensão era bastante respeitável, prometendo que uma boa noite de sono mudaria sua perspectiva. Ela a descreveu como uma grande casa de pedra cinza antiquada na Rua St. John, a uma curta caminhada de Redmond. Antes uma residência para famílias abastadas, a rua havia saído de moda, e as casas espaçosas agora dependiam de pensionistas para preencher seus cômodos. Prissy acrescentou que suas senhorias eram encantadoras.

Original English

"It isn't a horrible boardinghouse, Anne-girl. Here's our cab. Hop in—the driver will get your trunk. Oh, yes, the boardinghouse—it's really a very nice place of its kind, as you'll admit tomorrow morning when a good night's sleep has turned your blues rosy pink. It's a big, old-fashioned, gray stone house on St. John Street, just a nice little constitutional from Redmond. It used to be the 'residence' of great folk, but fashion has deserted St. John Street and its houses only dream now of better days. They're so big that people living in them have to take boarders just to fill up. At least, that is the reason our landladies are very anxious to impress on us. They're delicious, Anne—our landladies, I mean."

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Pt/En

Português

Alguém perguntou sobre o número de pessoas presentes.

Original English

"How many are there?"

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Pt/En

Português

A resposta foi duas: Srta. Hannah Harvey e Srta. Ada Harvey, que nasceram gêmeas cerca de meio século antes.

Original English

"Two. Miss Hannah Harvey and Miss Ada Harvey. They were born twins about fifty years ago."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne sorriu e comentou que parecia incapaz de escapar de gêmeos, pois eles apareciam onde quer que ela fosse.

Original English

"I can't get away from twins, it seems," smiled Anne. "Wherever I go they confront me."

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Pt/En

Português

O interlocutor explicou que, após completarem trinta anos, as irmãs não eram mais consideradas gêmeas. Srta. Hannah havia envelhecido de forma um tanto deselegante, enquanto Srta. Ada permanecera com trinta, o que era ainda menos elegante. O interlocutor não tinha certeza se Srta. Hannah conseguia sorrir, pois nunca a vira fazer isso; Srta. Ada sorria constantemente, o que era pior. Apesar disso, elas eram bondosas e aceitavam dois pensionistas a cada ano, não por necessidade, mas porque Srta. Hannah não gostava de desperdiçar espaço nos quartos. Srta. Ada havia mencionado isso repetidamente. Quanto aos seus aposentos, o interlocutor admitiu que eram quartos de corredor, com o dela com vista para o quintal, enquanto o quarto da frente de Anne dava para o cemitério do outro lado da rua.

Original English

"Oh, they're not twins now, dear. After they reached the age of thirty they never were twins again. Miss Hannah has grown old, not too gracefully, and Miss Ada has stayed thirty, less gracefully still. I don't know whether Miss Hannah can smile or not; I've never caught her at it so far, but Miss Ada smiles all the time and that's worse. However, they're nice, kind souls, and they take two boarders every year because Miss Hannah's economical soul cannot bear to 'waste room space'—not because they need to or have to, as Miss Ada has told me seven times since Saturday night. As for our rooms, I admit they are hall bedrooms, and mine does look out on the back yard. Your room is a front one and looks out on Old St. John's graveyard, which is just across the street."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne estremeceu e disse que a vista parecia terrível, acrescentando que preferia a vista do quintal.

Original English

"That sounds gruesome," shivered Anne. "I think I'd rather have the back yard view."

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla disse a Anne que o Old St. John's era um lugar encantador, tendo sido um cemitério por tanto tempo que se tornou uma das atrações de Kingsport. Ela o descreveu como tendo um grande muro de pedra, fileiras de árvores enormes ao redor e por dentro, e lápides antigas com inscrições peculiares. Priscilla previu que Anne iria lá para estudar. Ela mencionou que ninguém mais era enterrado ali, mas um monumento havia sido erguido em homenagem aos soldados da Nova Escócia que caíram na Guerra da Crimeia. Ela também observou que a Srta. Hannah permitia visitas de jovens cavalheiros duas noites por semana, desde que fossem embora em horário razoável, e a Srta. Ada pedia que eles não se sentassem em suas almofadas. Priscilla se perguntou onde mais eles poderiam se sentar, já que havia almofadas em todos os lugares, até mesmo no piano.

Original English

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. Wait and see. Old St. John's is a darling place. It's been a graveyard so long that it's ceased to be one and has become one of the sights of Kingsport. I was all through it yesterday for a pleasure exertion. There's a big stone wall and a row of enormous trees all around it, and rows of trees all through it, and the queerest old tombstones, with the queerest and quaintest inscriptions. You'll go there to study, Anne, see if you don't. Of course, nobody is ever buried there now. But a few years ago they put up a beautiful monument to the memory of Nova Scotian soldiers who fell in the Crimean War. It is just opposite the entrance gates and there's 'scope for imagination' in it, as you used to say. Here's your trunk at last—and the boys coming to say good night. Must I really shake hands with Charlie Sloane, Anne? His hands are always so cold and fishy-feeling.

We must ask them to call occasionally. Miss Hannah gravely told me we could have 'young gentlemen callers' two evenings in the week, if they went away at a reasonable hour; and Miss Ada asked me, smiling, please to be sure they didn't sit on her beautiful cushions. I promised to see to it; but goodness knows where else they CAN sit, unless they sit on the floor, for there are cushions on EVERYTHING. Miss Ada even has an elaborate Battenburg one on top of the piano."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne riu da conversa de Priscilla, que a animou com sucesso e afastou sua saudade de casa por um momento. Quando finalmente foi para seu pequeno quarto, ela não sentiu toda a força disso novamente. Olhando pela janela, viu a rua escura e silenciosa lá embaixo. A lua brilhava sobre as árvores do Old St. John's, atrás da cabeça escura do leão no monumento. Anne se perguntou se realmente tinha sido apenas naquela manhã que ela deixara Green Gables, pois a mudança e a viagem do dia lhe deram a sensação de uma longa passagem de tempo.

Original English

Anne was laughing by this time. Priscilla's gay chatter had the intended effect of cheering her up; homesickness vanished for the time being, and did not even return in full force when she finally found herself alone in her little bedroom. She went to her window and looked out. The street below was dim and quiet. Across it the moon was shining above the trees in Old St. John's, just behind the great dark head of the lion on the monument. Anne wondered if it could have been only that morning that she had left Green Gables. She had the sense of a long passage of time which one day of change and travel gives.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne refletiu que a mesma lua provavelmente estava olhando para Green Gables, mas decidiu não pensar nisso, pois isso a deixaria com saudades de casa. Ela resolveu não ter seu bom choro naquele momento, adiando-o para uma ocasião mais conveniente, e, em vez disso, foi calmamente e sensatamente para a cama dormir.

Original English

"I suppose that very moon is looking down on Green Gables now," she mused. "But I won't think about it—that way homesickness lies. I'm not even going to have my good cry. I'll put that off to a more convenient season, and just now I'll go calmly and sensibly to bed and to sleep."

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April's Lady

Pt/En

Português

Kingsport era uma cidade pitoresca que remontava aos primeiros dias coloniais, envolta em uma atmosfera antiga como uma velha senhora em roupas de sua juventude. Embora tivesse elementos modernos, no fundo permanecia intocada, cheia de relíquias curiosas e lendas românticas. Já foi uma estação de fronteira na beira do deserto, onde os índios impediam que a vida se tornasse monótona para os colonos. Mais tarde, tornou-se um pomo de discórdia entre britânicos e franceses, ocupada por cada um por vez, e carregava cicatrizes recentes dessas batalhas.

Original English

Kingsport is a quaint old town, harking back to early Colonial days, and wrapped in its ancient atmosphere, as some fine old dame in garments fashioned like those of her youth. Here and there it sprouts out into modernity, but at heart it is still unspoiled; it is full of curious relics, and haloed by the romance of many legends of the past. Once it was a mere frontier station on the fringe of the wilderness, and those were the days when Indians kept life from being monotonous to the settlers. Then it grew to be a bone of contention between the British and the French, being occupied now by the one and now by the other, emerging from each occupation with some fresh scar of battling nations branded on it.

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Pt/En

Português

Kingsport tinha um parque com uma torre martelo coberta de autógrafos de turistas, um antigo forte francês desmantelado nas colinas e vários canhões antigos em suas praças. Entre seus pontos históricos, o Cemitério Old St. John's era especialmente pitoresco e encantador, localizado no coração da cidade, com casas antigas e silenciosas de dois lados e movimentadas vias modernas dos outros. Todo cidadão sentia orgulho dele, pois a maioria tinha um ancestral enterrado ali com uma lápide torta registrando sua história. As lápides eram, em sua maioria, de pedra nativa toscamente cinzelada, com pouca ornamentação; algumas apresentavam caveira e ossos cruzados ou querubins. Muitas estavam prostradas e em ruínas, com inscrições apagadas pelo tempo. O cemitério era cheio e arborizado, cercado e cortado por fileiras de olmos e salgueiros, sob os quais os mortos jaziam sem sonhos, embalados pelos ventos e folhas, sem serem perturbados pelo barulho do tráfego logo além.

Original English

It has in its park a martello tower, autographed all over by tourists, a dismantled old French fort on the hills beyond the town, and several antiquated cannon in its public squares. It has other historic spots also, which may be hunted out by the curious, and none is more quaint and delightful than Old St. John's Cemetery at the very core of the town, with streets of quiet, old-time houses on two sides, and busy, bustling, modern thoroughfares on the others. Every citizen of Kingsport feels a thrill of possessive pride in Old St. John's, for, if he be of any pretensions at all, he has an ancestor buried there, with a queer, crooked slab at his head, or else sprawling protectively over the grave, on which all the main facts of his history are recorded. For the most part no great art or skill was lavished on those old tombstones. The larger number are of roughly chiselled brown or gray native stone, and only in a few cases is there any attempt at ornamentation. Some are adorned with skull and cross-bones, and this grizzly decoration is frequently coupled with a cherub's head. Many are prostrate and in ruins. Into almost all Time's tooth has been gnawing, until some inscriptions have been completely effaced, and others can only be deciphered with difficulty. The graveyard is very full and very bowery, for it is surrounded and intersected by rows of elms and willows, beneath whose shade the sleepers must lie very dreamlessly, forever crooned to by the winds and leaves over them, and quite undisturbed by the clamor of traffic just beyond.

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Pt/En

Português

Na tarde seguinte, Anne e Priscilla foram passear pelo centro antigo de St. John's. Elas haviam se registrado como estudantes na Redmond naquela manhã e ficaram felizes em sair, pois consideravam desagradável estar entre multidões de estranhos que pareciam incertos de seu lugar.

Original English

Anne took the first of many rambles in Old St. John's the next afternoon. She and Priscilla had gone to Redmond in the forenoon and registered as students, after which there was nothing more to do that day. The girls gladly made their escape, for it was not exhilarating to be surrounded by crowds of strangers, most of whom had a rather alien appearance, as if not quite sure where they belonged.

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Pt/En

Português

As novas estudantes, conhecidas como freshettes, ficavam em pequenos grupos, olhando umas para as outras com cautela. Os calouros, mais familiarizados com a vida universitária, reuniram-se na escadaria principal e cantavam alto como um desafio aos veteranos, que andavam por aí com um ar de superioridade. Gilbert e Charlie não foram vistos.

Original English

The "freshettes" stood about in detached groups of two or three, looking askance at each other; the "freshies," wiser in their day and generation, had banded themselves together on the big staircase of the entrance hall, where they were shouting out glees with all the vigor of youthful lungs, as a species of defiance to their traditional enemies, the Sophomores, a few of whom were prowling loftily about, looking properly disdainful of the "unlicked cubs" on the stairs. Gilbert and Charlie were nowhere to be seen.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto atravessavam o campus, Priscilla disse a Anne que nunca imaginou que ficaria feliz em ver um Sloane, mas receberia quase extaticamente a visão dos olhos esbugalhados de Charlie, pois pelo menos eram familiares.

Original English

"Little did I think the day would ever come when I'd be glad of the sight of a Sloane," said Priscilla, as they crossed the campus, "but I'd welcome Charlie's goggle eyes almost ecstatically. At least, they'd be familiar eyes."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne suspirou, descrevendo seus sentimentos enquanto esperava para se registrar. Sentia-se tão insignificante quanto a menor gota num vasto balde. Já era ruim sentir-se insignificante, mas pior era ter gravado na alma que sempre seria assim. Sentia-se invisível, como se um veterano pudesse pisar nela, e acreditava que iria para o túmulo sem lágrimas, sem honras e sem canções.

Original English

"Oh," sighed Anne. "I can't describe how I felt when I was standing there, waiting my turn to be registered—as insignificant as the teeniest drop in a most enormous bucket. It's bad enough to feel insignificant, but it's unbearable to have it grained into your soul that you will never, can never, be anything but insignificant, and that is how I did feel—as if I were invisible to the naked eye and some of those Sophs might step on me. I knew I would go down to my grave unwept, unhonored and unsung."

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla confortou Anne dizendo que no próximo ano elas pareceriam tão entediadas e sofisticadas quanto qualquer veterana. Ela admitiu que se sentir insignificante era angustiante, mas achava melhor do que se sentir tão grande e desajeitada como se sentia, como se estivesse espalhada por toda a Redmond. Sentia-se assim porque era uns bons cinco centímetros

mais alta que qualquer outra pessoa. Não tinha medo de que um veterano pudesse pisar nela; ao contrário, temia que a confundissem com um elefante ou uma ilhéu absurdamente grande alimentada a batata.

Original English

"Wait till next year," comforted Priscilla. "Then we'll be able to look as bored and sophisticated as any Sophomore of them all. No doubt it is rather dreadful to feel insignificant; but I think it's better than to feel as big and awkward as I did—as if I were sprawled all over Redmond. That's how I felt—I suppose because I was a good two inches taller than any one else in the crowd. I wasn't afraid a Soph might walk over me; I was afraid they'd take me for an elephant, or an overgrown sample of a potato-fed Islander."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne sugeriu que o problema era que eles não conseguiam perdoar Redmond por não ser como Queen's. Quando saíram de Queen's, conheciam todo mundo e tinham seu próprio lugar. Ela sentiu que inconscientemente esperavam continuar suas vidas em Redmond exatamente de onde pararam em Queen's, e agora sentiam como se o chão tivesse escorregado debaixo de seus pés. Ela agradecia que nem a Sra. Lynde nem a Sra. Elisha Wright soubessem seu estado de espírito atual, porque elas exclamariam que tinham dito a ela e estariam convencidas de que era o começo do fim. No entanto, ela acreditava que era apenas o fim do começo.

Original English

"I suppose the trouble is we can't forgive big Redmond for not being little Queen's," said Anne, gathering about her the shreds of her old cheerful philosophy to cover her nakedness of spirit. "When we left Queen's we knew everybody and had a place of our own. I suppose we have been unconsciously expecting to take life up at Redmond just where we left off at Queen's, and now we feel as if the ground had slipped from under our feet. I'm thankful that neither Mrs. Lynde nor Mrs. Elisha Wright know, or ever will know, my state of mind at present. They would exult in saying 'I told you so,' and be convinced it was the beginning of the end. Whereas it is just the end of the beginning."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Priscila concordou, dizendo que a ideia de Anne soava como sua verdadeira essência. Ela achou que em pouco tempo eles se acostuariam e fariam amizades, e tudo ficaria bem. Então ela perguntou a Anne se ela tinha notado a garota que ficou sozinha do lado de fora da porta do vestiário feminino a manhã toda — a bonita de olhos castanhos e boca torta.

Original English

"Exactly. That sounds more Anneish. In a little while we'll be acclimated and acquainted, and all will be well. Anne, did you notice the girl who stood alone just outside the door of the coeds' dressing room all the morning—the pretty one with the brown eyes and crooked mouth?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne confirmou que tinha notado aquela garota. Ela disse que a notou especialmente porque parecia a única pessoa ali que parecia tão solitária e sem amigos quanto Anne se sentia. Anne tinha Priscila, mas a outra garota não tinha ninguém.

Original English

"Yes, I did. I noticed her particularly because she seemed the only creature there who LOOKED as lonely and friendless as I FELT. I had YOU, but she had no one."

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Pt/En

Português

Priscila achou que aquela garota também se sentia muito sozinha. Várias vezes ela a viu fazer um movimento como se fosse vir até elas, mas nunca o fez — provavelmente porque era tímida demais. Priscila desejou que ela tivesse vindo. Se Priscila não tivesse se sentido tão desajeitada como um elefante, ela teria ido até ela. Mas ela não conseguiu atravessar pesadamente aquele grande salão com todos aqueles garotos gritando nas escadas. Priscila concluiu com uma risada que a garota era a caloura mais bonita que viu naquele dia, mas que o favor é enganoso e até a

beleza é vã no primeiro dia em Redmond.

Original English

"I think she felt pretty all-by-herselfish, too. Several times I saw her make a motion as if to cross over to us, but she never did it—too shy, I suppose. I wished she would come. If I hadn't felt so much like the aforesaid elephant I'd have gone to her. But I couldn't lumber across that big hall with all those boys howling on the stairs. She was the prettiest freshette I saw today, but probably favor is deceitful and even beauty is vain on your first day at Redmond," concluded Priscilla with a laugh.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que iria ao Old St. John's depois do almoço. Ela não tinha certeza de que um cemitério fosse um bom lugar para se animar, mas parecia o único lugar acessível com árvores, e ela precisava de árvores. Ela se sentaria em uma daquelas lápides antigas, fecharia os olhos e imaginaria que estava na floresta de Avonlea.

Original English

"I'm going across to Old St. John's after lunch," said Anne. "I don't know that a graveyard is a very good place to go to get cheered up, but it seems the only get-at-able place where there are trees, and trees I must have. I'll sit on one of those old slabs and shut my eyes and imagine I'm in the Avonlea woods."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne, no entanto, manteve os olhos bem abertos, achando a Old St. John's fascinante. Eles entraram pelos portões, passando por um arco de pedra simples e maciço encimado pelo grande leão da Inglaterra.

Original English

Anne did not do that, however, for she found enough of interest in Old St. John's to keep her eyes wide open. They went in by the entrance gates, past the simple, massive, stone arch surmounted by the great lion of England.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne citou um verso sobre Inkerman, descrevendo como a amora silvestre ainda estava sangrenta lá e como aquelas alturas desoladas se tornariam famosas na história.

Original English

"And on Inkerman yet the wild bramble is gory, And those bleak heights henceforth shall be famous in story,"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse isso animadamente. Eles estavam em um lugar escuro, fresco e verde onde o vento parecia ronronar. Eles caminharam pelos longos corredores gramados, lendo os epitáfios pitorescos e longos esculpidos em uma época que tinha mais lazer do que o presente.

Original English

quoted Anne, looking at it with a thrill. They found themselves in a dim, cool, green place where winds were fond of purring. Up and down the long grassy aisles they wandered, reading the quaint, voluminous epitaphs, carved in an age that had more leisure than our own.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne leu de uma lápide cinzenta gasta o epitáfio de Albert Crawford, que por muitos anos foi Guardião da Artilharia de Sua Majestade em Kingsport. Ele serviu no exército até a paz de 1763, depois se aposentou por problemas de saúde. O epitáfio o chamava de oficial corajoso, o melhor dos maridos, pais e amigos. Ele morreu em 1792 aos 84 anos. Anne disse a Prissy que o epitáfio dava muito espaço para a imaginação e que tal vida devia ter sido cheia de aventura. Ela se perguntou se ele havia ouvido todas aquelas coisas boas enquanto estava vivo.

Original English

"Here lieth the body of Albert Crawford, Esq.," read Anne from a worn, gray slab, "for many years Keeper of His Majesty's Ordnance at Kingsport. He served in the army till the peace of 1763, when he retired from bad health. He was a brave officer, the best of husbands, the best of fathers, the best of friends. He died October 29th, 1792, aged 84 years.' There's an epitaph for you, Prissy. There is certainly some 'scope for imagination' in it. How full such a life must have been of adventure! And as for his personal qualities, I'm sure human eulogy couldn't go further. I wonder if they told him he was all those best things while he was alive."

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla disse que havia encontrado outro epitáfio e pediu que Anne ouvisse.

Original English

"Here's another," said Priscilla. "Listen—

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Pt/En

Português

O epitáfio era em memória de Alexander Ross, que faleceu em 22 de setembro de 1840, aos 43 anos. Foi erguido por alguém a quem ele serviu fielmente por 27 anos, que o considerava um amigo digno de total confiança e afeição.

Original English

'To the memory of Alexander Ross, who died on the 22nd of September, 1840, aged 43 years. This is raised as a tribute of affection by one whom he served so faithfully for 27 years that he was regarded as a friend, deserving the fullest confidence and attachment.'"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne refletiu que era um excelente epitáfio, observando que todos servem a algum mestre, e se a fidelidade de alguém pode ser verdadeiramente registrada em uma lápide, nada mais é necessário. Ela então apontou uma pequena pedra cinzenta para uma criança favorita e outra erguida em memória de alguém enterrado em outro lugar, perguntando-se onde estaria aquela sepultura desconhecida. Disse a Priscilla que os cemitérios modernos nunca seriam tão interessantes quanto aquele, e que já o amava e viria com frequência. Então notou uma garota no final da alameda.

Original English

"A very good epitaph," commented Anne thoughtfully. "I wouldn't wish a better. We are all servants of some sort, and if the fact that we are faithful can be truthfully inscribed on our tombstones nothing more need be added. Here's a sorrowful little gray stone, Prissy—'to the memory of a favorite child.' And here is another 'erected to the memory of one who is buried elsewhere.' I wonder where that unknown grave is. Really, Pris, the graveyards of today will never be as interesting as this. You were right—I shall come here often. I love it already. I see we're not alone here—there's a girl down at the end of this avenue."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne concordou, dizendo que acreditava ser a mesma garota que haviam visto em Redmond mais cedo. Ela a observara por vários minutos, e a garota começara a subir a alameda meia dúzia de vezes, mas em todas voltava. Anne especulou que a garota era extremamente tímida ou tinha algo na consciência, e sugeriu que fossem encontrá-la, acrescentando que talvez fosse mais fácil fazer amizade em um cemitério do que em Redmond.

Original English

"Yes, and I believe it's the very girl we saw at Redmond this morning. I've been watching her for five minutes. She has started to come up the avenue exactly half a dozen times, and half a dozen times has she turned and gone back. Either she's dreadfully shy or she has got something on her conscience. Let's go and meet her. It's easier to get acquainted in a

graveyard than at Redmond, I believe."

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Pt/En

Português

Elas desceram o longo caminho gramado em direção à estranha, que estava sentada em uma laje cinzenta sob um enorme salgueiro. Ela era inegavelmente bonita, com uma beleza irregular, mas cativante. Seu cabelo liso brilhava como nozes marrons, suas bochechas redondas brilhavam suavemente, e seus grandes olhos castanhos e aveludados estavam sob sobrancelhas pretas estranhamente pontiagudas, com uma boca torta e vermelha como rosa. Ela usava um terno marrom elegante, do qual espreitavam dois sapatos muito elegantes, e seu chapéu de palha rosa opaco, enfeitado com papoulas marrom-douradas, tinha o ar inconfundível de uma criação de modista. Priscilla de repente se sentiu constrangida com seu próprio chapéu, enfeitado pela modista da loja da vila, e Anne se preocupou que sua blusa caseira, ajustada pela Sra. Lynde, parecesse muito rústica e simples perto das roupas elegantes da estranha. Por um momento, ambas sentiram vontade de voltar.

Original English

They walked down the long grassy arcade towards the stranger, who was sitting on a gray slab under an enormous willow. She was certainly very pretty, with a vivid, irregular, bewitching type of prettiness. There was a gloss as of brown nuts on her satin-smooth hair and a soft, ripe glow on her round cheeks. Her eyes were big and brown and velvety, under oddly-pointed black brows, and her crooked mouth was rose-red. She wore a smart brown suit, with two very modish little shoes peeping from beneath it; and her hat of dull pink straw, wreathed with golden-brown poppies, had the indefinable, unmistakable air which pertains to the "creation" of an artist in millinery. Priscilla had a sudden stinging consciousness that her own hat had been trimmed by her village store milliner, and Anne wondered uncomfortably if the blouse she had made herself, and which Mrs. Lynde had fitted, looked VERY countrified and home-made besides the stranger's smart attire. For a moment both girls felt like turning back.

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Pt/En

Português

No entanto, elas já haviam parado e se virado em direção à laje cinzenta, e era tarde demais para recuar, pois a garota de olhos castanhos evidentemente concluíra que elas vinham falar com ela. Ela imediatamente se levantou e veio em frente com a mão estendida e um sorriso alegre e amigável que não mostrava nenhum traço de timidez ou consciência pesada.

Original English

But they had already stopped and turned towards the gray slab. It was too late to retreat, for the brown-eyed girl had evidently concluded that they were coming to speak to her. Instantly she sprang up and came forward with outstretched hand and a gay, friendly smile in which there seemed not a shadow of either shyness or burdened conscience.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela exclamou ansiosamente que queria saber quem elas eram, que estava desesperada para saber. Ela mencionou tê-las visto em Redmond naquela manhã e comentou como havia sido terrível, acrescentando que por um momento se arrependeu de não ter ficado em casa e se casado.

Original English

"Oh, I want to know who you two girls are," she exclaimed eagerly. "I've been DYING to know. I saw you at Redmond this morning. Say, wasn't it AWFUL there? For the time I wished I had stayed home and got married."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne e Priscilla riram livremente com seu comentário inesperado, e a garota de olhos castanhos se juntou à risada delas.

Original English

Anne and Priscilla both broke into unconstrained laughter at this unexpected conclusion. The brown-eyed girl laughed, too.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela insistiu que realmente poderia ter se casado. Em seguida, propôs que todas se sentassem em uma lápide para se conhecerem, afirmando que seria fácil. Ela tinha certeza de que se adorariam, pois soube desde o momento em que as viu em Redmond naquela manhã, e quisera ir até elas e abraçá-las.

Original English

"I really did. I COULD have, you know. Come, let's all sit down on this gravestone and get acquainted. It won't be hard. I know we're going to adore each other—I knew it as soon as I saw you at Redmond this morning. I wanted so much to go right over and hug you both."

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla perguntou por que ela não tinha feito isso.

Original English

"Why didn't you?" asked Priscilla.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela explicou que simplesmente não conseguia decidir fazer isso; estava sempre atormentada pela indecisão. Mal decidia algo e já sentia certeza de que outra escolha teria sido a correta. Considerava uma terrível desgraça, mas como nasceu assim, achava injusto ser culpada. Consequentemente, não conseguira decidir abordá-las, apesar de querer.

Original English

"Because I simply couldn't make up my mind to do it. I never can make up my mind about anything myself—I'm always afflicted with indecision. Just as soon as I decide to do something I feel in my bones that another course would be the correct one. It's a dreadful misfortune, but I was born that way, and there is no use in blaming me for it, as some people do. So I couldn't make up my mind to go and speak to you, much as I wanted to."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que eles haviam presumido anteriormente que ela era muito tímida.

Original English

"We thought you were too shy," said Anne.

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Pt/En

Português

Philippa Gordon, pedindo para ser chamada de Phil, respondeu que a timidez não era uma de suas características, fosse considerada um defeito ou uma virtude, e então perguntou sobre os nomes das outras garotas.

Original English

"No, no, dear. Shyness isn't among the many failings—or virtues—of Philippa Gordon—Phil for short. Do call me Phil right off. Now, what are your handles?"

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Pt/En

Português

Anne indicou Priscilla Grant com um gesto e a apresentou.

Original English

"She's Priscilla Grant," said Anne, pointing.

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla então apresentou Anne Shirley da mesma maneira.

Original English

"And SHE'S Anne Shirley," said Priscilla, pointing in turn.

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Pt/En

Português

As duas anunciaram juntas que eram da Ilha.

Original English

"And we're from the Island," said both together.

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Pt/En

Português

Philippa afirmou que ela veio de Bolingbroke, Nova Escócia.

Original English

"I hail from Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia," said Philippa.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne exclamou surpresa ao dizer que Bolingbroke era seu próprio local de nascimento.

Original English

"Bolingbroke!" exclaimed Anne. "Why, that is where I was born."

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Pt/En

Português

A interlocutora perguntou se ela estava falando sério e comentou que isso a tornava uma Bluenose.

Original English

"Do you really mean it? Why, that makes you a Bluenose after all."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne retrucou que nascer em um lugar não definia uma pessoa, comparando ao ditado de Dan O'Connell sobre nascer em um estábulo. Ela insistiu que era essencialmente da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo.

Original English

"No, it doesn't," retorted Anne. "Wasn't it Dan O'Connell who said that if a man was born in a stable it didn't make him a horse? I'm Island to the core."

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Pt/En

Português

A interlocutora expressou satisfação por Philippa ser de Bolingbroke, fazendo-as sentir-se vizinhas, o que permitia compartilhar segredos. Ela admitiu que guardar segredos era impossível e que a indecisão era outro defeito, ilustrando com sua escolha prolongada de chapéu para o cemitério. Por fim, ela escolheu o chapéu rosa cutucando com um alfinete de chapéu e pediu uma opinião sobre sua aparência.

Original English

"Well, I'm glad you were born in Bolingbroke anyway. It makes us kind of neighbors, doesn't it? And I like that, because when I tell you secrets it won't be as if I were telling them to a stranger. I have to tell them. I can't keep secrets—it's no use to try. That's my worst failing—that, and indecision, as aforesaid. Would you believe it?—it took me half an hour to decide which hat to wear when I was coming here—HERE, to a graveyard! At first I inclined to my brown one with the feather; but as soon as I put it on I thought this pink one with the floppy brim would be more becoming. When I got IT pinned in place I liked the brown one better. At last I put them close together on the bed, shut my eyes, and jabbed with a hat pin. The pin speared the pink one, so I put it on. It is becoming, isn't it? Tell me, what do you think of my looks?"

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla riu novamente do pedido ingênuo, feito em tom perfeitamente sério. Anne, porém, apertou impulsivamente a mão de Philippa e disse:

Original English

At this naive demand, made in a perfectly serious tone, Priscilla laughed again. But Anne said, impulsively squeezing Philippa's hand,

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Pt/En

Português

Anne informou a Philippa que, naquela manhã, elas a consideraram a garota mais bonita que tinham visto em Redmond.

Original English

"We thought this morning that you were the prettiest girl we saw at Redmond."

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Pt/En

Português

A boca torta de Philippa se curvou em um sorriso encantador e torto, revelando dentes muito brancos e pequenos.

Original English

Philippa's crooked mouth flashed into a bewitching, crooked smile over very white little teeth.

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Pt/En

Português

Philippa concordou que ela mesma havia pensado que era bonita, mas queria que outros confirmassem para apoiar sua própria opinião. Ela admitiu que não conseguia nem decidir sobre sua aparência; assim que decidia que era bonita, começava a se sentir miseravelmente que não era. Ela também mencionou uma horrível tia-avó idosa que sempre dizia, com um suspiro pesaroso, que ela tinha sido um bebê tão bonito e como era

estranho que as crianças mudassem ao crescer. Ela professou adorar tias, mas detestar tias-avós, e pediu a Anne que lhe dissesse com frequência que ela era bonita, se não se importasse, pois isso a fazia sentir-se mais confortável. Ela prometeu ser igualmente útil em retorno, se Anne quisesse, e poderia fazer isso com a consciência tranquila.

Original English

"I thought that myself," was her next astounding statement, "but I wanted some one else's opinion to bolster mine up. I can't decide even on my own appearance. Just as soon as I've decided that I'm pretty I begin to feel miserably that I'm not. Besides, have a horrible old great-aunt who is always saying to me, with a mournful sigh, 'You were such a pretty baby. It's strange how children change when they grow up.' I adore aunts, but I detest great-aunts. Please tell me quite often that I am pretty, if you don't mind. I feel so much more comfortable when I can believe I'm pretty. And I'll be just as obliging to you if you want me to—I CAN be, with a clear conscience."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne riu e expressou gratidão, mas afirmou que tanto ela quanto Priscilla já estavam totalmente confiantes em sua própria atratividade e, portanto, não precisavam de garantias adicionais.

Original English

"Thanks," laughed Anne, "but Priscilla and I are so firmly convinced of our own good looks that we don't need any assurance about them, so you needn't trouble."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne negou ser vaidosa e expressou sua alegria em conhecê-los. Ela admitiu uma forte saudade desde que chegou no sábado. Em Bolingbroke ela era uma pessoa importante, mas em Kingsport se sentia insignificante. Às vezes sentia seu espírito ficar profundamente triste. Ela perguntou onde eles moravam.

Original English

"Oh, you're laughing at me. I know you think I'm abominably vain, but I'm not. There really isn't one spark of vanity in me. And I'm never a bit grudging about paying compliments to other girls when they deserve them. I'm so glad I know you folks. I came up on Saturday and I've nearly died of homesickness ever since. It's a horrible feeling, isn't it? In Bolingbroke I'm an important personage, and in Kingsport I'm just nobody! There were times when I could feel my soul turning a delicate blue. Where do you hang out?"

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Pt/En

Português

Ela respondeu que seu endereço era trinta e oito Rua St. John.

Original English

"Thirty-eight St. John's Street."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne ficou satisfeita ao saber que moravam perto, pois ela estava na Rua Wallace, logo ali na esquina. No entanto, ela não gostou de sua pensão, descrevendo-a como fria e solitária. Sua janela dava para um quintal feio onde gatos se reuniam à noite. Ela contrastou esses gatos com gatos aconchegantes perto da lareira. Na primeira noite, ela chorou a noite toda, e os gatos também choraram, deixando seu nariz inchado de manhã. Ela se arrependeu de ter saído de casa.

Original English

"Better and better. Why, I'm just around the corner on Wallace Street. I don't like my boardinghouse, though. It's bleak and lonesome, and my room looks out on such an unholy back yard. It's the ugliest place in the world. As for cats—well, surely ALL the Kingsport cats can't congregate there at night, but half of them must. I adore cats on hearth rugs, snoozing before nice, friendly fires, but cats in back yards at midnight are totally different animals. The first night I was here I cried all night, and so did the cats. You should have seen my nose in the morning. How I wished I had never left home!"

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla perguntou com humor como Anne conseguiu decidir frequentar Redmond se ela era realmente tão indecisa.

Original English

"I don't know how you managed to make up your mind to come to Redmond at all, if you are really such an undecided person," said amused Priscilla.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que era o desejo de seu pai que ela viesse, não sua própria decisão. Ela achou a ideia de estudar para um diploma de bacharelado bastante ridícula para si mesma, embora admitisse que era perfeitamente capaz porque tinha muita inteligência.

Original English

"Bless your heart, honey, I didn't. It was father who wanted me to come here. His heart was set on it—why, I don't know. It seems perfectly ridiculous to think of me studying for a B.A. degree, doesn't it? Not but what I can do it, all right. I have heaps of brains."

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla soltou uma vaga exclamação de surpresa.

Original English

"Oh!" said Priscilla vaguely.

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla explicou que achava a ideia de se tornar bacharel um trabalho árduo, pois os bacharéis pareciam tão eruditos e solenes. Ela não queria vir para Redmond, mas o fez para agradar seu pai, a quem adorava. Ela sabia que, se ficasse em casa, sua mãe insistiria que ela se casasse, mas ela odiava a ideia de casamento tão jovem. Aos dezoito anos, queria se divertir antes de se estabelecer, e não conseguia imaginar como escolheria um marido.

Original English

"Yes. But it's such hard work to use them. And B.A.'s are such learned, dignified, wise, solemn creatures—they must be. No, I didn't want to come to Redmond. I did it just to oblige father. He IS such a duck. Besides, I knew if I stayed home I'd have to get married. Mother wanted that—wanted it decidedly. Mother has plenty of decision. But I really hated the thought of being married for a few years yet. I want to have heaps of fun before I settle down. And, ridiculous as the idea of my being a B.A. is, the idea of my being an old married woman is still more absurd, isn't it? I'm only eighteen. No, I concluded I would rather come to Redmond than be married. Besides, how could I ever have made up my mind which man to marry?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne riu e perguntou se havia tantos assim.

Original English

"Were there so many?" laughed Anne.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Priscilla disse que muitos rapazes gostavam dela, mas apenas dois eram candidatos sérios. Os outros eram muito jovens ou muito pobres, e ela sentia que devia se casar com um homem rico.

Original English

"Heaps. The boys like me awfully—they really do. But there were only two that mattered. The rest were all too young and too poor. I must marry a rich man, you know."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou por que ela se sentia obrigada a se casar com um homem rico.

Original English

"Why must you?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Phil disse que não conseguia se imaginar como esposa de um homem pobre porque não era útil e era muito extravagante. Ela insistiu que seu marido deveria ser rico, o que reduziu suas opções a dois homens. No entanto, ela achava tão difícil escolher entre dois quanto entre duzentos, sabendo que sempre se arrependeria de qualquer escolha que fizesse.

Original English

"Honey, you couldn't imagine ME being a poor man's wife, could you? I can't do a single useful thing, and I am VERY extravagant. Oh, no, my husband must have heaps of money. So that narrowed them down to two. But I couldn't decide between two any easier than between two hundred. I knew perfectly well that whichever one I chose I'd regret all my life that I hadn't married the other."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne perguntou hesitante se Phil havia amado algum deles. Para Anne, era difícil discutir o profundo mistério e transformação da vida com alguém que ela mal conhecia.

Original English

"Didn't you—love—either of them?" asked Anne, a little hesitatingly. It was not easy for her to speak to a stranger of the great mystery and transformation of life.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Phil respondeu que não podia amar ninguém e não queria, acreditando que o amor tornava a pessoa uma escrava e dava ao homem o poder de machucar. Ela gostava igualmente de Alec e Alonzo e não conseguia escolher. Alec era o mais bonito, e ela não podia se casar com um homem sem atrativos. Ele também era de bom temperamento, com lindos cabelos crespos e pretos, mas ela achava que ele poderia ser perfeito demais, o que não a agradaria, pois ela não teria nada para criticar.

Original English

"Goodness, no. I couldn't love anybody. It isn't in me. Besides I wouldn't want to. Being in love makes you a perfect slave, I think. And it would give a man such power to hurt you. I'd be afraid. No, no, Alec and Alonzo are two dear boys, and I like them both so much that I really don't know which I like the better. That is the trouble. Alec is the best looking, of course, and I simply couldn't marry a man who wasn't handsome. He is good-tempered too, and has lovely, curly, black hair. He's rather too perfect—I don't believe I'd like a perfect husband—somebody I could never find fault with."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Priscilla perguntou seriamente por que Phil não se casava com Alonzo.

Original English

"Then why not marry Alonzo?" asked Priscilla gravely.

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Pt/En

Português

Phil lamentou o nome Alonzo, mas observou que ele tinha um nariz clássico, o que ela considerava um conforto, já que não podia confiar no próprio nariz, temendo que ele seguisse o nariz da família Byrne de sua mãe. Ela adorava narizes bonitos e admirava o nariz de Anne. O nariz de Alonzo quase a fez decidir, mas o nome Alonzo era intolerável. Ela desejava poder escolher entre eles como fazia com chapéus: colocá-los juntos, fechar os olhos e espetar com um alfinete de chapéu.

Original English

"Think of marrying a name like Alonzo!" said Phil dolefully. "I don't believe I could endure it. But he has a classic nose, and it WOULD be a comfort to have a nose in the family that could be depended on. I can't depend on mine. So far, it takes after the Gordon pattern, but I'm so afraid it will develop Byrne tendencies as I grow older. I examine it every day anxiously to make sure it's still Gordon. Mother was a Byrne and has the Byrne nose in the Byrnest degree. Wait till you see it. I adore nice noses. Your nose is awfully nice, Anne Shirley. Alonzo's nose nearly turned the balance in his favor. But ALONZO! No, I couldn't decide. If I could have done as I did with the hats—stood them both up together, shut my eyes, and jabbed with a hatpin—it would have been quite easy."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Priscilla perguntou a Anne como Alec e Alonzo haviam reagido à sua partida.

Original English

"What did Alec and Alonzo feel like when you came away?" queried Priscilla.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu que os homens ainda mantinham esperança, pois ela lhes dissera para esperar até que tomasse sua decisão; ambos estavam dispostos. Ela admitiu que eles a adoravam. Enquanto isso, ela planejava se divertir e esperava ter muitos admiradores em Redmond, pois não poderia ser feliz sem eles. Ela comentou que os calouros eram notavelmente sem atrativos, exceto por um jovem bonito chamado Gilbert, que ela viu antes dos outros chegarem. O amigo dele tinha olhos protuberantes. Ela então insistiu para que as garotas não fossem embora ainda.

Original English

"Oh, they still have hope. I told them they'd have to wait till I could make up my mind. They're quite willing to wait. They both worship me, you know. Meanwhile, I intend to have a good time. I expect I shall have heaps of beaux at Redmond. I can't be happy unless I have, you know. But don't you think the freshmen are fearfully homely? I saw only one really handsome fellow among them. He went away before you came. I heard his chum call him Gilbert. His chum had eyes that stuck out THAT FAR. But you're not going yet, girls? Don't go yet."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne respondeu com frieza que elas precisavam ir, pois estava ficando tarde e ela tinha trabalho a fazer.

Original English

"I think we must," said Anne, rather coldly. "It's getting late, and I've some work to do."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Philippa perguntou se elas a visitariam e a deixariam visitá-las; ela queria ser amiga próxima, pois havia simpatizado com elas. Ela esperava que sua frivolidade não as tivesse afastado.

Original English

"But you'll both come to see me, won't you?" asked Philippa, getting up and putting an arm around each. "And let me come to see you. I want to be chummy with you. I've taken such a fancy to you both. And I haven't quite disgusted you with my frivolity, have I?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne riu, retribuiu o aperto de Phil e disse que não, demonstrando um retorno de cordialidade.

Original English

"Not quite," laughed Anne, responding to Phil's squeeze, with a return of cordiality.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Philippa observou que ela não era nem de longe tão tola quanto parecia na superfície. Ela instou Anne a aceitá-la como ela era e previu que Anne viria a gostar dela. Ela comentou sobre a beleza do cemitério e expressou o desejo de ser enterrada ali. Então chamou a atenção para uma sepultura cercada por uma grade de ferro, explicando que a lápide indicava que pertencia a um jovem aspirante que havia sido morto na batalha naval entre o Shannon e o Chesapeake.

Original English

"Because I'm not half so silly as I seem on the surface, you know. You just accept Philippa Gordon, as the Lord made her, with all her faults, and I believe you'll come to like her. Isn't this graveyard a sweet place? I'd love to be buried here. Here's a grave I didn't see before—this one in the iron railing—oh, girls, look, see—the stone says it's the grave of a midddy who

was killed in the fight between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. Just fancy!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne parou perto da grade de ferro e fitou a pedra desgastada, com o pulso acelerando de excitação. O antigo cemitério com suas árvores arqueadas e alamedas sombrias desapareceu de sua vista; em vez disso, ela imaginou o Porto de Kingsport quase cem anos antes. Da névoa emergiu uma grande fragata, brilhante com a bandeira inglesa. Atrás dela veio outro navio, carregando a ainda heroica forma do valente Lawrence envolto em sua própria bandeira estrelada no tombadilho. Parecia que o tempo havia voltado, e ela estava vendo o Shannon navegar triunfantemente pela baía com o Chesapeake como sua presa.

Original English

Anne paused by the railing and looked at the worn stone, her pulses thrilling with sudden excitement. The old graveyard, with its over-arching trees and long aisles of shadows, faded from her sight. Instead, she saw the Kingsport Harbor of nearly a century ago. Out of the mist came slowly a great frigate, brilliant with "the meteor flag of England." Behind her was another, with a still, heroic form, wrapped in his own starry flag, lying on the quarter deck—the gallant Lawrence. Time's finger had turned back his pages, and that was the Shannon sailing triumphant up the bay with the Chesapeake as her prize.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Philippa riu e puxou o braço de Anne, chamando-a para voltar de cem anos de distância.

Original English

"Come back, Anne Shirley—come back," laughed Philippa, pulling her arm. "You're a hundred years away from us. Come back."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Com um suspiro suave, Anne voltou ao presente, seus olhos ainda brilhando suavemente.

Original English

Anne came back with a sigh; her eyes were shining softly.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne confessou que sempre prezara aquela velha história e, embora os ingleses tivessem vencido aquela batalha, era o bravo comandante que havia perdido que a fazia amá-la. A sepultura fazia o evento parecer próximo e real. Ela observou que o pobre jovem aspirante tinha apenas dezoito anos. Sua lápide dizia que ele havia morrido de ferimentos recebidos em uma ação valente, o que ela considerava uma homenagem adequada para um soldado.

Original English

"I've always loved that old story," she said, "and although the English won that victory, I think it was because of the brave, defeated commander I love it. This grave seems to bring it so near and make it so real. This poor little midy was only eighteen. He 'died of desperate wounds received in gallant action'—so reads his epitaph. It is such as a soldier might wish for."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Antes de partir, Anne removeu o pequeno ramo de amores-perfeitos roxos que estava usando e o colocou gentilmente sobre o túmulo do jovem que havia morrido na grande batalha naval.

Original English

Before she turned away, Anne unpinned the little cluster of purple pansies she wore and dropped it softly on the grave of the boy who had perished in the great sea-duel.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Priscilla perguntou a Anne o que ela achava da nova amiga depois que Phil foi embora.

Original English

"Well, what do you think of our new friend?" asked Priscilla, when Phil had left them.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne disse que gostava de Phil, achando-a cativante apesar de sua tolice. Anne acreditava, como a própria Phil dizia, que ela não era tão boba quanto parecia. Anne a descreveu como uma pessoa doce e infantil que, pensava ela, nunca amadureceria completamente.

Original English

"I like her. There is something very lovable about her, in spite of all her nonsense. I believe, as she says herself, that she isn't half as silly as she sounds. She's a dear, kissable baby—and I don't know that she'll ever really grow up."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Priscilla disse que também gostava de Phil. Observou que Phil falava sobre garotos tanto quanto Ruby Gillis, mas enquanto a conversa de Ruby a irritava ou enjoava, ela só sentia vontade de rir com bondade de Phil. Priscilla se perguntava por que havia tanta diferença.

Original English

"I like her, too," said Priscilla, decidedly. "She talks as much about boys as Ruby Gillis does. But it always enrages or sickens me to hear Ruby, whereas I just wanted to laugh good-naturedly at Phil. Now, what is the why of that?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou a diferença. Ela achava que Ruby era muito consciente dos garotos e fingia estar apaixonada, se gabando para fazer os outros se sentirem inferiores. Em contraste, Phil via os garotos como amigos e gostava de ser popular sem malícia. Anne acreditava que Phil via Alex e Alonzo como companheiros de brincadeiras para a vida toda. Anne ficou feliz por ter conhecido Phil e por ter visitado a Igreja de São João; sentiu que havia começado a se sentir em casa em Kingsport, e esperava não se sentir tão desenraizada.

Original English

"There is a difference," said Anne meditatively. "I think it's because Ruby is really so CONSCIOUS of boys. She plays at love and love-making. Besides, you feel, when she is boasting of her beaux that she is doing it to rub it well into you that you haven't half so many. Now, when Phil talks of her beaux it sounds as if she was just speaking of chums. She really looks upon boys as good comrades, and she is pleased when she has dozens of them tagging round, simply because she likes to be popular and to be thought popular. Even Alex and Alonzo—I'll never be able to think of those two names separately after this—are to her just two playfellows who want her to play with them all their lives. I'm glad we met her, and I'm glad we went to Old St. John's. I believe I've put forth a tiny soul-root into Kingsport soil this afternoon. I hope so. I hate to feel transplanted."

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Letters from Home

Pt/En

Português

Pelas três semanas seguintes, Anne e Priscilla se sentiram como estranhas, mas então tudo em Redmond se encaixou. Os calouros se tornaram uma turma de verdade, com seu próprio espírito e ambições. Eles venceram a competição anual Arts Rush contra os veteranos, graças ao planejamento estratégico de Gilbert Blythe. Ele foi eleito presidente da turma de calouros e convidado a entrar para os Lambs, uma honra rara para um calouro. Como parte de sua iniciação, ele teve que desfilar pelas principais ruas de Kingsport usando um chapéu de sol e um avental florido, o que fez alegremente. Charlie Sloane, que não foi convidado, pensou que

nunca poderia se humilhar daquela forma.

Original English

For the next three weeks Anne and Priscilla continued to feel as strangers in a strange land. Then, suddenly, everything seemed to fall into focus—Redmond, professors, classes, students, studies, social doings. Life became homogeneous again, instead of being made up of detached fragments. The Freshmen, instead of being a collection of unrelated individuals, found themselves a class, with a class spirit, a class yell, class interests, class antipathies and class ambitions. They won the day in the annual "Arts Rush" against the Sophomores, and thereby gained the respect of all the classes, and an enormous, confidence-giving opinion of themselves. For three years the Sophomores had won in the "rush"; that the victory of this year perched upon the Freshmen's banner was attributed to the strategic generalship of Gilbert Blythe, who marshalled the campaign and originated certain new tactics, which demoralized the Sophs and swept the Freshmen to triumph. As a reward of merit he was elected president of the Freshman Class, a position of honor and responsibility—from a Fresh point of view, at least—coveted by many. He was also invited to join the "Lambs"—Redmondese for Lamba Theta—a compliment rarely paid to a Freshman. As a preparatory initiation ordeal he had to parade the principal business streets of Kingsport for a whole day wearing a sunbonnet and a voluminous kitchen apron of gaudily flowered calico. This he did cheerfully, doffing his sunbonnet with courtly grace when he met ladies of his acquaintance. Charlie Sloane, who had not been asked to join the Lambs, told Anne he did not see how Blythe could do it, and HE, for his part, could never humiliate himself so.

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Pt/En

Português

Priscilla riu ao pensar em Charlie Sloane usando um chapéu de sol e um avental, dizendo que ele ficaria igual à avó dele, enquanto Gilbert parecia um homem mesmo com aquelas roupas.

Original English

"Fancy Charlie Sloane in a 'caliker' apron and a 'sunbunnit,'" giggled Priscilla. "He'd look exactly like his old Grandmother Sloane. Gilbert, now, looked as much like a man in them as in his own proper habiliments."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne e Priscilla rapidamente se integraram à vida social de Redmond graças a Philippa Gordon, uma garota bela e encantadora de família rica. Philippa as levou para seu círculo, e as duas garotas de Avonlea acharam fácil fazer amizades, ao contrário de outros calouros que lutavam sem esse patrocínio.

Original English

Anne and Priscilla found themselves in the thick of the social life of Redmond. That this came about so speedily was due in great measure to Philippa Gordon. Philippa was the daughter of a rich and well-known man, and belonged to an old and exclusive "Bluenose" family. This, combined with her beauty and charm—a charm acknowledged by all who met her—promptly opened the gates of all cliques, clubs and classes in Redmond to her; and where she went Anne and Priscilla went, too. Phil "adored" Anne and Priscilla, especially Anne. She was a loyal little soul, crystal-free from any form of snobbishness. "Love me, love my friends" seemed to be her unconscious motto. Without effort, she took them with her into her ever widening circle of acquaintanceship, and the two Avonlea girls found their social pathway at Redmond made very easy and pleasant for them, to the envy and wonderment of the other freshettes, who, lacking Philippa's sponsorship, were doomed to remain rather on the fringe of things during their first college year.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne e Priscilla viam Phil como uma garota divertida e amável, embora ela fosse realmente muito inteligente. Ela estava sempre ocupada com atividades sociais e tinha muitos admiradores. Ela contava feliz a Anne e Priscilla sobre suas novas conquistas.

Original English

To Anne and Priscilla, with their more serious views of life, Phil remained the amusing, lovable baby she had seemed on their first meeting. Yet, as she said herself, she had "heaps" of brains. When or where she found time to study was a mystery, for she seemed always in demand for some kind of "fun," and her home evenings were crowded with callers. She had all the "beaux" that heart could desire, for nine-tenths of the Freshmen and a big

fraction of all the other classes were rivals for her smiles. She was naively delighted over this, and gleefully recounted each new conquest to Anne and Priscilla, with comments that might have made the unlucky lover's ears burn fiercely.

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Pt/En

Português

Anne provocou dizendo que Alec e Alonzo ainda pareciam não ter rivais sérios pela atenção de Phil.

Original English

"Alec and Alonzo don't seem to have any serious rival yet," remarked Anne, teasingly.

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Pt/En

Português

Philippa concordou que escrevia para os pais toda semana, descrevendo os jovens que conhecia na faculdade. Disse que Gilbert Blythe não demonstrava interesse romântico por ela e sabia que Anne era a razão disso. Philippa confessou que deveria odiar Anne, mas, em vez disso, a amava intensamente e se sentia miserável sem vê-la diariamente. Anne a fazia sentir-se insignificante e frívola, inspirando-a a querer ser melhor e mais sábia, embora ela facilmente esquecesse suas boas intenções quando um homem atraente aparecia. Ela achava a vida universitária magnífica e estava feliz por ter conhecido Anne, pedindo a ela que repetisse que gostava dela.

Original English

"Not one," agreed Philippa. "I write them both every week and tell them all about my young men here. I'm sure it must amuse them. But, of course, the one I like best I can't get. Gilbert Blythe won't take any notice of me, except to look at me as if I were a nice little kitten he'd like to pat. Too well I know the reason. I owe you a grudge, Queen Anne. I really ought to hate you and instead I love you madly, and I'm miserable if I don't see you every day. You're different from any girl I ever knew before. When you look at me in a certain way I feel what an insignificant, frivolous little beast I am, and I long to be better and wiser and stronger. And then I make good resolutions; but the first nice-looking mannie who comes my way knocks them all out of my

head. Isn't college life magnificent? It's so funny to think I hated it that first day. But if I hadn't I might never got really acquainted with you. Anne, please tell me over again that you like me a little bit. I yearn to hear it."

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Pt/En

Português

Anne riu e disse a Philippa que gostava muito dela, chamando-a de uma gatinha querida, doce e gentil, mas perguntou quando ela encontrava tempo para estudar as lições.

Original English

"I like you a big bit—and I think you're a dear, sweet, adorable, velvety, clawless, little—kitten," laughed Anne, "but I don't see when you ever get time to learn your lessons."

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Pt/En

Português

Philippa conseguia se destacar em todas as aulas, até mesmo em matemática, apesar da antipatia do professor por alunas. Anne também achou os estudos do primeiro ano fáceis, graças ao trabalho constante que ela e Gilbert haviam feito em Avonlea, o que lhe dava mais tempo para aproveitar a vida social. Ela nunca esquecia Avonlea e aguardava ansiosamente as cartas de casa toda semana. O primeiro lote incluía cartas de Jane, Ruby, Diana, Marilla, Sra. Lynde e Davy. A carta de Jane era elegante, mas desinteressante, sem notícias sobre a escola ou respostas às perguntas de Anne. A carta de Ruby era efusiva, dizendo que Anne estava sendo sentida falta e perguntando sobre os homens em Redmond, com um pós-escrito mencionando que Gilbert parecia gostar de Redmond, de acordo com suas cartas, o que perturbou Anne.

Original English

Phil must have found time for she held her own in every class of her year. Even the grumpy old professor of Mathematics, who detested coeds, and had bitterly opposed their admission to Redmond, couldn't floor her. She led the freshettes everywhere, except in English, where Anne Shirley left her far behind. Anne herself found the studies of her Freshman year very easy, thanks in great part to the steady work she and Gilbert had put in during those two past years in Avonlea. This left her more time for a social

life which she thoroughly enjoyed. But never for a moment did she forget Avonlea and the friends there. To her, the happiest moments in each week were those in which letters came from home. It was not until she had got her first letters that she began to think she could ever like Kingsport or feel at home there. Before they came, Avonlea had seemed thousands of miles away; those letters brought it near and linked the old life to the new so closely that they began to seem one and the same, instead of two hopelessly segregated existences. The first batch contained six letters, from Jane Andrews, Ruby Gillis, Diana Barry, Marilla, Mrs. Lynde and Davy. Jane's was a copperplate production, with every "t" nicely crossed and every "i" precisely dotted, and not an interesting sentence in it. She never mentioned the school, concerning which Anne was avid to hear; she never answered one of the questions Anne had asked in her letter. But she told Anne how many yards of lace she had recently crocheted, and the kind of weather they were having in Avonlea, and how she intended to have her new dress made, and the way she felt when her head ached. Ruby Gillis wrote a gushing epistle deploring Anne's absence, assuring her she was horribly missed in everything, asking what the Redmond "fellows" were like, and filling the rest with accounts of her own harrowing experiences with her numerous admirers. It was a silly, harmless letter, and Anne would have laughed over it had it not been for the postscript. "Gilbert seems to be enjoying Redmond, judging from his letters," wrote Ruby. "I don't think Charlie is so stuck on it."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Anne ficou perturbada ao saber que Gilbert escrevia para Ruby, sem saber que Ruby havia iniciado a correspondência. Ela deixou de lado a carta de Ruby, mas achou a carta de Diana encantadora e cheia de notícias interessantes que a fizeram sentir-se próxima de Avonlea. A carta de Marilla era correta e simples, mas transmitia a atmosfera pacífica e amorosa de Green Gables. A carta da Sra. Lynde focava em assuntos da igreja, expressando preocupação com a má qualidade dos pregadores em Avonlea.

Original English

So Gilbert was writing to Ruby! Very well. He had a perfect right to, of course. Only—!! Anne did not know that Ruby had written the first letter and that Gilbert had answered it from mere courtesy. She tossed Ruby's letter aside contemptuously. But it took all Diana's breezy, newsy, delightful

epistle to banish the sting of Ruby's postscript. Diana's letter contained a little too much Fred, but was otherwise crowded and crossed with items of interest, and Anne almost felt herself back in Avonlea while reading it. Marilla's was a rather prim and colorless epistle, severely innocent of gossip or emotion. Yet somehow it conveyed to Anne a whiff of the wholesome, simple life at Green Gables, with its savor of ancient peace, and the steadfast abiding love that was there for her. Mrs. Lynde's letter was full of church news. Having broken up housekeeping, Mrs. Lynde had more time than ever to devote to church affairs and had flung herself into them heart and soul. She was at present much worked up over the poor "supplies" they were having in the vacant Avonlea pulpit.

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Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Lynde escreveu amargamente que apenas tolos entravam para o ministério hoje em dia, criticando os maus candidatos e seus sermões. Ela estava especialmente irritada com o atual pregador, que escolhia textos e pregava sobre tópicos não relacionados e duvidava que todos os pagãos estivessem eternamente perdidos. Ela aconselhou Anne a frequentar a igreja regularmente, alertando que os estudantes muitas vezes se descuidavam da frequência à igreja e podiam estudar aos domingos. Ela exortou Anne a ter cuidado com suas amigas e a evitar qualquer jovem que não fosse da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo.

Original English

"I don't believe any but fools enter the ministry nowadays," she wrote bitterly. "Such candidates as they have sent us, and such stuff as they preach! Half of it ain't true, and, what's worse, it ain't sound doctrine. The one we have now is the worst of the lot. He mostly takes a text and preaches about something else. And he says he doesn't believe all the heathen will be eternally lost. The idea! If they won't all the money we've been giving to Foreign Missions will be clean wasted, that's what! Last Sunday night he announced that next Sunday he'd preach on the axe-head that swam. I think he'd better confine himself to the Bible and leave sensational subjects alone. Things have come to a pretty pass if a minister can't find enough in Holy Writ to preach about, that's what. What church do you attend, Anne? I hope you go regularly. People are apt to get so careless about church-going away from home, and I understand college students are great sinners in this respect. I'm told many of them actually study their lessons on Sunday. I hope you'll never sink that low, Anne.

Remember how you were brought up. And be very careful what friends you make. You never know what sort of creatures are in them colleges. Outwardly they may be as whited sepulchers and inwardly as ravening wolves, that's what. You'd better not have anything to say to any young man who isn't from the Island.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

activities æk'tɪvɪtɪz (4 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. It was a mystery how she found time to study because she was always busy with fun activities and had many visitors in the evenings. [Back to B1](#)
2. This gave Anne more time for social activities, which she enjoyed. [Back to B1](#)
3. Since she no longer kept house, Mrs. Lynde was very involved in church activities and was concerned about the quality of preachers in Avonlea. [Back to B1](#)
4. She did not want to do quiet, home activities.

admired əd'maɪərd (6 occurrences)

Português: admirava

Simple English: To respect and like someone for their good qualities.

Example: *He admired her courage.*

Uses in this book:

1. She admired Anne's nose and Alonzo's nose almost made her choose him. [Back to B1](#)
2. Phil believed Anne would be admired for her hair and style, and be very successful.
3. Her friends admired her, and her enemies were jealous.
4. She looked very elegant and admired herself in the long mirror on the wall.
5. Anne asked Philippa if she really knew how pretty she was, and Anne admired her honestly.

adult 'ædʌlt (1 occurrence)

Português: adulto

Simple English: A fully grown person or animal.

Example: *There were eight more adult male apes.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sometimes, she felt scared about being an adult and wished she could be a little girl again. [Back to B1](#)

Adults 'ædʌlts (2 occurrences)

Português: adultos

Simple English: People who are fully grown and not children.

Example: *Adults should follow the rules.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought that adults often forget how fast children grow up. [Back to B1](#)

2. She noticed that many children she used to teach had grown up into young adults.

affected ə'fektɪd (2 occurrences)

Português: influenciado

Simple English: influenced or changed by something

Example: *The romantic place might have affected a more civilized man.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was sensitive, and the women's opinions, even from people she did not respect much, affected her. [Back to B1](#)

2. Although daily life would continue as usual, her inner thoughts had been deeply affected.

alright ə'l'raɪt (4 occurrences)

Português: tudo bem

Simple English: Good or okay.

Example: *They said they would be alright.*

Uses in this book:

1. He asked Anne if that would be alright. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne replied that it would be alright, as long as he was sure he would remember to say them. [Back to B1](#)
3. She encouraged Ruby to be brave and to believe that everything would be alright.
4. She then asked Janet if everything was alright now.

annoying /əˈnɔɪɪŋ/ (9 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. Anne found Charlie very annoying, especially when it was raining. [Back to B1](#)
2. But Priscilla found Ruby annoying, while she just wanted to laugh kindly at Phil. [Back to B1](#)
3. Anne complained that Miss Ada's cushions were annoying her.
4. Mrs. Lynde found it very annoying.
5. Someone said that Perceval was too good and that this was annoying.

anymore ˌeniˈmɔːr (14 occurrences)

Português: mais

Simple English: No longer; not now.

Example: *I don't live there anymore.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker explained that the sisters were not really twins anymore. [Back to B1](#)
2. She mentioned that no one was buried there anymore, but there was a monument for soldiers who fought in the Crimean War. [Back to B1](#)
3. He explained he was not scared anymore to say the prayer "if I should die before I wake," which he had been afraid of before.
4. Davy said he would not accept Mrs. Lynde telling him what to do anymore.
5. Davy told Anne he was afraid to tell her something because he thought she would not like him anymore.

area 'ɛəriə (5 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. It was a quiet, green area where the wind made soft sounds. [Back to B1](#)
2. She felt the Cuthberts always thought they were better than others in the area.
3. Phil stopped in a bright, open area.
4. Priscilla returned without her apron, Stella tidied her area, and Phil made conversation to ease the situation.
5. His mother did not like this idea, thinking it was a poor area.

areas 'ɛəriəz (3 occurrences)

Português: áreas

Simple English: Parts of a place or land.

Example: *The hills and flat areas rose from the ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. The town had historical sites like a tower covered in writing, an old French fort, and old cannons in public areas. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said they should not expect too much, as nice houses in good areas would likely be too expensive.
3. White mist was in the low areas, and stars shone on the wet fields.

arrogant 'ærəgənt (1 occurrence)

Português: arrogante

Simple English: Thinking you are better than others.

Example: *He is too arrogant to admit his mistakes.*

Uses in this book:

1. They had suggested she might get sick, spend too much money, become arrogant, or feel out of place because of her clothes. [Back to B1](#)

artistic /ɑ:r'tɪstɪk/ (1 occurrence)

Português: artística

Simple English: Pertaining to artists or their creative works.

Example: *Her artistic talents shine through in every piece she creates for the exhibition.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her hat, decorated with poppies, looked very artistic. [Back to B1](#)

backyard 'bæk.jɑrd (1 occurrence)

Português: quintal

Simple English: The area behind a house, usually with grass or garden.

Example: *The children played soccer in the backyard.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her room looked out onto an ugly backyard where many cats gathered at night. [Back to B1](#)

backyards 'bæk.jɑrdz (1 occurrence)

Português: quintais

Simple English: Areas behind houses, usually with grass or gardens.

Example: *Many cats live in backyards.*

Uses in this book:

1. She found cats in backyards at midnight very different from cats sleeping by a fire. [Back to B1](#)

boast baʊst (1 occurrence)

Português: gabar-se

Simple English: To talk about yourself with pride.

Example: *He boasts about his many talents.*

Uses in this book:

1. Ruby also seemed to boast about her boyfriends to make others feel bad. [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. Many boys from different classes wanted to be her boyfriend. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Rachel Lynde said with disapproval that it was impossible to find a boyfriend in Avonlea.
3. She mentioned that Herb Spencer, her latest boyfriend, would take her to the party.
4. This gossip said Anne had a rich, handsome, and good boyfriend at college.
5. Anne was happy that Janet had a boyfriend.

boyfriends 'bɔɪfrɛndz (9 occurrences)

Português: namorados

Simple English: male partners in a romantic relationship

Example: *Ruby wanted many boyfriends and to have fun.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said she wanted to have fun at Redmond and expected to have many boyfriends there. [Back to B1](#)
2. Ruby also seemed to boast about her boyfriends to make others feel bad. [Back to B1](#)
3. Ruby then went downstairs and was very cheerful, talking so much with her two boyfriends that Diana and Anne felt left out and soon left.
4. She talked a lot about her boyfriends and their problems.
5. She told them it was not polite to make fun of their boyfriends.

Bunch /bʌntʃ/ (1 occurrence)

Português: bando; monte; grupo

Simple English: A group of items connected or gathered together.

Example: *She picked a bunch of bananas from the store.*

Uses in this book:

1. Before Anne left, she took off the small bunch of purple flowers she was wearing. [Back to B1](#)

cherubs 'tʃɛrəbz (1 occurrence)

Português: querubins

Simple English: Small angel-like figures, often in art.

Example: *The mirror was decorated with painted cherubs.*

Uses in this book:

1. Most gravestones were made of plain stone, with only a few decorated, sometimes with skulls and bones or cherubs. [Back to B1](#)

clumsy 'klʌmzi (2 occurrences)

Português: desajeitado

Simple English: Not moving in a careful or graceful way.

Example: *She felt clumsy while learning to skate.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, she felt too clumsy to walk across the large hall with boys shouting on the stairs. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mr. Harrison has a new worker who is very clumsy.

colorful 'kɒləfəl (5 occurrences)

Português: colorido

Simple English: having many bright colors

Example: *The forest was full of colorful birds.*

Uses in this book:

1. As part of his initiation, he had to wear a sunbonnet and a large, colorful apron for a whole day while walking through the main streets of Kingsport. [Back to B1](#)
2. The house was covered in colorful vines, and its windows had green shutters.
3. The old year did not end quietly with a colorful sunset.
4. He still had a beautiful face and eyes, and his imagination was very colorful.
5. There were nice covers on the chairs, colorful mats on the floor, and books and cards on a table.

confirm /kən'fɜ:rm/ (1 occurrence)

Português: confirmar

Simple English: To show something is true by providing proof clearly.

Example: *Can you confirm the time for our appointment tomorrow?*

Uses in this book:

1. Philippa agreed that she thought she was pretty too, but she wanted others to confirm it. [Back to B1](#)

confirmation ,kɒnfər'meɪʃən (1 occurrence)

Português: confirmação

Simple English: proof that something is true or correct

Example: *Anne laughed and thanked Philippa, but said that she and Priscilla were very sure of their own looks and did not need any confirmation.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne laughed and thanked Philippa, but said that she and Priscilla were very sure of their own looks and did not need any confirmation. [Back to B1](#)

confirmed kən'fɜ:rmɪd (12 occurrences)

Português: confirmado

Simple English: Shown to be true.

Example: *This was confirmed when pygmies surrounded them.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne confirmed that Mrs. Lynde was coming and hoped Davy would be very nice and good to her. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne confirmed she had noticed the girl. [Back to B1](#)

3. Anne confirmed that she had.

4. Phil confirmed that it had started and brought the butter.

5. Anne confirmed that she was perfectly sure.

confusing /kənˈfjuːzɪŋ/ (2 occurrences)

Português: confuso; confundindo; desconcertante

Simple English: Difficult to understand or unclear, causing uncertainty.

Example: *The confusing directions led us to the wrong location for the meeting.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said there were some nice parts to being grown-up, but also many confusing things. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said she had no right to scold Anne, and that in real life, things were often confusing and not as simple as in books.

couple ˈkʌpəl (4 occurrences)

Português: par

Simple English: two people or things together

Example: *Dora kissed Anne politely and shed a couple of small tears.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dora kissed Anne politely and shed a couple of small tears. [Back to B1](#)
2. Philippa said sadly that if she went, she would have to be the 'gooseberry', which meant she would be the third person with a couple, and this would be a new experience for her.
3. Mrs. Rachel told Marilla that they made a fine-looking couple.
4. Mrs. Harmon told Anne that she had once thought Anne and Gilbert would make a good couple.

decorated ˈdeɪkəreɪtɪd (5 occurrences)

Português: decorado

Simple English: made to look nice with objects or colors

Example: *The room was decorated with flowers.*

Uses in this book:

1. Most gravestones were made of plain stone, with only a few decorated, sometimes with skulls and bones or cherubs. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her hat, decorated with poppies, looked very artistic. [Back to B1](#)
3. It was a simple cream silk dress that her friend Phil had decorated with small embroidered rosebuds.

4. She wore a pretty dress with many ruffles and a hat decorated with roses and feathers.
5. She gave an example of a story by Jane Andrews where the main character slept in a beautiful white satin nightdress decorated with small pearls.

disagreed ,dɪsə'grɪ:d (8 occurrences)

Português: discordou

Simple English: to have a different opinion

Example: *Professor Porter disagreed.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne disagreed, saying the women were nice and kind. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne disagreed, explaining that being born somewhere does not change who you are. [Back to B1](#)
3. Anne disagreed, saying Charlie must have done something bad in a past life to have such eyes.
4. Anne disagreed, saying that while Avonlea was a lovely place, it was not romantic enough for a story's setting.
5. Davy disagreed, saying there were not.

disappear ,dɪsə'piər (2 occurrences)

Português: desaparecer

Simple English: to go away or become impossible to see

Example: *The magician made the rabbit disappear.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne explained that she was afraid to speak or move because she did not want the beautiful scene to disappear. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne laughed and replied that Miss Patty and Miss Maria did not seem like people who would disappear like a dream.

disappeared ,dɪsə'piəd (2 occurrences)

Português: desapareceram

Simple English: went out of sight or stopped being present

Example: *All these thoughts about boys disappeared when she entered the kitchen.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, all these thoughts about boys disappeared when she entered the Green Gables kitchen and saw an eight-year-old boy crying hard on the sofa.

[Back to B1](#)

2. She felt that life had lost its joy and her ambition had disappeared. [Back to B1](#)

Disappointing /,dɪsə'pɔɪntɪŋ/ (2 occurrences)

Português: decepcionante; desapontante; desilusão

Simple English: Not meeting expectations or hoped-for outcomes.

Example: *The movie was disappointing because it didn't match the trailer's excitement.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne enjoyed the evening, but the end was disappointing. [Back to B1](#)

2. Anne knew why the proposal felt disappointing.

educational /,ɛdʒu'keɪʃənəl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: educacional; ensino; pedagógico

Simple English: Intended to provide knowledge or facilitate learning.

Example: *The museum offers many educational programs for children and adults.*

Uses in this book:

1. She did not like co-educational places and believed students there only flirted. [Back to B1](#)

Edward 'ɛdwərd (4 occurrences)

Português: Edward

Simple English: A male name.

Example: *Edward is visiting us next week.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said Nova Scotia was her home country, but Prince Edward Island was the land she loved the most. [Back to B1](#)

2. She felt she was from Prince Edward Island. [Back to B1](#)

3. She advised Anne to be careful about her friends and to avoid any young men who were not from Prince Edward Island. [Back to B1](#)

4. Davy then asked Anne if there were any bears on Prince Edward Island.

embarrass *ɪm'bærəs* (1 occurrence)

Português: envergonhar

Simple English: To make someone feel shy or uncomfortable.

Example: *I didn't want to embarrass her in front of friends.*

Uses in this book:

1. Charlie Sloane, who was not invited to join the Lambs, told Anne he couldn't understand how Gilbert could do such a thing and said he would never embarrass himself like that. [Back to B1](#)

emotional */ɪ'mouʃənəl/* (2 occurrences)

Português: emocional; emotivo; sentimental

Simple English: Showing strong feelings; easily affected by emotions.

Example: *She was emotional during the farewell party and cried quite a bit.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne was surprised and pleased by the kind words in the speech, which made her emotional. [Back to B1](#)

2. She felt very emotional because it was like a special place for her.

enthusiastic */ɪn,θju:zi'æstɪk/* (1 occurrence)

Português: entusiasmado; empolgada

Simple English: Showing great excitement and eagerness about something.

Example: *He is very enthusiastic about learning new languages this year.*

Uses in this book:

1. Ruby's letter was enthusiastic, saying Anne was missed and asking about the boys at Redmond. [Back to B1](#)

Extra */'ɛkstrə/* (2 occurrences)

Português: extra; adicional; acréscimo

Simple English: More than needed or added to current amount.

Example: *We ordered extra pizza to share with our friends on Friday.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker described them as kind people who took two boarders each year to use their extra room space. [Back to B1](#)

2. Horatio Reeve was interesting, but he told stories with too many extra details, making it hard to know if he was lying or just imaginative.

faithfulness *'feɪθfəlness* (1 occurrence)

Português: fidelidade

Simple English: Being loyal and true to someone or something.

Example: *Her faithfulness to her friends is very strong.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said that everyone serves someone, and if faithfulness can be written on a tombstone, that is enough. [Back to B1](#)

female *'fi:meɪl* (1 occurrence)

Português: fêmea

Simple English: A woman or girl; the sex that can have babies.

Example: *The female ape cared for her baby.*

Uses in this book:

1. Philippa was a good student and did well in all her classes, even in mathematics, despite the professor's dislike for female students. [Back to B1](#)

frightening *'fraɪtnɪŋ* (2 occurrences)

Português: assustador

Simple English: Causing fear or scary feelings.

Example: *She was a large and frightening animal.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne shivered and said the view sounded frightening. [Back to B1](#)

2. As soon as Davy was out of the lane, he stopped and made a very strange and frightening face.

goals *gəʊlz* (4 occurrences)

Português: objetivos

Simple English: Things a person wants to achieve.

Example: *Her goal is to learn English.*

Uses in this book:

1. The first-year students, called Freshmen, began to feel like a group with shared feelings, cheers, interests, dislikes, and goals. [Back to B1](#)

2. He asked Anne if these quiet mountain feelings made their own small goals seem unimportant.
3. Instead, she must aim for the highest goals and start living a heavenly life on Earth.
4. He was enjoying his life, and he was full of energy and goals.

group *gru:p* (6 occurrences)

Português: grupo

Simple English: several people or things together

Example: *A group of friends went to the park.*

Uses in this book:

1. The A.V.I.S. group held a party for Anne and Gilbert at Josie Pye's house. [Back to B1](#)
2. She knew that in every village there are families who are good and honest, but they are always seen as belonging to a certain group, like the Sloanes. [Back to B1](#)
3. The first-year students, called Freshmen, began to feel like a group with shared feelings, cheers, interests, dislikes, and goals. [Back to B1](#)
4. He said that seeds of heather started growing there after a famous military group, the Black Watch, camped in the park one year and shook out their beds.
5. Anne drowsily thought that she would soon be the only single girl left from their old group.

happier *'hæpiər* (7 occurrences)

Português: mais feliz

Simple English: feeling more joy or pleasure

Example: *Everyone felt happier and more relaxed.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne felt happier listening to Priscilla's cheerful talk, and her homesickness lessened. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was not sure if a graveyard was a good place to feel happier, but it was the only place nearby with trees, and she really needed to be near trees. [Back to B1](#)
3. But then she became happier and said that if he would not ask her to marry him, she would ask him.

4. Davy felt happier and agreed to do the math problems if Anne helped him, so he could go fishing with Milty.
5. Janet seemed to dislike Anne trying to make her feel happier.

healthy 'hɛlθi (3 occurrences)

Português: saudável

Simple English: in good physical condition

Example: *The slaves became strong and healthy.*

Uses in this book:

1. The girl was very pretty, with shiny brown hair and a healthy glow on her cheeks. [Back to B1](#)
2. She mentioned that a cold she had last winter had made her a little weak, but she looked healthy now and not like someone who was ill.
3. She is tall but not too tall, and a little bit heavy, but she looks healthy.

historical /hɪ'stɔrɪkəl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: histórico

Simple English: Belonging to or significant in the past.

Example: *She loves reading historical novels set in the Middle Ages.*

Uses in this book:

1. The town had historical sites like a tower covered in writing, an old French fort, and old cannons in public areas. [Back to B1](#)

homemade ,həʊm'meɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: feito em casa

Simple English: made at home, not in a store

Example: *She wore a homemade blouse to the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. Priscilla felt her own hat looked plain, and Anne worried her homemade blouse looked simple compared to the stranger's smart clothes. [Back to B1](#)

host /houst/ (1 occurrence)

Português: host; anfitrião; hospedar

Simple English: To organize and provide a place for an event.

Example: *She will host the family reunion at her house next weekend.*

Uses in this book:

1. They also thought the Pye sisters might not agree to host if their offer was not accepted. [Back to B1](#)

indecisive ,ɪndɪ'saɪsɪv (1 occurrence)

Português: indeciso

Simple English: not able to make decisions easily

Example: *She is indecisive and takes a long time to choose.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained she had trouble keeping secrets and was also indecisive, giving an example of taking a long time to choose a hat for their visit to the graveyard. [Back to B1](#)

initially /ɪ'nɪʃəli/ (1 occurrence)

Português: inicialmente

Simple English: At the starting point of a process or situation.

Example: *Initially, the project faced several challenges that needed to be addressed quickly.*

Uses in this book:

1. Philippa also said that she enjoyed college life, even though she had initially disliked it, because it allowed her to become friends with Anne. [Back to B1](#)

intelligent ɪn'telɪdʒənt (2 occurrences)

Português: inteligente

Simple English: Having or showing good thinking and understanding.

Example: *Her eyes, her way of acting, and her words all showed she was intelligent.*

Uses in this book:

1. She believed she was capable of doing it because she was intelligent. [Back to B1](#)

2. She wondered how she had ever thought he was ugly, seeing his thoughtful eyes and intelligent forehead.

involved *in'va:lvd* (4 occurrences)

Português: envolvido

Simple English: To have taken part or been included in an activity or situation.

Example: *Several people must have been involved.*

Uses in this book:

1. Since she no longer kept house, Mrs. Lynde was very involved in church activities and was concerned about the quality of preachers in Avonlea. [Back to B1](#)
2. Stella said that if Aunt Jimsie and the Sarah-cat were taken care of, she would not be involved anymore.
3. She felt she often became involved in the love lives of older people.
4. Because of this, she decided not to get involved again.

lessened *'lesnd* (1 occurrence)

Português: diminuído

Simple English: Became smaller or less.

Example: *Their panic had lessened.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne felt happier listening to Priscilla's cheerful talk, and her homesickness lessened. [Back to B1](#)

listing *'lɪstɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: listagem

Simple English: naming or writing several things one after another

Example: *He was listing the reasons for his decision.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne replied, listing things like "shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings." [Back to B1](#)

magical 'mædʒɪkəl (5 occurrences)

Português: mágico

Simple English: related to magic or a special power

Example: *The story told about magical creatures.*

Uses in this book:

1. She forgot her problems and imagined sailing to faraway, magical lands. [Back to B1](#)
2. Aunt Jamesina commented that the words 'silk' and 'lace' sounded magical and made her want to dance.
3. Anne explained that the Twin Sailors would not come to him in their magical boat anymore, and the Golden Lady would not play her harp for him.
4. Lovers' Lane seemed like a magical place that night, made special by the moonlight.
5. She thought these stories were more magical than anything from ancient Greece or Rome.

mix mɪks (2 occurrences)

Português: mistura

Simple English: A combination of different things.

Example: *The cake is made from a mix of ingredients.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne finished speaking with a mix of a laugh and a sigh. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Rachel Lynde commented that it was amazing how much money people paid for such stories, saying it with a mix of pride and seriousness.

naval 'neɪvəl (1 occurrence)

Português: naval

Simple English: Related to ships and the navy.

Example: *She loved the story of that naval battle.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne said she had always loved the story of that naval battle. [Back to B1](#)

Ocean *'ouʃən* (1 occurrence)

Português: oceano

Simple English: A very large area of salt water between continents.

Example: *The continent is now under the Atlantic Ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt very small, like a tiny drop in a huge ocean. [Back to B1](#)

okay *ou'keɪ* (6 occurrences)

Português: tudo bem

Simple English: Everything is all right.

Example: *Is everything okay with the car?*

Uses in this book:

1. When she was finally alone in her room, she still felt okay. [Back to B1](#)
2. They told her that Marilla worried about her, but that Anne was sensible and would be okay.
3. Aunt Jamesina said it was okay for them to fight.
4. Davy asked if it was okay to say it slowly and seriously, like a minister.
5. She believed that in the end, everything would be okay.

onto *'antu* (13 occurrences)

Português: em cima de

Simple English: moving to a higher position on something

Example: *The cat jumped onto the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne groaned at the word "home." She imagined they would be in a bad boardinghouse with a small, unpleasant room that looked out onto a dirty yard. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her room looked out onto an ugly backyard where many cats gathered at night. [Back to B1](#)
3. Davy stepped off the grass onto the road, where his ankles sank into the fine dust.
4. Then, they all climbed onto the roof of the pig-house and carved their names into the wood.

5. A person in white ran across the floor and jumped onto the bed.

plant *plænt* (1 occurrence)

Português: planta

Simple English: a living thing that grows in soil

Example: *There is a beautiful plant in the garden.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne thought the plant probably grew from a seed planted many years ago.

[Back to B1](#)

planted *plæn.tɪd* (2 occurrences)

Português: plantado

Simple English: Put seeds or plants in the ground to grow.

Example: *They planted flowers in the garden.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne thought the plant probably grew from a seed planted many years ago.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Thomas had planted those lilies when he and the narrator married.

playful *'pleɪfəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: brincalhão

Simple English: Full of fun and games.

Example: *The puppy was very playful with the children.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wanted to be good friends with them because she liked them a lot and hoped they were not put off by her playful nature. [Back to B1](#)

playfully *'pleɪfəli* (4 occurrences)

Português: brincando

Simple English: In a fun and friendly way.

Example: *She playfully asked him a question.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne playfully commented that two of Philippa's admirers, Alec and Alonzo, did not seem to have any serious rivals yet. [Back to B1](#)

2. She added playfully that she always protected her hands with lemon juice and kid gloves every night afterwards.
3. Anne playfully told her aunt that she thought her aunt had said she was as young as anyone else.
4. Anne replied playfully that cats were wonderful animals.

playmates 'pleɪˌmeɪts (1 occurrence)

Português: companheiros de brincadeira

Simple English: Friends that you play with.

Example: *Phil saw Alex and Alonzo as playmates.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought Phil saw Alex and Alonzo as playmates. [Back to B1](#)

preachers 'priːtʃəz (1 occurrence)

Português: pregadores

Simple English: People who give religious talks.

Example: *Many preachers came to speak at the church.*

Uses in this book:

1. Since she no longer kept house, Mrs. Lynde was very involved in church activities and was concerned about the quality of preachers in Avonlea. [Back to B1](#)

predicted prɪ'dɪktɪd (2 occurrences)

Português: predito

Simple English: said what would happen before it occurs

Example: *He predicted that she would not act.*

Uses in this book:

1. She predicted Anne would marry someone rich, handsome, and wonderful, and would not care about her old friends. [Back to B1](#)
2. Suddenly, the rain that Aunt Jamesina had predicted began to fall heavily.

prefer *prɪ'fɜr* (5 occurrences)

Português: preferir

Simple English: To like one thing more than another.

Example: *I prefer tea to coffee.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought she would prefer to look at the back yard instead. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jane mentioned that Bill would wait until Anne finished college if she wanted, but he would prefer to marry in the spring before planting.
3. She explained that it was normal for a nine-year-old boy to prefer adventure stories to the Bible.
4. Most of the older ladies did not like Jonas because he joked and laughed, and because he seemed to prefer spending time with her, whom they considered frivolous, rather than with them.
5. Jane Ann had married a rich man she did not love and was very unhappy, saying she would prefer to live in a small hut with someone she loved.

rare */rɛər/* (1 occurrence)

Português: raro; rara; raros

Simple English: Not common and occurring infrequently in general situations.

Example: *It is rare to see such a beautiful rainbow in winter.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was also invited to join a special club called the "Lambs" (which is short for Lamba Theta), a rare honor for a Freshman. [Back to B1](#)

receive *rɪ'si:v* (2 occurrences)

Português: receber

Simple English: To get something.

Example: *She will receive a gift.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne had to visit people and receive visitors. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne had known about the party, but she did not expect to receive a special speech and gifts with Gilbert for starting the Society. [Back to B1](#)

reddish 'redɪʃ (1 occurrence)

Português: avermelhado

Simple English: Somewhat red in color.

Example: *The apples were a reddish color.*

Uses in this book:

1. He pointed out that the tree was full of apples, which looked good and were a reddish-brown color, unlike most wild apples which are green. [Back to B1](#)

register /'redʒɪstər/ (1 occurrence)

Português: registrar; registo; cadastrar

Simple English: To record one's name on an official institutional list.

Example: *You need to register for the course before attending the first class.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne explained her feelings while waiting to register. [Back to B1](#)

resentful rɪ'zɛntfəl (1 occurrence)

Português: ressentido

Simple English: Feeling angry because of unfair treatment.

Example: *He felt resentful after being ignored.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt sad and a little resentful. [Back to B1](#)

rude ru:d (1 occurrence)

Português: grosseiro

Simple English: Not polite or showing bad manners.

Example: *He did not mean to be rude.*

Uses in this book:

1. She remembered that Mrs. Boulter's rude words and ideas could not hurt her. [Back to B1](#)

sadness 'sædnəs (8 occurrences)

Português: tristeza

Simple English: A feeling of being unhappy or sorrowful.

Example: *This made the sadness stronger because it showed he was tired and without hope after much pain.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne ended by saying that the glory of the world passes, with a touch of sadness, noting that it is difficult when old special places are changed, even if we have grown past them. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne replied dreamily that she thought she would go to the pine trees for comfort if she ever had a great sadness.
3. Gilbert hoped she would never experience such sadness.
4. She felt that a life needed some difficulties and sadness to be complete.
5. She also joked that if they did not let her join them, she would die of sadness and then return as a ghost to bother them.

Scripture 'skriptʃər (1 occurrence)

Português: Escritura

Simple English: Holy religious texts.

Example: *Ministers read from the Scripture.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought ministers should stick to Holy Scripture. [Back to B1](#)

settlement 'setlmənt (1 occurrence)

Português: assentamento

Simple English: A small community or village.

Example: *The old settlement was near the forest.*

Uses in this book:

1. It used to be a settlement near the wilderness, where Native Americans were a part of life. [Back to B1](#)

shady /'ʃeɪdi/ (2 occurrences)

Português: com sombra

Simple English: protected from the sun

Example: *We sat in a shady spot under the tree.*

Uses in this book:

1. The cemetery was full of trees like elms and willows, making it shady and peaceful, away from the noise of the nearby traffic. [Back to B1](#)
2. As they walked on a shady path, Gilbert thought Anne had never looked so lovely.

shiny /'ʃaɪni/ (3 occurrences)

Português: brilhante; reluzente

Simple English: Bright and smooth, reflecting light effectively visually.

Example: *Her shiny hair reflects the sunlight beautifully during the summer.*

Uses in this book:

1. The pine trees were shiny, and their long shadows lay across the fields. [Back to B1](#)
2. The girl was very pretty, with shiny brown hair and a healthy glow on her cheeks. [Back to B1](#)
3. When Aunt Jamesina arrived, Rusty was fat, had a shiny coat, and looked quite good.

Ship /ʃɪp/ (2 occurrences)

Português: navio; nave; barco

Simple English: A large boat.

Example: *The ship crossed the ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. She pictured a large English ship, the Shannon, sailing slowly out of the mist, and another ship, the Chesapeake, with a brave commander named Lawrence on its deck. [Back to B1](#)

snobbish 'snɒbɪʃ (1 occurrence)

Português: esnobe

Simple English: Acting like you are better than others.

Example: *She is not snobbish and treats everyone kindly.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was a good friend who was not snobbish. [Back to B1](#)

speaker 'spi:kə (1 occurrence)

Português: falante

Simple English: A person who talks to others.

Example: *The speaker explained the journey.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker also mentioned that Anne's room was a front room with a view of the graveyard across the street, while the speaker's own room looked out on the back yard. [Back to B1](#)

special 'speʃəl (27 occurrences)

Português: especial

Simple English: different and better than usual

Example: *Teeka was beautiful in a special way.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne admitted she felt bad about removing everything, as if it were wrong, because the room had always felt special to her since she was a child. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne ended by saying that the glory of the world passes, with a touch of sadness, noting that it is difficult when old special places are changed, even if we have grown past them. [Back to B1](#)
3. She had felt a new, shy feeling towards Gilbert since a special moment in the garden. [Back to B1](#)
4. Anne had known about the party, but she did not expect to receive a special speech and gifts with Gilbert for starting the Society. [Back to B1](#)
5. Anne said the apple tasted wonderfully special, like the famous apple from the story of Eden. [Back to B1](#)

spider 'spaidər (1 occurrence)

Português: aranha

Simple English: An eight-legged insect that makes webs.

Example: *The spider made a web in the corner.*

Uses in this book:

1. The woods near the marsh had beautiful purple views and thin spider webs.

[Back to B1](#)

Statue /'stætʃu:/ (2 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. The moon was shining over the trees of Old St. John's, behind a large lion statue on a monument. [Back to B1](#)

2. They entered through the gates, passing a large stone arch with a statue of the English lion on top. [Back to B1](#)

strategy 'strætədʒi (1 occurrence)

Português: estratégia

Simple English: A plan to achieve a goal.

Example: *They planned a strategy to win the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Freshmen's victory was thanks to Gilbert Blythe, who planned the strategy and created new ways to fight that confused the Sophomores and helped the Freshmen win. [Back to B1](#)

stylish 'staiʃlɪʃ (1 occurrence)

Português: estiloso

Simple English: Having a good and fashionable appearance.

Example: *He wore expensive, stylish clothes.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wore a stylish brown suit and fashionable shoes. [Back to B1](#)

suggesting sə'dʒɛstɪŋ (7 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. Anne replied in a clever way, suggesting that Fred would be there. [Back to B1](#)
2. He encouraged Anne to come with him, suggesting they pretend to be children again and follow the wind. [Back to B1](#)
3. The sea looked golden, and the mist on the Island's red shores also had a golden light, suggesting the day would be fine. [Back to B1](#)
4. She said Bobby belonged to her and she wanted him to live, suggesting Anne kill someone else instead.
5. He gave an example of a character named Dalrymple talking for two pages without letting the girl speak, suggesting that in real life, the girl would have rejected him.

supporting sə'pɔ:rtɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: apoio

Simple English: Helping or agreeing with someone.

Example: *She is supporting her friend in the contest.*

Uses in this book:

1. She seemed to believe in supporting her friends. [Back to B1](#)

tasks tæskz (2 occurrences)

Português: tarefas

Simple English: jobs or pieces of work to do

Example: *People were busy with daily tasks.*

Uses in this book:

1. Phil explained that she could not marry a poor man because she was not good at useful tasks and spent a lot of money. [Back to B1](#)
2. She also guessed that Anne and the other lady never did such tasks and would worry about hurting their hands.

topics 'tɒpɪks (1 occurrence)

Português: tópicos

Simple English: Subjects to talk or write about.

Example: *They discuss serious topics in class.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was particularly unhappy with the latest preacher, who did not seem to believe all heathens would be lost and spoke about sensational topics instead of just the Bible. [Back to B1](#)

tourist 'tʊərɪst (1 occurrence)

Português: turista

Simple English: a person who visits places for pleasure

Example: *Many tourists visit the beach every summer.*

Uses in this book:

1. Priscilla told Anne about Old St. John's, a very old cemetery in Kingsport that was now a tourist sight. [Back to B1](#)

unfairly ʌn'fɛəli (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. Davy felt he was being treated unfairly and protested that Anne had just told him to do it. [Back to B1](#)

unfamiliar ʌnfə'mɪliər (1 occurrence)

Português: desconhecido

Simple English: Not known or recognized.

Example: *The place was dark and unfamiliar to her.*

Uses in this book:

1. For the first three weeks, Anne and Priscilla felt like they were in a new and unfamiliar place. [Back to B1](#)

unsophisticated ,ʌnsə'fɪstɪ'keɪtɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: ingênuo

Simple English: simple and not experienced or complex

Example: *He was unsophisticated and did not know much about the city.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne told Priscilla that she was very tired, felt inexperienced and unsophisticated, and was acting like a child. [Back to B1](#)

unstable ʌn'steɪbəl (1 occurrence)

Português: instável

Simple English: not firm or steady; likely to change or fall

Example: *The three large animals fought on their unstable place.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt they had expected to continue their lives at Redmond exactly as they had at Queen's, but now they felt unstable. [Back to B1](#)

unsure ʌn'ʃʊər (8 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. He felt unsure of himself. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was unsure about Alec. [Back to B1](#)
3. He stood in front of Anne, moving one bare foot and looking unsure.
4. Diana was unsure.
5. Mrs. Rachel Lynde was also unsure about writing fiction, but she liked the money Anne received.

unusual *ʌnˈjuːʒuəl* (2 occurrences)

Português: incomum

Simple English: Not common or normal.

Example: *He saw many unusual things that night.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Pye sisters were kind and did not cause any trouble, which was unusual for them. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator also thinks it is unusual and perhaps wrong for girls to travel around the world so much nowadays.

upset *ʌpˈset* (27 occurrences)

Português: chateado; aborrecido; transtornado

Simple English: To make someone feel unhappy or disturbed emotionally.

Example: *He was upset when he lost his favorite toy during the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was a calm person who was not easily upset. [Back to B1](#)
2. Anne was surprised and a little upset to learn that Gilbert was writing to Ruby. [Back to B1](#)
3. This upset Anne, so she came to her friends to cheer her up.
4. Anne became upset.
5. Anne did not know if she wanted to cry or laugh, but she decided not to upset Jane.

visitors *ˈvɪzɪtərz* (8 occurrences)

Português: visitantes

Simple English: People who come to a place.

Example: *We had many visitors at our house.*

Uses in this book:

1. Anne had to visit people and receive visitors. [Back to B1](#)
2. Priscilla also talked about the visitors they could have, noting that Miss Hannah allowed young gentlemen callers two nights a week, but Miss Ada worried they would sit on her many cushions. [Back to B1](#)
3. Priscilla promised to make sure the visitors didn't sit on the cushions, but wondered where they would sit instead, as cushions were everywhere, even on

the piano. [Back to B1](#)

4. It was a mystery how she found time to study because she was always busy with fun activities and had many visitors in the evenings. [Back to B1](#)

5. She told Phil that everyone knew she had visitors almost every evening.

webs *wɛbz* (1 occurrence)

Português: teias

Simple English: thin nets made by spiders

Example: *There were spider webs in the corner of the room.*

Uses in this book:

1. The woods near the marsh had beautiful purple views and thin spider webs.
[Back to B1](#)